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FOR POLITICAL AND ECONOMIC REALISM

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National Defence and Safeguards for Freedom

By John Mitchell

The most fundamental desire and need governing the immediate aspirations of British people to-day is SECURITY.

But the fundamental question which every elector should consider is: "From whence comes the threat to security?" That the frontiers of Britain should be secured from invasion is, of course, essential. But that security is useless if the security of the individual is destroyed by forces within those frontiers.

The individual wants security not only from invasion of his Country's frontiers, but also security of his PERSONAL freedom. Personal freedom, as has been so amply demonstrated in recent years, can be and is destroyed by bureaucratic government.

It is essential to recognise that those who will the end, will the means for achieving the end. National Defence against all forces external to this country which constitute a threat to their security is undoubtedly the will of the people of this country. The means to that end is a matter for the decision of those who have been appointed to administer that function. If the Government decides that National Defence, which the people of this country want, cannot be effectively provided except the people sacrifice part of their individual freedom, then the people having assented to National Defence and elected a Government to do their will cannot reasonably dissent from yielding to their decision. Although assuredly if

they like to make that assent conditional on certain things not being done, that is reasonable.

The very great danger against which precautions must be taken, however, is that in yielding private liberty for the purpose of defence, all political power of the electorate is also sacrificed, or rendered ineffective. What guarantee has the electorate that the Government, to whom they are to give such power over their private lives, will not use that power for purposes for which it was not yielded?

It is vitally necessary, therefore, that the electorate should say:

"We will let you do this, but we insist on being placed in a position to stop you if necessary," and not yield a particle of their liberty until they have obtained from the Government adequate safeguards that if they will it so they can get their liberties back, or check any wanton use of power by the Government.

It should be realised that conscription of any kind gives government, through officials responsible to it, almost complete power over the individual. It is an extremely easy matter for this power to be used for political purposes—for purposes other than the National Defence for which it was granted by the people. When political power is taken from the electorate the tendency AT ONCE, and at an INCREASING RATE, is for government, in which absolute power is vested, to have less and less regard for the interests of the individual. POWER is the dominating incentive which attracts

men to executive positions in any walk of life. Experience of power almost invariably increases the desire for more power. History proves that those who enjoy POWER never relinquish it VOLUNTARILY.

Very powerful interests in this country are exerting all their influence to induce the government to institute immediate conscription measures before the outbreak of war. War may not come for many years. War may never come. The people are determined to keep out of war if that is possible because they know that modern war causes incalculable suffering and will probably lead to the most brutal anarchy. Public opinion, except when it is whipped into flame by power maniacs, is the sanest force in the world; it is the strongest force working for peaceful, sane and humane government. For these reasons it is ESSENTIAL that before giving immense power over

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CONFUSION WORSE
CONFOUNDED

OH! ISN'T IT FUNNY?

PEACE BY EXAMPLE

their lives to government for the purposes of National Defence that the people of this country should insist on being provided with such safeguards as will enable them, without bloodshed, to decide the *direction* in which governmental powers are to be used.

They should take warning from the reports of independent observers who have recently visited Newfoundland—a unit of the British Empire—where the people have lost all political power and are governed by a Commission appointed by the British Government. Those reports refer to the intense poverty and suffering—over half the population living on the verge of starvation. Such irresponsibility of government is the inevitable consequence of the removal of the control of government from the people, in whose interests it should be.

The people of Britain should, therefore, immediately confront their M.P.'s and candidates for election with the question: "If conscription in any form becomes necessary, and we consent to it, what safeguards do you propose to see that we electors should retain to ensure our political control of government?" and add "we will not give up any of our private liberties until we are satisfied that we are possessed of adequate safeguards that if *we* think it necessary we can get them back again."

J. M.

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PLUS

Boot and shoe factories in the United States produced over 358 million pairs of boots and shoes in the first eleven months of 1938.

The bumper wheat crop in many parts of the world last year has produced a so-called 'surplus.' An envoy from the United States was sent to Europe with instructions to *get rid of*, somehow, 30 million bushels of wheat. They gave most of it away.

A new British motor-vessel has been developed which can move sideways with no head or stern way.

Cherry, a short-horn cow belonging to Messrs. Wost and Way of Amesbury, which in the last few weeks has beaten the British and World's records for a year's milk yield, became on March 22, the first cow known to have exceeded 4,000 gallons of milk in a year. Her exact yield reached 40,017 lbs., and she still has two more weeks to go in the year.

MINUS

Another silk factory has closed down in Macclesfield.

So has a glass works in Aniche, France.

The Indian Control Act of 1938 fixes a quota for the export of tea from each plantation that produces it. It is forbidden to extend existing plantations or to establish new ones.

In the Argentine about 42,000 gallons of wine were poured into the river to 'keep up the prices.'

The United States Ministry of Agriculture has fixed the acreage of land in which cotton may be grown to avoid 'surplus.'

In London recently, a preliminary meeting of representatives of all nations has been discussing measures for the further restriction of wheat.

INSULTS BY POST

I know of nothing so capable of provoking one's annoyance and discomfort as the receiving in the post of the official curtly-worded Rates Demand Note. One can never associate such a dictatorial demand with the courteous manner in which the tradespeople present their accounts. Instead of being an ordinary business reminder that money has become due it comes as a threat, hostile and implacable. It is not so much an invitation to settle an account as a declaration of the force that will be used if you don't.

The fact that the majority of the residents who are threatened in this way are thoroughly honest and responsible people does not appear to have been considered at all.

The practice of supplanting the usual method of rendering a business account with a menacing legal document is entirely unwarranted. Such robustness causes undue anxiety and upset to the recipients and is out of all propor-

tion to whatever importance might be attached to what is after all merely the common or garden task of account collection. These communications imply that the recipients intend to act dishonestly by defaulting on a contract not yet expired. They are threatened today for sins they may commit to-morrow. An honest, law-respecting person can justly claim that he has been insulted when he is threatened with legal proceedings for an offence he does not intend to commit.

Some time ago I took up the matter very strongly with several councillors in my district. They assured me privately that my complaints would be considered. It has since been arranged for polite reminders to precede the issue of the final Demand Notes. From this it would appear that the heavy-handedness so prevalent in local government circles can be modified when countered by appropriate pressure.

W. GREEN.

WEEKLY CIRCUMSTANCE

The various forces whose balance or overbalance will determine whether there will be war in the immediate future are no nearer resolution; it becomes daily more obvious that the only solutions possible are war or complete economic reform.

In the German press anti-Polish propaganda has increased; the Poles, apprehensive at this now well-recognised symptom of a German *coup d'etat* in conjunction with threats from Berlin and strategic weakness (they are surrounded on three sides by the Reich, as was Czecho-slovakia after the Austrian *anschluss*) have put all their industries on a war-time basis and armaments factories are working 24 hours in the day. It is difficult to judge what effect Mr. Chamberlain's guarantee has had on the situation—although it is almost certain that the breakdown in the transmission of the Fuehrer's speech indicates some trouble behind the scenes in Germany.

The moral culpability of Germany as worked up by the daily press in this country must be a great boon to the old-fashioned persons who place the causes of war so firmly on a moral-cum-military basis and discount the mechanical effect of competition for export markets. For something is needed to conceal the economic factors that persist in protruding through political, strategical, racial and idealist 'reasons' put forward by the parties to the uncomfortable situation.

In Rumania, Lithuania and now Poland, the question of markets was explicit, as also in Hitler's demand for the return of the German colonies. Complementarily, our Mr. Hudson takes the limelight, circulating with ever-increasing velocity and publicity round Europe arranging for more and bigger trade agreements and credits from the city. Poland will probable acquire a credit from the city.

Poland harbours a greater proportion of Jews among her

population than any other country in the world.

At home the continental situation is being used as a lever to accomplish the regimentation of the 'democratic' people of this country. Mr. Eden seizes the opportunity to demand a wider-based Cabinet for the purpose of conscripting manpower, wealth and industry for the purpose of defence. Many M.P.'s are now approving of conscription (including 'Liberals' who made their name on the exploitation of the Liberty of the Individual) together with most of the National Dailies. In these circumstances it becomes extremely difficult for the ordinary man or woman to make up his mind in an unbiassed fashion. He wants 'security' from his representatives; shall he include as a defining condition of the results to be obtained: "Security with no conscription?"

Concurrently, suggestions for a hundred lesser and petty restrictions curtailing the ordinary man's area of liberty are making their appearance, mostly in the disguise of 'efficiency through centralisation.'

"If we carry on with our present system the unemployed may rise to 3 or 4 million," said Lord Addison in the House of Lords debate on Unemployment, "We need to plan the production of employment as the business of the state, with a Minister with high authority in charge."

Compare:

"The end of man, while unknown, is something toward which most rapid progress is made

London Bye-Elections Conscription and Safeguards for Freedom

All those willing to help in a short intensive campaign, please communicate without delay with U.R.A.A. Sentinel House, Southampton Row, W.C.2. (Send post card, 'phone or call).

by the free expansion of individuality, and that, therefore, economic organization is only a specialized activity of man, which has as its objective the production and distribution of goods and services for man's use."

—Major C. H. Douglas.

In another industriously worked out plan, the P.E.P. advocates the effective nationalisation of the gas industry—the formation of a Gas Authority with Gas Commissioners to exert State Control. One should not, of course, be surprised that a body called Political and Economic Planning produces regular broods of plans; but it is worth remark that the plans invariably call for centralisation of control and the imposition of policy *from the top* with compulsory assent to this by the consumer.

In a 'wear-a-hat' campaign to be launched soon by the drapers of this country it is suggested that drapers should "urge" their staffs to wear hats and stockings.

A select committee of the House of Lords is of the opinion that cyclists should be compelled to register their bicycles and to ride on cycle tracks; pedestrians should be prohibited by law from 'walking into the roads needlessly.'

A committee in the House of Commons decided that there should be penalties for 'disorderly behaviour' of hikers on mountains.

The British Association's Division for the Social and International Relations of Science passed a resolution advocating the *compulsory* pasteurisation of milk in areas with a population of 20,000 or over.

This week's bright spot: London taxicab drivers have rejected proposals for transferring London's cab service to a public Central Board.

Said Morgan, Aldrich and Whitley, (American Bankers three)
On stepping ashore at Southampton,
"On Pleasure bound are we."

Note: One man's pleasure is another man's poison-gas.

*Mrs. Palmer's Page***JAM TO-DAY**

"The cold weather, with north-east wind, will continue," said the B.B.C., announcer, in a voice determinedly cheerful; "outlook, no important change."

"The international situation."

I reflected that Easter was only a few days distant, and that we hoped to get away for the week-end. The weather might change in a few hours, the sun might be genial, there might even be primroses. But the international situation?

Wherever we go now, we are followed by a cloud, like the smoke haze that hangs over great cities. The social credit of our small association is dimmed by it. Only sometimes, at long intervals, we can say, "That was a perfect evening, or a perfect day," when for a few hours we have been able to live life as it was meant to be lived.

The dreadful thing is that we are beginning to get used to this state of continual apprehension and insecurity.

The politicians who urge upon us the necessity for "calm" must have been highly satisfied with the demeanour of the people during the March crisis, compared with last September. "With the right application of experimental psychology . . ."

I heard a woman say: "I felt so thankful that there was to be no war that I didn't care how bad my childblains were."

I must confess to having felt a little that way myself, while knowing that I was utterly and blasphemously wrong. For to acquiesce in and accustom oneself to evil is to deny the good.

I think that with the coming of spring every social creditor should try to have a few days' rest in which to experience those lovely things which are in danger of being destroyed. Some of them have been destroyed. It looks at the present moment as if the next generation may never know some of the joys we knew. Let us, at least, remember the past.

Let us remember the time when

everyone seemed to have more money, and everything cost less—almost every family I know seems to have been better off twenty or thirty years ago.

Let us think of the days when income tax was only one shilling in the pound, and when we were not afraid of the terror which flies by night.

Let us remember the beauty of those towns and villages by land and sea, which in our childhood had not been commercialised, and which we cannot endure to visit again, except in dreams.

Let us remember peace, and if we have any money left after doing our share for the Director of Revenue, I think we might spend it on a binge.

I hope the gentleman who writes the moral uplift talks for *The Times* leader page is reading this. Let me confess that I have purposely led him astray by beginning in rather a high-falutin style so that he might think I had only what he would call "spiritual joys" in mind, and then bringing him down with a bump by talking of more money to spend, cheaper food, good holidays and freedom from worry.

To read his stuff any one would think he had never heard of a binge, to say nothing of taking part in one.

The sermon I am reading

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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to-day is about Lot's wife, and how fatal it is to remember the past.

"Eyes Front"

For the full stretch of man's mental and spiritual powers, even for their normal health, it is essential that eyes and heart should be set on some "dim splendour ever on before," and not on something that is already here and now, still less on something that has been and will never be again. A certain element of divine discontent is indispensable to full development. If present things are comfortable and satisfying, it is all to the good of a man's soul that the barrage of aspiration should be lifted and trained on an objective more remote. There should be no harping on the past, except as subsidiary and helpful to the future. The backward look of longing is still as fatal as it was to Lot's wife or the lost Eurydice.

— *The Times*, March 27.

It appears that some people were under the delusion that they were living in an age of plenty. They thought that with a little effort they might be able to make things comfortable and satisfying. But that would never do. For the good of man's soul the barrage must be lifted and trained on an objective more remote. (Note the military metaphor—they are cropping up all over the place). No harping on the past. Forget the jam you had yesterday. There will never be any to-day.

You see the idea?

"With the right application of experimental psychology . . ."

* * * *

Because I love birds and feed them every day, the blackbird and the tit have each built in the nest box I gave them. Old man blackbird, having scared off his rival (this was very funny to watch) is singing his love song from a nearby tree. It is raining and very cold, but the time has come. He is part of nature, and all he thinks about is food and children.

The tit is flittering along the apple tree bough, looking for grubs. Does he lift the barrage of aspiration and train it on an objective more remote? No. Though, as *The Times* would say, to have no unknown track to explore is a symptom of decay, the tit wants

grubs to-day.*

How can I possibly write ordinary prose while that song is to be heard?

The dreaming world of nature is unconscious of our presence. When the swallows come back and find the pond gone, and a block of flats where the vast house used to be, they sadly go elsewhere. But they don't know why. We may, by ravaging the soil, reduce the flowering wilderness to a dusty desert, we may kill the last whale for its barrel of oil, but when we have trained the barrage against one another and destroyed ourselves, nature will still be there. Creeping back again come the long green fingers, pushing through the great blocks of concrete and the iron girders where they lie in a twisted mass. Slowly through long æons of time, they dissolve away, and the stage is set for a new race. But nature will still be there, unconscious and relentless. No race can live which ignores her inviolable laws.

"To live and to cause to live, to eat food and to beget children, those were the primary wants of men in the past, and they will be the primary wants of men in the future so long as the world lasts," said Doctor Frazer. "Other things may be added to enrich and beautify human life, but unless these wants are first satisfied, humanity itself must cease to exist."

Unless the foundations are right, built harmoniously in accordance with the needs of nature, just as the blackbird builds her nest, the whole of civilisation will fly about our heads like Alice's pack of cards.

* * * *

"The effigy of death is drowned by being thrown into the water at sunset; then the girls go out into the wood and cut down a young tree with a green crown, hang a doll dressed as a woman on it, deck the whole with green, red and white ribbons, and march into the village,

The Times:-

*To have done all that one meant to do, to see no higher peak to climb, no unknown tract to explore, no unattained ideal to pursue, is the beginning of stagnation and decay. It may be satiety, but it can never be satisfaction.

collecting gifts and singing:

'Death swims in the water,
Spring comes to visit us,
With eggs that are red,
With yellow pancakes.
We carried Death out of the
village,
We are carrying summer into
the village.'

But in another land, and in another time, they took great books and wrote figures in them, and called them credit, and when the spring was come they said to the farmers "We know your lands are fertile and your herds are fair, but we cannot allow more credit to agriculture unless you can pay us back in real money. You must sell more food, and the people must drink more milk, and eat more meat."

But the people had not the money to buy.

Then the farmers ravaged the soil, they worked it to death with chemical manures, their herds sickened.

And still the people could not buy.

But Easter was at hand; and the rite of spring must be fulfilled. So they took the baby ducklings and killed them in their thousands and stuffed them for filling Easter eggs. They could be sold for a few pence each, and perhaps the figures written in the books might add up correctly, or would not be so far out as they might have been.

And this ought to have been the beginning of the article, for it was the duckling who gave me the idea. There he stood on the mantelpiece, unsteady on his poor little withered legs, his black, beady eyes gazing at an empty and meaningless future, a symbol of a dead and mummified spring, and of nature outraged.

**Food and children?
No, Starvation and Death.**

B. M. PALMER.

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Hitler Broadcast 'Mystery'

A point which may assume importance arises from the latest development in the diplomatic argument between Herr Hitler and his opponents, including, presumably, Mr. Neville Chamberlain.

"The foreign observer must point out", says *The Manchester Guardian*, "that for the first time in an important speech by Hitler there was no opportunity to compare the actual words with the official reports."

The speech itself is said to have been altered twice. It was to have been broadcast to the United States; but the arrangements 'broke down'. German officials offered several different explanations of this; and 'finally agreed' that a plug had been changed over to the wrong hole after the first few sentences had been broadcast.

In 1933 a speech by Hitler from Stuttgart suddenly ceased to be transmitted, and several communists were said to have been arrested for this act of inspired, if unofficial, censorship.

The Sunday Express says that at the German source a song entitled "All the birds are ready here" was substituted for the Fuehrer's words, while the United States station which should have been retransmitting them began a talk on "Blind men and their dogs."

It does not need emphasis in these pages that while the subjection of Herr Hitler (the politician, not the man) to the real will of the German people is an event greatly to be desired, the substitution for him of someone who is a more pliant tool in the hands of the world's present masters isn't.

British press reports of the speech are widely divergent. *The Manchester Guardian* (but not *The Times*) has the following:-

"I do not know whether the world will ultimately become Fascist—I do not believe it will become National Socialist—but I firmly believe it will ultimately free itself from Bolshevik threats."

The most bowdlerised passage is one about someone or other pulling chestnuts out of the fire for some other one or other. *Poland?* *The Manchester Guardian* says "Poland he did not mention at all."

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CRISIS

General Franco was supported by Germany "because it is necessary to crush Jewish Bolshevism in Spain."

On the other hand General Franco was financed by the Jew tobacco monopolist Juan March, because—well heads I win, tails you lose is fair both ways, it'h'n't it?

The Archbishop of Canterbury is going for a holiday with Mr. Pierpoint Morgan (*Daily Telegraph*).

The rumour that the King and Queen are not giving satisfaction, is, however, denied.

Captain Anthony Eden, the white-haired boy of Lord Baldwin (the man who collects for the poor darling Jews, you know my dear—they're too tiresome about him in Newfoundland and Depressed—or is

it Distressed?—Areas!) tabled a resolution in the House of Commons which was heavily defeated that a Cabinet enlarged by unspecified elements "should be entrusted with full powers over the nation's wealth, industry and man power."

Captain Eden is closely connected with Becketts' Bank (Westminster Bank).

It is interesting to note that the nation possesses the man-power, not the man-power the nation. c/f Russian Soviet Republic Constitution.

Formula for World Domination:

First promote centralisation of power by anybody for any reason, sane or insane.

Then capture it.

Money is . . .

Money is the shadow of goods. Funny how so many good goods don't cast a shadow.

Money is the sign of wealth. We are long on wealth but short on signs. Why?

Money is a ticket or claim check for wealth and goods. America puts on the wealthiest show on earth, with plenty of seats for all; but we can't print enough tickets so we can all get in and enjoy the show. How about putting the ticket business and the show business under one management?

Debts are becoming unconscious arrangements for dis-

appointing one party and humiliating the other.

When you see an article that cost a dollar ten years ago now selling for a dime, it means someone has lost a job forever. The electric eye sees this even if you don't.

—From *Money, March*, 1939.

"The sole check to the encroachments of power, and the oppressions of inceptive tyranny, is the spirit, the intelligence, the vigilance and the prepared resistance of the people."

—*Edinburgh Review*, July, 1809.

The Perfect Whig

When the Government of Alberta was elected in 1935, Mr. Hugill, the Attorney General whose resignation was subsequently demanded by Mr. Aberhart, facilitated the appointment of Mr. R. J. Magor, as Financial and Fiscal Adviser to the Government.

Mr. Magor had previously (a) Arranged the mortgage on the petroleum assets of Newfoundland, (b) Recommended the supercession of the Newfoundland Government by a Financial Commission "to balance its Budget." This commission has been in absolutely dictatorial control for over five years.

The *Daily Express* prints the following under the heading "Stark Tragedy":

Here are some notes from my diary: Port-aux-Basques: Sixty-seven-year-old man walked through snow for his "dole note" (food order). Dropped dead on way home. A weak heart.

Windsor: Ironical name for parasite growth to a prosperous mill town. Two thousand camp out in shacks-cum-huts hoping for work. Saw naked children, talked to women from other side door because they had no clothes.

Roseblanch: Settlement where nothing will grow. Running short of potatoes. Unloaded from our ship, flour, molasses, tea, total dole ration.

Grey River: Thirty families, intermarried, harelips, stuttering, all dolers. No fishing equipment of any kind.

Francois: Shacks on high cliffs. Cliff crumbled one day, took shack and four occupants with it. All dead.

Bay d'Argent: Twenty men cowering under lee of building in a blizzard. No overcoat among them. One man showed me clothing—two cotton shirts, pair of pants made from sack of dole flour, dungarees, leaky rubber overshoes, canvas jacket, cap.

Isle-aux-Mort: Two stores, one without sugar, butter, beef on January 19; other received 32 lbs. margarine and sack of flour that day; for 100 families.

Burin: Half population on relief. Sergeant Deluhunty of Rangers said: "I have had orders to refuse dole to people I have known to be practically without food for three days."

On a recent visit to England where Mr. Magor is very highly thought of in the City of London, he presented a new set of hymn books to St. Margaret's, Westminster.

They have apparently no smell.

CONFUSION WORSE CONFOUNDED

"Christianity and Economics" by Lord Stamp. (MacMillan, 5/-.)

Here is a book to befuddle creation!

If it is the devil's policy to confuse the issue, as it always is, then the author of this complication is serving it completely. What the average reader, seeking for ethical or economic guidance could get from it, other than an increased sense of helplessness and despair, it is hard to imagine. Even the present reviewer, seizing upon the book in an expectant mood of combat, is defeated at the very outset by the lack of any definition or form, or one might almost say, point of view.

We know Lord Stamp for one of the most active and outspoken bureaucratic forces in the country, successfully identified with all the predominant trends and impulses of the day. On the board of our Central Bank; chairman of the biggest railway combine; a server-up of the darkest Calvinistic doctrine to the youth of our universities.

Yet after reading this book I should diagnose its author as a weary and dispirited man, himself utterly confused by the contrary manner in which all his plans turn out, and quite unable to supply any leadership in the present crisis. I should say he read overmuch, not detective novels like Lord Baldwin, but pseudo-economics. Or else he has a veritable Autolycus of a secretary, "a picker-up of unconsidered trifles."

Here and there amid a welter of quotation, assembled with a maddening disregard for any particular point of view, one gets glimpses of the author's grimly-held and puritanical views. But the impression given is that they have ceased to ring true, even to Lord Stamp himself. Like all our so-called leaders to-day, he is a navigator in waters where all the Admiralty lights have gone out, who either will not, or dare not, avail himself of the simple assistance of the Polar Star.

This is a book that of its very nature refuses to be summed up. If Lord Stamp comes to any conclus-

ion at all, it is that Jesus cannot be said to have advocated any particular form of society, or social plan.

Social Crediters can agree with that, but not on the conclusion drawn from it, that it is therefore up to us to evolve our own plan.

It seems never to have occurred to Lord Stamp and those who think like him, that the correct deduction to be made from this omission on Jesus's part may be that he disapproved of planning altogether. It certainly seems a narrow interpretation to assume, as Lord Stamp does, that it contains a warning to the Churches not to meddle in social affairs. He says: "In 1929 the Church had to combat a worship of material ideals and possessions, and yet a few years later was putting all its emphasis on material prosperity in its social gospel, and weakening its usefulness as a spiritual force. Who will turn, when he is sore of soul, to the parson who is specialising in banking reform?"

Perhaps we have here a hint of the target at which this effort is aimed. Lord Stamp has an influence with the Churches. His mind is remarkably of a kind with the Archbishop of Canterbury's. It is quite conceivable that it is meant as a warning to the clergy to keep off the "economic grass."

Here is another of the few significant passages in the book: "The most persistent modern indictment of our system comes from critics of the monetary mechanism. It is stated that it is mechanically vicious, for it pays out in wages and other funds a less sum than the product costs to produce and buy, so that general purchasing power is chronically short. I have dealt with this theory, as put forward by many pulpits, in a recent volume—'Motive and Method in a Christian Order'—and would only repeat here that the proof or rebuttal of the theory is a purely economic question upon which Christian principle and precept can have nothing to say. If economic analysis should prove Douglas credit schemes and the like to be valid, and the present machinery defective, surely then

every well-meaning man, Christian or not, would advocate a change.

It is also suggested by others who do not go so far as to advocate such schemes that the money machine is too dominant, and that a few powerful people, by evil intent or not, can sway the lives of millions." "If it be true—*though I believe it to be undemonstrated*—then monetary reform is a high economic and political task." (My italics).

So some of us think.

The use in one place of the term social dynamics, just like that, without commas or caps, is interesting.

But indeed why anyone should be at pains to construct such a monument of vague contradictoriness is a mystery—except on my original hypothesis, that it is done to confuse. Whether consciously, or automatically, as the squid pumps sepia into its immediate neighbourhood, is perhaps no matter. Results, positive or negative, are what we, as social crediters, are concerned with, and the result upon the lay mind of reading "Christianity and Economics" can be nothing but a deeper confusion of mind upon matters that cry out for clarity, and a more crippling paralysis of action at a moment when action is most needed.

N. F. W.

Magna Carta

The copy of Magna Carta, which is being sent to New York to be shown in the British Pavilion at the World Fair next month, has been valued at £100,000 for insurance purposes.

A special casket has been designed for its transport from Lincoln Cathedral to avoid it suffering any damage.

Careful, careful, this may be the only relic left of the legendary British Freedom, if it is ignored for the Government's billeting proposals.

BILLETING

To the Editor,
The Social Crediter,

Sir,

As a representative of the Borough Council, I was deputed to attend a conference in Birmingham last Monday to listen to Mr. Walter Elliott on the subject of "Billeting."

There were representatives from all the Midland authorities and from parts of Wales and Herefordshire. It was explained that Mr. Elliott was detained in London (owing to the gravity of the European situation) and Mr. Bernays, M.P., his parliamentary secretary, addressed us in his place. Discussion was invited. Many questions were put from all parts of the Council Chamber and one speaker from Much Wenlock suggested that there was sanctuary in camps along the Wenlock Edge and near the Stretton Hills for countless numbers of children. Speakers from Wales also expressed willingness to receive them in camps.

I asked the following question: "If £8,000 million pounds could be found overnight, out of 'the blue' for instruments of destruction, could not a few million pounds be found for camps in which to preserve the lives of the children," (Mr. Bernays had already stressed the necessity for preserving these young lives) and my question was received with murmurs of approval.

Mr. Bernays replied with a patronising smile to the effect that it "was very easy to make such financial comparisons but one had to remember our financial strength. There came a point beyond which we could not go—a breaking point"—(and very ponderously and with a stern schoolmasterly look at me!) "remember our financial strength."

What can we do with people like this?

Yours faithfully,

ARTHUR S. LEATHER.

Red Eaves, Heath Lane,
Stourbridge.
March, 1939.

[The best treatment is homeric laughter.]

Other People's Views

"The Government say this billeting scheme is not compulsory. But you know as well as I do that, if war does break out, it will be made compulsory at once. So what's all the fuss about?"—Mrs. R. T. Crowther, of Ipswich, in the *Daily Mail*.

"People are always saying, 'Why doesn't the Church do something?' They forget that they themselves are the Church, and that the responsibility lies as much with the individual member as with the leaders."—Mr. J. B. Hoddesdon, of Batley, in the *Daily Mail*.

"On comparing the revised estimates (for the Leeds Budget) for the two years they found that the gross administrative expenses for this year were no more than £290 higher than last year. But on Loan Charges it was a different story. The gross estimated Loan Charges £1, 242, 865 as against £1, 135, 595 for last year (an increase of £107, 270) this represented in itself more than an 8d. increase in the rates. **The serious feature was that loan charges had gone up and not ordinary administrative revenue.**"

—Alderman Morrish speaking on the Budget in the Leeds Council as reported in the *Leeds Guardian* for March 17th.

Old Fashioned Pancakes

Without Milk.

(Sufficient for two people).

Take 2 fresh eggs and beat them up under running water to the extent of a tea cup. Into this beat half wholemeal, half white flour till the whole is as thick as raw cream. Into this throw cloves, a stick of cinnamon, some mace and grated nutmeg, and set aside for 3 or 4 hours.

To serve, have ready a frying pan with heated Trex and when this smokes, pour in the batter sufficient for one pancake; fry, toss, and serve with lemon and brown sugar. The children will love it.

Tested by Mrs. Starky, Torrington, Devon.

VALUES

From the unhappy events of the past six months at 163a Strand, we should all have learnt something and if we emerge with a truer sense of values, then we should be the better social crediters. One aspect was very forcibly demonstrated, viz., the confusion that exists between two sets of laws, one governed by the canon of rightness, and the other set man-made, and good or bad just according to the degree in which its laws approach to or depart from the first.

The capacity to distinguish between these two sets of laws constitutes the wise man, the realist.

Truth has many facets. In the region of government and economics the Secretariat was formed with reality as its goal. All fresh revelations of truth however, are bigger than we poor, frail creatures, who endeavour to expound them, hence a certain amount of confusion is inevitable. If however, each crisis means a greater degree of understanding we shall learn eventually to see such incidents in their true perspective with, every time, the goal looming up larger than ever.

That the Douglas ideas are making extraordinary headway throughout the world is an undoubted fact.

Help me as Treasurer and Acting Director of Revenue, to supply the Secretariat with such funds as will make the pace hotter still.

F. C. L.

The NEW ERA

Australia's Social Credit Weekly
24 Pages, Illustrated. 12 months, 12s.

The New Era, Radio House,
296 Pitt Street, Sydney, Australia.

OH! ISN'T IT FUNNY?

By B. W. Kitching

They always said I had a fertile brain as a child, when it was mostly employed in getting its owner (me) out of scrapes with the minimum amount of fuss and bother, at home, and, at school, out of punishments and penalties duly and justly imposed.

After I grew up (and came to years of discretion, I suppose—but does one ever?) the possession of a fertile brain did not appear to be much of an asset. It got me no farther in life than to an office stool with a job which (though it did provide a fairly substantial and quite regular cheque—which my elders impressed on me to value, more, apparently, than liberty itself) has never added a thrill worth speaking of to my life. In fact, life had become a humdrum existence, divided (very unequally) between the office and the tennis court.

It is quite time, thought I to myself, one bright spring morning, that my fertile brain began to mean something to me.

It is to Uncle Joe that I am indebted for my Big Idea. He was, as usual, contentedly humming to himself over his carpentry, and the words of the song eventually resolved themselves into:

"Oh, isn't it funny

What money

Can do?"

"Yes, isn't it?" said I, with some heat. Uncle Joe has a little money on which he has retired. He also has a contented disposition, with a philosophic streak—which, I contend, is pure humbug in anyone. I may be all sorts of things, but I am not, and I refuse to be, any sort of a humbug. To return to Uncle Joe—you can't classify him as one of the "haves" exactly; but he certainly lacks the divine discontent of the "have nots."

Whether my fertile brain is merely leading me astray as usual I don't know, but it does occur to me that perhaps this poverty we all seem to suffer from—almost like the common cold, only that it, the poverty, is far more prevalent—may have its points. "Sweet are the uses of adversity," as someone

said. If we all had enough, I mean, we might become very selfish. But—this agile mind of mine hastens to assure me—we never should have all we wanted—but we could at least have all we need, if we all had a pension like Uncle Joe. A sort of national dividend—that is what Uncle Joe has got, and it accounts for his contentment—that, and his age, of course. I suppose we all eventually reach the philosophic age, when we are no longer young, in body and spirit. For what's philosophy but "kidding yourself you don't want what you can't have"? So, me, I hope I'll never be old, that is, philosophic!

Thinking like this (if you can call it thinking), with my head full of ways and means to attain what appeared at first sight to be the impossible, I set off to the office. Tearing the leaf off the calendar, I found that Carlyle once said: "Every noble work was once impossible." How true, thought Little Me, tucking myself into my typing desk—and thought no more, constructively, I mean, till evening. And then it was that the Big Idea, suggested by Uncle Joe's song, and simmering, I suppose, all day in my subconscious, burst into flower, or view, or burst, anyway.

"Mother!" said I, as I opened the door of the living room, "I am wealthy—beyond the dreams of avarice!"

"Oh, Clara," said my mother, and dropped a flower pot she had in her hands—"look what you've done!" (Are your parents like that? I thought so.)

"It is nothing," said I, now well in character—"nothing! I could buy you a dozen of those."

"But I don't want—Clara, what is all this?"

"I've won a sweep-stake. But it's a secret, Mother! I am going to handle this, my way. I don't want everybody to know. Just you and me! Won't that be a lovely secret? No reporters—no 'What are you going to do with your fortune, Miss Todd?' No—Oh, Mother, isn't it marvellous?"

"Well, I suppose if it's your fortune you can do what you like

about it—but, my goodness, Clara!"

Now, remember, it's a secret, a dead one. Isn't there something burning, Mother?"

As my mother hurried back to the stove, I ran upstairs.

Did I say I had a fertile brain? I decided then and there on the one or two people whom it would be necessary to "take into my confidence." One was my boss at the office. The other was—well, William. (Don't ever call him Bill. He hates it. I do it—but just on special occasions).

I continued to go to the office. But it was soon known (of course) that I was "one of the Lucky Ones"; that I was going on working until I had decided what to do with my great wealth. (Of course, the longer I kept it stored up, the more interest it would acquire). It's wonderful how quickly rumours of this sort get about. I actually gave an interview to one or two reporters—William chose them for me, the less sensational papers. William was a great help. We were photographed together. He gave me so much "moral support." Poor darling, he never dreamt—well, he hasn't a fertile brain. His, and it's a very good one, is quite a different variety. That is why, as I always tell him, he is among the down-trodden, the slaves of our present system. He doesn't allow his imagination to run loose. I suppose it is a good thing, really, that only some of us do that. Anyway, I had a wonderful time, while it lasted.

You see, my credit was so good. I had £200 which I decided to blue. I bought a few really good clothes. (That did hurt a bit, because it used up so much of my savings; but whatever happens in this world you must be dressed for the part, if you are a woman, anyway).

I took up riding. I was fortunate in that, almost at once, I met some very nice people, who soon asked me to stay with them. The seemed to like me. I was quite frank about never having had money before. "That didn't worry me," I said, "of course, what I was so glad about was that now I could

learn to do all the things I had always felt I could do"; and they were so nice about teaching me to play billiards, and bridge; and the young men who took me out, on the river and to the races, seemed to like me too.

I bought as little as I could and I made a point of paying cash for everything. Of course, I used to think, this game (my Puritan ancestors used to whisper to me "these lies!") will be found out in time, but whom have I harmed? My credit is good, that is the long and short of it! and these friends whom I have made, and who like me for myself, what difference will it make to them if I am hard-up or well-endowed?

The question of charities came up—but I put aside what begging letters I received, and they were quite numerous, telling the senders I had not yet decided how I should allocate my donations. Those begging letters worried me. They told me things my fertile brain had always refused to think about. They made them very clear. This grand lark—and it was fun—those rides, and week-end visits, and trips up the river, and theatre parties—how I loved the theatres!—this masquerade, had its serious side. Life unfolded two ways before me. I began to realise the responsibility put upon one, not perhaps by the possession of money, but by knowledge, by the expanded vision that "money" brings. I saw a little of comfort, luxury, elegance, culture, side by side with all the sordidness of middleclass life in its struggle to keep respectable, to keep together what little it has. I saw the tragedy of poverty when the poor failed in that desperate, unequal struggle with "conditions over which they had no control"; and that other tragedy, almost more heart-rending—the callousness and apathy of those who, being "in the money," refused to consider the plight of all less fortunate than themselves.

And I began to lie awake at night. I had to take a rest from the office. My boss seemed a little hostile, too—keeping another out of a job, I felt he was thinking. One night I was a little delirious, I think. It seemed as though my Puritan ancestors looked silently down on me and made me watch

WHAT THEY SAY

From "English Journey" by J. B. Priestly.

Stockton has shipyards that have been closed for years, so that the grass is growing in them, and it is very unlikely that they will ever be opened again. It has big marine engineering shops that are now empty shells of brick, though the engines they sent out are still driving good little tramp steamers through every sea in the world. And it has a large number of citizens, excellent skilled workmen, who have been unemployed not merely this year and last year, but for seven and eight years . . .

" . . . it is the figures that have done it, they have crept in here and worked this havoc, like tiny, furious devils. Those Reports and Blue Books, which look so dull that you and I can hardly compel ourselves to read a page of them, have in them the blood and tears, the sweat and agony of 10,000 tragic novels and dramas. There is a real and dreadful magic in their numbers. See—little figures at one end and big figures at the other; and what is happening? Why, everybody we know is cheerfully busy, and Tom can marry Alice, and Elsie can have music lessons, and old Bob has

bought five more pigeons, and Aunt Grace is moving into a nicer house, and Harold's great-uncle has gone travelling all round the world. Now look again—big figures at one end and little figures at the other; and now what is happening? Horrible. The whole scene has darkened, and Frank has been sold up and has disappeared, and Rose can't get married, and George is out of work, and nobody knows what has become of the Robinson's, and poor old Sam shot himself last night. In the world as it is now . . . we talk across the oceans and fly over the continents; we can be warmed in winter and cooled in summer; and we should be lords of the earth—if it were not for the figures. They are our masters, and most exacting and capricious masters they are too. They are our prisons and cages, and against their angular columns and bars we press and bruise our tender flesh. Theirs is perhaps the last and worst enchantment the world has known. If we should ever break their spell we might all live like princes and princesses happy ever after."

with them scenes that passed in review before us. And yet all our eyes seemed one pair of eyes—my own. And I saw it all again, the comfort, the brilliance, the swift, silent cars, the carelessly happy people, the art galleries, the turf and its horses, the greyhounds in their coats—and then, the Embankment at night, the food queues, the vacant faces of the unemployed, the silent dockyards, the empty factories, the under-nourished children, the worn, distracted mothers, the artificial stimulus ("the dope") of bright lights, and cinemas. And the gaunt spectacle of Fear and Want and Scarcity hung over all in a shape of dumb rebellion. I, too, was among those rebels—a thoughtless one, demanding only happiness and a chance in life to develop, to expand; I too was caught, trapped, like the rest . . .

I must have screamed, for my mother was with me when I woke. I told her everything. I think she

was too surprised to scold me—or else I talked too much for her to be able to say anything.

I had to go away for a holiday to the country, and while I was there Bill (I mean William) decided that he was lonely and would always be lonely if I didn't, I mean, if we weren't . . . Anyway, we felt the same way about it, and I'm married to him now.

And I shall never, never regret the use to which I put my fertile brain (though, of course, I have had to promise Bill—I mean William—that I will never do anything like it again)—because I saw for myself not only how terrible life is for thousands and thousands of people, but also how easy it could all be put right. A little money had changed my life from hum-drum monotony to a fairy-tale, had given me fun and friends, and all I could desire. Why couldn't it do the same for all those outcasts I had seen in my vision?

The Pushing Puritan Lady Astor and M.P.

Lady Astor (Cons., Sutton Plymouth) said that malnutrition was not starvation, but was lack of proper food in childhood, due partly to ignorance, but mainly to poverty. She went on to give an account of some experiments.

Mr. Herbert Williams (Cons., South Croydon): "Would you give us the results?"

Lady Astor: "I wish the hon. member would stick to his last, which is drink and not milk." (Laughter).

Mr. Williams: "I have no connection, direct or indirect, with the sale of alcoholic liquor, and I suggest that Lady Astor should be asked to apologise."

Lady Astor: "I was talking about consumption not sale."

The Deputy Speaker, Sir Denis Herbert: "I do not think that Mr. Williams or his friends would consider that he was seriously insulted." (Laughter).

The above repartee occurred in Parliament on March 24.

FOR SALE

Private Hotel at Ventnor

Mr. C. A. Redfern, who has recently moved to Amsterdam and is in charge of the New Economic Group over there, wishes to dispose of a substantial 10-bedroom stone-and-brick Private Hotel at Ventnor.

The house stands in its own grounds, overlooking the park, is close to Ventnor West Station and within easy distance of the shopping centre and sea front. Electric light. Gas. Town water. Main drainage. Recently redecorated. **Freehold £2,350.**

OR—a half section of the house may be had to let unfurnished at £60 a year exclusive, or furnished for holiday parties from 2 to 4 guineas per week according to season.

OR—the same half-section can be let in two flats, furnished or unfurnished.

Mr. Redfern has kindly offered full Agency terms to social credit funds in the event of a sale being effected through the movement. Full details may be had from—W. Wilson, 34, Newcombe Park, Mill Hill, London, N.W.7.

PEACE BY EXAMPLE

By R. B. Gaudin

It is all very well to provide pumps, lifebuoys, boats, bulkheads and all the other paraphernalia necessary in case of shipwreck and it is prudent to do so; but it is also vital to navigate the ship so that, if she cannot avoid the storms, she may at least stand the greatest chance of weathering them.

Are we not, as a Nation, rather like a ship being so provided, but steering in a haphazard way so that if disaster is to be avoided it will be more by luck than by sound policy? All that is being done so far is to see that if war comes life may be saved, but there is no active understanding how to get and keep peace. World conferences, by comprising everything, will not, as we know, solve this problem—unless we understand the principles making for peace.

To get the right angle on the subject let me digress.

In bringing up children there is a school of thought—rapidly losing its influence—that believes in strict discipline on narrow lines which makes the life of the child a burden and stimulates in him, either a spirit of revolt which manifests itself in a disastrous way as soon as he is free from parental control, or so crows the child that he becomes a funk in manhood. It is on the psychical plane an illustration of the well-known fact that action and reaction are equal and opposite.

Children must be treated as human beings with a growing personality and the way to make them happy and good citizens is by being a happy and good citizen yourself. They will emulate your good (or bad) example.

The mentality of the rulers of the dictator nations is unsophisticated and direct but that of their opposite numbers in the so-called democratic nations more plausible and subtle—hence they can control although apparently handicapped by the paraphernalia of the parliamentary institutions. To put it another way, the art of ruling is more developed in England than, say Germany. We are in this respect, older mentally than they and we

should have acquired greater wisdom.

How then can we of the "democracies" secure peace? Surely by using the analogy of the modern parent with the child. Understanding, frankness, sympathy. We are old enough to know that nothing is so important as human happiness and we should be wise enough to show the way by ensuring a maximum to our own people in this country.

How can we start? The first thing is to increase our home market by refusing to allow any increase in taxation—it looks as if this is to be done. The second is to put our own country in order, first by getting obvious things that want doing done, such as developing an agricultural policy which will encourage farmers to produce so that they can make a living which means more than a mere existence. Improve our railways, harbours and roads. Develop our natural resources—such as the Severn Power Scheme; clear our black country and certain industrial areas of their vile dwellings—(how I often wish I could clear the people out and demolish their houses with grape shot!) and build decent houses with gardens. Plant grass and trees on old dumps and try to make the country sweet and smiling once more.

Then, of course, we would reduce prices and ensure an income to all by a National Dividend.

Honour belongs to those nations whose peoples are most contented, happy and free; those who can lead the world to better things—not by moralizing, seeking greater possessions or armaments—but by example and co-operation among each other for the mutual benefit of their respective peoples.

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ANNOUNCEMENTS AND MEETINGS

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

BANGOR (County Down) D.S.C. Group. Meeting every Monday at 8 p.m., in the Headquarters, 65b, Main Street, Bangor. Private sessions by arrangement. Visit the reading room—keys from caretaker. All enquiries to Hon. Secretary.

BELFAST D.S.C. Group. Headquarters: 72, Ann Street, Belfast. Monthly Group Meetings on First Tuesday in each month.

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

BRADFORD United Democrats. All enquiries welcome; also helpers wanted. Apply R. J. 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.

LIVERPOOL Social Credit Association: Next meeting, April 21st. Place will be announced later. 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 — Annual General Meeting takes place at 8, Cranbury Place, Southampton, on Friday, April 14th, at 7-45 p.m. Members please note.

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.

Miscellaneous Notices.

Rate 1s. a line. Support our Advertisers.

DERBY & DISTRICT Lower Rates Demand Association. Meetings are held fortnightly (Tuesdays) in Room 14, Unity Hall.

TO THE DIRECTOR OF REVENUE, THE SOCIAL CREDIT SECRETARIAT, 12, LORD STREET, LIVERPOOL, 2.

I wish to support Social Credit Policy as defined in the terms of association of and pursued by The Social Credit Secretariat under the Chairmanship of Major C. H. Douglas.

I will, until further notice, contribute

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Address.....

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.

UNITED RATEPAYERS' ADVISORY ASSOCIATION. District Agent for Newcastle-on-Tyne area, W. A. Barratt, 10, Warrington Road, Fawdon, Newcastle-on-Tyne, 3, will be pleased to assist anyone on new Lower Rates Associations.

UNITED Ratepayers' Advisory Association. District Agent for S. Wales and Monmouthshire, Mr. P. Langmaid, 199, Heathwood Road, Cardiff.

EXPANSION FUND

To the Treasurer, Social Credit Expansion Fund, c/o The Social Credit Secretariat, 12, Lord Street, Liverpool, 2.

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