

316 B e l l a V i s t a A v e n u e L o s G a t o s
C a l i f o r n i
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Dear Mr. Eccles

I was very glad to hear your talk before the Commonwealth Club over the radio on Saturday evening . We don't miss any of them and this was the one we were most glad not to have missed.

I agreed with every blessed word of it, save and excepting only that which brought in that terrifying and anguishing Malthusian Theory. I beg of you to leave that out in your next address to any audience.

It may be that you have never read, Mr. Eccles, Henry George, Progress and Poverty, Book II, Chapter IV, on the Disproof of the Malthusian Theory, and if this be true, Sir, I beg of you to read it. It is most obvious that you are an open-minded man and an honorable one and will not join those who are at this time publicising Malthus so that, when the next depression comes they will be able to say:

"Ah, we told you so! Too many mouths to feed. Not enough land. There's got to be hunger, poverty and war. We told you!"

They are getting ready to cover the world with: "There is nothing amiss with our distribution system or our economics! Too many babies, that's all!"

India is not over-populated. Just the reverse. Denmark has more souls to the arable acre than India ever had and Denmark EXPORTS food every week and has done for decades, --to England that has more arable land per head than Denmark.

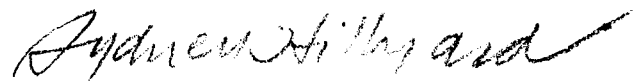
By using her land, England could support a population of sixty millions. She could be exporting food this time next year.

Sir, I ask you to do your hearers a great favor, to wit: read in the NEW YORKER, June 9, page 34, 35, and 36, about the discovery in the vast ocean deeps of a "floor" of plankton shrimps, fish, or squids. This in an article entitled THE SEA -- a most fascinating story, by Rachel L. Carson.

Well, Sir I have been a Henry George man for sixty years and my father was one before me, but if this story in the New Yorker does not knock that absurd and vicious Malthusian Theory into a cocked hat, then I give up! Any way I'm glad I have lived long enough to read it. When we take the guns out of our battleships and send them to the deeps to catch and render down into fertilizer this "food" floor, Well!

In every one of the great famines of the Nineteenth Century, Ireland, Russia, China, India, etc., cartloads of food were hauled from the starving countryside to be exported for cash wherewith to pay the landlords' rent. Peasant skeletons grinned from the roadside at the passing grain wagons on their way to tidewater.

I am, Sir, most sincerely and gratefully yours

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Sydney Hillyard". The signature is written in dark ink and has a fluid, connected style with a long, sweeping tail on the final letter.

Sydney Hillyard