

# THE SOCIAL CREDITER

## FOR POLITICAL AND ECONOMIC REALISM

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### THE CRISIS

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(Signed)—

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W. J. SIM,

Directors, K.R.P. Publications, Ltd.

### 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 natives always look at the big boss of the land and see that he has a lot of cows, lots of wives. He has several wives, he doesn't work. He just sits on the land there and enjoys himself. The women go to work, bring in the income. The big boy has a little gamble on the horses or goes across to Charlie there for a game of cards or a little party or a sing-song. The women go to work; the men sit and play. So the thing is to go to the city, make some money, maybe find a wife cheap in the city, maybe get a piece of land. He must buy land because white men buy land. Sometimes they get stung because people take advantage of them.

Towards West Africa there are a lot of Portuguese farmers and these native boys work for these farmers. They learn about growing crops, irrigation, scientific farming. They don't know the fundamental scientific principles involved but they do know that they are growing food and they are getting cash for it. The idea is: "I'll get a piece of ground. You've done it, I can do the same." They may get badly bitten on the piece of ground they buy because they'll say, "That is a good piece of ground. It must be, there's a river there. The trees are growing, we can clear the trees." They do not realise the scientific problem of growing food, that they have to have certain chemicals in that ground to produce certain crops. The Portuguese boys know this. Their intelligence and civilization is quite old—very old—whereas the natives here—no. However they get the piece of ground and now they must grow something. "We must get a cow, get another cow," and they get these two cows—"Let's see if we can get a young one from that; we will get some more young ones.

Then I'll get another wife, two wives; it means I don't have to work so hard." Back we go again to the old fundamental principle of how I can leave off work quickly? "I'll go to town to work, I'll save in my job. Now I'll get myself a wife. I may not have to pay anything for a wife here because, you see, she's working; and we'll be able to live in the boss's house. We can save some more money and then get a little farm. How much can I get? Now if I can't get it how much can I steal? Because you are not using it. Look at those books. What a lovely lot of books. The boss isn't using those books. He doesn't want them really so I'll use them for him." You see he doesn't realise that it's stealing in the real rational sense. *He* doesn't use it because *he* doesn't want it; so *I'll* use it. Well, I'll take it." The intelligence of many of them has become such that they do not know it is stealing—this is so especially amongst the coloured ones.

I had an experience in Jo'burg where we have wire mesh all over the windows, a type of wire mesh to keep these delinquents out; but they have found a way to beat that. They can get a fishing line through that net; and your trousers may be lying over there. They'll angle and hook them, get them to the window, go through the pockets, lift them back to where they were. You come in. "I had some money in here." You *did* have some money but you left the window open! It's gone. Well, it happens quite often. That's why when I lived in Jo'burg I lived on the top flat because I knew they'd have a job to get up there. All the windows on the stair side were locked, barred and bolted; outside, where there's a 100 foot drop or so—we'd leave open. But if you left a pair of trousers here with windows like that the boys would be in, hook them up and clean the lot out. They would empty your wallet and put it back, all through the inch square mesh; they are very, very nimble. They show that they are acquiring their intellect bit by bit with civilization, but in twenty years it is going to be a hard push to bring those people really to the basis of our civilization which has taken thousands of years. You just can't do it.

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## From Week to Week

Let us, if we can, get at the cancer which lies in the very bowels of civilisation. It is the belief that money has inherent value. Now 'money,' to the vast majority, means what is generally called "currency," i.e. coins and notes, and coins and notes are linked with the idea of gold as being the most valuable 'coin.' Gold has a real inherent value, because to obtain it real and considerable human effort has to be employed. Everyone knows that gold can be got out of the ground by anyone who takes the trouble to find out where it may be found, and to go through the physical effort of finding it, and of extracting and transporting it. It is this almost subconscious knowledge, combined with the fact that nowadays almost everyone except small children has to "work" to get "money," that makes 'money' seem to have a real value. So when the relentless "news" day after day tells us that in such and such a period 'we' made so many hundred million pounds profit (sorry—had a favourable trade balance of—) it conjures up in the mind of almost any one who pays any attention to it a conception of solid value: quantities of that valuable commodity so much more of which each of us would like to have for himself. This utter misconception is indeed a cancer.

The miserable fact is that money has practically no inherent value. For those in possession of the secret, the mechanism and the licence, a million pounds can be brought into existence as easily as one pound—or ten million.

Almost all money now is the creation, *under licence*, of the banks. The licence is conformity to the dictates of central banks, which in turn are governed by the requirements of the 'foreign exchange' situation, and other factors.

This is not intended to be a technical discussion. Most of our readers know the technique, or where to learn it. The intention is to emphasise the enormous importance of the misconception most people, even the 'most important,' the V.I.P's., have of money. The individual's life and that of the nation is dominated by the necessity of getting money, which simply means that the individuals and the nations are dominated by those who licence banking.

Anyone who could pass the School Leaving Examination\* could by an ordinary study of the sources understand how and why money is simply the creation "out of nothing" of figures by banks. And it is significant that, although it is a fact that money has no inherent value, yet it is continuously misrepresented as being concrete and valuable. In consequence, the argument of any news commentator who assumes this inherent value contains a false premise. For example, it is increasingly said that 'Britain' should join the Common Market. This is not to get more goods, but to get more money (markets). She can get more money from the Bank of 'England' as soon as the Government takes the necessary steps (formidable, but still possible—we hope). It is the continuous presentation of the false premise which provides the greatest certainty that disaster lies ahead.

If within a short period of time we could write and publish a book setting out the whole Social Credit Thesis concerning the present crisis, and if we could compel all members of Cabinets of the 'free' peoples to master the contents, in the sense in which they would have to do so in order to pass an examination designed to test their comprehension of the subject, and if we could compel them to pass such an examination if they were to retain their posts, and if security could be maintained while the efforts of our 'Leaders' were thus engaged, then might we have some hope of going where the majority of mankind in its heart of hearts desires to go. Obviously, this is not possible.

Nevertheless, the foregoing demonstrates the magnitude of the task confronting 'Christian civilization.' And there is a solution. This book has been written—but published in instalments. There is, throughout the world, a small body of people in possession of parts, or almost the whole, or the whole, of the thesis.

As we expected would happen, the pattern of events, the shape of things to come, becomes ever more apparent. There are, it is true, the apparently brought-to-life distractions inculcated by the science-fiction comic-cuts and novels: the peaceful mice, calmly nibbling biscuits after their physiologically and psychologically incredible experiences in acceleration and weightlessness, the flies buzzing, the dogs resting. But those who have followed the explanation of the confusing succession of events which has been presented continuously in the pages of this journal are, we believe, almost uniquely informed. The opportunity to apply their knowledge appears to be at hand.

"Wind of Change" is the title of a highly informative analysis in *Blackwood's Magazine* for May, 1960, of changes in the international scene since the Suez crisis. It is, in fact, a review of Sir Anthony Eden's *Full Circle* but it is also a description of the very much worsened strategic situation of Europe generally. And since the article was written, the accelerating disintegration of the slight beginnings of civilisation in Africa makes the strategic situation very much worse again with further deterioration most obviously in view.

Disintegration in Africa, Nasser astride the Suez Canal in a position to strangle the canal traffic and so to make in Asia the chaos of Africa, the apparent ambiguity of the U.N. and of the U.S.A.—all these things and many more are the ingredients of a universal economic crisis, precursor to the World Revolution—

Wherein lies the point of no return.

\* Written in Australia.

## IN SOUTH AFRICA

*(continued from page 1)*

Another problem: I have boys working and maybe am very pleased with them. All my lads, I've always been pleased with them. I show them the right way to do a thing—and then I find they have a lapse of memory. It simply goes from them. For weeks or months they have been doing a job, say cutting a piece of meat a certain size, knowing how to grill it. "Oh, Mr. Smith, he likes his underdone; Mr. Jones likes his well done. Somebody else likes his medium." Just give them the name and they knew exactly how to do it, they do it perfectly. Then one day I'll say, "What is the matter with Johnny, what is all this about? It is not the same as usual." "Boss, this is not my job. I can't do this job, Boss, never done this job. Why do you make me do this job?"—and it's gone from him. All right, after a time you get used to these things happening. The first time it knocked me for six. I wondered what it was all about. It seemed silly, it couldn't happen that way. However, Johnny can't have that job now. "What would you like to do? Would you be all right doing the garden? All right, you go out and do the garden." So you get him into the way of gardening, train him and everything goes along nicely. A couple of months later you look round and there's Johnny back doing his job in the kitchen. "But Johnny, I thought you were doing the roses." "Boss, I've never cut roses, not in my life. I have never seen any roses." "But you did the roses out there yesterday!" "No Boss, not me, someone else. My job is doing the meat, you know I have always done the meat. There's Mr. Smith. He has come in and he wants his underdone. He will be in at eight minutes past one." And he will have it all ready for him although the day before he has been doing the roses quite happily.

This memory lapse happens more often than you would ever think. I had a breakfast cook who for two years had done breakfasts perfectly. I go in. Where has he gone? "Oh Johnny—he won't do breakfasts any more." "What is wrong—had an accident?" "No, Boss, he has gone back to his farm." "What for?" "He has to dig the ground. He will be way for three months. No more breakfasts." "But Johnny has worked here for three years now." "Oh, never mind about that. He is going to dig his farm." I said, "What, in the middle of summer?" "Oh, yes Boss, he has gone to see his farm. He has gone back, back to the kraal and he'll be back in three months' time." And he was back. "Hello Johnny, where have you been?" "I just went to see my woman. I have come back. I have only been away a couple of days last week." "It is three months today." "Oh no, only a couple of days!"

Time doesn't mean a thing. But suppose he should knock off work at six. He looks at the clock, it is five past six: "Boss, overtime! Quarter of an hour overtime!" Time in that case means something.

Another thing: The distance to Johnny's home would be, I suppose, a couple of hundred miles. "How did you get home, Johnny? Did you get a car or a transport?" "Oh no, I run home." "Run!" "Oh yes, you know, as we do." He has that peculiar Zulu gait. I chatted with several of the boys there and they told me that Johnny was a Zulu boy and he would probably run all the way home—all the way at the trot.

They're incredible, the natives—what they can do and what they can't do. They haven't any paint pigment except

what they make from rocks. With these they paint all their houses, and the colours are magnificent. I was taken up there by a friend and he said, "What do you think of this?" I said, "I think it's marvellous. Where is the camera? Let's take a photograph of it." "Now you are really going to laugh." "Why?" "You can't see a native, can you?" "No." "They're watching us. Now as soon as you get your camera out you will see quite a number of natives, very pretty young ones, old ones, thin ones, fat ones, all dressed in beautiful clothes, beautiful colours. Then afterwards you are going to be surprised." So over to get the camera and fix it up. Lo and behold, out came all the natives, all dressed beautifully. I looked round for an empty space where I could find the right light etc. and get the camera directed on that. I focussed it up and as I did so all the natives scrambled over into that area. This was no good, so I looked at another part. No sooner had I got there, before I could click it most of the girls had stripped off to the waist and were posing there. "Oh Boss, take me." There were some magnificent girls there. I took a couple of photographs with them posing in front of the painted buildings. To them it was an honour to have their photographs taken like that. "Now, Boss, when you come next time you bring me photograph." The impression one gets from the press is that practically speaking, if you took a bunch of these natives and put them through an educational institution they would turn out practically indistinguishable from the whites in their behaviour. Many would. But the percentage would be small, because their mental makeup has not been sufficiently developed. Quite a number are still living in the ways of the bush, and out in the veldt. Quite a number would like to become doctors, would like to do the wonderful jobs of the white man; but their intelligence is not developed sufficiently. There are the few who are doing a wonderful job. Children, on the basis that is now laid down by law, must learn to read, write and learn Afrikaans and speak English. As the generations follow they will become sufficiently advanced within three generations so that there should be a good basis for a reasonable return from technical education; but you just can't take a native and educate him and make him into a professor or fit him for some skilled position. You can't make a geologist out of him just overnight.

Supposing you took an average native child and brought it up completely as a white child is brought up; say had it adopted into a white family and had it treated exactly as a white. I feel you would have an inferior product, quite inferior to that of the European parents because you would have those periods of reverting back—the mental makeup just completely vanishes and then comes back suddenly. Some of those boys are very intelligent, they are very brilliant in their own way and their children's children will make wonderful citizens eventually—they will be skilled craftsmen. Some of the work they do now is wonderful; but they do not apply, they cannot grasp the scientific problems involved. They know what glass looks like but if you try to tell them the scientific composition of glass it doesn't mean a thing to them.

Take the mines. They look at the structure of rock—after a while, like you, they will listen and hear, because all mines 'speak'; and they listen in that mine, and know exactly where to drill or blast; but ask them why they know? "Oh, I don't know, Boss, but *you* would drill there. I know *you* would drill there." "But why? Why would

you take that spot?" "I don't know." But he knows that is the right spot.

The natives will absorb things as a European does but they won't hold them, they won't grasp what it is all about. They are too happy-go-lucky at the moment. Even if you were to take one into your own home he would still feel: "Oh, there's always tomorrow and today, well we must make the most of today. Tomorrow, there may not be anything."

In Kenya the intellect of natives is very high where they have become completely Europeanised, and they are pushing the Europeans out. They have studied the farming methods, they have become educated and they now want to break completely with Europeans. It is the same in Rhodesia. In Rhodesia the native has a much higher intellect than the African Zulu. He is very keen and the progress has been terrific over the years. You can show a Rhodesian boy anything and he will grasp it. You can teach him to read and write. You can take a boy from the farm or wherever he is and you can teach him to read and write within the year with ease; and his I.Q. for other things is very high. I used to like getting hold of Rhodesian boys because once I got them they would stay with me for a period until they could find something much better. They would learn their business and learn it rapidly; and they say, "Well, Boss, I know this now. I am going across to Tom Jones because he can offer me more money. I can get a better job there and learn all the points from Tom Jones. I can get more money from him. He knows I am a good man." And off he goes. If you took a Rhodesian boy into your house as one of your own right from a baby, he would make the grade; but you can't be sure of that with a Zulu.

In the Congo you have the well educated ones who have taken the grasp of political power but 90 *per cent.* of them are "back in the bush." I know a few of them are in commerce, who are wonderful business men. But they are exploiting their own people for their own gains and terminating the white element because they can see that, well, if they do not educate their own people they have got them under their control. They will educate them but not as quickly or as far as the white man, because they will reason that they may find themselves out of a job. Those in power will monopolise it and use the rest for labour.

For many years in South Africa the white man was dominant and the native was just an artisan and a labourer. Now they have infiltrated and they can do certain skilled jobs, even very skilled jobs; but you still have to have a certain amount of supervision to keep them in line, otherwise—well, they will build your house for example. I am not going to say how long it would stand up because—oh, they know bricks go on top of each other but they may make a pattern of bricks. To them it is a wall, and it's standing. "Oh, yes, Boss, but that pattern is much better, it is more pretty like that. The bricks go up that way, down that way and along that way. Don't you think it is much prettier like that?" "No, they have to go in courses." "Oh, no, Boss, you do it like that but we do it this way."

## II. PASS-BOOKS

The pass-book is very essential I feel. In it you have the name of the chappie, his tribe, when he paid his tax, when he had his medical inspection. Now with quite a number of natives, the first thing we notice when they smile is what wonderful teeth they have—the contrast of

black and white. Certainly quite a number still have good teeth, but for every one with good teeth you have thirty to forty with a mouthful of decayed stumps. It is really pathetic the number that have bad teeth. When as natives they were enjoying life in the bush, eating native food and chewing at sticks and things their teeth were good; but as they have become Europeanised and eating European foods this has led to dental trouble until a large number now have shocking teeth. With passbook medical inspection their teeth are taken care of.

Again, quite a number have T.B. A hot climate with cold nights spreads T.B. quicker than anything else. Many boys are employed in the food industry, they live in communities which are favourable to the spread of T.B. A case appears amongst them and before you know where you are you have several with T.B. The pass-book records when they had their last medical inspection, which in the production of food I feel is very essential. I have taught my boys that instead of looking at this chap when he comes as an inspector, a stern man ready to put them away or do this and do that, that he is their friend and if he said they were fit that is something important to them, like going for a medical for your insurance; when the M.O. says you are O.K. you come out of there and say well, you are good for another thirty years. That's how I've got those boys to look at things. It is essential. That is how we got the standard of medical health amongst them 100 *per cent.*, otherwise these boys would never look at a doctor. "Oh, he may cut off my arm, he may do this or that." They have heard wonderful tales of medical science but the native mind, like everyone else's, even ours, is afraid of operations and in their minds the operations get magnified. The native is a wonderful story teller. He will enlarge on a simple operation, for example a cut finger with a few stitches in it, until the whole arm is involved and it took, instead of a couple of minutes to put in the stitches, hours. Consequently the native has become somewhat sceptical of doctors and scared.

The pass book serves many purposes. That is one of them. Another gives a record of all their employers. Now I used to ask the boys when they came to me for a job, "Whom do you work for?" He would put his hand in his pocket and pull out a whole wad of references. They invariably pinched the notepaper, wrote their own references or one of their friends wrote them. I rang up one chappie and said, "This boy, Johnnie. Did you employ him last year?" "Which Johnnie? I forget. What does he look like?" "I have him with me here. I would like you to see him. He said he was with you for two years." My friend said, "Really! I do not remember." I said, "He has a reference signed by you and it is in your own handwriting." "I would like to see that," he replied. "Come round now." He nips up, looks at it. He says, "Damn it, this is my signature. I would say that is my handwriting. But I never wrote that and I have never had that boy working for me." So in the pass-book, you have their employer, the length of time they have worked for him, also when their holidays are due, when they go off on leave, and what pay they get. So now you have a record of their health, you have a record of their employers, you also have a record of where they come from, who their father was, who their mother was, you have proof of who it is because you have a thumb print; you have their writing if they can write, you have a full description and a photograph of them.

(to be continued)