

**SPECIAL
RATES
FIGHT
FEATURE**

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SOCIAL CREDIT

For Political and Economic Democracy

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE SOCIAL CREDIT SECRETARIAT LIMITED

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the Sea
Laid Waste**

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Labour Rule in
New Zealand**

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FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1937

Weekly Twopence

Higher Rates Unless —

NEW rating valuations have been ordered by Whitehall which will fix rateable values for the next five years. Rates will go up unless—

Unless you join with others in a united, clear demand that they shall not. How 50,000 ratepayers in Sheffield forced a no-increase promise from their Council is told on page 5.

Abdication : Cabinet Statement Rumour

IT has been reported in the popular press that the British Cabinet is in communication with Opposition leaders and the Dominion Governments regarding the issue of further information about the Abdication.

The object is apparently to clear up misunderstandings which may have arisen concerning the Duke of Windsor's so-called "exile" abroad.

Readers may rest assured, however, that the true story behind the abdication, hitherto untold, will not be disclosed.

We remember that when Capt. R. Jaffray (a U.S.A. citizen known as Jaffray of Bermuda) was having a holiday in England he put up a notice expressing good wishes to the Duke and Duchess of Windsor on the occasion of their marriage, but he found that this expression of goodwill met with immediate indignation from some undisclosed point, and pressure was brought upon him to take the notice down, which he refused to do.

At the time, this incident was given some prominence in the papers; photographs appeared; but very few people know that this gentleman was refused admission into this country on October 3 last.

Whatever may be the reason given for refusing him entry, there can be little doubt that his action on the occasion of his previous visit was not welcome to some power. "Somebody" in this country did not want him here. Who is it?

The Duke of Windsor last week, speaking to newspaper men in Paris, reminded them of "the forces which influenced his decision last December." Whatever these forces were, we are certain that their true nature, their true motives, will not be disclosed in any communication made by the present Cabinet, either to the Opposition leaders, Dominion Governments or anybody else.

Social Credit "Defeat" : There was no Candidate !

THE truth about the by-election in Edmonton, calmly misreported by *The Times* and the *Daily Telegraph*, both of which papers announced it as a Social Credit defeat, is now available.

There was no Social Credit candidate at all. The candidates were:

E. L. Gray, Liberal
J. A. Clarke, People's Front
M. Crang, Labour-Progressive
R. Sheppard, People's Candidate
J. Lakeland, Communist.

Demand For Colonies Outcry Is Excuse To Evade Realities Of Poverty Problems

THERE are countries abroad where the electorate is bamboozled with propaganda designed to mislead them into thinking that their personal problems of poverty and insecurity are due to lack of colonies.

If the electors of those countries would stop listening to politicians for a little time they might learn that in England, whose Government has plenty of colonies, the insecurity and poverty of the people are just as bad as in, say, Italy or Germany or even Russia.

One of our politicians, Mr. Eden, who was received with Ministerial cheers in the House on Monday, said: "It is symptomatic of the state of the world today that our last debate before our summer holidays and the first opportunity for a debate on the resumption of our work should both be concerned with the foreign situation."

How strange it is that of all our politicians, the one who gets most publicity and on whom the limelight is constantly turned is the one who, more than any other, has his eyes constantly turned to the ends of the earth!

In our Parliament, the Opposition, in what it calls the cause of peace, are demanding—and have demanded—that dictators "some-where else" should be dealt with by a strong hand, although they have devoted many years to the weakening of that hand.

In plain terms, they are advocating action against "somebody else"—some-where else—action that, if pursued, will only lead to war in order to maintain peace!

No government of Europe is trying to deal with, or is even looking to find, the cause of international conflict. Debtor countries are struggling against creditor countries; and this is merely a reflection, in the international sphere, of the war that is being waged now and continuously in our own and other countries between the debtors, who are the people, and the creditors who are the financial institutions; and because no government in Europe is attempting to secure the people from the war these financial institutions are waging against the common people, the war of guns and bombers draws steadily nearer.

Meanwhile, the vapourings of careerists, and the visions of the ends of the earth which our politicians indulge in, serve to obscure, like a smoke-screen, the futility of their methods to stop the obvious approach of a terrific catastrophe.

The electors of this country must call their Members of Parliament to order if they are to forestall violent and destructive war.

The invasion, carried out aggressively by the financial institutions of this country against the financial security of our own people, must be stopped, and we, the electorate, must give orders to our servants, the Members of Parliament, instructing them to put a bridle on those financial institutions whose policy, which is not ours, has war inherent in it.

Gray, a former Minister, the leader of the Liberal Party, was asked to contest the election by a joint committee of the Liberal, Conservative, People's League, United Farmers of Alberta, and Co-operative Commonwealth Federation organisations.

The seat was vacant through the death of the former Liberal member, G. H. Van Allen.

Large numbers of new voters had been added to the voting list since the last election, and the *Albertan* reported the "greatest rush of voters for years applying to the returning officer."

News from Alberta

The Times for October 30 reported that the Federal Government of Canada had referred the question of its power to disallow Albertan or other provincial legislation to the Supreme Court.

The same report stated that the three Bills passed at the recent session, which the Lieutenant-Governor of Alberta referred to the Governor-General, would remain "in abeyance" until November 2.

In a letter of October 12 to Mr. Mackenzie King, regarding these three Bills, Mr. Aberhart suggests that the Bill "to ensure the publication of accurate news and information," might also be referred to the Court should its constitutional validity be questioned.

He urges that the two other Bills—the Credit Regulation Bill and the Bank Taxation Bill—should be allowed to become law immediately, when the banks themselves could test their legality in the courts.

Obviously this procedure is eminently fair, and preferable to securing a court ruling on a hypothetical case, a procedure against which no less a person than the Right Hon. R. B. Bennett (late Conservative Premier of Canada) has protested in the past. It may be doubted whether Mr. Bennett will support Mr. Aberhart's contention, for the banks are unlikely to approve, as they prefer to make the Federal Government accept the odium of opposing the Albertan people in their struggle for plenty in security.

The Edmonton By-Election

Complaints have been lodged regarding alleged irregularities in the recent election, at which Mr. E. L. Gray, Liberal leader, headed the polls. This is the election that the press hailed as a defeat for the Social Credit Government, although it had no candidate standing.

Investigations are being made by the returning officer.

WISDOM

IN THE COURTS

THE following is a report of a case at Tottenham:—

Woman Rate Defaulter: Have I got to pay today?

Clerk: Yes.

Woman: Well, you're going to be unlucky. I've got my dinner to buy.

We men can learn a lot from a woman like that. For ratepayers there is a special lesson in her reply. Professional economists will no doubt find a headache in it, but it will do them good. If the Governor of the Bank of England hears of it, no doubt he will go pale, but that is better than a family going without a dinner. What the Chancellor of the Exchequer will think if he hears of it, we don't know or care. Dinners are certainly more important than silly things called budgets. Good luck to you, madam, your common sense makes the pompous phrases of the "clever men" look like what they are—blether!

ALBERTA'S LESSON FOR ENGLAND

IF we in England take to heart the lesson of Alberta, freedom will become a reality here. That was the theme of an address by Mr. W. A. Willox to a crowded meeting last Thursday at the Social Credit Centre in London.

Alberta was a Province abounding in natural wealth. Raw materials existed in abundance; yet the people suffered acute poverty. But the Albertans were determined to put an end to such foolishness, and had therefore demanded access to their own wealth.

The people of Alberta realised the truth of "Ask, and it shall be given you," and they had therefore asked.

They knew that they need not be poor in the midst of plenty, so they had united to tell their Government that they wanted—as a beginning—25 dollars a month each, in addition to their present incomes, together with a lower cost of living.

The practical and immediate effects of such a step would be, as Mr. Willox explained, not only to enable the people to buy more of the things they wanted, but also—by so doing—to provide the very market the producers of Alberta were seeking.

The Albertan people were united in making this reasonable, commonsense demand, and their belief and determination that it would be fulfilled was true Social Credit and pure common sense.

If, said Mr. Willox, we here in England, would follow the example of Alberta, and unite to make such a demand as that set out at the foot of back page in SOCIAL

CREDIT each week, poverty would soon be ended.

In the meantime, we Social Crediters, who realised this, should teach the people of England to practise exercising the power they possess when they unite to demand a reasonable objective.

Whenever we saw a wrong that could be righted, we should get all those who suffered it to unite in demanding of the proper authority that it must be put right.

An example was provided just recently by the ratepayers of Sheffield who had successfully united to resist increased rates.

Smaller wrongs, existing or threatened, could be put right on the same principle.

Wherever we saw one, first of all we should get as many people as possible to sign a demand that it should be put right.

Then the united demand of the people concerned should be presented to the proper authority, and if that authority did not at once proceed to carry out the reasonable demand, it should be replaced by more willing and competent servants.

All so-called "authorities"—from local councils to the Government at Westminster—had only one purpose and justification, namely, to serve the people.

The people must therefore give clear, united orders to their servants, and see to it that they were promptly obeyed.

COMMENTARY

Perhaps you've read these items in your newspapers—
our comment will give them a new significance

In Your Empire

SOME families living in Brisbane, source of the world's wool supply, are sleeping on bags, with only threadbare coverings on these chill winter nights. Youngsters huddle together and shiver, three and four under one blanket—if they have a blanket. More often than not, the bed clothing consists of any material that will retain a little warmth, says the *Brisbane Telegraph*, July 9.

Fathers and mothers, with a very lean purse, have hungry mouths to feed, and cannot pay for the clothing and blankets that every boy and girl should have in this cold season.

A new scheme to send emigrants to Australia is now being prepared!

The Legion of the Lost

THE British Legion are appealing for gifts of second-hand clothing for distribution to destitute members this winter. During the past year 2,000 destitute ex-officers and their families have been helped, and as a large demand is anticipated, the need is described as urgent.

Did we win the last war to make England safe for ex-soldiers to starve and shiver in? Isn't it time ex-servicemen began to act on the home front, lest their wants are forgotten. This is our country.

"Poverty is Prison—"

LONDON daily actually said that in its leader columns! How true it is, and if you remember in this country there are nearly two million registered unemployed and on poor relief, then on top of that add their dependents, then consider the fact that 67 per cent. of the wage-earners in this country are getting less than £150 a year, and another 18 per cent. are earning less than £250, add their dependents and you have a nice total of about 38,000,000 people living in a prison of poverty!

Assuming only one-sixth of these are electors, they could, by choosing to act, abolish poverty with its prison conditions within six months by demanding just that result, insistently, implacably, and unitedly.

Too Much Sugar

THE new sugar agreement (in S. Africa) restricts the annual production of sugar to 476,000 tons, reports the *Eastern Province Herald* (South Africa), September 4, but estimates at the end of July, after allowing for cane sufficient to manufacture the above, disclose a surplus of about 700,000 tons of cane.

The aim of this restriction is to increase your cost of living.

THE FIG TREE

A quarterly review edited by
Major C. H. DOUGLAS

CURRENT ISSUE

contains contributions by The Editor, Miles Hyatt, The Dean of Canterbury, R. L. Northridge, W. L. Bardsley, A. W. Coleman, R. Rogers Smith, A. Hamilton McIntyre, Herbert Bluen, Geoffrey Dobbs and others



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Life for Free Ride

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

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

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

Quick to Restrict

THE Secretary for Agriculture in the U.S.A., Mr. Wallace, has announced a reduction of 2,000,000 acres in the area which may be planted with cotton in 1938.

This restriction was decided on because of this year's unusually large cotton crop.

How quickly decisions can be made and orders given for purposes of destruction! No delays for commissions of investigation on so vital a matter as birth-controlling nature.

When Bathrooms were Taxed

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

So opposed were the medicos, that a year later the police in Philadelphia put a stop to all bathing between November 1 and March 15. It was a piece of luck that the municipal authorities could boast of just enough sane men to obtain a majority of two in favour of this decision being annulled.

In the State of Virginia, too, bathing was considered outrageous, and each bath was taxed to the extent of £6.

Boston, which was supposed to be rather advanced from the point of view of intelligence and culture, went a step further, forbidding its inhabitants to take a bath unless a medical man prescribed the ablation.—*Old Moore's Almanack*, 1938.

Whose Instructions?

LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR BOWEN (in Alberta) acted without any advice from Ottawa, Prime Minister Mackenzie King declared, in referring to reports that the Lieutenant-Governor had been instructed to withhold assent on some Alberta bills.

"We have issued no instructions whatever to reserve assent to any measure," the Prime Minister declared. "There can be no question about that." The Lieutenant-Governor had "acted on his own."

A Lieutenant-Governor does not normally take so serious a step unless advised to do so. Mr. Mackenzie King's statement is liable to the interpretation that those who ordinarily issue their instructions to and through the Federal Government—the financiers—issued them direct to Lieutenant-Governor Bowen on this occasion.

This seems to suggest that Mr. Mackenzie King is embarrassed by the constant pressure from his financial "advisers" in favour of undemocratic action, and on this occasion asked to be excused.

Sabotage for Prosperity

COTTON is now a black patch on our shining picture of Prosperity, but the Spindles Board is rushing to the rescue. It is going to buy up more "surplus" mills in Lancashire so that prosperity may be restored to the remaining mills.

In its first year it has spent £842,776 on surplus spindles and sold them at a loss of £412,000.

"This is 2s. 7d. a spindle," says the *News-*

In The Richest Capital

"VIRTUAL starvation of scores of children within the very shadow of the capitol of the richest nation in the world's history is a paradox almost too fantastic to believe. Yet, that is the situation. I saw it with my own eyes."

That shocking statement was made this week by Dr. John R. Fitzpatrick, Dean of the Columbus University Law School, after a survey of Washington schools. The inspection was made, Dr. Fitzpatrick said, because he doubted published stories that 8,000 pupils are too poor to buy their noon-day lunches.

"I talked with teachers and pupils," Dr. Fitzpatrick declared. "The tales of incredible hunger and deprivation made me wonder if, after all, we have yet reached a state of civilisation in this great country of ours."

Chronicle, "whereas the expected loss was 4s. a spindle. The operation will benefit the patient, and the doctor's fees are not nearly so high as was feared."

Dr. Cronin ought to write another book—about cotton.

Hypnotism

WHEN the councillors of Bridlington met recently to discuss the detailed figures of the cost of running the mayor's £400 car, they decided it was too expensive to run.

The Old Lady of Threadneedle Street is a powerful old witch indeed.

The Torch of Progress

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

Mr. J. T. Howlett: Because he has no boots.

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

Parent: Yes, sir.

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

Beam in the Church's Eye

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

The increasing ground rent revenue has been spent on Church work.

The "Bought" Press

THE Duke of Windsor, speaking at an Anglo-American Press Association luncheon in Paris said:

"I direct my remarks to the Press as a whole. Some of the recent mis-statements concerning the Duchess and myself have caused us considerable concern and embarrassment and might well lead to dangerous consequences. I wonder if inaccuracies of the kind I mean are worthy of the great industry for which you work."

The attitude of the Press to the Alberta Press Act is proof that those who control the Press are fighting tooth and nail for the freedom to continue to print lies without disclosing the source of the "inaccuracies."

The reason for this is that if the source were disclosed, the motive would be also disclosed together with the liar!

It is these "liars," lovers of secret corruption, who scream the epithet "dictatorship" when referring to the Alberta Press Act.

OUR LOCAL STARCHED SHIRT DICTATORS

By I. W. Reuben

HOW did you vote in the Local Government Elections which have just passed? If you have read previous copies of this paper you will have based your vote upon your estimate as to which candidate will serve you most sincerely when you join others in making a just demand as an elector.

In the circumscribed area of Local Government the true idea of democracy is gaining ground rapidly and people are beginning to think more of the man himself than the party, if any, which he represents, with the result that during election time there are many boroughs where non-party candidates are soaring in, and where party candidates rely more upon the personal element than their party machine.

This, of course, is all to the good, and one can look with more optimism to the straight democratic demand bearing fruit in Local Government than in national affairs. There are, however, danger signals which are so well befogged that the average man hardly knows that they exist.

THE local Councillor knows full well that his short term of office will not be renewed unless he has given satisfaction, and unlike the Parliamentary representative, by reason of the importance given to Local Government proceedings in the local press, and the heightened interest taken by individual electors in local matters, the score, for and against him, is chalked up pretty heavily.

Hence, even if he is not in full accord with the electors on a point, he will give way in their favour, and if he feels that he cannot do so he will go to the trouble of explaining his reasons.

This, of course, applies in districts where people are educated to demand their requirements and defy robot-politics. This sounds a pretty picture, but there is a dead hand in every council putting the brake on the people's demand. This is the Aldermanic Bench, which consists of members who have been Councillors and have been elected by their fellow Councillors as Aldermen.

They sit for six years before they need seek re-election. Many years ago you elected them as Councillors on a three years' probation, thinking full well that if they did not suit you, you could give them their marching orders.

Perhaps they suited you then. Now they have been elected for terms of six years by their fellow Councillors without asking your opinion of the matter, for the simple reason that they are there to offset your opinion.

At the end of their six years' term of office they are eligible for re-election for a further six years, and in several Councils, especially the smaller ones, they remain in office until they retire for personal reasons, and where a change is made you have no democratic rights in the matter at all.

WHO are often at the head of the party machines? The Aldermen. Who are the Chairmen of the Committees as a rule? The Aldermen. Who can afford to snap their fingers at Public Opinion? The Aldermen. Who are the starched-shirt Dictators of Local Government? The Aldermen.

You have little chance of altering the Local Government Act yet, but when the time approaches for the election of Aldermen, which, by the way, is only once in three years, unless there is a vacancy owing to a resignation, you can use your democratic power, just as you do when you ask for a hole in the road to be repaired, to demand your representative to consider your expressed will, and vote for the man you think should step up to the Aldermanic Bench.

To put it bluntly, if the progress of democratic government has been scotched by an Alderman whom you did not elect as such, make your representative vote as you would, or chalk it up against him for future reference.

ALDERMEN of Borough Councils are elected on November 9. It may be the year for Aldermen to retire in your district. You have just elected a Councillor, so get him busy straight away doing your bidding. Remember, the only way to soften a starched shirt is to boil it.

BOOK REVIEW

Cromwell, Conservative Dictator

OLIVER CROMWELL: THE CONSERVATIVE DICTATOR. By Maurice Ashley (Jonathan Cape, publisher, price 12s. 6d.).

ONE of the recent notable sayings which fell from the lips of the Bishop of Chelmsford is singularly apropos to the present review: "Dictatorship is only a hiatus in human progress. There is not, and cannot be, anything final about it."

Mr. Ashley has turned back the pages of our own history to reveal to us, in these modern days of dictators, the rise and fall of dictatorial government in England during just such a hiatus of less than a single decade.

He has set himself the task, not so much of writing a new biography of Cromwell, as of collating material from all sources, to justify his sub-title, "The Conservative Dictator," and not without considerable success in the marshalling.

In his slight sketch of Cromwell's youth, in which mention is made of his descent from a sister of Thomas Cromwell, minister of Henry VIII. (though the said Thomas can hardly be correctly called his "ancestor," we think), attention is drawn to Sir Walter Raleigh's "History of the World." Cromwell himself studied it and highly commended it to his own son.

It was Cromwell's fate to pit himself against Time, coming to power after he had attained the age of fifty, with but a few years in which to transform the history of the nation. Because of the shortness of time, and the risks to that single life, Finance played no small part in the final downfall of dictatorship. The lender's security was only a threatened life.

Shakespeare's saying that "uneasy lies the head that wears a crown" was even truer in the case of a Protector, whose enemies found pleasure in reading such works as "Killing No Murder," with himself as the victim.

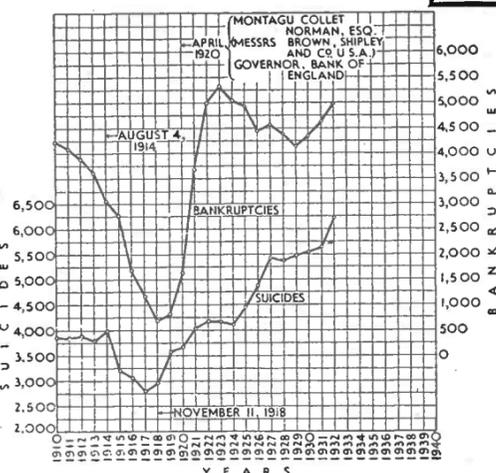
Under such circumstances, with mutinies for long arrears of pay constantly recurring among the troops upon whom he depended, his Parliaments trying ever and again to increase their own power at the expense of his, before voting supplies, no great radical change in the government of the nation was possible to its ruler.

By the logic of events, unable to allow any of his entourage to stand too near his throne to endanger its occupant, fearful to nominate a successor, one end only to the dictatorship could be anticipated. The author's case, we think, is proven.

Yet, Clarendon, the historian of the House of Stuart, whose master Charles II. was ready to sell his country to obtain money to squander upon his mistresses, cannot but refrain from paying Oliver Cromwell this tribute, "His greatness at home was but a shadow of the glory he had abroad."

J. Y. W.

Suicide Chart Showing How Suicide Rate Varies With Rate of Bankruptcies



MRS. PALMER, SOCIAL CREDIT WOMEN'S PAGE WRITER, HAS A WORD TO SAY TO THE SOROPTIMISTS

Women In Business Must Be Realists To Achieve Their Ideal

MY childhood was passed within sound of Bow Bells, and I have vivid memories of pre-war London. To get to the city from where we lived meant a long ride over a granite-set road.

When we passed Liverpool Street and came to the region of banks and insurance offices, it was as if we entered another world. The roads were paved with quiet wood blocks, and the pavements were thronged with men solemnly attired in black, and wearing the tall silk hats which nowadays we only see at weddings and funerals.

But what even we as children remarked on—there was never a woman among them.

I sometimes ride along the same streets today in a powerful bus more than twice as big as the old horse-driven affair.

If I stop reading to look out of the window I see—not the great army of black-coated males, but men and women, more women than men, in fact.

For the business world has been invaded by women. I sometimes think this is as important a change as any in the last 40 or 50 years.

Women are still rather self-conscious about their emancipation. Perhaps their instinct tells them it is still necessary to protect it. Anyhow, in the telephone book there is nearly a column of clubs and societies under the heading of "Women."

One of these organisations goes under the name of the Soroptimist Clubs of Great Britain. This has about 50 branches throughout London and the Provinces, and is part of a larger unit known as the Soroptimist International Association. This is a federation of similar clubs throughout the world.

On the title page of their magazine is the motto "Looking farther," and their aims and objects are stated as follows:—

1. To encourage and foster high ethical standards in business and professional life.
2. To develop efficiency and to interchange ideas for the improvement of professional and business methods.
3. To promote the spirit of service and true friendliness among their members.
4. To quicken interest in the public welfare, to co-operate in civic, social and industrial development.

THE suffragettes used to say that women in the business world would never tolerate the law of "each for himself and the devil take the hindmost." These clubs are a serious attempt to raise business standards.

What progress have they made? I have the August number of their magazine before me. From this I have tried to discover what the Soroptimist policy is.

Perhaps it would be as well to make it clear that the aims and objects of the Society, as stated, cannot be regarded as a policy.

A policy is a definite result which we hope to get by pursuing a certain line of action. To have high ideals and efficient methods in business; to quicken interest in public affairs and promote a spirit of service will all be entirely useless unless the ideals result in some greater happiness or well-being for the men and women concerned.

Faith without works is dead.
Their activities seem very similar to those of the Rotary Clubs for men—weekly or fortnightly informal luncheons or dinners are held. Sometimes there is a speaker. The subjects discussed include housing and child welfare, the future of population, books old and new; gardening, art, and so on.

This, I suppose, is their method of quickening interest in the public welfare, as stated in object number 4, mentioned above.

But as a general rule, they seem to meet mainly for social purposes, and the addresses given are not part of some special scheme of study or settled policy on the part of the clubs.

Now this is all very well if the club's aims and objects

were confined only to point 3. The luncheons and addresses would promote friendship among the members, and would no doubt be highly successful.

But what about points 1 and 2?

I LOOKED vainly through the magazine for light, but without success.

The very way the statement is worded admits that business ethics fall below a certain standard. But what is that standard? And why is it so difficult to maintain?

No explanation of any sort is given; the very vagueness of the statement must be a source of extreme irritation to any realists among the members, while to the sentimentalists it will merely add to that rosy glow of imaginary well-being in which they love to sit and dream.

But it appears that one member at least is alive enough to realise this.

Here is an extract from an article entitled "At the Secretary's table":—

"I had the illuminating experience of listening to a debate on 'That Soroptimism is not pulling its weight,' and I must confess that the speaker gave us some pretty hard knocks. . . She disliked the pretentiousness of that section of our aims and objects which talks of improving professional and business methods. She distrusted what clearly she felt to be a mere dabbling in good works—in short, to her Soroptimism fell far short of its aspirations and ideals."

If an outsider, a woman who might in other circumstances have been a Soroptimist herself, may try to diagnose the trouble, she would suggest that the speaker to the motion was right when she spoke of "dabbling in good works," for that is exactly what the clubs are doing.

She would beg them to get down to hard facts, and ask themselves why it is so difficult to maintain a high ethical standard in business life?

If the answer to this question is, "Because of the cut-throat competition," then why must there be such a desperate struggle to get business? Isn't it because all the shops, factories and warehouses are stacked full of goods which they are longing to sell, and the poor consumer hasn't enough money to buy them all?

And what is the penalty for failing to sell one's goods? Bankruptcy and disgrace.

VIEWED from the realist's point of view competitive business is nothing but war.

Whether it be a doctor who hopes to get all the best paying patients in the district, or the grocer who is fighting the multiple store, the result is the same—you can't expect ethics in a state of war—it is a nasty, bloody business, whether it is a question of an air raid or an undischarged bankrupt jumping in front of a train.

Every member of the Soroptimist movement should have a copy of the graph reproduced below. It shows plainly how the increase or decrease in suicides year by year keeps pace with the rise or fall of the number of bankruptcies.

And the bankruptcies vary only with the action of the banks in expanding or increasing credit or purchasing power.

"Very little argument is needed to show that a policy of driving or keeping down prices by a restriction of purchasing power must depress trade. . . What is the consequence? Men and women are thrown out of employment, less is paid in wages, and the amount spent upon consumption is reduced."

This was written by Rt. Hon. R. McKenna, in 1923, when there was a slump caused by falling prices.

Who was responsible then? Who will be responsible if there is another slump next year, or the year after, as we are promised?

I appeal to the Soroptimists as true women to leave the dabbling in good works and to go straight to the heart of the problem and make a real contribution to the life of the nation, a contribution of which they can be proud.

J. D. BERESFORD ON SOCIAL CREDIT

Mr. J. D. Beresford, the novelist, presided over a Social Credit meeting on October 22 at Peacehaven. After pointing out that a National Dividend was the key to individual freedom, he called on Lt.-Col. L. F. Wylde to elaborate the meaning of Social Credit.

Col. Wylde explained how, with industrial development, there could now be abundance for all. Therefore poverty could not be justified, and as soon as the people decided that they would no longer tolerate it, poverty would be ended—and life made worth living instead of being, as now, a mere grind for existence.

SOCIAL CREDIT CENTRE

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Act Now!

THE action in Sheffield reported this week should prove an inspiration to all our readers.

The growth of 168 local action groups and the collection of 50,000 signatures in so short a time, and for a purpose of giving instructions to representatives in authority, is a brass-tack example of what can be done.

Everywhere there are signs of an awakening of the people. The will to resist bigger rates and taxes, which we know to be an imposition of the centralised Money Monopoly, is growing. We must do what can be done to nurture resistance to financial tyranny, as the first step towards the final goal of overthrowing it altogether.

We know there is no need for increased taxation, but do the people know it? No, they do not.

It is part of the technique of tyranny to spellbind the people into believing the lie that public debts are debts of honour.

This is done to paralyse the action which otherwise the people would take to free themselves, if the people realised that by a cheating trick they are put into debt for their own credit.

The credits for which we are all levied rates and taxes, cost the lenders (the financial institutions) nothing at all!

And further, if everybody refused to pay rates and taxes, the original lenders (the Banks) would lose nothing!

This secret, carefully whitewashed by a subsidised false teaching on economics, and fostered by a bought press, is so different from the lies carefully planted in people's minds that, when the truth is stated bluntly, the immediate reaction is for the hearer to deny it, or to argue about it.

This is to fall right into the trap prepared by those whose will it is to perpetuate financial tyranny. Whilst rate and taxpayers are content to argue amongst themselves, the burdens will grow and extra tribute will have to be paid.

There is a better way. We can demand the result we want, leaving the financial experts to wrestle with what, after all, is their problem.

In plain words, we must stop arguing and tell our representatives to pass on the orders we give them, for what we, the electorate, want.

MEANWHILE, this idea of demanding the result required, instead of splitting and bickering over the method the technicians should adopt, should be propagated in every possible way, anywhere, and continuously.

The achievement in Sheffield would seem to bear out the suggestion that all those who voice discontent stop at "grousing" only because they do not know just what to do to make their "grouses" effective.

This is where we, each and all, can do something—a handy reprint of the Sheffield campaign story is available cheaply, and if individuals and groups get a supply of these and distribute them—allocating a certain quantity to each ward represented by councillors, choosing to concentrate distribution intensively over as large a spot as can be covered in each ward by the resources of the individual or group—the results will be good.

In every street there lives a man who can and will act as a "mobiliser" when the barb of the financial tyranny stings him hard enough, provided he has been made aware beforehand what he can do and how successfully he can set about it.

Now is the time to reach as many of these unknown catalysts as we can. Order some of those Sheffield Pressure reprints today. (See notice on page 7.)

SHORT STORY . . . by CHARLES JONES**A Little Bread . . . A Little Butter . . .**

MISS KEMPISTER was a lonely and lively little lady who received her dividends by post. She stood, as it were, upon the mountain of faith, accepting strange papers which were her income, with no real knowledge of whence they came, or how.

She handed them to her bank manager, whom she was never afraid to meet (because each half year she was at least a shilling to the good) and he converted the queer, rustling certificates into figures. With figures she was quite at home, for her whole life was absorbed in the arithmetic by which both ends are strained to meet.

One of half a million souls in a large city, Miss Kempister felt that she was protected, if not befriended. Each night at her solitary post on the mountain of faith she prayed the little prayer beginning "Our Father . . ." and in the warmth of that she felt both protected and befriended, though the safeguarding was of her secret peace, and the companionship still left her solitary.

So much so that when, with her thin hands together she prayed "give us this day our daily bread," she could not avoid a selfish fervency a little beyond that of the less immediate petitions she offered.

THE problem of daily bread pressed hard upon her always, but circumstances arose which made it insuperable. These circumstances were remote and unfamiliar, like the postal origins of her dividends.

On the death of her father, who was a Dean of the Established Church, and not altogether unwise in the theory of productive investment, Miss Kempister found herself possessed of a certain acumen and a small legacy.

She had understood from her father how important trade is in a civilised country. It is well known that without a few concerns paying twenty per cent. civilisation would fall altogether, and there would be no cups and saucers, or tables, or automobiles, or various foods for rich and poor, as now.

And, of course, without trade there would be no exports, which are workmanlike happenings all round the coast which keep things going.

Miss Kempister understood all this clearly,

but having little taste for trade she put her money, by advice, in what she was assured was gilt-edged. This seemed even better than the silver linings to which her good father had always directed her eyes in times of cloud and trouble, and she felt safe.

But quite suddenly, apart from trade or any vulgar associations, the dear Chancellor was compelled to include her slender investment in a piece of business called a "conversion loan." Nothing was really altered except that her money, still safe in the good Chancellor's hands, bought less daily bread.

Were not such a thing unthinkable, it was as though her prayer, offered in confident faith, had been intercepted, and the Chancellor (who was of the same political colour as the late Dean) had sent her a rude answer.

DESPITE economy to the point of indiscretion, Miss Kempister found that she was a shilling, no! two shillings, to the bad at the end of the half year. This, and the frugality of her daily bread, sapped her courage and dimmed her self-respect.

She could not face her bank manager. She could not; she who had so often cried to the night, "Forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors!" Forgive . . . perhaps it is

THE TRUCE

The rumbling traffic of the City stops,
The annual silence gathers in the air
Of banks and offices, of streets and shops,
And petrifies the people everywhere.
Frozen like leaden images they stand,
Stopped from their daily struggle not to starve
Amid too much abundance; hand against hand
Stays lifted in the daily fight to carve
Each living from the others' lives. They stare
Blankly before them, thinking of the dead,
And "no more War to End War" is their prayer
Mutely repeated, till the time has sped;
Then back they go to work, and thereupon
"The War to Start the Next War" carries on.

Geoffrey Dobbs

G. W. L. DAY'S Column . . .**WOLVES AT THE DOOR**

A FEW days ago I had lunch with a stockbroker friend. He was very bitter. The recent drastic fall in prices, he said, had been engineered by Financial Powers preying on the public. "Parasites?" I suggested, but he said no, that was not a strong enough term for them.

The City was tired, he said, of this system of finance in which the few bloodsucked the many. There was plenty of real wealth for everybody, and sooner or later we should have a new system of distribution. Probably Socialism.

If the very Citadel of Finance feels dissatisfied with our economic system, who doesn't? "God! what a little accident of gold
"Fences our weakness from the wolves of old!"

wrote the poet, W. S. Blunt.

Nearly everyone hears terrifying sounds: the howling of wolves, the distant rumble of guns, the low, angry hum of approaching bombers.

LAST week we shivered on the brink of war. We were told that if war came our dear old dry nurse, the B.B.C., with her comforting lullabies, would have to close down. Simultaneously some of the newspapers published photos of babies wearing gas masks, so that even the people who spend their lives solving crossword puzzles stirred in their sleep.

What has gone wrong with our world?
Is there nothing to be done except to sit
and wait for the end of this civilisation?

Not so long ago in history, disease among really poor people was a much worse danger than it is today. If you contracted smallpox and couldn't afford a doctor, you just stayed at home and died, or if you were very strong, recovered. Nobody helped you.

But at length a time came when the pressure of public opinion began to act, and hospitals were provided where you could go, even if you had no money to pay. Later the same pressure of opinion or conscience forced the introduction of free medical treatment.

It is easy to criticise the voluntary hospitals system, easy to carp at the Panel; the point is that money or no money, nobody is allowed to die like a sick rat in a hole, because the community won't stand for it.

Then again, time was when a man who could find no one to pay him for his services died of starvation. Later, the public conscience grew uneasy and the Workhouse system was introduced.

But a stigma attached to poverty. Those who had spent their last farthings and wished to qualify for relief were contemptuously dubbed "paupers." And the unemployed were preached at and told they ought to know better.

However, as time went on and Britain became more highly industrialised and dominated by a financial system which produced booms and slumps in weary succession, it became obvious that unemployment was not a personal vice, and once again public opinion stirred.

A State Unemployment Insurance scheme was introduced, and little by little contempt

possible to forgive . . . but one must be very, very happy indeed to forget a debt. And bank managers are kindly men appointed as Debt's remembrancers.

One day Miss Kempister was hungry. Hungry as a lion roaring after his prey, so that so vast a craving as she felt seemed inordinate in such a small frame.

She was a delicately nurtured woman, unfitted for work, but not unfitted to live. Hunger swelled an unreasoning passion of anger in her. Why should her dividends be cut down? She noticed no shortage of bread, or butter, or tea, and dividends, wherever they came from, were but a means to these articles of trade.

Her dividends were only papers with figures on. Figures could not get soiled or spoiled in any way (she remembered that her father had always scrubbed any coin intended for the offertory), so why were her figures less, and prices more?

IN her indignation she went heart and soul into a Movement for obtaining pensions for spinsters of her own years. Pensions were dignified sort of things which could be sent through the post like dividends. Just a reliable clerk somewhere with a neat hand, and a well to ink his pen in and the thing was done.

So Miss Kempister walked her city till she was faint, getting signatures to a petition. It was nice to meet people, and everybody agreed with it. She was sure she would get a pension.

All her signatures, several thousands, were added to many more by the Movement and sent to a Minister of the Crown, who kindly acknowledged them.

But despite this ministerial kindness Miss Kempister let go of life altogether. When she died, very tired, and as some people said ridiculously, "a little before her time," she found no sudden last illumination and lively hope such as she had expected at the last. To the last breath the words that filled her mind were "a little bread . . . and a little butter . . . and a little tea."

SHE died as she had lived, and it is a solemn thought that so we all must. But surely there is a way for the least of us to a little bread and a little butter and a sup of tea to calm that last adventure, when we put out, tired maybe, on the unprovisioned ship of death.

for the unemployed disappeared. They are now pined and only half starved.

WHAT is this force of public opinion which brings about these changes? It is the determination, common to all of us, that a man shall be protected against the wolves which howl outside his door.

The very purpose of society was originally protection. Thousands, perhaps millions of years ago, men organised themselves into communities because they hoped this would afford them greater safety, and this desire for safety is still the prime motive today.

Why, then, after all these aeons has this aim of safety not been achieved? Why is a man liable to lose his fortune or his business as quickly as he builds it up? Why is he in danger of losing his job, and with it his health and liberty? Why is he in peril of being conscripted this very month and pitchforked into another war?

THE answer is that other forces are at work besides the communal desire for safety; other forces which my stockbroker friend describes as worse than parasites.

These forces are at work in all so-called civilised countries, and it is they that have produced these terrific strains between nations, they that have pushed us to the very brink of war.

The only power which can meet and overcome them is this public opinion that strives always towards the goal of safety. This by its very aim is diametrically opposed, but unfortunately it acts sluggishly because as yet it lacks the light which will focus it and make it effective.

People acting in unison to enforce a specific and reasonable demand can always impose their will on those authorities and institutions whose job it is to serve them. This page is devoted to news of such demands and help for those who are fighting for them.

50,000 In Sheffield Force No Rate-Rise Promise From Council

SHEFFIELD ratepayers have forestalled a probable rise in rating assessments by uniting in a demand that no increases shall be made at the five-yearly revaluation to take place next year. They have obtained a definite promise to that effect from the Chairman of the Sheffield Finance Committee. The Sheffield Local Assessments Demand Society, an organisation which has come into being to serve local requirements in this matter, collected signatures of 50,000 people who supported the demand, and will continue in vigilance to ensure that the promise is kept.

Early in September people in Sheffield became concerned and indignant at the likelihood of increased assessments in 1938, particularly with regard to houses built after the war. A Memorandum of the Central Valuation Committee had been published urging that rents now charged should be regarded as normal and not as "famine" rents, a suggestion which if followed in Sheffield would probably lead to increased assessments, as these are based on rents.

Feeling Was Unanimous

All over Sheffield the apprehension of the ratepayers on this matter was displayed in meetings, protests and letters to the newspapers—all independent, all spontaneous. The feeling against increased rates was practically unanimous, but the expression of it was ineffective because it was divided, and was not directed at those responsible to the electors.

One group of 20-30 neighbours led by Mr. H. Aitchison of 46 Whirlow Grove, Eccleshall, Sheffield, decided that the question should be settled at once; if it was left until the reassessment was carried out there would be no time to organise action. They concluded that as all over the city people felt the same way, their first aim should be to make their various representatives on the City Council understand these feelings. The councillors were there to carry out their electors' wishes, and when they realised that the electors were practically unanimous in their objections to any increase of assessments, then it would be their duty, as representatives, to find a way of preventing it.

So they drew up the following demand in precise and unmistakable terms:—

"We, the undersigned, being ratepayers and electors of Sheffield, hereby express our indignation at the proposed increases in rates assessments in Sheffield and demand that no increases shall be made."

Attached to the demand was this note:

*This is not a party matter.
Anyone who has a municipal vote may sign.
When you have signed please pass to your neighbour.
Do not fold it up.
When it is full or if you are not able to pass it further, please return to*

This demand was directed to the people's representatives on the Council and in Parliament with the indication that votes at the forthcoming elections (in November for the Council) would depend on the candidates' response.

25,000 Signed In 4 Weeks

Canvassing was immediately begun, and simultaneously publicity was given by the press.

The ratepayers of Sheffield were so deeply concerned about the question that 25,000 signatures were obtained in four weeks. Mr. Aitchison's friends and business acquaintances all took sheets of the demand—each with the wording on it—and collected signatures; he was stopped in the street with offers of help; he communicated with correspondents on the subject in the Sheffield papers, and they co-operated

by starting the demand in their wards; very soon it became possible to give demand sheets to occupants of a house at one end of a road and for them to be handed from house to house and be returned by the occupants of the house at the other end. Mineworkers and bank managers, engine-drivers and works managers all collected signatures. The response was immediate and a lively enthusiasm was generated.

Vigorous Press Campaign

The subject was of such interest to ratepayers that it was given plentiful publicity in the Sheffield papers. Interviews with Mr. Aitchison and with officials on the Assessment Committee and other Councillors were reported. Mr. Aitchison gave a full account of the aim of the demand, making it clear that it was neither a protest nor a petition, and of ratepayers' intentions to insist that the Council should give them what they wanted—a promise that the assessments should not be increased.

This elicited the following responses:

Alderman W. C. Fenton, the chairman of the Assessments Committee, remarked that it was ridiculous, and went on to give technical reasons why it was ridiculous; he indicated the usual channels for complaints about assessments—after they had been made.

THE PEOPLE DID NOT ARGUE ABOUT REASONS; they stated what they wanted and continued to gather pressure.

Councillor J. H. Bingham, a Sheffield expert on post-war houses, gave some interesting views on the possibility of basing rates on incomes instead of houses—and indicated the usual channels for complaints about assessments—after they had been made.

THE PEOPLE DID NOT ARGUE ABOUT BASES; they stated what they wanted and continued to gather pressure.

Sheffield papers willingly published letters on the subject and a vigorous correspondence was carried on. These letters showed a fine fighting spirit and a tenacity of purpose; the ratepayers intended to use their powers to the full to get the promise they wanted, without allowing themselves to be confused and side-tracked by discussions of the steps that might be taken in fulfilling it.

One controversy that arose, on the exact place of the Party vote in relation to the regulation of assessments, was firmly curtailed by a practical letter reminding the correspondents that the members of the Council, whatever their Party, had been elected to serve the ratepayers, so that it was up to the latter to say exactly what they wanted.

Early in October the Sheffield Rating Committee, after further consideration of the Memorandum of the Central Valuation Committee, expressed the view that present circumstances in Sheffield did not justify any general departure from the assessments included in the current valuation list.

The ratepayers again made it clear by emphatic statements in the press correspondence, that they had expressed their wishes and intended to have them carried out. By this time 50,000 ratepayers were organised in 168 groups, so that pressure could be applied separately and locally to each City Councillor or candidate for that office.

In late October, after a special Committee meeting on the matter, Alderman T. H. Watkins, chairman of the Sheffield Finance Committee, published a statement that there would be no general increase in assessments in Sheffield at the five-yearly revaluation in 1938. In particular, owner-occupiers of houses built since the war need fear no increase.

The Sheffield Local Assessments Demand Society then suspended activities as it had got what its members wanted. The Society remains in being, however, and may be mobilised in a few days if the promise given by Alderman Watkins is broken.

The cost of the whole proceedings was about 25s., the cost of the stationery.

YOU ARE THE FINAL AUTHORITY

DO YOU want to be levied more money in rates?

Do YOU want higher assessments? No? Then you should get going and proceed to give instructions to your representative on the local Council.

Remind him of his duty, which is to represent the wants and will of the electorate.

Party politics is not democracy. True democracy consists in the practice of electors demanding from their representatives what is wanted, and to keep pressing them until the result demanded is delivered to the satisfaction—not of officials or of politicians—but of the electorate!

Are YOU satisfied to leave the sanctions of Government to be the plaything of money-lenders.

If so, do nothing, and the plans now afoot to take still more out of your pocket will operate. It's YOUR money they're after.

On the other hand, if you wish to resist the imposition of still higher tribute of rates, you must ACT.

In a democratic country YOU, as an elector, are the final authority.

The only justification for Local Government (or any other Government) is that it implements the expressed will of the people, the electorate. MAKE YOUR WILL KNOWN. DEMAND WHAT YOU WANT, or corruption will continue to flourish.

UPMINSTER GETS BUSY

IMEDIATELY upon hearing what Sheffield had done with the question of increases in rates and assessments, I took steps to follow their lead. The canvass is in operation, and one councillor has already signed the pledge.

In addition to the pledge to obey promptly the expressed wishes of his constituents, I propose to obtain from each councillor, and each candidate for election, a "hostage to Democracy" for use as a sanction if necessary.

Undated letters of resignation, when held by a political party, are all wrong, but such letters held by THE PEOPLE are all right. Each district will watch its own representatives.

T. H. STORY

28, Ashburnham Gardens,
Upminster,
Essex

BIRMINGHAM READY FOR ACTION

BIRMINGHAM ratepayers, judging by the correspondence in the Birmingham newspapers, are also very much exercised about the probable results of reassessment. Owner-occupiers are touched on the quick.

The letters show how immediate the feeling is; in comment, however, they are diverse and mostly concerned with argument about the exact methods of rating and assessment, with examples quoted in detail.

Whereas, since Birmingham is run for its inhabitants, the only fundamental requirement for a reduction in assessments or rates is that the majority of ratepayers should desire it.

A letter from "Also a House Buyer" shows the effect on people of limited means who have organised their budget:

"The most important point in the letters of protest against the proposed re-assessment

of owner-occupied houses is not a question of what is the only fair method of rating; rather is it a question of where is the money coming from?"

There must be many thousands of people who have bought or are buying their homes at a total expenditure just within their means. To these any increase of rates will mean giving up their houses and looking for cheaper accommodation. And where will that be found? To thousands more, an increase of rates will entail a very serious lowering of their standard of living.

At a meeting to discuss what could be done in the matter, it was stated that already many householders were being compelled to lower their standard of living in order to meet their rating obligations.

To a suggestion that Birmingham should adopt the same basis for rating all round, Alderman Ager said that there was a grow-

ing feeling in the city that the policy of the Rating and Valuation Committee was "Put valuation higher, and if there is any mistake the Committee will put it right."

Another correspondent to the press wonders, "what say has an ordinary citizen and householder like myself in these matters?"

"We lie cowering while the battle of the finance giants rages over our heads, and when the tumult and the shouting dies we timidly peep out to find that once more we must dip a little deeper into the stocking up the chimney to satisfy the insatiable demands of our Finance Committee. Join the Ratepayers' Association, say many people; but what good does that do? Has any society ever prevented the rates going up or any other demand being made—and satisfied? I doubt it."

It seems almost unkind to disillusion him, but we must ask him to look at the head of this page.

SLICE FROM LIFE: (after the style of Lloyd Collins)
by a Social Crediter who
tramped across Canada, jumping trains, throwing timber — doing
anything to earn an existence in That Land of Plenty.

'I Am Ishmeal'

I WAS in a 'Pig' offa Front Street in Toronto swillin' bellywash beer. I told the bearded man next to me, who was drunk, that I was 'goin' west.' He grunted "Yeah, goin' west, to the land of opportunity—Yeah, the golden west."—"Judas Priest."—I snarled "What the hell's the matter with the west?" "Oh, nothin'—it's November now, isn't it? Yah, it's November all right, an' my home-stead's sure snowed up," he insisted, almost shouting. "I tell ya I ploughed my crop into the groun'. D'ye hear?—an' yore goin' west?" He was quiet now an' said "I don't live with the wife now. I didn't leave her, but she's chuckin' beef stews t' the bums in Winnipeg fer 15 bucks a month an' her grub, an' what d'ye know about that?" His big mug went into the skin of gutrot, an' I reckoned he had no guts.

I saw Yank then. I had a dollar, he hadn't a thing. On King we had a two-bit feed each. Afterwards we went up Kiel; that night we broke into a c'boose on the C.P.R. Freight Yards and slept well. We melted a bucket of snow next morning and washed our hot, fevered faces; we had nothing to eat an' the beer was bad on us.

Yank didn't say much, he had gotten too cold. We jumped a freight for Capreal. That ride to the bush was awful, we ran up an' down in the box-car to keep us alive; it was dark as hell.

Cold and hunger drove us out near Sudbury, it was about 30 below. Yank swore he would hold up a bank, but he had no guts for it. All he could say was "we had no guts." It was almost two days and no food.

We were in a narrow neck of the woods. It was early an' the 'lights' flickered away in the north. We knew that was the north, but Sudbury was in the west. The timber was no good—blue beech, tamarack and balsam, just pulpwood, no pine. The suckers had cut it all down years ago.

At the roadside there was an old shack, snowed up. Yank wanted to sleep. I was worried then, but a man come on a sleigh and Yank cursed him for wakenin' him up. In King Lee's he gave us both a feed of beans; he told us to go to gaol—to Burwash an' git us a home on the chaingang. That night we slept in the hoosegow at Sudbury, but we would not go to Burwash for that 'Bull.' I was at Burwash two years ago. I hit a 'Bull' an' went up on the chaingang to Camp 5. There are 500 bums at Burwash. A bum is no good, they are afraid to shave like men, say. I think too much about that farmer who ploughed his crop into the groun'. I don't understand. I was hungry, I hit a 'Bull.' Ya, they got my picture in the gallery at Ottawa.

At Sturgeon Falls, near Lake Nipissing, we come on two men fighting; they were French. They had been in loggin' camps; they used the foot, they had moccasins on; still, it was a good fight. It was about some money for cord wood. They swore "Sacre mon Dieu, Le Chris." When it was over, one asked us if we would chuck pulpwood for twenty a month and grub. Yank said we would. So we got a hook each and chucked the wood offa the slighs into the big box-car on the old Grand Trunk.

We worked there hard for three months and La Rone said we were good boys.

ALL this time I forgot about the farmer who was in the "Blind Pig" in Toronto, but I will come back to him presently, he is important and I have found out about him.

When the pulpwood was done we 'bear' a freight to Montreal. It was still cold, but we were strong on the beans. The guard was good to us. He caught us on the couplings and said he had cut a frozen man offa the top of a boxcar on the 'Soo' line the year before.

He swore some an' said he would no more cut frozen sons of bitches offa the tops of box-cars no more. He gave us a feed and let us lie in the bunks in the c'boose.

We had some money and got drunk in Montreal. I lost Yank—he went away with a girl. At Kingston I went aboard the Wahcondah and got a feed offa the watchman. He said I could go to work in a week.

The chief was an Englishman from Sunderland, and he smiled across his face always like a cut in a hunk of plum duff. He boasted about his wife. We heard him talking to the skipper. He was the only man who had a home—God in heaven, what was a home to us?

The farmer from Saskatoon had a home, but it was snowed up an' the crop was punk in groun', they got in on him and took his stock; but he was drunk, maybe he was a liar.

At La Salle we got steel tubes from The Pittsburg Steel Company's Dock and took them to Toronto. There was a coal passer—Jim. He said his mother was a German and his father was a coon from Virginia. He killed a fire on me too soon, and the steam scorched my arms—it took the eyebrows offa me, and I beat him with the shovel. He said he would get a Greek to knife me when we went to Chi.

WE slept in the fanhail, beside the steerin'. It was bad. Three inches of congealed oil under the boards, and they used the manhole outside my bunk for a lavatory. The stench from the bilge was awful. Old Dan slept in the bunk over me—he chewed tobacco, his spit passed over me like a brown rainbow; I said nothing. It dripped on me as I slept.

A deck boy, Jack, would not pass coal, the bunkers were empty. I swore I would fight,

BY ROBERT GRAHAM

an' kicked the face offa old Dan, he was dirty and offended me most. I got a hose and steamed the oil from the fanhail. I steamed it at 200 lbs. All the paint was off and the wood was green-white underneath. In Chi' I bought a cocoa mat in State Street an' put it at the door. The 2nd laughed. It was a bloody good job, but they still used the manhole into the bilge.

In the fall we went up the lakes past Detroit—to Lake Huron, to Little Current on the Manitoulin, where we got paper from Espanola and took it through Mackinac to Chi'. It was for the *Chicago Tribune*.

We tied up at the North Pier Terminal, about a mile from the *Tribune* Building, opposite the Godrich Docks. They killed a nigger there: kicked him in the dock. It was over craps. It was no matter, he was just a nigger.

Chi' is a big town, very rich, and fulla bums. I couldn't help it—there were too many bums, and it was dark. I walked on them as they lay in the hot black air on the coal dock, and one stabbed me in the leg for walking on him—I beat him up bad.

That was how we lived; that is how we still live. When I got drunk in Chi' the Sally Ann man asked me what I thought of Jesus. I said "He was a very good man." The Sally Ann man is okay. "Pie in the sky when you die," but that bloody farmer, his crop was punk in the groun'! "I don't understand!"

I THOUGHT about the farmer because it was winter again: December, an' we were warpin' into Fort William on Superior. It was cold—there were three girls on the dock. The skipper 'bawled them out' through the megaphone. They 'Ya, Ya'ed' at him. I sat on the after hatch and watched Jim swing out on the landing boom.

There was a notice on the dock, "Beware of high tension cable. Do not trail anchors or gear—150,000 volts." That was where they got the power for the Elevators from. This Elevator is like a big organ I once saw in a church in Montreal, but you cannot see this Elevator all at once; it is too big for that.

The Gleneagles was there at the time. She is a C.S.L. boat and is 600 feet long; she has, I think, 24 hatches, a big boat, she will hold 600,000 bushels of wheat. They can fill her full in six hours with six men.

In an hour and a half the Wahcondah got 80,000 bushels outta this big concrete barn; the big boats were like toys under the concrete towers. There are hundreds of boats on the lakes, all coming and going full up.

We stayed all night and pulled out next day against storm signals. The weather got dirty. The wind blew from the north-west, the old tub was low in the water, she was sheeted white like a ghost against the black water. The icicles on the shrouds were as big as men. At Cape Thunder the cargo shifted and we got a list to port. We rigged a heavin' line fore and aft because the sea broke over the side, we went up and down on it. The old man dropped his hook and we cut our way through the hatch covers and all went below with shovels.

It was no good, the grain was like water an' ran down to our feet again. It stuffed the pumps in the bilge; the water rose. I did 36 hours an' then flopped in the slush on the firehole boards, but we were back in Fort William then.

I went ashore with Red. Fort William is a cold town an' no good. We got some hootch in the Victoria. They all are swell there and had homes and mammas, they made us sick. There was no place for us but "Old Meg's." I kept thinking about the farmer. Red thought I was sore. The farmer should a had something in that Elevator. I guess it was his kind of bank.

The girl at "Old Meg's" had kind eyes,

but she twisted her mouth when she smiled. I wish to God she would not smile. Red was laughing out loud—after a while I forgot about the farmer and everything was okay.

I was in the firehole. Old Dan was coming down the ladder; he had the sacks, he threw them on the steel burden boards.

"Have you picked a good place?" he said.

"Ya," I said.

"Gimme the hammer an' I knock this one out. Say, Dan, whata you want the wheat for?"

"Now, that's just what a bloody pollock would say. Lookit, I got fifty chickens up at the Indian Reservation on Manitoulin, an' I'm gonna feedem this wheat, an' you'll git yours."

"How much will I git, Dan?" I asked.

"Lookit," he said, "forty bags is eighty bushel. I will git you ten dollars; sure, if you pull it off."

"O.K., Dan," I said.

Dan said they were gonna stuff all the Elevators in Canada fulla this wheat, so I guessed we were just takin' it from one big barn to another. Dan said they were holdin' it for a 'rise,' but I knew he would feed it to the chickens right away, all he got, an' when the chickens were fat he would stretch their necks.

OLD Dan was dirty an' I sure kicked his face, but he would have roast chicken this winter, I guess. My God, it was awful, roast chicken was six-bits in the

BY WAY OF EXPLANATION

"Pig"	=Blind Pig, Blind Tiger=
Bum	Illegal Liquor Saloon
Bucks	=Beggar
Gutrot	=Dollars
Two-bits	=Beer
C'boose	=25 cents, 1/4 dollar
Lights	=Caboose=Guards van
Suckers	=Northern Lights
Hoosegow	=Fools
Bull	=Local gaol
Picture Gallery	=Policeman
Cord-wood	=Police records
Soo	=Fire wood
Box-car	=Sault Ste. Marie River
Punk	=Freight car
Coon	=Rotten
Fall	=Southern Negro
Craps	=Autumn
Sally Ann	=Dice
C.S.L.	=Salvation Army
Hook	=Canadian Steamship Lines
Slapped	=Anchor
Pollock	=Fell
Six-bits	=Polander
Chi'	=75 cents=3/6
	=Chicago

★

places where you got it, an' us guys starved all winter, or we chucked pulpwood for twenty a month, slept on straw in the bunkhouse in our clothes, ate beans an' got lousy. We went to work in the moonlight and came back when the moon was up again; sometimes it would be forty below zero. And all for pulp for the bloody newspapers at Chi, to print all the bloody lies on.

It was coming on dark, above the firehole grating I could see the dark clouds scuddin' before the icy wind. We were in the North Channel, I knew—off Bear Island; to-morrow we would be in 'the Current.'

I touched the counterweight on the starboard firedoor an' put on a fire. A black pall of smoke covered the sky because of the fire. Ya, there was plenty of smoke, because there was plenty of coal. The old tub shuddered at the power of it. I raked a fire, but they are such hogs for cargo I barked my knuckles on the bulkhead; there was no room.

Beyond that bulkhead was 80,000 bushel of wheat, an' I looked at the little hole I had made when I cut the rivet—a little golden stream flowed out into one of Dan's bags. I would git forty, an' stow them on the girders at the boilers' sides to port and starboard. They would be good fat chickens. My God, Ya, and I would git ten bucks.

I knew about that farmer now. He had a home once, maybe just a clapboard thing; he had his woman in it; there was all kinds of wheat, else where did we git all this from?

They would give him no money for it, it was good for nothin'; not even chickens to feed it to. Bah, he ploughed it into the groun' again and the bums got his shack. So he stuck his ugly mug in a stein of beer and forgot about it.

He is like me and Red now, he has no home. Me an' Red never had a home. There is plenty of grub; the boats are full; the girls on the dock want money; the nigger was dead over craps money; the canucks fought over money. They lock the grub up in a steel and concrete tower an' we starve all winter. The Sally Ann man says I am bad and would knock a guy on the head; so I would.

It is not very wonderful.

FOREIGN STAMPS A Source of Revenue

THOSE of our readers who live abroad—especially in the British colonies—or who receive letters from abroad, are requested to collect and send to us the stamps from the envelopes.

Those who are in a position to make office collections are especially asked to co-operate. Don't attempt to dismount the stamps; just tear off the corner of the envelope and post the accumulation periodically to

ASST. DIRECTOR OF REVENUE, SOCIAL CREDIT, 163A, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2.

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HERRING ranks first as an energy-giving food — the most nutritious fish living in our waters—YET, 80 per cent. of the British catch is salted and exported.

MORE RATES ACTION

(Continued from page 4)

FRIERN BARNET.—Since Friern Barnet Urban Council announced their intention of rebuilding the municipal offices and laying out a civic centre costing £45,000, there has been opposition by ratepayers.

The Council, despite protests, have decided to ask the Ministry of Health for sanction to borrow the £45,000 and go forward with the scheme.

The Friern Barnet Ratepayers' Association have sent to the 12,500 people on the municipal electorate a circular letter inviting them to register disapproval or otherwise of the plan.

SEDGLEY.—A strong protest against the new instructions issued under the Rating and Valuation Act setting out the basis on which the quinquennial assessment is to be made was registered at a meeting of Sedgley Urban District Council by Mr. J. H. Hemmings, the chairman.

"It is going to mean the sterilisation of Sedgley so far as building operations are concerned," he said. "Houses which are now assessed at £25 gross and £18 net will have to be rated at £42."

STRATFORD-ON-AVON.—Further protests against the continued increase in County Council expenditure were made at the meeting of Stratford-on-Avon Rural District Council.

The Kenilworth Urban District Council sent a resolution in which they viewed with grave alarm the recent increase in the county rate and protested very strongly against the continued increase in the amount called for by the County Council.

LIVERPOOL PETITIONS THE KING

The Federation of Liverpool Ratepayers' Organisations is arranging a scheme that will enable every interested ratepayer to sign the ratepayers' petition to the King. Shopkeepers throughout the city are being invited to display a facsimile of the petition and to give facilities inside their shops for signing the petition form. Some 200 shopkeepers have already agreed to render such service.

Mr. A. C. Wardle, vice-chairman, declared that the federation was determined that every prospective municipal administrator of Liverpool should have the opportunity of demonstrating in the campaign for the municipal elections his concern for economic civic government.

VICIOUS MONEY SYSTEM LAYS WASTE HARVEST OF THE SEA

By George Hickling

The herring is the most nutritious fish that lives in the sea. It is native to the seas round the British Isles.

Unlike nearly every other food fish, herring lay their eggs at the bottom of the sea. Their eggs are sticky and become attached to seaweed and stones.

Herring live exclusively on the swarms of microscopic organisms (called plankton), both animal and vegetable, that float on or near the surface of the sea. They feed by swimming through the water with their mouths open. The food as it passes through the gills is strained from the water by a filtering-mechanism called gill-rakers.

This plankton-eating habit of the herring is the most important from the food value point of view, for plankton is saturated with sunshine, and its life-giving properties pass directly into the fish.

*

It is when in shoals that the herring are caught, and a particularly important point to the housewife is that the herring are in shoals only when they are in the best and prime condition—they are best when they are cheapest.

The size of a shoal varies and may cover half-a-dozen square miles or more—a length of eight or nine miles and a breadth of four to five miles are not infrequent. No wonder then that just short of two thousand million of these fish are landed each year.

An energy chart, says the *Belfast Independent*, gives the herring first place with 755 calories per lb., compared with 685 calories from lb. of meat; 635 from lb. of eggs; 310 from lb. of milk, and 220 from lb. of cod.

The explanation of the herring's dietetic merits is that it distributes its valuables through its muscles instead of collecting them all in the liver and leaving the muscles without vitamin, without iodine and without oil.

The latest scientific research goes to show that the food value of the herring is not likely to be lessened by cooking nor are its vitamins destroyed by smoke curing.

Yet 80 per cent. of the British catches of this valuable and appetising food is salted and exported.

We consume only 15 herring per head per annum in Britain. If people had more money with which to buy, the consumption of herring would increase. One fish per person per week would multiply present consumption by three!

If that happened, the present glut of herring, instead of turning out to be disaster for the fishermen, would prove a blessing for them and for the consumers who now can't afford to buy.

*

ONLY last week, fifty boats landed at Killeel, piled high with freshly-caught herring of a very fine quality, but, "unfortunately," said the press report, "there was no market."

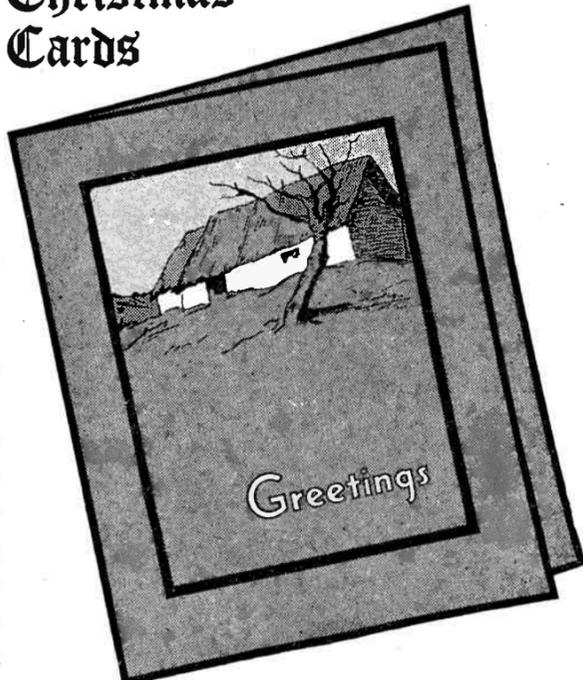
The amazing thing about the Herring Board is that it has never once drawn attention to the "lack of money" in the markets. Millions of people would buy herring if they had more money. The Board has tried desperately to fit the catches of fish by restriction to the lean and often empty purses of the people—the result is destruction, waste and ruin.

It would be easy to distribute a money dividend to consumers and so guarantee the market to the fishermen, who would receive a worthy payment for their labour. Then the consumers would get the herring for food, instead of its being destroyed or restricted as at present.

But this solution of the problem will not be applied until a united demand is made for it.

The obligation to make that demand is on us, the consumers; on the fishermen; on all democrats; regardless of party—who want distribution of good fish instead of having it destroyed while people go hungry.

Christmas Cards



Star, of a son of man
Born as a crownless king,
By thy soft light we bring
Gifts to the young and old.

Under the ancient spell
"Peace, to men of
goodwill,"
So we, and others, still
Clasp close the hands
we hold.

Shine star, on rich and poor
Lighten the darkest way,
Till comes that brighter
day

Prophets have long
foretold.

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RECORD IRON OUTPUT

PIG-IRON output in September, at 816,600 tons, compares with 650,800 tons in September, 1936, while crude steel output, at 1,163,000 tons, is a record.

Few, if any, Members of Parliament at Westminster know the technical processes of making steel, but the above record proves the effectiveness of passing orders for what is wanted.

Anything the people want, to secure economic security for themselves, can be produced when they give the order for the result wanted to their representatives.

Will advertisers please note that the latest time for accepting copy for this column is 12 noon Monday for Friday's issue.

Announcements & Meetings

Belfast Douglas Social Credit Group, 72, Ann Street.
MAJOR DOUGLAS IS COMING, NOVEMBER 30

Birkenhead Social Credit Association. Enquiries to the Hon. Secretary, 16, Tilstock Crescent, Prenton, Birkenhead. Phone B'head 4405.

Blackburn Social Credit Study Group meets each Tuesday at 8 p.m. in the Y.M.C.A., Limbrick. All welcome. Enquiries to Hon. Sec., 47, Whalley New Road, Blackburn.

Bradford United Democrats. All enquiries welcome; also helpers wanted. Apply R. J. Nerthin, 7, Centre Street, Bradford.

Cardiff Social Credit Association. Weekly Conference of Supervisors, Officials and Dept. Officers at 34, Charles Street, on Wednesdays, at 7.15 p.m. prompt.

Erdington D.S.C. Group. Next meeting will be held on Wednesday, November 10, at Wesley Hall, Station Road, at 8 p.m. Note change of day and place.

Liverpool Social Credit Association. Enquiries to Hon. Secretary, Miss D. M. Roberts, Green Gates, Hillside Drive, Woolton, Liverpool.

National Dividend Club. Help of all members most urgently needed every Thursday, any time between 5 and 8 p.m., Social Credit Rendezvous.

IMPORTANT

Newcastle Calling. In response to the expressed opinions of members of outlying groups approving co-ordination of Social Credit activities on Tyne-side, would all supervisors and members of Affiliated Groups, also non-members but Douglas Cadets, endeavour to attend a meeting in Lockhart's Café, Nun Street (off Grainger Street), Newcastle, at 7 p.m. on Wednesday, November 17. Object: To gain 100 per cent. activity efficiency.

N. W. London. Every Wednesday, 7 to 10 p.m. "At Home" for N.W. contacts at 14, Richmond Gardens, Hendon Central. Phone HEN 3151.

Poole and Parkstone Group. Every Friday, 7 p.m., The Studio, Hermitage Road, Parkstone. Inquirers welcome. Social Credit and other literature on sale at Branksome Chine Café.

Portsmouth Douglas Social Credit Group. Please note in future our meetings will be held each THURSDAY, 8 p.m. Goodies Café, 69, Elm Grove, Southsea (side door, upstairs). All welcome; discussion; questions; admission free.

Southampton Group. Public meetings every Tuesday at 7.30 p.m. for lectures and discussion. Advisory Council Meetings (open to all members) 7.30 p.m. first Friday of each month.—2, London Road.

Stockton-on-Tees Social Credit Association. A Public Meeting will be held in the Allotment Holders' Rooms, Farrer Street, on Tuesday, November 9, at 7.45 p.m. prompt. Discussion: "The Rise in Prices and Lack of Money," introduced by Mr. A. E. Thomson. Questions invited. Admission free.

Stoke-on-Trent. Will anyone interested in Social Credit please communicate with Miss F. Dixon, "Linden," Brownhills, Tunstall?

Sutton Coldfield S.C. Group. Meetings held fortnightly in Methodist Hall, South Parade, at 8 p.m. Next meeting, Friday, November 12.

Wallasey Social Credit Association. Public Meetings first Tuesday in each month at the Sandrock Hotel, New Brighton (Rowson Street entrance) at 8 p.m. Enquiries to Hon. Sec., 2, Empress Road, Wallasey.

Wolverhampton D.S.C. Group. Fortnightly meetings in the Ante-Room, Central Library. Next meeting, Tuesday, November 9, at 8 p.m.

Miscellaneous Notices

Rate 1s. a line. Support our advertisers.

Home Made Sweets, 3s. od. a box post free from Mrs. Patterson, 38, Portsdown Road, London, W.9. Highly recommended.

The Director of the New Zealand Electoral Campaign would like volunteers to send suitable news clippings by air mail for publication in New Zealand. Write M.W., c/o Social Credit Secretariat, 163A, Strand, W.C.2.

York. Will anyone (local) interested in Social Credit, please communicate with Mr. E. P. Kay, 20, Fellbrook Avenue, Acomb, York.

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New Zealand After Two Years of Labour Rule

ELECTION PROMISES ARE FORGOTTEN, BROKEN, BANK NATIONALISATION PROVES TO BE USUAL FARCE

Government Leaders fear Electoral Campaign

NEXT month New Zealand celebrates the second anniversary of its first Labour Government. To some at least of the electorate the celebration is likely to take the form of a sigh of relief that the Government's life is drawing to a close.

To those who control financial policy, and through it the peoples of the world, including New Zealand, the celebration should be a real back-slapping affair, for Labour, which came in as a financial reforming lion, seems likely to go out as a thoroughly orthodox lamb.

Labour has failed. Its promise "to equate buying power to production" has not been kept.

The main problem facing the people of New Zealand, in common with the rest of the world, is the shortage of purchasing power." So said Mr. Savage, the Premier, in "The Case for Labour" in 1935. This problem remains unsolved.

For the present, Labour's failure remains hidden from many supporters by increased wages, shorter hours and improved trade, due in large measure, not to Labour's policy, but to the armaments boom.

The farmers, and those with fixed incomes, are already suffering, for prices and costs are rising—due to the inflationary effect of Labour's financial policy—and their incomes are not.

Bank Nationalisation

On taking office, one of the Government's first steps was to nationalise the Reserve Bank of New Zealand. This impressed many as a sure sign that it was really intended to make financial policy subservient to the people's interests. Actually it did nothing of the sort, for the basic policy of finance remains unchanged.

As that most orthodox of journals, *The Economist*, said on March 27, 1937—"The complete nationalisation of the Reserve Bank diverged less far from the system of semi-public control introduced by Mr. Coates than the latter itself diverged from the strictly orthodox plan originally proposed for the new central bank by Sir Otto Niemeyer." And again on August 5:

"The results of that policy [i.e., Labour's] are so far reassuring. It is true that the Reserve Bank has been brought under State ownership and control . . . but the money and banking operations of the past year disclose no sign of the departure from orthodox monetary methods that was widely expected." (My italics.)

The bank is nationalised, and is lending money freely for Government projects, but those in control have not been made responsible for preventing prices rising, which in fact they are doing; and when the loans are repaid, as, under "orthodox monetary methods," they must be, the usual slump will follow

Those who still support the Labour Government in New Zealand might learn a lesson from events in France. Here also a Left Government, on assuming office, went through the motions of nationalising the central bank, and introduced shorter hours of work and higher pay, benefits which are fast disappearing—where they have not disappeared already—through financial manipulation.

Again, in Canada, the Mackenzie King Government nationalised the central bank, but today is engaged in thwarting the efforts of the Alberta Government to force financial institutions to give the Albertan people access to the tremendous wealth of their province.

Savage, Nash, Pleased

Reports of their speeches on arrival back in New Zealand after the Coronation and Imperial Conference seem to show that Mr. Savage and the Finance Minister, Mr. Nash, were feeling very pleased with themselves.

The main object of Mr. Nash's mission to London was to secure a new trade agreement whereby Great Britain would take the whole of New Zealand's exports of agricultural produce, instead of the present 85 per cent. In this he failed.

He could point to Britain's starving millions, but he could not claim that the people of New Zealand are yet able to buy all they want of what they produce, or procure its equivalent by exchange.

However, in his speech in Auckland on his arrival, he was able to gloss over this failure, for which, in any case, he blamed the British Government, by referring to various minor concessions obtained. More particularly by directing the eyes of his audience to the end

of the earth, by describing his negotiations with the governments of no fewer than twelve countries to extend sales of New Zealand produce. These countries ranged from Germany to Brazil and Russia to Panama.

This all seems to have gone down very well.

"Distribute Prosperity"

"Our job," said Mr. Savage, in his speech at Auckland, at the joint reception to Mr. Nash and himself, "is to distribute prosperity. We haven't half done the job," he continued, "but we are well on our way and we are going the whole distance."

Speaking at Wellington, he said: "The Government is anxious that the incidence of taxation should be as equitable as it is possible to make it. The Government, when imposing taxation, was thinking of the poor unfortunates who were not getting enough to eat." (Presumably this was also in Mr. Nash's mind when he was trying to arrange for the increased export of New Zealand foodstuffs to foreign countries!)

When Mr. Savage makes such statements he must rely on the shortness of the public memory. Before his election he said, "It is neither possible, nor desirable, to help one section of the people at the expense of the rest."

Since these Ministers returned, a new budget has been introduced. It provides for no decrease in taxation, despite a heavy increase the previous year, resulting in a surplus of nearly half a million pounds.

The sales tax is estimated to produce over £3½ million in the new budget. Mr. Savage described this tax as follows:

"The sales tax, which is also a levy upon the poor, without any consideration for income received, cannot be defended on any grounds." This was before election in 1935, of course!

The Future

It is quite possible that if the Labour Government had an election now it would again be returned to office, although with a much smaller majority.

Eventually, however, it is likely to come to grief from the same cause as that which brought about the fall of M. Blum in France, and which will shatter the French "Popular Front" experiment sooner or later.

That cause is the belief of politicians that they are omniscient experts, more particularly, that they know better than the financiers how to run the financial system. It is a case of third-rate or fourth-rate experts telling real experts how to run their jobs.

In such circumstances, failure is inevitable, and the real experts, the financiers, cannot be held responsible, for they have only done—or pretended to do!—what they were told.

It is with these circumstances in mind that Major Douglas has advocated legislation "to brighten bankers' brains." That is, legislation making those who control the financial system responsible for producing the financial results the people want, and imposing penalties for failure.

In New Zealand, as in other countries, an Election Campaign for results is now being carried on. People are being encouraged to demand a simple result they want (such as that set out at the foot of this page) and to make their parliamentary representatives use their powers to force the experts to accept responsibility for failure to produce this result.

The success of this campaign might save many members of the present Government from the political dust-heap by making them, for the first time, real democrats, representing not a party but their constituents. It would mean the end of "party" politics in which the Member of Parliament obeys the party whip and not his electors.

In the circumstances it is understandable that the party bosses fear the campaign and that an attempt is being made to keep it off the radio.

But the campaign goes on

Major Douglas Tells The Aldwych Club : 'FREEDOM OF THE PRESS IS A MYTH'

IF you imagine you are in business to make money you are mistaken," said Major C. H. Douglas to members of the Aldwych Club on October 28. "You may be quite right if you say you are losing money, but you cannot be right in saying you are making money, because the only people who make money are quite different from yourselves.

"Why Bother about Finance?" was the title of his brief after-lunch address, in which he pilloried the present financial system as the cause of the whole modern problem, "the problem of the threat of war and all the difficulties of selling goods which we find quite easy to produce, and the difficulties which are now being commonly described as poverty in the midst of plenty and all the strain and worry of modern life."

What whetted the attention of this particular audience were Major Douglas's remarks about the press, and he did not mince his words, although he was addressing an audience of publicity experts. The Aldwych Club consists mainly of people who buy publicity and people who make or think up publicity—and they heard exactly what Major Douglas thinks of the press on this subject of finance.

"We hear a great deal about the freedom of the press," he said, "and the freedom of the press is something which in the

•The November SUPPLEMENT

is now preparing. If you do not receive them, why not qualify?

- All known supporters of the Douglas policy get the supplements.
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- The first step is to fill in and forward the form below.

APPLICATION FORM

Please send me particulars of the qualifications required to enrol as a Douglas Cadet.

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Address

Post to
Social Credit, 163A Strand, London, W.C.2

ordinary way no sane man could possibly wish to traverse.

"But the fact is that in regard to this particular question of the defective financial system, and the necessity for altering it, I have no hesitation whatever in saying that the freedom of the press is a complete myth.

"The press, with a very few and notable exceptions, has no freedom whatever to discuss this question except from one side—the side of finance.

"I can assure you that it is not a pleasure to me when enjoying your hospitality to make remarks such as I am making, and I do so only because of the immense gravity of the situation in which we all

WHY BOTHER

A full report of Major Douglas's address to the Aldwych Club entitled "Why Bother About Finance?" will appear in the November Supplement, which will be issued next week. Here is one answer to the question "Why Bother About the Supplement?"

find ourselves, you as well as others. Because all over the world there is an organised attempt to present to the public any attack whatever upon the present financial system as Bolshevism, or Communism, or Fascism, or any suitable name which is likely to create unreasoning prejudice rather than a reasonable frame of mind for examining the facts.

"Now the fact is that, so far from an attack upon the present financial system being an attack upon the institutions which the conservatively-minded citizen wants to see maintained, on the contrary, everything there is at the present time which is worth maintaining—everything in fact which makes life worth living, and which is worth maintaining at the present time—depends, not on the maintenance of the present financial system, but on some change being made in it."

Although a reporter from the Press Association could be observed busily taking notes of Major Douglas's speech, most members of the Aldwych Club looked in vain in their newspapers for any mention of the meeting. Perhaps this made them wonder—perhaps not.

As we strolled across the Strand after the meeting our eyes were caught by a huge piece of publicity which seemed to underline all the deterioration of our way of life that Major Douglas had just been ascribing to the financial system.

It might well have been devised, sold, and bought by members of his audience. It said, "Life today calls for Eno's!"

WE WILL ABOLISH POVERTY

Below is the form Parliamentary electors are being asked to sign. Please read it carefully, sign (if you have not done so already) and send it to United Democrats, 163A, Strand, London, W.C.2. Will you volunteer to help in the Campaign?

ELECTOR'S DEMAND AND UNDERTAKING

1. I know that there are goods in plenty and therefore that poverty is quite unnecessary.
2. I want, before anything else, poverty abolished.
3. I demand, too, that monetary or other effective claims to such products as we now destroy or restrict shall be distributed to me and every Briton so that we can enjoy all we want of them.
4. These distributions must not deprive owners of their property nor decrease its relative value, nor increase taxes or prices.
5. In a democracy like Great Britain Parliament exists to make the will of the people prevail.
6. So I pledge myself to vote if I can for a candidate who will undertake to support this my policy, and to vote consistently against any party trying to put any other law making before this.
7. If the present Member of Parliament here won't undertake this, I will vote to defeat him and his successors until this, my policy, prevails.

Signed

Address

(Signatures will be treated confidentially.)