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A Happy New Year to All

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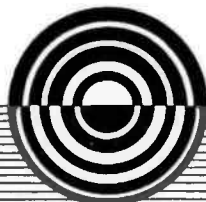
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"NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS"

By R.L.D.

WHEN returning home from Christmas shopping I sat before a comfortable fire with what is a favourite dish, a hot baked potato split in half with a pat of butter, and I thought of those poor souls I had seen standing in the gutter shivering in the bitter north-east wind. It goaded me to that feeling that **SOMETHING MUST BE DONE**—no capitals convey enough emphasis—before Christmas is with us again. How can these poor souls ever be expected to rise with joy in their hearts and sing "Christians, awake! salute the happy morn."? It would need that faith that removes mountains.

It is not as if nothing can be done. Without depriving anyone, those things that gave me enjoyment, could have been available to all those others in this so-called Christian land of ours who needed them.

A good secure home! We have the means, the materials and the men. The means of warmth! Many miners would give a shout of joy themselves to hear that they could start getting coal to-day. All sorts of steps have had to be taken to find a market for this country's milk until a chance discovery showed how the most natural substance for food could be turned into combs and knick-knacks and motor car parts instead. As for potatoes, it is generally known that there has been a surfeit of them. Has not our Government set up a Potato Marketing Board arbitrarily to limit their sale? The latest order of the Board has been to prohibit the sale of very large potatoes.

Our Minister of Agriculture announced in Parliament recently "that the ordinary housewife would have reason to complain if she were denied the normal-sized potato which was used in the ordinary way. It was just for the Board to argue that the course they had taken was one which spread the sacrifice over their constituents in the most equitable manner and at the same time maintained the normal supply. The Agricultural Marketing Act, he said, provided procedure by which complaints could be put forward." And well it might, but what chance have our individual complaints of being put forward? I do not want the normal size; personally, I like big ones for baking. The press the other day reported a chef who complained "We cannot buy small potatoes because the farmer must not sell those either. So we like large potatoes, because we have a little knife which cuts little potatoes out of them. But, mon Dieu, they are now to take my big potatoes away. I do not understand!" And who would in their right senses?

This Potato Board first fixed the acreage which was to be planted, farmers being

liable to a penalty of £5 for each acre if they exceeded their allotted area. Only those above a certain size were to be sold. A recent regulation now makes it illegal for any farmer to sell those over one pound in weight. A farmer recently fined £2 for breaking this rule was reported as saying that for 45 lbs. sold he had to withhold 25 lbs., which is over 35 per cent. of his crop.

So even under the acreage limitation there is still plenty available for the poor, but the purpose of the Board is to keep prices up, which effectively keep these necessities out of the reach of many who want them.

There would be no difficulty in the farmer getting a remunerative price for his potatoes if these poor people had the money. Potatoes would find a ready market, for they are generally recognised as good food which most (if they could cook them) would buy. Who doesn't like a baked potato? Can you imagine anything much more appetising and warming on a cold night?

The only reason why these people have not the money to pay the necessary price is because we still insist that money is a means of exchange. At a conservative estimate there must be three million unemployed in this country. What have they to exchange? Nothing! Can we not make a New Year's resolution to do this year all we can to see that this Old Testament idea of an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth is superseded by a New Testament system of distribution?

We need not deprive of the joys of life those of our fellows whose labour has been made unnecessary socially because more and more we are using inanimate power to work for us.

Lord Nuffield shortly before Christmas said at a luncheon: "I propose for the rest of my life to do all I can for mankind. I just want to pass out feeling that I have done my best. For what I have been able to do I take no credit for myself. What I have done others could do."

Noble thoughts! you may say. "What can I do in comparison? I cannot give £12 million away." No! but with your mite you may accomplish something of more permanence than has been done by the Nuffield millions. Lord Nuffield has endowed numerous schools. More recently, we are told, he has ensured the supply of "iron lungs" to every hospital in the land, but such an amount of money spent throughout the country in creative, constructive publicity of the real facts of money, backed by his name, would soon ensure that *everything* that this country needs could be supplied.

For looking at the matter dispassionately, why should we have to wait on the goodwill of one of our industrial magnates, however well-intentioned he may be, in order to obtain those iron lungs and schools? If they were a necessity why were they not produced? Authority could have been given to the manufacturers to draw upon the nation's material to create them so that they, their suppliers, and their workers could receive their due reward. The sovereign power which gives such authority, however, we have left to the whim of the bankers, and they issue financial credit only as, and when, it suits their interests, which may actually be opposed to the public interests.

Our New Year resolution should take the form of deciding that, in the coming year we make the greatest number of people realise this fact—that banks create money and that, as the Deputy Governor of the Bank of England said before the Macmillan Committee, "The restrictions, so far as there are restrictions, under which the Bank works in its operations are restrictions which the Bank has imposed upon itself, and which, of course, it has the power to alter."

We must imbue as many as possible with that feeling that *something must be done*. So each mite, whether in effort, or in funds, will be doing its bit to displace a tyranny that may well be called the Mammon of unrighteousness, for does it not consciously restrict the means of life, creating misery for millions of men, in the effort to retain the service of the many in the interests of the few?

We will accomplish nothing by appealing or complaining individually to the Marketing Boards. We must consolidate public opinion and insist that our representatives in Parliament legislate to produce the results we want.

BANKS CREATE CREDIT

Mr. Carl Snyder, statistician of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York, in a public address he delivered to the Academy of Political Science on November 22, 1929, said:

"That bank credit is created whenever a bank increases its loans on investments, and this is added to a credit fund that turns over on the average possibly about twenty times a year . . . and it is of no great consequence whether the deposits are labelled 'demand' deposits or 'time' deposits, or 'government' deposits."

COMMENTARY

Ring Out the Old, Ring In the New

"THIS has been a difficult year with many industries hampered by slackness and falling prices; but the greatly feared economic crisis has not occurred.

"The slump—if it is to be so described—has been gradual, and there are signs that it is in process of arrest."—Viscount Wakefield, speaking at a wardmote in the City of London, December 21, 1938.

We are not thrilled to know that we starve slowly instead of quickly; we are not interested in knowing whether the slump (or recession) is under arrest or still at large: we are out to abolish all starvation and all slumps. To do that we have first of all to get rid of dead ideas about a dead debt system, in the heads and hearts of men. We have to convert them—to turn them round so that they stop looking at the past and turn to look at the glorious realities of the present with the still more glorious possibilities for the future.

It is the object of this paper to effect this revolution in thinking, to shake off out-worn ideas about booms and slumps, to show the people there is a path to peace and plenty; and it should be the resolve of each one of us in 1939 to "ring out the old, ring in the new."

No Surplus Here

The United States is going to send a large part of its "surplus" wheat as a gift to Spain. Brazil is also sending a large part of its "surplus" coffee. Mr. Welles, Acting Secretary of State, U.S.A., hopes that other countries with "surplus" agricultural stocks will give them, so as to prevent "widespread starvation and disease."

In this country there are nearly 2,000,000 unemployed, fully 20,000,000 underfed. In the United States there are about 20,000,000 unemployed, and you can imagine how many underfed.

If the Americans choose to let their fellow citizens starve and freeze in "God's own country" while giving away food to foreigners, that is their business.

In this country at any rate there are no surpluses. There is no surplus of wheat, no surplus of herrings, no surplus of potatoes, no surplus of milk, no surplus of coal, no surplus of cotton goods, and no surplus of luxuries. And what's more, there never will be any surplus while there is one man, woman or child on British soil and wanting British goods.

All this rubbish from people who think it more romantic to aid Spain than to aid Stepney must be resisted to the utmost. It is the technique of the pickpocket. Set

your eyes on the ends of the earth, quoth the Banker, and I can pick your pocket at home.

Doing It On The Cheap

The Government is considering establishing "camps as potential holiday centres for large numbers from the industrial areas who might not be able to afford more than a fleeting visit to the sea or country," according to the *Daily Telegraph* of December 22, 1938.

We do not know how our readers react to this particular little Government brain-wave, but it seems to us more to the point to give the people the National Dividend and let them choose their own holidays, than that we should have to put up with what the Government thinks is good enough for us. The demand for holiday camps, if any, should come from the people.

Can Produce But Cannot Sell

"It is often more difficult to market goods than to make them, yet in Great Britain we too frequently see the best brains put into the manufacturing side."

—Lt.-Col. H. St. G. Hamersley in a letter to the *Daily Telegraph*, December 21, 1938.

What is this difficulty in marketing? Are the goods not wanted? Can't you think of anything you want? Are the goods not known? Don't you know where you can get what you want? What possible difficulty can there be, then, apart from money shortage?

The "difficulty" in selling is the difficulty of persuading the public that your goods are better than the other fellow's, because you know the public has not enough money to buy both.

It is rather short-sighted, though, because if the other fellow goes bankrupt and becomes a charge on the rates, the successful salesman has to pay the extra rates.

With Social Credit the nation's pay will meet the nation's prices. There will be no need for bunkum and ballyhoo in advertising. High quality British goods will "sell themselves."

In Donegal

At a meeting presided over by Mr. Francis Gallagher held at the Courthouse, Donegal, recently, two strongly-worded resolutions were passed and addressed respectively to the Government of Eire and to Donegal County Council, protesting against grinding taxation and loan finance and demanding the abolition of poverty and lower rates.

That there are men in Eire still fighting for freedom, but with their eyes open and a knowledge of the "way," is shown by the above.

WATCH OUT

A man in Chesterfield has been charged with maliciously damaging the gas respirator with which he had been provided.

The Chief Constable, Mr. T. Wells, said that the man was seen deliberately to throw his respirator into a yard and damage it beyond repair. He had been previously warned by the police when they found that the celluloid of his respirator was cracked.

Millions of respirators have been issued to the public, and he thought that thousands had been damaged. It was of considerable importance that the question should be determined as to whom the respirators belonged. The case was adjourned until January 30 to enable the Chief Constable to communicate with the Home Office, as the Bench agreed with the Chief Constable that the rightful owners of the respirators should be decided.

Systems Were Made for Men

The *News Chronicle* reports that a statement has been issued by a conference of representative members of Christian Churches in England and Scotland who met at Lambeth Palace on December 1 under the Archbishop of Canterbury.

The statement declares among other things that the real task is not to "make the world safe for democracy," but to make democracy worthy to survive. It indicates that distribution is the chief practical problem in the economic sphere and "if the solution of it is found to involve a radical change in our financial, economic or social ordering of life, it must not be refused on that account alone."

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COMEDY OF ERRORS

RETROSPECT AND PROSPECT

By Arthur Brenton

THE opening of the New Year will mark the twentieth anniversary of the announcements of the master-error in the financial system. Pioneer advocates of Social Credit who are yet alive have seen events in all planes of experience pattern themselves out exactly as if some spirit of malevolence were perverting the plans and frustrating the aspirations of the human race. Twenty years is a long time to wait for the error to be corrected. Nevertheless, twenty years is a miraculously short time in which these few pioneer advocates have been able to turn the thoughts of mankind towards the real source of their frustrations. Everybody today is, however dimly, apprehending the truth that the troubles of the world begin with the monetary system, and that the bankers are responsible for them.

Pioneer advocates of Social Credit having lived through the period of these events, and—which is more to the point—having, as it were, grown up in daily familiarity with the comments of the orthodox press on them, are unable to realise the change that has taken place in the "atmospherics" of politics as between 1919 and 1939. To realise this it would be necessary for them to dismiss from their minds (as judges tell juries sometimes) all events and comments during that period, and to place side by side some newspapers published, let us say, in January, 1914, and some others published in January, 1939. The contrast would startle them. In fact, there could be no more illuminating feature in a Social Credit journal today than a page of extracts from pre-war newspapers. Selected by someone who knew what to look for, these extracts would themselves tell the Social Credit story and point the Social Credit moral.

"Events," the late Will Dyson used to say, "insist on behaving as if they were in the pay of Douglas!" Yes, and if most of the major events are reflected upon, it will be realised that they could not have happened if the orthodox theory of industry's financial self-sufficiency were true, except on the assumption that the Prince of Darkness had struck mankind with blindness. Nobody will accept an assumption of superhuman malevolence. The peoples act blindly, but their acts are not the consequence of their own blindness—they are the secondary consequence of their rulers' blindness. And their rulers'

blindness is not a spell woven by a stupendous diabolical Being: it is the outcome of a delusion created by nothing more mysterious than the common or garden fault of numerical miscalculation.

The fact that the world's troubles arise from such a prosaic cause is not acceptable to the majority of reformers. They react against such an idea because usually the types of people who take up "reform" are types with a strong propensity for reforming the behaviour of persons or classes. Since the indulgence of this propensity for interference is their self-chosen function in politics, naturally they are hostile to any truth which makes their function superfluous or irrelevant. Even among those reformers who admit the existence of the master-error there are some who still want to modify its consequences in the plane of morals, and try to convince themselves that somehow or other this will lead to the correcting of the error. The only element of logic in their attitude concerns the fact that the problem of getting the bankers to allow the error to be corrected is undoubtedly a moral one—that is, if one accepts the assumption that they are aware of the nature and consequences thereof.

But the way to solve that problem is to reform the behaviour of the bankers, not the people. There is no way in which the improving of the relationships of man with man in the social or economic planes will generate pressure on the bankers to mend their ways. Moreover, the master-error operates to frustrate all attempts to improve those relationships. You can't even begin to lead men out of the economic maze while the plan of it is falsely drawn. They will wander round instead of out. A further difficulty is this: that there is no form of pressure that will move the bankers except that of an intimidatory nature. And that form, in the eyes of these reformers of behaviour themselves, is itself immoral, not to speak of the fact that in any case it is illegal and therefore practically not feasible. A banker, several years ago, hinted in public that credit-reform propaganda in general was subversive. He was right, because our Constitution is so framed as to leave the bankers the option to maintain or change the design of the monetary system in whatever way and at whatever time they choose to do so. Hence any attempt to make them change it, if pursued far

enough, must throw down the gauntlet to the Constitution.

The only thing that can be done is to drive a wedge between the bankers and the heavyweights of industry and politics who are potentially able to attack them with a higher degree of immunity from penalties than can be expected by reformers near the bottom of the scale. By the reiteration of the exposure of the master-error, and by the maintenance of a ceaseless "I-told-you-so" commentary on its sequence of evil consequences, advocates of Social Credit can cumulatively create dissensions and disaffections at the top of the political pyramid, and at the same time prepare the minds of people at the bottom to expect the revolutionary change that we all know must come. When we remember that some of the most brilliant writers have attained fame by listening-in to the talk of lowly people, even the humblest advocate of Social Credit may reflect that just a word or two spoken by him out of the wisdom that has come to him may fire a train of circumstances culminating in a beneficent and final *coup d'état*—a silent as well as a bloodless revolution behind the doors of Downing Street and Threadneedle Street. The slogan: "Social Credit is Coming" is stronger than "Social Credit Ought to Come." Social Credit is coming because "Sound Finance" is going. It has already abandoned three-quarters of its "soundness," as the old-time bankers regarded it, and acute observers will see the process is still continuing. The bankers are throwing out ballast.

Old-time readers may remember Jules Verne's story of the syndicate which acquired a title to exploit the North Pole area, and secretly carried out the idea of constructing a gun of majestic size, burying it below ground, pointing it at a suitable angle, and firing off a huge projectile. Their idea was that the recoil would shift the earth out of its axis and fetch the North Pole area down into the temperate or tropical zone—thus making their property valuable. Their idea about the projectile was that it would travel too far out into space ever to come back—that it would disappear in volatilisation, or, if not, be attracted into another orbit and revolve in safety. (Something like exports for development at the present time!) Of course, correct designing, measurements, and quantitative estimates of explosive

material were the problem. But they had a professor of mathematics who worked out the figures. One day, when in his room, there came a thunderstorm and a flash of lightning caught him and knocked him down. However, he wasn't much hurt, and went on with his job. Unfortunately the shock caused the failure of the plan. The gun was fired off all right. And the projectile stayed away all right. But that blessed North Pole never shifted. And when they came to look into the reason they found that in the confusion caused by the lightning flash a nought had got rubbed off the blackboard on which the professor had been chalking his calculations. That tore it. The syndicate's Big Bertha was only a tenth of the size she ought to have been.

Well, perhaps it would be an exaggeration to say that my purse or your purse, and everybody else's purse is only a tenth the size of what it ought to be; but no matter; we all know that it ought to be larger. And we know that the reason why it isn't larger is because something has got rubbed off the bankers' blackboard. It wasn't done by real lightning. It wasn't done instantaneously. No, the process was gradual—in fact, spread out over the period following the industrial revolution. The "lightning" in this case was (chiefly) the coming of machine production and the sub-division of industrial processes. The suddenly vanishing nought in the above story became the slowly vanishing co-efficient of purchasing power attaching to tokens of money on their way from the banks, through industry, and into the hands of consumers. The rate of disappearance of purchasing power kept parallel with the rate of labour-saving. Back in the earlier times when a hundred men without a machine had to work to feed a hundred men, the purchasing power of their sovereigns, silver and copper was at its maximum. Looking forward to the time when (in theory) one man and a machine can feed 100 men, the purchasing power co-efficient of the solitary wage-earner's money will be virtually at zero—and next to no more even if the doles of the ninety and nine are added in.

Everyone will agree that profits made by saving labour, and thus depleting the money in the consumption market, cannot be profitably used again to supply that market. The cost would not be recoverable there. If all labour could be replaced by machines only investors would be able to buy the product. And if the banks chose to eliminate investors and finance industry themselves (which is quite feasible), the consumption market would consist of—well, nobody at all, unless you like to imagine a Trustee acting on behalf of the machines. This individual would have no income of his

own (*ex hypothesi*) and all he would buy would be fuel, oil, and metals for the machines to consume for their own maintenance and for use in constructing more machines. This supposition, absurd as it is, does fairly indicate the goal towards which modern industry is being driven by the master-error in the price system.

However, common-sense must make itself felt somewhere along that road. There must be a limit to even the bankers' confidence in themselves in the face of the events which line the road. In this fact lies a further stimulus to Social Credit advocates to intensify their exposition and prophesying. In connection with propaganda, there is one item that can be appropriately recommended here. We are familiar with occasional newspaper inquiries into how people manage to make their incomes meet round their needs. "Mrs. Smith manages to bring up four children on fourpence a week: now, isn't that splendid!"—(or wouldn't it be if she could; because, then, you see, fourpence could be the basic wage for everybody?). But more important than inquiring into what is done with inadequate income would be an inquiry into what is done with relatively comfortable incomes. What do these do with the margin of income left after they have bought their food, clothes and shelter? A friend of mine fell into conversation with a railway porter. What do you think was this porter's hobby? Microscopy! Yes, his money went on food, clothes, shelter and—a microscope. My friend did not ask him what he would do if he got a good rise in income. Where was the need? Another porter in the same station revealed that he devoted his spare time to canary-breeding. As an item he said that at certain critical seasons in the year he had to "sit up all night" to see that things went well. There is a joke attached to this; it is that when my friend encountered him he let off a growl about some orders which had forced him to remain on duty for half-an-hour extra. "Lazy loafer," a chance listener would say; and our old friend, Col. Blimp, would certainly have made this man the scapegoat for the sad state of the railway systems of England. But when you know, the whole thing looks different. The canaries explain everything. This man objected to overtime (even though paid for) because it encroached on leisure hypothecated to a vocation.

And if inquiries like these were undertaken and the results collected there would be, without a doubt, a mass of evidence pointing to the beneficial directions in which the National Dividend will be employed by the people when they get it. Such evidence is necessary if only to counteract the influence of moralists who harbour and communicate distrust of affluence for people unaccustomed to it. It would blow up all the talk that goes on

about training people to spend money wisely! Readers who extract any items of information along this line ought to give the editor of SOCIAL CREDIT the chance of publishing them. It is important to combat at all times the subtle suggestion that Social Credit should be postponed until society is fit for it. The truth is that where people do show signs of unfitness to get the Dividend the reason is that they haven't got it. In other words, the Dividend will make them fit for the Dividend.

"ABOLISH THE NEED—"

Among many appeals for charity which are launched in the press at Christmas-time was one which read:

"Remember the poor folk who live in the mean streets, with their empty cupboards, fireless grates, and the heavy hearts . . . of the children whom Santa Claus must needs pass by! Do please try to give a poor home Christmas cheer. Ten shillings will provide a Christmas parcel for a poor family."

Has it not been said many times before that the greatest of all charities is to do away with the need for charity? Why is it that these charitable organisations never make the slightest attempt to support the policy which would make every charity of the kind referred to above entirely unnecessary?

Our movement is the greatest real charity of all.

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Faith and Reality

By W. A. Willox

DEFINITION of the term "Social Credit" is increasingly demanded by persons whom recurrent crises have roused from complacency. Its meaning may be understood by considering the two words: "Social" is defined as "pertaining to society, and "society" is an association of persons united for some purpose; "credit" means "belief," "faith," "trust."

With these definitions in mind, it is easy to grasp such a concise explanation of the term "Social Credit" as the *belief of people that, in association, they can achieve a purpose.*

This implies that *persons in association* have power if they also have faith: persons alone have only the power of the individual; persons in association—*people*—have the sovereign power of their society.

Power implies purpose. The purpose of an association must be defined and must inspire faith in the possibility of its achievement, or the power cannot be exercised; and the defined purpose must be agreed—it must be the people's policy—or the power of the people cannot achieve it.

People, power and purpose are a trinity—three in one, and one in three. The trinity is almighty—within the limits of the association. Agreement on the purpose is the limiting factor. "Where two or three are gathered together in My Name"—united for one aim—"there am I"—*there is power.*

The greatest common measure of popular desire defines the widest limits of power.

The human race is divided into sovereign nations which are the largest forms of association. Within such nations the people have sovereign power, whether they exercise it or not; the people's power is always supreme. At the present time the people do not exercise their power because they have not defined, as the purpose of their association, their greatest common measure of desire—their WILL. As a result of this default, the power which is always inherent in an association, is being exercised by a few ingenious usurpers who are thus achieving *their* will.

This is a statement of fact, and not of opinion. But it is relevant to consider the aim of the usurpers in relation to that of the people if it were formulated.

There are three fundamental principles of effective association, definable as purpose, method and power, or ends, means and sanctions. First it is essential to define the purpose or *end* of the association, to formulate the greatest common measure of the people's desire. Secondly, it is necessary to have a *means* of ful-

filling it; and thirdly a means of *assuring* that the end shall be achieved and no nonsense about it. Only by the observance of these three principles can the people's will prevail.

If democracy is government in accordance with the will of the people, then an association conducted in accordance with the principles defined above is a democracy—not otherwise.

Apply this touchstone to the nations of the world to-day and observe how many are democratic! Deduce the significance of the shibboleth about the struggle of the democracies against dictatorships. It would not be unreasonable to say that Germany to-day was no less democratic than Britain, or indeed any other so-called democracy, because at least the German people at their last general election voted to be governed by Hitler in accordance with the aims he had set forth. It could not, however, be said that the people had expressed their will, because they did not have the opportunity to do so freely, and the objective was not initiated by them.

At the last General Election in the United Kingdom the expression of the popular will was no less effectively evaded, though the method was different. Here there were alternatives on which the people might vote, but these alternatives were not the choice of the electorate, who were thus no more free than the Germans in this respect. The frustration of the people's freedom of choice was the same in each case, though the means of achieving it differed.

Again, it should be emphasised, the foregoing is not opinion, but fact. Opinion, at the moment, is deliberately not expressed.

In order to ascertain the purpose of those who exercise power in the nations to-day—who use for their own ends the inherent power of people in association—it is necessary to examine the results that are being produced. Strife is the keynote of the present time; strife between nations, strife between individuals. To begin, in the way of nature, with the small, the elementary, consider the cause of strife between individuals. It is what is popularly known as the struggle for existence, which implies competition for shares in scarcity. There would be no such struggle without scarcity, for, with plenty available, everyone would be able to take his fill at no cost to anyone else.

In the light of modern knowledge, scarcity is not necessary; indeed, it must be deliberately achieved, for the output of machine industry is such that the main problem of producers is not how to produce enough but how to dispose of their

wares so that they may not have to curtail their activities.

Scarcity to-day is artificial, and is the soil in which the strife of man against man flourishes; for, to gain access to the necessities of life, money is essential; and to obtain money men must be employed. It is only as a reward for labour that individuals can acquire money. There is no other way; and although some may receive it as the result of others' work, it is issued only in return for work done by someone. No other title to money is recognised in law. The forger, the coiner, anyone who *creates* the means of payment *without a licence to do so* (and who are the licencees?) is subject to severe punishment as an enemy of the people.

If scarcity is the cause of battle between man and man, what is responsible for the prevailing strife between nations? It is the artifice that perpetuates scarcity. A canon of what is euphemistically called "sound finance" is a "favourable balance of trade," which means an excess of exports over imports.

Every industrialised country must seek to export more than it imports. The chronic disparity between purchasing power and prices gives rise to surpluses which the people cannot buy, not because they do not want the goods and services—or the equivalent which might be exchanged for the surplus of other countries—but because they have not the money to pay for them, to meet their price.

So it comes about that, due to the illusion that the home shortage can be made up from abroad, there is a perpetual struggle for foreign markets. Military war (however cleverly its cause may be disguised) is merely an extension of this economic war, as indeed is now being generally admitted, even by persons whose names command wide publicity, such as the late President Wilson.

If scarcity is at the root of strife, it is restriction of the means of access to available abundance that causes scarcity to-day. The means of access to goods and services is money. Money is created by writing figures in books. The sole authority to create money has been vested in the banks. Even the so-called governments, elected by the peoples, do not encroach on that monopoly which they have allowed the banks to acquire. Governments do not finance their administration and services by taxation but by money they borrow from the banking monopoly. Taxation is devoted essentially to the repayment of these bank loans created by the mere writing of figures in bank books—created at negligible cost and no sacrifice by the banks.

Yet at what cost and sacrifice is taxation wrung out of the people?

It is here, after an analysis of the results produced by modern associations of people, that the aims of those who exercise power emerge into daylight. Their purpose is power; they exercise it through scarcity, which they perpetuate by every artifice, and at any cost in human suffering. By misleading propaganda they hypnotise the people into the delusion that money cannot be created at a stroke of the pen; that it is something real which they themselves cannot conjure into being without hard labour; and that in fact it is *wealth*, whereas it is nothing but a system of accounting in figures for the real wealth, which means the well-being of the people—who are flesh and blood.

When those who are called Social Crediters say that only by Social Credit will the wrongs of the world be righted, they mean essentially that the people will have to develop the belief that in association they have the power to achieve their purpose. It is absurd to suppose that the perpetuation of the present conditions of scarcity and strife is the people's will. Patently it is not. The people's will is much more likely to be the integration of the individual will, which is to live and let live, to enjoy life with its abundance, its opportunities, its beauty.

Social Crediters know how the money system is being twisted from its only proper use to an evil end. In common sense the true purpose of money is to facilitate the distribution of production to the people who wish to enjoy its consumption. It should not be an instrument of domination. Money is a means, and the financial system of to-day raises it into an end. The elevation of means into ends is the essence of sin, as St. Athanasius wisely pointed out long ago, and now this truth is being demonstrated almost to destruction.

When the people awaken from their hypnotic dream to a realisation of their power, they will formulate and express their will. This they can do by the methods of democratically electing representatives who will set up an administration having for its sole purpose the carrying out of the people's will.

In that day, when the people at last positively exercise their power, the vacuum of negation in which alone the devil can flourish will be filled with the fresh, clean air that will show him to be the illusion he is.

"WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE WORLD?"

By G.W.L. Day

1s.

FROM PUBLICATIONS DEPT.,
163A, STRAND, W.C.2

Work or Pensions

GREAT play about the goodness of men who worked until they were octogenarians was made in an action for damages against the London Passenger Transport Board as the result of the Charing Cross accident on May 17.

The plaintiff, a Thames lighterage manager, aged 55, brought witnesses to show that lighterage men worked on and on and on. One foreman had to be sacked when he was 72, because he would not retire; another man was still active in the business at 86; and so on, to others who retired only a few years ago and are now drawing their pensions at the ages of 90 to 93.

Shameful old men, aren't they? As if men were put on this earth to work for work's sake, as the paid servants of the public and the financial wizards try to make us believe. But the secret was given away by other witnesses, who said that the only way to get a lighterman to retire was to have a pension fund for retirement at 65. In other words, they work because otherwise they would have no money.

There is such a potential abundance for everyone that no man or woman need work after they are 50, let alone 65. There are plenty of machines, and more and more to come, to provide all we need. Twenty years ago that great industrialist and merchant, the first Lord Leverhulme, said that we could make sufficient for everyone to live well above the poverty line if everyone simply worked two days a week. And our productive capacity has gone up enormously since then.

People of 50 or over ought to be drawing pensions—good, substantial pensions, not a niggardly ten shillings a week—and they should be drawing them as the birth-right of free, upstanding citizens of a fine and rich country, not getting them shamefacedly as a semi-charity.

What are we about to let those whom we elect as our servants treat us so disgustingly? They, at least, are now talking about pensions for themselves without thought as to the cost, after having substantially raised their own salaries. All around us we see the necessities, the riches, and the luxuries of life, produced easily and without trouble. But we are allowing them to be destroyed, or their production to be restricted. We are standing by watching God's gifts flung back in His face, when thousands of us are in desperate need of more food, clothing, shelter and real social services, and every man-jack of us longs ardently for liberty and security.

Let us insist that all these things be given to us as our right. And let us begin by ensuring that everyone over 50 is given sufficient money tickets to buy their fair share of good things, and that they shall have their money tickets regularly and without fail until they die.

It is no use putting off by asking where the money is to come from. The £1,500 million needed for instruments of death,

torture and destruction came into being almost overnight when somebody said they were wanted. And the real goods and services to back all the money for nice, comfortable pensions to all who are 50 not out are here in front of our eyes. But if we don't demand the paper tickets the real wealth will soon, very soon, be flung into the flames, tossed back into the sea, or poured down the drains.

Let us make our old and elderly people happy, comfortable and secure. They have contributed their share to the marvellous producing capacity of our country. Why not give them right now *their* share of the power to consume and use all the benefits our civilisation *could* offer?

MORE MYSTERY!

The military correspondent of one of Fleet Street's daily organs pointed out a few days ago that in 1937, a year when we were committed deeply to rearmament, we could afford to export no less than £26,000,000 of armaments. He said that in the Year Book of Trade in Arms Estimates, issued by the League of Nations this month, Britain heads the list of exporting countries in 1937; Germany is next, followed by Czechoslovakia, France, Sweden and the United States.

He says that:

"The discrepancy between the total published exports and imports is very large, even when allowance is made for certain States which publish no import figures or limit them to certain categories.

"The grand total of the value of arms exports for 1936—the last year for which there are complete figures—was 497,717,000 gold dollars.

"Imports are given at barely more than half that figure, 283,595,000 gold dollars.

"In other words, 214,000,000 gold dollars' worth of arms left countries of export and appear never to have arrived at their destination!

"It is curious also to note that the difference between the returns of the exporting and the importing countries was comparatively small in 1932, but as the exports grew bigger the imports actually appeared to grow smaller!"

POWER-LUST

Mr. Marriner S. Eccles, chairman of the Federal Reserve Board, has addressed a memorandum to President Roosevelt and Mr. Henry Morgenthau, Secretary of the Treasury, the main gist of which proposes banking reforms designed to give the Federal Reserve Bank wider powers of control than they have at present.

SOCIAL CREDIT

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Vol. 9. No. 29.

Friday, December 30, 1938.

RESOLVE TO BE FREE!

ANOTHER year has drawn to a close, and Social Crediters everywhere can ask themselves what results they have accomplished in their labours for the cause.

To all such, we may with reason give a word of comradeship and encouragement. The good seed is taking root slowly, but surely.

The forces of life in abundance are our allies, and the conditions in which livelihood freely thrives in security and plenty are our objective. This is a worthy aim, one of which no man need be ashamed to work for; and at this end of an old year, we can resolve afresh to ring out the false deceits which baffle so many, and determine to devote our energies in the New Year towards upholding the standards of truth which will yet free the spirit to live in liberty and plenty on the material plane.

All round the world there are planted the standards of Social Credit. There are men and women, isolated though some of them may be, who have a faith which burns unquenchably in their hearts; and to all such we wish to send a cheer, because in the times that are coming, it is upon these enlightened and free spirits that those now in the dark will whelm for the saving light and guidance; and when that time comes, however the circumstances may arrange themselves, that will be the moment when the greatest service that one man can give to his fellowman will reach its peak, for that will be the time when the ear of those in the dark will be lent willingly and respondingly, and then our message, which we are sounding all the time, will find a widespread response, not only in the hearts of men, but in action and circumstance, and then will be laid the foundation of a new order, where poverty, restriction, cruelty, and violence—will be no more, and we—each and all—can look forward to this in the full faith that our immediate labour is worth while.

The fact that we may be separated in place does not alter the fact that we are united in faith. We are the Social Credit Movement. We have the faith that, out

of this world of fear, hate, restriction and destruction, there can be built a better order. Having confidence, we are not afraid, we will pledge ourselves anew at this time to fight valiantly and to bear our part of the battle, remembering it is quite natural in a war for morale to be assailed with doubts, discouragement, and distresses, but we can, if we will, perceive with Blake that "if the sun was to doubt, it would go out" and just as the sun does not go out, but is the source of all life and wealth to us, neither will the idea of security in freedom—the will for men and women to live as they wish to, in peace and plenty,—die out. *Nor will it.* The dawn will appear and the new day of Social Credit will come. That is our faith. Let us decide anew as men with clear vision and steadfast hearts to stand to it. A happy New Year to all our readers.

New Year's Eve

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out, my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

LORD TENNYSON

BEWITCHERY

The "Pendulum!"

In the Mumbo-Jumbo language so beloved of financiers, economists and politicians, we have heard of the "tide turning," "touching rock-bottom," "turning the corner," "exploring every avenue," "economic blizzards," and "clouds rolling away"—a new one has been sprung upon us.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer, speaking at the annual luncheon in London this month of the National Union of Manufacturers, said:—

"There are signs that the pendulum is again to swing in the direction of a recovery of British trade."

POT-POURRI

"The house shook," said Brown, describing an earthquake he had experienced in Japan, "cups and saucers flew all over the place."

"Great Scott," exclaimed Jones, "that reminds me, I forgot to post a letter my wife gave me."

The perfect woman is she who hits the right male on the head every time.

—Leon M. Lion.

Gladys: Mother, dear, I advertised under a different name that I would like to make the acquaintance of a refined gentleman, with an eye to romance.

Mother: Gladys, how awful. Did you get any answers?

Gladys: Only one—from father.

What is this life if, full of care,
We have no time to stand and stare?
—W. H. Davies.

"You are looking a bit glum, Bill, what's up?"

"I've been fined 40s. because I can't afford 7s. 6d. for a dog licence."

I like work; it fascinates me. I can sit and look at it for hours. I love to keep it by me: the idea of getting rid of it nearly breaks my heart.—Jerome K. Jerome.

"If everyone his own doorstep swept,
The village would be clean."

... A year or two later I received a short note from a place in the State of Sonora. "Boy, I'm *living!*" he wrote. "Everybody here hates work. People here are wise without knowing it. I'm getting younger. Don't say anything to Agnes if you see her. 'Joy is a fruit that Americans eat green.'—Jim sends his regards."
—From *Laughing in the Jungle*, by Louis Adamic.

India-rubber trees continue to yield sap for more than twenty years if tapped every other day.

Snow, in falling, carries with it most of the dust and impurities of the atmosphere.

Merry Christmas! Happy New Year?

By Septimus

FINE, DRY SNOW FALLING; BRIGHT FIRE BURNING; STEAMING COFFEE, BACON AND EGGS FOR BREAKFAST; A REAL CHRISTMAS ONCE MORE. LIKE OLD TIMES—"WHEN I WAS A BOY, I"

AH! Here's *The Times*. What news to-day? Has war broken out yet? No, thank goodness; perhaps it won't after all. Anyway, we'll have Christmas in peace.

But those poor refugees! How they must be suffering! Well, at least it won't be so bad for them as if Baldwin hadn't raised his voice and launched that great appeal for more and more money.

And the wretched people in concentration camps! Oh, it quite spoils the Christmas feeling to think of all the misery man inflicts on man. Why are we so unchristian? Why can't we live and let live? What we want is a change of heart.

Now I think of it, we have poor people of our own in England, too—in slums and distressed areas where they don't have enough to eat and can't afford fires, and many of them haven't even enough clothes to keep themselves warm. Let me think if there isn't someone, some deserving person, who would like the old suit I wore for the last time the other day. Ah, yes! *The Times* "agony column" usually has some appeals round about Christmas. Let me see . . .

Oh, heavens! Can it really be so bad? And under our very noses, too.

Listen to this—all from a single issue of *The Times*, December 21, all in the same well-named agony column:

Bill and Lizzie Calling!—Will you send donation towards Poor Children's Christmas Dinner? Toys, clothing, etc., badly needed. R.S.V.P., John Pounds Mission, Wellesley Street, Stepney, London, E.1.

Hot tea, bread and dripping at midnight are given free to hundreds of homeless and hungry men and women from the Silver Lady's Night Travelling Café. Please help by sending a Christmas gift of money to Miss Betty Baxter, Silver Lady Fund, 6, Tudor Street, London, E.C.4. We do not employ collectors, and warn the public against persons collecting for donations on behalf of this fund. Men's boots and clothing urgently needed, please.

For 93 years the Borough of Poplar Benevolent Society has been assisting the poor, the needy, the widow, and the orphan. Will you kindly send a Christmas gift to assist the work of the Society in this dockland district? W. E. Nicholls (Hon. Sec.), Poplar Town Hall, Bow Road, E.3.

Christmas in poor and dull London riverside parish. Money, clothes (new or old), toys, fruit, or coals earnestly appealed for.—Rev. J. Thrift, Holy Trinity Vicarage, Rotherhithe, S.E.16.

In Hoxton, the poorest bit of Shoreditch, there are many homes without a fire even in this bitterly cold weather, and I have no funds out of which to help my innumerable poor people with coal and groceries this Christmas. Do please help me to make Christmas Day a little brighter for my people than any other day. I cannot tell the children there will be no treats this year.—Cecil Vincent, Vicar, Holy Trinity, Hoxton, N.1.

When we were very young it was unthinkable that we should awaken on Christmas morning and find our stockings empty. We cannot disappoint our 4,800 children, so please send us a donation to provide Christmas cheer.—Waifs and Strays Society, Old Town Hall, Kennington, S.E.11.

"Twenty Years After."—Will anyone act as guarantor for a disabled ex-officer, in difficulties following long illness caused by war disability? Every investigation; some security; urgent need.—Write Box E.1723, *The Times*, E.C.4.

Please help us make life easier for the poor of "Old Kent Road" this bitter weather! Our Sisters are constantly alleviating distress by gifts of food and coal to needy families in tenement and basement dwellings. Your Christmas gift welcomed by Rev. A. Humphrey Richardson, South East London Mission, Old Kent Road, S.E.1.

Christmas is the Children's Festival.—Funds urgently needed to brighten up the dreary lives of little children and aged poor in this poverty-stricken parish. Alas! no funds, no endowments. Also clothing, boots, toys. Do please help!—Rev. R. C. Jones, St. Paul's, Bethnal Green, London, E.

Christmas in Dockland.—Freezing weather with fireless grates, illness and poverty. No Santa Claus, and empty stockings. Think of it! Please send help—coal, groceries, clothing, toys, or money gratefully acknowledged.—Rev. Rowntree Clifford, West Ham Central Mission, 409, Barking Road, E.13.

Coal for Christmas.—Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W.1, have hundreds of sick and old, many of gentle birth, needing warmth.

Hope deferred maketh heart sick. 7s. 6d. provides Christmas dinner parcel for unemployed family of six. Please help.—C. Woolmer, B.D., Victoria Dock Mission, Tidal Basin, E.16.

Please send old clothes, jumble, any condition, blankets, babies' woollies, urgent; poorest dockland parish.—Rev. B. Wardle, St. Gabriel's Vicarage, Old Canning Town, London, E.

Don't let the fires go out this bitter weather in the homes of the desperately poor in the slums of Clerkenwell. Please help us to give tons of fuel for empty grates this winter as heretofore.—William Wilkes, Secretary, Field Lane Institution (founded 1841), Vine Street, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1.

Christmas in Poverty-Land! Will you, please, help me this Christmas to lift the pitiless burdens that press on my people who live in the poverty-land of Central South London? Some are sick and ill-nourished, some are crippled, and very many find life a hard and often a losing struggle. Our programme (1938): 2,500 empty stockings to be filled, 8,000 children to be royally entertained at Christmas parties with gifts for every child, 1,000 old age pensioners at a Boxing Day party, Christmas parties for 250 blind and lonely ones, 4,500 poor families provided with Christmas dinners (meat, Christmas pudding and groceries), blankets and coal for fireless homes. Your gift will be devoted entirely to providing Christmas cheer and it will help to bring joy to little children who, without it, will spend Christmas in tears and hunger. Please send it to Rev. Walter Spencer, The South London Mission, Bermondsey Street, London, S.E.1. Inquiries and visitors welcomed.

Christmas Day without a fire would not seem like Christmas to you. There are many hundreds of homes in Hoxton which will be without a fire unless we are able to give them some coal. Please send a gift to our Coal Fund: it is very low.—F. E. Jerman, Superintendent, Hoxton Market Christian Mission, Hoxton Market, N.1.

General Evangeline Booth will be grateful for gifts of foodstuffs of any kind for her large family of destitute poor. Increase your happiness by sharing.—Please address International Headquarters, 101, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.4. (Central 2350).

Bitter weather for the poor! Salmon Lane Mission specially pleads for fuel and food for many needy and distressed souls in East London at this festive season. Kindly send a gift to E. Percy Dennis, Hon. Supt. Minister, 57, Ethelbert Gardens, Ilford, Essex. 48 years' voluntary services, no administrative expenses!

In this cold, raw weather it is bad enough to be short of food, but it is infinitely worse to sit shivering before a fireless grate as many elderly gentlewomen in distress and poor folk are doing. £5 will fill 50 fireless grates.—Cheques, etc., Preb. Carlile, "Fires," Church Army, 55, Bryanston Street, W.1.

Do please send old clothes, toys, books, sports gear, etc., any description, any condition, a tremendous help; poorest district imaginable.—Canon S. G. Tinley, St. Luke's Vicarage, Victoria Docks, E.16.

"Dry Our Tears Fund." Do please send a small donation this Christmas to help us in our work. We are greatly in need of funds this year and a donation from you would be so much appreciated.—Please post your gift to-day to Musicians' Benevolent Fund, 16, John Street, Bedford Row, London, W.C.1.

Oh, if only I were a millionaire, what happiness I could give! But what can a solitary person do in face of such trouble?

Money, money, money . . . why is it so scarce? The shops are full of just the very things these shivering, starving folk need; but money they have not.

"Money is made by writing figures in books . . . The means of payment is created out of nothing . . . by the banks . . ."

This suffering is unnecessary!

Merry Christmas? Impossible for these poor ones. I can't afford more than a few shillings, and what's the good of that in face of such a condition?

No, what I *will* do is to send my few shillings—as many of them and as often as I can—to those who are telling us so patiently, so persistently, that poverty to-day is unnecessary; that it can be ended just as soon as we all make up our minds that it shall be ended and *do* something about it.

Well, here is a deed, a good Christmas deed—here goes a cheque to SOCIAL CREDIT, and a happy New Year!

WHAT A SHAME!

"There is a feeling abroad that the City is fair game for the politician, and City people are timorous about defending their interests simply because they may be accused of doing so."

The above is an extract from the financial editor's columns in a London evening newspaper.

Extracts by H.C.K.

From *The Great God Waste*.

In 20 years boat speeds have gone up from 30 to 110 miles an hour, and air speeds from 40 to 407 miles an hour.

From this point of view men have become as gods. They have devised machines and discovered technical methods that are amply adequate to produce all the health, wealth, beauty and leisure that the most insatiable of them could desire.

But this is only one side of the picture. To our astonishment we find ourselves individuals in a poverty-stricken world. Economy in every direction is forced upon us. In spite of the squalor of our towns—in London alone 100,000 people live in artificially-lit, over-crowded and unhealthy basements, where the fresh air never enters, and which are liable to floods from the Fleet River and other sewers—we have vast steel works and millions of people paralysed into immobility.

Outside the erstwhile secure classes, we see millions of people—about a quarter of our workers—living without work or hope in helpless poverty.

And these appalling conditions repeat themselves in all industrial countries.

We may define Communal Waste as *human effort spent without adequate satisfaction to the individual or benefit to the community*.

Enforced unemployment is such a waste.

Medical, educational and economic facilities are wholly inadequate to allow more than a fraction of those born to come to anything like full development of bodily and mental functions.

Vast areas of land are subject to recurrent and avoidable floods.

Besides breeding criminals, we fashion them from excellent citizens.

We waste immense activity in betting, sweepstakes, dog-racing . . . and other soporifics. Innumerable vested interests (including trade unions and most associations of professional men) hold up socially valuable services.

Liquidations, bankruptcies and cyclical monetary depressions are commonplace.

Free discussion of matters vital to the community is suppressed.

The savings of the thrifty are squandered and annexed by financiers and their satellites.

We permit the buying up and suppression of patents which would disturb manufacturers' profit-making programmes.

Our thousands of railway trucks run usefully for less than 3 per cent. of their 17 years of life.

Outside Sheffield, in one of the largest industrial districts of the world, 50 million cubic feet of coke oven gas—enough to heat all North London—burn to waste every 24 hours.

Since the war we have spent £300 million in improving our shipping. Two hundred millions' worth of this shipping now lies idle in our creeks and estuaries!

Our 2¼ million unemployed (1933), if allowed to work at the average rate of productivity of the English worker, could produce for themselves and the community £500 millions of additional wealth each year, instead of costing at least £100 million.

THE FIG TREE

THE DECEMBER ISSUE, JUST OUT

contains an important article by G. F. POWELL reviewing the Alberta situation.

GEORGE HICKLING draws the veil from the machinations of the Bank of England, which he calls the "Crisis Factory."

A remarkable analysis of the events that have precipitated the present world condition, from the graphic pen of Miss D. E. FAULKNER JONES, should be read by everyone.

Other notable contributions are from "A.B.C." ARTHUR BRENTON, A. W. COLEMAN, G. W. L. DAY, ARTHUR WELFORD, C. G. DOBBS, HILDERIC COUSENS, GRISELDA COCHRANE-SHANKS, TOM DIXON, PHILIP McDEVITT, and EDWARD P. KAYE.

Post free, 3s. 6d. from the Publishers, The Social Credit Secretariat, Limited, 163a Strand, London, W.C.2.



THE FREEDOM OF THE PRESS

Hannen Swaffer Tells The Truth

THE gradual whittling down of our liberties in every direction is agitating the best minds of all professions, with the Lord Chief Justice as prime exemplar. No channel where expression could possibly be free has escaped the attentions of those who would muzzle us, and at present undergoing "treatment" is the Press.

Mercifully, this widespread deterioration is relieved here and there by bold spirits who rise in protest, at their own peril let us recognise, for no public man can oppose the remorseless advance of Authority without coercive risk to his own position.

However, we are not entirely without champions, though they are getting rarer. A short time ago, Lord Hewart, a bonny fighter, earned the gratitude of all men by his exposure of the subtle nibbling away by Authority of our constitutional rights. To-day, a new knight enters the lists—Hannen Swaffer, distinguished and fearless journalist, who surveys the wreckage of his profession after 36 years in Fleet Street and is whipping his colleagues of the newspaper world into seeing that even the limited freedom which the Press once enjoyed is being filched away, stolen from under their noses, and with their own acquiescence.

Swaffer began his campaign a few weeks ago, when he wrote in his weekly article in the *World's Press News*:

"When, twenty years ago, the War ended, journalism was respected in the land. To-day it is discredited.

"Twenty years ago, advertisers were merely people who paid for space. Now, to a degree that is unbelievable, they dictate newspaper policy.

"Twenty years ago, circulation managers had to sell the paper or get out. To-day, in many offices, they tell the Editor what he ought to put in.

"Twenty years ago, newspapers had considerable influence on public policy. Today, cap in hand, some proprietors actually go down to Downing Street to take instructions!

"Twenty years ago, there were no 'musts' that I remember. Now, there are theatres you must praise, and theatres you must not praise.

"Then, as for book reviewing, it is so much run by advertising that even the Duke of Kent has, in a public speech, laughed at the new geniuses discovered every week by the Sunday newspapers!"

Growing Pressure

Then, he deplores the reactionary legislation which the Press did little to prevent.

"Three things are our bulwark — a free Press, the jury system and Parliament. When they go, all goes. . .

"We have allowed to pass an Official Secrets Act and a Seditious Act, both intended to muzzle our activities.

"I remember publicly protesting at the time. Indeed, I once shared an Anti-Seditious Bill platform with the Bishop of Birmingham, H. C. Wells and

J. B. Priestley, protesting that, were the Bill passed, I could be sent to gaol for printing, then, some of the earlier pamphlets by Ramsay MacDonald, Prime Minister when I was speaking—if a soldier read one!

"But I do not remember that any other newspaper man raised much of a fuss.

"And, when we complain that over-severe libel laws place us at the mercy of any snide lawyer, eager to egg on people whose damages will pay his costs, Members of Parliament merely smile. . . We have only attacked the small people in the back streets, you see, and flattered the big grafters in the high places."

Press Apathy

As might be expected, all this, and much more that went with it, was received coldly in Fleet Street, but Swaffer stuck to his guns in the *World's Press News*. Then an opportunity occurred, at a recent literary luncheon at Foyles, of addressing a wider audience, for these gatherings are invariably well reported. He said:

"When, 36 years ago, I arrived in Fleet Street, I used to see in Ludgate Circus a statue to a man who did more to win for the Press its freedom than any other Englishman.

"It was John Wilkes, who insisted that newspapers should have the right to report Parliamentary proceedings. A few years ago, they moved that statue from Ludgate Circus to down somewhere near Bedlam.

"You see, the freedom which was won by John Wilkes has been thrown away by the Press itself. . .

"I want to state that, to-day, some newspapers are run by nit-wit proprietors who are bossed by their cash registers, who are dominated by advertisers, who have no regard for anything except the profit they make out of their business.

"You don't have to muzzle them. They muzzle themselves.

"As for the freedom Wilkes won for them, they even cut Parliamentary reports according to their own political point of view. It isn't fair. It isn't Truth.

"Sir John Simon said no pressure is being brought to bear upon the Press. There is pressure of every kind."

Concocting "Wishful" News

"My friend Beverley Baxter, who wants the good news printed, said that, when he opens the papers in the morning and reads the bad news, he goes back to bed. I believe he goes back to sleep!

"You see, the news isn't good. Advertisers would like it to be good. Advertisers would like us all to print, now, that the Christmas trade is good. *You know it isn't good.* What's the use of kidding people?"

"It isn't good in the black areas of England. I'll tell you what it's like. You don't read about it in the West End.

"A few days before the abdication of Edward VIII, I accompanied him on his tour of South Wales. We got to Merthyr. Outside the medical clinic, a broken-down building which would shame any civilisation, there were gathered all the Old Contemptibles, still alive in Merthyr, all the surviving men who, in August, 1914, went out to make England 'a land fit for heroes,' and to 'keep the world safe for democracy.'

"All the 25 survivors were there, and all 25 were unemployed! They had all been unemployed for five years, and some of them for ten! And, under the present system, none of them will ever work again!

"If you want good news in the paper, make it good! Improve the world! Don't dope it!"

Birth of a New Order

Turning to the future, Swaffer declared his faith in a better order of things to issue from present stresses and strains all over the world.

"While I am talking to you," he said, "a new world is being born. It is going to be a different kind of world altogether. It is going to be a world in which the bounty of the harvests is shared by all. It is going to be an age of leisure instead of an age of unemployment. It is going to be fit for our children to live in.

"Yet there are other people who don't want that world. There are vested interests of all kinds that would stop the birth of that world, if they could.

"I am here to-day to ask you to welcome the birth of that world.

"Hitler can try and stop it. Mussolini can try and stop it. All the forces of Hell can try and stop it. *But it will be born.*

"Man is not a body. Man is a spirit. He is here to evolve a personality, to become a self-expressing individual, an individual expressing something that is eternal. Only under liberty can that self-expression be possible.

"A free Press could help to hasten the coming of the New Order. The present Press is muzzled. Journalists work in chains.

"It is for that reason that, risking my own future, all over this country, in print, and on the platform, I expose newspaper lies." R.L.P.

Christmas Always !

CHRISTMAS is an annual rehearsal of the play that will be enacted on the world stage when the Social Credit dispensation arrives. Father Christmas will come down the chimney every week. The Father Christmas on whom we all, as children, centred our hopes (and sometimes fears about his making mistakes!) was rather hampered in his good work. On the whole he avoided the fault of using his power of filling stockings to correct the behaviour of us children. We never really believed our parents when they warned us: "If you are naughty Father Christmas won't bring you anything." No; by intuition we youngsters knew the old gentleman better than our parents did. Which is mystery when you come to think of it. Yet not altogether so, because those of us who now know how the stockings get filled up because we are awake while our children are asleep, know that on Christmas Eve their sins are forgiven and forgotten. Each little toy is a token of absolution. And in our own childhood we sensed this. It is as if something told us that, however naughty we were, our sins would not count against us on the night. And on Christmas morn-

ing we often received confirmation of our faith. For did not our parents often say: "You don't deserve to get such nice toys; and you must be good children in future to show your thanks to Father Christmas."? Yes, we knew that the old gentleman wasn't a moralist, although some of us may have thought it curious that he gave the more expensive presents to the children of better-off parents. And if we thought that those children were not so well-behaved as we were, well, that would only give us the impression that the old gentleman was inclined to reward sins rather than punish them. Maybe he would have brought also to us bicycles instead of clockwork engines if we had lived in larger houses with wider chimneys. You couldn't expect him to haul big presents through little holes, could you? But one thing never entered our minds, and that was the idea that Father Christmas could be short of the means of getting in his stock of presents from the place (where was it?) where he loaded his sledges. No: we had to wait until we grew up and became Father Christmases before encountering that dismal fact. Yes, and how miserable most parents would have

been had not their children enjoyed their cheap toys just as much as others their expensive toys. They were immune from the envy that their parents secretly felt on their behalf.

Well, the National Dividend is going to straighten all these matters out. It is going to fill the stockings of parents with tokens of emancipation from scarcity. Then watch out! You'll see Father Christmas excel himself on Christmas Eve. And, what is infinitely more important, you'll feel the spirit of Father Christmas vitalising human relationships all the year round. Just as man bears "the image of God" so will he be "clothed upon" with those attributes of God ordained to be made manifest by him in his temporal life. For when no man's survival threatens that of any other man, the era of Peace and Good Will is established on unassailable foundations.

"All the best" is a jolly toast that will be drunk all over the land. But the toast can be appropriately modified by members of the Social Credit Order. When we raise our glasses to each other let us say: "Here's to the Best of All." A.B.

Tax-Gatherers Kill Another Man

AT the inquest on George Nicoll, the jockey, who was found gassed at Newmarket, it was stated that he had been very much worried owing to financial embarrassment, and particularly owing to claims made upon him for income tax. He had been pressed for arrears of income tax.

Here was a man who, having had to give up a riding job owing to the international crisis of September, and having been unable to earn anything since, was virtually hounded to death by the agents of those same financiers, who, by their tyrannous methods cloaked behind the law, are squeezing the pockets of the people tighter and tighter.

And all for what? Simply to pay the interest on the National Debt, seven-eighths of which was created by the banks, which were on such a shifty foundation that they had to close their doors for three days in August, 1914. It is not for nothing that the year's collection of income tax is almost exactly equal to the annual

budget interest charges on the National Debt.

In a world which can give us all plenty of the good things we need, without the necessity of a sacrifice from anyone, taxation is not required at all. But when the tax *must* be paid not in what we make, but in money, the right of making which is vested in the hands of a few international forgers and counterfeiters, then it is doubly criminal.

Taxation has caused the death of George Nicoll, a young man scarcely over the threshold of life; it has caused, and will cause, the deaths of many others. It is causing terror, worry and trouble to hundreds of thousands of the living, and is lying in wait for thousands yet unborn.

And it exists for no reason whatever except that it enables you to be kept in such a state of misery and fright that you will not dare assert your "I," and insist that you shall have your taxes removed and replaced by a share of all that you see in the shops, in the streets, and in the fields.

In the present-day world there is no need for any taxation at all. Screw your courage to the sticking point, and get out after these tax-gatherers and their vicious system. See that the system of plenty for all which YOU want is brought into force straight away, before death and destruction come among us as the result of the present system of restriction and tyranny.

SOCIAL CREDIT CENTRE

163A, Strand, London, W.C.2

Thursday, January 5

8 p.m.

Address by

Mr. Brian Reed

on

"Social Credit and the Press"

Budding Realist

"D'ye believe in the de'il, Jim?" asked Mary, aged five.

"Na," replied Jim, a year older, "it's juist like Santa Claus, it's yer feyther."

ON THIS EARTH —

The Earth's Rotation

IT used to be a saying that it was love that made the world go round. We have changed all that. Fear, with every form of its intensive exploitation, has taken its place. There is £20,000,000 going to be spent on air-raid shelters, and if we were in deadly earnest about it, what more natural than the steel companies, out of sheer love of country, offering to do the job for nothing—or a shilling a day—the soldier's pay? The *Star* tells me (and I only read the papers to use them) that "A.R.P. Plan sends up Steel Shares." And if you like to think it, this is the best of all possible worlds; of course, you might be able to visualise a better one in a state of coma—let alone one when armed with the simple truths of Social Credit.

Sport

Providence has given the newspapers a fall of snow to play with. The placards, never intended for intelligent people, have risen to the height of some back-yard gossip over the garden-wall by two old women of ninety. Good luck to football—there is plenty of room for it—better than chasing a deer or drawing a badger; but the *Star's* information about Saturday's (December 24) football and the snow is really enlightening. Here are a few extracts:—

"West Ham, for instance, always have on hand throughout the year, some twenty tons of seawashed sand.

"In all doubtful weather, this is applied to the worn parts of the pitch.

"Granulated peat is invariably a dressing for the goalmouths.

"No one at West Ham minds an inch or two of snow.

"If by any chance this amount of snow falls on Saturday morning, then West Ham officials will either clear the lines or red-ochre them.

"In case the expected thaw does not materialise, a small army of workmen will be busy, by the light of flares, throughout to-morrow up to a late hour, safeguarding Saturday's pitch.

"The Arsenal also use sand and peat-moss," said Mr. Allison.

"Sand on top of peat-moss will not freeze, and in the event of a thaw, the moisture is absorbed by it."

"The Arsenal ground by the way, has a good grass carpet on the four corners.

"The worn patches are treated with this mixture of sand and peat-moss."

• • •

And, no doubt, if central heating were necessary, it could be had for the asking. There are a few thousand readers of this paper who will not be satisfied with anything less than plenty for a free and full life. The same care can easily be applied to the science of living as that applied to the preparation of a field for a game of football, unless we are congenital idiots and accept the gospel according to Mr. Montagu Norman and his Apostles.

"Business as Usual. Good Solid Christmas Cheer."—*The Financial News* placard. "Steel and A.R.P. Big Government Plans."

The Shop Window

Of the Kinross and West Perthshire by-election we are told that out of a total of 31,154, 65.3 per cent. of the electorate recorded their votes.

That is, only 22,303 electors thought they saw in the shop window something they might like to buy if they had the money. We wonder if either candidate had anything to say on a freer "economy, National Dividends or Pensions at Fifty"! And echo answers wonder.

Joke

You can't eat steel, but you must know the following:—

"Iron and steel shares showed rises ranging from 6d. to 1s. 6d. on the Stock Exchange to-day, following the announcement yesterday of the Government's £20,000,000 A.R.P. plan, which includes the provision of steel shelters for citizens.

"Demand for steel for the shelters will help considerably to fill the gap caused by recession in the ordinary industrial demand, and with lower prices now in force steel makers are looking forward to much busier times in the New Year."

It's fear that makes the world go round, and steel that prevents it from falling to pieces. Economics—a subject for derision. Economics—a tinkering with effects—with the causes only just emerging from obscurity—but Social Crediters will see that these causes never again disappear now that they are known.

NICHOLAS MERE.

Mr. DUFF COOPER SHEDS A LIGHT

IT is possible to abolish poverty and slavery in the modern world not by old-fashioned theories of Socialism but by modern methods of production. Technical knowledge provides the key to improved conditions. Owing to the inventions of science, man can now produce all that he needs in abundance, without working for hours and in conditions which render life intolerable.

Aristotle wrote that slavery must continue unless machinery could do the work of the slave. That machinery has been invented, and its invention should prove the true charter of liberty.

Thus Mr. A. Duff Cooper, ex-Minister for War, in the *Evening Standard* of December 20. He was reviewing Count Richard Coudenhove-Kalergi's book, "The Totalitarian State Against Man," the main thesis of which he summed up thus:

The State was made by man as an instrument for his own protection and development. Without the advantages that the State provides man can-

not hope to reach his full stature. The object and purpose of the State is the production of the highest type of individual.

False doctrine has led man to mistake what is really a means to a certain end for the end itself. As so often in the past man has come to worship his own handicap, to make a master out of what was designed to be a servant, to set up the State as something holy and worshipful and to sacrifice himself and his fellows at the altar of this new idolatry.

The author does not underrate the importance of the State, but he insists upon the limits of that importance. It is not at the perfect State that we should aim but at the perfect human being and because the Totalitarian State cramps and confines the growth and liberty of human beings, it is the enemy of the highest hopes of civilisation.

How well this puts the philosophy of SOCIAL CREDIT! And that it should now

be echoed with all the publicity commanded by Mr. Duff Cooper is a hopeful sign of the times.

Truly, Aristotle saw far. It is probably because the eyes of the world have been used so long to the darkness of slavery that they are not yet accustomed to the bright light of the freedom which machinery has at last made theirs.

But, patience; eyes are blinking; the shapes of freedom's possibilities are beginning to appear.

Oh, Mr. Duff Cooper, what have you seen? Do not let the open dictatorships of the Totalitarian States delude you into acceptance of the hidden dictatorships of money under which we of the Democracies are denied access to the bounty of machinery. Forget the Continental dictators; seek out those who operate from the City of London; help to release the stemmed-up flood of plenty without which the State is an obstruction to freedom, but with which man can at last "hope to reach his full stature."

“Paupers Plus Pineapple!”

By David Jackson

“It is hard to be poor without murmuring, but it is harder to be in authority without arrogance.”—Chinese Proverb.

“YOU are always prating about the poor. What do you know about them? Listen, I can tell you a few things about that subject. My father, who was a minister, had the job of distributing charity tickets for groceries.

“The people I’ve seen at our house!

“Why, I can tell you things about these ‘poor.’ Some of them are a jolly sight better off than most people. They get stuff here and stuff there, and with it all they live in idleness and luxury.

“I remember a particularly insolent specimen who came to our house for some tickets. At the stores he refused to accept the things the grocer had been authorised to supply him—bread or potatoes. He actually demanded — you’d scarcely believe it, of all things—salmon and pineapple!

“Of course, the grocer refused to supply.

“Well, this man was so extremely insolent, he came back to my father and insisted that he was entitled to get anything he wanted. He was most rude. He had absolutely no sense of his position.

“He took the idiotic line that it made no difference to my father or the grocer in what he cashed his tickets. So long as he did not exceed their face value he said that he ought to be able to do as he liked. The money for the tickets was not being found by my father or the grocer, so why shouldn’t he have his own way?

“He was soon undeceived. The grocer had gone precisely as he had been instructed, said my father. What on earth were things coming to when a pauper could go about ordering respectable people what they should do!

“Under no circumstances would he agree to this monstrous demand. The very idea! Salmon and pineapple! It’s incredible, but it was as much as we could do to get this offensive pauper out of our house. It was only when we threatened him with the police that he would go.

“That’s the sort of attitude you get from the poor. Why, this scallywag must have had any amount of stuff like bread and potatoes. So he just thought he would try it on and bully people into giving him—imagine—the cheek—salmon and pineapple!”

The speaker was the stout lady proprietress of a teashop. She was addressing a coterie of her regular patrons. But among them was a stranger. He looked fixedly

at her for a while, and said, “I entirely agree with you, Mrs. Brady. Your views on this matter do you credit. I am delighted to know that your father was a man of stamina, and refused to be intimidated by this scoundrel. I wonder if we even realise the importance of this matter. In these times, with so much agitation going on amongst the lower orders, had he acceded he would have been playing right into the hands of the disrupters of society.

“Things are bad enough, Lord knows, but when it comes to charity-supported paupers demanding salmon and pineapple, well, it’s high time to call a halt. Your father was a noble-minded gentleman. He performed an act of loyal citizenship. Why, he was a hero! He should have been publicly acclaimed.

“I can picture the scene. The polished furniture of a comfortable room gleaming in the lamplight. Your father astride the hearth. His eyes flashing righteous indignation, confronting the insolent and miserable pauper.”

Mrs. Brady listened to this with mixed feelings. At first her face was wreathed in smiles. She was accustomed to ready acceptance of her much-advertised views. But she became strangely uneasy. Was it possible that this individual was perpetrating some new kind of sarcasm?

“It’s a horrible thing to contemplate,” the stranger continued. “Imagine it; the wretched brats of this insolent pauper seated at a table gorging themselves on delicacies like salmon and pineapple. Why, it is too horrible to think about!

“To-day it is doubly necessary to be on the alert against such insidious corruptions in our social fabric. We may hear a lot

about the idle rich and their champagne and caviar. But who ever heard of paupers with salmon and pineapple?”

Turning to Mrs. Brady with a disarming smile, the stranger said: “I wonder if I might presume to ask you a sort of personal question. I daresay that your own children, Mrs. Brady, have frequently eaten salmon and pineapple?”

Now indeed Mrs. Brady began to suspect something. She turned on the stranger with venom. “Are you presuming to compare MY children,” she cried, “with those of an insolent and wretched pauper who doesn’t know his right place? Why, the comparison is monstrous. It is an outrage.”

“Well, well,” was the rejoinder, “I see your point of view precisely. But I was thinking of the words that I believe are to be found in a publication with which, as your father was a minister, you have no doubt some familiarity—the Bible—which says, ‘In the sight of God we are all equal.’ Surely, if that is so, and we have the authority of the Bible itself that it is, it should follow as a logical conclusion that we should be equal in the sight of each other.”

Mrs. Brady was a picture of torment. The stranger continued smoothly amidst an uneasy silence. “Charles Dickens was a gifted social reformer. You remember the prosecuting counsel in the case *Bardell versus Pickwick*, Buzz-Fuzz, who proclaimed, ‘Gentlemen, what does this mean? Chops! and, gracious Heavens! Tomato sauce! Shall the confidences of a confiding and sensitive female be trifled away by such shallow artifices as these?’

“To me, friends, the picture of outraged Buzz-Fuzz, with his ‘Chops! and, gracious Heavens! Tomato sauce!’ will now never be the same again. In place of it I must put Mrs. Brady, with ‘Paupers! Gracious Heavens!! Salmon and pineapple!!!’”

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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.

DARLINGTON. Residents' enquiries welcomed through Mr. J. W. Jennings, 1, Bracken Road.

DERBY S.C. Association. Meetings are held fortnightly (Tuesdays) at the "Unity Hall," Room 14, at 7.45 p.m. Next meeting, January 10. "United Social Club" cater for refreshments to all bona fide members of S.C. Association.

GUERNSEY. Persons interested in Social Credit are requested to communicate with Mr. H. McTaggart, "Sherwood," Mount Row, St. Peter Port.

THE Liverpool Social Credit Forum, an autonomous local group, is prepared to arrange for speakers to address meetings on Social Credit and will welcome enquiries regarding other activities in the Social Credit Crusade. Address communications to F. H. Auger, "Malvern," Corbridge Road, Liverpool, 16.

LONDON RESIDENTS AND VISITORS are welcome at the Social Credit Rendezvous, 163A, Strand, W.C.2 (entrance in Strand Lane, close to Aldwych Station). Open meeting: Thursdays, at 8 p.m.

January 5
Speaker, Mr. Brian Reed
"Social Credit and the Press."
All visitors welcome.

PORTSMOUTH D.S.C. Group. Weekly meetings every Thursday at 8 p.m., 16, Ursula Grove, Elm Grove, Southsea.

SOUTHAMPTON Group. Please note that the Headquarters have been removed to 8, CRANBURY PLACE, SOUTHAMPTON. Tuesday meetings are postponed temporarily. Members please call to see the new and more advantageously-situated premises.

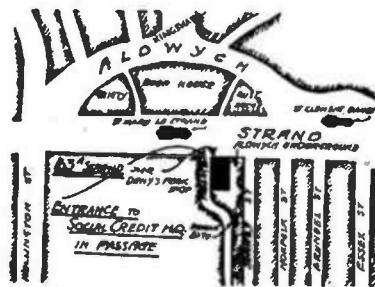
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TYNESIDE Social Credit Society invite co-operation to establish a local centre for Social Credit action in all its aspects. Apply, W. L. Page, 74-6, High West Street, Gateshead.

WALLASEY Social Credit Association. Enquiries welcomed by Hon. Sec., 2, Empress Road, Wallasey.

MEETINGS FOR WOMEN AT THE CENTRE Particulars in January 6 Issue

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Address

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(Page 5, Social Credit, October 7)

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