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THE

NEW TIMES

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Vol. 5. No. 32.

MELBOURNE, FRIDAY, AUGUST 11, 1939.

Every Friday, 3d

Farmers In Desperate Position

ESCAPE DEPENDS ON THEMSELVES

Only One Remedy

A Letter to the Editor from BRUCE H BROWN

Sir, —Something of a fuss is developing about the wheat situation, and not before its time either. Farmers have been fools long enough, and they can blame only themselves for getting so many kicks in the pants. They have asked for them. Studious and thoughtful men, who for years have been trying to warn them of what would inevitably happen if they went on as they had been going, have never received any thanks for their trouble, but instead have been referred to as "cranks," "fanatics," and all that sort of thing. But, like the pioneers in all good causes, the small band of so-called cranks had more intelligence than the rest of the community put together. The farmers' direct enemies at the moment are the members of the Commonwealth Bank Board, and these are the men who are dictating the policy of the Federal Government. The influence behind these men is another matter, but the important fact is that they have the power to solve the problems of the community if they were worthy men with the will to serve the community. But they are NOT serving the community. They are serving the international financiers.

THE PLAIN FACTS

What are the plain facts of the case? Farmers have demonstrated their ability to produce great crops of life-giving food and hundreds of millions of people in the world are badly in need of that life-giving food. In one year alone 3,600,000 of them died because they could not GET the food, and they could not get it because they did not have the MONEY to buy it! All food is produced for the express purpose of being eaten, and none of it has any value until it IS eaten. But their very success as producers is alleged to be bringing about their bankruptcy as farmers, even though millions are starving or suffering malnutrition because they cannot obtain what the farmer has produced. As there is plenty of food and plenty of people to eat it, why must food be destroyed while mankind goes hungry and farmers go bankrupt?

THE REASON

The explanation of this criminal absurdity is that consumption of food is determined by what is called DEMAND, and demand is controlled by what is called MONEY. When the supply of money is reduced the "demand" falls off, but the hunger increases. When the "demand" falls off prices also fall. Demand for wheat has fallen off not because all the stomachs have been filled, but because the people have not been supplied with sufficient money. Notwithstanding this fact, Mr. Menzies declared only last week "the best way of producing ultimate stability is to bring about some sort of harmony between the world's supply and the world's demand." Note particularly his use of the term "world's demand," instead of world's NEED. "Demand" is faked, but the "need" is genuine. Rather than take steps to see that mankind is given access

to the food our Prime Minister is endeavouring to force us into the madness of destroying it.

MR. PLAYFORD WAKES UP

It is, undoubtedly, a question of finance, as the Premier of South Australia has, at last, publicly admitted. In the *Advertiser* of August 3 he is reported as follows: "As a matter of fact, the wheat problem is not as difficult of solution as some people think. It is entirely a matter of finance. All else is detail." That is perfectly true, and applies to every other in-

(Continued on page 5.)

SIR NORMAN ANGELL ON "HAVE-NOTS"

Condensed from "The Christian Science Monitor"

The real difficulties from which Germany and other Totalitarian States suffer is not that raw materials are not within their borders, for the producer of raw materials anywhere wants to sell them, but that in order to get raw materials the Germans or the Italians must pay for them, and to get the money to pay for them, they must sell their own goods. And every day this is being made more difficult by rising tariffs, preferences, exclusions, quotas, exchange restrictions—every device of fanatical economic nationalism.

It is not mainly a colonial question at all. Less than 10 per cent of the world's raw materials are produced in the colonies, less that proportion of the world's trade which is done with the colonies. Denmark has suffered immeasurably more by Britain's adoption of a protective tariff than Germany by the "loss" of her colonies. Germany and Italy suffer immensely more by the Ottawa preferences and the raising of the American tariff than by their lack of colonial territory.

The real grievance that Germany and Italy have against Great

In conjunction with the Supply and Development Act, and the Defence Amendment Act, the National Registration Act looks like putting an end to political democracy in Australia. Those of us who warned the people about the trends towards dictatorship in this country were dubbed alarmists. I wonder what the Doubling Thomases think now—or perhaps they don't want to think! However, it is pleasing to note that even some of the most reactionary conservatives are beginning to realise that this latest legislation is far removed from such matters as patriotism and defence, and is in reality the most open attempt to regiment the people of this country that we have yet seen.

Apart from the iniquities of these Acts, the outstanding feature over the past two months has been the manner in which the people have been split up into different sections, all discussing the signing or non-signing of the National Register cards. Those who have studied the Act know that the people were cleverly got off the real issue on to non-essentials. The Government already had the power under the Census Act to get all the information it wanted. If not one person in Australia had signed a card the National Registration Act would still be law and could be used against the people. Mr. Street's statement in the House, in accepting certain amendments and the so-called wealth census, in order "to get Co-operation," indicates that the Government was prepared to give way on many points in order to get the main Act more easily accepted. A little sugar coating for the pill.

Those who advocated the boycott played right into Mr. Menzies' hands. Mr. Menzies cleverly divided the opposition, with the result that we are expected to sit down and pin our faith in the Labor Party at the next Federal elections—and, apparently, lose our liberties in the meantime. This is the greatest tragedy the party system of government has ever brought upon the Australian people.

Incidentally, I am not aware that the Labor Party took any steps to have the War Precautions Act removed while in office from 1929-32.

DEMOCRACY HAS REACHED THE CROSSROADS IN AUSTRALIA, AND THERE IS ONLY ONE THING TO DO: REPEAL THE NATIONAL REGISTRATION ACT BY PRESSURE POLITICS BEFORE IT IS USED AGAINST US.

UNLIMITED POWER

A detailed study of the recent legislation brought down by the Menzies Government makes one wonder whether we are living in Australia or Germany. Readers have seen various aspects of this legislation mentioned in these columns of late. I would like to elaborate on a few points, and particularly draw the attention of readers to certain clauses, which have received very little publicity.

One of the most damning statements against the legislation was made by Mr. McEwen, ex-Minister for the Interior, and a member of the Country Party, which keeps the Menzies Government in office. To quote: "Not since the War Precautions Act has there been brought before this House any other measure which has proposed to give to the Executive such unlimited authority as will be given by this Bill. If the Minister for Supply and Development were to be clothed with the authority necessary to set himself up as the Fuhrer of Australia, he would require nothing more than what is enclosed within the covers of this particular measure."

(Continued on page 6.)

(Continued on page 3.)

JAPAN FROM MANY ANGLES

An Address Delivered by Dr. T. A. Wright, on July 14, to a meeting of the Kernot Engineering Society held in the Radio Theatre, Melbourne Technical College

(CONTINUED FROM LAST ISSUE.)

I shall now pass to the more important viewpoints of the psychology of the Rulers and the Ruled in Japan in these times of interest. Whilst I have my own opinion as to how much, or how little, those in nominal control of our so-called democratic Australia are helping to preserve, or deprive, our present degree of individual and personal freedom of word, thought and deed, I quite realise, in the changing world of today, that up till the present we have enjoyed a degree of personal liberty far beyond that of many countries, particularly those under dictator-fascistic type of rule.

It is when you meet refugees from Germany or visit such a country, and are able to contact the people in the various strata of society, per medium of their own language, and have the ability to study the social structure, that the difference in the regime in Australia from that in Japan makes itself apparent. The children, whatever their ages, really belong more to the State than to the parents. Some Japanese admit: "One child for the State, one for the father, and one for the mother." But the State sees to it that the children, from infancy, you might say take their part in the psychological, emotional, and physical training, which is the autocratic regime's insurance for the future maintenance of its fascistic power. In the schools of all kinds children are taught the same highly-coloured versions of history, wherein the Japanese virtues are forever extolled, so that their mental and physical development can be viewed as a steady progression of the idea of the ultimate magnificence of Dai Nippon.

THEIRS NOT TO REASON WHY

No attempt is made to use the intelligence of the intellectual part of the brain to define What Is? or Who Comprise? "Dai Nippon," from the point of view as to who is to reap the benefits of this ultimate magnificence. At present, the facts are that the military stratum is reaping power, the commercial monopoly stratum, profits, and the "Kokumin," i.e., the masses, the right to sacrifice. It seems to me that Japan consists of a central dictatorial group, shrewd, efficient, intellectual, yet fanatical, ruling and using the millions of the masses, who are obedient, emotional and fanatically patriotic.

Military drill, mass singing, patriotic devotions of all sorts, with Banzais and "Rising Sun" flag wagging, quite effectively capture the imagination of both children and adults. The practical concomitant of this idea of the progressive magnificence of Dai Nippon is a progressive impoverishment of the people both in personal freedom of thought or act, in the quality of the goods and materials that the people are allowed to produce and use for personal need. Practically all the dress and clothing material and the materials for the manufacture of other articles are what are termed "Dai-yo-hin," i.e., substitute goods. The metal made available for knives, shovels, etc., is soft and shoddy.

WELL FED

The poverty of quality of everything and all goods for use by the "individual" is increasingly apparent. The only direction in which only the best is good enough, seems to me to be in the arms, naval and military equipment — national stinting everywhere but here. Nevertheless, this deprivation of quality does not apply to foodstuffs, for the reason that their food is simple, plentiful, and nutritious—rice and fish in everlasting supply, with "Daikon" (a long turnip), and vegetables.

The masses have been mentally conditioned for so long that they only think of any question in relation to the Japanese philosophy, that Dai Nippon will lead the East, Asia, and the world. They do not ask whether any idea, doctrine, or line of thought is natur-

ally true and correct, but whether it is patriotic; or whether it falls within the lines of Japanese discipline, or whether it conduces to the honour, glory and power of Japan. Any thought, word, or deed contrary to these aims is especially for in-laws against "Improper Thought," and in-laws, as will later be discussed under the Moral and Spiritual Mobilisation of the People.

ONE HUGE FAMILY

Whilst the differences of social strata are very definite, in the main the Japanese nation is one huge family, where you have only to be a Japanese to be a member of the family with much the same familiarity of association as exists in the normal family, and in relation to any foreigner every Japanese is a guardian of his country's power and honour. It can be seen, then, that, just as a parent controls the lines of thought of his family, so the rulers of Japan's family claim the right to rule the lines of thought of the people.

There is no doubt about the fact that the supreme central group, which controls the nation under the halo of his Imperial Majesty, knows its masses. These millions of the masses individually, have acute brains, natural honesty and kindness, genuine politeness and attention to details, and an age-long instinct to yield unreservedly to the persuasion of emotional patriotism of the Japanese variety, in that they religiously believe their responsibility to the nation, country, and Emperor far transcends that to their parents or to themselves as individuals. To die for Japan and the Emperor is to a Japanese the highest fulfilment of this life.

MODERN PROPAGANDA METHODS

All the modern methods of propaganda are in vigorous use to instill the martial spirit into old and young. The toys are increasingly warlike—toy guns, cannon, aeroplanes, swords, soldiers' caps and "tin" helmets. The cinema gives visual imprints of the Japanese prowess in the field of China—always wondrously victorious. First the tanks, then the field cannon, then machine guns, plenty of rat-tat-tat. Then the soldiers charging. Then comes the picture of the attacked Chinese city—ex-

"Save the People's Bank" Campaign

Will the pressure of public opinion defeat Casey's Bank Bill? Is the latest attack of the credit monopolists upon the constitutional rights of the people, through their own Commonwealth Bank, to be successful?

These, and similar, questions are exercising the minds of thousands of public-spirited individuals throughout the Commonwealth. During six months of consistent endeavour, with the silence of the daily press as their bitterest antagonist, men and women in every walk of life have striven to provide the masses with the true interpretation of one of the most anti-social set of proposals introduced into Parliament.

That their efforts have been rewarded with an incalculable measure of success is proved by the unprecedented demand for literature on the subject of money, banking, and the national credit. The demand for S. F. Allen's outstanding book, "Money," is rapidly increasing, not only throughout Australia, but also in Canada and New Zealand, and enquiries are now coming from England. All stocks of D. J. Amos's "Story of the Commonwealth Bank" have been sold out in every State, and still the demand continues. Other matter relating to the Bank and the Bank Bill distributed during the past six months now totals many hundreds of thousands of items, and committees are still being formed to further the campaign in country centres. Those willing to assist this all-Australian drive in their own locality are urged to get in touch with the address below, so that they may play

a part in blocking this Bill and the intentions of its sponsors, and in backing those of our Parliamentary representatives who have pledged themselves to do their utmost to defeat the measure.

The actions of members of the House of Representatives and the Senate will be closely watched, and the public will be informed through these and other columns as to how they vote on the Bank Bill.

In Victoria pressure is being brought to bear upon the three Senators who are either opposed to our activities, or who have declared themselves in favour of the proposed Amendments to the Commonwealth Bank Act. These are Senators Gibson, Brand, and Leckie. Special letterforms are available and should be addressed to these three Senators by Victorian electors.

Senators Keane, Cameron, and Sheehan will oppose the measure.

Letter-forms to M.s.H.R. or to Senators are obtainable at 1/2 per 100, 7d for 50, or 4d for 25, posted.

AH enquiries to the Hon. Sec., "Save the People's Bank" Campaign, Box 1226, G.P.O., Melbourne.

SOVIET PACT

One of the chief elements in the Fuehrer's optimism is Soviet Russia's lack of confidence in the British Government. This fundamental suspicion, Hitler thinks, will make an effective tripartite treaty impossible.

His Ambassador at Moscow, Herr Schulenberg, goes to the Kremlin daily. His reports to Berlin indicate that Stalin is not disposed to yield, especially since Russia's goal—the recapture of all territories lost after the World War (the Baltic countries, Finland, the Polish Ukraine, Rumanian Besarbia)—does not require an alignment with Paris and London.

However, if the British Cabinet should . . . decide to give Russia complete and entire liberty regarding the internal policies of the Baltic countries (at least so far as their decisions *re* war and peace are concerned), Stalin would yield. But Hitler remains optimistic, perhaps because he does not believe Britain will make that concession to Russia.

—"Ken."

FRONTIERS OF SCIENCE

Snow fleas aren't, as you may have thought, the product of red-eye nightmares of Alaskan sourdoughs. They have been scientifically verified, although scientists still don't know why fleas thrive on glacier fields of ice and snow. Ersebet Kol, Hungarian botanist, reports he found snowfields of mountains above Juneau, Alaska, grey with fleas piled up half an inch deep and hopping like mad — "Ken."



(To be continued.)

BIG BUSINESS WITH COUNTERFEIT MONEY

The Story of a Wurm That Turned

By AUSTIN SPEER.

Condensed from "Neues Wiener Journal," Vienna.

When paper money was first introduced into the Austria of Emperor Franz Joseph, at the beginning of the 19th century, people thought that the world must be coming to an end. What kind of a law was this, anyway, which compelled them to exchange their good, solid, silver gulden for worthless scraps of paper . . . ? Though the measure was extremely necessary from the political-economic standpoint, it met with such opposition from the public that only the most adroit government pressure served to enforce it.

Even high State functionaries were seriously disturbed by the possibility of State bankruptcy as a result of counterfeiting. To prevent such a debacle, they hastened to make it a crime punishable by death. Perhaps it was fear of detection, which kept the would-be counterfeiters from plying their trade, but at any rate, contrary to general expectation, everything went along very smoothly for a long time. The Austrians became habituated to the paper currency, and no cases of falsification were reported.

And then, suddenly, in March 1826, the country was rocked by the biggest sensation in years. The first counterfeiter had left his calling card. The news spread like wild fire; everyone refused to accept paper money; thousands of people crowded about the National Bank demanding silver in exchange for their notes. The commercial structure of the whole country trembled ominously. Everywhere the worst was feared. In vain the police sought to suppress and deny the rumours; and finally they were obliged to give the public a precise account of the incident.

What had happened?

A man had made a few purchases in a hardware store and paid for them with a twenty-five gulden note. (The gulden was worth about 50c.) The shopkeeper noticed that the bill seemed unusually thick. Testing it with a moist finger, he was amazed to see that the colour rubbed off. He detained the customer, who stoutly maintained his innocence, until the police came and took him off to the police station. There it was found that the man actually knew nothing of the counterfeit money. He was employed in a newly established spinning mill, and had been sent out to make some purchases for the firm. The money had been given him by the owner, one Franz Xavier Wurm.

Wurm was taken into custody immediately. Not for a moment did he attempt to deny the charge against him. Nor was this the most interesting feature of the case. The Viennese were especially intrigued in view of the fact that Franz Wurm was by no means an unknown figure in the capital city. A few years before, he had published his ideas concerning the creation of a textile industry in Austria patterned after the British model. At that time he had appealed for financial assistance to enable him to carry out such a scheme, which, he insisted, could only redound to the incalculable benefit of Austria.

It was at a time when industry on a large scale, as we know it, was first appearing in Europe. Knitting and weaving mills were being opened in France and England, and Wurm studied their operations with avid interest. Not merely from the standpoint of entrepreneur, however. He was himself a

technical expert, and had invented, among many other things, a weaving machine which surpassed in efficiency anything yet produced, as well as a flax-comb superior to those in use in British factories. And though unrecognised at home, Wurm received numerous attractive offers for his patents from foreign textile companies. He could have been a rich man, had he chosen, yet it was not for himself he wanted anything, but for his beloved Fatherland. No man, it is said, is a prophet in his own country. Wurm had reason to know the truth of this statement. Everywhere he turned he was met with refusals. Not one of his fellow-countrymen of means was interested in building up in Austria a great industry, which would have given employment and security to great numbers of people.

Francis Xavier Wurm fought long years for his ideas. By this time the British had a virtual monopoly on textile goods, and he was determined to break it, at least as far as Austria was concerned. And finally, some three years before his arrest, he had opened a spinning mill in the environs of Vienna. The machines of his own invention were installed in the plant; he himself took complete charge of the business. His employees were happy, and Wurm himself knew something akin to contentment for the first time in his life. His dream was coming true, slowly, yes, but surely!

Wurm receded from public notice at that time, and nothing was read of him in the papers until the day of his arrest. The reactionaries and anti-industrialists gloried in his humiliation. There, they said triumphantly, you see where these new fangled business notions lead? Right into crime! But others, friends and admirers of the man, wondered what had ever possessed him to resort to such a practice. They knew him to be highly gifted, intelligent and kind. In his private life he was clean living, honourable in all his dealings. And now he had committed a crime punishable by death! Why?

Wurm himself answered this question, gently, sincerely. While he had striven in vain to exploit his inventions in Austria for the benefit of his own people, the British had gone ahead and made use of them. He had instituted legal proceedings against the guilty parties, which stretched on interminably. Soon every cent he owned in the world, including that invested in his factory, was dissipated in litigation, although he was finally awarded the decision. Was he to give up now, just as his ideas were beginning to take form in reality? He knew that lucrative positions were open to him all over Europe whenever he should desire them, but he never gave that alternative a second thought.

Just at that point Fate brought him into contact with a kindred spirit, a man whose destiny had been similar to his own, the technician, Besetzny. The latter, too, was richly endowed by nature, possessed of the same progressive ideals, and likewise without the financial assistance to carry out any of his projects. At one time Besetzny had appeared before the Emperor with a process he had invented whereby bank notes could be made so ingeniously that not even the most skilful counterfeiters could copy them successfully. To prove that the paper currency then in use was easy to imitate, he had brought with him a sheaf of false money, which he had made himself. Disregarding the patriotic motives which had prompted this act, the emperor ordered him out brusquely and told him never to print any more of these bills on pain of death. From then on the technician was subjected to constant police observation.

It was when Besetzny confided this experience to Franz Xavier Wurm that the factory-owner suddenly saw in counterfeit money an opportunity to continue his experiments, to construct new and better machines, to keep his factory running. He clutched at it. And now he had to pay with his life for his act.

The trial of the first Austrian counterfeiter was a national event. Throughout the whole proceedings the defendant acted with great dignity, so that the judge remarked (as is reported in the records of the case), "The man on trial here is a great Austrian patriot, whose prime interest is, as it has always been, the welfare of his Fatherland." Everyone recognised his altruism; no one attributed his legal offence to dishonest motives. But the law had to take its course, and on the last day of March, Franz Xavier Wurm was sentenced to die on the gallows. He was taken to a miserable cell, where for five months he expected every day to be his last. The Emperor could not be persuaded to grant him a pardon, but finally, acceding to the wishes of the people, commuted his sentence to life-imprisonment.

Yet in all his humiliation Wurm knew happiness, perhaps for the first time. He was removed to another gaol, where a director with humanitarian instincts gave him a large, well-lit room in which to continue his experiments. That restless inner urge that compelled him to aspire higher and ever higher in his work was at last gratified. Paper, pen, india ink for his blue prints, all the materials necessary for his purpose, were given him. At long last he was free of material worry and could carry on his plans in peace. At last he was enjoying the Government subsidy he had for years sought in vain!

In quick succession Wurm perfected a number of important inventions. He improved his spinning machine still further; he discovered a process to extract sugar from hay; he developed a hydraulic mortar, and a typewriter for the blind. His masterpiece, however, was an intricate mathematical-astronomical clock, which elicited praise from the master watchmakers of the world. Factory owners, technicians and high officials came to visit him in his cell-workshop; aspiring young inventors humbly besought his advice; everywhere he was considered the greatest Austrian inventor of his time.

And then Fate stepped in once more to change the course of

SIR NORMAN ANGELL ON "HAVE-NOTS"

(Continued from page 1.)

highly civilised, which had by competent and wise economy built up a prosperous agriculture based largely on the British market, suddenly finds that industry faced with ruin in order that Canada, Australia and New Zealand (tomorrow perhaps Ireland) shall, for reasons of political favouritism, have preference. There is no stability, no such thing as assured economic rights.

Britain—like other great States—takes the ground that the welfare of "mere" foreigners is not her concern; that she is entitled to reduce civilised and prosperous neighbours to bankruptcy if her own interest, or rather that of the States within the Empire, demand it. That attitude constitutes, of course, a plain repudiation of anything like morals in the economic relations of States. Might becomes Right. It is an invitation to others to acquire political and military power in order also to secure territory from the markets of which they shall not be excluded—and from which they can exclude others.

Wurm's existence. One day the Emperor's favourite clock, a novelty, which he had brought back with him from Paris, suddenly stopped for no accountable reason. Not a watchmaker in Vienna was able to repair it. Recalling the famous clock constructed by Wurm, the Emperor's adjutant consulted him in his cell. Not only did Wurm repair the clock; he improved on the original, adding a delicate recording mechanism, which played the Emperor's favourite waltz tune on the stroke of the hour. The usually sober monarch was as delighted as a child with a new toy. So much so, in fact, that he pardoned Wurm on the spot.

Franz Xavier Wurm left prison as a European celebrity. Forgotten were the circumstances under which he had been sentenced, the whole story of the counterfeit money. Thus, his face, still white with the pallor of long years in prison, he moved through the highest social circles in Vienna, until he died, honoured by the country, which had scorned him, condemned him, then taken him to its heart.

Australian Monetary Reformers' Association

The above-named organisation has been formed to expose the machinations of the money monopoly and allied anti-democratic bodies, and is actively engaged in foundation work.

Its purpose is twofold:

- (a) To keep every Australian Parliamentarian informed on the activities of the money monopoly and its method of creating and controlling the nation's credit;
- (b) To expose the machinations of the money monopoly, using the method advised in the circular, "Warn Europe."

All communications should be addressed to: The Secretary, Australian Monetary Reformers' Association, Box 69, South Grafton, N.S.W.

GET THE FACTS!

From Senator to private citizen, thousands are reading "MONEY," by S. F. Allen, F.C.A. (Aust.) Price, 1/1, posted, from "Save the People's Bank" Campaign, Box 1226, G.P.O., Melbourne.

The New Times

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PATRIOTISM

The strength of a nation's defence, we are told, is the strength of its "patriotism."

This "patriotism," stripped of its glamorous robes, is the will of a nation to defend what it has. Measure what the people—who are the nation—have got, and an estimate can be arrived at as to the strength of will existent in the nation which can be called on to defend the country against aggression.

For hundreds of years the pride of the British race was unconquerable. "British Justice and Freedom" was the soul of the British citizen. The body could be destroyed, but never those cherished possessions. Time and again the race has risen to a man in their defence.

"The Englishman's home is his castle," assail it who dare. For generations a good proportion of British people enjoyed the opportunity of working and building homes, which in every respect were their "castles." There was something to defend; a base for that unconquerable spirit of the British race.

WHAT NOW? About a quarter of Britain's population, some twelve million souls, are subsisting on or below the bread-line; and in Australia approximately three-quarters of the bread-winners are on or under the £3-a-week mark. What bases do such conditions make for patriotism? The unemployed man with kiddies whimpering that they are hungry does not thrill at the sight of the Union Jack floating from the masthead; his chest does not swell with pride nor do those strange tears of emotion come to his eyes nor his voice choke in his throat as the band strikes up the National Anthem. The businessman, as he works at making up his tax returns, is not in a mood to respond to Mr. Menzies' plea that he take "pride in making further sacrifices and be happy that he is living in a land of freedom and security." The farmer is not likely to beat his ploughshare into a sword with which to defend that luxurious life he is living. Australians are a mis-governed, harassed people. Ninety per cent, of them have very little to defend—on the contrary they have a lot to fight for.

Real patriotism has another name, an ugly name, a fearsome name to usurpers of Government. The patriotism (however mis-directed), which fired the Australian people during the years 1914-18, is still in the heart of every true Australian. It is rapidly becoming apparent, but not in the likeness dear to esoteric government. True patriotism is surging, as strong as ever it rose to defend cherished possessions. It is stirring to demand Justice and Liberty—which have been filched away, rather than added to, during recent years. A nation is awakening and demanding of its Legislative Institution that it govern in the interests of the people of the nation. A bloodless constitutional revolution has started in Australia.

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BIG BERTHA'S OF THE AIR

Condensed from articles by Camille Rougeron in "La Science et La Vie," Paris, and by Paul Valery, in "Je Sais Tout," Paris

The remarkable development of anti-aircraft artillery has brought about a radical change in the conditions of air warfare. No sooner is the defence strengthened than new improvements increase the deadlines of the offensive arm. Aviation experts have not been slow in devising means of protecting themselves from the ground batteries.

The increased range of anti-aircraft guns makes it too hazardous for planes to fly at those low altitudes, or to take nose-dives, so necessary for accurate bombardment; the new large guns endanger planes that fly directly above the target even at great heights. The solution consists in increasing the distance from which a plane is able to bomb an objective.

Even when the bombing plane is flying horizontally the pilot must release his explosives a considerable distance before he is directly above his target. The projectiles, when released, will have a momentum in the same direction as the plane. Instead of falling vertically they will trace a curve. Planes flying at an altitude of 16,500 feet and at a speed of 225 miles an hour will have to drop their load 9450 feet before they reach the target; at a speed of 337 miles and a height of 26,400 feet the bombs will be dropped at a distance of 19,800 feet.

When an artilleryman wants to increase the range at which he is firing, he increases the angle of the gun. The Big Berthas that fired on Paris during the war were aimed at an angle of 45 degrees. The same principle is applied by the airman. Instead of flying horizontally he will mount steeply as he releases his bombs. Angles from 14 to 23 degrees, depending on the circumstance, will suffice. The speed and height of the plane are crucial in determining the distance at which such bombardments can take place. A plane flying at an angle with a speed of 225 miles an hour and at an altitude of 16,500 feet will be able to bomb at a range of 3700 yards. Flying at an altitude of 26,400 feet and a speed of 337 miles per hour, a pilot can carry out a bombardment by this method from a distance of 7130 yards.

Everybody knows the principle used in rockets. In the lower part of the device there is a chamber filled with powder that is set on fire. The gases produced by combustion escape under great pressure, and propel the rocket forward. The major powers today are all engaged in studying the military application of this principle. Remarkable results have already been obtained in Germany, in the U.S.A. and in France. Even at the present stage of their development the range of such fuse-bombs is more than 6¼ miles.

With only the slightest improvement on the fuses already produced, it will be possible for a plane flying at an altitude of 26,400 feet, a speed of 337 miles an hour, and climbing steeply, to bombard a city ten miles away.

The latest device to increase the capacity of planes for action from a distance consists of two small metal wings that are attached to the bomb. These retard its fall, and transform it into a "glider-bomb." For a bomb weighing 220 pounds, wings 18 inches long and 3.5 inches wide would suffice. The cost of producing such "glider-bombs" would not be greater than that of making ordinary projectiles today. Its precision would not be very great, but it could shower London or Paris from 200 miles.

"The expensive feature of bombing planes is the plane and not the bombs," writes Camilla Rougeron of the French Marine Engineers. "It would be foolish to send planes hundreds of miles

into the interior of enemy territory and run the risk of having them shot down, when bombs to which bits of metal have been attached can make the journey unaccompanied."

The destruction of the enemy's country will no longer be a question of anything but munitions. Three thousand bombers ascending into the air over their own territory twice a day will be able to dispatch 20,000,000 pounds of explosives daily. The effect of such a bombardment on densely populated districts like London or Paris would be formidable, for these bombing planes would be beyond the reach of enemy anti-aircraft.

Let us hope that this frightful prospect will convince mankind before it is too late that another great war will be synonymous with mutual annihilation.

Eric Butler's Tour

Since returning from the Atherton Tableland, Eric Butler has been putting in some good personal contact work in Cairns. On Tuesday, August 1, he had a small house meeting with a group of young people, all under the age of 21. They were very pleased, and they are all very interested. The following night Eric had another small house meeting out in the country with some more young people. They all expressed great interest, and are helping in the campaign.

On Thursday, August 3, a small meeting in the country was poorly attended, owing to short notice. However, several new people were introduced to the idea of pressure politics.

His work with the unions resulted in him being invited to address the Waterside Workers' Union on Friday morning, August 4. Several hundred men were very impressed by a very hard-hitting address. Demand forms and literature were in great demand.

That night he travelled out to Gordonvale, where, in spite of a rather cool night, several hundred people stood for an hour and a half at an open-air meeting. Several supporters said that he excelled himself at this meeting, and his ability at holding audiences was never seen to better advantage. Dozens stayed behind to hear more. Demand forms were taken, and literature was in great demand.

Eric left Cairns last Monday morning to start working south. He spoke at Tully on Tuesday August 8, and Townsville on Thursday. We hope to have reports of these meetings for our next issue.

All supporters south of Townsville are asked to get in touch with Brisbane headquarters if they desire to get Eric's services on his way south. They are also urged to remember that this tour can only be made a success if financial support is forthcoming, and to send their donations to this fund, no matter how small, to Mrs. Bonner-Smith, the Electoral Campaign, 142 Adelaide Street, Brisbane.

FARMERS IN DESPERATE POSITION

(Continued from page 1.)

dustry as well. In the face of this, what sort of a community have we been to allow our chief servants to supinely accept the position, as Mr. Playford has himself accepted it in the past, that, because of an inefficient system of bookkeeping, the populace must starve in the midst of great abundance? It is as absurd as that. Finance is no more real than a system of books with figures entered in them, and consequently, if the matter is only one of finance, then it is only one of bookkeeping. If anyone doubts the truth of this, let him go to any bank manager and ask to be shown the deposits in the bank. Then let him go to the Commonwealth Treasurer and ask why it is that the Commonwealth Bank Board cannot do what the late Sir Denison Miller did.

HOW THE FRAUD WORKS

Attention of primary producers should be called specially to the significance of the admissions in paragraph 93 of the Report of the Monetary and Banking Commission. In that paragraph it is set out that prices rise and fall according to action on the part of the controllers of the banking system, led by the Bank of England (a private corporation). A policy of credit contraction is usually brought about by raising the bank rate. That is to say by raising the minimum rate at which the bank is prepared to discount first-class bills of exchange. The bank sometimes supplements this action by the SALE of securities on the open market, by which it collects money from the community. The result of such measures is a rise in interest rates, a restriction of credit, and a tendency for prices to FALL. A fall in prices DISCOURAGES IMPORTS INTO ENGLAND, which means that the Australian producers must send more goods for less money. That has been going on for some time. When the Bank of England thinks we have had enough of that it lowers the bank rate and PURCHASES securities (hands money out!), thus bringing about a fall in interest rates, an expansion of credit, and a RISE in prices. The former conditions are called "depression" and the latter conditions "prosperity"! Both, taken in sequence, constitute the "trade cycle"!!!

"PERMISSIONS NOT GIVEN

That, as I have said, is admitted in the Report of the Monetary and Banking Commission, presided over by Mr. Justice Napier, of Adelaide. But, in case of lingering doubt on the part of farmers, there is the declaration of the chairman of the Midland Bank, London, as follows: "The Bank of England, and no other power in heaven above or earth beneath, is the ultimate arbiter of what our supply of money shall be." So, if the people of England cannot buy our exports, it is because the Bank of England has denied them access to the necessary money. Further confirmation of this is given by the same authority, who also said this: "The regular EXPANSION of money supplies, which MUST be undertaken if trade is to be active and the price level stable, has not been PERMITTED. As a consequence, British prices, and with them the world level of prices, have tended steadily downwards." You see, it is all a matter of "permission," and the giving or withholding of permission is the prerogative of a private company! There can no longer be any reasonable doubt that interest rates and money supply are

matters controlled absolutely by the banking system.

CAUGHT BOTH WAYS

Having arrived at that unanswerable conclusion, we now see that the farmer's difficulties arise from (1) shortage of income, and (2) heavy interest demands—i.e., money supply and interest rates. This means that the very people to whom he is indebted for interest are the very people who have shut off the income, without which it is a physical impossibility for him to pay! South Australian farmers are in debt to private financial institutions to the extent of £43,000,000. Taking the average South Australian crop at thirty-five million bushels and the interest rate at 5 per cent, the interest alone is equal to 1/3½ per bushel. By the time, the wheatgrower has paid this and provided for sacks and fertilisers he has nothing left for living expenses, plant, rates and taxes, fuel, freights, horse-feed, wages, etc., which means that he must go further into debt, with an increasing burden of interest. The same applies, of course, to the woolgrowers, who owe £158,000,000, and have to meet interest demands equal to 10d per lb on the wool produced. This is quite regardless of shearing and all the other expenses involved, which means that practically the whole of the income from the 1938 clip was absorbed in the payment of interest. Truly it IS a question of finance, and our producers are not being supplied with sufficient income to meet the current demands of the income suppliers! The living needs of the farmers and the claims of genuine merchants do not get a look in.

THE CRUX OF THE MATTER

One thing must be learnt by the primary producer if he hopes ever to have his position dealt with intelligently, and it is this: There is a fatal flaw in the existing money system under which costs are generated faster than finance is distributed. Because the amount of money issued through production is never normally sufficient to clear the market of goods in a satisfactory manner, producers either get further and further into debt as individuals, or the indebtedness of the nation increases. In spite of a feverish search for markets, in which producers may sell without having to buy goods have continued to heap up which are either unsaleable or saleable only at a loss, until we have the tragic absurdity of restrictions of output and actual destruction being subsidised through further debt. And this, mark you, while the great masses of the people have not sufficient for their barest needs. From these conditions arise all those problems, which in reality are but the one problem of putting enough money into the hands of the people to enable them, as consumers, to buy the goods, which they, as producers, have already made.

WHAT NEEDS TO BE DONE

Tom Moore, the late, greatly-lamented editor of the *New Times*, set out very clearly the course necessary to put matters right. This is how he expressed it: "The first step towards solving this problem is to take the power to manufacture and destroy money out of the hands of the private monopolists in which it now rests. The second is to regulate the money supply in accordance with the statistical facts of production and consumption, in order that it may serve the needs of the community, instead of being an instrument of

power over the community. Once your money supply matches your goods supply, then, in an age when science has overcome nearly all the physical obstacles to production, the remaining problem of distribution will be a matter of easy adjustment. And when what is physically possible is made financially possible, future adjustments will always tend to be upwards, whereas today they are prone to be in the other direction."

PARLIAMENT IS ABOVE GOVERNMENT

That is inescapably true, and our representatives in the Federal Parliament are there to see that it is done—that is, if we let them know clearly enough that we want it done. The Federal PARLIAMENT is the responsible body, not the Federal Government, and what our personal representative in the Federal PARLIAMENT does is more important to us than what the Prime Minister or any member of the Cabinet SAYS. For example, in last Saturday's press Mr. Menzies is reported thus: "I am bound to say that the funds available to all Governments are limited, particularly when prices are low and essential expenditure so heavy. The Commonwealth Government will, therefore, make it a condition of the scheme that the State Governments shall carry through their Parliaments appropriate measures to control production." Note carefully that neither the PEOPLE of Australia nor the people's PARLIAMENT of Australia have directed such a course, but that the "Government" will impose the condition, at the dictation of the Bank Board—i.e., the men responsible for the limitation of funds! As prices are low because of bank policy, then funds must have become limited because of bank policy also. Therefore, the proposal that State Governments should control production to bring it within the "funds" made available, irrespective of the physical NEEDS of the people, must also have come from the controllers of bank policy. It logically follows that this attempt of the Commonwealth Government, without any direction from the Commonwealth Parliament, to impose certain "conditions" on the sovereign Parliaments of the States, is being made at the dictation of an incompetent Bank Board. And this in the much-vaunted democratic Australia!

STAND BEHIND YOUR PREMIER

Everyone should stand solidly behind the South Australian Premier in this wheat business. He has announced his attitude as follows: "I believe that trade and commerce are exclusively Commonwealth functions. In the past the Commonwealth has accepted them as such and assumed full control of them. The Constitution does not permit any State to pay a bounty on production. Moreover, the Commonwealth alone possesses the requisite financial powers to deal with such questions. It has ample access to taxation and credit, and full control over banking and finance. The States, on the other hand, have only a very limited field of taxation at their disposal. These are the reasons why I refuse to accept the contention that the fate of the wheat industry is the responsibility of the States. It may be, however, that the States will be forced into making a financial contribution at next week's conference, but that will not alter my conviction that, fundamentally, the question is a Commonwealth responsibility." Note again that the States may be FORCED. WHO will do the FORCING? Every farmer should see to it

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

THE COMMONWEALTH BANK AND THE PRIVATE BANKS

Sir,—While it is gratifying to know that the campaign to prevent control of the Commonwealth Bank from being taken from the people has been partially successful, it should be realised that the amendments which the Government has undertaken to make will not by any means remove valid objections to the Bill.

The hypocritical provisions to issue debentures and inscribed stock for the ostensible purpose of providing funds to establish the Federal Mortgage Bank are to be retained, apparently in order to provide a gilt-edged investment for big financial interests.

There should be no relaxation of efforts to have this excised, and to compel the Government to make provision that any money required for this purpose shall be provided by an issue of credit from the Commonwealth Bank, as indicated in paragraph 504 of the Report of the Royal Commission on Banking.

If the Bill, as it stands at present, is enacted, there will be good cause to fear that from time to time there will be more issues of debentures and inscribed stock; and that the Commonwealth will be merely used as a buttress for the private banks' monopoly of credit.

According to the Report of the Royal Commission on the Wheat, Flour, and Bread Industries, issued in 1935, the major portion of the wheat-lands are mortgaged to banks and financial institutions for millions of pounds (£161,000,000). Owing to interest charges and low prices for products, most of these properties are hopelessly involved in debt, and the institutions that have advanced money on them would jump at any chance to get well rid of them.

A possible means of doing this will be provided by the establishment of the Federal Mortgage Bank. A transference of their liabilities to that institution would relieve the private banks of a troublesome embarrassment, transfer some millions of money to their coffers, and give the Commonwealth institution the privilege of "carrying the baby."—Yours, etc.,

"STIRREM."

Sandringham, Vic.

that his direct representative in the Federal Parliament is clearly instructed accordingly, remembering the words of the late Sir Denison Miller, when Governor of the Commonwealth Bank, that "the whole of Australia is at the back of the Bank, and so strong as this continent is, so strong is this Commonwealth Bank"; also that "whatever the Australian people can intelligently conceive in their minds, and will loyally support, THAT CAN BE DONE." The Australian people conceive a payable price for all Australian producers, to be paid in Australian money, which is made in Australia as the property of the Australian people. The only institution properly qualified to make Australian money for Australian people is the Commonwealth Bank, and the Federal PARLIAMENT must see that it is required to do so. Farmers, it is up to you! —Yours faithfully,

BRUCE H BROWN

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(Continued on page 7.)

TRICKED AGAIN!

(Continued from page 1.)

The concern shown by Mr. McEwen is also shared by the unions and others in connection with the conscription of industry. Mr. Archie Cameron, while speaking on the measure, gave the whole show away when he said: "If arbitration awards had to be broken, then they would be broken."

Well, that's lovely, isn't it?

THESE PENALTIES

We have heard quite a lot about the penalties under the National Registration Act. But once again certain things have been camouflaged. Clause 24, Sub-Clause 1, states: "Any person who contravenes or fails to comply with any provisions of this Act or proclamation or regulation or requirement made in pursuance of this Act, shall be guilty of an offence." The reader can see the danger of this.

Sub-Clause 2 states: "The punishment for an offence against this Act shall, where no other penalty is provided, be a fine not exceeding £50 or imprisonment for a term not exceeding three months." This clause is slightly less ambiguous than quite a number, which precede it, and the sinister meanings of the Act slowly but surely reveals itself. Some people might think that this clause provides for lighter fines than £50 or shorter sentences than three months. But, then again, it is quite possible that the Regulations may provide for much more severe sentences, and with British justice reversed, practically anything could be done.

BRITISH JUSTICE VIOLATED

Clause 26 is too long to state in full, but it is a complete denial of British justice. It states that an accused is deemed guilty upon being charged, and must prove himself innocent. It also states that if the Commonwealth Statistician signs a form to say that he has not received a card from any person, then that person is deemed guilty. It is to be hoped that no cards went astray in the mail.

Under this Act the accused is practically convicted before he is tried, which is a gross violation of the principle of Trial by Jury, recognised as the right of every British Citizen since King John signed the Magna Charta at Runnymede in 1215.

W. De Bracy Herbert, in the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, says: "Criminal Law and Procedure is litigious or accusatory, and not inquisitorial. It is for the prosecutor to prove by legal evidence the commission of the alleged offence, and the accused is not required to prove his innocence. (My emphasis.)"

Apparently we are to now have a new interpretation of this to fit the ideas of our aspiring dictators,

INQUISITORIAL POWERS

Clause 19 states: "The form which shall be used for the purpose of any Census directed to be taken under this Act shall be in accordance with a form in the Schedule of the Act, with such modifications or additions (if any) as are prescribed." This

gives the administrative Commission the power to make any additions whatever to forms to be filled in, or to bring forward a supplementary form. In answer to such a question as, "Will you enlist? If not, why not?" a negative reply could easily earn victimisation for the person concerned, or a refusal to reply could result in a fine or imprisonment. The dangers of this clause are obvious.

Clause 20 states: "For the purpose of any inquiries or observations necessary for the proper carrying out of this Act or the Regulations, all persons shall, when required by the Commonwealth Statistician, answer questions and produce documents within such time as the Commonwealth Statistician or the authorised officer thinks fit." "Officer," as defined in Clause 3 of the Act, may include the police or the military. This looks like the conversion of the Statistician's office into a spying agency with unlimited powers, which can be delegated. This is possibly one of the most dangerous clauses in the whole Act. As one typical Australian said to me, "It is a b--- beauty."

MILITARY DICTATORSHIP

A study of the manner in which the National Register Board, who will administer the Act, is to be formed, is alarming, to say the least of it. Clause 4, Sub-Clause 2 says: "The Board shall consist of a representative of the Department of Defence, who shall be Chairman of the Board; a representative of the Department of Supply and Development, and the Commonwealth Statistician." The

people must demand the repeal of an Act which can hand over their liberty and freedom to a Tribunal presided over by a Military Officer; a tribunal which, as we will see in Clause 27, possesses the power to administer by regulation without reference to Parliament or the people.

Clause 27, which deals with "Regulations," makes provisions for the introduction of regulations by the Governor-General, prescribing all matters required or necessary to give effect to the Act, particularly prescribing penalties for any offence against the regulations. So the Board, presided over by a military officer, is authorised to draft regulations without reference to Parliament or the people, and is further authorised to prescribe the necessary penalties. This clause deprives Parliament of the right to question the administration or the policy of the Board. And should a citizen be charged by this Board he does not even get the same consideration as a murderer, who is assumed innocent until a jury pronounces him guilty.

There is very little doubt about it. This latest legislation is the biggest step towards complete dictatorship that we have yet seen in this country. The real facts concerning this matter must be got to the Australian people before it is too late. Every man and woman has a duty to perform in the present crisis to stop the rising tide of bureaucratic government. Get control of your Member of Parliament and tell him that you want this Act repealed immediately, or you will repeal him at the next elections. Of course, unless we hurry up and take this step we may even find that it will be made illegal to demand things from our members of Parliament. If that happens, the end is in sight.

WORRY HARMS THE HEART

By JOHN BEATTIE, M.D., D.Sc., Director of Research, Royal College of Surgeons of England

Condensed from "John o' London's Weekly (London)

Fear, worry, and anxiety cause a train of events in the body, which are easily recognisable. Whiteness, or rather a peculiar "greyness" of the skin, wide-open pupils of the eyes, and a "cold" sweat as signs of fear or fright have been observed by almost everyone, or are familiar to every reader of thrillers or the macabre. If at the time these external signs of fright are present the pulse were counted and the pressure of the blood in the arteries measured, it would be seen that the pulse-rate had been doubled or more than doubled, and the blood-pressure raised by more than half.

More complicated measurements would show that the actual work done by the heart was three, four, or even five times its normal. If, instead of something acute and transient, like a momentary fright, prolonged worry is present, the effects on the heart and blood-pressure are not so spectacular, but they may be enough to double the work which the heart is doing every minute. Continue this strain day after day, month after month, and year after year, and the arteries gradually lose their elasticity and become "hard."

The high blood pressure, which causes the arteries to lose their suppleness, has to be maintained to keep enough blood flowing through the now comparatively rigid pipes. Not only do the vessels throughout the body suffer, but the arteries to the heart itself becomes less elastic. When these are "hardened" they have a limit to the amount of blood they can carry per minute, which is far below the amount normal healthy arteries can transmit. The reserve power of the heart is thus lowered, and, instead of a ready response to a call for an increased output of

blood, due to violent exercise or some emotional cause, the heart is unable to meet the demands upon it.

If the amount of blood flowing through the arteries of the heart is small, the heart muscle may go into a state of cramp, exactly similar to that which happens in one of the leg or arm muscles when, through lack of training, it does not get an efficient blood-supply. This cramp like limb cramp, is extremely painful, and, unless relieved within a few seconds, the consequences may even be fatal. Sometimes the blood-supply to the heart muscle is enough to stave off cramp, but not enough to enable the heart to keep sufficient blood flowing through the brain, because of the demands of the bodily muscles. Consciousness is rapidly lost, muscular activity ceases, and the balance is speedily restored when the muscles no longer need a large blood-supply.

A "hard" heart is a very real condition, and one, which, unfortunately, is becoming more and more common. A quiet, happy, and contented life is the best prescription for longevity. It is also the best preventative of a "hard" heart.

PROCRASTINATION IS THE THIEF OF TIME

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that EXTRA copy of
the "New Times"
yet?

THE LIVING NEWSPAPER

An American Experiment

By VERNON NOBLE

Condensed from "The National Review," London.

The Federal Theatre Project of America stands out as the greatest development in its sphere since the days when theatrical companies, instead of having to play by royal permission or under the badge of some aristocratic patron, were able to strike out on their own. While this project bears a resemblance to similar developments now under way in France, Germany, Russia, Italy and the Scandinavian countries, there is one fundamental difference; in addition to catering dramatically for the community, it has served to relieve the destitution of some thousands of actors and actresses who were previously on the relief rolls.

Perhaps the outstanding section of the project is that known as the Living Newspaper. Here, with almost unbelievable success, social and political problems are dramatised, and without any pandering to sentiment in the nature of the story. There has been a play on the theme of the A.A.A. (the Agricultural Adjustment Act), which attempted to show the identity of interest of the farmer and city worker; there was a play called "Injunction" which criticised the courts for their handling of labour cases; and there was a play entitled "Power," which exposed the methods of the private power companies and propagandised for public ownership of electrical supply.

The fifth play produced, "One-Third of a Nation," has so far been the most remarkable of all. At the time of writing it has been running for eight months at the Adelphi Theatre, just off Broadway. It is simply an explanation in picture form of how New York's slums have come into being, and it is a terrible indictment of Government lethargy and disinclination to tackle the problem. On the face of it, it is an unlikely subject, yet rarely in my years of professional theatre-going have I been so gripped by a play.

In this, as in the other productions, reporters were employed to assemble the facts. Thirty-five were sent out to interview Senators and Congressmen, to inspect the slums for themselves, to search records for relevant observations

on the subject. With them went a cameraman to make a pictorial record of slum conditions.

Many startling details were revealed by this investigation. Just one may be mentioned—the discovery of "hot beds," a term used in Harlem for beds rented in eight-hour shifts. Because of lack of cheap accommodation, Negroes follow each other in turn to snatch a few hours' sleep on the same bed. This is briefly but realistically dealt with in the play.

"One-Third of a Nation" has one set throughout its two acts and many scenes, a strongly-built structure representing a four-story tenement in a down-town slum, with the front wall taken away to reveal all the rooms in their crowded squalor. Characters, more than eighty of them, represent the thoughtless eighteenth century builders of the city, the later leaseholders and land-owners, emigrants in search of homes, housing inspectors and politicians, Trinity Church dignitaries, all expressing their points of view.

From the back of the theatre comes the explanatory, questioning Voice of the Living Newspaper; and from the audience itself steps Mr. Buttonkooper, the representative man in the street, and, later, his wife. Between them they ask and receive visual answers to all the questions the audience would like to put. Towards the end of the play—after all the sordid details of money-making at the expense of human life and comfort, after we have watched children forced by their living conditions into crime and immorality, and seen how cholera takes its toll of slum-dwellers—the dialogue goes like this:—

Voice: Isn't there something you've forgotten, Mr. Buttonkooper?

Mr. B.: What is it?

Voice: How about the thing that's made these slum conditions possible for the last hundred and fifty years? The thing that makes people like you and everybody else sit back and say, "Well, this is the way it always has been and this is the way it's always going to be."

Mr. B.: What thing is that?

Voice: It's called "inertia."

Mrs. B.: Don't look so surprised, Angus. That's just what, it is, inertia. You know about these conditions, and so do I, and so does everybody else that lives in 'em—but we don't do anything about it.

Mr. B.: By golly, that's right. According to what we've seen here tonight, people have been going around for a hundred years or more—taking notes, making surveys—but nobody's ever done anything.

Mrs. B. (points to a tenement): Look at it, and don't forget; that isn't only New York. It's Philadelphia and Chicago and Boston and St. Louis! According to a man named Roosevelt, it's one-third of a nation. One-third of a nation, just like that, in 1938!

Mrs. Buttonkooper then demands to know why the Government is trying to balance the budget at the expense of human suffering. Loudspeaker announcements tell of the collapse of slum tenements, of fires in buildings, which have no fire escapes. She asks what is the appropriation for the army and navy, and receives the answer that it is three billion, 125 million dollars for the past four years.

Mr. B.: Why, that's more than enough money to clean out every slum in New York. Well, what are we going to do?

Mrs. B.: You know what we're going to do—you and me? We're going to holler. And we're going to keep on hollering until they admit in Washington that it's just as important to keep a man alive as to kill him.

* * *

And so it goes on to a simple but dramatic conclusion, with the audience roused to a fervour and watching the tenement on the stage catch fire, with under-nourished people making their escape down rickety stairways and a broken, useless fire-escape.

Every fact in this and other Living Newspaper plays is checked and rechecked, every quotation from laws and speeches verified. The Living Newspaper claims to have a better filing system than any American newspaper. It does not hesitate to put representations of living politicians on the stage, or to criticise the Government, which is subsidising it.

That is one of the most remarkable features of this theatrical venture. The Living Newspaper is allowed to bite the hand that feeds it. The most ironic situation occurred one night. A group of patriotic New Yorkers gathered to protest against the anti-Government attitude of the Living Newspaper, and planned to march on the theatre; they thought the theatre's politics were too far to the Left. But police were sent to protect the building by lining up outside, and G-men mixed with the audience. Here was officialdom protecting its critics against its supporters. That, say the Americans, is true democracy.

New Times SHOPPING GUIDE and Business Directory

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MELBOURNE (Cont.)

(Continued from page 6.)

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AN UNTAPPED SOURCE OF POWER

Wind-Towers of the Future

Condensed from "Politiken Mogsinet" (Copenhagen)

When we have no coal and no oil left, what other sources of energy can we tap? Wood? Timber is already dwindling all over the world, in spite of ambitious reforestation schemes. Waterpower? Many countries have no waterfalls, and even if every fall, river, or stream were utilised, water-power would not be sufficient for the world's needs.

The solution, according to the German engineer, Herr Honnef, is wind-power. Herr Honnef has already made a name for himself as the designer of steel pylons and towers. He was responsible for Germany's tallest building, the 850-foot steel wireless tower at Königswesterhausen. And it is his experience of this type of construction that forms the foundation of his ambitious plan.

It is well known that at a height of 600 to 1500 feet above ground level the wind blows with great force and constancy. Herr Honnef's scheme is simply to build wind-towers, or wind-motors, tall enough to utilise this inexhaustible source of power. He visualises a construction like the Eiffel Tower, on top of which will be mounted wind-turbines with a diameter of 500 feet. These gigantic wheels, revolving smoothly and rapidly in even a light wind, will drive the generators that are to translate wind into electricity. As in the ordinary windmill, Herr Honnef's turbine will revolve to meet any change in wind direction.

This is the gist of the theory. It is a gigantic conception, and the practical difficulties seem enormous. But Herr Honnef has an answer to all such objections. For instance, he proposes a new method of construction. The wind-turbines are so huge and heavy that they could not be hauled to the top of a building like the Eiffel Tower. So the top is to be erected first, turbines and generators and great platform all complete. Then the great tower will be built below, hydraulic jacks taking the strain as it grows upwards, pushing before it the tremendous loads on top.

The output capacity of Herr Honnef's wind-tower is computed at 60,000 kilowatts, and the cost of construction works out at some £20 per kilowatt capacity, in other words, about £1,200,000 per tower. If Germany were to rely entirely on wind-towers for power, she would need 6000 of them. Obviously, then, the completed plan would cost an astronomical figure. But Herr Honnef insists that with the full scheme in working order Germany would obtain a source of energy far superior to that which she now possesses, and at a more economical cost. Furthermore, she would be entirely independent of imports of coal and oil, even if these were available in the distant future.

With her hypothetical 6000 wind-towers in operation, Germany would produce more than enough energy to drive all her industries and to light and heat all her buildings. And there would be a great deal to spare for other uses. Electricity might be used on a large scale to heat agricultural land. Experiments with this method of farming have shown that in a temperate climate it is possible to raise four good crops

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Hydrogen and oxygen would be produced in great quantities. And of these two, hydrogen is particularly important in modern life. It can drive combustion engines, it is the base of saltpetre and ammonia, and of many artificial manures.

Then the wind-towers would be made to combine amenity with utility. The great platforms 900 or 1000 feet up would comfortably hold 3000 or 4000 people. They would be popular resorts, with bracing air, a magnificent view, restaurants, and amusements. Or they might be used as aerodromes.

Taking all these points into consideration, and recalling the pessimistic predictions of scientists with regard to our stores of coal and oil, there seems a fair prospect that Herr Honnef's idea will one day see a practical trial.

Crazier notions have been scoffed at by an incredulous world, and then, a few years later, taken for granted as part of our everyday life.

MELBOURNE YOUTH SECTION NOTES

Y.S. NEW TIMES SALES DRIVE: Last Friday night saw volunteer *New Times* sellers in action, with the usual encouraging reception from the public.

This week more workers have come forward. Results should be yet more encouraging. Next week? Well, how about some help from you? Assemble at *New Times* offices before 8 p.m. next Friday (19th) for an unusual evening.

Y.S. DANCE was the best yet—ask those who were there! Don't miss the next, on Saturday, 19th inst, in the Y.S. Rooms, Fifth Floor, Chartres House, Collins Street (next to Metro). Join with the Y.S. in their lighter moments—help fun and finance.

GENERAL MEETING was most encouraging. Several new members came along and a great deal of action has been planned. Dead branches (members who don't turn up at meetings) are to be cut off and only the growing shoots kept. The rooms will in future be open every night of the week, with the exception of Sunday. Just consider these attractions—a warm room, comfortable chairs, well-filled bookcase, wireless, dancing floor, and, quite often, supper. Do come along whenever you feel like it—we're always glad to welcome you.

ON THURSDAY NIGHT two members of the Y.S. addressed a meeting arranged by a member of that admirable group, the Women's Section. Report will be in next week's notes.

Printed by H. E. Kuntzen, 143-151 a'Beckett Street, Melbourne, for New Times Limited
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IN PRAISE OF UNTIDINESS

By LEON-PAUL FARGUE

Condensed from Plaisir de France Paris.

I fear the order of a rigid mind—as I fear a sky too blue, a sea too calm, a love without quarrels. Order is like a stunt on a flying trapeze; a butterfly passes before your eyes, and all is endangered! Order is taut, like a shirt-collar, like the gut of a tennis racquet. It is an instant of perfection, which frightens, as does the very notion of the highest snowflake on Mount Blanc! Order is also laziness, submission and terror.

I see tidiness as I view a new set of playing cards, signifying nothing, blank as the brain of a newborn infant. It is like the sleep of the virgin, the silence of great depths, the void of the useless heart. Neat pockets are empty pockets. An orderly house is a house where one sees ghosts sitting in "a circle and chatting solemnly of morality; it is a kitchen without odour. In the network of railroads, the trains of ideas, of sentiment, of inclination, move off always at the same hour, exact, oiled with conventional elegance.

When my room is tidy, I leave it. When my loves go smoothly, I turn aside. Order is that which prohibits mists, forests, travel. To want systematic order is to desire dutiful vacations, a uniform, death. For the most perfect order is that of the dead. Systematic order exists only in the alphabets, in grammar rules, in memories and in cemeteries; always in the past, which can no longer be disturbed. In nature order is represented by the saints of the calendar, the seasons, the stars, the natural boundaries. But in man it is a nest without birds, a park without children, a hand without lines.

Yet take heed. Disorder is not the opposite of order. Disorder is not the storm, nor the vibration of windows shaken by the wheels of vehicles, nor a head upside down, nor the cart before the horse; it is life itself. Order presupposes the presence of discipline, of immobility, of tombs, of laws, and gives birth only to iconoclasts, because it is an invitation to lawlessness, to freakishness, to disintegration. It is a static god, while incoherent untidiness is, that which understands the soul of man; it is the tide of humanity in flux . . .

Order allows no leeway; it is the multiplication table; it is the station, which marks the end of the journey. Disorder is that station from which one departs; it is William Shakespeare. War belongs to the realm of order, for it marches toward an end, toward boundary-lines; it supposes hierarchies, systems, groupings. But a lovely summer day on the shore of a river, the elbows propped in the moist grass, the gaze lost in the fleet of insects on the rippling water, the neck sunburned, the rhythmic, full beating of the heart—a day of disorder.

We understand each other, my study and I; we speak to each other. But, should order enter suddenly into this universe of old books and papers; should the Salvation Army pour the alcohol out of my ink-well; should the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals file the teeth of the penholders; if I could no longer see, in its little halo of light, "smacking his lips like a ghoul and clenching his teeth," like the goat in the song, the naked demon of some book or other, I should feel myself ready to commit harakiri with a paper-knife!

I am a man of hope and love, a citizen of solitude and sorrow, in the midst of my stacks, lost in the lacings of the multitude. A state of flashing endosmosis enables me to have a light foot, a balanced hand and a sure eye. My hat is lodging with my books, the linen neighbouring with literature, the dictionaries move about on a thousand feet, thousand-paged, filled with a thousand thoughts. My bathrobe gestures just as if I were in it still—a corner of a white page give me the cue to my work; I find Vapex in the midst of the proof sheets. Disorder in all that? Of course not; merely the gaiety of one individual.

I shall be explicit: there are no rules which oblige a man to sleep on his right side, to choose from the menu chicken rather than roast pork, to rise at a certain hour. Man is ever in the process of creating. When Shakespeare was asked where he found his subjects, he said: "In my dreams." And that is the purest form of disorder. Order offers a pillow; disorder puts a man on the road to the highest possible achievement.

Life is a concert all about us; a fusion of unexpected explosions, clocks which strike, emotions, which live and die. The joys of the mind are the strangers in hotels, men who pass in the night, windows opening on new vistas, adventures being born. Disorder is our personality. The hidden compartment of this chief of state is the soul. Start to tidy up the papers in it, and you'll have no chief of state, but an empty chair. This asymmetric, muddled jumble, with the old books, which squint, the blotting paper without beginning or end, this mixture of manuscripts and medicines, is the place where I spread the branches of my tree. To touch it would be to stab me in the back. If I am the only one who can find, in this mess of my own making, a pen-knife, an envelope, an invitation, a razor-blade, a magnifying glass, a cork, a hundred-franc note, or the pearl studs of my dinner shirt, that is because I alone, in all the world, can and do know myself.

Well, then—peace on earth to all men of kindly chaos.

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Is sense, but doesn't it arouse your wrath
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