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Every Friday, 3d

# JEWS, MASONS and RUM RATIONS

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# MR. MENZIES IS SORE

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(Continued on page 3.)

# Is The British Commonwealth Of Nations Crumbling?

## "Jews, Masons and Rum Rations"

That old heathen, Ludendorff (he boasts of it), has been proclaiming the dissolution of the British Commonwealth of Nations, which he alleges to be nothing better than a Jewish-Masonic abortion, backed up by an unholy alliance between the Anglican clergy and Rome, and with its decadence made apparent by the extra ration of rum served out at the Coronation naval review.

It does not follow from this that we must all necessarily give up the ghost, any more than we did when a Japanese officer some time ago proved conclusively that Japan must declare war last September, or thereabouts. Still, the Field Marshal is entitled to more than a mere shrug of the shoulders. All Empires have their day; what of that mightiest of Powers which until recently was known as the British Empire? Is its day passing? And, if so, where will Australia stand?

The British Commonwealth of Nations, declared Ludendorff, cannot hold together any better than the League of Nations. Ireland has left it; Egypt is lost; India and the Arabian States are struggling towards independence, and Australia is menaced by Japan.

At the time of making his statement, Ludendorff was doubtless unaware that our bold Larrakia had acted aggressively against a Japanese lugger; and that, so great is our reputation, when the Larrakia subsequently broke down, not only did the lugger not attempt to escape, but another obligingly took our ship of war in tow.

Ludendorff might also have added that Canada has pretty bluntly refused to enter into any unspecified commitments on behalf of other members of the Commonwealth; that the South Africans contemplate abolishing the term, "British" subjects; and that the once-so-loyal people of Melbourne think little enough of their King to shift his birthday celebration six months from its real date, and even at that to hold it over till Myers have finished the rush of their winter bargain sale—another sign, doubtless, of Jewish domination. In justice to the people of Melbourne, however, it is only fair to remind Field Marshal von Ludendorff that the slighted King is a prominent Mason, and that the electors of Higinbotham have just consigned Mr. H. I. Cohen to political extinction. Which seems to confuse the issue somewhat.

### London and Ireland

Facing the matter in all seriousness, it is undeniable that British policy, as directed from London, has of late years been appallingly ineffective. Take the case of Ireland. When the Home Rule Bill was passed just before the war, most of those who now constitute the Irish Free State were reasonably satisfied with it—as was proven by their agreeing to hold up its operation when war was declared, and by their joining the army in such numbers that, if we remember aright, there was a higher percentage of Southern Irish than of English recruits in the latter months of 1914. Even in the rising of 1916 less than a thousand men in Dublin took up arms. But from then on the position was allowed to deteriorate, until now the Free State is a member of the British Commonwealth by courtesy title only, and de Valera's new Constitution does not even give the King honourable mention.

For this situation London policy—and please note that the

word is "London," and not "English" or "British"—London policy is almost entirely to blame. The so-called economic war that has been waged between London and the Free State for the last four or five years has been denounced by nearly every English newspaper of any standing; it has proved more suicidal to English than to Irish industrial (as distinct from financial) interests; and its damage, both economic and political, is now irretrievable.

### India

The same holds true of India, where, as in Ireland, you have a racial as well as an economic problem. It is ridiculous to suppose that a standing army of thousands can forever hold subject a population of hundreds of millions, even though the directors of that army use their utmost skill in playing upon the religious differences and antagonisms of the subject peoples. The death warrant of Imperialism in India was signed in British Universities when Indian students went there for higher education, and not all the hangings and shootings indulged in by men like Michael O'Dwyer could forever stem the message of unity against the foreigner that these men brought back with them. But London policy failed to see this, and we witnessed the acme of foolishness when the new Indian Constitution tried to perpetuate the old policy of dangling the bunch of carrots before the donkey's nose. The Union Jack may continue to fly over India a little while yet, but the borers are in the flagpole.

### Iraq and the German Territories

In the spheres of oil influence in the Near East London policy has been equally stupid. The abortive attempt to range against Italy the Powers, which had no sympathy with London policy, is too recent and too well known to need reviewing here. The aftermath was humiliation, loss of prestige, and a very definite weakening of the hold over Iraq. The attempt to strengthen that hold by action in Palestine does not look like being much more successful.

In those other British territories, which were lately seized from Germany, the prospect is hardly brighter. London's idea of statesmanship in this direction seems to be that of adopting a yes-no, perhaps-if-you-ask-nicely attitude—the purpose being to hang on to everything as long as is physically possible. That ultimate surrender will have to take place, and that those who might be made friends will be forced into enmity in the process, does not seem to matter.

### Australia's Loyalty

Turning to those parts of the Commonwealth where the population is principally or largely British by blood, we have all the incipient signs of repeating the Boston tea party, which started the war of American independence. As a result of direct taxes to pay London usury, and of interference both to outgoing and incoming trade to meet the desires of London interests (as witness the Australian tariff of May last year), there is growing up in Australia—most "loyal" of all the Dominions, with the possible exception of New Zealand—a strong separatist, if not anti-British sentiment. The speaker was not far out who told the Melbourne Constitutional Club a few

weeks ago that on Coronation Day he had heard a schoolboy describe the event as a lot of hooley—and that this was a fair assessment of what our youth thought of the Coronation. And youth does not generally form these conclusions unless it first hears the same sentiments voiced by its elders. For, in spite of the dutiful, not to say unctuous attitude of our daily press and of Dame Lyons and her husband, the mass of the Australian people have very little affection for their nominal Sovereign—while the sincere devotion of press and Prime Minister was well illustrated last December.

### Japan as a Bogey

It is probably no exaggeration to assert that this tendency towards separatism would before now have expressed itself far more emphatically had not our people come to believe, from frequent repetition—as they were meant to—that Japan is waiting to gobble us up, and that only the might of Britain is our bulwark. There is no need here to show the ridiculousness of both assumptions; but it is significant that enough Australians have already realised this to force the Federal Government to reverse its tariff action against Japan last year. When that action was taken—in fact, months before it was taken—the *New Times* was the first newspaper to raise emphatic protests against what was planned. We believed, and still believe, that there was a sinister purpose behind it, and that a part of that purpose was, to frustrate friendly relations between us and our Eastern neighbour. The Japanese bogey must not be permitted to lose its efficacy, even if this entails the Prime Minister making such an unutterable ass of himself as he did in his national broadcasts on that occasion.

And in this connection attention might well be drawn to what is now taking place between the Larrakia and Japanese trawlers north of Australia. Is the purpose here again both to exasperate Japan and to keep Australians' nerves on edge? Certainly it is hard to believe that the Government is concerned over the plight of our aboriginal women, towards whom it has shown the most callous indifference in the past—as was well illustrated by the recent census figures showing an appalling growth in our half-caste population, and in areas far removed from the incursions of lugger crews.

So once again we come back to London policy. What is this policy, and who are the men who direct it?

### The Rule of the Financier

They are not the English people, because none of the things we have outlined have bettered the conditions of the bulk of those people. What has the ordinary Englishman gained from Ireland, from India, from Iraq oil, from Egypt, from the Suez Canal, from Australia's mountain of debt in London, or from any of the other Imperial tie-ups? Precious little.

London policy is the policy of the financiers who, as Professor Soddy has remarked, may have built up an Empire on which the sun never sets, but who equally are responsible for the London slums on which the sun never rises. To them the conditions of their forty-five million fellow citizens are of so little import that, in the richest country of its size in history, half the population has not sufficient income to buy decent food. Ordinary people

to these gentry are mere ciphers; destitute unemployment is not a matter of human suffering, but an index figure, a percentage; justice is an abstraction to be kept out of business; and war is a calculation of chances and of profits. These are the people who are now running the British Commonwealth on to the rocks. These are the people who last week were so angered because the Canadians said they would not fight *even* for Egypt. These are the people who pull the strings, which make Lyons and Casey and Parkhill and Bruce jump and wriggle.

It is true that, as Ludendorff said, a high percentage of them are international Jews. But what matter whether Lord Bearsted hides a Samuel any more than whether the Earl of Bewdley strips as a Baldwin? It is the policy and not the man that must be scotched once and for all. When Roosevelt came into office he railed against individual bankers; but is the United States any better off? Read the daily accounts of its industrial upheavals. Hitler rode to office on anti-Semitism; but has he made Germany freer or more prosperous or happy? And was Russia much less democratic under the Czars than under the Stalin of 1937?

### Viceroy to Kings

If the open confederation and secret dictatorship known as the British Commonwealth were to crash, we doubt whether Australians would notice much more difference than they did when Edward VIII was replaced by George VI. The flag-waggers would have to adopt new slogans. New enemies would have to be found to keep us in order. But the mere political change would not shake off the chains of our hidden masters. The gentlemen of Collins House, instead of being financial Viceroy, would be quite equal to ruling as Kings on their own account. The Menzies would compensate themselves for the loss of their Privy Council fees by decorating themselves with a few more dictatorships. And the national debt would continue to skyrocket.

If the British Commonwealth breaks up into its component parts, international warfare will neither be hastened nor hindered. New alliances will come into being. Canada will make a treaty with the U.S.A. Australia will perhaps seek an alliance with Japan, or there may be a new Monroe Doctrine for the Pacific. And so on. But the causes of war will not be removed; nor will democracy be any safer. Neither will London policy necessarily be frustrated—does not Niemeyer, messenger boy for the Bank of England, preside over the Bank for International Settlements? Is not the Argentine, politically independent and under the shadow of the Monroe Doctrine, also subservient to the same London interests as rule the Dominions?

Before we can *have*, much less lose any real Commonwealth; the empire that must first be broken up is the empire of finance. Beside this, all talk of Jews, Masons, Anglican clergy, Rome, rum rations—and Nordic culture—is so much twaddle. Break up this empire, make finance the looking glass of industry instead of the whip that cracks over its back, make it the pipe instead of the tap, and trade will flow again into its natural channels. And though von Ludendorff even then may still get a kick out of his undefiled Aryan ancestry, he may also be able to look with a benignant eye on both Rome and rum.

THE SINS OF THE BUSMAN

By YAFFLE, in "Reynolds News."

The bus strike is yet another example of the outstanding sin of the working-class—Ingratitude.

Ever since the worker began asking for things, we have persistently given him something better than what he asked for.

First, he asked for a home, and we gave him a boundless Empire.

He asked for his own front door, and we gave him the Golden Gateway to Economic Opportunity. He asked for a path up to it, and we gave him the Glorious Path of Progress.

He asked for a watertight roof and indoor sanitation, and we gave him the means of telephoning to Japan. He asked for more time to spend with his family, and we knocked half an hour off the Air Route to the Cape. It is a far, far better thing that we gave him, than the thing he really wanted.

Finally, we have recognised his virtues. In song and story, election speeches and leading articles, we have poured out a persistent stream of tributes to the British Working Man.

We have called upon the world to admire his willing self-sacrifice, his long-suffering patience, his courage and fortitude in war, and his industry and orderliness in peace; his unperturbable cheerfulness in adversity, and, above all, his unflinching sense of humour.

We have put the British Working Man on a pedestal, and, so long as he doesn't ask for a penny or an hour off, we keep him on it. Is it not reasonable to ask—What more does he want?

\* \* \*

What makes the present occasion so sad is that in recent years we have given pride of place in the Saints' Calendar to the busman. Our humorous journals are full of anecdotes of his wit. The press pays repeated tributes to his courtesy and tact.

We have made it clear to him that we regard him as compounded of Sir Galahad and Sam Weller in equal parts, and that through the stress and turmoil of city life the white soul of the busman shines like a beacon, leading us on to better things.

And does he respond gracefully to this humble adulation on our part? No. He merely says, "Well, if I'm all that, gimme another half an hour."

And his attitude is all the more serious because his strike was really a protest against Progress. In an age of Speed, when it is the duty of everyone to make two journeys where one did before, the busmen say they want to go slower. It is a flagrant attempt to arrest the advance of civilisation.

Some of you may think the busman's demand easy to grant. Is it not true, you ask, that most of the inventions of the past fifty years have been directed to the saving of

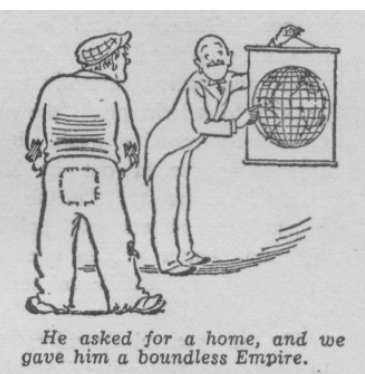
time, and, if so, where is all that saved time, and can't the busmen have half an hour of it?

But it is not so simple as that Time costs money, and that half an hour would cost half a million, a sum which would pay for quite a large fraction of a battleship.

It may seem a small sum for an Empire with a non-stop sun-lighting apparatus. But the fact is, this vast Imperial structure is very delicately made. It is, I believe, fashioned out of dream-stuff and bound together with fairy gossamer. Touch one small, infinitesimal part of it—such as a busman's hours—and the whole feels the shock.

Lord Elgin once said, "Place a piece of chalk on a mountain-top, and you strain the universe." In the same way it is also correct to say, "Take half an hour off a busman's day, and the whole economic system throws a fit."

The British Empire is (so I gather from the financial editors of the newspapers) like its slightly larger prototype, the Universe; it is a closely connected whole, of which all the parts are mutually inter-dependent, governed by fixed laws inherent in itself, and subject to a single unifying principle. In the case of the Universe, the unifying principle is all-pervading; in the



case of the Empire it lives in the City. In either case you lift your hat.

We must, therefore, choose between the Social Order and the busman. If the busman cannot adapt himself to the social order, then, if he knows a better-connected whole, let him go to it.

Civilisation, I gather from the best authorities, depends on everybody going faster and faster. If the busman's nervous system cannot stand this, he must get another set of nerves or we must get another kind of busman.

Would you have us go back to the dark days of our barbarism, before our dimly groping souls were illumined by internal combustion; when the bus-driver could converse at leisure with the passenger, and even a child could cross the road and live?

Yes, I would.

I was not addressing you. I am confining my remarks to those

By STANLEY F. ALLEN, F.C.A. (Aust.)

A child's question:—Why?

"Will you tell me why, when the Earth is kind,

"Full of treasures for men to find, "Giving freely of fruits and corn, "Sufficient for all the children born; "Will you tell me why men starve and fall

"When God has given enough for all?"

If we would only exercise the inquiring mind common to childhood we might know why. It is strange how man becomes somewhat mesmerised and "made to believe"—accepting common, everyday statements and conditions without question. For instance, we have different classes obsessed with the idea that the other class is robbing them. Then again agitation takes form against a certain government and we replace it with one of a different colour, and then later change that government because it is not sufficiently red, white, or pink. We blame the government in power because it does not provide a decent standard of living for the people—not that the country is short of the things the people need—food, clothing and shelter—but the government says it must balance its budget.

Taxpayers are up in arms against increasing taxation. Youth blames the old men and women for holding down their jobs too long. Married men condemn child and women labour, and the worker denounces the mechanisation of industry, and so this growing discontent develops—and yet we fail to ask why? What is the reason for it all? We go to war and each nation will accuse the other as being the culprit, and after killing off many thousands of innocent people on both sides, and leaving many more thousands of physical and mental wrecks, we stop and then discover that the other fellow after all was not the monster he was made out to be—then why the slaughter?

In Spain today we are witnessing Fascist and Communist brothers of one nation killing each other, and the longer it continues the more wages, salaries and dividends will be distributed in other countries for the manufacture of instruments of slaughter.

Is it not a tragic, yet stupid world we are living in?

We are also experiencing a bloodless war on humanity—calling it a depression; a harmless sounding word—yet what fear, economic insecurity and poverty it is leaving in its trail! Yet real wealth

whose conscience forbids them to ignore the call of Progress.

As it is clearly too expensive to change the social order to fit the citizen, we must make the citizen fit the social order. This argument will be clear to every mother, who knows that if Father's trousers are too small for Willie, she must cut a bit off Willie.

WHY?

abounds—money is the only thing short. The economists, financiers and others give many reasons, and we are informed that all that is necessary is that confidence must be restored and things will be righted. That blessed thing called "confidence," which we have been long chasing round corners . . . Economists have been groping in the dark like Banker Mr. Montagu Norman—facing, as he says he did, "the position with ignorance and humility." It is said that "an economist is a man who knows a great deal about a very little, and who goes along knowing more and more about less and less, until, finally, he knows practically everything about nothing."

Economists' Varied Opinions

Here are some of their conflicting opinions:—

"Wages are far too high, we must cut incomes, tighten our belts and go without"; and then they find that "wages are too low—we must increase purchasing power," and we then chase prices.

"Men are not working hard enough; they must produce more," and then it is claimed, "they produce too much."

It is found that machines are rapidly doing man's work—yet man's work must be found even to dig holes and fill them up again. Men must be made to dig to live and machines given the leisure.

We must have foreign markets for our products, yet a hungry market waits us here; and now we pray for rain and daily bread and a bounty is provided—we then seek to destroy and trample in our crops and pray for means to restrict our plenty. America paid 20,000,000 dollars to farmers not to raise pigs. Why all this insanity?

"Emigration is essential," they tell us, "to till and use our vast spaces," yet our own people only just eke out a bare existence on these spaces—and not that in many cases.

"We must have an increased birth-rate to hold our country"—so states a leading politician—yet mothers have not the money to buy the milk and food we can produce in abundance.

Well might the child ask "Why?" And so we go on our way, accepting such tragic conditions, in an age possessing stupendous possibilities, capable of freeing man for that more abundant life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness he has been ever seeking. If we would only exercise the same intelligence towards that simple thing we call money (pieces of paper, bank-created money and the few notes and coins of the nation) as we do to all the things that are used to produce real wealth, what a wonderful world it would be! Man has mastered the air, land and sea—yet money, a mere piece of paper, at present masters him. Amidst plenty he starves and continues in economic bondage: Yet he has the key in his pocket (his will and power) to open the door to freedom. When will he act?

And so the bewildered world's people fail to ask the child's simple question: "Why?"

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MELBOURNE (Cont.)

(Continued from page 2.)

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(Continued on page 7.)

The Editor, The Argus, Melbourne

Dear Sir, —

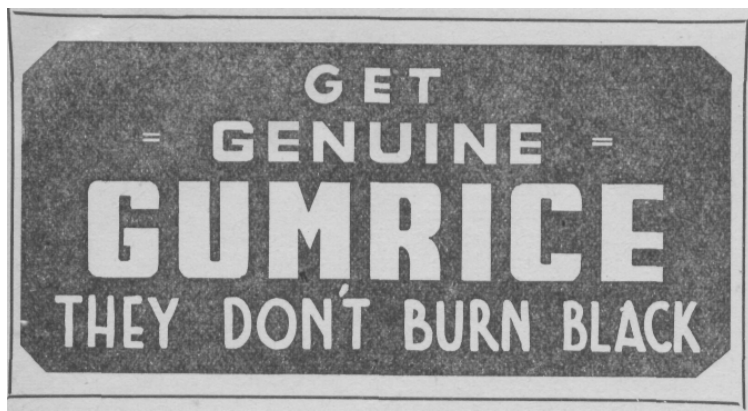
Probably no one was more surprised than Archbishop Mannix when he found that you had devoted your leading article on Wednesday to enthusiastic support of his stand against Communism. Who thought we should live to see the day when an Argus leader would begin: "Archbishop Mannix will receive warm encouragement and active support in his campaign . . . ?"

Mind you, we are not criticising or blaming you for your "warm encouragement." But we should like to see you "active support" a good deal more active. Your own report on Tuesday of the Archbishop's address which prompted your leader noted his reference to Communist propaganda being "helped to some extent by the fact that many people were starving, although there was over-production"; and noted also his conclusion that "the people had the remedy in their own hands if only they would make proper use of their political, municipal and other powers." But your leader seemed to miss these points altogether and to swing off into the usual tirade against the Bolsies.

On the very page on which appeared your sentimental endorsement of Dr. Mannix you had a sub-leader that in substance opposed any reform of Victoria's Legislative Council, which, as you must know only too well, is in its present undemocratic form an utter negation of democracy and a provocation to Communism.

On the same page you also showed the extent of your sympathy with the underpaid wage earner by a bitter and callous attack (in your "Sydney Day by Day" section) against postal officials in New South Wales. These men—for reasons, which do not matter here—are proposing to institute a "regulation strike." There is nothing illegal about such a course, which is not even a strike at all, but only a policy of obeying regulations to their very last letter. Yet your attitude, as expressed in the words you put into the mouth of the "man in the street," is: "It is your job, and you are paid to do it to the satisfaction of your employers, the people. If you do not like the conditions, stand aside and let others take the job, and the hardships—yes, and the pay; but do not think you can dictate to the people."

Such an attitude is well on a par with your historic, Let the unemployed doss in the Domain, as they used to before there was any dole – but it is hardly a practical way to wage a successful campaign against the spread of Communistic ideas.



## THE NEW TIMES

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### Victoria's Legislative Council Elections

It used to be a complaint of the U.A.P., in the days when Labor spoke with one voice, that this was the result of undemocratic regimentation and Caucus rule. But the U.A.P. would have saved itself from considerable ridicule had it regimented itself a little before trying to explain away the significance of last Saturday's voting for the Victorian Legislative Council.

A short time ago we had a Federal referendum. The electors rejected decisively the proposals of the U.A.P. Government, and forthwith it was explained that this had not the same effect as if the Government's election programme had been turned down. A referendum was unsatisfactory, anyway, as the people did not understand what it was all about.

Now the people of Victoria, in so far as they were consulted, have given a clear verdict against the U.A.P. idea that the Council should be the stronghold of what are called vested interests. And how does the U.A.P. explain this away? Partly by saying that the issue was not one of principles but only of personalities—a very unkind cut at its own rejected members. But, as if this were not bad enough, the nominal leader of the U.A.P. in Victoria, Sir S. Argyle, has rushed in where even H. I. Cohen feared to tread, and asserted that the only way to get the people's considered views is by a referendum, and that an election does not echo their voice at all. So there you are—heads I win, tails you lose.

From the point of view of practical democracy, one need not exaggerate the results of any State election. For the Parliaments of the States, having no constitutional power over the source of finance, do not nowadays amount to very

much; and if a State does look like doing anything seriously displeasing to our financial masters, there is always a Philip Game in the offing. Nevertheless, the results of State polls are valuable as an indication, since it is the electors in the States who return the Federal Parliament, in which is vested the real sovereignty over finance. And from this angle Saturday's elections must be hailed with hope. If you regard the verdict as being given in favour of reform, then it is heartening that conservative Victoria should speak so unmistakably. If you prefer to call it a matter of personalities, then such an instance as the rejection of the long established H. I. Cohen by a two to one majority, in favour of a politically untried fellow-member of the U.A.P., is even more significant. For, in the absence both of the reform issue of party politics, it becomes an expression of that plank in the Electoral Campaign policy which says that, if your member won't do what you want him to, then, even if no candidate presents himself who will promise to obey you, throw out the sitting member as an example to the others. And it also is not without significance that the area lately represented by H. I. Cohen is one in which the Electoral Campaign is at this date more forward than in most others.

### Lyons, London, and Imperialism

Tuesday's cables contained two very significant items concerning the part being played by our Prime Minister in London these days.

The first was in connection with the presentation to him of the freedom of the city of London, when we were informed that "Mr. Lyons, who was accompanied by Dame Enid Lyons, said that Australians were proud to follow in the steps of the great City of London, whose high ideals, sound business methods, and steadfast commercial standards meant so much in the development of the Empire." The ideals, methods and standards of the City—otherwise of the Bank of England and its subsidiaries—are well evidenced in Australia in the shape of the £544 millions of national debt the City has chalked up against us (mostly for giving us permission to carry out Australian enterprises with Australian men and Australian materials), and in the control which the City has acquired over so many of our financial, pastoral and industrial companies, and over both our city freeholds and our broad acres.

Certainly we are following in the steps of that great City—in much the same way as the captives of old were dragged after the chariot wheels of their conquerors—but it is news to us that we are proud of it.

The next indication of whom Australia's so called first servant is really serving was provided in the cable dealing with the

Imperial Conference which said: "The Australian Prime Minister often acted as mediator, and even attacked those" (i.e., other Dominion Prime Ministers) "criticising Britain's foreign policy." As has already been pointed out on page 2 of this issue, what is called Britain's foreign policy is no such thing, but merely the policy of the financiers to whom the people of Britain and their real interests count as less than nothing. Even the cable contained a hint of this when it went on to say: "It is ironic that Mr. Lyons, who with an election imminent had more to risk politically than anyone, was the most fearless and frank Dominion Prime Minister." If Mr. Lyons was acting in the best interests of the Australian people, why should there be anything ironic in his behaviour? Would he not rather be strengthening his claims to be returned to office?

For our own part, we are beginning to be very doubtful whether J. A. Lyons will even dare to present himself for re-election. Just as Baldwin of Bewdley has retired to his earldom, it is not unlikely that Lyons of Wilmot may see fit to retire to the revived Interstate Commission or to some of the more lucrative of the Collins House dictatorships. He has been a faithful servant—of sorts.

### Savage Throws a Spanner

In pleasant distinction to the part played by Dame Lyons's husband has been the manly attitude taken up by the other Dominion Prime Ministers. Reference has already been made in these columns to the plain speaking of the Canadian and South African delegates, who have refused to act the part of mere echoes. Whatever may have been their subservience in financial matters in the past, there is hardly room for doubt that their uncompromising stand against overseas military commitments has given a severe check to the aspirations of Imperialist warmongers. And in this respect history may record the Imperial Conference of 1937 as an important landmark on the road to peace.

And now Mr. Savage, of New Zealand, has come well into the limelight.

First he was shown in an unwittingly ridiculous posture when the Principal Clerk to the City, at the conferring of the Freedom, made what is described as "a strange mistake" and referred to Mr. Savage as the Prime Minister of Canada. But was the slip really a bad one? Was it not rather an illustration again that peoples and territories are only ciphers to the City of Montagu Norman—that the only live figures to them are those which appear in their ledgers?

Mr. Savage, however, ceased to be a symbol at the closing meetings of the Imperial Conference, which the Associated Press describes in these terms: "It is understood that difficulty occurred in preparing the most vital document—on foreign affairs and defence—when the Prime Minister of New Zealand opposed some sections and insisted on the inclusion of references to a higher standard of living for the masses. . . . Some of the delegates disliked what they considered Mr. Savage's intrusion into politics as distinct from a more imperial point of view, but Mr. Savage was adamant. It has been evident for a considerable time that Mr. Savage is displeased with the progress,

and he has expressed himself freely inside the conference."

Just think over that term—"intrusion into politics as distinct from a more imperial point of view"—and remember that the intrusion into politics was a demand that the masses of the people should enjoy something of the better conditions which are actually waiting to be enjoyed. If this be politics as against the imperial point of view, then do you want any further justification of what we have been saying?

It would be interesting to learn who were the "some of the delegates" who objected to Mr. Savage's attempt to make the conference human. We'd lay a shade of odds that Dame Enid's Joe was amongst them.

### Is Prosperity Ending?

Under the above heading the Melbourne *Herald's* financial page on Monday recited cabled opinions from London that give further point to the warning in our article, "Look Out For Your Overdraft," published last week.

The *Herald's* view of London markets contained such phrases as, "commodities experienced a depressing week," "favourable weather in America would remove the last prop from the (wheat) market and almost certainly cause the price to fall sharply," "the rubber market remains weak; 'bear' raids being carried out in New York with impunity," "metals are idle and consumers are holding off," and "butter is also idle and seems likely to remain uninteresting."

Of the general position the *Herald* said: "More serious than the gold scare is the growing feeling that prosperity is ending. 'Sporting the date' of the next depression has become a favourite pastime of businessmen, who find time hanging heavily on their hands. Twenty-two outstanding Oxford economists have inaugurated a series of letters to the *Times* on how to avoid the slump.

"The Oxford men, amongst whom are Sir Arthur Salter, Mr. H. D. Henderson and Mr. G. D. H. Cole, agree that there is a danger of a severe depression in the next few years, but consider that it can be counteracted if State and local authorities and other public bodies increase the expenditure on public works as soon as the slump begins.

"They consider it is important, however, to curtail every type of capital expenditure during the present phase of active trade, and to prepare plans for extending it directly rearmament slows down."

It is no part of the *New Times* policy to publish distressing forecasts for the mere pleasure of saying afterwards, we told you so. Rather is our object, by stressing such pitfalls as actually exist, to have them avoided. There is no real need for depression nowadays, and the suggested "remedies" of the economists named by the *Herald* show what humbugs they are, insofar at least as their palliatives show an understanding of results whose causes they will not clearly state. If you will cast your mind back to 1930 or thereabouts, you will recollect that we were then told we had a slump because we had spent too much money, and that everybody, including Governments, must economise on expenditure. Yet here we have so called leading economists declaring that slump times are the periods when Governments and other bodies must spend like fury.

And vice versa, when trade is active, they say that industrialists should not put up new factories, instal new plant, or indulge in any other sort of capital expenditure. Is it any wonder that professional economists, like professional bankers, are looked upon as a class apart from ordinary mortals (thank God)?

The explanation of the paradoxes, though not generally given by economists, is quite simple. Since it is, and must be the aim of every individual engaged in the production of goods to take back from consumers through the sale of his goods more money than he disbursed through their production, the ordinary workings of industry must leave the community, viewed as a whole, short of money. When some such device as wholesale rearmament—which adds to the community's supply of money without placing any corresponding supply of goods on the market—causes "the present phase of active trade," then no other device may be urgently needed. If rearmament "slows down," then industrialists may renew their factories and plant. Here again money is disbursed without being immediately withdrawn; because, although the price of the factory is charged into the bread or boots, or whatever the factory turns out, this process is extended over a fairly long period in the form of annual depreciation charges. If industry is too broke to be able to put its hand on the money to extend or rebuild (or if the bank won't give the overdraft), then, the economists say, the Government must embark on wholesale public works—which again means more money to buy goods without more goods for sale. All very elementary, is it not, and all very simple? And one would think that these celebrated economists would have the ability—or is it the honesty?—to put it in this way. One would think, also, that they could suggest means of avoiding the miseries of financial depression more pleasant and more useful than making bombers and battleships. They might, for instance, suggest that the money shortage be made up by direct grants of new money from the Government to the people, or by financing needed community improvements (such as wiping out the slums) without taxation and without waiting until people lose their incomes through a depression. In short, they might suggest that the issue of money be regulated by the statistics of our production of real wealth, instead of having our real wealth depend on the supply of money.

But since the economists don't, and apparently won't do these things, it is up to the people, unless they want another dose of depression, to demand that their Governments (i.e., their servants in Parliament) take some such action. And if the *Herald* had a vestige of human decency it would be joining in this campaign—instead of telling us "butter is also idle and likely to remain uninteresting." We can assure the *Herald* that we could lead it to thousands of houses in Melbourne alone where butter would not long remain idle, and where its very novelty would make it most interesting.

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## "GOD SAVES THE KING"

### The Coronation Through American Eyes

How did our American cousins view the Coronation of King George VI? The sprightliest and shrewdest account we have seen appears in New York "Time" of May 24—reprinted below.

The silver trumpets blew and loud shrilled the choirboys: "Vivat! Vivat Georgius Rex!" With a rustle like the wind, all the crowded stands of Westminster Abbey rose up with a flash of crimson and ermine, gold, diamonds, silver, blue, scarlet and green. The helmeted Gentlemen-at-Arms snapped to attention and down the deep blue carpet that stretched the full length of the Abbey came George VI to his Coronation with all the pomp and panoply of a medieval ceremony more than 1000 years old.

It was the Middle Ages in the midst of Modern Times—arc lamps, newsreel cameras, a radio microphone hanging high above the chancel, pneumatic tubes to speed copy from the press box to the telegraphs downstairs. The crowd that rose in the Abbey to greet their King was aware of all this. Five months of intensive propaganda had told them what this 1937 Coronation was held for a gorgeous and expensive pageant of the solidarity of the British Empire and the permanence of British institutions in a changing world. Most of them had read many times other details of the procession that was moving so slowly towards them. They knew that St. Edward's Crown, six pounds of jewels and gold and the most important piece of regalia, was being carried by the elderly Marquess of Salisbury, Lord High Steward of England; that among the nine pages supporting the King's robe were three young sons of World War heroes, inheritors of their titles: Earl Haig, Earl Jellicoe, Earl Kitchener; that because of an ancient squabble over precedent, the King's golden spurs, symbol of knighthood, were carried one apiece by Lord Hasting and Lord Churston; and that the bearer of the Standard of England had no title at all but was plain Mr. Frank Seaman Dymoke of Scrivelsby Court, who has the hereditary right of being King's Champion. Mr. Dymoke's ancestors were supposed to ride in full armour into Westminster Hall, fling down a gauntlet and challenge to mortal combat any who doubted the right to the throne of the newly crowned King.

Of all this the British press had made much. What the crowds accepted as thoughtlessly as they accepted the noble groans of the Abbey's new Coronation organ was

the significance of the words spoken.

Legally and technically George VI was every inch as much a King the moment after Edward's abdication was signed as he was after last week's ceremony. What went on in the Abbey was a purely religious rite, sanctifying King George as a monarch, anointing him as a *persona mixta* (half-priest, half-layman.) and inheritor of the divine right of kings. All through the three-hour ceremony, the most important person there was not the King, his nobles or his ministers, but a hawk-nosed old gentleman with a cream and gold cope who stood on a dais as King George approached: The Rt. Hon. and Most Reverend Cosmo Gordon Lang, D.D., Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, Primate of All England.

#### Church Inviolable

Earlier that morning another procession of deep significance had taken place through the Abbey cloisters. All night long the regalia—crowns, orbs, sceptres, swords of justice, and mercy, etc., etc.—had lain in the Abbey's Jerusalem Chamber. Here they were blessed and sanctified, and then the Dean of Westminster and his prebendaries in their copes of state carried the regalia through the cloister to the royal robing room. Behind the Bishops came State trumpeters and trombones. In the robing room the regalia were entrusted to the Lord High Constable who in turn distributed them to the various great peers who were now bringing them back into the Abbey to be laid on the high altar before use.

It was not only strictly a religious ceremony, but a ceremony of the Protestant Church of England alone. Of all the diplomats accredited to the Coronation, only the delegate of the Church that built and consecrated Westminster Abbey set no foot inside the door. In his purple Papal robes, Apostolic Delegate Most Reverend Giuseppe Pizzardo sat in a special grandstand opposite the Abbey entrance.

Almost immediately after presenting the new sovereign to the four sides of the Abbey, the Archbishop of Canterbury asked:—

"Will you maintain and preserve inviolably the settlement of the Church of England, and the doc-

trine, worship, discipline and government thereof, as by law established in England? And will you preserve unto the Bishops and Clergy of England, and to the Churches there committed to their charge, all such rights and privileges as by Law do or shall appertain to them?"

King George answered: "All this I promise to do."

#### Stone Rite

When the King had taken his oaths at the high altar there came a full communion service, and after that King George seated himself in the ancient high-backed Coronation Chair for his anointing. Under him was a rough block of sandstone, the Stone of Scone, traditionally the stone upon which Jacob had his vision, and over which all British kings have been crowned since Edward I.

Forward stepped four Knights of the Garter in mantles of deepest blue velvet holding a golden canopy over their sovereign's head. While the King sat garbed only in a crimson satin under-robe, the Archbishop, dipping his forefinger in a spoon of holy oil, touched King George on the palms of both hands, on the breast and on the crown of the head, saying:—

"As Solomon was anointed King by Zadok the priest and Nathan the prophet, so be you anointed, blessed and consecrated King over the Peoples, whom the Lord hath given you to rule and govern."

Then in turn other bits of regalia were put upon the King until finally the Archbishop took from the Dean of Westminster the heavy golden Crown of St. Edward. He raised it high, placed it on the King's head and at that precise instant everyone shouted, "GOD SAVE THE KING!"

The peers in flashing unison put on their coronets, silver trumpets blew and (at a telephoned signal) the first of 103 guns boomed out from the walls of the Tower of London five miles away.

After the anointed King had been blessed, enthroned and received the homage of his Bishops and peers, Queen Elizabeth went forward to be anointed and crowned.

#### Why Canterbury?

Roman Canterbury, near the seacoast of Kent, was a convenient stopping place for travellers to Britain. Here in 597 A.D. came that ardent Benedictine, St. Augustine, a missionary from Rome, to found a monastery and become the first Archbishop of Canterbury, even before the Norman Conquest. Ever since then Canterbury's Archbishops have been England's primates, by simple priority. The Archbishopric of York, far to England's north, was established two centuries later, not to challenge the authority of Canterbury, but purely for administrative reasons.

#### Why Westminster?

Westminster Abbey is not a Cathedral. It is just what its name implies, an Abbey church, the oldest and finest in ancient London, built on the site of a Roman temple of Apollo. Britain's kings have always been crowned there because it was the church of Edward the Confessor and William the Conqueror. London's Cathedral is the many times larger St. Paul's on the crest of Ludgate Hill. Here such State ceremonies as the Thanksgiving after the Armistice and the Jubilees are always performed. The former Dean of St. Paul's, "Gloomy" William Ralph Inge, was known to thousands who never heard of that able amateur artist, the Very Rev. William Foxley Norris, Dean of Westminster. Coronation year was his year. The Abbey is Dean Norris' parish church; he was as responsible for the ecclesiastical details of last week's ceremony as the Duke of Norfolk was for the civil. In copes of gold (woven for the Coronation of Charles II.) his humblest prebendaries had places in the Abbey procession, while most of the Bishops of Britain, many of them Lords, sat

in scarlet and white on the sidelines.

#### Why Lang?

The seventh son of a seventh son, dour, hawk-nosed Cosmo Gordon Lang, 72, was not raised in the church that he governs. His father was a Presbyterian preacher, the Very Rev. John Marshall Lang, Principal of Aberdeen University. \* At University of Glasgow precocious Cosmo Gordon Lang won his M.A. Degree at the age of 18 and a year later a valuable scholarship at swank Balliol College, Oxford. Always a politician, always ambitious, Student Lang was elected president of the Oxford Union over such potent undergraduates as Lord Curzon, Sir Edward Grey, Novelist Sir Anthony Hope Hawkins (*The Prisoner of Zenda*). At that time he had no intention of going into any church. He studied law for six years at the Inner Temple, but the night before he was to take his Bar examinations came his conversion. Cosmo Gordon Lang telephoned excuses to the Benchers, went to a theological seminary and was ordained a minister of the Church of England a year later. Two men are supposed to have been responsible for this Conversion: the late Bishop of Lincoln and the present Bishop of London, popular, tennis-playing Arthur Foley Winnington-Ingram.

Sticking close to the Best People, Cosmo Lang became Dean of Divinity at Magdalen, Oxford, and four years later, on the recommendation of Arthur Balfour, vicar of the largest parish in England, St. Mary's, Portsea. This parish had a vast industrial population and employed 15 curates, but right across Spithead (scene of this week's Coronation Naval Review), was the Isle of Wight, and on the Isle of Wight sat ageing Queen Victoria. Cosmo Lang was soon Queen Victoria's favourite preacher at Osborne, and his career was assured.

A crisis in the Lang career occurred in 1908. Already Bishop of Stepney, London's East End diocese, he was offered the more important post of Bishop of Montreal. After deep thought he turned it down. A month later came his appointment as Archbishop of York, youngest Archbishop in Europe at that time. In 1928, on the death of Randall Thomas Davidson, he became Archbishop of Canterbury. Church authorities felt that as a near lawyer, politician and ardent High Churchman, no man could better cope with the recurring demand among British liberals for disestablishment of the State church. Since then it has been generally accepted that future Archbishops of York shall be comparatively young men, in training for the See of Canterbury.

A great temperance crusader, the Archbishop of Canterbury can be tempted to drink port, claret, whisky, brandy and hock, but never champagne. Like his good friend George V., the Archbishop heartily dislikes most U.S. citizens and their ways—with the notable exception of J. Pierpont Morgan, whose home he has visited, on whose yacht he has cruised the Mediterranean. Generally humourless, the Archbishop has uttered many startling statements. He has been quoted as saying: "I am the chief spokesman of God to my fellow countrymen." In 1914 he nearly caused a riot by remarking, "I retain many pleasant memories of the German Kaiser." In 1928 the newly-chosen Archbishop of Canterbury visited the Rowntree chocolate factory at York and blandly observed: "The mere sight and sound of these girls stirred up all the instincts of my youth, and I found, as I constantly find, that the instincts of youth within me are very much alive, and very little subdued by the passage of years."

Notably unpopular with his own Clergy, the Archbishop is scarcely on speaking terms with his Dean of Canterbury, the Very Rev. Hewlett Johnson, who said, on his return

\*Still a Presbyterian is the Archbishop's little-known brother, the Rt Rev. Marshall B. Lang, since 1935 Moderator of the Church of Scotland.

from a visit to Leftist Spain three weeks ago: "There is more Christianity in Soviet Russia and Red Spain than there is in England."

#### Crisis

Nobody has ever doubted the ability of the stiff-lipped Archbishop of Canterbury. When Edwardian liberals talked wildly of disestablishmentarianism, as Archbishop of York he was more than a match for them. When farmers rioted against still paying tithes to the Church of England four years ago, he could cope with them, too. And when in Edward VIII he found a King of whom he could not approve either as a churchman or as a politician, Cosmo Gordon Lang was ready for that. With God's aid he saved the Kingship.

The public will never know the exact parts in the abdication crisis played by the Archbishop, Prime Minister Baldwin and the leading tycoons of Britain. Certain it is that they conferred long and often, and that in the midst of their worrying about Mrs. Simpson, a handy helper was the chunky, jovial Bishop of Bradford. A North of England episcopos who likes to eat with his servants and play golf, the Bishop of Bradford has insisted ever since that his famed speech to his diocesan clergy last December was dictated or suggested by nobody, that he had never heard of Mrs. Simpson until after the speech was delivered. What he said was: "The King needs the grace of God . . . We hope he is aware of his need! Some, of us wish he gave more positive signs of his awareness."

This was all the Archbishop, the Prime Minister and the press lords needed. With 24 hours the crisis was all over the front pages, and within ten days it was ended. That the Archbishop of Canterbury was largely responsible for dethroning a once idolised King was then very present in the minds of thousands of British subjects. But this realisation had been well erased by last week.

#### Apotheosis

Last week, before an audience of the world's great, Cosmo Gordon Lang achieved the biggest attainable goal of a British prelate. He crowned a King and with holy oil anointed him a demi-priest in God's service. And it was a King of whom he could be proud—dutiful, earnest, orthodox, obedient, anxious to please. Much has been written on the physical strain of a Coronation service for a monarch. For an elderly Archbishop who must stand on his feet through all the hours of the service the strain is even greater. The crimson-coped Archbishop of York, plump William Temple, had little to do but weave about among the regalia. In 1902, at the Coronation of Edward VII his father was Archbishop of Canterbury. Vividly last week he must have recalled that at that lengthy service Archbishop Temple's hands trembled so that he nearly dropped St. Edward's crown, finally clapped it on King Edward's head hind side foremost. Cosmo Gordon Lang did not tremble, his voice did not falter once. From the depths of his heart he was able to give the Coronation Benediction, the noblest words in the entire service:—

"The Lord bless you and keep you; and as He hath made you King over His people, so may He prosper you in this world and make you partake of His eternal felicity in the world to come. Amen."

"The Lord give you fruitful lands and healthful seasons; victorious fleets and armies, and a quiet Empire; a faithful Senate, wise and upright counsellors and magistrates, a loyal nobility, and a dutiful gentry; a pious and learned and useful clergy; an honest, peaceable and obedient commonalty. Amen."

#### GREAT DAY IN THE MORNING

Grey curtains of rain trailed over the slates and chimney pots of London as the night-before-Coronation fell. Under the square miles of rooftops, in the slums and swank mansions, in

(Continued on page 7.)

THE ELECTORS'

## Campaign to Abolish Poverty

CITIZENS' MEETINGS WILL BE HELD IN

ST. KILDA TOWN HALL

on

Monday Next, June 21, at 8 p.m.

AND IN

BRIGHTON TOWN HALL

on

Tuesday Next, June 22, at 8 p.m.

ADDRESSES WILL BE GIVEN EXPLAINING THE DETAILS OF THE CAMPAIGN AND FORMALLY LAUNCHING IT IN THESE AREAS. ALL CITIZENS INVITED

## WHAT OF THE CHURCHES?

A Letter to the Editor from BRUCE H BROWN

Sir—

Within the past few weeks I have attended two meetings at which the attitude of the Christian churches towards the needs of the people came up for discussion. The first was at the local church in which I am interested, and the meeting had been called to consider the formation of a men's movement. There was some frank criticism of the failure of that particular church to face up to the facts of life and of its silence regarding the totally unchristian conditions in which the great mass of the people are being forced to live. To me this was a splendid sign of the awakening spirit of our young men, for they left no room for doubt in the minds of the older men that unless there is more courageous virility on the part of clergymen as a body against the tyrannies of the day the decline of the Church (as we now have it) will be accelerated to extinction. They made it clear that they look for action, and that the forces which keep millions of people undernourished and so terribly poor in the midst of wonderful bounty from the hand of God must be vigorously and relentlessly challenged whether their agents wear the cloak of religion or not.

The second meeting was at the office of the *New Times* to mark the completion of its second year of publication. One of the shareholders expressed the opinion that criticism of the Church is unwise, because in these matters it is so easy to offend the people's susceptibilities. He thought that it would be better, for reasons of policy, not to do anything that might cause resentment, and consequently that we should leave the churches alone. While the sentiments voiced by this shareholder were appreciated, there was an immediate and overwhelming body of opinion against the idea that any section of the Church is above criticism. This resulted in a definite declaration for the continuance of the existing policy of publishing the truth, as we see it without fear or favour, and of criticising persons and institutions, irrespective of their position or influence, whose utterances, actions or practices are inimical to the well-being and progress of the community. Such a decision, combined with the enthusiastic support of the shareholders, is a great incentive for us to press on with our work of arousing all sections of society to the realisation that the private monopoly controlling our money supplies is the common enemy. Even the churches would have no serious problems to face if only they could be assured regularly of their financial requirements.

### Hypocrisy of Some Church Leaders

Now, it is sheer hypocrisy for church leaders to bewail the growing evils and tendencies towards Communism (which are *effects*), when they well know that it is within their power to prevent both by attacking the *causes*. Unfortunately, instead of attacking the cause, many of them have actually allied themselves with interests responsible for the conditions, which have brought about the effects, and when rebuked for this improper alliance they have gone to those selfsame interests for advice. When told that the community is being swindled they have gone to the swindlers and asked if it is true! "A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit, neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit.... Wherefore by their fruits ye shall know them." The fruits of our existing financial arrangements are hell in the form of robbery of the Individual, starvation, physical suffering, distress of mind, suicides, blasphemies, squalor, disease, premature death, misery, spiritual frustration, war, murder and everything reprehensible. Yet when the governing cause is pointed out and proved, a leading church authority

like the Anglican Bishop of Bendigo (Dr. Donald Baker) replies: "Hands off the banks!"

### Putting the Thieves in the Pulpit

This outburst reminded me of that part of Scripture which says, "Not everyone that saith unto Me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the Kingdom of Heaven." We may search in vain for church leaders who denounced the fraud of the Premier's Plan and the cruel robbery of the people in general through the deliberate withdrawal of purchasing power. Why, they even allowed their own missions to be dislocated and wrecked by a barefaced swindle on the part of bank controllers, and some of them actually invited the spokesmen for the swindlers to speak from their pulpits! That seems almost unbelievable, but the facts are there for anyone to examine.

### A Lead From the Pope

But there is another side to the picture, and it would be quite unjust to indulge in such strong condemnation without acknowledging the splendid endeavours of several individual leaders. There is abundant evidence that these individual leaders are aware of the true cause of our difficulties and have not been afraid to say so. Permit me to give a few examples. I venture to say that stronger words have not been written than are to be found in the following extract from one of the present Pope's Encyclicals, viz:—

"It is patent that in our days not alone is wealth accumulated, but immense power and despotic economic domination is concentrated in the hands of a few . . . This power becomes particularly irresistible when exercised by those who *because they hold and control money* are able also to govern credit and determine its allotment . . . so that no one dare breathe against their will . . . The whole economic life has become hard, cruel, and relentless in a ghastly measure."

Note particularly the part I have emphasised by the use of italics. The controllers of money are the controllers of life on God's earth, and yet the great majority of preachers are silent on the matter. In a subsequent Encyclical on Atheistic Communism his Holiness the Pope emphasises the urgency of the need for more active assistance in the denunciation of these evils.

### The Archbishop of York

Regarding the Anglican Church, I am regretfully aware that the Archbishop of Canterbury goes yachting with Pierpont Morgan and apparently has not seen fit to publicly condemn the outrageous and criminal swindling of the people by the financial oligarchy. Against this, however, the Archbishop of York and the Dean of Canterbury are both actively fighting for the liberation of mankind from the bondage of finance. The Archbishop of York was chairman of a wonderful meeting held recently in the Royal Albert Hall, London, at which the great audience stood and repeated the following pledge:—

"We, baptised members of the Church of England, affirm that we are most deeply disturbed in conscience by the unreason, injustice and ruthlessness of prevailing social conditions. We solemnly declare our conviction that, whatever their causes may be, the continuance of enforced and destitute idleness, malnutrition, overcrowded slum dwellings, and such other social conditions as deprive men, women and children for whom Christ died of the opportunity of full and useful lives is a defiance of God. We pledge ourselves, both individually and through our parishes, to every

possible action that may secure for our fellows their birthright as the children of one Father."

### A Joint Manifesto

The Dean of Canterbury (Anglican) and Father Coughlin (Catholic) recently issued a joint manifesto condemning the destruction of goods and calling for the adoption of a scientific money system. The manifesto included this: "We consider it the duty of every Christian openly to condemn restriction of output as one of the worst types of sacrilege. The world has sufficient goods to give everyone in Western civilisation a good standard of living. The present financial system is anti-Christian, un-American and un-British, since it does not provide social justice and individual security."

### Archbishop Le Fanu

His Grace the Anglican Primate of Australia (Archbishop Le Fanu) in a notable address at a crowded meeting in the Perth Town Hall said: "Our present financial system is not doing its job . . . The fundamental Christian objection to the existing capitalistic system, and to the bankers' control of money from which it seems inseparable, is that it holds persons in serfdom to the exigencies of financial policy. But money was made for man, not man for money. To say that the social services must be starved and sons and daughters of God kept in penury because of the claims of a monetary policy is merely to say that the policy is a failure."

### The Presbyterian Church

The Commission of Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of Victoria commended its congregations to study a memorandum on unemployment, which had been prepared by the Christian Social Order Council. The memorandum is a splendid statement of the position and includes the following:—

"The monetary system is at present controlled by groups of private

### ASK THE PROFESSOR.

**M. Flandin, the ex-Premier, bitterly attacking the Government's financial policy, asked how the Treasury would find the required sum (£200 millions).**

**Prof. Copland Explains.**  
—Melbourne "Herald," June 14.

individuals, and is not performing its proper social function of facilitating the production, distribution and exchange of commodities and services. Consequently the control of the monetary policy (i.e., the policy concerning the creation, issue and cancellation of money) should be re-vested in the community, that it may be directed to social ends."

### And the Methodists

Similarly, the Methodist General Conference of 1935 passed a resolution in these terms: "We recognise that the present economic and monetary system are based on motives of gain and self-interest that are contrary to the spirit and example of Our Lord. We therefore affirm that a basis should be sought for industry that will enable the spirit to be goodwill, the purpose service, and the result a more equitable distribution of the wealth produced."

### In New Zealand

Over in New Zealand, churches of various denominations combined in organising a public indignation meeting in the Auckland Town Hall "to protest against the unjust and un-Christian social conditions prevailing." His Grace the Anglican Primate said: "The Government was only trying to patch up what had gone too far and was too serious to be met by any kind of patching. A new system was required in order to meet the needs of a new age."

## MR. MENZIES IS SORE

Following our criticism of his holding the position of Federal Attorney-General in combination with his many directorships in businesses which might conflict with his public duties, Mr. R. G. Menzies has been indulging in one of his how frequent outbursts of spleen.

Speaking in Goulburn on Tuesday, he is reported to have said:

"In Australia the moment a man begins to achieve a position in public life every little tongue and every little dirty mind begins to cast around to try to find something about him—whether he beats his wife or whether he is a chronic 'boozer.' They reflect: 'If we can attack him and prove what he is on those lines, how glorious it will be.' If we have a system of Government, which allows criticism to degenerate into slander, we will

Monsignor Holbrook, of the Catholic Church, gave an impressive address, in which he said, "There has been no genuine national effort to solve the problem, and the Government must be brought to face the music whether they like it or not." It was he who submitted the motion of the evening, containing the following:—

"That this audience registers its indignant protest in the name of Christianity against the chronic poverty and distress which have grown into a national scandal in this country. It affirms the natural right of all citizens to an adequate standard of living . . ."

Another speaker said that if they did not put into use the new order before very long they would see civilisation crash and the world involved in centuries of barbarism. The motion was carried unanimously, and almost immediately afterwards there was a change of government, to the undoubted benefit of the country, even though the people have still to be freed from financial tyranny.

In New Zealand also, the *Methodist Times* of January last published a striking leader entitled, "The Call of 1937," by the Rev. H. L. Richards, of Waimate. It contained the following:—

"What we need is . . . a direct massed attack by the mobilised forces of Christian faith and sentiment on a cruel state of affairs obtaining in the economic life of man. . . . I believe we should be more successful in our efforts if it were clearly manifest to those whom we seek to lead to God that the faith we are commending is the relentless enemy of evil wherever it is found, whether in persons or in systems. . . . Our present economic system is cruelly wronging millions of our fellows, and, as I see it, God is calling upon His people to up and say so, and to demand in His name and theirs that something more be done than has been or is being done to alter it."

### Leaders Without Followers

All this is excellent, and I pay my personal tribute to the many churchmen responsible for it. Their actions reflect the greatest credit on themselves and on the Church in whose name they have spoken. Were the clergy in general following the wise lead of these men there would be no occasion whatever for such apprehension and frantic outbursts against Communism.

But a great number of the leading members of the clergy are *not* challenging the cause of the conditions which provide such suitable soil for the propagation of Communism, and which lead to so many of the effects against which the older members love to rail, such as gambling, liquor, birth-control, and the like. What part is actually being played publicly by the leaders of the several branches of organised religion in this country? Do they ever mention the true cause of all the trouble? Perhaps we may consider this aspect next week. -

Yours faithfully,

BRUCE H BROWN

drift into a dictatorship. Public life will become so debilitated that the people, for self-protection, will hold up their hands and say, 'Give us a leader who can take charge of us.'"

This pathetic picture of a much maligned Mr. Menzies would have been far more effective had he not, in the same speech, made one of the most dishonest statements that a dishonest political servant could well utter. Discussing Australia's alleged recovery under the Ministry of which he is a prominent member, the Attorney-General, after detailing some of the Federal Government's "generosities" (out of taxation) went on to add that "the provision of these enormous and unusual sums, concurrently with the production of surpluses, was accomplished in spite of spectacular remissions in taxation. During the period the tax remissions aggregated a sum, which, in 1937, was equal to £15,500,000 a year. Income taxation was lightened by £5,250,000 a year, land tax by £1,200,000, sales tax by £1,200,000 a year, primage duties, mostly on articles in use by men on the land, by £1,115,000 a year, Customs and excise duties by £1,200,000 a year, while the entertainment tax, which brought in £140,000 a year, was abolished."

### The Facts

Contrast with this statement, which is virtually a copy of a similar misleading utterance made by Minister for Customs White a few weeks ago, the actual facts of Commonwealth taxation, as revealed by that unimaginative publication, the Official Commonwealth Year Book, On page 842 of the current issue, total Federal taxation is set out as follows:—

Year ended June 30.	£ millions
1932 . . . . .	53.9
1933 . . . . .	56.1
1934 . . . . .	56.4
1935 . . . . .	58.7
1936 . . . . .	63.6

The same page of the same work shows that, the percentage of taxation to total Federal revenue increased from 75.4 per cent, in the first year above to 77.4 per cent, in the last, and that the average Federal taxes per head of population grew as follows:—

Year ended	Taxation per head.
June 30.	
1932 . . . . .	£8 4 8
1933 . . . . .	8 10 0
1934 . . . . .	8 9 6
1935 . . . . .	8 15 4
1936 . . . . .	9 8 6

These figures scarcely need any comment, though a comparison of them with Mr. Menzies' proofs of "reduction" furnishes another example of that capacity to face both ways which has distinguished him on a number of issues such as the marketing question.

### "Sound Financial Methods"

Mr. Menzies went on to boast of the Ministry's methods of finance. Those financial results, he said, were made possible by the Government's sound financial methods, which had so re-established confidence that it was possible to raise in the Australian market loans amounting to almost £100,000,000, at interest rates which were, on the average, even less than 4 per cent.

What a beautiful commentary on sound finance! An increase in debt of a hundred millions is a wonderful proof of recovery! And, even within the vicious circle of sound finance, has Mr. Menzies forgotten that his Government has been paying rates of interest often more than 100 per cent, higher than those prevailing in London and New York, while the Treasury bill rates are still over three times as high as those exacted in London?

God save us from our saviours!



'GOD SAVES THE KING'

(Continued from page 5.)

suburban villas and the fine hotels, "Coronation" was the word most often on every lip as Greater London's 8,000,000 inhabitants, plus at least 1,500,000 visitors from the provinces, from the Dominions and colonies, from the U.S., and from every country in Europe, Asia, South America, even from the larger States of India and tribes of British Africa, all thought and spoke and made last things ready for the great event of the morrow. London was like a gigantic brain, every cell of which was focussed on one central thought. Like parts of a vast body conditioned by that brain, the worldwide Empire pulsed and stirred to the same thought—Coronation. England's 37th since William the Conqueror and the beginning of modern British history.

Squatting on a sand-bin in Whitehall, a 62-year-old Mrs. Heggs from the Isle of Wight sheltered her sandwiches, cigarettes and a bottle of wine under her umbrella and declared: "I'm used to these all-night waits. I sat up for 24 hours to watch his father's Silver Jubilee procession. I claim to be the first arrival on the Coronation procession route."

In one of the royal stables late in the evening, an old cream mare whinnied feebly, gasped for breath and died. She was Amazon Leader, last of the train of eight, which had drawn George V. to his Coronation 26 years before.

The rain dripped all night from miles of waterproofed flags and bunting. Last revellers from the gayest nightspots had not reached home before operators in the telephone exchanges began plugging in wake-up calls to subscribers. Ordinarily there are about 800 such calls in London; this morning there were 10,000. It was barely light and still drizzling when the long streams of humanity began flowing in toward the heart of the spectacle, on foot, in motors, on the subways . . .

On the Victoria Embankment, 40,000 school children in berets of maroon, green and blue swarm into their places. Peter Suffren, 6, with a row of tin medals on his chest is clutching a bottle of milk, a bag of potato chips, says: "I wish I had a princess for a girl."

A curly-haired urchin drops his three-penny Coronation mug. It breaks, he sobs for his mother. Kind bystanders give him much more than three pennies. Sniveling, he moves away into another street to repeat the racket.

The route is now lined with soldiers giving their buttons a last polish with their cuffs. Out of the corner of his mouth one of them says to an old lady in the crowd: "Why didn't you join the Army, Ma? You'd get a better view . . ." The King's Company of the Grenadier Guards proudly flaunts their new King's Colour.

A knot of footsore Cockneys jabber like magpies to pass the time. Says one, "Did you see about them there 'busmen in the Honours list? That's the way to treat the —; choke 'em with cream." The reference is to Driver Arthur Butterfield and Conductor John Coalter, of London's 25,000 striking busmen who have been awarded Order of the British Empire, for having no accident in 29 years, the other for being "the best-tempered conductor in the service." Declares another Cockney, "That feller Shaw gives me the bleedin' 'ump. Why don't he larn to keep marf shut?" This reference is to an article written for London's *Daily Worker* by George Bernard Shaw, professional bad boy. Excerpts: "As I am by profession a creator of theatrical illusions, these amateur pageants only bore me..." Another rude Coronation composition is read to reporters at a middle-class dwelling in suburban Finsbury Park: -

Archbishop Lang's holy oil  
Will not make Bertie Wettin royal.

The author is one Anthony Hall

an export broker and former policeman. Mr. Hall, who calls himself cousin to Prime Minister Stanley Baldwin, claims the British Throne by virtue of descent from an unrecorded son of Henry VIII and Anne Boleyn. "Bertie Wettin" is his name for George VI, whose family changed their name from Wettin to Windsor during the War. This morning Pretender Anthony is ill, having eaten too much rhubarb. "I've always been a sucker for rhubarb, but not sucker enough to let all this Coronation rot bother me. I'll be sitting on that throne myself by 1940."

The morning advances, still rainy. A haughty Duchess, stiff as a ramrod, munches a sandwich in her car as it proceeds tortuously to the Abbey . . . Lady Astor, U.S. born Conservative M.P., minces out of her house in St. James's Square . . . U.S. Ambassador Bingham, his legs spindly below satin knee-breeches, his wife imposing in silver-embroidered white lace, emerge from the U.S. Embassy . . . President Roosevelt's special delegation—Admiral Hugh Rodman, James W. Gerard, and General Pershing—head for the Abbey, all looking worn but patient. Mr. Gerard, once Ambassador to Germany, wears knee breeches, and a ribbon across his shirtfront . . .

The Aga Khan, head of India's Moslems, steps out of his hotel with his slim French wife. He is enveloped in what looks like a fancy nightshirt . . . Pitch black, bejeweled Alak of Abeokuta ("Under the Rocks"), ruler of one of the largest tribes in West African Nigeria, is escorted to his car by a tasseled State umbrella as big as a tent. Day before he went shopping, under the umbrella, even in the store, for electric iceboxes. With him are his limber black daughter Omaba Aderomi and his friend Chief Ajaba Otumbade, of Igbone. . . . At the Abbey they will see Paramount Chief Yeta III, of Barotseland, with his white chin whiskers and horsehair flyswatter.

The British Broadcasting Corp.'s announcer, seated in a glass box in Victoria Memorial Circle, breaks his flow of descriptive chitchat. With rising excitement he tells the world that the royal procession is winding out of Buckingham Palace. . . . At a country home, the Charles Augustus Lindberghs are listening; they hate and fear crowds. . . . At "Wall Hall," his manor in Hertfordshire, J. P. Morgan lies in bed. A heart attack has kept him from the Royal Box, where the only American is Grace Vanderbilt Davis.

Lady Astor, 25 minutes late, arrives in the Abbey and immediately picks a literary quarrel with Viscountess Rhondda, shrewd editor of Britain's *Lettish weekly, Time and Tide* . . . The 59-year-old Duchess of Hamilton twitches the robe trimmed with artificial fur that she bought for the Coronation of George V. She is an anti-divisionist . . . Douglas Charles Lindsey Gordon, 29, Marquess of Huntly, is dressed in robes bought with borrowed money. He is a motor mechanic who earns 15 dollars a week . . . Australian Lionel Logue, expert in speech defects, is proud to be sitting in the Royal Box—reward for continuously treating King George since last December, for rehearsing with him again and again the royal Coronation broadcast.

The service begins. A country mayor clutches his shoulder, grows giddy. He fell on the steps coming into the Abbey, and now he can no longer bear the stabbing pains of a broken collarbone. Ushers lead him out. . . . In an anteroom a baby is parked in a bassinet. Every hour Mrs. William Shepherd Morrison, wife of the Minister of Agriculture, steals out to breast-feed the child. When the newly wed Duke of Norfolk, master of ceremonies, arranged for her to do this, Husband Morrison declared, "That's organization for you!" . . . Concealed, but handy-by

in one of the Abbey's first-aid stations is a straitjacket, in case anyone goes cuckoo during the ceremony. Through all the long morning, no one does.

Excited whispers suddenly break out in a corner. With drawn face the Hon. Mrs. Gustavus Lascelles Hamilton-Russell, whose husband is helping in the ceremony, gets up from her seat, leaves hurriedly. Her father goes out with her. They get to a hospital just in time to see her four-year-old daughter, Charmian Joan, breathe her last. The child had been sent to the house of Lord Bearsted to watch the Procession. Somehow she fell down an 80-ft. elevator-shaft. This is the Coronation's only headline tragedy except the death three days later from old causes of crippled little Philip Snowden, Viscount Snowden of Icornshaw, distinguished Chancellor of the Exchequer under James Ramsay McDonald.

Throughout the long ceremony six-year-old Princess Margaret Rose is bored. She squirms. She vainly searches the prayer book for pictures. She sticks a finger in her eye, pulls her ears, tickles Sister Elizabeth, who shakes her off with great dignity, tells her to be good. Margaret Rose tries hard, but it is no use. She swings her legs, scratches her hair, yawns, puts her elbow on the front of the box, rests her head on her arm. Queen Mary at last quiets her with a pair of opera glasses to peek through.

The pace of the whole performance, from the start of the Procession to the march up the Abbey's aisle, has been prodigiously slow, sedate, the cadence of Empire. King George breaks his tempo when, before being robed in the garments of state and beneath a canopy that screens him from nearly all, he whisks off the red robe that he has been wearing,

PEAKS AND VALLEYS

"The peaks and valleys of economic activity are caused partly by unjustified fear or by undue optimism; partly by political happenings, and partly by the frailties of human nature in its inability to take a sufficiently long view."

—Sir Herbert Gepp, June 15.

Has Sir Herb, ever heard of the banks?

passes it briskly to the Lord Great Chamberlain, who was supposed to divest him ceremoniously. The Lord Great Chamberlain looks bewildered. Lady Reading, widow of the one-time Viceroy of India, observes: "Like a man handing his bathrobe to a valet." . . . In a Yorkshire cave 300 ft. underground a knot of people sit round a radio, listening intently. They are members of the British Speleological (scientific cave study) Society . . .

As the ceremony draws to a close, Abbey carrilloneurs ring 5040 changes of "Stedman triplets." Conductor H. N. Pitstow boasts proudly: "This will be the first time a full peal of 5000 changes has ever been rung at a Coronation." The music is scarcely appreciated by queues and clusters of tired peers who, upon emerging from the Abbey, find at last one spot in the planning that has broken down: the car-parking and call system. Crouching on the steps in their finery, leaning against pillars, some of them must wait as much as four hours to get home and out of their regalia.

After luncheon at the Palace, the Queen tells an inquiring guest: "Oh no, the King and I are not the least tired." That night at 8, with London's millions back in their homes or celebrating in public places, the King's voice is warm and strong — and he does not stammer — as he ends the great day with a fireside talk:

"It is with a very full heart I speak to you tonight. Never before has a newly crowned King been able to talk to all his peoples in their own homes on the day of his Coronation. . . . The Queen and I

I wish health and happiness to you all, and we do not forget at this time of celebration those who are living under the shadow of sickness. . . . I cannot find words with which to thank you for your love and loyalty to the Queen and myself . . . I will only say this: that if in the coming years I can show my gratitude in service to you, that is the way above all others that I should choose . . . the Queen and I will always keep in our hearts the inspiration of this day. May we ever be worthy of the goodwill, which I am proud to think, surrounds us at the outset of my reign. I thank you from my heart, and may God bless you all."

ROYAL MADAM

Quietly knitting a dark blue sweater for his fiancée—who last week legally changed her name to Wallis Warfield—the Duke of Windsor sat, in the Chateau de Cande last week through the broadcast of his brother's Coronation. Acting as unofficial press representative, the Duke's faithful U.S. friend, Herman Rogers, issued to news hawks genteel snippets of information: legally changing Mrs. Simpson's name had cost 2.50 dollars . . . Mrs. Warfield had put aside Ernest Simpson's engagement ring for a new emerald from the Duke . . . On Coronation night there was a dinner and card party at the chateau.

"We all had a swell time last night," said Mr. Rogers.

The happy couple posed easily for press photographers, one of whom snapped them going into action. But not forthcoming was the one announcement for which all correspondents were waiting: the date of the wedding. Not for several days was this vital declaration made; then the Duke revealed that he and Mrs. Warfield will be married on June 3. Reason announcement was delayed: a stiff three-cornered fight behind the scenes between the Duke, the British Government, and the Royal Family. This time the trouble\* was not money. Edward of Windsor was demanding, the Baldwin Government was doing everything in its power to prevent:

- (1) Public recognition of his wedding.
- (2) The Duke of Kent as best man.
- (3) Recognition of Mrs. Warfield, as a royal duchess, entitled to be called Her Royal Highness and addressed as Madam or "Ma'am."
- (4) The Duke's return to Britain in the not too distant future, and a chance to "make himself useful" to the Empire.

The Duke's allies were limited to Queen Mary and the Duke and Duchess of Kent. Only one of the royal duchesses who was royal-born, as Princess Marina of Greece, the Duchess of Kent's pre-abdication backing of Mrs. Simpson was due almost entirely to her delight in annoying her Scottish sisters-in-law, but she has frequently let it be known that she would never spend a night under the same roof with "that woman" (Wallis Warfield). At week's end news of a compromise of a sort emerged.

Out at Windsor a tweed-capped workman climbed a stepladder in St. George's Chapel (lodge room of the Knights of the Garter) took down the armorial banner of the Duke of Windsor above his stall (first on the right) and moved it three places down the line. This meant that in the ritual of the Garter and in the British peerage, the Duke of Windsor would rank fourth, after the King and his brothers Gloucester and Kent, so that even should Wallis Warfield be accorded rank as a royal duchess there would be no chance of her taking precedence over her sisters-in-law.

After the marriage of Queen

\*Most accepted version of the marriage settlement gave the Duke and future Duchess of Windsor 500,000 dollars outright from the private funds of the Royal Family, and an annual income of approximately 100,000 dollars apiece.

**New Times SHOPPING GUIDE and Business Directory**

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(Continued from page 3.)

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If you think the NEW TIMES is worth supporting, your best way of doing so is to make it known to your friends.

Elizabeth to the then Duke of York she was raised to the rank of royal duchess by a special order signed by George V. Trying to avoid such an embarrassing situation, London wiseacres first insisted that marriage to the Duke of Windsor would make Mrs. Warfield "automatically" a royal duchess, then veered, suggested that she might be elevated to that position some time after the wedding, when public interest had died down.

Said the monarch's communiqué to the press: "Invitations to the wedding of the Duke of Windsor and Mrs. Warfield will be confined to those who have been with them in the past month. No member of the Royal Family will be present." This was conceded to be one more victory for Squire Baldwin's Government.

"Trade and business activity in Britain has undoubtedly been stimulated in the last 12 months by the greatly increased expenditure on armaments, and it is this increased activity which enables the British consumer to buy butter and cheese and wool and wheat from Australia at a price profitable to those who produce it."

- H. E. Hanbury, member of the Australian Dairy Produce Board.



ELECTORAL CAMPAIGN NOTES

VICTORIA.

Footscray Meeting. - - Footscray has Municipal Chambers but no City Hall, so on Tuesday evening last, June 15, the Footscray citizens' meeting was held in Federal Hall. The attendance was good, and confirmed beyond doubt the usefulness of these citizens' Town Hall meetings. They are relentless in their purpose. In themselves they practically accomplish the job. Electors present readily recognise the part they play when they sign the Demand and Undertaking form. There are no complications to blur the imagination when they are asked to envisage what it means if they will undertake to obtain additional signatures. No undue inconvenience is demanded of anyone. Taking 500 as an average signing at a meeting, if the 500 obtain only one additional signature each, which it is reasonable to expect anyone to do, then there are 1000, and that is about the average majority to decide an election. To carry the picture further: Some present will obtain two or three signatures; others, with time to spare, will work systematically and obtain numbers. It is not extravagant to say that the meeting of 500 will average 10, which means that the one meeting accounts for practically 5000 Demands on the sitting member to make it his first business in Parliament to arrange that poverty be abolished.

The one meeting alone is sufficient to compel the sitting member to listen to the voice of his electors. Then there are similar meetings in other divisions of the electorate, which will double and treble the number of Demands.

But, not content with its immediate obvious success and force, the meeting is asked to consolidate the position by forming a Group to conduct the Campaign in its local division of the electorate. This procedure is being followed out, and will take place in every electorate. The start has been made and as advance takes place new helpers are expected to join the organising team and speed up the Campaign throughout the State.

The subject matter at each meeting is much the same. Dr. John Dale, Melbourne City Health Officer, is giving mammoth service in this Campaign to restore to the people their true control over Parliament; to see that Parliament will carry out the will of the people—and, definitely, the will of the people is that poverty be abolished, and with it the major cause of ill-health and disease. The combating of ill health and disease is the work that the community is paying Dr. Dale to attend to. He is doing so—bless him.

As we go to press (Wednesday, night, June 16) Dr. Dale is address-

ing a crowded Town Hall meeting at Coburg. These citizens' Town Hall meetings are to follow each other as rapidly as possible, so it cannot be expected that Dr. Dale will be available for each one of them. He has other engagements, which claim him. But he has successfully launched the Campaign, and the Campaign is big enough now to be itself the magnet to attract attendance to meetings. The Doctor will gladly continue assisting on the dates he has free.

Psychological Society. —An interesting debate was held at the Society's Rooms on Saturday evening last. The U.E.A., representative reports that the idea of the Campaign was eagerly received, and, as on other occasions, its simplicity and basic truth disarmed all argument and the meeting resolved itself into considering ways and means of furthering the Campaign.

Yarra Bank. —Propaganda and spreading the idea must be carried out everywhere. A good field is the Yarra Bank on Sunday afternoons. Stalwarts of the Movement have appropriated a soap box and will be in evidence on the Yarra Bank next Sunday, and will continue each Sunday as long as they consider a good purpose is being served.

Caulfield is pursuing its big task of establishing 76 groups in the Balaclava electorate. A further step in this direction was a preliminary meeting of St. Kilda citizens held in St. Kilda on Tuesday last, at which a group was formed and a team allotted to the work of attending to the St. Kilda Town Hall meeting, which takes place next Monday, June 21, at 8 p.m.

Brighton is busy completing arrangements for its big meeting, which follows the next evening after St. Kilda: Tuesday, June 22.

SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

Division of Grey - From a brief 'phone report from Mr. T. Carey, leader of the Port Lincoln branch, we can again offer our congratulations and point to the activities of our West Coast friends as something for other groups to emulate. The town of Coultla, a place opened up by Rev. C. D. Brock on his recent tour of the West Coast, has now settled down to hard work. In addition, Mr. Carey reports that other districts are also taking up their task of pushing the Electoral Campaign locally. This increased activity on the West Coast, the centre of which is Port Lincoln, has necessitated a sudden demand on headquarters for Demand Forms and leaflets. Let all groups similarly demand results, in the shape of large parcels of pledges, and headquarters will prove the efficiency of Electoral

Campaign principles and see to it the results are forthcoming.

Wakefield Division. — The Berri and Barmera groups are both active, and in the near future should have achieved sufficient progress to set a splendid example to the remainder of this great Division—difficult because so wide in boundaries. The Barmera group is steadily working to educate public opinion along E.C. lines. Working through the Barmera Congregational study circle, they are endeavouring to influence church folk in such a way that the Campaign will be adopted by the churches and the whole district besides. The idea of these workers is to bring pressure to bear on the central powers in a particular religious denomination, so that eventually the central powers will see the force and the necessity of the Campaign, and will push it accordingly.

A Little Conference — As a result of these activities, and the activity of a worker in the Walkerville group, a small informal conference was held at headquarters during lunch hour.

on August 31. It is divided into the following sections: (a) Greatest number of new signatures from a stated area; (b) highest percentage of signatures to electors in a stated area; (c) greatest number of new signatures obtained anywhere; (d) greatest number of associate members.

Good prizes are offered for all sections, and will be on view at headquarters. For this competition, specially marked forms will be used, and will be available on and after July 1. All signed forms and membership book butts must be returned to headquarters before September 1.

Our Lunches. —The Women's Auxiliary have recently decided to provide homemade lunches as far as is possible. On Fridays a special effort in this direction is made, and so far has proved a great success. For three Fridays this has been tried, and each week the profit increases. Evidently the satisfaction of clients has also increased.

Social Functions. - - A Bridge Evening will be held at the Rooms on June 19. Mrs. M. E. Dodd will be hostess. All are invited. Good prizes. Supper, 1/-

WESTERN AUSTRALIA

Campaigners all over the West are busily engaged taking good news to the poor—the economically disinherited; and opening the eyes of the blind—the physically disinherited. A new spirit is abroad permeating the lives of the people, arousing them from the apathy generated by the present anti-Christian system. Campaigners have a noble task and an inspiring programme, the bringing into being of a higher order founded on love, goodwill, and brotherhood, and displacing the world order founded on greed, selfishness, exploitation, and unbrotherliness.

Meetings. —A Town Hall meeting at Bassendean, sponsored by the W.A. Branch of the Storemen and Packers' Union, is being organised for Tuesday, June 22; over fourteen organisations have been asked to send representatives. A report of the meeting will be published in these notes.

A meeting will also be held in the Scout Hall, Subiaco, under the auspices of the local group, also on June 22. The demands of the campaign for more workers in this area will, it is hoped, be met by this meeting and the groups further strengthened.

Buckland Hill-Mosman Group.

—Reports to hand show an increasing activity and membership; the buoyant optimism of these re-

ports show that the campaign is spreading and taking hold in this important part of the Fremantle electorate. Another 3000 leaflets have been sent to this group.

West Leederville and Leederville-Mt. Hawthorn Groups. — These groups are co-operating in the raising of funds; a big variety concert is being arranged for the West Leederville Town Hall—this is going to be a huge success. The Leederville-Mount Hawthorn group have completed delivery of 1500 No. 1 leaflets, which were personally handed to every householder. The reception was 95 per cent good. No. 2 is now being delivered. Unemployment statistics are also being collected; these will prove the validity or otherwise of present government figures.

This group has also succeeded in having a slide advertising the campaign shown on the screen of the New Oxford Theatre, Leederville; the value of screen advertising will now be assessed, and the experience passed on for the benefit of other groups. Another group is shortly to be formed at Maylands.

Broadcasting Fund. - - The Director of Broadcasting has arranged for a series of Sunday broadcasts from 6 a.m. and 6 p.m. session, 9-9.15 p.m., from Sunday, June 13. Mrs. Irene Greenwood will deliver the first broadcast, which has been sponsored by the W.A. Branch of the Storemen and Packers' Union. Further broadcasts will be as follows: June 20: T. H. Powell, W.G.U. President; June 27: Rev. P. Hall, Church of England; July 4 (sponsored by Union); Mr. Richard Rushton (Chairman, Secretariat).

Jumble Sale (sponsored by Union) is being organised by Headquarters staff. All ladies interested should send any goods they can obtain to Room 31, Bon Marche Buildings, Barrack-street, and attend a meeting to be convened by organisers on June 24 at 2.30 p.m.

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DON'T SPEND A PENNY—without consulting the "New Times" Shopping Guide.

THE "CITY STORE" RACKET AGAIN

From the "Herald" last Friday: "Mrs. -----, of ----- Street, -----, pleaded not guilty to having stolen a pair of gloves valued at 5/11 from a city store on May 7. She was convicted and fined £10, or one month's imprisonment."

The "Herald" printed the full name and address where we have left blanks above. But it did not give the name of the city store. Neither did it give the name in the following report in the same issue:

"When a witness, an employee of a city store, failed to answer his name in a shoplifting case before the City Court today, Sergeant De La Rue criticised the failure of several firms to assist police by allowing witnesses to attend the court when required."

One wonders would the "Herald," which so considerably suppresses the names of its big advertisers when they get unfortunate people fined tenners for yielding to the temptation to purloin shoddy poked under their noses in Bourke Street's Asiatic bazaars, consider extending similar consideration to defendants if a Shoplifters' Defence Association were to give it a decent advertising contract.

Mr. H. L. Porter, from Barmera the enthusiast from Walkerville, and three members of headquarters, discussed the question of bringing the Congregational churches right behind the Movement. This was felt to be a possibility, because Rev. A. C. Stevens and other ministers in that denomination have recently been fighting hard in our direction. Rev. G. H. Bayly, leader of the Barmera study circle, has shown great enthusiasm for the Abolition of Poverty Campaign. The Walkerville worker, who prefers to remain out of the picture, has been working hard to start the churches on this job, and has personally written to several of the leading Congregational and other ministers to that end. These efforts, in conjunction with those of the Barmera group, and with the assistance, which headquarters will endeavour to give, should produce results. Churches and churchmen who are sincere are more and more willing to fall in with the Campaign. Those who are not sincere will, of course, fall out with us continually.

Campaign Competition. — This will commence on July 1 and close

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