

# THE SOCIAL CREDITER

## FOR POLITICAL AND ECONOMIC REALISM

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## THE TURN OF THE SCREW

By B. M. PALMER

I am writing during the first week in June, at a time when there is a decided lull in what seemed to be a gathering storm, and as I look at the wondrous beauty of the English country-side, with the trees in all the splendour of early summer, everything tempts me to forget what happened during the first months of 1939.

This is a temptation that must be resisted. Those who are in control of international finance and who wish to bend the English to their will, count on our short memories even more than on our submission to regimentation.

These lulls, therefore, are useful to them. But let us use the interval to assess the progress that has been made towards Sovietisation, always, of course, under the given impression that we are progressing towards liberty.

I'll begin by reminding you of a leader in the *Evening Standard* for March 17, from which I have copied the following extract:—

"None in this country doubt that Britain is resolved to defend her liberties with the same spirit and success which we have always achieved

in the past. The first need of the moment is to give expression to that resolve. It can only be done by the announcement of the British Government of a plan for national conscription . . . By this means we will tell both enemies and friends that British freedom will never perish from the earth."

It was in such a smoke-screen of hysterical and lying nonsense that the first step was taken towards the objective of the complete conscription of life. To do the people justice I don't think many were impressed by this article. I believe the leader page has fewer readers than any other of these "popular" papers. The ordinary citizen is not much concerned with freedom in the abstract. He only understands it instinctively, and at the moment his instincts are half petrified by the alternative lulls and crises he has been called upon to endure.

Conscription was put over so easily because it was only applied to a small and comparatively docile section of the people. Older men, in their relief that something was to be done without call upon themselves for more sacrifices, let the thing go through without considering what is meant. The screw was turned gently. But it has been turned. This means that it will be easier *next time* to conscript a larger class; possibly women too may be pressed for some form of national service.

We ought to have made quite certain that, though conscription might be necessary for war-time it must be a strictly temporary measure. We should have demanded the power to get our liberties back when we wanted them. Yet not one of our "democratic" M.P.'s

was ready to put this view forward, not even the Labour party, who are supposed to have consented to conscription only as the gravest necessity.

The fact is that this party has another fish to fry. Their part is to complete the conscription of wealth. Once more it is intended to begin with a small class; those with more than £20,000, said Mr. Pethick Lawrence in his recent broadcast, though he did not make it clear whether he meant £20,000 of capital or income. But this is no matter. If conscription of wealth be accepted as a principle of government, it will be easy to extend it later, just as it will be easy to extend conscription of life.

The technique the Labour Party adopt is to set the poor against the rich, under the pretence that there is not enough to go round, though, of course, they know this is a lie.

Hugh Dalton based his speech in the House on "Why should they have cake when the poor haven't enough bread?" Pethick Lawrence has another lever. He asked why all these young men should be conscripted, when "the rich" were not asked to make sacrifices? In a speech full of "inaccuracies," among them the statement that it was possible to finance rearmament out of "savings," he did his best to make us believe that a conscription of wealth would help the poor, although he knows very well that the bankers and insurance companies would buy up at low rates most of the property, thus centralising power in their own hands, under the screen of Socialism.

Major Attlee, Hugh Dalton and

### On Other Pages

Douglas and Democracy

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Fantasia on the Theme  
of War

Milk Marketing Board

Pethick Lawrence are thus detailed to make an attack on property via the capital levy, by setting the poor against the rich.

Another attack on property has been proceeding ever since last September, through the various Billeting schemes, which are designed to show us that we own nothing, and have no real rights of any sort. What sort of a voluntary scheme is that which can be made compulsory at a moment's notice? For it has been stated by Walter Elliott that householders could finally be forced to come into line. It was easy at first to pretend that all the opposition came from the rich who did not like to "give up their homes to the poor children." The truth was that the most inarticulate and neglected "class" in the nation, the poorer country folk, who live for the most part in inconvenient cottages, were seething with anxiety and a fury of discontent. This "class" numbers less than eight million; they are scattered and disunited. Their just complaints concerning the insanitary conditions that would prevail in villages crowded with refugees, without proper water supply, medical attention or drainage, would have been completely ignored, had it not been for the prompt action of the United Ratepayers, who organised the demand for camps. A few camps have been promised, but not nearly enough. The country people have since been subjected to a wearing-down process on the part of impudent

bureaucrats, as witness the letter which was published in this paper on June 3.

It is only during the last few weeks that the townsfolk have realised that the billeting scheme is also a menace to their own property and family life, and they have shewn it by the boycott (unorganised of course) which London mothers have adopted towards the L.C.C., evacuation scheme.

"Fifty thousand mothers of children under five refuse to register for evacuation in wartime—which shows that fifty thousand mothers can be wrong.

"They feel an instinctive desire to be around to keep the home together...

"The evacuation plans are being drawn up with an eye to the general safety and the greatest efficiency. They must not be put out of joint by the refusal of one section to join in.

"If necessary, non-essential non-combatants should be compelled to withdraw to safe areas."

It is hoped that we have forgotten that the countryfolk dislike the scheme, when it is stated that "one section refuses to join in." The truth is that both the billetters and the billetees detest everything connected with it, because it is an attack on home life. Their minds have not yet fully apprehended this fact, but their instincts are aroused, and fully aroused. The instinct for home making is the strongest of all the English national traits, and it will take some time to destroy it.

These fifty thousand mothers that the *Daily Mail* dares to call mistaken are instinctively right.

They don't want to leave their husbands, to leave their property, perhaps only a little poor furniture in a couple of rooms, but still "home"; they don't want to be separated from older children, from "granny" and the "aunties." There are just two realities in life to them—strong family affection and their homes. They are being asked to give up both, and for what? They are given nothing in place except a problematical safety, patriotism, service to the state and other 'high falutin' things which mean nothing to them.

Their instincts tell them that it would be better to risk death and disaster together with those they love, than to live on after they have lost all that gives life any meaning.

They are afraid that if the family is once broken up it will never be reunited. Travelling about in wartime would be almost impossible—how could they ever meet husband or elder children? How do they know their husbands will continue to send them money to supplement the 5/- a week which is all the Government will grant? Suppose there was "another woman" as there might be when the general slackening of family ties due to the general migration began?

All this, as I say, is felt instinctively by the fifty thousand mothers. Their instincts are right, but because they find it difficult to explain, even to themselves, their refusal to register, they will be called apathetic, unpatriotic, and an attempt will be made at compulsion.

Having coerced the country-folk, the next step is to coerce the poorer town-dwellers. One class at a time—the turn of the screw.

Here are two pathetic letters which were tucked into a corner of the *Daily Herald*, in very small type:

"All this conscription business gets me down. Mothers who lost husbands in the last war and after are having to give up their sons and their homes. Why not do two or three nights' military training each week and not upset their careers."—*Elder Sister, Bedford.*

"Out of 17s. a week allowance, how is the wife or mother of a man called up going to pay 15s. rent, 5s. rates—and live? We have an obligation towards all Service men to keep the homes open, as well as the jobs."—

*A.M., Canterbury.*

What these poor women don't yet realise is that those who are organising the preparations for war do not care what happens to the people's homes. They may say that they support democracy, and that the Englishman's home is his castle, but all their actions give the lie to their words.

It is not what a man says or intends, but what he does that counts. When one thing after another is done to take away the people's liberty, first by attempting to break up home life, then by conscription in peace time, and finally by a threatened attack on the property of all classes there is only one name for it—Sovietisation.

You will be asked what other scheme you have to suggest in place (continued on page 11)

## To Meet You

Mrs. Palmer will be glad to welcome friends on Wednesday afternoons from 3—5 p.m., and at other times by appointment at—

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## NEWS AND VIEWS

*Supply Ministry*

In moving the second reading of the Ministry of Supply Bill, Mr. Burgin pointed out that the two most exceptional powers voted to the Minister enabled him to call up a civilian manufacturer to give Government work priority, and as a consequence power to cause a manufacturer to accept an order, carry out the work or deliver the goods as the case might be.

These 'exceptional powers' amount to a virtual dictatorship over trade. No more freedom of choice for the manufacturer; he must toe the line—to whom? To the elector? Firstly, he is an elector himself, forcing himself to abandon his choice of making shoe-buckles or knapsack buckles. Secondly, where is his security (as an elector) that such powers used on him as a manufacturer will not be used to secure ends which he does not want as an elector?

*Trade War*

Mr. R. S. Hudson, Secretary of State for Overseas Trade, said recently that he had been "extremely encouraged" by reports of growing complaints about German commercial methods, deliveries getting worse and worse and the deteriorating quality of German merchandise.

- (a) If this statement is true it implies a condition of strain in Germany which, unless relieved by some reasonable treatment by the owners of raw materials will probably sweep out in armed force. It is not a source of 'encouragement.'
- (b) If the statement is mistaken it is unfortunately propagandist in tone and will aggravate relations between this country and Germany.

*Birmingham Rent Strike*

The tenants of council houses in Birmingham who are on rent strike for the removal of differential rates which have recently been introduced, suggested that a referend-

um should be held, all citizens in Birmingham voting for or against the City Council's rent scheme. They also propose that an independent committee of three should investigate the scheme.

The Council rejected these proposals by 60 votes to 20.

As the *Birmingham Evening Dispatch* points out, the citizens of Birmingham are the landlords, and the introduction by their own elected representatives of this new and unfair scheme without the authority of the landlord and flatly against the wishes of the tenants is open dictatorship. The tenants are not giving way—the strike continues.

*Pity the poor target*

All Government departments are to be given the right to talk to Britain's millions at any time they choose, and their manuscripts will not have to be submitted to the B.B.C., for approval. It is planned to link up the Government talks with the Empire Broadcasting System, so that the whole Empire can be in constant contact with Government officials.

*Montreal Overdraft*

The city of Montreal has an overdraft of £8 millions, and the managers of the Bank of Montreal, the Royal Bank of Canada and the Banque Canadienne Nationale have refused further credits.

Threats from the managers to put in a small body of competent men to "rehabilitate the city's finances" should be countered by pressure from the citizens, on whom the increased rates will recoil, anyway.

*No Jelly*

At the Congress of Associated Countrywomen, Mrs. Crowley, of South Australia, said it was not true that all the farmers in Australia owned their own land. "To a great extent," she said, "the farms are owned by the banks.

"Some farmers even have to show their bank managers their

grocery list for the week and ask if they can buy all the things on it.

"The managers sometimes said: 'No, you have a jelly on this list and that is a luxury. You must knock it off.'"

## Our "Free" (for whom?) Press

The following paragraph appeared in the *Daily Telegraph* of June 6:

In spite of Alberta's financial situation having suffered under Mr. Aberhart's Social Credit Administration and Government House being closed, nominally on the score of economy, the dinner was far from frugal. It included, I hear, the tour's most elaborate wine list.

It was ironic that Mr. Aberhart and Mr. Bowen had to join forces at the dinner and elsewhere throughout the day. Normally they are at daggers drawn. They have been so ever since Mr. Bowen, who is a former Baptist minister and Army chaplain, opposed the Aberhart Government's more mad-cap schemes.

We suggest that news and views should be clearly labelled:

- (a) The total provincial debt in Alberta has only increased by a few thousand dollars since the present Government has been in power in contrast to extremely heavy increase in debt in other more "orthodox" provinces.
- (b) *Madcap* schemes?

## Madame Tabouis

Following the absorption of the *Sunday Referee* into the *Sunday Chronicle* last Sunday, *Sunday Dispatch* posters on the streets declared that "Now Madame Tabouis Writes for Us."

Madame Tabouis, political correspondent of a French National daily paper, is said to have affiliations with Soviet Russia.

Speaking recently in London on "The Future of Europe" she said that military action or inaction was equally dangerous to Herr Hitler. His only hope of salvation lay in the contemplation of a policy of peaceful absorption of States which would bring the materials he was *unable to obtain through lack of currency* and on which the moral of his people depended. He could only be saved if the democracies were still willing to allow him to blackmail them. Until France, Britain, and Russia signed a pact of mutual assistance the peace coalition would be inoperative.

# DOUGLAS AND DEMOCRACY

## A TASMANIAN SPEAKS HIS MIND

*The fundamental conceptions of true Democracy are to-day gaining expression in almost every country in the world, while the Social Credit Movement which is responsible for the presentation of these conceptions is now established as a powerful and vital fighting machine in all English speaking lands.*

*The issue before the peoples of the world is truly one of Democracy versus Dictatorship, but it is not, necessarily, an issue between the Totalitarian states and the so-called Democracies—such as Great Britain—for it is quite conceivable of a highly centralised administration that it should provide its community with the results desired by the people to a far greater extent than an administration supposedly giving effect to Democratic wants but actually committed to direction from financial or other vested interests. The major struggle of to-day is typified in the growing revolt against blind institutionalism; the struggle of the people to gain control of the institutions (not only parliamentary) which exist to serve them.*

*This is the modern war for true Democracy and it is obvious that the front line trenches are centred in the political systems of the world.*

*It is not surprising, therefore, to find a widespread belief in existence—and some sections of the Social Credit Movement itself are not yet free from it—that the followers of Major Douglas should band themselves together into political parties for the particular purpose of imposing a set of clearly defined financial proposals upon a system already rotting in the bright sun of economic reality.*

*The ideas underlying this belief were admirably dealt with recently in a letter written by a prominent Tasmanian democrat, extracts from which are published below.*

“The fight is ‘Man versus the Institution.’ Men have delegated their powers to institutions, and the men who have been given control of our institutions as the servants of the people have become our masters. The people, through various causes, have come to believe they can no longer control their own affairs, and can expect nothing from their own institutions but constant punishment.

That is one phase of institutionalism. Another phase is the machine-like nature of institutions, which gradually builds a routine or ritual or legal code which becomes sacrosanct, and to alter which tremendous forces are required.

Now, all large movements form themselves into organisations which ultimately become institutions, like the Labour Party, and which suffer from a common disease: namely, fatty degeneration of the heart.

The result is that if any real reform work is to be done it is done by individuals or by small minority groups of individuals and seldom by large organisations. Nothing is more pathetic than the large groups of men and women who, years ago, having seen some of the truths embodied in Socialism, Social Credit or Land Reform, consider that there is no more to be learned and that they have reached the ultimate truth.

Actually, the driving force for

reform is coming from small active minorities of men who are submitting themselves to the humiliating, but also invigorating, task of doing something, trying something. The experience gained by these small select groups takes two or three years before it can pass into the literature of the country and thence to the knowledge of those spectators who call themselves followers of Major Douglas, Karl Marx or Henry George.

The trouble with these self-styled followers is that they follow so far behind that it is impossible to call them to your assistance in times of need.

It may be said that it is dangerous to move too far ahead of the main army of followers; that is true provided the enemy is advancing. But our enemy is now on the defensive and retreating and we have no time to keep on arguing with those who are never near the firing line.

Our experience in Tasmania has proved that since we have drawn apart from all useless alliances and parties, and have relied on the merits of the actions of active workers we have strengthened ourselves a hundredfold. We have not the slightest desire to amalgamate with any party. Those who are sympathetic towards our aims are helping us at the present moment; that help is most encouraging and widespread. We have no desire to

barter this widespread support of active workers for some dubious political entanglement of a sectional nature.

Every man who stands for Parliament has every right to do so; and no man has been, or will be, opposed by us who complies with our policy as enunciated from time to time. And we have only one policy, that is, to help the people to get what they want. But the people must decide the issue, not the Party Bosses.

With a policy such as ours, it is manifestly insincere to fight on any issue where there is no popular demand behind it. Most people have their own ideas as to what that popular demand should be, and it therefore behoves them to conduct an educational campaign to elicit that demand. A demand will eventually crystallise out which will have the imprint of many hands.

The Electoral Campaign is a mechanism to help the people to maintain control over the policy of their representatives in Parliament and elsewhere; it also acts as a whip to keep those representatives attentive to their own electorate. It is obviously absurd to suggest that the executive of any Party, Social Credit or otherwise, should have any control over the Electoral Campaign.

The spectacle of professional politicians going about hawking whips for their own backs is a trifle

ludicrous, and it is apt to raise much speculation as to the genuineness of the whips offered for sale.

This criticism might appear harsh, but any political party which tries to run a party machine, and also a mechanism one of whose chief objectives is to destroy party machines, must stand accused of insincerity, and, moreover, it will encounter our emphatic repudiation. When Major Douglas repudiated the Social Credit Party in England he was forced to do so in order to maintain his own integrity . . .

And where we are fighting a mighty power like the financial institutions with its tentacles buried in every other institution in the land, and with powers over our environment never before known or understood, a frontal attack on the Financial Dictatorship means nothing short of civil war. The nature of the problem, therefore, is not financial or even political; it is more in the nature of a military problem.

As a small militant force, Electoral Campaigners cannot ally themselves with any party or sect. Their duty is to find out where there is a large force ready to take action and to help it and guide it to success. That force is a public opinion backed by a sufficient number of people who are so interested and determined to get what they want that they are prepared to put up a fight for it. Anything short of this is quite useless.

No one can be sure from day to day what turn public opinion will take—that is determined largely by time and place. To tie ourselves beforehand to fight for a certain thing at a certain time would be merely stupid."

## Americans

It's not worth getting angry about the propaganda circulated by a London agency.

Main allegation is that Russia is being financed by wicked Americans to promote a great war, after which the American capitalists would dominate an exhausted world.

But who, we wonder, is financing this curious twaddle?

—*John Bull*, May 27, 1939.

## BANANA-FARMERS

The age of miracles is not yet quite past. Actually the other day in the *Daily Telegraph*—that fortress of High Finance—appeared the news that the Royal Bank of Canada in Jamaica had taken up the entire issue of the £200,000 Government loan for the campaign against the leaf spot disease in bananas, the price paid being £102 3s. 0d., for the £100. stock. No mention was made of the rate of interest payable yearly.

The bald statement is the first occasion that it has been openly admitted that a bank has taken up the *entire issue* of a new public loan. Heretofore it has been the financial convention to advertise such loans to be open for public subscription between certain hours on a given date. The next day a second instalment of this convention would take the form of a news paragraph to the effect that the list was "opened" at 9 a.m. and "closed" at 9.5 a.m., implying that the "Public," had been so anxious to "get in on the ground floor" that the issue was "over-subscribed" in five minutes.

Doubtless in many cases not a penny was subscribed by a private individual, the entire issue being taken up by the financiers and the financial institutions "in the know." When the public did subscribe, it was a mere fraction of the total amount that they would take up, or that would be allotted to them.

With a monotony worthy of the cuckoo the Money Monopolists kept on denying the truth that "banks create the means of payment out of nothing" until the lie could no longer be justified in the face of social credit propaganda. In the same way the Money Monopolists kept on pretending that the public subscribed the bulk of the money for each new Government issue.

Thus a second fort guarding the Citadel of High Finance has at last capitulated to the army of social credit whose policy of "encirclement" must be giving headaches to the Hitlers within the walls of that Citadel.

A touch of humour, perhaps unconscious, pervades the figures of the premium of forty-three shillings per £100. These odd shillings

enable us to picture the conscientious actuary laboriously calculating with a nicety worthy of a better cause the precise number of pennies of profit he could squeeze out of those diseased bananas.

Force of circumstances may, of course, have driven the local bank to subscribe the entire issue. For even the dunderheaded "public" would not be likely to invest money in doctoring other people's bananas that had gone wrong. The bank naturally had to consider its overdrafts to the banana-farmers. Better to take up the entire issue at a premium, the bankers decided; for the premium as well as the capital sum would cost them nothing to create. Besides, both premium and capital could be cancelled in the sweet bye and bye, if necessary, without the public's knowing anything of it. Their taking up the entire issue was, of course, letting those wretched social crediters set their clumsy feet in a second fortalice. But otherwise the whole banana-growing population might go bankrupt were the leaf-spot pest permitted to nibble until even the interest on those precious overdrafts was eaten away. Moreover, taking up the whole issue at a premium showed how "generous" was the banking profession in the public's hour of need. "O God! O, Montreal!" as Samuel Butler said on another occasion.

WILLIAM BELL.

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## QUESTIONS

From what may be an excess of sensibility, a few of our readers have made it known that they distinguish between Little Tommy Tucker and his Jewish equivalent. This is rather unfair. The diminutive, familiar (and doubtless affectionate) form for Isaac is *Ikey* and, for Moses, *Mo*. But we are bidden not to use these expressions; doubtless for reasons of euphony, though one might have thought the rule, neglected but good, 'While in Britain, do as the Britons do' just as sound when translated 'While in Jewry, do as the Jews do.'

The Jewish problem will not be solved by Jew-baiting certainly; but it is as certain that it will not be solved with the whole-hearted cooperation of the Jews themselves—at all events at the start. It will be solved by the employment of a technique well known in medicine. Here its special nature is confined to cases in which organism, widely different but closely associated, are showing marked inability to get on to their mutual advantage.

The technique consists in favouring the side in whom you are more particularly and keenly interested, or, in technical language making him an *unsuitable* host for the parasite. It may be well to point out that if ever the parasite responds to such encouragement so as to establish mutual advantage, medical science (and the patient) will lose interest in him and forget all about him, an indignity from which he will suffer no essential loss.

I am more particularly and keenly interested in the people from whose stock I have sprung, whose language and culture I have

inherited and whose inconveniences at the hands of International Finance (which is predominantly in Jewish control) I suffer than in any other people whatsoever; and I foresee that I shall have to favour my side with as shrewd and active support as I can muster if it is to regain its health as a body politic. If we can't be playful, let's be serious by all means.

A minor result of the distribution of 'Warn Europe' was that a book "written under a pseudonym by a well known Fleet Street journalist" was sent along for perusal. It alleges that with the breaking of silence about the Jewish question "will probably go something like a revolution"; that about the only thing that would break the silence would be a large refugee influx into jobs held by Britons; and that "the idea may sound fantastic, but anyone who cares to investigate the Jewish question soon finds that *fear of Jewish influence* is a very potent silencer." The book is called "Britain's Jewish Problem" and the pen-name of the author is M. G. Murchin. Among others, he asks these questions:

"Is it equitable that Jews should, with impunity, be able to adopt any honoured name that strikes their fancy?"

"Aren't things bad enough for us? And aren't there enough people out of work without bringing foreigners here?"

"Are they . . . a poor, illiterate, wretched flock of human sheep . . . Or are they better off individually than the average British working-man?"

"Why concentrate on Germany when the facts prove that there are millions of Jews in other European countries who have much greater hardships to suffer?"

Why could "the Post Office . . . move with amazing rapidity [issue of special green-covered savings books to facilitate small contributions to Refugee Fund] . . . but not so quickly in pushing forward any similar scheme for distressed Britons?"

Why is the Jew so secretive?

How many Jews are there really in England?

"Can anyone honestly say that the contortionist figures of Christ that appear in certain 'modern' paintings are devout?"

"Can the ordinary man look, without something akin to loathing, at the monstrosities produced by that world-famous Jew, Epstein?"

Why did the removal of Dr. Schacht which "was supposed to bring war nearer" send it farther away?

"Why shoot a man when you can starve him to death?"

Did Colonel Nathan say: 'If Zion falls, the British Empire falls with it'?

What are the conditions in those trades in which the Jews are strong — chain-stores, cabinet-making, tailoring and shoe-making?

"Is it advisable that the national safety should be placed in the hands of a minority who could, in certain circumstances, either hold up vital supplies or take advantage of national necessity to get rich quick"? [Oil.]

"Are the Jews in every country affected entirely innocent and the Gentiles all in error?"

"Here is an opportunity lying on the doorstep of Jewish finance. Will the Jews take it?"

"Is it not far better to have the whole question ventilated once and for all?"

We may safely leave comment to 'Mr. Murchin.' "It is not a man's origin that matters, but his behaviour."

T. J.

# FANTASIA ON THE THEME OF WAR

By JOHN H. EDWARDS

It was peacetime, glorious peacetime; the lilies bloomed and no mud spattered the slender poppies; nation smiled on nation and the world rocked gently on its path.

But I had no peace, for I was not at work. I was one of millions of unemployed, no lilies bloomed for me, they were five cents apiece. My belly was caved in, my belt strapped tightly around my middle; and I looked for work.

But there was none.

So I applied for the army; asked to join up; stated my age and gave my references,—to which they replied, briefly, succinctly: We have enough men in the army; besides, your qualifications are not good enough, and you are a year over age.

I had hated the army before, but now I hated it more. I continued to starve. I grew thinner and thinner, and I nursed a secret grudge, a grudge against the army, who would not let me join their fattened ranks.

Then suddenly, surprisingly, war flared in Europe; was fanned by mighty armament firms and khaki cloth businesses; grew to amazing proportions, and finally swept the whole world with its ravishing flames. And I laughed. The whole world mobilized, and still I laughed. Men rushed patriotically to the flag of their country, men were conscripted and forced to war. But me,—I was cunning. I had fore-provided. And I had my arrows, and I meant to shoot them.

My papers came. Will you join up, said they,—so I wrote back, "Dear Sir, I am pleased to receive your letter. I shall be delighted to enlist, but,—you made your terms in peace,—I make mine in war,—I demand to be enlisted as a Colonel of the line,—yes, a fully fledged colonel. I have as much brains as any of the nincompoops who now fill that office,—I am an upright specimen,—I belonged to the Officers Training Corps when I was younger,—Yes, I am a very fine fellow, make me a colonel, will you?"

I posted the letter early one

morning to the accompaniment of bombs from the sky and the rat-tat of enemy machine guns; for they were even now on us, and the government were clamouring for men, men, men! But I was clever, I was not over tall of stature, slender in fact, built of steel wire. I avoided the authorities and every morning I watched for the post like an eagle, and when it came I pounced on it and bore it away to my secret hiding place to read.

And the War Office sent a reply "We regret, Sir, that it is not possible, it takes age, yes age and experience, to be a colonel—you have neither. We expect you to join the ranks, where you will have nothing to fear, no responsibility will be yours, all you have to do is to dodge shells."

That reply,—it made me mad,—I yelled with rage when I heard it: but I toned down pretty soon, I did not want my disguise penetrated. Then, quietly, with cold anger in my heart, I delivered my second ultimatum.

"You refused to make me a colonel of the line, you asked me to join the ranks. This I will do with pleasure, gentlemen, on the condition that you pay me £50 a week for the hazardous enterprise,—and £20 a week for life for my wife and children should I die by an enemy bullet."

I thought this a fair bargain; I did not doubt that, with money flowing like water, as it always does in war time, I should obtain my reasonable demand.

Would you believe it, they had the impertinence to refuse my offer, and their letter was cold and chill.

"In re yours of the 25th, we beg to state that a soldier's pay is 1/6 $\frac{1}{2}$  daily, but that uniforms, rations, and socks are also free. We ask you to make haste to enlist, Sir, or we may be forced to conscript."

When I read this letter my heart panted within me; I wept in impotency, I gnashed my teeth. But I calmed myself by saying that the next request I made would be entirely reasonable, I *must* convince them of that.

"O.K., I wrote, O.K., then you will at any rate grant me the next item. For God's sake, don't put me in the front line,—put me in the red hatted department, put me where organization is God, and fear is unknown. There, far from bursting shells and whining bullets, I shall be safe, and I am willing to pay you £100 for this privilege."

"Dear Mr. Smith," came back the reply, "we fear it is useless. The red hatted brigade are hand-picked—the foremost men from the unique field of organization,—all possible appointments have been assigned to people like the head of the Chain Store of Groceries; Mayors and Lord Lieutenants; to anyone, in fact, who has enough influence to reach those sublime heights, and also, I might add, at least £500 to pay as a premium."

Was I mad when I read this? I raved and ranted and shook with the fever of impotence; surely, I thought, surely one of my schemes must come off, in haste I seized a piece of yellow notepaper and splashed down words in violet ink:

"I believe in my country. I love, and would die for her, I am a brave man and true. But I will not die alone. Others, my superiors, surely have a better appreciation than I of the glory of dying for one's country—they must realise to the full how much a bullet through the belly can help the economic conditions of the world,—they can probably correlate wounds, deaths, and world depressions in the form of a hyperbola on a piece of graph-paper. I cannot;—I am not as clever as that although I have at least the perspicacity of a colonel of the line.

Give me then, oh War Office, give me two fat and jovial bankers to go to the front with me, one on either side, so that I may die a glorious death. I will not qualify these super men other than to say I should like them to hold at least a hundred and twenty three directorships of different kinds between them.

These obese but cheerful fellows will be an example to me on how to

stand up to gunfire. With their sleek and protuberant bellies sticking out cheerfully a mile in front of them, what care slender I for disembowelling? I'll wait on them with eager hands, I'll shave them in the morning and wash their feet at night—they shall be a shining example of how to behave in the trenches. With this example in front of me, I shall die a fearless man. They will show me how to face gunfire, mills bombs, minenwerfers and deadly chlorine gas—they are men of unexemplified valor, they will laugh at shells and bullets.

So, I repeat, two fat and jovial bankers, oh War Office, and I die like a hero with heroes around me and my face towards the enemy."

Three days I waited for a reply—so long,—at last I thought, I've done it, they've agreed, the directors will be mine. But alas! my hopes were dashed by the piece of epistolary violence which arrived the next day.

"Dear Sir, we are surprised at you, a man of your intelligence and integrity. Or perhaps you will say you were not aware that all bank directors, business magnates, millionaires, mayors, and members of parliament were earmarked for very important positions of trust in the home defence areas. They line the bomb-proof shelters and keep them warm; they open the doors of these same shelters and see their friends safely in. What is more, they see that the public pays for them, oh, yes, they have most important tasks.

"Lesser bankers, too, are on the red hatted staff in positions of trust and integrity, where they are certain that no bullets would be—they realise the importance of their brains to the community, and their sleek and shining bodies are kept far clear of any forms of physical violence.

No, Sir, you can *not* have two fat and jovial bankers to shave and foot wash,—why, you would be grooming them for death, no less, and that as you know cannot be—for bankers. Only the common people are granted the glorious privilege of dying for their country."

Broken hearted and weary I replied; I had given up hope, and despair was germain within me.

Sarcasm writhed from my pen:

"To the War Office,—one more request I make. Since, by your previous letters, I infer you would not allow me to command a business man's battalion in the hottest flame of the front line; since all these things are denied to me, grant me, oh War Office, one last request—let me die in decent company. Let me not be set about by cads of the lower order; I only want men of my own standing to see me crawling home with my intestines dragging in the mud—do this for me and I will forever hold my peace."

Heavy was I with sarcasm, and weary of the circumlocutions of the War Office,—(the *Bloody War Office*).

"Let me die (I continued) in a company of men who all wear the same tie as I do—the old school tie, whose colours haunt me even before death, before my last moments of agony. Let the old school form a company of such splendid manhood that they will make the sky ring with their deeds of derring-do, or give me a battalion from the old university, so that we can flaunt our letters and colours in the face of grim and deadly odds."

Here I ended the letter, and here I shot my last arrow, and that one of such immense irony I thought it could not fail to raise a smile on the faces of the grim personages I envisaged reading my letters.

But the reply! The reply exceeded my expectations: "That is a splendid idea, Sir, we will act on it at once, we will have battalions from all our best schools. Then we can run football teams and see which school breeds the best snipers—we can tally the enemy dead in each school section; we can foster the old school spirit to such an extent that the rival teams will go roaring over no man's land as if they were playing a football game. As the English say, the Battle of Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton.

"We beg to present you herewith with £5 to show our esteem of your idea."

This was the last straw,—to have my serious letters derided, my scornful one praised.

With the five pounds I bought

a second-hand revolver and three bullets. Loading the weapon, I raised it to my right temple, and reflecting,—this will save the enemy trouble, and, my own side has murdered me, I pulled the trigger.

### Russia, 1915

"Some people may favour Peace but they dare not speak. Rasputin will not work for Peace, for he is run by a ring of Banks who make money out of the war."

—President of the *Russian Duma*, (quoted by Paul Rodzianko).

Note: It was the slaughter of millions of ill-armed, ill-equipped Russian peasant soldiers which produced the Revolution.

## IF YOU CAN'T Defend your Home YOU CAN'T Defend your Country

The Government Billeting scheme is a direct attack on the property rights of private citizens. It is family destruction (i.e., National destruction); *not* National Service as it is hypocritically called by the Government.

Resist it and insist on the construction of camps.

**Bolshevism is billeting—separate wives from their husbands or parents from their children. Turn any man's home into everyman's home. Destroy the family; destroy Britain. Always do exactly what the State tells you OR, if you have a will—**

There are plenty of competent engineers and workmen who can build camps and deep shelters. Use your will to make the financiers provide the money.

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# Bureaucracy by the Gaggle or The Last Word

Contribution from a Countryman—italics show his reply to the questions

From  
THE CROP REPORTER to  
MINISTRY OF AGRICULTURE AND FISHERIES.

With reference to your Agricultural Return of the 4th June last, in respect of your holding in the parish of..... it is observed—

- (a) that you omitted to complete the sections relating to poultry.
- (b) that you have failed to differentiate between adult and young birds.

The Regulations made under the Agricultural Returns Act, 1925, provide that such returns of the number of poultry shall be made, and you should, therefore, furnish the required information in the space provided opposite.

Where accurate information is not available the nearest estimate possible should be given.

Your reply should be forwarded in the enclosed envelope.

\* Do you own or rent the land?

- \* Land owned by (a) Banks
- (b) Rating Authority
- (c) Various Inspectors.

### REPLY

Give numbers actually on the holding on 4th June; birds hatched since the 4th June are not to be included.

If no poultry are kept write the word "NONE."

- Fowls over 6 months old ..... None.
- Fowls under 6 months old ..... None.
- Ducks of all ages ..... None.
- Geese of all ages ..... } *Transferred to Government departments.*
- Turkeys over 6 months old ..... None.
- Turkeys under 6 months old ..... None.

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## NATURAL HAPPINESS

Far from distrusting the temporal delights that come through the body, we should abandon ourselves to them with confidence. The way of the senses is the way of life. It is the people with their hands in the till and their eyes on heaven who ruin existence. There should be open-air temples in every town and village where philosophers could expound this soundest of doctrines. Why is half the population tormented with restraints, obedience to which in no

way furthers the public good? Because the priests for generations have been confederate with the money-makers, and they both know very well that if natural happiness were allowed the generations would no longer accept their shrewd worldly maxims, no longer be so docile, so easy to be exploited. Without doubt, half the ethical rules they din into our ears are designed to keep us at work.

*Llewelyn Powys in "Natural Happiness."*

## B. I. S.

One swallow does not make a summer, and one spate of back-chat over the immunity of the Bank for International Settlements from control by any government does not make a victory over international finance.

The row started, so far as the public has been told, in the office of the *Financial News*, or in the brain of its proprietor, Mr. Brendan Bracken, M.P., (Conservative) for N. Paddington. The nett result is possibly a slight heightening of public interest in the relationship between banks and governments, the Bank of England and the British Government not excluded; and a hint that we may return to disincorporate international finance in place of the moribund body at Basle.

'BIS', the initials of the Bank of Banks, means, in Germany, 'until'. Political and Economic Planning abbreviate into the familiar English 'pep'; and someone has discovered that Gay-pay-oo and G.P.O. are the same. It's rather like the unconsidered idiosyncrasy that is said to reveal the identity of even the cleverest criminals!

### Who is Schulwasser?

Preliminary drilling operations in the Cromwell Road are said to have unearthed a quantity of gold hidden there in the name of Schulwasser by the Bank of England acting as "Miss Vuttle" in the interests of a Mr. Knowse, who is said to be acting for the Bank for International Settlements. The Bank for National Settlements, acting through Mr. Koshovitz, has at once repudiated all knowledge of its own interest in the gold, though Snoffheim and Gurgl, financial operators, of the Damrak, Amsterdam, allege that their client, Mrs. Hummelbreys, is a Bank of England client named Usvrondt. "No government," said a stranger named Buddlgork, "has any power in the matter since high finance is an extra-governmental and super-national affair understood only by the élite of the money markets. Our operations are no concern of the public, who should have implicit faith in us."

*Beachcomber in The Daily Express, June 6, 1939.*

## Institutions

## THE MILK MARKETING BOARD

*Between 16 and 23 millions of people in this country do not have enough to eat for full bodily health; many of these would like more milk. The Milk Marketing Board was set up for the convenience of farmers in selling their milk; is it pressing for the opening up of this tremendous potential market? Or is it now governing the lives of the farmers, instead of serving them?*

A review of the work of the Milk Marketing Board was given by the Chairman, Mr. Thomas Baxter, at the sixth annual general meeting last week. Although the work of the Board was described many of the results of the work were not mentioned.

"There was an increased turnover in every branch the Board's activities. There was an increase in the number engaged in milk production; an increase in both the volume and value of milk sold; an increase in the total volume of liquid sales. There was also an increase in the production of quality milk and in the consumption of milk in schools, and, above all, in the average pool price paid during the year."

The total volume of milk sold was 1,080 million gallons, an increase of about 6.8 per cent. over 1937-38. In four years sales of liquid milk for consumption had increased by nearly 100 million gallons.

On the other hand, while the quantity of milk sold by producer-retailers during the year increased by 13½ million gallons over the previous year, there were 1,489 few producer-retailers operating. On the whole, therefore, the smaller man is giving up his independence as a bad job, concerns are increasing in size and centralisation, and this in turn leads to a firmer control of prices and of conditions within the trade by the institution.

Another indication of the trend to monopoly is the distribution throughout the country of 15 creameries and depots belonging to the Board. Some of these supply the liquid market, others are largely concerned in manufacture of butter and cheese and milk powder.

In his speech Mr. Baxter said:

"Our own desire is to build a strong dairy interest under our own control, and in the national interest we shall welcome Government assistance with this

object in view . . . I sincerely trust that when details of the Government's proposals for the milk industry are published they will be directed more in line with the feelings and wishes of the greater majority of the producers in the industry."

The underlying assumption that the policy of the producer cannot be reconciled with that of the consumer infringes both physical fact and (in this case) personal appetite, and flourishes malignantly alongside distress and hunger in the slums. The consumer wants to buy quite as much as the producer to sell. But the assumption is convenient for those who wish to retain control of both producers and consumers.

After congratulating the Board on the result of past salesmanship Mr. Baxter says:

"I must give you my present impression, and it is this—that producers' profits must increasingly be obtained in the future from greater efficiency and economy in the management of their own farms."

By fear of the limit of the market still more regulation and restriction will be imposed on the farmer, to whom it is already a nightmare.

For the Marketing Board is not just a device for selling milk: it is a medium for the "discipline" of many of the farmers for whose convenience it was originated. As well as the levy payable on milk handled, records must be kept by the milkmen, many of whom have strong objections to this as waste of time. And no wonder.

A Lancashire milkman was fined £5 by the Marketing Board for not filling in the records. There were eleven columns in the Milk Board's document, enough to dazzle anyone with its bureaucracy even if, like Mr. Frearson, they only had to fill in four of them. Mr. Frearson declared that if he had to fill in

every column every day he would never get to bed at night.

On that occasion, Mr. Baxter said:

"This organised opposition to keeping daily records appears to me to be a direct challenge by this Federation [the National Federation of Producer-Retailers] to the authority of this Board. We accept the challenge."

Mr. Baxter added that it was not difficult even for the least intelligent man to fill in the returns . . . "I would like to point out that the maximum penalty for this offence is £100 plus the revocation of the licence. But we do not wish to be vindictive. We are out to help them, but we must have them help us."

Officers of the Board can even demand to go into farmers' houses to see their books.

Under the aegis of the Milk Board, dairymen contract to take farmers' milk for their cheese and butter. If then, the dairyman gets behind in his payments or in any way infringes regulations, all his supplies may be cut off and he may be literally deprived of the means of making either his living or the dues of his creditors.

Mr. J. A. Thomas, a dairyman of Wisbech, sent his cheque in payment of his account two days late: his supplies of milk were cut off. He appealed to the Board, offering £200 in security and the immediate payment of his account in cash. His offer was refused. He had to go into bankruptcy. The Registrar at the bankruptcy court described the Milk Board's action as "so arbitrary that it was difficult to express what one really thought of it." The Minister of Agriculture said that nothing could be done about it.

In inflicting penalties the Milk Marketing Board, as are all Marketing Boards, is prosecutor, judge and jury in its own cause, and this

arrangement has been confirmed by a recent report issued by a special committee on the infliction of penalties by Marketing Boards. The Committee recommends that disciplinary committees in each of the Boards should have an independent chairman with legal experience. The right of appeal to an arbitrator is supplemented by right of appeal to the High Court on questions of Law.

The report adds that it is mainly among producer-retailers, which, on the whole, are smaller firms, that dissatisfaction is felt.

The last word lies with a producer-retailer from South Wales, who said of the Board:

"It is our servant, but when it becomes our tyrant it is time to fight it."

E. S. E.

(continued from page 2)

of billeting in private families. The answer to this is that the possibilities of providing adequate camps and efficient shelters have not even been considered except in the most cursory manner. To say there is no money for this purpose is sheer nonsense.

But in any case to attempt to solve the problem by creating a host of bigger problems, and by taking away the very thing which we are all supposed to be ready to fight to defend—our homes—is the course of action we should expect from traitors.

Centralisation, sovietisation, and financial dictatorship are all interchangeable terms, and when we find our own political leaders working for these ends we know what to call them.

B. M. PALMER.

**PRAWN COCKTAIL**

Shred fairly finely a lettuce, and place at the bottom of individual grapefruit or similar glasses. Arrange eight or more prawns on each bed of lettuce, and over each pour the following sauce.

- 1 gill cream.
  - 1 tablespoonful tomato sauce.
  - 1 teaspoonful Worcester sauce.
  - 1 teaspoonful lemon juice.
- Mix all well together.

—From Mrs. W. L. Bardsley.

**U.S. BILL H.R. 4931**

The Hon. Jerry Voorhis of California, speaking in the House of Representatives on April 17 in support of his Bill H.R.4931, pointed out that basic flaws in the money system must be corrected to solve the problem of poverty in the midst of plenty.

Congress, he shews, is evading its Constitutional responsibility to "coin money, regulate the value thereof and of foreign coin . . ." (Art. I, sect. 8) That the duty of coining includes that of issue is shewn by the legal-tender cases after the Civil War. But apart from the Treasury which issues silver certificates and the Mint which coins nickels and dimes, the Nation's money is issued by the privately owned Federal Reserve System and the 15,000 commercial banks. And "the Federal Reserve Board has shewn itself neither willing nor qualified to act as the agent of Congress . . . We have heard a lot about bureaucratic usurpation lately. This is a good example." England is dominated by five banks and France by one, the creation of circulating medium being dependent on someone going in debt to the banks; Uncle Sam must borrow or bust.

"Thomas Jefferson, John Adams, Andrew Jackson and Abraham Lincoln are only a few of the great Americans who have looked, with horror upon control by banks over the Nation's money. The function of creating money was reserved to the sovereign people by the Constitution." So Congress must be enabled to bring into circulation directly year by year a volume of money sufficient to meet the needs of a growing population and expanding productive capacity on the basis of reasonable stability in the buying power of the dollar. H.R.4931 will do this by two changes.

First a new Federal Reserve Board of seven is to be set up, one of whom shall be the Secretary of the Treasury; and the government is to purchase the Federal Reserve Banks to give this central monetary authority effective control over the volume of money. Secondly, a 100 per cent. reserve behind deposits is

to be enforced to prevent manipulations by the commercial banks. This is the old system, as fractional reserves only date from the seventeenth century London goldsmiths. The banks are to have an honest fee for services.

Under H.R.4931, no inflation would be possible unless the Board disobeyed the law; and approximately half the national debt would be turned into cash on passage. As all available workers will never again be needed, there will be a huge increase in pensions.

The bill is based in its major features on that of Congressman Binderup of Nebraska (the State that has no debt), and is in the tradition of Senator Cutting.

\* \* \* \*

We may fear that this bill would result in a mere shuffling of personnel, and that it is open to 'capture' by the enemy. It is certainly a move which places the emphasis on *method* rather than result. Nevertheless the Board is to have carefully defined powers, and here at least is a man who says that "sound money is money that does the job that money is supposed to do."

HENRY SWABEY.

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**BELFAST D.S.C. Group.** Headquarters: 72, Ann Street, Belfast. Monthly Group Meetings on First Tuesday in each month. Special mid-monthly meeting on Tuesday, 20th inst., at 8 p.m. Speaker: Mr. J. Scott Kyle. Bring your friends.

**BIRMINGHAM and District.** Social Crediters will find friends over tea and light refreshments at Prince's Cafe, Temple Street, on Friday evenings, from 6 p.m., in the King's Room.

**BLACKBURN Social Credit Study Group.** Enquiries to Hon. Sec., 47, Whalley New Road, Blackburn.

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

**DERBY and District—THE SOCIAL CREDITER** will be obtainable outside the Central Bus Station on Saturday mornings from 7-15 a.m. to 8-45 a.m., until further notice. It is also obtainable from Paynton's and Sons, Market Hall, and from Morley's, Newsagents and Tobacconists, Market Hall.

**LIVERPOOL Social Credit Association:** Enquiries to Hon. Secretary, Green Gates, Hillside Drive, Woolton.

**LONDONERS!** Please note that THE SOCIAL CREDITER can be obtained from Captain T. H. Story, Room 437, Sentinel House, Southampton Row, London, W.C.1.

**NEWCASTLE D.S.C. Group.** Literature, The Social Crediter, or any other information required will be supplied by the Hon. Secretary, Social Credit Group, 10, Warrington Road, Newcastle, 3.

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

**SOUTHAMPTON Group. Monthly Meetings:** In future the Monthly Meeting of the Association will be held at the ADYAR HALL, Carlton Crescent, Southampton, 7-45 p.m., every first Monday in the month, commencing with Monday, 3rd July.

**SUTTON COLDFIELD Lower Rates Association.** A complete canvass of every house is being undertaken. Any assistance welcomed. Campaign Manager: Whitworth Taylor, Glenwood, Little Sutton Lane, Sutton Coldfield.

**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.

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12, LORD STREET, LIVERPOOL, 2.**

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The **NORTH DURHAM Ratepayers' Advisory Association** would welcome support, physical or financial from sympathisers in Gateshead and District to carry on their campaign for Lower Rates and no Decrease in Social Services. Campaign Manager, N.D.R.A.A., 74-76 High West Street, Gateshead.

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To the Treasurer,  
**Social Credit Expansion Fund,  
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