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FOR POLITICAL AND ECONOMIC REALISM

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In South Africa

The following, continuing the account of some of the problems in South Africa, is taken from a tape-recording of the impressions of a Londoner recently resident for four years in that country. His vivid descriptions need to be set against the reports appearing in the Press, to correct the picture which is being presented to us—in the interests of International Finance and Communism.

The Indian in Africa is after money—the quick buck—and you know how to treat him; but the Dutchman, you do not know what he is going to do. For the young people, the Europeans, the way of life is quite happy; money comes easily if you work for it—it comes easily, more so than in Australia. The second hand car market is mostly the Government and therefore all cars that go on the road are tested and you don't buy a pig in a poke—and housing is much cheaper than here. You can buy a nice house for a thousand pounds, and provided you keep in conformity with planning you can build what type of house you like—"How many acres do you want?" "Five." "All right." You pay thirty pounds stamp duty. "There it is, take it, build—so long as you keep within the conformity of our laws." You must be so many feet from the road, so many feet from this house, so many feet from that house. If you want to put up a whacking mansion there, all right—if you only want to put up a small house, that is all right too.

It would be really impossible to abolish Apartheid at this juncture. We do not like the offspring of mixed marriage, they do not like it themselves. They like to mix with the white man, they would like to have the bars free, but what happens when the native gets drinking? Even the Europeans are not responsible for their actions—but the native, on two or three beers, European beers, just goes berserk. One or two can hold their liquor but the average native would really go berserk and what would be the outcome of that?

Well, we can't discriminate between one European and another in drinking habits, so I don't see how we are going to discriminate between natives—it would be an impossible task. With the native beer and their little parties, they keep it within bounds. They laugh and sing all day and if they can sit down and do nothing, so much the better—and I think that goes for any nation under the sun—so long as they are getting the income and they do not have to work for it, "Wow! This is a wonderful life." But political power they do not understand. They really do not understand, so how can you give them power in the country? Might is Right—the strongest survives. Their health is of a very low standard, their hygiene is nil, some of them use the toilet and others just don't, even in the cities. It is a very ticklish question. On top of that there is quite an amount of disease they carry round with them. If they use a toilet, I would think twice about going to it afterwards having seen what happens amongst them. If we go to the toilet we wash our hands. They go to the toilet, come out, handle food, it doesn't matter to them. Anything can happen in a climate where the average temperature is well over the 80's every

day. You can have an epidemic come—just like that—overnight.

What you need to do is to maintain the standard of civilisation for many years—over twenty years—and gradually bring it higher and higher and higher, at the same time giving them enough licence so that they will appreciate gradually becoming Europeanised. It is a matter of time, the wheel will turn, it is coming, it is fully realised that that must happen, it is fully realised that the native must take his place in Africa as a leader of his own nation within a certain number of years. That must happen because his appreciation is growing hourly but we cannot take him from out of the trees and make him one of us overnight; you just can't do it. If you tried, things would revert to the original conditions, very much so.

Even in the Congo, I don't think they are ready. You see the power has got into the hands of the few. Most of the Congo people live out in the hills, they're farming folk, they are not industrialised. Down in the towns, they are, but how many people live in the towns? Few. The majority live out, they are bushmen as we know bush people here. And what are you going to do with them?

The few who have the power, the few people who live in the towns, they understand that they have the power. They have it, and now what are they going to do with it? Take Ghana. They have their independence. They are of a higher degree of education than the South African native. But it is only the few people who actually live in the cities that really appreciate what is happening in the Government . . . other than that . . . well, its vote for Tom Jones, vote for Smith. What has N'Krumah done for us? He has done so and so and so and so. It sinks into their minds so he must be a good bloke. "We do not know politically what he is doing or how he is doing it or why he is doing it but we do know he has put up that house there. It's a fine house. Oh, he must be a good man if he has put it up. We will vote for him." Consequently he is home on the pig's back, not because of logical reasoning but because he has built a good house, and to them that is a wonderful thing. You see, he will get up and make a good fiery speech—"We are the best party for you . . . we have done this, we have done that." It is not substantiated, it is not proved, but of course the masses go for it. "Tomorrow you can have a holiday because it is our Independence Day and we have earned it. No work tomorrow!" Oh, he is a wonderful man! It appeals to the public mass hysteria. Consequently they have the power. How are they going to use

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“Feudalism”*

The principle of perversion is clearly becoming a major weapon of Plotting and Planning—a weapon to which the intellectual laziness of the English renders them peculiarly vulnerable. Hardly any of the words used in political controversy are honestly employed, and many of them are attached to conceptions which are directly opposed to their labels.

It is the current fashion to suggest that Great Britain is just escaping from something called “feudalism,” and in the United States there is a widely disseminated belief, doubtless consciously fostered, that the constitution of this country is officially feudal, and, consequently, reactionary and mediaeval. It is not too much to say that not a single component of this idea (and it is by no means unimportant as a political force) has any basis in fact.

In the first place, England never at any time had a feudal constitution. There was a fairly complete feudalism in the Lowlands of Scotland during the twelfth, thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, largely due to the intimate relationships existing between France and Scotland, and the Scottish “feu” system of land tenure, which has many wholly admirable features, and has preserved Scotland from the horrors of ribbon and bungalow building, is the direct descendant of that period. But it is quite clear that the Jewish forces behind Norman William had a definite plan to substitute finance for feudal service, and “Doomsday” Book was the first step to that end. The second was the Oath of Salisbury. This oath binds every freeholder directly in allegiance to the King—an arrangement which, so far from being feudal, cuts at the very root of feudality.

The central ideas of the organisation of feudal society were (1) that all land is ultimately held by grant from the King (2) that the grant is made on condition of service, military or otherwise, and the payment of dues and (3) that those who hold *directly* from the king are bound together by so

* Our Editorial for November 4, 1944, republished.

doing, in a certain legal and social relationship. It was the privilege of the ‘tenants-in-chief’ to sublet, and to vary the terms, exactly as in the case of the Scottish feu.

It can be seen without difficulty that so far from “escaping” from feudalism, Socialism or Planning is feudalism of the worst and most soul-less description, with none of the attributes of personal responsibility which redeemed the worst features of the feudal barony. Neither has the modern Land Trust or Forestry Commission the severe restraint imposed by the sanctions inherent in the mediaeval church. While even a modified feudal system is inapplicable to modern conditions which urgently demand a tripartite organisation, we show every sign of allowing the worst features of it to be imposed upon us, with none of its virtues.

They Loved Life

By the Rev. PERCY JACKSON.

Among the things I have kept for the sweetening of my soul are hundreds of notices, chiefly from *The Times*, most of them obituary notices, touching the people of our day. The quotations which follow are characteristic of scores and scores of such.

L. H. C. K. writes of Lt. E. P. S. Russell, R.N.V.R.: “We were together at Eton . . . No man could have asked for a better or truer friend. He was an enthusiastic talker and a patient listener, and he had a rich fund of humour which I never heard him use unkindly.

“He was one of the very few people of whom it can be truly said ‘He *lived* every minute of his life.’ Somehow his vital personality stimulated one so that a *moment* with him was one to be enjoyed and remembered . . . The courageous manner in which he died was entirely in keeping with his fine character. A poor swimmer, he dived overboard to go to the assistance of a shipmate in distress. But the heavy seas were too much for him, and in his gallant attempt to save another man’s life he perished.”

Of Major C. M. Baldwin, writes J. W. A. S.: “His very presence was always an inspiration and a tonic. He was quite imperturbable. No matter what kind of crisis might involve him or those with him, his never-failing cheerfulness and optimism, combined with a courageous commonsense seemed to enable him to carry it off . . . The crisis might never have existed. He was a splendid companion and *enjoyed whatever life had to offer to the full*. He joined in everything, though England and things English—riding to hounds, boxing, shooting, Rugby football—made a special appeal.

“His charm of manner was infectious, affecting young and old alike wherever or whenever they had the good fortune to meet him . . . We have lost a grand fellow.”

Of Lt. C. G. M. Thornycroft another writes: “He was one who never gained, or sought, distinction, but whose life made many others happier, and also better. Wherever he was, in his home, at school at Shrewsbury, or at Loughborough College, no one came across him without feeling the infection of his happiness, his sincerity, his warm-heartedness, his gaiety and his sheer goodness. He combined an adventurous spirit and a *zest for life* with a simplicity of outlook but a depth of feeling . . . He was as strong-minded as he was good-natured. He had a gift for friendship . . .”

L. bears this testimony of Major The Hon. A. P. S. Chichester: "Among his many gifts and qualities were his unfailing courtesy to young and old alike, and his ardour and sincerity of purpose in anything he set his mind to . . . *His gaiety and love of life* combined with the serious side of his character made him the most lovable and endearing companion. Though his interests were wide and varied, he enjoyed all the higher side of life to the full . . . He was in all respects the perfect son and brother."

Of Captain M. S. Curtis, *a correspondent writes*: "No man more lovable or more universally beloved has the war taken from us than Maurice Curtis. To many his memory will abide as a pledge of the meaning of true Christian manhood. *His vivid charm* and keen sense of humour made his self-discipline and devotion to duty seem natural achievements. *His rich and many sided enjoyment of the world*, issuing in unsparing service, would have delighted his great headmaster, Dr. Saunderson, of Oundle."

R. L. V. P. writes of Lt. Viscount Maitland: "Ivor Maitland was at all times *one of the most delightful characters* it is possible to meet. His charm and *spontaneous gaiety* were an inspiration to everyone who knew him. He was always cheerful, overflowing with *joie de vivre* and good humour. A more loyal friend could never be found. A keen sportsman, he was educated at Stowe . . . Those who knew him and loved him will always carry with them through life the memory of a sweet, generous, gay and very lovable person."

Of Lt.-Col. Sir Ranulph Fiennes writes H. R. M.: "'Lugs' was a man of exceptional personal charm and great breadth of vision . . . His enthusiasm and sense of humour were *infectious* . . . *He was incapable of being jealous or unkind*. He was a splendid leader who took a tremendous interest in those less fortunate than himself. He had travelled and read extensively and the post-war period will be much poorer owing to his death . . . His frankness and his clear brain will be missed by many."

Of Squadron Leader L. H. Day: "To his friends, his important place in their lives was won, not only by his courage and inspiring leadership, but even more, by his real 'goodness' and shining honesty . . . He had no time for shams and bluff. His happiest epitaph would be, in the words of one who had been his gunner, 'A grand skipper and a very great gentleman.'"

Of Lt. F. C. Boulton it is written: "Oxford, like Harrow, owes him a great debt . . . But his friends will think first of his *lovable and gracious personality*. He had those qualities which we do not usually associate with war—*shyness and a love of music, and of little children and all things beautiful*; but he faced the ugly duties of the time with courage."

Of Flying Officer P. J. C. Bateman-Champain: "A *natural style* appeared in nearly everything he did which gave him the same sort of distinction as a person that he always had as an athlete . . . But it was his complete innocence of conceit or self-pity, his knack of unobtrusive leadership, his instinctive dislike of evil, *the effectiveness of his compassion for the unprivileged*, the intimacy of his friendship with his father and mother; it was these that were the really characteristic example of his *naturally distinguished style* . . . We rejoice in the continuing enrichment of many sorts and conditions of men

that has come from the integrity of his loving and life-saving 27 years of life."

P. L. C. S. affirms of Surgeon Lt. Commdr. M. Cay, R.N.: "Apart from his professional skill, he possessed all those attributes which form the make-up of an officer and a gentleman of high degree. His was indeed a gentle character, with a natural kindness and tolerance which endeared him to all who met him. He gained few material rewards for all he did, but he would not have sought them. I am sure he never realised the influence he had on the future lives and conduct of the many young doctors he trained . . . When I last saw him he was smiling and waving his hand, and that is how he would wish us to remember him."

Of Lt. David C. Lloyd, Royal Marine Commando, this is declared by Lt. G. L. Taylor, R.N.V.R.: "Few people meeting the gay Commando would have guessed what hard work he had in childhood to overcome the handicap of ill-health. He lost his life in the landing at Salerno. He was a perfect companion; his infectious laughter, his sense of the absurd which could shed light on the dullest party, perhaps by some grotesque turn of mimicry—in a word, *the happiness which he radiated* wherever he went, will not easily be forgotten. Quite unselfconscious and unspoiled by popularity, he was by nature generous, but above all warm in his affections. The remembrance of his *gaiety* must comfort us . . ."

And lastly of Lt.-Col. Low Wyfold writes A. R.: "[I was given] special opportunities of appreciating the excellence of his brain, his courage, and his skill. He was a highly esteemed figure in his county of Oxfordshire—a leader of many enterprises. His family life, in his delightful home, was a model of happiness and all else, and fulfilled in the highest degree the best traditions of 'Merrie England.' To his children he was as the most delightful of 'brothers.' . . . He was a loyal friend, and went to endless trouble to help others in their difficulties. His advice was indeed worth having, as he had a first-class brain and the kindest of hearts. He will be missed indescribably in the locality in which he lived."

The point of this present note is to put the question, is this type of gay, effortless grace and goodness, humility and nobility any longer to be permitted to grow in England? *The kind of character revealed in these extracts requires space and freedom for its growth, and some amplitude of resource.*

There are those rejoicing in the prospect of bespoiling the estates, taxing out of existence the old country esquire, by death duties and other rigours making well nigh impossible the continuance of life tuned in to this level of delightsomeness. One may have knowledge of humbugs in County Society, so there are everywhere. But there are those who interpret the trusteeship of their estates in the most thorough-going fashion, and those whose coveted reward is the happiness, not only of their relatives and House associates, but of their employees also and all who depend on them, and whose pride is in the sweet wholesomeness of their lands.

The levellers will have no room for this kind. The centralisers may offer him a salary, but he will take his orders from an office in London. The taxers will see that he is kept poor. With the element of gaiety removed from goodness, life will become dour, grim; and with Government by "regulations" the element of enterprise and adventurousness dies of inanition.

In certain circles the Beveridge Report is being hailed as a contribution towards ameliorating the severest distress of our

social disorder. A great deal of sentiment is being exploited, and those who have been uneasy for the wretchedness of the men on the dole are apt to accept, with little exercise of the critical faculty, the proposals as a salve for their consciences.

This little note is not intended as an examination of the proposals, which arouse the gravest misgiving, on various grounds. The question is pertinent however, if it be judged intolerable to permit the old frustration and despair to settle once more upon our people, why is it not deemed possible to level up instead of level down; that is, to make possible the blithe survival of the best pertaining to our English traditions and to offer hope to the whole of the Commonwealth *at the same time*? Can we build a society which fosters and conserves the finest qualities of English life and, *at the same time*, extends a generous gesture to all to partake more liberally of the Feast of Life? We know the resources are adequate for the job.

The Last Chance: A Conspectus

This review, by Dr. Monahan, is now available as a leaflet from K. R. P. Publications, Limited, 9 Avenue Road, Stratford-on-Avon, at 1/- per copy (posted) or 5/- per dozen (posted). It should be given the widest distribution.

IN SOUTH AFRICA (continued from page 1).

it? We must wait and see. Maybe it will be beneficial, we don't know. We hope it will be. It is the same with the native in South Africa. If you gave him the power, to whom would you give it? Can anyone find twelve men or women who could take over and govern native affairs? There are not twelve you could find, and meanwhile the white men, let's face it, are out-numbered thirty to one, if not more.

Little irksome things have come up out of this Government which have not made life happy. They have jumped the gun overnight instead of gradually instituting the pass-book step by step like building a house. Instead of that—there is the pass-book all at once—you've got it and to all of us if you've got to do a thing it is irksome. We hate the fact that we are suddenly forced to do a thing. Consequently it is very hard to make these people absorb it. Instead of it being pointed out that the pass-book has its uses—that you have the record of a clean bill of health; that you have it certified that your tax is paid; that you have a permanent record of your employer—a reference—for your good, where your home and family are, you are just told you've got to carry this book and you've got to have it at all times, or else it will cost you five pounds. It is naturally irksome.

Apartheid? The native appreciates it in many ways because he realises it preserves the family way of life and the life of the group he lives in.

(Concluded)

PERCENTAGE DISTRIBUTION OF AUSTRALIAN INDIVIDUAL TAXPAYERS TO GRADE OF ACTUAL INCOME (a)

Grade of Actual Income	Year of Income									
£A	1947-48	1948-49	1949-50	1950-51	1951-52	1952-53	1953-54	1954-55	1955-56	1956-57
105- 199	16.5	13.3	11.3	8.2	5.9	5.0	4.7	4.5	4.3	4.0
200- 399	41.6	34.3	30.3	23.4	16.9	14.5	13.2	12.7	11.9	10.9
400- 599	28.2	34.2	35.7	30.5	21.5	18.7	17.2	16.4	15.6	14.7
600- 799	6.4	9.4	12.4	21.1	27.0	25.9	22.9	19.6	17.3	16.1
800- 999	2.4	3.0	3.9	7.0	14.7	18.3	20.8	20.6	19.9	20.0
1000-1499	2.4	2.7	3.2	4.6	8.6	11.4	14.6	18.6	21.9	23.8
1500-1999	1.0	1.1	1.3	1.5	2.1	2.5	2.9	3.7	4.8	5.4
2000-9999	1.5	1.9	2.1	3.4	3.2	3.6	3.6	3.8	4.2	5.0
10000 and over	0.1	0.1	0.1	0.3	0.1	0.1	0.1	0.1	0.1	0.1

(a) Actual Income is defined briefly as "gross income including exempt income less expenses incurred in gaining that income."

South Africa The Key

... The Afrikaner Nationalists' action, in checking British immigration, coincided with the aims of Communism, which they detest. In England a chief Communist objective is to prevent emigration, particularly to Africa and to South Africa. Clearly Africa looms large in Communist plans for the second half of this century; supreme importance appears to be attached to preventing the rise of great white populations there, and South Africa is plainly seen as the key to

this matter. This is the real reason for the constant attacks on South Africa in London's Leftist newspapers. Similarly in South Africa the Communists actively support the campaign against the immigrants, telling the rural Afrikaner that "the Jingoese" will swamp his Afrikanerdom. . . . If England can be kept in a weakened condition by over-population, and Canada prevented from becoming stronger by under-population and industrial development, they both become an easy prey for Communist aggression.

—Douglas Reed, *Somewhere South of Suez*, 1950.