

# FREEFOLK

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ADEQUATE GROUND-RENTS

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carpenter back pay to the time he was fired. Another firm closed down one section of its plant. The same board ordered the firm to take back the dismissed workers. The firm complied, and since there was no work for them, paid the workers just for calling in and then going home. The Labour Relations Board then ordered the firm to reopen the department it had closed down so that the workers might have jobs!

If these things are within its power, the Board can order a firm to bid on a contract at whatever price it thinks fit. It can order the purchase of specified materials from the places it designates; in fact it can regulate the minutest detail of the operation of any enterprise.

The N.D.P. government has gone right over to communism in order to attempt to ensure what it considers a fair deal for working people, but the decisions have been based on inaccurate assumptions. The employer is not responsible for poor working conditions. Laws which have denied working people alternative employment have to bear the responsibility, for a worker with a choice of jobs to go to at any time does not have to put up with poor conditions.

This socialist government must consist of people who have not even read Karl Marx for Marx said: "Here land is free or easily obtainable, not only are wages very high, but it is difficult to obtain organised labour at any price. so easy is it for the worker to become his own master." When we consider that the provincial government has jurisdiction over the land of the Province, we can only conclude that the motley assortment of union hacks, social workers, teachers, and downright chip-on-the-shoulder sorority, not to mention town-planners, all must be bereft of the power to think or the courage to stand up and condemn the destructive policies recommended to them by little groups of instant experts within the party.

use Andrew's words, these elected "representatives" represent no-one but themselves, and if we give the matter a little thought, it is plain that no-one can think for another person. What a ridiculous concept we have accepted uncritically, and what misery is daily being perpetrated in the name of this myth.

Andrew was fond of saying, "There are only two reasons why a man enters Parliament, one is to champion a cause; the other is for a career." Andrew entered Parliament as others have done, to champion a cause. He stayed long enough to learn that social reform is not to be brought about by noise and shouting, but by the operation of sweet reason. After his defeat at the polls, he gave his attention to education in social philosophy, beloved and respected by all his students. The world is a poorer place for his passing.

#### LABOUR RELATIONS

In a communist state, orders proceed from bureaucrats to industry for the purpose of regulating what shall be produced, how much shall be produced, what workers shall be employed, and what wages they will work for. Since the B.C. government legislated its Labour Relations Board into existence, giving it power which may not be appealed, it set B.C. industry on a communist footing.

A firm building an hotel wanted to exclude all union labour. However, one carpenter did belong, and when the error was found out, he was fired. The Labour Relations Board decreed that this act was illegal and awarded the

#### LAND MAN

This is a personal tribute to Andrew MacLaren who died April 11th aged ninety-one years. He was proud to have been known among members of the British Parliament as the "Land Man" because every time he rose to speak he had something to say about the land question. It was a matter of pride to him too to have been known as a teacher, - not a pedagogue of the public schools, but one who had a message for all mankind. He was known to most people as the M.P. for Burslem in the Potteries for most of the twenties and thirties, also during World War II.

It was through another zealous "land man" that I met him in the first place. Towards the end of the War, having been posted as a military instructor to the Military College of Science at Bucknall (also in the Potteries) I met a civilian instructor there, Harry Knowles, an amputee of World War I, who adroitly manoeuvred me into taking a correspondence course with the School of Economic Science in London.

Naturally, there came a point when a great revelation dawned, an experience similar to that of the musician singing or playing in Haydn's "Creation" for the first time, - "And..there.. was.. light!" And so, after completing the basic course, I had to read Progress and Poverty, then search for more information. This was not long in being provided. The Stoke (Potteries again) supporters of the S.E.S. put on an intermediate course in Burslem. Andrew MacLaren's committee room was the venue.

Now for a relevant digression. Here I learned the full import of the lesson of the story of Le Jongleur de Notre Dame. No matter how poor in talents we may be, there is always a way in which we may serve. Amby Copestick had experienced a revelation after attending Andrew's public

meetings. Up to that point in time he believed he had lived a wasted life, and now there was a cause he could work for. He therefore attached himself to Andrew, cleaning out his committee rooms, dealing with office routine, and when the economics class was running, he prepared the room and provided refreshments miraculously in a period of severe rationing. This was his fulfillment.

During the course, being in Burslem, Andrew came to lecture, and then I understood Andy's loyalty, for Andrew was a person able to generate strong feelings in people. His features might be termed "ugly", and it seemed that he not only revelled in the Punch-like rapprochement of nose and chin, but actually by grimaces tried to make the effect more startling. One did not forget Andrew nor what he said.

Andrew's lectures on economics often ended as reminiscences, - conversations in which he had been able to point out the dominant position of land tenure in economic life, or perhaps meetings he had addressed and how he had wooed the audience into enthusiastic receptivity. Sometimes he spoke of his youth in the Glasgow shipyards, a communist converted to ideals of freedom and justice. He gave short shrift to "polite" Georgists who he believed, stifled the revolutionary idea of equal rights to land for all. This idea was for the common people; it should be shouted out in the highways and the streets; it should be bandied in the taverns. Andrew shouted it out, and his efforts along with those of Wedgwood, and R.L. Outhwaite and Graham Peace made the Potteries towns the best politically educated places in the whole world.

At times Andrew would give us an insight into what goes on in politics. In these talks one could sense the disillusionment with the "democratic process" he felt,

and an event happened which shows what a sham the party political system really is.

Andrew was the Labour Party "representative" in Parliament and expected to be nominated again as candidate in 1945 when the war-time coalition had broken up and party politics reigned once again. During the coalition, party political activity had been suspended in the constituencies but there still existed in name the constituency officers of the Labour Party in Burslem. These people got together and decided amongst themselves as "representatives" of the Labour Party to drop Andrew as candidate and to replace him with the nephew of one of them. Now this bit of underhand work was invested with all the majesty of a democratic decision, "representing" the opinion of all the Labour Party supporters in Burslem. In the 1945 election Andrew was the Independent candidate. He had posters with in bold letters, - Free Land, Free Trade, Free Men as at all other times when he stood as candidate. Needless to say, the official Labour candidate was elected as a supporter of a planned economy.

What better proof than this could there be to show that a member of Parliament is just a pawn to be moved around by a few who hold the real power behind the scenes? Elected to party office at meetings attended by perhaps less than twenty members, these people thereupon presume to speak with the voices of tens of thousands. The elected member owes his position to their continuing favour, and in reality, they, not the electorate, are his bosses. The voting at the polls is just part of the ritual that goes with bestowal of the yoke.

So, thanks to Andrew, I learned early that "representative" government is a farce. People subject to it are abused by the myths which they accept regarding it. To