

# THE SOCIAL CREDITOR

## FOR POLITICAL AND ECONOMIC REALISM

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### WHOSE SERVICE IS PERFECT FREEDOM (III)

By C. H. DOUGLAS

A satisfactory reformation of the monetary and political systems would be fatal to the aspiration of the Jewish race, although it is vital to its best interest. If I have, for my own part, come to believe that there is a fundamental relationship between the troubles which afflict Europe and what is known as the Jewish problem, I have formed that opinion with reluctance, and only after close consideration both of facts and of less tangible evidence. There is probably no *single* piece of evidence existing which would justify the growing dislike of the Jews *as a race*. But there are so many indications all of which, taken together, lead to the same conclusion that, to my mind a major verdict is inescapable. And since all responsible critics have reached this conclusion, in many cases by widely differing roads, perhaps the first necessity is to explain beyond any risk of misunderstanding, the nature of the charge, and why it is a racial and not a personal indictment.

I might perhaps begin by suggesting that many of the complaints laid against the Jew are merely Occidental dislike of the Oriental. Jews are not more "clever", more unscrupulous or more usurious than an equal number of natives of Southern India or Trans-Caucasian Russia. In addition I have no doubt that it is true (although rather overstressed) that many individual Jews are, *as individuals*, a pattern of good behaviour and day-to-day good citizenship. Yet I should require more evidence than I have been able to acquire that these highly reputable Jews are not, perhaps specially, open to the real charge—a charge so grave that it has only to be understood for it to be realised that the Jew is a menace to be dealt with as firmly or even harshly if necessary, as we deal with would-be immigrants, with a well established record

of terrorism and arson.

The Jewish Race is a cuckoo race. Every commentator, from Mr. Henry Ford's investigators to Mr. Douglas Reed, to mention only two instances of many modern critics, makes, in his special vocabulary, the same point. Once admitted as a guest, and it is merely a question of time (and not very much time as time is measured in these matters) until he is ordering the dinner and his host and benefactor is washing the dishes. It is childish to say that this is the result of superior ability. It is the outcome of *policy*.

That Jewry as a whole has a permanent policy which aims at establishing the individual Jew as a member of a "chosen," superior, dominant and ruling class in every country and over the whole world, is the charge, and it appears to me to be established by a consideration of the part played by Jews in both general and economic history so far as I am familiar with it. In short, the Jew has the policy of his philosophy.

Now the objection may at once be raised that even if this were so, it does

not become a citizen of Great Britain to revile a policy which his own nation has pursued. But without attempting to excuse Imperialist excesses and ambitions, whether on the part of the British (whose Whig Imperialism dates from Cromwell) or any other people, there are, I think, certain very vital points of difference between Jewish *policy* and those of the great Empires of the past.

They were, as Great Britain was, definite and characteristic civilisations. Egypt, Greece, Rome, Spain, France and Britain are recognisable cultures, which were tacitly put forward for imitation and for which the nations concerned accepted responsibility. But the Jew has no native culture and always aims at power *without* responsibility. He is the parasite upon, and corrupter of, every civilisation in which he has attained power. The more admirable portions of the Mosaic Law itself are almost certainly of Egyptian origin, and the Jewish Race has adopted them with the typical corruption that they only apply as between Jews, and that all methods are allowable and praiseworthy in dealing with the non-Jew. Out of this double morality arises the cry of persecution which accompanies the Jew through the ages.

An orthodox Jew, who marries a non-Jewess—an "Aryan"—is accursed, but Herr Hitler's so-called Race Purity Laws which forbid a German "Aryan" to marry a Jewess are "persecution"—"race discrimination." They are, of course, merely an inversion of Jewish custom.

Under Herr Hitler (whose methods I do not like), a few thousand Jews have been deprived of property acquired from Germans during and since the last war. That is "persecution."

#### On Other Pages

Fruit—and Revenue  
The Witches' Cauldron  
by Mrs. Palmer

Stan Lookey's Politics  
by Charles Jones

Your Country Needs You!  
by M. C. Bond

The Intellect at Large  
by N. F. Webb

During the past fifty years, tens of thousands of reputable, honest, British families have been driven to desperation, deprived of property honestly acquired and decently administered, as a result of the operations of Jewish money-lenders, large and small. That is quite all right—that is “bithness.”

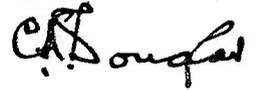
The point I am concerned to make is that it is sheer insanity not to recognise that the world is always at war and must always be at war just so long as there is an organised attempt to

impose a “system” on any people or person, and that an international attempt of this nature which is being actively pursued by Jewry means that the *first and primary enemy is within the gates of every nation.* And the first war should be upon him. It is just about as realistic to say that the business of the Allies in 1914 was not to bother about the Germans, but to get to Berlin, as to refuse to deal with the Jew.

I have evidence, which is satisfactory to me, that the most effective

opposition to the Social Credit Movement is exercised through Freemasonry—not “Grand Orient” Freemasonry, but Freemasonry *tout court*, and I am more than doubtful of the complete dissociation of Jewish and English Freemasonry, which is so strenuously protested by “English” Freemasons.

(to be continued).



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## NEWS AND VIEWS

### Change of Policy?

In May, 1938, Stalin said at the Third International:—

“It is necessary to precipitate the capitalist States in an armed conflict against each other, as the doctrine of Marx—Lenin—Engels teaches us that all universal war must automatically end in revolution.”

In 1939, terms of an Anglo-Soviet pact are being considered. Discussions have been prolonged, and commentators blame Britain or Russia according to their support of Churchill or Chamberlain. There is a positive welter of ‘inside information’ available to all who read. It contains little fact, and a heavy leavening of propaganda. One thing it does establish is the effort of Britain to avoid absolute and unconditional military alliance so that this country should have opportunity to consider the pretext and cause of any war before waging it, instead of being automatically involved in any war her allies cared to commence. Another ‘tip’ given is that U.S.S.R. is endeavouring to secure the pledge of this country to give military assistance in the event of a revolution in Russia—an undertaking to support the Communist Regime.

Within the next week or so the failure or success of negotiations must be announced and there is little doubt that this will be the signal for a fresh wave of propaganda directed against Mr. Chamberlain’s policy and abilities and of a further attempt to bring Mr. Winston Churchill into the cabinet. The grounds would be either (a) the “shocking break down of Anglo-Soviet negotiations,” the “necessity” for which has been so persistently boosted in one section of the press, or (b) if the pact materialises, it *would* be Mr. Churchill’s policy, wouldn’t it?

Mr. Churchill, with his “fearless personality” and his fidelity to abstract

ideals to the point of sacrificing to them other people’s wishes and even their lives, would not increase the individual liberty remaining to Englishmen.

### Orders for U.S.A.

Countries receiving credits from Great Britain for the purpose of re-armament have requested that part of the credits should be available for use outside this country as our factories are already working at full speed and are unable to deal with further orders.

They will be permitted to buy from the United States, provided that the orders come through this country.

### Mass Migration to Canada?

It was recently suggested in joke (we hope) that in the event of war the British should move themselves and their institutions to Canada. First step in this direction and in the complete demoralisation of Britain can be discerned in the movement started recently by Ontario women’s clubs anxious to participate in the care of evacuated British children in the event of war. This has received official support from the Prime Minister of Ontario.

Mr. Hepburn stated that he was working out a plan which he will submit to the Ontario Cabinet for its approval. This plan provides for large-scale evacuation of children from the United Kingdom to Canada.

Women’s organisations of other provinces are following Ontario’s lead.

It is understood that Mr. Hepburn is planning to ask for the co-operation of other provincial Prime Ministers in the establishment of central organisations which would be responsible for raising volunteer funds to defray evacuation expenses and the care of British children in Canada if Britain were involved in war.

All done with the very best intentions . . . .

### Whose Town is Brighton?

The Home Office is threatening to withhold £10,000 a year from Brighton’s police grant unless the Council approve a scheme by the Watch Committee to increase the force of 220 by seven men for emergency duties.

The proposal is to add one chief inspector, two sergeants and four constables at a cost of £1,820 per annum of which the Government pay *half*.

The council rejected the proposal in April, and the Home Office now writes: “The Secretary of State regards this matter as one of urgency; further, he is assured by his Majesty’s Inspector of Constabulary that the strength of the force is inadequate even for normal requirements, apart from any augmentation for emergency work.

“In these circumstances the Secretary of State cannot regard the force as being efficiently and properly administered.

The matter is not one in which any further delay can be countenanced, and the Secretary of State has therefore decided that a sum of £5,000 shall be withheld from the current instalment of the grant, and that a further reduction of £5,000 will be made from the instalment payable in February next.”

The letter adds that deduction at the rate of £10,000 will be made from the annual grant unless steps are taken to augment the force by at least seven men.

It is to be hoped that the people of Brighton will not sit down under this outrageous and blackmailing treatment. In our so-called democratic England who rules Brighton? The Brighton people either as ratepayers—or as taxpayers. It is up to them to see that *their* wishes are carried out in the matter—not those of the Council, or of the central government.

## FRUIT --- AND REVENUE

Strawberries, raspberries and currants are waning. Loganberries and gooseberries are ripening. Damsons, plums, marrows, apples, pears—all the variety of the fruit harvest will soon mature. The beedy-eyed bramble-berries promise to be a free and full harvest for those who choose to take without "put"—the just price!

Reader, do you like fruit or jam? Real fresh-fruit—real home-made jams? If you do not, many do and will pay for such jams in preference to factory brands.

Do you own a fruit farm? Perhaps an orchard? Then just a fruit garden? Well,—only a dozen raspberry canes or gooseberry bushes, a patch of strawberries? . . . None of these? But you have a relative or friend who does? Or you have a relative or friend who has a relative or friend who has "fruit for nothing." Some of this fruit is picked; some of it is given away. Some of it the birds pick, and some of it—a not inconsiderable amount—none but wasps, slugs and grubs pick. The birds and wasps are not educated to the virtues of "sound" finance. They will fend for themselves, even though the search be "fruitless." But the human beneficiaries? Well, why not you, and the cause of Freemen through you?

Money must necessarily determine the pace and progress of the Social Credit Movement toward the realisation of the Social Credit Order. A sufficiency of income with a minimum and increasing rate of flow is essential. From its inception the Movement has been and is in the position of an under-capitalized business organization. The potential of its activities is being continually sabotaged at every stage, and its energies short circuited. Where is the money to come from?

Many of us in the Movement will never receive a "just" return for our efforts, our labours and contributions already made, even though we should live three, four or five decades in a Social Credit Society. The spirit urging forward and guiding the Social Credit Movement is that age-old selfless fight inspired of man's love of freedom, tenacious of the rights of men, a re-staking of hereditary claims.

Is it not the sight, the thought or the vision of children, our's, others, or those unborn, their future, which

spurs us on through fatigue and doubt alike past set-back and advance toward the goal, which urges us to greater effort, the fulfilment of duty not alone to our immediate kin but to all Mankind and to Truth? Our recompense in this present world of aimless turmoil is a life of fixed and noble purpose and a mind at peace. One can but do one's best.

Have we done our best to "find" money to supplement our personal contributions? Have we explored and exploited (in the best sense) the possible indirect sources of revenue?—we have not!

If we could turn some part of the individual's necessary expenditure into profit for the movement our money problem would be in the way of being solved. Let us start by converting fresh fruit or jams into financial credit for our work.

Every social creditor and sympathizer can help. Sex or age is no bar. If you cannot make jam, others can and will. If you cannot get free fruit, others can and will. If transport is your want, others have it. But start NOW . . . don't wait for the blackberries—everything in its season.

Don't give your 'surplus' fruit away for nothing.

### Real and Financial Credit

A social creditor who owns just a patch of garden with a score of raspberry canes, this season sold (instead of giving away) the surplus fruit at 10d. per lb., to friends and neighbours.

As a result, the Secretariat finances have benefited to the extent of 35/-.

Multiply this single effort, which is the result of only *one* early season fruit, by one hundred, the yield would be £175.

How many social creditors and sympathisers are there who could avail themselves of fruit surpluses during the current season to augment social credit funds?

### What To Do

The collection of fruit, its sale or conversion into jams can best be organised, without diverting the man-power we have from other tasks, by the initiative of individuals.

Don't wait to be organised: organ-

ise within your group, among your friends and your family.

Organisation should be simple and strictly localised in order to contact as large a "public" of consumers as possible without creating distribution difficulties. Don't worry about sales at this stage. Preserves will keep.

The Director of Revenue would be glad to hear at once what you are doing about it, and, if necessary, to advise you.

J. B. G.

### Books to Read

By C. H. Douglas:—

Economic Democracy .....	3/6
Social Credit .....	3/6
Credit Power and Democracy	3/6
The Monopoly of Credit .....	3/6
Warning Democracy .....	3/6
The Tragedy of Human Effort	6d.
The Use of Money .....	6d.
Approach to Reality .....	3d.
Money and the Price System ...	3d.
Nature of Democracy .....	2d.
Social Credit Principles .....	1d.
Tyranny .....	1d.

### Also

The Douglas Manual .....	5/-
The Economic Crisis.	
Southampton Chamber of Commerce Report .....	6d.
Social Credit and the Labour Party by Edwin Muir ...	6d.
Alternative to Disaster by L. D. Byrne .....	4d.
The Bankers of London by Percy Arnold .....	4/6.

### Latest Publications

The Purpose of Politics by H. E. ....	3d.
The Power of Money Compiled by J. B. Galway .....	3d.

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## Mrs. Palmer's Page

## THE WITCHES' CAULDRON

It is rumoured that Mussolini and Hitler have come to an arrangement for moving 250,000 Tyroleans from one part of the country to another, the ostensible object being to keep Germanic peoples together. Whether the evacuees will be glad to give up their homes and friends is another matter. Presumably it should be enough for them that this wholesale migration is in the interests of the state.

A government official here has expressed the view that if the Whitehall evacuation scheme were put into operation many of the people moved would never return to their old homes.

Dr. W. A. Lethem, Medical Officer at the Ministry of Health, spoke at the health congress of the Royal Sanitary Institute at Scarborough:—

"We know," he said, "that a mixture of blood is good for the race. A periodic stirring of the cauldron mixes the ingredients and brings out qualities of mind and body which tend to stagnate if left undisturbed too long.

"The sack of Constantinople was followed by the Renaissance. So, I hope, may the evacuation of our cities be followed by a reawakening of rural England and the dawn of a new era of living planned on healthier and more spacious lines than those to which so many of our countrymen have become accustomed."

These remarks, no less than their source of origin, must be intensely interesting to social crediters. When the Government's Evacuation scheme was first announced in the autumn of 1938, Douglas commented upon it in these words, ("The Issue," *The Social Crediter*, November 19th, 1938):

"It was probably hatched out by some pale-faced Marxian, (or Marksian) introvert in Whitehall, with no more knowledge of life than can be obtained from half-understood and quarter-digested books, and its progress was facilitated by those methods which are so rampant in Government circles."

Dr. Lethem pictures with gay insouciance, the wholesale migration of population, without regard for the home ties, attachment to friends and pride in one's own possessions, which are all such very English characteristics. These are the qualities which the Communists delight in lumping together as "bourgeois", thinking, when they have done so, that they have said the last word in scornful condemnation. (Why,

I should like to know?)

Medical Officers at the Ministry of Health spend most of their time among figures, schemes, Government blue books, decimal fractions of a person, and other marvels (did you know that only point seven per cent. of a child suffers from malnutrition in this country? What a great thought that is!)

After their hospital training they are not put through the mill of general practice, where there might at least be some chance of their developing the will of human kindness when dealing with neurosis, chronic ill-health and real human problems, learning by bitter experience that these things are in great part the direct outcome of the age of unreality in which we are all condemned to live.

The Whitehall medical official escapes all that. While still young and impressionable he enters the government office, with a secure though modest salary, and begins to play the fascinating game of rolling and unrolling red tape. Get some government official who is also a social creditor to give you his opinion of government office organisation. It is a heaven on earth for the deductive mind.

Whether or not Dr. Lethem possesses the deductive mind—the mind that starts off with a *theory* instead of with a *fact*, and rears a whole super-

structure of reasoning upon this nebulous foundation—it is plain from this extract from his speech that he inflicted upon the members of the Royal Sanitary Institute "half-understood theories from quarter-digested books."

*1st Theory*: "A mixture of blood is good for the race." No biologist worthy the name would make such an unqualified statement.

Therefore, let us bring about an artificial stirring of the cauldron, without regard to nature's laws or the real desires of those with whose lives we are meddling. A true witches' brew, indeed. And so he and his fellow theorists would find it to be, as soon as they began to keel the pot.

*2nd Theory*: The sack of Constantinople was followed by the Renaissance, so we hope that the evacuation of our cities will be followed by a reawakening of rural England, etc., planned, etc., etc.

Don't forget the word "planned." No speech is complete without it.

Where is the connection?

A few Greek scholars were turned out of Byzantium, and made their way to other European cities. A couple of hundred years passed before this liberated knowledge made any appreciable impression on European culture. Are we, therefore, to assume that Tom, Dick and Lizz, when away from the factory hooter, the fried fish shop and cinema, will join with Corydon and Phyllis in the rural dance?

Couldn't it be just as reasonable to assume that our rustic lovers will rather learn from them the Lambeth Walk, and the whole technique of city life, based on "Stop-me-and-buy-one?"

Half-baked theories, coddled in hot air!

How is it possible to find anyone to take them seriously?

But the pale-faced Marxian introvert of Whitehall believes in the necessity of directing and planning the world by government departments. He knows no other way.

He is an expert of the type who believes that every moment of time during which he is not occupied in being expert, is wasted. Moreover he is

## Rendezvous

Mrs. Palmer

is at home to friends on Wednesday afternoons from 3 to 5 p.m.

(other times by appointment).

Tea and biscuits 3d.

It is hoped that visitors to London will make a point of calling at that time.

On Wednesdays August 16, 23 and 30, and September 6

Mrs. Hewlett Edwards

will receive visitors. Mrs. Palmer will be away on holiday.

Note the Address:

4, Mecklenburgh Street,

London, W.C. 1.

(first floor bell).

Space reserved by

Secretary: John Mitchell

THE UNITED RATEPAYERS' ADVISORY ASSOCIATION

Sentinel House, Southampton Row, London, W.C.1.

SUTTON LOWER RATES DEMAND

Letters to all Borough Councillors

The following is reprinted from the "Sutton Herald," July 14th, 1939:

Mr. A. P. Marsden, hon. secretary of the Sutton and Cheam Lower Rates Demand Association, informed the "Herald" that the following letter has been sent to each member of the Sutton and Cheam Borough Council:—

"On behalf of the electors of Sutton and Cheam, I am directed to bring to your notice the following demand, and to request that you take all necessary action to secure its implementation:—

"The money paid as interest and repayment of loans imposes an intolerable burden upon all of us. We therefore demand a drastic reduction in rates and assessments with no decrease in social services.

"This demand has been signed by 2,000 ratepayers. We shall be pleased to arrange for your inspection of the signatures, should you so desire."

Mr. K. E. Breese, campaign director of the Lower Rates Demand Association, has also sent a letter to each Councillor, as follows:—

"With reference to the enclosed letter from our Hon. Secretary, may I add the following:—

"(1) The signatures that we have already collected are those of the occupants of representative types of

property in Sutton and Cheam.

"(2) Eighty-five per cent. of the people approached have signed the demand.

"(3) The task of canvassing the whole of the borough is now being undertaken, and will be completed at an early date.

"(4) But this demand so clearly represents the will of the people of the borough that action in the Council Chamber need no longer be delayed.

"(5) The people are holding you responsible primarily for giving effective voice to their desires. Through you and two other Councillors alone can the electors of your ward be heard.

"(6) You have received ample evidence as to the reasonableness of the demand. It is your province to bring pressure to bear upon the banks for the provision of credits on terms which are a nearer relation to the costs of creation, which are known to be extremely small.

"In conclusion, please allow me to assure you again of this Association's full support in every effort you make in connection with the demand."

Mr. Marsden states that the Town Clerk has been asked to notify the Council of the present action that is being taken by the Association.

An "open letter to all Councillors" from the United Ratepayers' Advisory

Association contains the statement that "in face of the universal demand for lower rates with no decrease in social services which exists, and the widespread and rapidly increasing knowledge of the facts here stated, Councillors who do not take the simple action of pressing for a recognition of these facts in the Council Chamber and for action in regard to the banks which these facts demonstrate to be reasonable, can quite unequivocally be stated as being grossly negligent of their responsibilities to their electors."

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THE WITCHES' CAULDRON—(continued from the previous page)

quite used to the idea that all orders must reach him via the Treasury, in such a guise as to be quite unrecognisable from the form in which they started out, i.e., the people want safety during possible air-raids, but they are given a detestable and impracticable billeting scheme because there is "no money" for deep shelters and adequate camps.

Poor Dr. Bowie, who loves emigrants better than babies! Poor Dr. Lethem, who loves games of general post!

Poor "blind mouths" who look at the world not indeed through rosy spectacles, but through lenses that turn

everything upside down, so that instead of building upon solid facts they raise a fairy palace on theories. Communism is to them a heaven of escape where they can indulge in the day-dream of planning, and forget the horrible present.

But while lower-grade civil servants are carried away by a phrase, "service to the community," the policy whose unconscious instruments they are is entirely materialistic in its aims. It is the policy of the horizontal trusts.

These trusts are determined to operate in every country, to pass beyond all national boundaries. For this reason they come into conflict, sooner or later, with everything that is

small and independent, small political units, small trading companies, and lastly, the individual, who is treated as a mere pawn and his home as no better than a machine for living in, to be at the disposal of "the state" at a moment's notice.

Only a standardised robot can live in a world manipulated by horizontal trusts, a robot with no individual, cultural or spiritual values, whose passage through life from birth to death, has been planned for him.

Will there be found enough English people to denounce this policy before it is too late?

B. M. PALMER.

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## TIME PRESENT

In a striking passage, an eminent Englishman, now dead, compared the powers of imagination displayed by Shakespeare with those of Isaac Newton. The argument, though not conducted with exceptional dexterity (as though that were unnecessary), ended in the heavy defeat of the national poet. Shakespeare's folk were but folk, behaving as folk will; and the imagery was but imagery of things seen and heard; whereas Newton passed, as it were, easily to and fro between this world of sensible things and an unseen world which none had entered before, full of invisible shapes and immeasurable sizes, carrying whole earth's in one direction and the perfect mathematical constructions which these whole earth's exactly fitted in the other; attaching the one to the other and divorcing them with as sudden ease: joining and sundering the known and the unknown at will. Stupendous Newton! Puny Shakespeare!

*We are the music makers,  
And we are the dreamers of dreams,  
Wandering by lone sea-breakers,  
And sitting by desolate streams;  
World-losers and world-forsakers,  
On whom the pale moon gleams:  
Yet we are the movers and shakers  
Of the world for ever, it seems.*  
Punier O'Shaughnessy!

Yet the comparison is false. Imagination is one and indivisible, an invariable, independent of the thing imagined. Newton and Shakespeare had imagination. For themselves what they did with it was the same; for others the results were different. That is all.

More and more we meet with people who voice their dissatisfaction with society. This requires no imagination; merely honesty. The dissatisfaction is intense, and that is intelligible enough. The grounds of dissatisfaction are variously stated; but, on the whole, the

tale hangs together. The evidence is consistent. There is conflict—too much conflict for individual peace, and comfort. There is a lurking and persistent enemy, constantly forcing battle. There is an opposition. This opposition grows—in size, in impudence, in implacability. Once upon a time he was smaller, more modest, gentler. Oh! for the time when he will be less again! Oh! for *that* time!

It is with the appearance of this thought that imagination flies away. Imagination creates and sustains the *natural* order. It does not reverse it ever. But those without imagination turn and return always at this point. They come, as it were, to a wall of impenetrable hardness, smooth and flat and polished like a mirror, perfectly opaque. This is the wall which did not exist for Newton (or for Shakespeare): the wall which imagination (and only imagination) can pierce. And from this wall those who have no imagination rebound, as a well-filled ball rebounds. They go *back*. Each inch of their progress is the mirror-image of some other inch; whereas, in life and imagination every inch is unique. The ball goes on, on, never to return; for what it meets is *nothing*.

Imagination is the stupendous force which annihilates that adamant face between things present and things future makes nothing of it.

Without imagination there is only the rebound. Instead of getting through into the real future and eating it up, the present rebounds into the past and there is only eternal battledore and shuttlecock. And this past, what is it? Just the past! Feudalism, romanticism, mediaevalism: castles and kings: the mere bye-gone frames and settings of imaginations that lived themselves through each past wall! "Let us return whence we came" cry these honest

visionaries of our uncomfortable present. "Back to this; back to that; back to the other!" There is no going back. There is only a hesitation, a vibration, a shudder which may, all the same, be a shattering of human purpose on the threshold of realisation.

"The water you touch in a river is the last of that which has passed, and the first of that which is coming. Thus it is with time present," said Leonardo da Vinci, who also had imagination.

It is, unfortunately, not possible to create imagination where none exists. That is why we should not pause on the threshold of action, for by each exercise of our powers of action that reflecting face whence others return is forced onwards—even for them.

## Barter for Quebec and Italy

The Provincial Government of Quebec announce the conclusion of a barter agreement with Italy for the benefit of fishermen in the Gaspé Peninsula, in virtue of which Italian wines will be accepted in payment for dried cod.

## THE SECRETARIAT

The many friends whom Mr. W. Wilson has made in the ranks of the Social Credit Movement will hear with regret that Mr. Wilson has had to suspend his work for us for reasons of health. Like so many others who assess the gravity of present pressure in society correctly, Mr. Wilson has been over-working, and must rest in order to regain his former powers of usefulness. We hope he will do that as thoroughly and successfully as he has done everything else in which we have been as closely concerned. He has our best wishes.

For the past few weeks, Mr. Luxton has been acting as Director of Revenue, a position which Mr. Wilson relinquished in order to give those special aids in which he is so expert to the Secretariat. It is now possible to announce that Mr. J. B. Galway has consented to undertake the Directorship of Revenue, leaving Mr. Luxton free to run the Treasurer's Department.

Letters for Mr. Galway should be sent direct to him at 23, Malone Hill Park, Belfast.

# STAN LOOKEY'S POLITICS

By CHARLES JONES

Early one morning in last July, Stan Lookey hanged himself with a blind cord slung from a precarious hook in the window cornice of his bedroom. His wife found him dangling in an unnatural way before the window, with a peaceful countenance of the wrong hue, and with great presence of mind she cut him down before he had time to realise the blissful anticipations on his discoloured features. So instead, he went to Melcroft, the County mental institution, with a weal round his neck and a soul dissatisfied.

Stan is a small-holder, and a victim of hard work, low prices for garden produce, and the Department of Inland Revenue. The first won't provide what the last insisted on taxing—an income. At least, the taxing was insisted on through forms which made nothing clear under references which exhausted the alphabet, until I came on the scene. That is how I got to know Stan.

He lives on a patch of sidling ground so far from a road that the postman hates him, and for years after he began his small holding he never heard a word from that abstraction which bates strong men's breath, The Authorities. Then he got a form nicely printed on double foolscap, asking him what his income was under about eighteen headings, from April something to April something. Being honest, he replied that he didn't know, but that it was hardly enough to keep him and he was in need of a new pair of trousers. So they sent back an assessment, followed by a demand for some five times as much as he might have earned if he had been a dairy farmer in a good way before they thought of a Milk Marketing Board.

Stan then sent for me, because I work in an office. It was like taking a hair of the dog that bit him. I wrote a long letter in the manner of an earnest solicitor in which everything discussed was very much above-mentioned and aforesaid. Thereupon the Income Tax Authorities sent a new assessment which went a long way about to arrive at nil. A fortnight later, having assumed that they must have been equal blackguards the year before, the Inland Revenue Department sent Stan Lookey quite a handsome refund, although he had never paid a penny income tax in

his life.

Rather than face a world where a man could not earn a living without being overtaxed, but got rebates on what he hadn't paid if he proved he couldn't earn enough, Stan went mad himself. Bureaucracy was too much for him. He bought a new pair of trousers it's true, but was wearing them for the first time when he tried to hang himself.

Melcroft did Stan Lookey a world of good. So much so that after six months he was allowed home on parole. His wife was much perturbed about it. She is a woman with extremely thick ankles, and varicose at that; moreover she has fluffy hair which she has rendered dubiously blonde, and an unduly obese middle which does not match. I don't like her, but she had irresistible tears in her eyes when she came to see me.

"Could you take Stan for a walk somewhere?" she asked, "He goes about the house muttering all day, and laughing to himself. He won't see anyone, and simply will not look at a newspaper to feed his poor mind. But he liked you. I'm sure he'd go out with you."

So I met Stan, and we trudged up the slope of a noble down which overlooks the sea. It was embarrassing. Stan kept his face averted, and mumbled as he walked. Sometimes he shot an awful glance at me: it was the swift, distrustful glance of a lunatic, or so it seemed to me. His eyes had a cold glare like blue sunlit steel. His expression was unfathomable.

Then, as we came to the cliff edge, he startled me. He flung up his arms, and laughed aloud.

"Good Government in There!" he said, nodding at empty space, "Not Socialist, not National, not nothing. Just a good Government."

He suddenly took me by the lapel.

"Some of 'em say he's a Dictator, that Dr. Rhys," he exclaimed. "Dictator, be damned. You see, he looks after your health. A good thing health is, and he knows all about it. He's an expert. You don't have to tell him what to do. You're there to have your health looked after, and he's there to see you get what you need. And he does it. If he didn't he would not be fit for the responsibility. Good Government, that is."

Stan looked around with a dazed stare. A flight of martins made jerky dashes up the hillside, as though bouncing on invisible cushions of air. Little white sandmartins who look like butterflies at a distance, and got a start on A.R.P. by living in debt-free three-foot tunnels in the softer cliff sides. They bounced with happiness.

"They're under good Government too," said Stan, jerking his thumb at the birds, and grinning idiotically. "See? No Labour Exchanges, Marketing Boards, or Income Tax. You don't find birdies perched starving on a bough of ripe haws, or giving up respectable nesting because straws are too dear. Where there are natural needs, a bird's way of life is to take the plainest means of meeting them. Good Government, that is."

He shrieked a maniacal laugh, and gesticulated to the open skies.

I retreated down the hill with chilled vitals. I shivered in expectation of some wild assault, for Stan's dilated eyes were baleful, his laughter sinister.

He clawed at my arm from behind.

"Same in prison," he chuckled. "Good Government there." He lowered his voice to a mysterious whisper. "When a man's in captivity he doesn't have to demand food and clothes and shelter. They may be artful, but They know what a man wants—what he *must* have for decency. You can be comfortably bankrupt or unemployed in quod, but not outside. You can be unemployed in There, where I am, but you don't starve and go ragged, or lack a roof and cleanliness. They don't give you rewards for labour. They don't talk about your moral deserts. You're just a human being with needs. You see? They know that if there is an "ought" in the universe, human beings ought to be comfortable, if the means of comfort exist, or science can provide them. They are only concerned about your health and comfort. You don't even have to demand it. It's an acknowledged right for convicts, and loonies . . . like me! Ha! Ha! Ha!

I hastened my step with deepening apprehension, but he trod on my heels burbling his insane enthusiasms.

"You want to get good Government.

## RETURN TO REALITIES

Extracts from "Towards a New Social Order", by J. G. Lockhart, taken from "The Listener", 2nd March, 1939.

... We are comfortably aware that in England, within reasonable limits, we can speak or write what we like, we can throw up the job we have got and try to find another, we can record our vote every four or five years for this or that candidate for Parliament, and if we are so unfortunate as to find ourselves in a court of law, our case will be tried on its merits. These are valuable liberties; we do right to guard and treasure them; but we must not suppose for a moment that in themselves they are guarantees of a Christian social order. The failure of our present economy to meet the just claims of the individual is in large part the failure of the philosophy of freedom

"Stan Lookey's Politics"

(continued from page 7)

outside, too," he slobbered. "Say what you need. Then make 'em responsible for carrying it out. Dr. Rhys would get fired if he didn't do his job. Fire the Government that fails the people. It's wonderful what can be done under proper orders. There's no need for poverty, no need for the diseases of poverty, no need for wars to arise from poverty, no need for conflict for possessions between men or nations afraid of poverty. The only need is for a Government to be elected on the understanding we have in There, that it is a good and proper thing to make everybody healthy and comfortable if the means to do so exist. As they do. See here, if the heating system failed in a prison there'd be uproar in the winter, but thousands outside haven't the price of an extra bag of coals through a Buchan spell. What they want is just good Government, because there is plenty of coal. Would They dare starve a convict? No! Convicts are democrats who demand adequate feeding. But kids in a distressed area or in little forgotten rural backwaters... half-starved! No good Government."

He plucked a little yellow rock-rose growing on the flinty downside turf, and pirouetted like a pantomime fairy with it held aloft. A look of sly cunning spread under his daft smile.

"I'm going back There," he purred.

For one moment the sweet light of sanity lit his ravaged features with a pure serenity.

I turned away ashamed, for most of us must live on in a mad world.

preached by John Stuart Mill and other great Victorian thinkers. Political and social liberty by itself is not and never will be enough.

We are all aware that, with the growing complication of trade and industry, economics play a greater part in our lives to-day than ever before in history; and they are economics controlled by a comparatively few people. *Laissez-faire*, quite rightly, has vanished into the limbo of forgotten slogans; but the system which we identify with *laissez-faire* has been replaced by a vast and intricate mechanism in which everyone, however remote he may like to think himself, is in fact caught up. What economic freedom does the modern industrial worker in England really enjoy? In his work? Its limits are rigidly defined and in character it is often no more than the interminable repetition of some tiny process. In wages? These are settled for him by collective bargaining. In his choice of employment? Theoretically he can change his employer whenever he pleases; in practice he will generally hold on desperately to the job he has got, for fear of never getting another. Then what does freedom really mean for that man? A great deal less, anyhow, than it meant for his father. I sometimes wonder whether, if Hobbes were re-writing his *Leviathan* to-day, he would not write it round the economic, rather than round the social, structure of society. So the old idea that it is only necessary to give a man a vote and guarantee him certain liberties must be entirely abandoned. A political democracy which is not also an economic democracy is a dangerous sham. It is a sham because it is not what it professes to be; it is dangerous because it deludes its own people...

... Surely there must be something amiss in distributive and monetary arrangements which show, on the one side, semi-starvation, and on the other a glut of production; so that what ought to be an age of abundance is for so many an age of scarcity...

... The great Russian philosopher Berdyaev writes in *Spirit and Reality*: "There are two symbols, bread and money; and there are two mysteries, the eucharistic mystery of bread and the satanic mystery of money... The kingdom of money is fictitious; the

kingdom of bread is a return to realities. It is to this kingdom of realities that we are called upon to return. But if we accept this summons, we must do so with a full realisation of what it means for us. It does not just mean a few more Acts of Parliament or a little more private philanthropy... If there is a poison in the body politic, the whole body is infected. In the same way, private philanthropy, by itself, is not enough... The system which has made Housing Societies and charitable organisations necessary, goes on; although every year private philanthropy becomes more and more like Mrs. Partington trying to keep out the Atlantic with her mop...

... There will still be some who are genuinely anxious to acknowledge their social responsibility, but whose circumstances make it hard for them to fit themselves into any of the organisations provided by their Church. They need not suppose, for that reason, that there is nothing they can usefully do. The social action demanded from the individual need not necessarily be through a guild or a profession or a public body or even a Church society. It may take him no further than the end of the street. One of the foulest little slums I ever saw I found about three hundred yards from the flat in which I was living, on the edge of what house-agents would describe as a desirable residential neighbourhood. Action is often a matter of taking up some troublesome little question of housing or wages or working conditions, and making a fuss about it until it is put right. This does not sound very exciting, does it? Perhaps you would rather have that revolution after all? But the point is that if enough Christians were working hard enough—from the people who are studying great national questions to the people who are keeping their eyes on the end of the street—we should have something very like a revolution, only it would be the Christian and not the secular kind. And if we are serious in wanting a new and better social order, it is the only way in which we can bring it about. It will not be the miraculous gift of some miraculous Parliament; it will be born out of the painful efforts of innumerable people, most of whom are quite obscure, but all of whom see clearly the end for which they are working.

# YOUR COUNTRY NEEDS YOU!

By M. C. BOND

What are these "rights" for which we are being asked to prepare to lay down our lives to the glory of God and the adulation of posterity?

Never in all the ages of human history have we amassed unto ourselves so great a multiplicity of "rights" as stand to our credit to-day. Thus, presumably, we have more to fight for—and more likelihood of having to fight. This, at least is the argument we are being asked to accept by those who wish to marshal us into the frame of mind of deciding to die like heroes immediately the Government sees fit to announce the date through the daily press; which powerful propaganda medium, while straining every column to divide the citizens of the land against themselves in respect of every party political or economic issue, nevertheless remains adamant upon the fact that Britons must unite to defend their "rights" (undefined).

Germans, Italians, Frenchmen, Turks, and Untouchables are also being instructed in like vein.

It is one thing to have rights and another to be able to exercise them. Indeed it is so far a cry that we have even now come to speak of the "right to freedom"! The strange subversive fascination of pre-considered terms and appellations so sedulously cultivated by politicians, the radio and the press has charmed us to ready acceptance of the shadow for the substance.

Malnutrition means slow starvation. A Special Area means a Distressed Area, i.e., a district blighted with a certain percentage of unemployed, under-nourished human beings—and so on.

We have the right to self-government (government in accordance with our expressed will). We have the right to free speech, the right to a free press, the right to freedom and the right to live. But have we true democracy? Dare we speak freely without a threat to our economic welfare from employer or some reactionary business associate? Is the press free from the control of certain party-political and financial interests? Have we freedom enough to eat and use the food and goods which we produce and which fill our shop windows (not to mention those which could be produced at full working capacity)?

And if slow starvation and economic stress kills off many of us and prevents more being born, of what worth is the RIGHT to live?

The right to freedom. The right to life. "The inalienable right of man to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." Fine words these and necessary enough also, but words which do not presuppose the RESULTS of their fulfilment—and it is the result which interests us most.

Our rights to-day are rapidly being confined to those which might be described as legal rights. The basis of any legal right is, supposedly, a moral right, yet it is tragically true that law making has passed beyond the control of the people and has become subject to the aspirations and dictates of great corporations and powerful vested interests. Moreover, as was so ably pointed out by Lord Chief Justice Hewart in his book "The New Despotism", the administration of legislation has been allowed to fall so completely under the control of autocratic departmentalism that the results of the legislation are determined almost entirely by the definition chosen for it by its administrators.

Church and State have pronounced it legitimate for a man to take arms (and lay down his life) in defence of his country—(the close of the 37th Article of the Church of England reads—"It is lawful for Christian men, at the commandment of the magistrate, to wear weapons and to serve in the wars")—but the right to die at will for any other end is criminal suicide!

It is wisely said that before we engage in another war we should be reasonably certain of winning it. But if we are to fight for "rights" which are now only such in name, victory becomes a legal quibble rather than a moral justification in itself.

Our people are born to unemployment, poverty and social restrictions which have made a myth and a mockery of the freedom of England. Is it then to be marvelled at that the immortal glory of war for the preservation of our rights resolves itself to an impassioned plea to us—the people—to defend the dividends of armament manufacturers and the careers of unscrupulous power grabbers. To a man faced with the

slow starvation of his wife and children it matters little whether he draws a dole from a charitable and democratic government or builds arterial roads across Britain for Germany or Italy.

We are surely not an unreasonable people. We can appreciate the urgency of defence and the need for mighty armaments, but would we not be more anxious to step forward for National Service if we knew exactly the reasons surrounding the debacle for which we are being asked to prepare? If we were told by our government what "rights" we were expected to defend we might be more ready to man the guns.

Perhaps this would make us question the existence of these "rights" as an actual and functioning entity of our daily lives. Perhaps then, in the struggle which would arise to truly establish them, there would be no war.

M. C. BOND.

## An Executive

*Kalends of the Waverley Press, through the Bulletin of the A.S.T.M.:*

"As nearly everyone knows, an executive has practically nothing to do except to decide what is to be done, to tell somebody to do it, to listen to reasons why it should not be done, why it should be done by someone else, or why it should be done in a different way; to follow up to see if the thing has been done, to discover that it has not, to inquire why, to listen to excuses from the person who should have done it; to follow up again to see if the thing has been done only to discover that it has been done incorrectly; to point out how it should have been done, to conclude that as long as it has been done it may as well be left where it is; to wonder if it is not time to get rid of a person who cannot do a thing right; to reflect he has probably a wife and large family, and that certainly any successor would be just as bad and maybe worse; to consider how much simpler and better the thing would have been done if one had done it oneself in the first place; to reflect sadly that one could have done it right in twenty minutes, and as things turned out one has had to spend two days to find out why it has taken three weeks for somebody else to do it wrong."

*From "Manchester Guardian Commercial."*

# THE INTELLECT AT LARGE

By N. F. WEBB

Years ago, when I was an art-student, even before Douglas had exposed the hell which the uncontrolled intellect could make with the help of a few figures and statistics, we used to say that the intellectual side of Man had got the upper hand in society. It was our explanation of what had gone wrong with Art; and it was truer even than we knew.

I am more sure than ever I was that it is unbalanced Intellectualism that has got hold of the world. The logical conclusion of Intellectualism in politics is Dictatorship; in philosophy Dialectical Materialism; and in common, hard fact mortality, obliteration. Its outward badge is mental inconsistency. . . . Inconsistency is the attribute of Hell, whose essence I would define as a divided mind: Heaven, as I see it, being co-ordination, of thought and action.

I am impelled to the above by the fact of the paper *Picture Post*; and specifically by an article in it by Sir Hugh Walpole titled "My Own Dictatorship." In isolation the article would be negligible; but it becomes significant in relation to this phenomenon of intellectual overbalance that I have referred to.

*Picture Post* itself is "some" phenomenon. A paper that has suddenly sprung to fame right in the forefront of British journalism, fully armed, like Athena, from the word go. It is obviously a paper with immense financial resources behind it. But that is not enough to account for its astonishing cleverness. In that pep-tonized, tabloid form that must in the end ruin the mental digestion of the public, all that was most compelling and captivating and subtly perverting in modern journalism, was concentrated into it from the first number, and hurled at the head of the public.

It has a very definite ideological bias against the Central Powers and Germany in particular. Combined with this is the unmoved impartiality of a Stock Exchange "ticker" as concerns what I regard as the very principles of life. There is nothing left to the imagination in *Picture Post*. Every article is a complete, secondhand experience.

Now for the article in question,

which is one in a series, "British Writers Say Their Say."

"Not to say anything about politics is not so difficult for me as for Priestly," says Sir Hugh Walpole. "He is more practical. I more aesthetic." And then he proceeds inconsistently to give us his political views.

"There are worse things than war, and the worse things are that the world of living men should acquiesce in the horrors of the German concentration camps, or the anti-Semite pogroms, or the present torture of Bohemians."

His photograph is on the page; intellectual-looking, benevolent, obviously over military age.

"Everything in my dictatorship would be shaped and fashioned by the fact that I believe in God.

"What do I mean by that? I mean by that, that I believe in a benevolent First Cause, a Power that has allowed man free-will: for the creation of his own immortal soul."

It is astonishing how few people seem to realize that believing in God, or even in a benevolent First Cause, involves them in something terrific. If it doesn't, it means absolutely nothing: it is merely a party badge. Does Sir Hugh not see the utter incongruity of trying to run a dictatorship under the aegis of a Diety whose service, as we are told, and in our hearts know, is perfect freedom?

"I would wipe out . . ." That is the true dictatorial language. Never mind if it is "all the parishes that cannot afford their clergymen a decent living wage," or that Sir Hugh would forbid the "mouldy sermons" that we all hate. The point is that it is he that is going to do it, not those who listen to the sermons, or pay the inadequate stipends.

This question of the compatability, or otherwise, of a "belief in God" with a disbelief in Man, is a matter that must be settled. It is fundamental. One has only to study the pages of a paper like *Picture Post* to realize that in some subtle way Man, who, as we are told, was made in the image and likeness of God, is not being adequately presented.

Listen to this. "After religion I

would turn my attention to the preservation of England." What is England to Sir Hugh? The human beings that strive and suffer and love just here and now in this particular time-space we call Great Britain? No. In his estimation they are really rather a poor crowd. There is a suggestion at the beginning of his article that they may not be worth preserving.

"I think that there are things more terrible than war, that a world war will not halt civilization, and that if it is necessary for millions of us, this present generation, to be wounded and killed for the greater freedom and wisdom and happiness of the next generation, then we must be wounded and killed."

Could what Douglas calls 'abstractions' be carried further than that?

But to return to this question of the preservation of England: he continues

"There is at present a magnificent organisation known as the National Trust, which is a far better thing than the people of England deserve."

They are on the whole, you see, a nasty lot, who throw papers and bottles about the place, and make England horrid; hopelessly inferior to the magnificent organisations they support, or that are supported for them, such as the National Trust and P.E.P. and others.

But Sir Hugh has his remedy, shaped no doubt by the fact that he believes in God.

"If I were dictator I would see that there was an extra penny on the taxes for everyone, and with those pennies I would preserve the beauties of England for ever."

And that is not all of it.

"With regard to unemployment, I would at once start Labour Camps . . . I would make these Labour Camps the most beautiful things in the world. I would persuade people like A. P. Herbert, Gracie Fields, Irene Ravensdale, Harold Nicholson, Albert Rutherston, Vic Oliver, the Vice-Chancellor of Oxford, Patsey Hendren, Howard Marshall, Edith Evans, to take a real and lively interest in them. They should become, these Labour Camps, if I had my way, the breeding-ground of all that is best,

most beautiful, most vigorous in English life."

Has that really to be accepted as the serious suggestion of an educated, experienced, travelled man of letters? All that is best, most beautiful, most vigorous in English life shut up in Labour Camps, while intellectuals like A. P. Herbert and Harold Nicholson and Edith Evans take a "real and lively interest in them!"

Sir Hugh Walpole passes for a man of taste. His home surroundings are, I am sure, aesthetically impeccable. But what is taste? I begin to ask myself. Has it got anything to do with the possession, or even appreciation of first editions, or Chinese ivories, or Picassos?

Beauty, taste, these are qualities inherent in reality. John Keats, the poet, saw this. They depend, as Douglas has hinted, on conformity with the Canon, the deep, natural laws. Those very English beauties for whose preservation Sir Hugh would push us all a bit further into economic slavery, are largely the outcome of the conformity to the Canon of comparatively free men in the past, following the law of their own being. But to the aesthete it has all become an abstraction, Beauty, divorced not only from its Original Cause, but even from its human agents.

It might be contended that I have made too much of this article. It is, after all, journalism, in the nature of after-dinner speaking, not to be taken too seriously. But I feel that it represents a state of mind, no matter how relaxed in this particular case, that is very near the root of our social troubles, symptom of a soul-sickness that *must* be exposed. The psychic centre of the universe has got displaced, and we have, literally, an excentric, a mad world. Don't social crediters know this? A world living poverty in conditions of plenty; a society visibly contracting, with the means of unimaginable expansion in its possession: A world in which the uncompensated, unguided human intellect is rapidly losing all touch with its First Cause . . . the source of all creative power and reality.

## The NEW ERA

Australia's Social Credit Weekly  
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## Democracy and Efficiency

This was the title of an address given by the Rt. Hon. S. M. Bruce, C.H., High Commissioner for Australia, at a small meeting of the Association for Education in Citizenship, at Bedford College, on July 10th.

It was interesting to note how nearly Mr. Bruce approached reality, and how far and how smoothly he slid away from it again.

Pointing out that democracy does not mean liberty of action, since in society no one is completely free, he said that it only means that "the individual has a voice in the measure and type of interference he is going to be subject to." This might be usefully developed.

Then the speech took a hopeful turn. We have a good moral case for democracy, he said, have we not failed on the material side? What are the intangible benefits of freedom of speech, etc., to the unemployed man? The outstanding defect in our system is the absence of a COMMON OBJECTIVE.

The warmth of agreement which rises to greet this point is doomed to sink back gloomily however, for Mr. Bruce thinks that "we" should present the common objective, dished-up as attractively as possible, to the people! He does not believe as we do that the initiative must come from the people themselves, to be democratic. He used the people's acquiescence to the present armament programme as a proof that "we can get the people to forget their own immediate needs and desires (as in the dictatorships) and unite, when they are made to see the necessity. If they can do this for defence, they could do the same for a "policy of peace," "if the picture were painted for them."

(As Mr. Bruce was emphasising our failure on the material side, one would have thought he would agree with us, that the people would do well to remember rather than forget their own immediate needs and desires!)

Australians have seen the necessity for a common objective—to increase the population in order to protect the continent from invasion. The new population can only be absorbed by the development of primary, and notably secondary industries, and these can only be developed by an extra standard of "efficiency." A "great efficiency drive" has resulted. This too, he thought a fine example of what democracy can rise to.

We were on common ground with him, when, telling of the Economic Conference of 1933, deciding that all that could be done was to limit production, Mr. Bruce thanked God that Australia was the country which "screamed" at this pronouncement. NO ONE, he said, believes this to-day. We know there is only one thing to do, to increase CONSUMPTION.

Everyone knows too much now, he said, to put up with the present state of affairs. "We" should, therefore, draw up an attractive picture of an objective which would appeal to all, "something that's going to induce your people to make sacrifices and give up privileges!"

Mr. Bruce obviously admires the dictatorships in so far as they induce their people to make sacrifices for a common objective; this seems to indicate that he regards the state as a whole as being more important than the individual member, so that when he ended his speech on a cry for leadership, one could not help feeling that a leader of the dictatorial type was the kind who would be able to paint for the people the picture he would wish painted.

J. H.

### BILLETING: Official Confession

The London County Council A.R.P. Committee, in a report to the Council, suggest that "the breaking up of the family appears to be a more distasteful prospect than remaining in London during an emergency."

The Committee's analysis shows that after publicity had been given to the registration scheme only 21.4 per cent. of the children under five in the area surveyed were registered.

In Germany, where A.R.P., preparations are generally in advance of ours, no plans have been made for evacuating children from cities.

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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.

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. 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: Watch this notice for further information about weekly meetings on Thursdays which are being arranged for the purpose of clarifying present day affairs, keeping contact, and increasing information. All members should be present as frequently as possible and others who are interested in informative discussion. Hon. Secretary: "Greengates", 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: Monthly Meetings of the Association are held at the ADYAR HALL, Carlton Crescent, Southampton, 7-45 p.m., every first Monday in the month. All communications should be addressed to C. DAISH (Secretary), D.S.C.A., 19 Merridale Road, Southampton.

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.

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