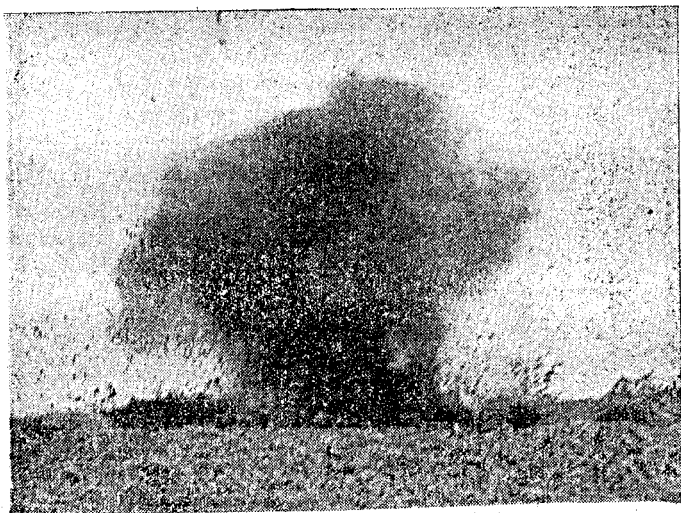


Sidene 9-12. av "Nokian" December 16, 1932

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Har tilhørt Vidkun Quisling.



the last war, the vast majority of the countless millions of shells and bombs exploded in the countryside of France and Belgium. Next time, they will be directed against the huge mantraps of the great cities, with their towering piles of masonry, with their intricate drainage systems, and with their labyrinthine maze of gas-pipes, bringing death on a more wholesale scale than ever before in history.

A New Supporter Writes:—

The following has been received from a Manchester man who joined the B.U. after hearing Mosley speak in Manchester:

IF what Lancashire says to-day England will say to-morrow contains any truth in these days, then before long England will echo the sentiments expressed by an overwhelming majority at a packed meeting held in the Free Trade Hall on December 5, when amid scenes of enthusiasm not seen in that historic hall for many a long day the people of the North, of their own free will, acclaimed the Leader of the British Union and the policy for which he stands.

What a speech and what a reception! No Englishman, no son of the British Empire, could remain unmoved by that appeal to patriotism or that request for active support in the task of building a greater, happier and more prosperous Britain.

Those who came to scoff and to criticise were speedily put in place by the vast audience determined to hear the policy of the British Union Leader, and how that policy was received could be gathered from the great ovation accorded Sir Oswald Mosley after his great effort.

While in the Free Trade Hall the Leader whom I now follow was gathering support from hard-headed Northerners, another meeting, to protest against the proposed Fascist march through Manchester, was being held in the Co-operative Hall in Downing Street.

Here W. Gallacher, the Communist M.P., called upon the Government to stop the Fascist demonstrations. The arch-priest of the Red Rag and advocate of

class warfare stated that the right of free speech did not enter into the matter and that audiences as well as speakers had their rights. Unknown to Comrade Gallacher, the vast audience at the Free Trade Hall was at that very moment exercising its right to hear the case for Britain, and showed in no uncertain manner its resentment at the few interrupters who a few short months ago would have been screaming their silly heads off.

Councillor Frankland, who presided at the Downing Street meeting, let the cat out of the bag and spoke the truest words spoken at any Red meeting when he stated:—

"Fascism was coming nearer and becoming greater."

A Mr. Strauss said he believed the Fascist danger in this country was more real than peace-lovers believed. If, in referring to peace-lovers, the speaker referred to the howling mob of free speech loving democrats who stoned the Leader of the British Union at Liverpool he is right, for no act could have stirred "gradely" Lancashire folk more than the wanton and unforgivable attack, and what the Leader suffered then served the cause perhaps better than a dozen meetings, for your true Englishman appreciates guts when he sees it. And so despite the calamity howlers, despite the clap-trap of the scare-mongering Gallachers, the Franklands and the Strausses (grand old English names), Mosley gains strength from his Manchester visit, the cause of Britain First is accelerated along the road of practical politics and Fascism, in the words of its opponent Councillor Frankland, is **NEARER AND GREATER. HAIL, MOSLEY!**

SLUMP

ARE POLITICIANS TO SAVE

By MICHAEL

MANIFESTATIONS of capitalism in decline again command attention. After the short respite of profit boom, the reality of decay becomes obvious with the imminence of slump. Figures begin to tell the tale of the monstrous betrayal of the British people. Unemployment is rising and rising, with a rapidity which foretells impending chaos. Not once in the last sixteen years, not even during the worst years of the last slump, have the November figures shown such an increase as the figures of workless for last month.

Unemployment became inevitable when the capitalist started his ramp of high prices. A ramp that was deliberate in the way it reduced, by an oblique method, the wages of the people. The peak of the boom was a signal for a reduction in real wages by increasing prices at a far greater rate than any increase in nominal wages. National consuming power was reduced and artificial over-production was created. Thus began the vicious circle of reduced consuming power—reduced production—displacement of labour—further reduced consuming power, and so on, until once more Britain's man power becomes idle and hungry.

The financial democrats know that this is inevitable. They also know that for months they have been denying its possibility. They know that by raising the bogey of Franco, Hitler and Mussolini, they have cleverly distracted the people from even a cursory examination of the slippery downward path that they have been treading, and knowing, further, that the reawakening of the British people will become inevitable in their necessity, they realise that in the next crisis the wrath of the people may well overtake their betrayers and destroy the system of betrayal.

They see the days of their strutting and posturing are numbered unless they can delay that re-awakening. Their little game will show up for the hollow sham it is unless by some method, no matter how foul, they can postpone the day of reckoning.

So in their craven fear they stupidly blunder on until, from one crime to another, they reach the last extreme of criminal madness by seeking a way out of their difficulties by plunging the world into the physical, spiritual and moral hell of another war. Like cornered rats, they make one last gamble to embrace all in their own destruction. Afraid of the terrible justice that is their due, they risk even the firing squad for treason in a vain hope of postponement and, perhaps, deliverance.

The political and economic horizon, already dark with the clouds of impending slump, become even more ominous as the thunderous clouds of war roll up to take their place. And in the silence that precedes the storm, one word of warning pierces the sky as though to prelude the disaster that seeks to overtake us. "There is so much to do—so little



Financial Democracy's alternative to war—the slump. Instead of the bodies of men being scorched and blasted to pieces by white-hot lumps of molten iron, they are allowed to perish more slowly, in all the anguish of malnutrition and want.