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FOR POLITICAL AND ECONOMIC REALISM

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FROM WEEK TO WEEK

THE MEANING OF EXPORTS

Captain Oliver Lyttleton, President of the Board of Trade explained that while the United States sent us munitions, to the value (?) of 300 million dollars a month, we hoped to pay for them by lowering the standard of living of the British people to that extent, and sending the equivalent to raise the standard of living of the Americans, while doing their fighting for them. This is called Statesmanship.

In Washington it is called "All help for Britain, short of war."

It rather looks as if talking is the long suit of the Bowery Tough, or the "Top Wop," as A. P. H. somewhat flatteringly describes him. When Italy is disposed of, we may see whether the Paper-hanger Socialist has any more behind his words than Mussolini. Quite possibly he hasn't so much as we thought. And dear Stalin can always be shown a Finn.

The Province of Alberta, without increasing taxation, or borrowing any money since the Social Credit Government came to power, has ended the year with a surplus of revenue in all Departments.

It is popularly supposed that the output of aeroplanes in this country is about 2,000 per month. The population is about 45 millions. During the first year of war, 743 aeroplanes were shipped from the U.S. to Great Britain. The population of the United States is about 120 millions. All of these were paid for in cash at high prices. This is called "All aid for Britain short of war."

The Havas News Agency, France, which is stated by the *Daily Telegraph* to be "inspired" by the German Government, is Jewish-controlled.

SMITH MINOR'S NEW YEAR RESOLUTION: To send a good idea for winning the War to Mr. Winston Churchill, and keep on sending one until he adopts one. (*Punch*).

"The Ministers conferred with various Masonic personalities, with Nogues, and others."

—Madame Tabouis, the Communist Press Agent, in *The Sunday Dispatch*, on the capitulation of France.

Mr. Sidney Hillman, the representative of American Labour on the Council of Four, "the most powerful Committee in the World," is a Polish Jew.

He is a Garment Worker, and so knows all about the production of munitions. There are about 4 million Jews in industry in the United States, and about 30 million non-Jews. A large proportion of the Jews are Garment Workers.

Mr. Harry Hopkins, President Roosevelt's Special Envoy to this country, is the U.S. expert on Mortgages and Loans. There is considerable anxiety in Wall Street about the safety of the Crown Jewels.

CAPITULATION, BEFORE OR AFTER PEACE?

'The People's' Convention, which was held in London on January 12 was not convened by the people nor even by the People's Party, but by the Communists.

Mr. D. N. Pritt, K.C., introduced a resolution on the policy and programme of the movement, which was carried. This called for a higher standard of living, adequate air raid precautions, bomb-proof shelters and effective provision for air raid victims,

the restoration of all trade union rights and civil liberties, emergency powers to take over the banks, land transport and large industries, national independence for India, union and/or friendship with Soviet Russia, a people's Government and a people's peace.

These points of policy will be seen to be of two kinds: firstly the remedying of grievances with which the majority of persons in this country agree, even if they are Conservatives, Liberals, Labourers or non-party men and thus presumably cannot qualify as 'people'; and secondly the further introduction of those measures the partial adoption of which in this country has produced the first and real set of grievances, and the full application of which abroad has been the direct cause of the present phase of the war.

However Mr. Pritt says:

"We alone have a policy for peace. Our policy is to offer to the peoples of the enemy a peace of no annexations and no reparations or indemnities, with liberty to all peoples to determine their own destiny. We know that the German people, freed from the fears based on declarations of British propagandists, will no longer be willing to fight and suffer for Hitler's aims, but will accept such an offer if it be made by a people's Government in whom they have confidence."

What pretty phrases! But if we were to adopt the Communist policy, there would be no point in the war anyway, as our viewpoint would be indistinguishable from that of our enemies.

FEDERAL UNION, LIMITED

The Federal Union conference, meeting at Oxford on January 12, gave its full support to the inauguration of

Federal Union, Ltd., and prominent members promised financial support.

Among resolutions referred to the council was one urging the immediate publication of Britain's war aims, and if possible of all our allies, to show that when war ends they will seek no reprisals, reparations, or indemnities, and that they will give to all the peoples of Western Europe the fullest opportunities to participate on terms of equality in the establishment of a new democratic order.

HITLER AND ROOSEVELT

The *Daily Express* on January 9, published a photograph of a tombstone in a Bucharest grave-yard. The inscription on the tombstone was half in Hebrew and half in Rumanian and carried the name "Adolf Hittler" with the date of his death 1892. Adolf Hittler, according to the *Daily Express*, was a Viennese Jew who earned a living as a porter, and this was broadcast by the B.B.C. in the soldiers-speak-to-soldiers broadcast on Tuesday, December 7.

The un-German looking Adolf Hitler (spelt with one 't') whose policy and methods are so typically Judaic also came from Vienna.

Douglas Reed says in *Nemesis*:—"Incidentally Hitler's professed Anti-Semitism, as I have often tried to make people understand, is another lie; witness the international string-pulling Jewess, who was go-between in his negotiations with British politicians."

Also on January 9, the *Daily Telegraph's* New York correspondent reported that "neutral sources" in Rome say that a writer in *La Regime Fascista* declares Mr. Roosevelt to be a pure blooded 100 per cent. Jew, "as we have several times shown by publishing his genealogical tree."

ALL BUT COURAGE

Mr. Churchill has been selected "Man of the Year" for 1940 by the American Weekly magazine, *Time*.

"Churchill outranked all others as man of 1940. He gave his country exactly what he promised them, blood, toil, tears, sweat, and one thing more, untold courage."

The "Man of the Year" for 1938 was Hitler; for 1939, Stalin.

STARCH FARINACEOUS CONTROL

The following letter was published in the "Liverpool Echo" of January 10:—

"E. H. P." said in a recent article "We are up against a tremendous proposition," and suggests that "Mr. Churchill should blow a whirlwind of effort into every Ministry so that everybody in them will think."

No; I suggest we are past that stage. The respective Ministries do enough "thinking." What we want is "action." Abolish some of the unnecessary controls and let the traders of this country get to work and you will soon have results.

I am primarily concerned with the starch farinaceous control, which was born, or ill-conceived last January, and after a few months of "thinking" it produced an Order that all farinaceous articles must be imported under licence. This caused a lot of unnecessary trouble, for it meant that our importers, who receive their cable offers from abroad daily, had to wait weeks before securing a licence (to get which, you had to supply the Ministry with particulars of each shipment), and the result was chaos.

The Ministry agreed to receive a deputation of traders, the first sign of sanity, and as a result of many meetings it was eventually agreed to accept the Trade's suggestion and advice for effective control, the Ministry intimating that as long as prices remained at or about the then level, they had no wish to interfere, their sole object being to prevent speculation. A very laudable object, especially when the traders were also told that the Ministry desired that our manufacturers should secure their farinaceous products at the lowest possible price.

Trade groups were formed, and it was agreed that importers should receive block licences on a *pro rata* basis of their pre-war imports, and consumers would receive permits to purchase. So far, so good. Prices were kept steady and in one notable instance, reduced, and the scheme was working very smoothly, when to the amazement of all, the Ministry, without any intimation to the trade published an Order requisitioning all stocks of farina (potato starch and dextrine) and the following letter was published in the *Manchester Guardian* headed "Price Inflation. A bad example from the Government" is

typical of what is happening to-day:—"Sir,

On November 13 we received an invoice from the Ministry of Food for farina dextrine at £39 per ton, previously commandeered from us at £33 per ton.

"This material had never left our works, incidently, we were requested to forward payment within seven days, although so far we have not received payment from the Ministry. However we will let that pass.

"Farina and maize dextrine were approximately £16 to £17 before the war broke out, and rose to £32 to £33 when the Ministry stepped in, commandeered stocks, and advanced the price of farina to £39 per ton (maize not being licensed).

"The Government prates unceasingly about keeping costs down and the necessity for guarding against inflation, but apparently is the biggest profiteer of all and the prime mover in inflation behind the scenes.—Yours, etc., A. CHADWICK, managing director, Walkden, Makin and Co., Ltd., Clayton Lane, Openshaw, Manchester."

This is the Ministry's idea of keeping prices down. Our manufacturers have not only to pay again for their own raw material, stored in their own works, but they must also pay £6 per ton extra, which we are told is to help to defray the expenses of the control.

Another manufacturer states that he has been called upon to pay £11 per ton extra. If we take the last-published figures of the imports of farinaceous articles, 323,000 tons, at £6 per ton, this "Farinaceous Control" is costing something like £1,938,000 per annum!

The importing trade has been at a standstill since last July, pending a decision of the Ministry. Some of our mills are already on short time, and will be compelled to close down when their slender stocks are exhausted, but our Ministry continues to "think."

"E. H. P." states "Hitler is trying with terrific energy to strangle our supplies." This Control, by "thinking" is strangling the Textile and Allied Trades, which are so essential to our R.A.F. and for munition purposes, and it is surely time our Lancashire M.P.s made their voices heard.—DUM VIVIMUS VIVAMUS.

A CANADIAN VIEW OF THE WAR

The following letters written by Mr. Norman Jaques, M.P., are being circulated in Alberta.

WILL THERE ALWAYS BE AN ENGLAND?

Sir,

"There will always be an England." Not if the "Federal Unionists Now" and "World Planners" have their way.

There are but two political philosophies—centralisation (totalitarianism) and decentralisation (democracy). Federal Union means centralised world government. It is based on the fallacy that the way to solve a problem is to enlarge it. It is equivalent to tearing down the hospital partitions in order to cure the patients. No nation has solved its economic problems; none enjoys both political freedom and economic security. The world war was fought to make the world safe for democracy. The ensuing peace made the world safe for usury. The League of Nations failed because it was merely a league of governments and therefore of central banks whose policy was, and is, to deflate money in order to inflate debts.

Evil produces evil and the consequent depressions gave birth to the twin evils of Hitler and Mussolini.

Federal Union proposes international, in place of national dictatorship, to make invulnerable what is at present vulnerable. The democracies are to surrender their sovereign control over finance, armaments, fiscal policy and the judicature. What will be left? Those who advocate curtailing provincial autonomy are paving the way for Ottawa's control by Basle, Jerusalem or Wall Street.

It is admitted that the gold standard is to be restored by the 'World Planners', and already those opposed to it have been branded as fifth columnists.

Federal Union is designed for what the League of Nations failed to do—to bring about a world dictatorship by International finance. Its advocates are plotting against the Crown, since there can be no sovereign without sovereignty. If this be loyalty, what is treason?

We are told that disarmament and control by international police force are the only guarantees of peace. It would be equally true to say that the only way to cure the seven year itch is to tie the victim's hands behind his back.

The only way to permanent peace is to remove the causes of war. Federal Union proposes to make their removal impossible.

Federal Union plans world dictatorship—peace at the price of liberty.

The British Crown and Empire are the world's greatest hope for democracy. That is why their destruction is planned by would-be financial Hitlers and their dupes.

NEVER WAS SUCH EVIL DONE TO SO MANY BY SO FEW

Sir,

At Dunkirk the curtain fell on the tragedy of a "Golden Age" of financial restriction which had brought disastrous defeat to those under its throttling control.

Twenty years before the world had been rescued and made safe. In the interval, and instead of the promised peace and prosperity, there had been economic war and depression which drove the major part of Europe to barter its liberty for a semblance of economic security.

Elsewhere the price of democracy had been economic and national insecurity. A policy of balanced budgets or butter had achieved neither objective. The absurdities of saving money and wasting real wealth—human and material—finally have forced the unlimited and destructive spending of both.

There is a lack of skilled men—the inevitable result of a pick and shovel economy. The statement by our minister of defence: "The Canadian Flying Corps had ceased to fly" was echoed on the sands of Dunkirk. "Send us more planes" found no answer in the god of "thrift," tighter belts and balanced budgets. Only the financially desirable had been physically possible. Never was such evil done to so many by so few.

Even now the evils of financial control continue. As a result of the present wheat policy a large section of Canada is faced with economic disaster which will be reflected throughout the country. We now are threatened with the difficulties and dangers of a war on two fronts—military and economic.

In war luxuries may usefully be

dispensed with, but not so with food, clothing and shelter. Of these we have an abundance—they must be distributed.

Great numbers still are unemployed or working to poor ends.

"The real costs of war must come from current production" (Minister of Finance). The real costs of war are the blood, the sweat and tears of the people. When war is ended the real costs have been paid. In a material sense war enriches a country—its productive capacity is immensely increased. The real overdraft is its legacy of pain and sorrow. But the bankers, their economists and our financially servile governments promise us, as a reward for these gifts beyond measure, or price, generations of poverty and hardship as tribute to those who, for the time being and for self-preservation, have consented to relax their financial restrictions to industrial peace and plenty.

Total victory—war and peace—can be had only by defeating rule by "sound finance." In its stead we must make financially possible anything physically desirable without adding to our already crushing burden of debt.

LESS THAN ONE THIRD EXPENDITURE

"... we shall start 1941-42 with expenditure running at the level of at least £4,600 millions and more likely £4,700 millions. There is still some delayed effect of this year's tax increases—notably the Purchase Tax—to come in, and the general upward movement of prices will inflate the revenue next year. But on the present basis of taxation, it can hardly be put higher than £1,700 millions.

"The first outline of next year's Budget problem can thus be seen. Without further increases of taxation the prospective deficit will certainly be much more than £3,000 millions—since that is likely to be the rate of deficit in the first month of the year. That is to say that revenue, unless it is increased, will meet less than a third of the expenditure."

—From "The Next Budget" in the "Economist" of January 4, 1941.

GOOD INTENTIONS

By B. M. Palmer

The difficulty is to present our philosophy as a whole. It is so easy to magnify one aspect of it out of relation to the rest. When, for instance, we observed the tendency of the Parents' Association "to put things right," and their assertion that loving your neighbour means "working for him" according to your own ideas of what is good for him, we should remember that these amiable intentions are closely linked with a belief in the innate tendencies to barbarism in the human race. This idea is incompatible with Social Credit. People who believe that only those who, like themselves, have risen above it are thereby entitled to work for the improvement of the world are quite consistent within their frame of reference; but their whole case falls to the ground because it is based on a lie.

Those whose instincts have not been distorted by false religious teaching know it to be a lie. And the most recent and reliable discoveries of anthropologists show that early men were peaceful in their social relations and kind to their children. It was the growth of institutions that gave men their education in war and cruel behaviour. It was the result of error and

misunderstanding, not of our inherited mental trait rooted deep down in human nature.

This determination to root out other people's "innate tendencies to barbarism" seems in itself to be only another form of warfare closely connected with the ascendancy of an institution, in this case postulated as "the greatest civilisation the world has ever seen."

But the determination of normal men and women first of all to cultivate their own gardens will in the end defeat these world-shakers and world-breakers. War cannot even begin until men have been forced out of their gardens, and an invincible purpose to get back into them lies behind all the fighting of modern times.

The normal man or woman has no use for reform movements, particularly when aimed against himself; being convinced that efforts in this direction should be under his own control he classifies them as stunts, approaching them as an intelligent animal does a snare.

Perhaps the greatest difficulty we have is to show that our philosophy is

not just a stunt. We cannot make it too clear that loving our neighbour does not mean working for him in the sense understood by the Parents' Association. It *may* mean taking orders from him. And it certainly does mean leaving him alone with his personality, leaving him free. We must also have the courtesy to believe that only by a process of trial and error can the right way be found, and that holds good for all, unenlightened and enlightened alike.

For those who aspire to be great there is one course open—to humble ourselves to be servants—and this means taking orders and carrying them out to the best of our ability. It means accepting and implementing the policy of the people, not preparing an agenda and placing it before them. If the people have not yet stated their war aims, if they are inarticulate, we may count it as the greatest honour humbly to remove what obstacles we may.

So we must learn to recognise who and what these obstacles are. We do not concern ourselves with the greatest civilisation the world has ever known. That will look after itself.

January 8, 1941.

THE SPARTAN IDEAL

By W. Saunderson

According to the *Evening Standard* of January 4, 1941, a call has been issued to parents to combine to train children more carefully so as to build up a great civilisation in this country after the war ends. This appeal takes the form of a circular issued by the Parents' Association.

Some of the aims as quoted by the *Evening Standard* are "helping the children to achieve all-round strength" by "developing in peace-time the width of sympathy and the higher values we are achieving in this war"; "stating the Christian aim in a new way"; and further to make ourselves "a hardy and courageous people, physically fit, and with a simple spartan style of living."

Parents are asked to follow the examples of the states of Ancient Greece, which combined to defeat the Persian barbarian in the fifth century B.C., and went on after victory to found a great civilisation.

The following is a quotation from *Towards Economic Freedom* by Helen Corke: "... the civilisation of the Greeks

... was showing finer developments than any civilisation preceding it. This was due in great part, to the high value which Greek thought placed on the ideal of *freedom* which included leisure." "The Dorian Greeks, founders of the City of Sparta made a virtue of necessity, and taught their children to take pride in the endurance of hunger, exposure and pain. Spartans were even disposed to scorn their fellow countrymen, the Ionian Greeks, because the latter valued normally, as good and desirable things, the corn, oil, wine and fruit their land produced. ... While man is using the whole of his energy in combating cold, hunger and adverse conditions he cannot put forth the flowers of the mind—the arts, crafts and creative inventions. The *Spartan* boy and girl, nurtured on scanty food ... subject to pain, privation and exposure from early life, taught to regard fighting as the end of life, and endurance as its glory, developed hardy, active bodies and muscles like steel, but narrow, unresponsive and unimaginative

minds, capable of few ideas."

The inference is obvious: that children need to be warned of the proposed authoritarian interference with their free growth and development. Perhaps they will form a 'Children's Association' which may have as its aims: the elimination of the war-symptom of the deceased system of parents' housekeeping (false economics); the increase of leisure by the free use by all of the real wealth available in an age of Plenty; the use of the products of mechanical power as a social inheritance rather than their exploitation for the benefit of the few; right education for themselves, to fit them for living rather than for making a 'living.'

The Age of Wealth (well-being or plenty) rather than the Golden Age should be heralded by parents; no harking back to Classical antiquity but moving forward.

And there are eminent men on the committee of the Parents' Association—eminent as the Pyramids!

Letter to the Editor

SCOUTING AND SOCIAL CREDIT

Dear Sir,

The late Chief Scout was, even if the Centralised Press *does* say so, a fine example of the English genius; and the movement which he started has been practically alone in providing a considerable antidote to the regulating and conditioning of the young by modern 'educational' influences.

Whether other readers will agree with me will depend upon what type of Boy Scout they happen to have met. The Movement has been more unpleasantly publicised, not to mention slobbered over, by the Press than any other, and it is not surprising if this attempt to pervert its policy (especially in the direction of international Centralisation) has had some effect. Nevertheless, the core, I believe, remains sound.

Our old enemy, the Uplift merchant, who will even go to the length of baring his kness and pretending to be a backwoodsman in order to 'mould the characters of the coming generation' has joined it in large numbers, and there are all sorts of strange bodies calling themselves Scout Troops, from Plain Rabbles, Puritan Fellowships, Pseudo-Lad's-Clubs, to Pseudo- (very Pseudo) Cadet Corps (with Band!); but it is no more fair to judge the Scout Movement by these than it is to judge Social Credit by those who think it is merely one of the eighty-odd Plans for Monetary Reform. Perhaps one in five is a 'real' Scout Troop, and one Scout in ten a 'real' Scout—and that is a large number.

All this is relevant to the future struggle of individuals everywhere, and especially in this country, to realise their policy, which may be expressed as 'to have life, and to have it more abundantly.'

The policy of most boys who join a Scout Troop on their own initiative would probably be expressed, before they had been 'got at,' as 'to have a good time' (life more abundant). This, of course, brings down the same type of condemnation as that which opposes the national dividend, from those who assume that the boy is yearning to grow up into a thoroughly idle, stupid, vicious, miserable young cad. It is perfectly

true that if the poor child is *restricted exclusively* to the influence of the Great Minds who control our magnificent Press, our dear Cinema, our darling B.B.C., our adorable Exam-cramming System and the other delights of life in a 'Special' or other Urban Area, he will very probably grow up just so. But given freedom of choice, early enough in life, he soon shows what he means by 'a good time,' which is usually hard, varied, interesting constructive 'work' (e.g. building a bridge, which most people get paid for) done with the spirit and energy of a game, and if possible in a healthy and beautiful environment.

Furthermore, every 'real' Scout Troop gives all its members a practical demonstration of the correct organisation necessary to realise their policy. The Troop, which is not encouraged to grow beyond 30 boys, is the unit, and within it the Patrol System, properly applied, ensures the decentralisation both of power and responsibility. In this respect District and Imperial Headquarters set a good example by interfering scarcely at all with the administration of the Troops (or Groups, if we include Cubs and Rovers) except in the control and regulation of warrants, badges, uniforms, etc. They do, however, run a series of excellent and entirely voluntary training courses for Scouters, in which the trainees are taught pragmatically by being put in the position of Scouts and 'run' as a troop on correct lines, and in this way many an Uplift Merchant has been cured of his disease.

Probably a good deal of what I have said above applies equally to the Girl Guide Movement, except that I have an impression, which stands open to correction, that the policy of girls has been less well understood than that of boys, and that the Movement is less spontaneous, more centralised, and too imitative to be quite as valuable. Nevertheless, the general policy is the same.

And now to the point of this longish letter. It is an unfortunate fact that the numbers of Social Crediters appear to be roughly proportional to their ages. The pioneers of the Move-

ment, who have put in twenty years of hard work, are now getting elderly. We seem further than ever from our objective (despite the increasing use of Douglas's technical proposals, particularly forms of the Price Discount). Something is sadly missing. Where are the younger Social Crediters?

It is true, of course, that while you can become a fully fledged Federal Unionist after reading a Penguin Special, or listening to an address, it takes several years to learn what Social Credit is about. But where are the coming Social Crediters? Why are they so pitifully few?

It seems to me that we have neglected our opportunities in this direction, and are now paying the price. There are even signs of a defeatist attitude which takes the view that because the young have not flocked to us, they are hopelessly corrupt, i.e., it is their fault rather than ours. The situation, indeed, looks gloomy enough, with our ranks thinner and the Enemy more 'on top' than he has ever been.

It is for this reason that I want to point out that we are not alone. There are in this country several millions of young men and women who have had Scout or Guide training, and among them some hundreds of thousands whom that training has helped to retain hold of their policy as individuals. These have had practical experience of correct organisation, and in an unconscious, pragmatic, thoroughly English way they are at one with us in our philosophy. In them, if only the correct approach to them can be found, I pin my hopes for the future.

Yours, etc.,

GEOFFREY DOBBS.

January 12, 1941.

MAKE UP YOUR MINDS, GENTLEMEN

Is this a struggle between war- and peace-men

Or second heat for choice of world-policemen?

—Excalibur

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"THE BRITON IS ASKING WHY?"

A correspondent writes to Mr. John Mitchell:

"When travelling in the Midlands a couple of weeks ago, a very interesting discussion was started in my compartment about War Finance. The opinion of the majority of us seemed to be that orthodox finance was hard-pressed and on its last legs. It was generally accepted that the only hope of survival was for America to grant unlimited credit to the extent even of mortgaging our land and Empire for many years to come.

"This unpleasant prospect gave cause for a certain amount of reflection, and one man, after making a few remarks about German finance, produced a leaflet *Hitler and Churchill Finance* which formed the basis for a renewed and often heated discussion, till we reached Wolverhampton, where I was left with the leaflet for study at leisure.

"Perusal of the leaflet brought back to my memory the year 1939 (which now seems so very far away). In that year, when living near Banstead, I received a couple of visits from a man who was very keen on freeing Local Authorities from the onus of bank loans. A lot of his conversation was certainly most illuminating. Unfortunately, war came before we could discuss his interesting theories in full, and I was left with a lot of vague ideas at the back of my mind about the abuse of the credit system by the financial control, but was not convinced that anything short of a cataclysm would render the substitution of saner methods possible in our lifetime.

"I notice that you contend that Social Credit did not fail in Alberta. Have you at hand the full story of this experiment? My impression, admittedly culled from our unreliable Press, was that it proved hopelessly unpractical. How did the Banks prevent it from being tried? The newspapers over here

certainly tended to treat the whole thing as a big joke, which didn't seem exactly fair!

"My personal experiences of the last few months (during which time I have travelled about quite a lot) have convinced me more than ever, that if we are to survive as a nation, some startling change is necessary in our internal economy, but how this can be achieved, and what can be substituted, is more than I can imagine.

"I wish my economic education was sounder, because day after day it becomes apparent to me as I visit different localities, that people everywhere are shewing increasing signs of intelligent interest in the Whys and Wherefores. The attempt to eliminate individualism has already brought about strong reaction. The normally 'dopy' Briton is looking around at his ruins, and asking himself 'Why?'"

December 29, 1940.

SEALS AND SOCIETY

The following extracts are from "Island Years," by F. Fraser Darling. Published by Bell and Sons Limited, London.

"Dougal and I were down there one day just in time to see a terrific fight between two bulls [seals]. I have watched animals too much to call every little sparring match between males a great battle. Animal story tellers would never sell their tales unless the poor beasts were constantly engaged in these rousing affairs, but in real life male animals do not fight any more than they can help, but challenge each other and spar around till honour is satisfied or one is scared. Only man and such animals as he has bred expressly for the job are idiots enough to be continually fighting seriously; if the human species fails in the course of evolution

it will be because of its warlike qualities. It is not content to spar, but is suicidal enough to subjugate the whole life of a nation in the practice of war until the society is left in an utterly exhausted state. In all my watchings of seals I never saw a fight like that one Dougal and I saw on the erosion platform of Lunga that mid-September day."

"We were surprised to hear a launch below us just after lunch on Friday, September 17, and running to the edge of the cliff we saw Bobbie in Ian Mackenzie's big launch. . . . Dougal and I ran down to meet her and listened to a long story of an awkward journey. What struck me most was that she had received much kindness from INDIVIDUALS of the railway staff, usually when exceeding their duties, and extraordinary wooden-headedness and even discourtesy when in contact with the railway company as an organisation. There are, for example, magnificent fellows in the Civil Service, really big minds, but as an organisation they are often exasperating. Even learned societies suffer from the same disease, in that members as individuals have rangey, fluid, liberated minds but when they act as a committee their personalities freeze. My own technique for getting things done is to short-circuit committees and take lunch instead."

"'It seems to me,' said Dougal, 'though it is one of those things you hesitate to say in a sophisticated society, that is is doubtful whether all that is meant by art and culture* is the right thing by which to judge a civilisation, nor should it be considered one of the major ends to which civilisation moves. Surely the new criterion of a civilisation and its aim should be the right behaviour of people one to another. If a society exists in which behaviour has reached a state of justice, mercy and rightness, and the pitch of individual sensitiveness is high, can it achieve a much higher state of civilisation by technics? I doubt it. The art and culture part of it is a symptom of civilisation, a kind of creative froth coming out of the beer. If the beer is inert, you get no froth, in which case the people will lack the social and civic sense I am talking about.'"

*Mr. Darling is using the word 'culture' in a different and less technical sense to that taken by writers in *The Social Crediter* who include within its meaning the mode of behaviour of people to one another.

THE TOLERANT SPIRIT

By N. F. W.

When we speak of British culture, the mind running in its familiar groove, holds a picture of Art and Literature and general highbrow. But all that, notwithstanding its great importance, is only the recorded expression of something much bigger.

'Anglo-Saxon,' 'English,' 'British,' are no more than words, that may or may not represent something concrete. Discover that something, if it exists, which is common to them all, in their individual and collective meaning, and you have your hand on the essential British culture.

In this concrete sense, which is the only one worth troubling about, national culture is seen to be a much simpler matter, one of inheritance and birth. At its simplest the word 'culture' means rearing, breeding, and by no possibility could it be the exclusive perquisite of the Intellectuals and artists. It is the common possession of the whole race.

In these days of warring ideologies, it is time usefully employed to examine one's own national culture, and to try and discover on the wide basis described above, what it really is. Because national culture is simply a collective way of regarding Life, embodied in a collective way of living; and to learn something of it is to follow Socrates' sound advice and understand something of oneself.

The data for our consideration, then, is not to be obtained in a catalogue of the outstanding men and women of the nation from Alfred the Great to our own times, or an analysis of their characters. What we search for is the common denominator of the race—both of the great and the small; the clever and the dull; yes, and the upright and the riff-raff of all those that by blood and nurture go to make the English-speaking peoples. Shakespeare was one of the supreme artists of the world, but we are only concerned with him in that which he holds in common with English Tom, Dick and Harry.

The suggestion regarding this British common-denominator which is put forward here is this: that the simple basis of our culture is to be found in a spirit of tolerance.

This may seem a strange assertion when we think over the cruelty and

oppression of human history and Britain's not inconspicuous part in it. Enquire of the European nations, and most of them would tell you that the British are an obstinate, conquering and proud lot and there are facts to bear this out. Yet however little or much he may display of it, careful consideration of the collective Englishman will, it is believed, disclose at the least a mental bias towards toleration, and against interference with others.

In practice his self-will and wrong-headedness may, and do, lead the Englishman into opposition to the equally wrong-headed actions of others arising from similar causes; and he is a tough fighter. But where he differs would seem to be in the lack of positive itch to interfere with the lives of his neighbour leading ultimately to interference with their thoughts and convictions—popularly known as religion.

Though the Englishman may have done a good deal of bossing in his day, it is questionable if he really enjoys bossing and regimentation for their own sakes. He has little regard for Power in the abstract. Notwithstanding the position the British race occupies on the modern map of the world, even that last statement will be found on reflection to be true, and the reason behind it is that the Englishman is a realist, and no lover of abstractions.

If you could segregate and corner your essential Englishman—something of a feat—you would find that of all the individuals that go to make up the 20th century civilisation, he had less use for such abstract terms as Liberty and Fraternity and Equality, and even Democracy, than any other race; and intellectually, in all likelihood, less appreciation of what they are. His instinct here is sound, of course, because they *aren't* really anything. They may be shewn to *represent* something; but that depends on facts and events, and not on dialectics.

Now if what has been said above of the British character is true—and reduced to its simplicity, it would seem to be—look at what has happened! Whatever there is *in fact* of those conditions which the abstract terms above mentioned may be said to re-

present, is in the actual possession of Englishmen. Freedom, Representative Government, Humanity, even that easily-abused term Equality—what there is left of them to-day, which is not very much, is almost entirely the possession of the English-speaking world.

This is not advanced in the slightest degree in a braggart spirit. God knows, there is not much in the picture presented by civilisation to-day to brag about. It is presented simply as a fact, and a rather remarkable one, that may form the basis for fruitful speculation and research.

There is surely something of great depth and significance here—perhaps supremely useful, if we could only fathom it—in the fact that it is the race which on evidence is least intellectually appreciative of those spiritual benefits which all men desire, and least vocal about them, should yet be in actual enjoyment of them to a greater degree than any other nation.

One's mind fumbles round the words of a great psychologist: "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." But how can that apply in the present case? Has the conquering Britisher been primarily concerned with the Kingdom of God? History would hardly be got to bear that out. You would not find much support for such an assertion from Continental or Transatlantic sources.

Yet, in some deep manner, it may be true. Unless we are prepared to look beneath the surface and appearance of things, we shall not get at the truth of

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them. It is easy to see in 18th century England nothing but duplicity and arrogance: to the France of those times, and even more, the revolting States of America she personified all that. And 19th century England: the coal areas; Manchester; the City of London; what did they look like to the artists and humanitarians of the day?

But we are, so to speak, concerned with the actual quality of the grey matter of the human brain.

The thought that is being pursued here is not surely presumptuous? It is not claimed that every Englishman is a perfectly-balanced composite of Julius Caesar, St. Francis of Assisia and Sir Galahad—although, incidentally, he is on the average a good fighter, and a lover of animals, and a sport. All that is put forward is that the quality of his thought is of the kind that fosters tolerance, that the soil of his mind is of such a nature that tolerance grows well in it, or not so ill, that is all.

There is surely no extravagance

in such a claim—even for a people that appeared to Napoleon as a nation of shop-keepers. For, mark you, tolerance is a quality as easy to demonstrate behind a counter as in conquering continents—quite possibly, more easy. And what is suggested here is no more than a bias, a leaning towards non-interference with one's neighbour and his convictions. Little enough, you'll say. But don't forget, the whole Kingdom of God has been likened to some yeast: no more.

Mr. GREENWOOD TO PLAN

The *Liverpool Daily Post* of January 7 pointed out that Mr. Arthur Greenwood's responsibilities when he takes over the supervision of the Government's studies towards reconstruction will be extraordinarily wide.

Not only the physical reconstruction of our towns and villages, industry and amenities, but all aspects of communal life in which the Government has any

concern at all are to come under review—housing, education, health services, transport, municipal administration and planning in general.

There is a skeleton organisation already at work on reconstruction, but it has not gone very far.

Mr. Greenwood was assistant secretary to the Ministry of Reconstruction in the last war (the pre-war state of England was a testimony to the unsatisfactory nature of the ministry's work), and at the Ministry of Health he has been both Parliamentary Secretary and Minister. He has also been a lecturer in economics at Leeds.

These are his qualifications for 'planning in general.'

PAX VOBISCUM

Say a prayer for Halifax
Praying also as he packs.

—*Excalibur*

Fable

JONES AGAINST ROBINSON

By L. Wilson

The Joneses and Robinsons fell out. They had been cooling off for some time. Being producers of similar kinds of commodities they had both lost customers to the other and from good friends they had come to regard each other as potential enemies, and at last the final break had come. Raw material was expensive and had to be paid for promptly and the securing of that contract from Snaggs would probably mean the difference between solvency and bankruptcy to both of them, for although the exportation of goods meant in this case the granting of long credit and uncertainty as to whether a settlement might ever be made, the bank-men always beam with favour on those who can manage to send real wealth out of the country ("we must have a favourable balance of trade, you know") and will be less insistent on calling in a worrying overdraft where a contract such as Snaggs's is held. Robinson had (according to Jones, anyway) obtained this contract by underhand cheating and Jones having accused Robinson to his face, war had broken out between them.

Now, their method of warfare consisted in the entire families of the two belligerents lining up in their back gardens and hurling stones, brickbats,

epithets and whatnots at each other. A foreign gentleman, high up in the international banking fraternity offered his services as referee and was accepted, with words of gratitude by both combatants. He began by stressing the point, most emphatically, that those who would win honourably must Make Sacrifices to pay for the war effort of digging for ammunition to hurl at the adversary and, although both parties possessed amply filled larders all were asked to go hungry, even though the articles abstained from existed in plenty and went bad in their pantries and smelled so that it made them feel too sick to enjoy what little they were allowed.

Both pa Jones and pa Robinson (who had been well drilled by the referee) would expound to their respective families the virtues of Making Sacrifices in the cause of Right against Might. "You will be better able to bear the blows of the enemy with Fortitude if you can feel that you are Paying for the War," they said, in effect.

It was not long, in spite of the Moral Beatitude of the two families, before various members began to break down under the strain, to which was

being added malnutrition on an increasing scale.

When things were looking very black all round little ten-year-old Sophia Crane peeped over the Robinsons' garden wall and whispered to her friend, young Peter; "you look *so* hungry, haven't you anything to eat?" "Oh, yes," said Peter, "but War must be Paid For you know and Mr. Warbug says we can't expect to win if we are not prepared to make Sacrifices." "But," said Sophia, "isn't digging itself sufficient sacrifice to make, added to all those terrible cuts and bruises you are getting, poor dear?"

Well, that set young Peter thinking and one day when pa was very busy making a new catapult he stole indoors and emerged shortly afterwards with a large box full of good things to eat and drink which he handed to his brothers and sisters with a whispered injunction to have their fill while they had their chance. Not much persuasion was necessary and they had the heartiest meal they had enjoyed for a long time. Then the amazing thing happened—the attack was pressed home and victory won before Tom Jones could yell 'Jack Robinson.'

The victors looked round for the referee but he was nowhere to be seen.

THE BRITISH EMPIRE GOES WEST ?

By William Bell

While deprecating the ultimate objective of Hitler, we Social Crediters are aware that the coming defeat of the Hitolini racket will mean the end of a host of shibboleths held sacrosanct by the Money Racket for many years. Our Foreign Office doubtless counted on buying-off Fascist aggression from the moment that Hitler rose to power. But even the Bank of "England's" lending millions of sterling credit to the man who had openly declared himself opposed to the Gold Standard has proved not to have been an adequate fire-premium to cover the risk of conflagration now raging.

Hitler's bombers have blown up something much more sacred to the City men than Wren's churches or working-men's homes. They have blown sky-high High Finance itself, though this has been exposed for twenty years by Douglas as inadequate to bear the stresses and strains of either "peace" or war conditions.

These reflections are caused by President Roosevelt's recent pronouncements that the U.S.A. will have to *lend* munitions of war to Britain and her Allies when our dollar securities are exhausted. But only lend for a *quid pro quo*—i.e. "quids" for dollars if possible. Unaware of all the published suggestions of the pundits for carrying out this knotty financial transaction, and reading between the obscurantist lines of my daily paper, I gather that one method put forward is that the U.S.A. (meaning of course the international gangsters of finance) be given a lien on the future gold output of South Africa, Australia and Canada. Thereon credits could be established in those units of our Commonwealth which would thus come under the virtual control of Wall Street, not Threadneedle Street, if the two can indeed be separated. As gold controlled by bankers is "worth" at least ten times as much as it is in a private citizen's ownership, this pretty scheme requires the British Commonwealth's paying back at least ten times the original total "lent" by the "American" owners of the lien on "our" gold. That fact is well-known to our money-wizards and our financial editors. But they may be trusted not to wax derisive

on the obvious absurdity of this proposal, for well they know that a "credit-worthy" borrower must remain polite when in the bank-parlour seeking "accommodation."

A second method being aired is that of leasing bases in certain of our West Indian islands to the U.S.A. This plan must at once embarrass the self-styled "democratic" countries now bent on Hitler's defeat—their own pronouncements regarding "self-determination," the rights of minorities, the bartering of peoples without their consent, and other pious stumbling-blocks.

A third scheme is that British holdings of capital in Britain and in the Commonwealth be paid into an American holding trust at each delivery of armaments. The interest due on this new War Debt to the U.S.A. banksters would be secured on the entire earning capacity of the British Commonwealth, meaning that the Empire would be virtually in pawn to the American brokers. These extra-territorial interests of America—in so many industrial undertakings would almost necessitate America's permitting the British Commonwealth to sell their goods to the U.S.A. This would involve a lowering, perhaps an abolishing, of American tariffs, a drastic reconstruction of her home policy, and consequently the renewed "menace" of more unemployment when already there are between 8 and 10 million out of "gainful occupation."

Since the bulk of the mined gold is already in cold-storage in Kentucky, the British Commonwealth cannot pay her debt in gold, because "ye canna tak the breeks off a Hielanman." The U.S.A. must reluctantly refuse repayment in goods, because of the unemployment bogey. Hence the only course that would temporarily save the brazen faces of the Money gangsters is that that U.S.A. must GIVE the armaments as her own national contribution to the fight against Dictatorship. Roosevelt has already acknowledged that but for the British navy the security of the U.S.A. would be already in jeopardy. The very least the U.S.A. should now be expected to do, therefore, is to cut the Shylock stuff—"my freedom or my dollars"—and forthwith declare her willingness to GIVE the armaments she

supplies to the Greeks, Poles, Czechs, Belgians, French, Dutch, Norwegians, English, Irish, Scots, Welsh, Australians, Canadians and others having the "privilege" of using the weapons so kindly sent by God's Own Country while God's Own Countrymen remain at home, perhaps with an eye on the postman bringing dividend-warrants from Europe. This gift would take the edge off the Italian gibe that America is willing to fight to the last Briton.

In fairness to Roosevelt it may be inferred from his recent utterances that he is a long way ahead of his public and a still longer way ahead of those demodé "patriots" who are so slow to interpret the writing on the Wall Street credit structure. The wide-awake President is simply waiting for the "incident" that will unite "public opinion" behind him, when he would boldly proclaim future American help, not merely as a gift, but as an obligation on the New World in its second attempt to redress the balance in the Old.

President Wilson hoped that the other war would make the world safe for Democracy. President Roosevelt II is too cute to leave Democracy after this war to conclude that it was fought to make the "New Order" safe for Bankocracy.

At the opportune moment Roosevelt's trump card will be produced while the editorial band plays the usual sob-stuff so pleasing to the "democratic" ears of "patriots." They will use the soft pedal on the fact that the Allies cannot afford another dollar for future American independence of Hitler. They will step on the loud pedal to "tell the world" how wrong it is to think that Americans are "go-getters" even in a world-war. Such bowdlerising of the financial reasons for "sacrificing" both principal and interest on the part of "America" would perhaps pacify even the most indignant, died-in-the-wool, hair-splitting, bellicose-anti-belligerent of the isolationists in their ivory-towers. For they would at least secretly enjoy the pleasure to be derived from the fact that the last dollar security repatriated from Threadneedle Street already signified that the British Empire had gone West. "O God, O Fort Knox, Ken."—as Erewhon Butler would have said.

THE GRAND INQUISITOR

The following passage is taken from "The Brothers Karamazov," the last of Dostoevsky's novels, which he wrote in 1878 and which is broadly concerned with the effects of an ill-digested 'liberalism' and 'science' on traditional Russian life and culture.

Ivan, the second Karamazov brother, is an 'intellectual,' and he finds it increasingly difficult to reconcile his knowledge of the affairs of men, of philosophy and of science with a belief in God. He is expressing his doubts in a long conversation with his younger brother Alyosha, a youth of unassuming kindness and simplicity. He tells him about a poem he nearly wrote a year ago:

"My story is laid in Spain, in Seville, in the most terrible time of the Inquisition, when fires were lighted every day to the glory of God, and 'in the splendid *auto da fé* the wicked heretics were burnt.' . . . He came once more among men in that human shape in which He walked among men for three years fifteen centuries ago. He came down to the 'hot pavements' of the southern town in which on the day before almost a hundred heretics had, *ad majorem gloriam Dei*, been burnt by the cardinal, the Grand Inquisitor, in a magnificent *auto da fé*, in the presence of the king, the court, the knights, the cardinals, the most charming ladies of the court, and the whole population of Seville.

"He came softly, unobserved, and yet, strange to say, everyone recognised Him. That might be one of the best passages in the poem. I mean, why they recognised Him. The people are irresistibly drawn to Him, they surround Him, they flock about Him, follow Him. He moves silently in their midst with a gentle smile of infinite compassion. . . . 'It is He—it is He!' all repeat. 'It must be He, it can be no one but Him!' He stops at the steps of the Seville cathedral at the moment when the weeping mourners are bringing in a little open white coffin. In it lies a child of seven, the only daughter of a prominent citizen. The dead child lies hidden in flowers. 'He will raise your child,' the crowd shouts to the weeping mother. The priest, coming to meet the coffin, looks perplexed, and frowns, but the mother of the dead child throws herself at His feet with a wail. 'If it is Thou, raise my child!' she cries, holding out her hands to Him. The procession halts, the coffin is laid on the steps at His feet. He looks with compassion, and His lips once more softly pronounce, 'Maiden, arise!' and the maiden arises. The little girl sits up in the coffin and looks round, smiling with wide-open wondering eyes, holding a bunch of white roses they had put in her hand.

"There are cries, sobs, confusion among the people, and at that moment the cardinal himself, the Grand Inquisitor, passes by the cathedral. He is an old man, almost ninety, tall and erect with a withered face and sunken eyes, in which there is still a gleam of light. He is not dressed in his gorgeous cardinal's robes, as he was the day before, when he was burning the enemies of the Roman Church—at this moment he is wearing his coarse, old, monk's cassock. At a distance behind him come his gloomy assistants and slaves and the 'holy guard.' He stops at the sight of the crowd and watches it from a distance. He sees everything; he sees them set the coffin down at His feet, sees the child rise up, and his face darkens. He knits his thick grey brows and his eyes gleam with a sinister fire. He holds out his finger and bids the

guards take Him. . . .

"The day passes and is followed by the dark burning, 'breathless' night of Seville. The air is 'fragrant with laurel and lemon.' In the pitch darkness the iron door of the prison is suddenly opened and the Grand Inquisitor himself comes in with a light in his hand. He is alone; the door is closed at once behind him. He stands in the doorway and for a minute or two gazes into His face. At last he goes up slowly, sets the light on the table and speaks.

"'Is it Thou? Thou?' but receiving no answer, he adds at once. 'Don't answer, be silent. What canst Thou say, indeed? I know too well what Thou wouldst say. And Thou hast no right to add anything to what Thou hadst said of old. Why, then, art Thou come to hinder us? For Thou hast come to hinder us, and Thou knowest that. But dost Thou know what will be tomorrow? I know not who Thou art and care not to know whether it is Thou or only a semblance of Him, but tomorrow I shall condemn Thee and burn Thee at the stake as the worst of heretics. And the very people who have today kissed Thy feet, tomorrow at the faintest sign from me will rush to heap up the embers of Thy fire.' . . .

"'Hast Thou the right to reveal to us one of the mysteries of that world from which Thou hast come?' my old man asks Him, and answers the question for him. 'No, Thou hast not; that Thou mayest not add to what has been said of old, and mayest not take from men the freedom which Thou didst exalt when Thou wast on earth. Whatsoever Thou revealest anew will encroach on men's freedom of their faith; for it will be manifest as a miracle, and the freedom of their faith was dearer to Thee than anything in those days fifteen hundred years ago. Didst Thou not often say then, "I will make you free." But now Thou hast seen these "free" men, the old man adds suddenly, with a pensive smile. ' . . . For fifteen centuries we have been wrestling with Thy freedom, but now it is ended and over for good. Dost Thou not believe that it's over for good? Thou lookest meekly at me and deignest not even to be wroth with me. But let me tell Thee that now, to-day, people are more persuaded than ever that they have perfect freedom, yet they have brought their freedom to us and laid it humbly at our feet. But that has been our doing. Was this what Thou didst? Was this Thy freedom?'"

"I don't understand again." Alyosha broke in. "Is he ironical, is he jesting?"

"Not a bit of it! He claims it as a merit for himself and his Church that at last they have vanquished freedom and have done so to make men happy. 'For now'

(he is speaking of the Inquisition, of course) 'for the first time it has become possible to think of the happiness of men. Man was created a rebel; and how can rebels be happy? . . .'

"Judge Thyself who was right—Thou or he who questioned Thee then [in the wilderness]. Remember the first question; its meaning, in other words, was this: "Thou wouldst go into the world, and art going with empty hands, with some promise of freedom which men in their simplicity and their natural unruliness cannot even understand, which they fear and dread—for nothing has ever been more insupportable for a man and a human society than freedom. But seest Thou these stones in this parched and barren wilderness? Turn them into bread, and mankind will run after Thee like a flock of sheep, grateful and obedient, though for ever trembling, lest Thou withdraw Thy hand and deny them Thy bread." But Thou wouldst not deprive man of freedom and didst reject the offer, thinking, what is that freedom worth, if obedience is bought with bread? Thou didst reply that man lives not by bread alone. But dost Thou know that for the sake of that earthly bread the spirit of the earth will rise up against Thee, and all will follow him, crying, "Who can compare with this beast? He has given us fire from heaven!" Dost Thou know that the ages will pass, and humanity will proclaim by the lips of their sages that there is no crime, and therefore no sin; there is only hunger? "Feed men, and then ask of them virtue!" that's what they'll write on the banner, which they will raise against Thee, and with which they will destroy Thy Temple. . . . They will seek us again, hidden underground in the catacombs, for we shall be again persecuted and tortured. They will find us and cry to us, "Feed us, for those who have promised us fire from heaven haven't given it!" . . . and we alone shall feed them in Thy name, declaring falsely that it is in Thy name. Oh, never, never can they feed themselves without us! No science will give them bread so long as they remain free. In the end they will lay their freedom at our feet, and say to us "Make us your slaves, but feed us." They will understand themselves, at last, that freedom and bread enough for all are inconceivable together, for never, never will they be able to share between them! They will be convinced, too, that they can never be free, for they are weak, vicious, worthless and rebellious. . . . They will marvel at us and look on us as gods, because we are ready to endure the freedom which they have found so dreadful and to rule over them—so awful it will seem to them to be free. But we shall tell them that we are Thy servants and rule them in Thy name. We shall deceive them again, for we will not let Thee come to us again. That deception will be our suffering, for we shall be forced to lie.

" . . . in this question lies hid the great secret of this world. Choosing "bread," Thou wouldst have satisfied the universal and everlasting craving of humanity—to find someone to worship. So long as man remains free he strives for nothing so incessantly and so painfully as to find someone to worship. But man seeks to worship what is established beyond dispute, so that all men would agree at once to worship it. For these pitiful creatures are concerned not only to find what one or the other can worship but to find something that all would believe in and worship; what is essential is that all may be *together* in it. This craving for *community* of worship is the chief misery of every man individually and of all humanity from the

beginning of time. . . . Thou didst know, Thou couldst not but have known, this fundamental secret of human nature, but Thou didst reject the one infallible banner which was offered Thee to make all men bow down to Thee alone—the banner of earthly bread. . . . I tell Thee that man is tormented by no greater anxiety than to find someone quickly to whom he can hand over that gift of freedom with which the ill-fated creature is born. But only one who can appease their conscience can take over their freedom. In bread there was offered Thee an invincible banner; give bread, and man will worship Thee, for nothing is more certain than bread. But if someone else gains possession of his conscience—oh! then he will cast away Thy bread and follow after him who has ensnared his conscience. In that Thou wast right. For the secret of man's being is not only to live but to have something to live for. Without a stable conception of the object of life man would not consent to go on living and would rather destroy himself than remain on earth, though he had bread in abundance. That is true. But what happened? Instead of taking men's freedom from them, Thou didst make it greater than ever! Didst Thou forget that man prefers peace, and even death, to freedom of choice in the knowledge of good and evil. . . . In place of the rigid ancient law, man must hereafter with free heart decide for himself what is good and what is evil, having only Thy image before him as his guide. . . . And is it for me to conceal from Thee our mystery? Perhaps it is Thy will to hear it from my lips. Listen, then. We are not working with Thee, but with *him*—that is our mystery. It's long—eight centuries—since we have been on *his* side and not on *Thine*. Just eight centuries ago, we took from him what Thou didst reject with scorn, that last gift he offered Thee, showing Thee all the kingdoms of the earth. We took from him Rome and the sword of Caesar, and proclaimed ourselves sole rulers of the earth, though hitherto we have not been able to complete our work. But whose fault is that? Oh, the work is only beginning, but it has begun. It has long to await completion and the earth has yet to suffer, but we shall triumph and shall be Caesars, and then we shall plan the universal happiness of man. But Thou mightest have taken even then the sword or Caesar. Why didst Thou reject that last gift? Hadst Thou accepted that last council of the mighty spirit, Thou wouldst have accomplished all that man seeks on earth—that is, someone to worship, someone to keep his conscience, and some means of uniting all in one unanimous and harmonious ant-heap, for the craving for universal unity is the third and last anguish of men. Mankind as a whole had always striven to organise a universal state. There have been many great nations with great histories, but the more highly they were developed the more unhappy they were, for they felt more acutely than other people the craving for world-wide union. The great conquerors, Timours and Ghenghis-Khans, whirled like hurricanes over the face of the earth striving to subdue its people, and they too were but the unconscious expression of the same craving for universal unity. Hadst Thou taken the world and Caesar's purple, Thou wouldst have founded the universal state and have given universal peace. For who can rule men if not he who holds their conscience and their bread in his hands? We have taken the sword of Caesar, and in taking it, of course, have rejected Thee and followed *him*."

(To be continued next week.)

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By C. H. Douglas:—

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- Social Credit
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