

ON OTHER PAGES

An Open Letter,
(Page 3.)
Walter Murdoch on
New Order. (Page
3.)
Mr. Cremean Explains.
(Page 8.)
Tragedy of Ramsay
Macdonald. (Page
2.)

THE NEW TIMES

Vol. 7. No. 44. MELBOURNE, FRIDAY, Nov. 7, 1941

Now, when our
land to ruin's
brink is verging,

In God's name,
let us speak while
there is time!

Now, when the
padlocks for our
lips are forging

Silence is crime.—
Whittier (1807-1892).

Labor's "Mainly Orthodox" Budget

Will Hit Workers

Mr. Alex Wilson, M.H.R., is reported to have said, "in the main the Budget had to be considered orthodox and did not go far towards implementing Labor's stated banking policy." The Minister for Labor (Mr. Ward) is reported to have said that the new indirect taxes are "unfair and place a disproportionate burden on the workers."

On the other hand, most of the finance-controlled daily papers have received the Budget rather cordially—although a few criticised the extremely high taxation on high incomes. Apparently financial circles are not alarmed by Mr. Chifley's brave words about bringing the trading banks under "effective control"—there is no storm of protest in the daily press.

The proposed regulations, under which this "effective control" is likely to be exercised, have not been finally approved, it seems. Tuesday's Melbourne "Herald" reports "the Treasurer will meet representatives of the trading banks—probably in Sydney on Monday—to hear their views on the proposed regulations before they are finally approved." Which may be significant, seeing that they have been approved by Cabinet and the Commonwealth Bank Board.

VAGUE BANKING PROPOSAL

When we went to press, the indications were that administration and profits may be brought under "effective control," but not fundamental policy. Certainly the Melbourne "Herald," said that one objective sought by the Government is that "the private banks must not attempt to carry out ANY expansion of credit, which is regarded by the Government as a function which should be

LABOR'S GREAT OPPORTUNITY

Under this heading, the editor of the "Railway Officer," Mr. B. A. Longfield, writes as follows in the October issue of that journal:

On the battle front our airmen, sailors and soldiers are doing and daring for democracy. We, on the home front must do likewise. Our archenemies, the Nazis, developed at the outset, a new war technique by means of dive-bombers and panzer divisions. With the help of the United States as the arsenal of democracy we are doing likewise, and will ultimately beat Hitler at his own game. Not only, however, has Hitler adopted a new war technique; he has also adopted a new financial technique. With the result that there are no financial restrictions on German production whether military or civilian. In the financial sphere we must also beat Hitler at his own game by adopting a new financial technique. Instead of our war effort and civilian needs being conditioned by finance, finance must be made the servant of all and the master of none.

Under its national security powers, the new Labor Government can terminate the banking, financial and credit monopoly and

exercised by the Central Bank only" (our emphasis), but both the "Age" and the "Argus" report Mr. Chifley himself as saying that this objective is to "prevent expansion of credit by trading banks arising from increased funds due to war activities." That qualifying phrase reprinted in black type makes the meaning delightfully vague—as vague as the corresponding proposal that trading banks shall lend their "excess investible funds" to the Commonwealth Bank.

(Continued on page 8.)

POWER ALCOHOL FROM WHEAT

COMMERCE MINISTER SIDESTEPPED THE ISSUE, SAYS M.H.R.

In the House of Representatives, when discussing the utilisation of excess wheat, Mr. J. I. Langtry (Riverina) charged the former Minister for Commerce with having sidestepped his inquiries concerning the establishment of distilleries for the production of power-alcohol.

Mr. Langtry said he had expected the Minister to side step the issue. However, he had seen the Minister subsequently by appointment in his own rooms. Mr. Langtry said he had produced evidence to show what a great benefit the industry would be, both during the war and afterwards.

The Minister, however, had replied that Australia could not expect to continue manufacturing her own power-alcohol when the war was over. When asked the reason for that, the Minister had replied that the Government could not afford to lose from £15,000,000 to £20,000,000 in customs duties on imported petrol.

"FARMERS PENALISED"

Therefore, Mr. Langtry declared, the wheat-farmers, and country people generally, were being penalised to the amount of from £15,000,000 to £20,000,000, which should be spread over the whole

assert the sovereign rights of the people, including our airmen, sailors and soldiers. Payment of an extra 1/- or so per day to our fighting forces or per week to our old folk, who are pensioners, is not enough. Nothing short of a new financial technique will suffice. The old ramshackle technique of the private control of the public credit should no longer be tolerated.

A start should be made by terminating the Commonwealth Bank Board, which was largely drawn from private financial interests, and the control of the bank should be vested in the Bank Governor, who should be subject to the Federal Government and ultimate-

LOYALTY OATH FOR A.B.C.?

"TOMORROW'S WORLD" HUMBUG TALKS

For long past there has been much dissatisfaction with regard to radio broadcasting from national stations, and in consequence the proceedings at the Parliamentary Committee's enquiry into broadcasting are likely to attract more than passing attention. National broadcasting being a very important public utility, it is desirable that the controllers should be men of integrity, sound judgment and strict impartiality—showing favour to neither individuals, parties nor institutions.

All people with unbiased minds will readily agree that when one side of a political or near-political question has been presented over the air, it is only fair and just that the views of those holding opposite opinions should be given equal publicity; and also, that the same course should be adopted in connection with other debatable matters of public interest. To affirm that in connec-

tion with many such matters the controllers have failed to show strict impartiality is merely to state the truth. As a definite instance amongst many, take the case of Federal Union. As advocated by speakers from time to time through the national stations, Federal Union is a union of large Nations or States—U.S.A., Germany, Great Britain, France, Russia, etc—under one Federal Government. It was noticeable that while the speakers extravagantly extolled the alleged advantages of this, they craftily refrained from informing listeners as to what this suggested Union really involved. If the people of Australia were made cognisant of the fact that this proposed Federal Union involved the abolition of the British Crown, national self-government, and the disruption of the British Empire, they would undoubtedly give the proposal short shrift.

When permission was sought to reply through National stations to this traitorous and subversive propaganda, the A.B.C. refused to allow it to be done. The fact that the speakers were paid by the A.B.C. and that the latter body refused to allow a case to be stated in rebuttal, seems to indicate that it is in favour of the

(Continued on page 5.)

TOO MUCH FOR MR. CHURCHILL

Mr. Churchill's broadcast on his Atlantic conference with Roosevelt was delivered with all his oratorical skill. The description of the church service on the battleship—with its reference to familiar hymns—showed his genius. No doubt this, and the commentary describing the passing convoy, brought tears to the eyes of many. But at the moment when Mr. Churchill referred to the "many hundreds of American and British sailors and marines," and a moment later, "when I looked upon that densely-packed congregation of fighting men," I remembered that these men—our sons, cousins and brothers—had no part in the conference! I remembered the "Evening Standard" headline, "Mr. Montagu Norman Was With Him," and instantly the great power of Mr. Churchill's oratory lost its spell. Instead, I wondered if he would refer to those "distinguished men" in his party whose names hitherto have not been mentioned. But I listened in vain; no reference was made to them, for the task of clothing bankers with emotional appeal is beyond even Mr. Churchill's great powers.—G. Hickling, in "Reality" (England).

ly Parliament, so far as financial policy is concerned. The next step should be to prohibit the private banking and financial institutions from dealing in the public credit, which could be accomplished by means of national security regulations. All credit issues could then be controlled by a National Credit Board, comprising the Federal Treasurer, as Chairman, Governor of the Commonwealth Bank and representatives of the producers and consumers; experts could be co-opted in an advisory capacity only.

Will the Federal Labor Government have the audacity, courage and vision to thus do and dare for democracy?

"THE TRAGEDY OF RAMSAY MACDONALD"

BOOK REVIEW BY V J DURY

The above is the title of a political biography by L. MacNeill Weir, M.P., published by Seeker and Warburg; Australian price, 21/-. L. MacNeill Weir was Ramsay Macdonald's private secretary until the formation by Ramsay Macdonald of a "National Government."

It is to the author's credit that he refused to be a party to the great sell-out staged by a Socialist who sold his birthright and his integrity for a handful of gold and his desire for the fleshpots, coupled with his fear of poverty (which he had endured in his younger days), which, as MacNeill Weir shows, was the dominating motive of Ramsay Macdonald, and the reason why he was good hunting for the vultures of finance to play with according to their will.

This is a book, which every reader should beg, borrow or steal; as much for its delightfully fascinating style and excellent English as for the information it throws on a very vital part of what is now history.

If you want to know just HOW ROTTEN PARTY POLITICS AND CABINET GOVERNMENT CAN BE AND IS, just how corrupt a so-called NATIONAL GOVERNMENT, A COMPOSITION OF ALL PARTIES, WAS, then, in these pages you will find a liberal education such as cannot be obtained in ten years of intensive reading.

The book, according to the foreword, is a study in political "LEADERSHIP," and after reading it you will come to the same conclusion as your humble reviewer: GOD SAVE US FROM LEADERS.

The thought that is uppermost at the moment is will Australia's Party politics produce almost a similar situation? In short, will John Curtin, if he gets into a corner, as he is likely to do in the near future, if he tries to serve two masters—THE ELECTORS AND MONEY POWER—DO WHAT HAS BEEN CALLED A "RAMSAY." AUSTRALIA TODAY IS AT THE CROSSROADS THE LABOR PARTY REPRESENTS THE PARTY WHICH HAS NOT HELD OFFICE FOR ALMOST A DECADE. The Australian people

United Democrats' Report

From Headquarters, 17 Weymouth Street, Adelaide.

Uniformity of Action or Unity in Action?—What might be considered a sign of the times came during the week in the shape of two letters, one from Queensland, and the other from Victoria. Both were stressing the urgency of Commonwealth-wide action. The above letters have been received by the S.A. Secretariat, and our Director of Co-ordination will immediately take up the matter. However, it might be mentioned that the tenor of these notes for some weeks has been with the same object in view. The above Director, Mr. C. H. Allen, wrote to all inter-State headquarters of the Movement some months ago, endeavouring to bring about this concerted action. The time, then, apparently, was not quite right. The question arises, can all the States agree on some common campaign, and set to it? Following this, may we ask another question? Is it necessary? For years we have been feeling our way here, and feeling our way there. We now feel confident we have found something definitely wrong that could by correct action, be made definitely right. The correct action, we have agreed, is in line with the principle that individuals, working in association, can get what they

have given the U.A.P.-U.C.P. a more than fair trial, and they have found them seriously wanting in honesty of intentions. If LABOR FAILS WILL THE AUSTRALIAN PEOPLE FALL FOR A NATIONAL GOVERNMENT AND BE BETRAYED ONCE AGAIN TO INTERNATIONAL FINANCE?

If they do, then they will deserve what will follow.

Ramsay Macdonald's "National Government" has gone down in history as the Government, which knowingly and deliberately, by deceit and double-dealing, sold out to INTERNATIONAL FINANCE SITUATED IN WALL STREET, U.S.A. If you want to see the background to this war—if you want to know why England was almost defenceless when Hitler broke the Munich Pact, if you want to meet in their true colours men like Snowdon, Baldwin, Thomas, Sir J. Simon, Sir Herbert Samuel, Sir Kingsley Wood, Churchill and many others who are now in the limelight, you will meet them in this book, and your ideas of these men will undergo a serious change for the worse. You will find a lot that will nauseate you—but you will feel you owe a debt of gratitude to the author for having allowed you to peer behind the curtain of make-believe of party politics and glimpse the reality of shallow Communist-cum, - Socialist - cum-Liberal-cum-Conservative philosophies which, when they are all weighed up, are the opposite of CHRISTIAN.

In his foreword, the author says the book is concerned with the period 1929 onwards, and with the history of the setting up of a "National Government." From August 1931, reaching a climax at the general election, there was a campaign of slander and abuse against the Labor Party. Those members of the Labor Cabinet who had resigned were denounced as cowards who were afraid to do

want. So, in trying to formulate a plan of campaign for the Commonwealth, we must steer clear of technicalities and methods. If we don't all know what we want by • this time, we don't deserve to get it. And what is wrong with a variety of campaigns, providing the above principle is adhered to? We maintain that our politico-economic system is based on unreality. If, as we believe, we have "glimpsed a portion of reality," then if we translate our beliefs into action; if we, in every State, start pushing towards the centre—the home of centralised control, the base of unreality—then surely we must cause this house of cards (and paper and ink) to topple! Uniformity of action may be good; but isn't unity in action better?

Our Organiser is doing good work. Besides bringing in a number of new members, he is arranging for new groups to be formed. Two further such groups are now being worked up, with promise of more to follow. Mr. Harvey is finding that people who have never before been interested in us are now showing that interest in a very practical way—joining up.

Our Quarterly Meeting and Rally is to be held on November 13. Much has happened since we saw many of you. Come and talk it over with us.

—M. R. W. Lee, Assistant Secretary.

their duty, as traitors who betrayed their trust, as shirkers who funk an unpopular task. On the other hand, those who joined the "National Government" were applauded for their courage, patriotism, and self-sacrifice. Mr. Macdonald was acclaimed a hero who saved the country from ruin; Mr. Henderson was reviled as a recreant who led the country down. J. H. Thomas (of Budget leakage fame) was applauded because, as he said himself, he unselfishly put his country first.

The author goes on to say: "I felt that in view of this slander on the integrity of the Labor Party I should record my version of what actually took place in 1931 and the events which led up to it. I had thought that if one had a case to put before the British public, it would be possible to put that case."

"FREEDOM" OF THE PRESS

"I HAD THOUGHT THAT THE FREEDOM OF THE PRESS AND OF PUBLICATION HAD BEEN WON. I WAS MISTAKEN. I FOUND THAT THE PUBLICATION OF THE BOOK WAS A DIFFICULT AND EVEN A DANGEROUS ADVENTURE. THE CHARACTER OF THE BOOK BECAME KNOWN TO SEVERAL PEOPLE INTERESTED, AND THEY RECOGNISED THAT IT WAS AN EXPOSURE OF THE NATIONAL GOVERNMENT, AND THAT ITS PUBLICATION MUST BE PREVENTED. Persuasion was tried first. Certain friends of mine approached me not to publish the book. Before I had actually written it I was told I would be engaged on a sleeveless errand, as the publication of a book attacking Macdonald and the 'National Government' would not be tolerated. It was against the public interest, and damaging to the prestige of the Government. LATER, PERSUASION DEVELOPED INTO COERCION.

"Although there is nothing in the book that comes even remotely within the scope of the Official Secrets Act, my ignorance of the Act was presumed, and I was warned that I would be prosecuted under this statute.

"They could not prevent the author writing such a book, but they could set about to prevent its being printed and published. A publisher or a printer might be intimidated by threats of legal action. That bane of publishers and editors, the law of libel, was invoked. Even subsidiary characters in the story were approached, shown chapters and pages where references to them occurred, and urged to threaten the publishers with legal proceedings if the allusions were not deleted. Several interesting communications resulted. One came from a famous Member of Parliament, not even mentioned by name and not otherwise readily identifiable, who was persuaded to write a letter threatening proceedings unless a certain paragraph was deleted.

"A London editor, enquiring why there was so long a delay in publishing the book, was told that the publication had been abandoned, and the reason given was that 'the Prime Minister didn't like it.'

"Obviously, the fitting time to publish was when Macdonald was alive and could answer its charges, and, if possible, to refute its indictment. But the book was written some time ago, and the fact that it had not been published until now is no fault of the author.

"I was told that I must not publish an attack on Macdonald while he was Prime Minister, as it was in the national interest that confidence in the Premier be maintained. I was told when Macdonald left the Government that it was not fair to kick a man when he was down. I was told when he died that it was not right to attack a man when he was dead. This would mean, alive or dead, nothing but praise was due a Premier. Finally, the question of good taste has been raised. 'De Mortuis nil nisi bonum' is an excellent maxim, and one to which considerable importance is attached in this country, but

Riverina M.H.R. on Petrol Rationing

"Families living 15 to 20 miles away from the nearest town cannot get to a doctor because they have not sufficient petrol with which to run their cars."

Mr. J. I. Langtry, M.H.R. (Riverina), said this when urging that the petrol rationing regulations be revised with a view to giving a better deal to people in the country.

These people had no way of getting to town except by motorcar, said Mr. Langtry. Very few of them had good sulky horses, which, indeed, were very hard to get, and, in any case, the distances to be travelled were often too great. Residents of country districts had been inconvenienced by the petrol rationing regulations to a far greater extent than any other section of the community.

it cannot be held to apply to the politics and political conduct of statesmen, for these are matters of public interest and common concern.

"Politicians are a class apart, in so far as they have to present themselves to the judgment of the people, to seek their suffrage, and appeal for their support and confidence. . . . In 1931 the issue before the people of England was, in the last analysis, the honesty and the bona fides of the 'National Government.' That is still the dominant issue in British politics. I hope this book may assist the ordinary citizen to a fair and just judgment."

This book should be read by every Australian who hopes to play a vital part in the political and social life of Australia. The stage is being set in Australia for another hybrid Government—a government for finance only.

If it comes it will be because no one politician was big enough to expose the financial racketeers who make and unmake governments.

The question one has to ask is: WILL JOHN CURTIN DO A "RAMSAY" SHOULD HIS OWN PARTY REFUSE IN THE LONG RUN TO ACCEPT THE ORTHODOX FINANCIAL POLICY?

"The Tragedy of Ramsay Macdonald" is a book to be read, re-read, and read again, so that the message of honesty and fair dealing which the author has given expression to by his fearless summing up of Britain's Government during the so-called regime of the "National Government" will be digested in such a way as to prevent it HAPPENING HERE.

A book worth double its price, because he ends on a note which will be appreciated by all social creditors and electoral campaigners:

"The case for Democracy is not hopeless. It may yet be saved by education. If the masses must have LEADERS, an educated democracy will make its choice with discriminative understanding. It will choose a real aristocracy of moral worth and technical efficiency. An educated democracy will be less apt to be swayed by sentiment and emotion, less liable to be stampeded by fear, less likely to be tricked by treachery. The people have been betrayed in the past, but 'the schoolmaster is abroad,' and history may not repeat itself." Significantly, on page 6 " . . . a new educator has come upon the scene with newer ideas to make the changes demanded by the progress of educational curriculum. The Three R's were put first in the SCOTS educational curriculum, and after these came history, poetry and religious knowledge."

Perhaps our knowledge of the underlying philosophy of Christianity will enable us to make those changes—without losing the best in our Anglo-Saxon culture . . . And it will be a Scot who showed us how.

THE WESTERN FRONT

Report from the Electoral Campaign, 81 Barrack Street, Perth:

Miniature Competition: After several postponements due to circumstances over which we had no control this competition has now been finalised. Mrs. A. A. Walton, of Pingelly, with ticket number 489, secured the first prize, of a hand-painted miniature. Mr. Howard Fairbanks, of East Pingelly, secured second prize, with ticket number 208. We would like to congratulate the winners, and trust that we shall be able to make suitable arrangements in respect to having the prizes delivered to these two lucky people. Pingelly, having scored both prizes, will be pleased to know that they also secured top score in the selling of tickets. We must thank all those people who helped to make it a success.

Special Announcement: Mr. C. R. Willcocks has informed Headquarters that a tentative date has been fixed for the Annual Ocean and River Trip to Garden Island and Rockingham for January 18, 1942. Tickets for this cruise will be 3/- Children will be specially catered for at a reduced price. We would especially ask all supporters to book their tickets early. In the past considerable difficulty has been experienced in obtaining sufficient tickets for those who, at a late hour, decided to do the trip. Will all suburban readers of the "New Times" undertake to sell six tickets? If you take the paper you must be aware that the campaign needs funds. This effort goes a long way to help us keep on an even keel over a very tight period. Any country friends who can manage to do the trip will be more than welcome. The weather at this time of the year is very good and we trust all our people everywhere will join in this social outing.

Meetings: Mr. R. Rushton will be addressing the Institute of Public Affairs on Tuesday, November 18. Mr. Rushton will also address a further meeting at Darlington at a date to be fixed early in November, on "The Economics of the New Testament." The Campaign Director Mr. V. J. Dury has been invited by the Wheatgrowers' Union to address three meetings up the Dowerin Line with special reference to Monetary Reform. He will accompany Mr. H. T. Berry M.L.A., and possibly the president of the Union. Mr. Watson.

Pressure on State Government: Mr. Marshall, M.L.A., has followed up his effort in the Assembly with another telling effort on the Debt Adjustment motion moved by Mr. Watts, M.L.A. for Katanning. The State Labour Cabinet is being forced into a position, which will rapidly become untenable unless the motion, which was passed by a big majority, is given legislative effect.

Every farmer should read "Hansard" No. 12, which includes Mr. Marshall's excellent contribution.

Are you aware that the Legislative Council of W.A. turned down without debate Mrs. Cardell-Oliver's abolition of capital punishment Bill? The Legislative Council members who took this high-handed attitude should be severely reprimanded by their electors—Democracy does not consist of such dictator-like methods. This all-important Bill should have had a full-dress debate, and been decided on its merits, which are many. Do you like your Legislative Councillor taking this undemocratic action?

We must commend to your attention the 1/1 booklet, "The Story of the Commonwealth Bank," by D. J. Amos, F.A.I.S.; here in a nutshell is the history of the Bank and its great poten-

"NEW ORDER MUST BE BASED ON PUBLIC OPINION"

—Says Professor Walter Murdoch

Although the writer's use of the word "plan" is unfortunate, in our opinion, as it conveys to many the idea of a detailed "blue-print" to which all must conform, we nevertheless commend to our readers the following extracts from an article by Walter Murdoch, appearing in the Melbourne "Herald" of October 25:

I have tried to show that it is vain to hope for salvation by the men of science or the men of letters, by parliaments or by churches. To what, then, are we to pin our hopes? To what doctor is the sick world to turn? To the schoolmaster?

It is said that the present state of the world is a sign of the breakdown of capitalism; it is just as surely a sign of the breakdown of education; and the younger and more active-minded teachers, whose intellects have not been benumbed by the drudgery of their profession, know well that reform is long overdue. Those who are working for a root-and-branch overhaul of our education system are doing as useful a piece of work as one can think of. But for our immediate purpose, they are too late. If we have to wait, for the planning of a new world, till the schools have turned out a better-equipped generation of young men and women, the prospect is bleak indeed.

When you read the history of education, and notice at what a snail's pace any new idea has made its way into the schools; when you realise that schoolmasters are the most conservative section of the community, the most fettered by tradition; when you observe with what solidity the official Misdirectors of Education administer their cast-iron systems; you realise what an uphill fight the reformers have to look forward to. For reasons, which I shall presently state, we cannot afford to wait a century.

So far, this article has been entirely negative; I have merely tried to show to what men, or classes of men, we need not look for salvation. To whom, then, are we to look? My answer is, to one another.

We are fighting for democracy; that is, for the right to set up a democratic order in which to live. Well, that order can be created only by democratic methods; the essence of a democratic world is that it is a world based on public opinion. A world planned by a few leaders, and created by their fiat, may be an oligarchy or a dictatorship; a democratic world cannot be built in that way. It must be designed and built by all of us, helping one another to think it out. Scientists, writers, statesmen, churchmen, schoolmasters, all have their parts to play; but so have bankers, bottle-men, stock-brokers, boundary-riders, journalists, jockeys, sculptors, and scavengers; everybody.

Am I actually pinning my faith on the man in the street? you ask. Do you really mean that the man in the street is capable of planning a new world? No; the man in the street is not highly intelligent; I am a man in the street myself, and I know. It is not on him that we must pin our faith, but on all the men in all the streets, helping one another to a plan. My hopes rest on the collective intelligence, conscience, and resolution of this Australian nation.

The new order must be based on public opinion; and public opinion is being formed, all round us, every day. War, the great awakener, has set millions of minds at work examining the very foundations of life, and reviewing all the old traditions which we were in the habit of taking for granted; orthodox religion, orthodox ethics, orthodox economics, everything hitherto accepted is being questioned. Whether a better or a worse world will follow the war will depend on whether enough people can discard ancient prejudices and open their minds to new ideas. Persons with closed minds are not going to be of any use.

It is objected that we must not think of such things just now; we must think only of how to win the war; but I suspect that those who make this objection do not think at all. Our fighting men, at any rate, are thinking of other things besides their immediate job; they are thinking about the kind of world they want when the war is won. Letters from Australian camps, and from the various fronts, tell us of endless talk and argument and debate; public opinion is being formed there, day by day; and when these men come home, they are going to play their part in shaping the new world; they are not content with the old.

To sum up: I asked at the outset what great creative forces can be seen in the world where the forces of destruction are so vast;

and I answer that one of the greatest of all creative forces is human speech. "In the beginning was the word," and the new world we desire must also begin with words. The wise-acres will tell you that this is a time for doing, not for talking; surely there never was a time when talking was so much needed; for it is out of talk that public opinion is shaped, and it is on public opinion that the new world will be based, unless democracy is finished.

So here, at a moment when everyone wants to be of some use, is a job for all of us. . . . In one way or another, you who read and I who write can, as individuals, do something, each of us, to help to shape an intelligent public opinion on which our plan for a better world can be based.

One thing in conclusion: we must hurry up. Because, if we are not ready with a plan of the world we want, we shall find a plan of the world we don't want imposed on us by people who know exactly the kind of world that will suit them. If we ordinary persons who believe in justice and liberty are too lazy to plan a society in which those great principles prevail, somebody else—the international financier, for instance—is very willing to oblige. There will not be much justice, and still less liberty, in the world in which we shall find ourselves if our own inertia allows such persons to have their way. From that hateful world it will not be easy for our children to escape.

THE MASTERS

"As there is a science of war, so there is a science of industrial mobilisation. The great masters of it are few. Only two appeared in the World War before. One was B. M. Baruch, in this country, and the other Walther Rathenau, in Germany."—"The Saturday Evening Post," July 12, 1941.

AN OPEN LETTER

TO THE MOST REV. D. MANNIX, D.D.
Archbishop of Melbourne

Your Grace,

It was reported last week that, in an address to a friendly society, you deplored extravagant spending at present by the people of Australia, and said that because more money was in circulation than ever before, some of it should be saved to ward off the depression which may follow the war.

Unfortunately, it is not reported that you even indicated the types or classes of goods extravagantly purchased, and that is a pity. So many people look to you for guidance.

Admittedly the standard of living of the poor has improved under wartime conditions, but the quantity of goods for sale in Australia has not increased. The tragedy of it all is that, in the process of producing weapons of defence and destruction, the poor can earn wages to spend on food and clothing which were available in greater abundance before the war, but were suppressed or destroyed because people had insufficient income to buy what they needed.

We are told that at least half a million Australians are now occupied in the war effort. Each day the number increases. Destruction of food—notably apples, pears, onions and potatoes—continues. Yet, the majority of Australians are being better fed and housed. Does it not seem to your Grace that after the war we shall have

upwards of a million people to add to the national capacity to produce more clothing, food, homes and even luxuries? Therefore, why a depression?

During 1934 His Holiness, Pope Pius XI, in his Encyclical "Quadragesimo Anno," said:—

"For then only will the economic and social order be soundly established and attain its ends, when it secures for all and each all those goods which the wealth and resources of nature, technique, and the social organisation of economic affairs can give. These goods should be sufficient both to supply all necessities and reasonable comforts, and to uplift men to that higher standard of life which, provided it be used with prudence, is not only of no hindrance, but is of singular help to virtue."

All sane men agree with His Holiness in this splendid utterance, and since the goods of which He spoke are actually available in bountiful quantities it follows that there can be no logical cause a post-war depression. It would appear that the logical method of warding off the depression would emerge from an alteration of the money system so that Gods abundant gifts may be distributed amongst human beings. God's other creatures, having no money system, do not starve in the midst of plenty. —"The New Times."

The New Times

A non-party, non-sectarian, non-sectional weekly newspaper, advocating political and economic democracy, and exposing the causes, the institutions and the individuals that keep us poor in the midst of plenty.

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THE KEYS OF FREEDOM

Said Woodrow Wilson once: "When we resist the concentration of power we are resisting the processes of death, because concentration of power always precedes the destruction of human liberties."

In this matter President Wilson knew what he was talking about, but, being a victim of circumstances, he could do very little about it. He knew the disease that afflicts men in their associations; he could recognise the symptoms, but he did not know of the remedy.

The disease is as old as the hills; the remedy is not.

There were wars between democracy and dictatorship in the days of Coriolanus, but the real key to the double-lock was as yet unknown.

There were always theorists who knew the academic answer to the enslaving fact of "power-concentration"; it was "power-distribution." The idea of democracy was born out of this theoretical answer. But do what they could; the democracy theorists could not get beyond political democracy.

It was impossible to maintain such culture as existed in ancient civilisations without a human slave base upon which to build it. The splendour that was Greece and the glory that was Rome did not mean much to the slaves that were sweated and whipped, regimented and bought and sold in the market like cattle. The battle was then, as it is now that of personal freedom versus that of external authority.

But today the circumstances are different: the harnessing of inanimate power through machinery has made the "human" slave—regarded as a converter of energy in the economic field, which is the real base of all civilisations—obsolescent.

Today a high culture and a high standard of living can be made common without servitude and human slavery. This is because we have learned how to tap the perpetual and inexhaustible power of the sun. Machinery is its harness.

This is a totally new factor in economic (and therefore all) history. It is this factor which has provided the first key to the double-lock which so far has denied men real freedom, and the absence of which in past ages has made power-concentration appear justifiable and respectable, an illusion which still persists.

The second key required to conquer the double-lock, which so far has imprisoned men, consists in a workable and correct formula for the accounting of the new wealth made available by the machines, and to distribute it as a birthright to all men. This, in fact, means distributing economic power to individuals, and, therefore, independence. The discovery of this key is of much more recent date than the first one.

The battle for personal freedom against external authority still goes on, but today the keys of winning that battle are available for all concerned for the first time in human history.

Power concentration has many forms of disguise. It's an old trick to plead its necessity to attain liberty; but because the two keys are known, the old tricks are doomed to failure this time. Power concentration in the economic field in the so-called peace-time had a walk-over; it produced only steeper curves in the boom-and-slump epidemics. The few who had cornered the productive processes only found later (when they had won their way) that they had lost their markets in the winning of monopoly. Thus the deceiving of the people during their climb on the power-ladder—pleading "efficiency," "rationalisation," and what not—though politically successful, failed economically. The sword of "power-concentration" today proves to be made of clay near the hilt.

Balked in the financial and political fields, the strivers after power-concentration are under the illusion that they did not concentrate big enough. So now they have descended into the field of brute force—war. This is the biggest excuse for power-concentration there is.

Problems are not solved by enlarging them. Wrecks are not avoided by enlarging the error; it only ends in a bigger wreck. But this time it is the error that in the end will be wrecked. The lust for power-concentration—though it may persist with some individuals—will become powerless, and therefore harmless; and economic democracy, with its fruit of freedom for common men, will be established.

WHERE DOES THE PROFIT GO?

By FOOTLE

I am rapidly growing into the sort of bloke who turns greedily to the puzzle page of any stray publication left lying around. I have almost ceased to be attracted by the straightforward, and am positively repelled by the obvious. Every time I come to an unaided conclusion I always find that the experts have come to a conclusion as far from mine as if they were considering something else altogether.

This is a phenomenon I have observed from earliest youth. When I was very small and was caught playing marbles for "keeps" I was told it was naughty to bet for the reason that the other fellow could not afford it. I, of course, had reasoned that it was only naughty to bet so long as I couldn't afford it. It has always irked to have to do the other fellow's sums and carry his bricks.

In due course I was introduced to the crime of usury, and exhorted to extol the beautiful non-usurious relationship subsisting between Antonio and Bassanio, and to execrate the bond extorted by Shylock. Nevertheless, it has struck me with ever-increasing force over the years that A and B were only up to the usual debtor's dodge of striking a bargain they had no intention of keeping when it began to hurt, and hadn't exactly gone out of their way to endear themselves to Mr. S, although they were willing to extract an advantage from his hoard if it could be managed. I have never ceased to admire the consummate skill with which William Shakespeare sneaked away from the ethics of the argument by demonstrating the impossibility of carving off by guesswork an exact pound of meat without any gravy at all. That was a piece of true Gentile shrewdness, but it left the real question untouched, and the proposition, usury v. no usury, became a mere contest of Jew v. Gentile. Herr Hitler shows a marked tendency to use the same method, and the probability at the time of going to press is that when the shouting and the tumult die and the captains and the kings depart, we shall find the problem of the "so much per cent." practically intact.

Pongo Pyke doesn't agree that it is a problem. He points out, with his customary penetration, that if you abolish interest you abolish dividends, and therefore remove the only incentive to a continued existence we understand.

"My dear deficient," he exclaimed, "have you not observed Nature; the eagerness of the sprouting seed, which returns an hundredfold? Have you missed the spectacle of the reward of the fisherman as well as of the harvester, . . .?"

"Hi, cheese it!" I remonstrated. "I'm not a poet, and even if I had failed to observe the rewards you refer to, I wouldn't be the only one. What about the harvester and the fisherman? They seem to me to miss them every time."

"You can't get away from the Fact that Nature pays a dividend. And it's not only from the earth and the waters thereof she pours forth her bounty. She is waiting to serve the craftsman who makes his selection from mine or forest . . ."

"Let us now sing the Doxology," suggested.

"Very well," he said, sniffily. "If that's how you feel, sing and enjoy yourself. Don't mind my apparent misery."

"What you have said is beside the point," I maintained. "You have failed to make out a case for the payment of interest."

"I know what's the matter with you," asserted Pongo bitterly.

You're a bally Communist. You don't believe anyone should make a profit. You believe in planting a spud and getting one spud back. Well, I'm not like that. I believe everyone should make a profit—only it sort of happens that everyone can't. Now, look here! In my business we have to accommodate our clients. That's the same thing as a loan, isn't it? Very well, then. That loan has a value to the bloke who asks for it. Therefore he pays me that value and he calls it 'interest'. What's wrong with that?"

"I never said a word about making a profit being wrong. As you say, Nature in her way makes profits. Business profit is mostly a sort of wages. But that's not the same thing as interest on money."

"Oh, naturally not! The bookmaker likes his profit in boots; the farmer just loves to hoard his profit in tons or gallons, as the case may be. You simply must have money, you ass!"

"Of course, fathead! But aren't you getting Nature and money mixed up? Now, if one chappie borrows from another he uses for the time being something the other fellow had earned."

"I couldn't have said it better myself."

"I put it that way although he may have got it without earning it. The loan is worth something. That's your case, isn't it?"

"Exactly! Though you've been a long time."

"Righto! I come to you and say, 'Pongo, old horse, a tenner would do nicely at the moment,' and you hand over the tenner." "Proceed! Doubtless we shall arrive. I hand you the tenner. So what?"

"I have now got something of yours. But suppose, instead of handing me the tenner, you said, 'Footle, old boy, I'm frightfully short of the ready just now, but if you don't mind waiting a couple of secs., I'll manufacture a tenner for you so good you couldn't tell the difference, . . .'" "I'd get five years, with luck. Where's the fun in that, to say nothing of the moral?"

"The answer is, 'there is no fun,' and the moral, 'always see that you have a bank charter before you try any funny business.'"

"What difference would that make? Banks don't print notes." "I know they don't. But mine allows me to draw a cheque on an overdraft, which I can exchange for notes, although I don't bother about the exchange so long as somebody will take my cheque. How does that come about?"

"Simplicity on the part of the bank, maybe, but at any rate it must come from the bank funds" "Deposits?"

"I suppose so."

"Have your deposits ever been reduced by that sort of transaction?"

"No."

"Have you ever met anybody who had his deposits reduced in that way?"

"I can't say I have."

"Don't you ever feel curious about these anonymous benefactors?"

"I look after my business and the banks look after theirs," said Pongo stiffly.

"I think you're lucky."

"How? Lucky?"

"That the bank isn't looking after yours."

CENTRALISED ELECTRIC SUPPLY

NOT SATISFACTORY IN BRITAIN

On more than one occasion in the past we have commented on the folly of large-scale centralised electric supply schemes. In England such a scheme, called "The Grid," was substituted for the numerous and independent local power stations. Those afflicted with "plan mania" view the scheme with ecstatic adoration, but those Britons who think that real benefits to individual human beings are more important than grandiose plans or financial abstractions are not so enthusiastic—as witness the following editorial in the "Social Creditor" of September 6:

A few years ago we were assured by all the organs of publicity that when the great Grid scheme was complete electricity would be available for all at 1d per unit. The wonderful efficiency of the new super-power stations has been continually vaunted and but few people seem to challenge it, although they are instinctively aware that, judging by results obtained, something is seriously wrong. This is partly because, used in the exact sense, the word has lost all meaning to the general public and the only person who can understand what "efficiency" means is the engineer.

Now the engineer's idea of efficiency is strictly limited; it is, with respect to any process, the energy ratio of output to input. Energy is not "produced" in the exact sense of the word, but only converted. The thermal energy from the coal is converted in a power station into electrical energy, and the "efficiency" which the engineer is trained to chase is this same ratio of output to input. But that is "efficiency" from the point of view of the engineer. The "efficiency of the process for the public is the ratio of the output of energy available to individuals, to the energy input. The public, judging by its numerous expressions of exasperation, is evidently not satisfied by the results, which it is getting. The real question is a question of policy. For whose benefit is this electrical energy produced?

To anyone who is at all familiar with any phase of modern engineering it will be obvious that quite a large part of the products are not for the public's consumption at all, but for some other purpose. It is a practically self-evident proposition that if the public possessed sufficient purchasing power to buy the products of industry, then all industry would function to the demands of the people. The fact is that the large-

scale industries are operated mainly to supply other large-scale firms in order to manufacture more goods for building more and more large scale firms, which in turn manufacture goods for export. These are not exchanged for foreign goods which may be made available to the people, but for foreign exchange and a "favourable balance of trade."

That this policy of large-scale electric power supply undertakings functioning solely to supply other large-scale industries is common to other industrial countries is instanced by the following quotation taken from the "Edmonton Journal" for January 25, 1941:—

"The Consolidated Mining & Smelting Co. Ltd., hydro-electric power project at Bluefish Lake, 20 miles north of Yellowknife, has been completed . . . 4,700-h.p. was sent coursing through 22 miles of high-tension transmission lines to turn the heavy drums of three GOLD MINES. Provision has been made to supply light and power to the settlement of Yellowknife, but as the company will not undertake to retail the power, no advantage can be taken of the available supply at present." (Our emphasis.)

We possess in this country now sufficient converted solar energy to supply every householder with an abundant supply of electricity or gas for lighting, washing, cooking and any other power they may require. But this energy is not for the people: it is for further capital production.

It was reported that the man who introduced the great PLAN for a Grid scheme to this country was a certain Samuel Insull from America. But the man who was persuaded to usher this scheme through Parliament was Lieut.-Colonel Moore-Brabazon. It was shown in an earlier article (March 9, 1940) how finance operating with powerful financial sanctions forced the majority of self-contained electricity undertakings into the orbit of their financial control. It is control which matters. Everything else is subservient to this policy.

Lieut.-Colonel Moore - Brabazon was reported to have announced on the B.B.C. a few weeks ago "that if we had not possessed a Grid Scheme we should have had to make one." If this is true, then how is it that, since the war started, the whole policy of centralisation has been reversed and an intensive policy of decentralisation and dispersion put into force? Main feeding cables have been duplicated, supply centres multiplied, and power stations which have not been scrapped have been allowed the necessary loans for new plant extensions in a frantic effort to get back to the safety of pre-war supply systems as far as this is now possible.

The great force which is behind this policy and which operates against the vast majority of the interests of the people is being counteracted by those vital interests called into play by the immediate danger in which we stand.

LOYALTY OATH FOR A.B.C.?

(Continued from Page 1.)

proposal. Whether this be so or not, the failure of the controllers to realise the disloyal nature of the proposal indicates that they are unfit to hold the position of trust they occupy.

It is to be hoped that the Parliamentary Committee will make investigations with a view to discovering the source from which this traitorous propaganda emanates, and it would, perhaps, not be amiss if the Government required that A.B.C. controllers take an oath of loyalty to King and country.

Another matter, which might well engage the attention of the Parliamentary Committee, is to ascertain the identity of the promoters of the Sunday evening talks entitled "Tomorrow's World." This series of half-truths, misrepresentations, and misleading suggestions has been put over the air for some weeks past, manifestly to impress upon listeners a conviction that the present financial system must be maintained at all costs.

Throughout the "Talks" frequent references were made to such aims as "raising the school leaving age"; "higher education"; "vocational guidance"; "better housing"; "elimination of unemployment"; "economic security," etc.; and were made in a manner calculated to convey the impression that their attainment is ensured by upholding the unsatisfactory system now in vogue.

It would never do to let the people become aware of the fact that the monetary system has prevented the attainment of these aims, and will—so long as this system continues—prevent their ever being realised. Space will not allow of a detailed criticism of any of these "Talks," and, therefore, attention must be confined to a few choice specimens of "Tomorrow's World" humbug and these are gathered from the eighth of the series, mainly because it has been referred to as a "brilliant exposition." The first of these "gems" is as follows: "As it has been well said, 'Not until the last African Kaffir has learned to live like an American millionaire can you talk of over-production.'"

To reveal the complete asininity of this statement it is necessary merely to state it conversely—viz., "Not until the last American millionaire has learned to live like an African Kaffir can you talk of under-production."

To quote again—referring to the depression, the speaker said: "Wheat did more than anything TO CREATE THE IMPRESSION of poverty in the midst of plenty. The wheat farmer could not buy from the factories, the people in the factories lost their jobs, and many COULD NOT AFFORD to buy enough bread, though they were standing up to their ankles, as it were, in unsold wheat. Poverty in the midst of plenty," then, is UNBALANCED PRODUCTION, more of one thing than people ARE WILLING TO BUY at a payable price." (My emphasis.)

The clumsy attempt, for controversial purposes, to convert "COULD NOT AFFORD to buy," into "NOT WILLING to buy" is too flagrantly dishonest to need comment. Notwithstanding this ludicrous attempt to abolish poverty by "smart Alec" dialectics, thousands of people throughout Australia are too well aware that "poverty in the midst of plenty" was not a mere "impression," but a grim reality, and their sufferings were intensified by the fact that an unjust money system prevented their use of wheat which was "up to their ankles."

Had the speaker stated that, "owing to the banks having reduced the money supply, the

wheat farmer could not buy; and the factory workers lost their jobs," he would have stated the exact truth, but that did not suit his purpose.

The cause of the depression which plunged farmers, factory-hands and others into poverty was succinctly explained by Mr. Reginald McKenna, Chairman of the Midland Bank, England, when he said: "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. 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."

It was this restriction of money supplies, combined with Australia's attempt to shut out goods from other countries, which led to the retaliatory embargoes against Australian wheat and other goods by France and other countries, in order to retain a favourable trade balance.

The "Talk" speaker unconsciously disproved his own case. Instead of "poverty in the midst of plenty" being a proof of "unbalanced production," it is a convincing proof of the effects of an UNBALANCED AND OUTDATED MONEY SYSTEM!

During the post-war, bank-created depression, the interests which "Tomorrow's World" speakers uphold decided that the proper place for the abundant wheat and other foodstuffs, was not about the ankles or in the stomachs of starving people, but in the fire. A return issued by the Economic Section of the League of Nations at Geneva stated that in one-year 1,000,000 wagon loads of wheat were burned, 50,000,000 lbs. of meat and 516,000,000 lbs. of sugar were destroyed, as were other foodstuffs. In the same year 2,400,000 people died of starvation. Unfortunately, in Australia, we are too familiar with the policy of destruction and restrictions of food, which is deemed necessary to prop up the rotten financial system we are afflicted with.

The unmerited prominence given to these bank-inspired "Talks" may be taken as an indication that the money monopolists are plotting for an even greater measure of domination over Radio, Press and Governments, when the war ends, than they hold at present. The talks also seem to be a covert attack on the economic beliefs and financial policy of the Labor Government—an impertinent incursion into the realm of party politics by the A.B.C. that should not be tolerated.

Similar favour and facilities should be demanded from the A.B.C. for a reply to this specious propaganda, but would probably be refused unless and until the Government insists on a fair deal, and the supremacy of democracy over its paid servants. (This criticism does not imply endorsement of the Labour programme, but is merely a plea for fair play.)

A.B.C.'s conception of impartiality seems to be peculiar to itself and a change in personnel seems desirable and long overdue.

- "Stirrem."

BIG RALLY!

CENTENARY HALL,
EXHIBITION STREET.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 8.15 p.m.

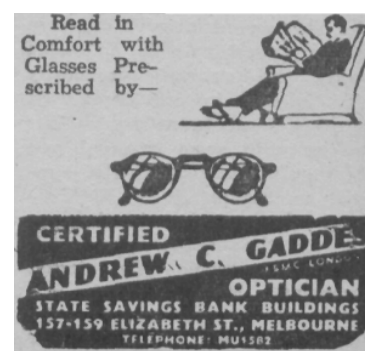
Speakers:

DR. JOHN DALE

ERIC D. BUTLER

"The Labor Party and
the Banks"Come Early and Bring Your
Friends.

Chairman: MR F. PARKER.



THE GREATER VISION

A Short Story, by JOHN CLIFFORD

Mary's head reeled. It couldn't be him. And yet, and yet . . . yes, the same angular face, certainly a little older, and the same determined chin. But there was something strange about the halting manner in which he climbed on to the platform. He didn't appear too sure of his step. Yet that voice of his, when he upset the even tenor of the meeting, was unmistakable . . .

Mary's father—H. E. Coulson Progressive Nationalist Member for the Federal Electorate of Coolamong—was addressing packed hall in a Melbourne city hall. It was a few months after the armistice. The first public enthusiasm at Germany's sudden collapse, together with the tumultuous welcome home given to Australia's fighting men, was starting to wane. The irksome control accepted by the people—although doubtfully—as essential during the war were being maintained by the Government. The press and radio shouted, "The war must now be paid for." The authorities said that there must be "greater planning." The Prime Minister said in a national broadcast, "Australia must sink its identity for the common cause of mankind, and become part of the world-state now being brought into being." But many people weren't satisfied. It appeared to them that both their political freedom and their economic freedom were being lost. "Dangerous, unprogressive individuals"—at least that is what they were called—were asking whether, after winning another war, the people were to lose another peace.

The authorities were conducting a nation-wide campaign to counteract the propaganda of these disturbing elements in the community. The Member for Coolamong, recognised as a fine old conservative gentleman, with a big property in the country, was asked to speak in this campaign. This was his first meeting. He was warming to his subject: "It is obvious that the time has arrived in the history of man when he must sink his nationalistic characteristics for the commonweal. An international government must be set up. We must have international planning in order to prevent economic chaos. If all the surplus stocks now existing in all countries are thrown on the markets of the world there will be a collapse of prices and economic ruin. I say to you, ladies and gentlemen, that unless we are prepared to abolish our national sovereignties in favour of a federal union, such as that now set up in Europe and that being forged between America and Britain, we will have further wars and further economic crises. It is good to think that we made so many sacrifices in this war we have waged over the past few years for such a noble ideal as federal union. . . ."

It was at this juncture that Mr. Coulson was rudely and violently interrupted by a young man near the front of the hall, who had been obviously agitated since the start of the meeting. Jumping to his feet, he shouted, "That's a lie! We sacrificed to preserve the sovereignty of the British Commonwealth of Nations, and in order that we could solve our own problems, such as this damnable poverty and economic insecurity amidst plenty, in our own way. We don't want to relinquish our sovereignty to some external and international authority. The suggestion is treason . . ." His further words were lost in the uproar of the audience, which suddenly overcame its initial amazement. Mary Coulson was sitting well to the back of the hall and couldn't see the interjector until he tried to force his way on to the platform.

But she knew that voice—a voice from the dead. Now she saw him. It was Douglas Jarrett, V.C., who had fought with such success with the R.A.A.F. in Europe, and who had been officially reported dead after being shot down over German territory. And Mary had loved him . . . she still loved him. Her senses seemed to be leaving her. All around her people were talking excitedly. On the platform was the man she had loved through years of anguish; reported to have been killed months ago. Now he was shouting to try to make himself heard above the din, while her father and the chairman frantically called for a policeman to eject the intruder. Mary tried to regain control of herself. She asked herself if it was a nightmare. Before she could clarify her thoughts quiet had been restored, although a state of suppressed excitement still prevailed. The meeting didn't last long after that. Mary sat through it in a trance.

Her father was obviously upset as they drove home. "You know," he said, "for a moment I thought that that young ruffian looked like young Jarrett—but surely that couldn't be. He was officially reported dead." Mary said nothing. Her father continued, "No, it couldn't be, although I could almost swear to a definite resemblance. This man is blind . . . why, what's wrong my dear?" Mary nearly fainted at her father's last words. Now she understood why Jarrett had climbed on to the platform in such a halting manner. He was blind! Her father was addressing her again. "I just feel a little done-in, father." She sat in silence for the rest of the journey and let her mind run back over the events of the past few years . . .

She recalled that night in September 1938. It seemed like an eternity since she sat in a cheap restaurant in one of Melbourne's poorer suburbs listening to Douglas Jarrett talk about the chaos spreading throughout the world—and the remedy. She couldn't understand it all. Some of the phrases were entirely new to her: "decentralisation of policy . . . not overproduction, but underconsumption . . . banks create money out of nothing . . . power must reside in the electors . . . international finance plotting to destroy the British Empire (how melodramatic this had appeared to her at the time) . . . some people prefer to alleviate poverty by charity rather than remove the cause of poverty." How well she remembered that last sentence. It was a direct attack on her own work.

She had been a member of the Women's Slum Welfare League. Although she instinctively disliked many of the middle-aged ladies who belonged to the League and who spoke in such condescending terms about the poor, she felt that she should help in some way to bring a little happiness to her less fortunate fellow-citizens. She was naturally kindhearted—a trait she had inherited from her mother, who had died five years before.

She had been doing her usual Thursday evening round in one of the worst slum areas, deliver-

ing some clothes here, and some fruit and vegetables there, when the incident leading to the tea and biscuits with Douglas occurred. Her arms were full as she turned a corner. At the same time a hurrying figure also turned the corner from the opposite direction. The next thing she knew was that she was lying on the broken footpath—parcels strewn all around her. The hurrying figure turned out to be a most apologetic and shamefaced young man. He helped her to her feet and, after she had persuaded him that she wasn't hurt, he collected her belongings and offered to carry them for her. Mary rather liked his manner and offered no objection. Conversation flowed quite easily between them, and after discussing most of the topics common to the ordinary young person, their talk drifted on to matters of a more serious nature. She let her companion take the initiative, and mostly listened. Her interest grew into admiration as he discussed the work that he was engaged in—the abolition of poverty amidst plenty. Before they parted he rather self-consciously suggested to Mary that she have a cup of tea with him in a nearby cafe while he told her about it in more detail. She agreed.

"But I think that we should first introduce each other," she said. "My name is Mary Coulson."

"Not the daughter of H. E. Coulson, M.P.," he said quickly.

"Yes, why?"

"Well," he said, slowly and hesitatingly, "I must confess that I don't like his party. And I am sure that he wouldn't like his daughter to be seen with such a radical as myself."

She replied quickly and loyally: "Oh, Daddy is all right! I am sure that if you could tell him some of your ideas he would be very impressed."

Douglas wasn't so sure. "Well," he said, "if the daughter of a conservative M.P. doesn't mind being the guest of a radical, let us enter. Oh, I nearly forgot to tell you my name. It is Douglas Jarrett."

Later, Douglas invited her to hear him speak in a suburban hall on the following Thursday night. His stirring address and simple analysis of what she had hitherto regarded as something beyond her understanding—the money system—enthused her to try to help to bring the facts before the people. Like all new reformers who have just heard of some new idea, she thought that she only had to tell people and they would say, "Well, that IS simple! Why didn't someone tell me that before?"

Her first mention of the subject to her father brought forth a violent reaction. "These money cranks," he said, "would plunge the whole country into ruin if they had their way. Our banking system is a delicate mechanism. We must have confidence. Who have you been listening to my dear?" Mary thought it better not to answer his question. She mildly remonstrated and tried to remember some of Douglas' arguments. But her father wouldn't listen.

She continued to meet Douglas and became more interested in her new work, although she found it very hard to understand quite a lot. Their friendship finally matured into something deeper. Douglas' first meeting with her father was a painful episode. All his enthusiasm made no impression on Coulson. The upshot of the argument was a final outburst from Coulson telling Douglas that he had no use for him or his ideas and that the less his laughter saw of him, the better he would be pleased. Mary was hurt. She lived between two loyalties for months. Douglas wanted to marry her. Her father threatened to disown her if she

did. Then came the war!

She was disappointed when Douglas didn't offer his service immediately. She thought that some of his public statements were a little too extreme. But he said, "This is a war on two fronts, the military front and the home front. Unless a desperate fight is made on the home front we will lose the peace; we will find ourselves hopelessly in pawn to the private bankers; the men who come back from the fighting services will face crippling taxation to try to meet the interest bills on the war debts. International financiers, who helped to bring Hitler to power, are planning to destroy the British Empire by setting up a world state under the cover of war." But being a girl, she didn't understand all this. Her father was a prominent figure in the national effort Douglas knew that she was slightly disappointed.

She was very thrilled that day he announced he was joining the R.A.A.F. Even her father seemed to soften a little in his attitude when he heard about it, although Douglas declined to see him before he sailed for active service. Well she remembered how bitter Douglas was the last night that she saw him, "We will see what some of these fine promises now being made amount to after this is over," he said. She thought that this was a direct attack upon her father. She resented it. Hot words followed and they had their first serious quarrel. He left her without even kissing her goodbye. His ship sailed the following morning. She watched it sail down the bay. The bright sunshine only emphasised the cloud of grief, which hung over her.

She recalled the months of agony as the war raged on. How she wished that she could hear from Douglas. She followed the papers closely and noted with pride that he was mentioned several times for conspicuous bravery. She longed to write and congratulate him. But the memory of those words the night before he sailed were still a barrier. Then there was the morning that she read of his exploit, which gained him the V.C. She was very proud. She finally decided to write. Douglas replied in a stiff, formal manner; merely thanking her for her congratulations. But she was pleased to hear her father expressing himself rather warmly about Douglas since he had won his V.C. "We all have these radical ideas when we are young," he said. "But he will come back from the other side a changed man. Mind you I think that there was something in some of his ideas." This meant little to her unless she could gain Douglas' love again.

And then came the tragic news. Douglas was reported as dead, shot down over Germany. She never knew how she lived through the following months. Still, the war had to be won and she helped in one of the women's voluntary organisations. This helped to take her mind off her grief to some extent.

Then came the peace. What a reception to those fighting men who came back! Her heart ached as she thought of the dreams she had had of welcoming Douglas home. But he was dead in a foreign land. Still, she was proud. He made the supreme sacrifice in the cause of freedom . . .

"Here we are my dear." Mary came out of her reverie at the sound of her father's voice. They were home. She didn't sleep much that night. She must see Douglas as soon as possible. That was all that mattered at the moment.

After making inquiries the following day, she finally found his address. A cheap little flat, which he was sharing with another ex-airman.

(Continued on page 7.)

The Greater Vision—Continued

His name was "Scotty" McGrath. When Mary plucked up all her courage and finally knocked on the door, it was "Scotty" who answered.

"Does Mr. Jarrett live here?" she inquired.

"Why, yes," he said. "Come inside." He shouted to someone in the small bedroom. "Doug! Here is a visitor for you." She nearly swooned as Douglas groped his way through the doorway. But she quickly pulled herself together. "How are you Doug? Welcome home." For a moment his face betrayed a tremendous emotion. Then he said, "I am sorry. I'm afraid I don't know you. You must be mistaken."

"Please Doug. Don't pretend that you don't know me. I'm Mary—Mary Coulson."

"I'm sorry. I know no one of that name."

"Scotty" was ill at ease. He interrupted—"But Doug, when you were delirious in the hospital after your crash in Germany, you kept on mentioning no one else but Mary Coulson. Miss Coulson," he said, turning to Mary, "I don't desire to take an interest in other people's private affairs, but I think that there is something between you two which could be better discussed in my absence." He went outside, leaving a painful silence behind him. It was first broken by Mary.

"Why didn't you let me know that you were back, and not dead as reported?"

Douglas spoke bitterly. "It is no use pretending. I recognise your voice. As you can see, I have lost my sight. I have told no one about being back because no one is interested in me."

"You are wrong there. I am interested. Oh, Douglas, can't you realise that I still love you? Please say something."

"What is there to say? I am sorry for what has happened. But now it is too late. I am blind."

"It is not too late. There is big work to be done. I can see that you were right when you spoke about the home front. Things are getting worse every day. Many of the returned men are not satisfied with the Government's treatment. You must take up your work again. I will help you."

"You will help, Mary? I hardly know what to say. I still love you—I've loved you all the time I've been away. But what's the good, now that I am blind."

Mary quickly crossed the room to where he stood and took his hands in hers. "It doesn't make the slightest difference to me."

Douglas' face betrayed his emotion. Throwing the last restraint aside he took her in his arms.

Mary stayed for over two hours. There was so much to talk about. He told of how he had been shot down in Germany. He had been badly injured and was taken to a prison hospital, where he met "Scotty." When they were well enough, they had escaped together and had finally arrived in friendly territory.

There was one thing, which Mary could see Douglas was diffident to mention—the subject of her father. Mary tried to convince him that her father had changed considerably in his outlook—although he thought that Douglas was dead. Mary promised before leaving, that she would tell her father the news at an appropriate time.

Coulson was late for tea that night. Mary waited for him. She was horrified when he walked in. He looked sick. "What is wrong, Daddy?" she asked.

"I am almost a broken man. I haven't told you before, but things haven't been going too well lately. The bank has been pressing me about my overdraft on the property. It's the same everywhere. All my friends find that the banks are adopting a most ruthless at-

itude. Values are falling, and even if I sell everything, I doubt whether I can save the situation. You know, my dear, I have been listening to that new Member for Nunnering quite a lot lately, and I am damned if I don't think that these critics of the banking system are right. I have been trying to keep these disturbing thoughts out of my mind, mainly because of the Party, but it's no use. I spent over an hour this morning with Professor Collins, who, as you know, is one of the best historians in this country, and I was horrified at some of the things he brought before my notice concerning this federal union. I am going to refuse to speak further on the matter."

After tea he left to go and see one of his business friends to see what could be done to save his property. Mary didn't see him until the following morning. He looked more worried than ever. "I am afraid that the situation is hopeless," he said. "I am to see the bank again today." Mary learned the worst that night. They had to sell out and see what they could salvage from the wreck.

The daily press reported growing economic troubles. The press and radio, as usual, shouted for confidence. Coulson was bitter. "Confidence! Bah! I used to talk that nonsense myself once. What a pity young Jarrett isn't alive at the present time. That boy was right, Mary. . . . Oh, I am sorry that I mentioned him, my dear. I don't want to open an old sore."

Mary could contain herself no longer. Throwing her arms around her father's neck, she exclaimed: "But he is alive! That was him at that meeting. I have seen him since." Her father was amazed when he heard the whole story. "Bring him around as quickly as possible," he said. "I want to shake him by the hand and admit how wrong I was." Mary was almost dazed with joy. Although her father was practically a broken man, there was no longer any suggestion of him standing between Douglas and herself.

Douglas was filled with mixed emotions when he heard this news. Coulson welcomed him warmly, although both were a little awkward when their remarks veered towards certain matters—such as the incident at the meeting. However, left to themselves, they quickly drifted into easy conversation. Like many other conservatives, Coulson was really a fine individual, but completely ignorant of certain subjects until circumstances jolted him into reality.

"I have been a fool," he said. "Like many others who possessed sufficient of this world's goods, I was oblivious to what was really taking place, because I was all right. I can now see that it is men like myself who act as the main bulwark of the present banking system, only to be torn down ourselves when it suits the purpose of those who have the power over life and property through their monopoly of manufacturing

and recalling money. The middle and upper classes in every country of the world have been digging their own graves for centuries without knowing it. Men like myself have failed to accept their responsibilities because they dared not think about anything new. It has been the same right throughout history—Christ, Galileo, Harvey, Pasteur, Lister and others who strived to help the human race were abused by the people they tried to assist. The result has been that the human race has paid a terrible price. This last war has exacted a terrible toll. You, my boy, have lost your physical vision in that struggle. But I thank God that there are men like yourself who have not lost their mental vision. You are needed now to win the battle of peace. I am practically a broken man. I possess nothing except my Parliamentary salary. But I am still a representative of the people. Help to mobilise the electors behind me in the battle ahead. I will give you all the assistance that I can.

"I have very little to offer you—except my daughter. She is waiting for you, Douglas. God bless you both in the struggle ahead." He walked quickly from the room, and Douglas found his way to the garden, where Mary was waiting for him. He felt like a giant. Together they would strive. He had already fought on two fronts and lost his eyesight, but he still possessed the greater vision.

The End.

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THE CONSPIRATORS.

Dr. Schacht (of the German Reichsbank) and Mr. Montagu Norman (Governor of the Bank of England) talking things over before the Second World War.

"In view of the disastrous policy followed by the Bank of England after the last war and the part it is believed to have played in the re-armament of Germany, does not the right hon. gentleman (Sir John Simon) consider it time that the people knew a bit more about the proprietors of this unique concern?"

—Mr. R. Stokes, in the British House of Commons, April 16, 1940.

LABOR'S "MAINLY ORTHODOX" BUDGET

(Continued from page 1.)

FADDEN'S LIMIT ON WAR EFFORT REMAINS

The artificial limitations of scarcity-finance on the war effort have NOT been swept aside. Mr. Fadden's proposed war expenditure has not been increased—except by increases in rates of soldiers' pay, which do not represent an increase in the war effort. As we reported on October 3, Mr. Fadden made it clear that his proposed war expenditure was SUBSTANTIALLY less than the absolute minimum recommended by military advisers and other experts. We pointed out then that such a war effort is much less than what is PHYSICALLY possible—even without further reducing living standards. Apparently a Labor Treasurer is just as awed by a row of noughts as a non-Labor Treasurer. The worst of it is that Hitler is NOT awed by a row of noughts, therefore the Nazi war effort is NOT limited by PURELY FINANCIAL considerations.

MORE DEBT AND SACRIFICE

Labor spokesmen when they were in the Opposition camp often deplored the disastrous policy of debt-finance. But, in spite of the fact that all the PHYSICAL costs of the Australian war effort during the Budget period will be met IN FULL by

the people within that period, a Labor Government proposes that the people shall end that period owing £140 millions more than at the beginning! Not a word about debt-free finance. Yes, Mr. Wilson, "mainly orthodox"!

Still more "sacrifice" in the shape of lower living standards, is demanded. Why it is demanded, when the necessities of life and most of the amenities are abundant, is not explained intelligibly. The argument about needing to divert manpower does NOT tally with a statement by Professor Copland to the Constitutional Club last Monday. According to the "Argus," he indicated that there are 100,000 unemployed at present. (This conservative estimate from a conservative source would only include REGISTERED unemployed. Also, it would take no account of many women, and males over or under normal working age, who might conceivably "lend a hand"—not to mention those engaged in utterly futile occupations such as canvassing for life insurance. Nor does it contemplate a campaign for the greater use of labour-saving devices and methods.) Although Australians are clearly in a position to increase their war effort as much as is proposed in the Budget, or more, AND SIMULTANEOUSLY maintain the general level of living standards, a Labor

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Mr. Cremeam Explains

Sir,—My attention has been drawn to an article entitled "Party Bosses Declare Against Democracy," which appeared in your issue of August 29 last.

I am afraid that you have misinterpreted the statement I made to which you object, and, incidentally, Mr. Mullens, M.L.A., was completely unaware of my statement, as he was ill at the time. I can assure you that I am at all times pleased to receive letters from my constituents, or any other citizens who desire to seek information or assistance, or who wish to criticise me in regard to any matters with which they are concerned. What I object to is the

forwarding of letters to Members of Parliament, which merely contain crude threats directed against a Member, personally.

I feel certain that you will agree that a Member of Parliament is at least entitled to the courtesy, which you would expect to receive from any other citizen. Resentment at uncouth threats does not imply resentment at legitimate requests or criticisms. You will find, if you seek information from the persons who know me best, that I have always welcomed such criticisms, and have never shirked any obligation, which might be regarded as being necessary to the position of a Member of Parliament.

I would be glad if you would publish this letter, and, should you desire any further amplification of its contents, I shall be happy to oblige.—Yours faithfully, H. M. CREMEAN, Parliament House, Melbourne.

Appreciation

Sir,—I should like to thank you for the general tone of your issue of October 24. In particular, it is pleasant to see Mr. Eric Butler's recognition of the stupidity of attacks on the "profit motive" and the so-called "ruling classes." There is still a great deal too much of this rubbish being talked by social crediters, or shall I say Labourites insufficiently converted to S.C. thought? This is not, of course, to defend either the Aristocracy or Big Business, as at present conducted. But it is so pleasant to see that after 20 odd years our people are beginning to heed Douglas's warning about attacking the dividend system, or rather joining in the Financial Monopoly's attack on it, and "unearned income" and "work before you eat" whether you eventually eat or not.—Yours, etc., ROY HEAD, Strathfield, N.S.W.

A BOOK YOU MUST READ
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By Eric D. Butler. Price 10d, posted.

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