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*The National  
Social Credit  
Weekly*

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A paper every Canadian should  
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•

\$1.25 Annually  
FROM  
TODAY AND TOMORROW  
9974 Jasper Avenue  
Edmonton, Alberta

ADDRESS  
GIVEN BY



**R. D. JORGENSEN**

President of the  
ALBERTA SOCIAL CREDIT LEAGUE  
at the  
Ninth Annual Convention  
Held at Calgary  
December 9th and 10th, 1943

# ADDRESS *given by* R. D. JORGENSEN

*President Alberta Social Credit League*

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Honourable Premier, Members of Parliament,  
Members of the Legislative Assembly,  
Ladies and Gentlemen:

Once again it is my privilege, as president of the Alberta Social Credit League, to address you as men and women, who through the past years have been faithful to our cause, and who, I am sure, are still proud to be recognized as staunch Social Crediters.

In the past year we have been called upon to endure the loss of our great leader, whose life historians will be pleased to record and place in a class with the immortals who learned to serve and give their lives for their fellow-men. "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

We are, indeed, fortunate in that he who has been called upon to take up the task is destined to become a great man. The clear understanding that our present Premier, the Hon. Mr. Manning, has of his job, the courage he has displayed, is proof that in him we have a valiant fighter. Knowing that his cause is just, he is unafraid. Under his guidance our movement is rapidly taking on the spirit of 1935. If we stand fast in support of him, we will retain a government that is a people's government; one that does not set class against class; a government that is not a labor government, yet its labor legislation is recognized as the best in Canada; a government that is not a farmer's government, yet its agricultural legislation has surpassed any in the Dominion; a government that is not an old people's government, yet everyone

knows that the Alberta Social Credit government has done more for the old people than any provincial government in Canada.

I could go on from one achievement to another, but time will not permit. The point I want to stress is, that we have a government that recognizes the fact that people are more important than party politics; that people are more important than organizations; that people are more important than institutions; that people are more important than the state; and the best part of it is we have a government that is doing something about it.

Sometime ago as I was driving along a muddy road trying to keep my car from going into the ditch, I noticed a sign which read, "School. Go Slow." That incident gave me the theme for my address to you on this occasion. My subject therefore is, "The Sign Post." When I began to contemplate the meaning of that sign, I came to the conclusion that it had a two-fold purpose. First, the safety, the security, and the freedom of the children of that school were at stake. Secondly, that I as a driver of a car and as a citizen have a responsibility in the safety, the security and freedom of children.

Further, as I thought upon this matter, I called to mind a sign post that stood on the crossroads near where I lived as a boy. The post had a number of signs on it directing the traveller. One sign read, "Eleven miles to Bethel"; another, "Seven miles to Andover"; and still another, "Eight miles to Crystal Lake." Very forcibly the thought came to me how applicable that is to the times in which we live.

Political parties and organizations of all kinds are placing their particular signs upon the post, directing the people in the way in which they want them to go.

As I go about the country, I observe people standing at the crossroads in a state of con-

fusion, not knowing which road to take. The sign on the top of the post is that of the old line parties which reads, "Follow this road and it will lead you to a 'New heaven and a new earth'." As we proceed down the road looking for the glorious sunrise of a new day, we are shocked to find the road is strewn with regulations, regimentations, taxation and bureaucracies under the domination of finance, which thwarts the God-given rights of individual expression.

The next sign is that of Socialism, which reads, "Follow this road and you will have security, all the good food you can eat, plenty of fine clothes, and a nice warm place in which to sleep." Some are saying, "Surely this must be the right way to go." As they proceed on this road some distance, they meet a man who stops to chat. He informs them that they can continue to enjoy these blessings if they will give up that little thing called "freedom." As they travel on they recall the experiences of the past, how they used to ride the rods looking for something to do in order to keep body and soul together. "Just think! Enough to eat, warm clothes and a good place to sleep. Oh! this is great, and all we had to give up was freedom."

As they traverse this highway here and there is evidence of a sinister power that has taken from the people the right of ownership. Factories, mills, plants, and all places of business no longer bear the names of the rightful owners. Shadows of cold, grey, state-owned institutions, where man has become a cog in the machine of the state, fall across their pathway, and they, too, find themselves in the camp of regulation, regimentation, taxation and bureaucracies under the domination of finance, which not only thwarts but kills and destroys the God-given right of individual enterprise and self-expression.

Fortunately, there is another sign, one not so elaborate, but very clear-cut in its lettering

and in its direction to the people. This is the road to Social Credit. More and more of the thinking people are being seen upon this thoroughfare. They are characterized by an appearance of sureness. Their step is firm and steady, indicating that they know what they are about and where they are going. Some distance down the road is another sign which reads, "Social Credit is a principle upon which life rests for its truth and its meaning, a fixed rule of action, that even the rise and fall of governments cannot destroy."

Governments can and do retard the implementation of this great principle, but you have seen a vision and are on the right road. You will be attacked and you will be ambushed by the enemy of society. Innocent and well meaning people will oppose you. But keep on. Yours is a crusade. The road is bound to be rough and arduous at times, you may falter, you will become tired and discouraged and feel that it is not worth the struggle.

As you pause in doubt, listen, and out of the past you will hear faintly these words: "The way of the reformer is hard." I am sure if you continue to listen, you will hear words such as these: "My friend, you must learn that Social Credit is not only a scientific means of balancing production and consumption, it is a way of life, a process whereby man is enabled to find that particular niche in life which the Creator in His wisdom has so wonderfully fitted him to fill."

"Do you not know that over 90 per cent of our people who are working, have jobs which are just the means of a livelihood, and because of this human tragedy, dollars and cents become uppermost in their minds? They have missed the full meaning of life."

"By the balancing of production and consumption, we will place in the hands of every individual, sufficient purchasing power to give him security, enough good food to eat, plenty



of clothes, and a warm place in which to sleep. Besides all this he will have the means and the right to fulfill his desire for the noble and better things of life, and he will have found his niche, where material things become secondary and he is happy because he is free."

Having heard all this you look up and see a clear glow of reality. Those things which you have been striving for, and that form of society which you have dreamed about, are taking shape and you say, "I will press on. 'This is worth fighting for.'"

On you go. By the side of the road is a farm. As you stop to gaze upon it, you see a home surrounded by well kept, old established gardens, and as you contemplate the sight you come to the realization, that it is the result of love and devotion of those people who have lived in order that we might live. That we might have the right of self-expression as to the size of a farm we want, the type of a house we want, and the kind of surrounding we want.

"Let me live in my house by the side of the road,

Where the race of men go by,  
They are good, they are bad, they are weak,  
they are strong,

Wise, foolish—so am I.  
Then why should I sit in the scorner's seat  
Or hurl the cynic's ban?  
Let me live in my house by the side of the road,  
And be a friend to man."

On the horizon we see a city. We make haste to enter, hardly noticing the great arch-way that welcomes all that enter therein.

There are homes of many designs and sizes; homes that indicate individual expression in architecture; homes where people have learned the art of living.

There are factories of every size, where sweat labor has been replaced by the most

modern machinery science can devise and upon each factory is the name of the rightful owner.

There are parks and places of beauty, for the enjoyment of old and young alike. There are recreational centres where boys and girls are taught the value of strong healthy bodies.

The stores, shops and places of business are large and small, operated free of debt, where the amount of business is determined by the service rendered to customers.

The schools and institutions of higher learning are manned by the best instructors obtainable, for the matter of salaries is no longer a problem, and the equipment is the best science can supply. Oh, yes, there are banks that operate to serve the people, that issue currency and credit in terms of public need in accordance with the production of the land. All this has been made possible because the people, through their parliament, are in control of finance.

Materialism has not destroyed the places of worship. There stand the churches and cathedrals with their spires pointing heavenward.

The doors are open where man goes in and out, and worships his God sublimely and unafraid.

In our eagerness to enter the city we did not see the inscription over the arch. Let us go back and see what it is.

There in letters that time cannot efface is the word, "DEMOCRACY."

