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## AFTERMATH OF ABDICATION.

### The "Cutty Sark" Shadows the Corsair.

Our insinuation on May 6 that the busmen's strike was started in order to be wound up before the Coronation was not borne out by the event. We seem to have allowed too much weight to the consideration that the men's executive would wish to terminate the drain on their funds, and the men their shortage of income, as soon as possible. This was because we were not in a position to know whether the London Passenger Transport Board were equally anxious to terminate their loss of revenue. Apart from finance, as things turned out during Coronation Week, it appears probable that the Police authorities were in favour of keeping the buses off the streets. Certain it is that there was universal satisfaction among the public at the absence of those vehicles. "They would have spoilt the show," was a remark to be met with everywhere—the "show," of course, being the decorations, not the Royal Procession, which would have been unaffected as a spectacle in any case. Again, as things turned out, there were probably political motives at work in high places, taking the direction of ascertaining by experiment to what extent the mobility of the public is really dependent on the bus service. And it is remarkable to reflect with what comparative ease the working population of London have been daily transported to their jobs and home again during the period of the strike. It begins to look as if, in the event of civil commotion at any centres, the War Office would be able to commandeer the London bus fleet to transport soldiers where they were wanted, and further to use those vehicles as prison-vans or dressing-stations according to necessity.

#### Size of Coronation Crowd.

With regard to the proceedings on Coronation Day it is a ticklish question to decide whether the crowd was kept down by lack of travelling facilities or by lack of enthusiasm. For, according to *The Week*, and to personal testimony, the crowd was nothing like so dense as it was made out to be. The stands were by no means packed to capacity at all points on the route, and this despite the fact that prices were not exorbitant. This is probably accounted for to some extent by the fact that two pre-Coronation rehearsals were held, and that a certain number of people went to them instead of to the

Coronation show itself. Then, of course, the newspapers' strident predictions of huge crowds decided cautious elements among the public to abandon the idea of attending. In fact the strikingly large attendances at the early-morning rehearsals seemed to threaten extreme congestion on the Day.

#### Uneasy Lies the Head—

Yet, making all allowance for prudential factors, there seem to have been deeper psychological factors—one might even say, mystical factors. The chief psychological factor was, we suggest, the reaction caused by the canvassing of the private affairs of Royal personages during the Abdication crisis of last December. You cannot bombard a population with reminders that personages of royal blood are men and women of like passions to themselves, and then counteract the resultant moral shell-shock with royal robes and regalia. Again you cannot trundle people direct from a funeral to a wedding and expect to produce an appropriate transfiguration of their mood on the journey. Much less can you erect a throne over the trap in an execution shed and expect the celebrants of the enthronement to forget the dethronement that led to it. There is too sinister a likeness between the placing of a crown on a head and the placing of a cap over a head, particularly when the crowning is entrusted to the hangman. Does it not suggest the idea that the institution of Monarchy itself is, as it were, being symbolically weighed for the drop?

#### Mystic Law of Primogeniture.

Again, travelling upwards into the region of mystical influences, the warning: *Nemo me impune lacessit* applies to the law of primogeniture. If anyone likes to say that there is no rational basis for this "law," well and good. Neither is there for cognate "laws" like the Apostolic Succession. But if such a thing as a super-rational basis is admitted in respect of this kind of "law," then, as the Latin warning says: *Nobody may assail it with impunity*. If by the fiat of ancient wisdom, however obscure, the first-born inherits the stewardship of the mysteries of Kingship, then these must be accepted as inalienable until death frees them for migration. *Le Roi est mort: Vive le Roi*. Right: Kingship, this airy nothing (which, in the mystic region, is every-

thing) has found another local habitation and name. The laying on of the hands of Providence has been accomplished. Death has decreed the diversion of allegiance.

\* \* \*

But a diversion attempted by man through a contrived breach of the succession is mystic sacrilege, and incurs mystic penalties. A mystic penalty has no identifiable source and no specific victim. It takes the form of an earthly, chilly current of air let in from nowhere to the sacred temple of society and circulating everywhere. "It feels as if the Coronation is all over," said someone a month or two ago to a friend. He had seen the stands in process of erection while walking through the West-end, and they gave him the feeling, he said, of stands in process of demolition. He couldn't explain why. Quite so. You cannot explain a mystery: you can only adore it in hope or fear.

#### Scenting the Storm.

We must not be understood as claiming to be an oracle. We profess to no knowledge of mysteries. We are here pointing out that if there be mysteries they have their laws of operation, and that if those laws are disturbed, something happens. Further, that the something which happens may appear entirely disconnected, to rational minds, from the occasion of the disturbance.

"Hey, boy! Fetch the sheep in. There's a storm blowin' up."

"But maister, it—"

"Do as I tell 'e and don't loiter. Use your eyes, Don't 'e see they there pigs?"

Thus an old Devonshire farmer to one of his lads. "Uncle Bob" he was known as. A character he was. People used to come to him from all parts of the County when afflicted with what was known as the "King's Evil," and he would recite some Scripture and thereby cure the patients. Did he cure them? Well, they went home cured; and they said he'd done it. (*Whereas I was blind, now I see.*) Uncle Bob was a stargazer. Not an astronomer, nor an astrologer. He derived ideas out of the firmament by some intuitive faculty. On the other hand he was by no means a dreamer. His acumen and foresight in business were remarkable. And this despite (or because of?) the fact that he would drink like a fish for weeks on end and suddenly go dry for months on end. Lastly he understood animals and their ways to a degree suggestive of his having the cure of their souls and of divining their confessions. Such was Uncle Bob—God rest him. But now about "they there pigs." Well: "Pigs," he used to say, "can smell the wind afar off." And truth to tell, whenever one saw them, as he did on the occasion in question, tossing their snouts and sniffing, then; watch out! The storm would come along all right. "If only us humans," he used to declare, "would let ourselves learn what the animals 'as got to teach us we should be saved making lots of grave mistakes." Who would guess that sheep on the hill-side could signal warnings about diphtheria? Yet they do. By watching where they choose to graze in dry seasons farmers can estimate how nearly the water-level in the wells has sunk to danger-point. At that point every drop raised must be boiled before use.

#### "The Times" on Divine Duty.

Well, just as pigs smell the wind, human beings in the mass can smell disturbances of another order. The person who got that feeling about the Coronation stands was one illustration. It was, or may turn out to be, a correct premonition of something. We notice that on

the morning after the Coronation the leading article in *The Times* laid emphasis on the Divine Duty of a King as having superseded the concept of the Divine Right of a King. We should guess that the writer of the article was a spiritual relative of the composer of the Easter Message in the same journal a year or two ago who argued that the lesson of Easter was the sacrifice of the Crucifixion, not the reward of the Resurrection. We pointed out at the time that this was to destroy the doctrine of Vicarious Sacrifice—the sacrifice of One, once for all, for the redemption of all, for all time. It is the Resurrection, symbolising the Divine acceptance of the Sacrifice, that inspires the hopes and energies of Christendom. Easter tells us that the sins of mankind have been written off the accounts of the Almighty.

#### No Rights, No Duties.

There can be no Duties without Rights. That is elementary. There is no duty to pay income-tax where there is no right to receive an income. Duty is a function of Right. And a specific Duty must be based on a specific Right of the same order. If the Duty has the quality of Divinity, so has the Right. Exact Duty from a King and you must confer Right upon him. If the Duty is exclusively peculiar to a King's office, a Right exclusively peculiar to that office must be recognised. If a King has no peculiar Duty, then the Monarchy is superfluous, and one need not consider the question of Right.

#### Royal Sovereign or Rubber Stamp?

But *The Times* would invest him with a peculiar Duty which it calls Divine. If "Divine" means anything at all it means that the Duty is to be rendered to God above the heads of terrestrial advisers. That granted, the King's Duty and Right are now seen to be one and the same thing—the exercise of personal responsibility in the midst of external advice. "Be ye in the world, but not of the world," runs the scriptural injunction. Applied to a King it would run: "Absorb the advice of your Ministers, but do not be absorbed by it." To use business language, a King must at least have the Right to casting vote and to use it according to his judgment. Why on earth else should homage to a King come into the ritual of his enthronement? "Play the Man," was sung in the Abbey; and if we may say so, sung to music more appropriate to the conception: "Play the Rubber Stamp." In fact, with one exception, the music throughout the service was depressing and defeatist. The exception was of course old Pa Handel's chorus, with its structural dignity floodlit by rhythmic exuberance.

This leads us round to the "mystery" theme again. Readers who listened in to the service in the Abbey doubtless sensed its sombreness as distinct from its solemnity. And those of them who have since seen the screen pictures of the ceremony will have noted the expressions on the faces, unmistakably featuring uneasiness, in some cases even trepidation. For ourselves we can imagine just that sort of look on the faces of Chinese dignitaries when they were watching the Japanese setting up the Kingdom of Manchukuo. The Primate, in the act of crowning the people's new King, was really crowning the bankers' new Regency. And this reflection was not absent from the minds of some of the high-born people present there. The Monarchy had become a ward in Chancery from the moment when the Abdication took place, and the shadow of that event enveloped the whole ceremony. When the Primate twisted the crown

round and round, perhaps it was in sheer nervousness, or perhaps to make sure that the "Duty" half of it came in front and the "Right" half behind. However, everybody in the Abbey was glad when the prelates and the priests had departed with their thirty pieces of silver, and the show was over. *What thou doest do quickly.*

#### "The Passing of Anglicanism."

We wrote an article some years ago called "The Passing of Anglicanism," and in it we warned the Church that she must come out and prophesy against the Money Power or take service with it. Her betrayal of the Monarchy shows which course she has taken. The Tithes Act was probably the price of betrayal, if she had seen it at the time. She has become, as a spiritual and moral authority, an annexe to the British Broadcasting Corporation, and liable to be disestablished and absorbed therein at the will of the Bank of England. In this connection there is a close parallel between Baldwin's snub to the late Archbishop of Canterbury in 1926 when he tendered advice about renewing the subsidy to the miners, and that gentleman's attitude towards Edward VIII in 1936 when he tendered advice about relieving the necessities of the people in the distressed areas. Thus both the Primate and the Monarch were made to understand that credit-policy was outside their jurisdiction. It reveals where the nerve-centre of our modern Constitution lies, and shows up the flimsiness of the pretence that the Abdication was not enforced to consolidate the usurped prerogatives of the Money Monopolists. It is they who claim Rights without accepting Duties and would impose on the Monarch Duties without yielding Rights.

This movement of unseen fundamental forces is producing contrary reactions, in other planes of activity. Nothing is too remote from it to be dissociated from it. When the feeding times of the whales come round, and they rise from the basement of the ocean, various other orders and sizes of fish, the sharks, the skate, the sturgeon, the cod, the mackerel, each rise in turn to feed and to avoid being fed on, until the herring and white-bait are driven up through the skylight and are pounced upon by the seagulls. What a life! To Dubb-in-the-boat the idea would seem monstrous that whales were laying the table for seagulls. So how much more likely it is that in the ocean of social dynamics phenomena which appear to happen by themselves or to obey laws of their own are the products of untraceable and unidentifiable basic causes. For this reason mystics cannot be denied their claim to call attention to portents and omens and to relate them speculatively to matters with which they appear to have no relationship.

#### Portents and Omens

Take an extreme one. It was Coronation Day. In the Abbey was the Hon. Gustavus Lascelles Hamilton-Russell, where he was bearer of the Coronet of the Princess Royal. (The Princess Royal had not long previously visited her exiled brother, the Duke of Windsor.) Not far away, in Carlton Gardens, St. James's, stands the residence of Lord Bearsted. Lord Bearsted is Walter Horace Samuel. He is chairman of the Shell Transport and Trading Company. He is also Hon. Commodore of a Warwickshire Bombing Squadron, Auxiliary Air Force. At Lord Bearsted's was the Hon. Hamilton-Russell's little daughter, Charmian Joan. She was there to see the Procession, and had been taken up on the roof to have a preliminary look at the route. On being summoned down for break-

fast she was guided by her nurse to the lift. The next moment she lay dying at the foot of the shaft seventy feet below. A summons was flashed through to the Abbey and the poor father found himself laying down the Coronet to be borne for an hour and taking up a Cross to be borne for a lifetime. A tragedy to freeze up all words of condolence. At the inquest it appeared that by some inexplicable mischance the child, who was four years old, had fallen clear through a space of seven and a quarter inches between the edge of the lift and the wall of the shaft.

#### Navy Versus City.

On Thursday, May 20, Commander Woodroffe started to broadcast a description of the Fleet illuminations, but was faded out after four minutes. "I was so overcome by the occasion," he explained afterwards, "that I literally burst into tears. . . . I found I could say no more." The concluding words of the interrupted broadcast were these: "Now everything has disappeared. The whole Fleet is blotted out. Disappeared, I mean. A few minutes ago there was a Fleet all lit up by fairy lights, and now there's no more Fleet. There is nothing between us and Heaven. There were a lot of fairy lights, and now the whole damn—sorry, the whole thing has gone." At the beginning he rang changes on the phrase: "The whole Fleet is lit up—by lights I mean—" with the words "lit up" and "lights" as his *leit motif*.

What is the explanation? We are going to suggest that something out of the Altogether took hold of him and made him talk in parable. "And now there's no more Fleet—there is nothing between us and Heaven." That was inspired prophesy, whatever he meant it to be. In it were logically related the machinations behind the Abdication and the distant objective of the Money Power which is to supersede national armed forces by an international fleet of bombers. If that ever happens then indeed there will be "nothing between us and Heaven." And in its human aspect there are to be traced symptoms of loss—resented loss—the loss of a figure who was popular with the forces of which he was titular head. "The whole Fleet is lit up"—by what?—"by lights I mean" ("not what you mean").

An Australian correspondent asks if we have taken note of the episode preceding the Abdication crisis where a man was arrested for flourishing a revolver on an occasion when the late King was riding past. The answer is that we had not. Whether the event has a mystic significance must be left to adepts to decide in their own way. But it is rationally significant that the delinquent, though he had a grievance in which the King was not concerned, was impelled to ignore all other means of redress nominally open to him, and to take it straight to the King. It is grimly amusing, by the way, to remember that he was indicted for "causing apprehension" (or words to that precise and limited effect) to His Majesty. Well, there are worse ways of committing this crime than pulling out a pistol in the middle of a crowd of the King's enthusiastic supporters. The pistol slid along the road towards the King, it will be remembered; and that was all. But there are such things as snakes sliding through the grass.

Coming back to the Fleet-illumination broadcast, there are whispers that a glorious "binge" is contemplated for the night on which the Duke of Windsor gets

married. The Fleet may not be lit up, but men who man the Fleet will be—and we don't mean with fairy lights. We mentioned lately that the War Departments were at loggerheads with the City about Spain, and that naval officers were showing a disposition to interfere with policy. So perhaps the "binge" will be a good thing: it will provide a sort of safety-valve for bottled-up resentments of various kinds. An inversion of Invergordon, so to speak.

\* \* \*

The latest news is that the Duke of Westminster is lending the Duke of Windsor his yacht, the *Cutty Sark*, for the honeymoon. And the happy pair will do a trip down the Mediterranean. It is a socially kindly gesture on the part of the Duke of Westminster; but not politically tactful. For the *Cutty Sark*, the Mediterranean, and the happy couple, call up recollections of the *Corsair*, the Mediterranean and another couple. Nowadays there are few people who find much that is palatable in the Lang-Morgan alliance. As for the Duke of Westminster, we will acquit him of having had his tongue in his cheek, but it will be remembered that he had a fight of his own with the Inland Revenue Authorities over income-tax, and won his case. So there is a remote spiritual affinity between him and Edward VIII, and the loan of the *Cutty Sark* may be taken to symbolise it.

## Social Credit and the "Ottawa Citizen."

On May 1 the *Ottawa Citizen* published a long article by Arthur Brenton on the subject of Social Credit. This article was contributed partly as a reply to certain criticisms which had been made of Social Credit by Dr. Stephen Leacock in a series which have been appearing in the same journal. We say, "partly," because an article devoted to replying to Dr. Leacock in the same terms as his criticisms would have degenerated into a sequence of quips and wisecracks. So Brenton chose, for the most part, to use the opportunity courteously allowed him by the *Ottawa Citizen* to make a serious re-statement of the Social Credit case as he sees it, though in terms which would not bore the audience whom he was addressing.

As is generally known, Dr. Leacock was, until recently, Professor of Political Economy in the MacGill University, a position that he had held for many years. But, like Mr. John Hilton, of B.B.C. fame, he has always set more store on his gifts as a humorist than his qualities as an economist—whatever they are. We are inclined to accept as a just criticism of him a passage in a book published in 1925 called *Oh, Mr. Leacock!* and written by C. K. Allen, where the author remarked: "It is one thing to be a humorist: it is two things to be a humorist and a professor. Mr. Leacock's motto should be: One thing at a time, and preferably neither."

Anyone who happens to have read what Leacock has said about Social Credit in the series of articles just referred to will appreciate the appositeness of Mr. Allen's remark.

Dr. Leacock might well be dubbed, "The Chirpy Don" in the same sense as we talk about "The Gloomy Dean," though we are bound to add that the Dean's gloom is far less dispiriting than the Don's chirps. Dr. Leacock's manner of criticism gives one the impression, not so much that the chosen subject is open to criticism as that it is not worth while discussing. He laughs, not at any given proposition as such, but at everybody who shows interest in it. "Vot's the good of anyfink?—vy,

nofink!" ran the old music-hall song. And it is the Leacock song. Dean Inge doesn't sing it.

We should describe Leacock as the Court Jester to the Canadian Bankers' Association.

### A Political Landmark.

The publication of Brenton's article in a public journal of the reputation and influence of the *Ottawa Citizen* is a major political event. With the exception of the publication of the "Scheme for Scotland" in the *Glasgow Evening Times* some years ago, this is the first occasion on which a general newspaper has exhibited so prominently a statement of the Social Credit case by an advocate of the Social Credit Proposals. The significance of the event is only incidentally connected with the merits of the article itself: it rests on the fact that the author has been allowed to say what he wished to say to a substantial proportion of the Canadian public, and at a moment when the question of monetary policy is nearing the centre of Canadian politics. Every Social Creditor, we are sure, will applaud the enterprise and independence of the *Ottawa Citizen* in this matter.

### Reprints of Brenton's Article

By the courtesy of the Editor of the *Ottawa Citizen* we are able to circulate a limited number of re-prints of Brenton's article in its original form and lay-out, just as it appeared in that journal. Copies are being sent this week to readers who are known to us as active supporters of THE NEW AGE and its policy. Will any who have been overlooked advise us, and we will repair the omission. Copies will be supplied otherwise (until our stock is exhausted) at the price of 2d. post free if ordered direct from our office, 12-14 Red Lion Court, Fleet-street, E.C.4. No discount will be allowed from this price on orders reaching us through wholesalers; so readers who wish to order indirectly must reckon on being charged 3d. by their newsagents. Note: We cannot supply more than a single copy to each applicant. We have too few left.

### LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

"A" AND NONPLUSSED "B."  
Sir,—Intelligent anticipation of the Theorem by Gilbert in "The Milkado":—  
See how the Fates their gifts allot,  
For "A" is happy, "B" is not,  
Yet "B" is worthy, I dare say,  
Of more prosperity than "A."  
J. A. FRANKLIN.

### "What Is Social Credit?"

[Digest of editorial article in the journal, *Social Credit*, of May 14, 1937.]  
"Social Credit is not just a financial or monetary reform scheme."  
The money system is the most complicated and perverted institution designed to serve society.  
But—  
It is not the only institution; and concentration on it "must not be allowed to overbalance" the "much wider philosophy" which embraces "making all institutions serve man instead of subordinating him."  
The "technicalities of finance" interest only a small minority, while the "problem of human survival is too urgent to depend on the detailed mastery by the multitude of such a controversial subject."  
(To be continued.)

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