

RHODESIA: Now the 'cross-roads country' must choose

from our Salisbury correspondent

RHODESIA is a cross-roads country. Here the black and white waves of history met. Here Cecil Rhodes' drive from the Cape to Cairo ground to a halt. Here Lobengula's kingdom crumbled. Here too, in recent years, the hopes of scores of well-meaning politicians have crashed before the wave of Rhodesian reality.

What is that reality?

An African father in his Bulawayo home told me, 'I don't know where my son is. He may be fighting with the guerrillas. Can you blame him?' The sad lines set deeper on his face as he told story. An able young man, his son was doing well in the Rhodesian public service, until a young white immigrant came. Then the white lad, totally unqualified, was employed in a position senior to the black. The African that day left his job and his country. As he went, he said to his father, 'If I join the freedom fighters, you and I will know why.'

Next morning I sat at breakfast with a white farmer. His son left the table to join his unit in the Zambesi Valley where the guerilla war rages. He went to serve for twenty-eight days in the bush, protecting African villages as well as white farms from raiders armed with Chinese weapons. After he had gone, his mother wept. Then she prayed for God to keep and protect 'the brave young men on both sides'.

Missing the tide?

The white Rhodesians, in their lovely homes and gardens, seem in for a tough time. They face the almost certain closing of their export routes through Mozambique, and perhaps Botswana too. Ian Smith has been warning them for weeks about 'one of the most exacting stages we have ever known.' The shortage of foreign currency is acute, and makes itself felt. Last week, for instance, the sale of paints for household uses was cut to 20 per cent of last year's.

The black man holds many of the trump cards. Joshua Nkomo, who has led his people for over twenty years—half of them spent in detention—talks of Smith as 'missing the tide of history'. Backed by the OAU (Organisation of African Unity) and the Commonwealth, the African National Council leaders know they have most of the world behind them. But are they ready to run

Rhodesia (or Zimbabwe, as they are already calling it)? This week the news broke of over 100 Africans killed in faction fighting, Zimbabwean against Zimbabwean, in Lusaka. The unity of the Rhodesian ANC is precarious. Blacks as well as whites know the danger of tribal war between Matabele and Mashona, Makaranga and Manyika.

Making changes work

So the political and economic arguments rage. They can end in a blood-bath. Chinese influence grows, with technicians and advisers multiplying and new embassies opening on the African mainland, while Russian fleets increasingly dominate the Indian Ocean sea-routes. The American CIA is reported to be manoeuvring for US interests in Mozambique. Southern Africa could become a second, and even more costly, Vietnam.

All this part of the reality of Rhodesia today. But it is not the whole picture. That picture must include the tough fibre in the Rhodesian character; the resilience and resourcefulness which has defied the sanctions of the world for ten years. It must include also the patience, faith and generosity which this white man, for one, has met in countless black African homes.

It is white and black Rhodesians of that stamp who have called an international Moral Re-Armament assembly next week in Salisbury. In this land where many 'indaba's' and round-table talks have failed, senior men of both races are referring to this conference as 'the only hope of holding us together, keeping us talking.' Those who have initiated the assembly see it as more than that. Their stated aim is 'to bring the change in people which will make political changes work.'

As I write, Dr Elliot Gaballah, Vice-President of the ANC, is in the midst of negotiations for 'one last attempt' to talk with Ian Smith. In the MRA Assembly invitation he writes: 'I have found a Power I can rely on, greater than white and greater than black. That is the Power that will solve our problems in Southern Africa. Only that Power will change men.'

Alec Smith, the Prime Minister's son, is one whose life has been changed. He was known as a play-boy and a rebel a few years ago; now he has resigned a well-paid job and postponed his uni-

NEW WORLD NEWS

FOR MORAL RE-ARMAMENT



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versity career to work for the moral re-armament of his country. He says, 'God can change Rhodesia. If we expect that much, it gives Him a chance to work.'

Heads of business houses in Salisbury and Bulawayo, as well as many Rhodesians in farms and homes across the land, are raising the money for this international gathering. They have invited representatives from many countries to come.

All the world knows, from the UN to the OAU, that Rhodesia must change, must end the injustice here. Many Rhodesians know it too, and want to hasten that change.

Recently I attended a house-meeting

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Work to heal the wounds

by Vijayalakshmi Pandit

Before leaving India for their current tour of Europe the cast of Song of Asia were addressed by Mrs Vijayalakshmi Pandit, the first women President of the United Nations Assembly and sister of Jawaharlal Nehru. Mrs Pandit was speaking at the MRA centre 'Asia Plateau' where the night before she had seen a performance of the revue. The following is taken from her talk.

'THANK YOU for the lovely and meaningful performance last night. I enjoyed every moment of it and would quite willingly have sat through it once again if you would have had the strength to go through it.

'You are going abroad with a message. I remember when my own two elder daughters were going abroad at a critical time in the history of the world and in our country. One was only sixteen and the other eighteen. They were just put on a troop ship and sent across the oceans to America. I can't understand how my husband and I ever had the courage to do it. The reason was that, though these children understood that the people of India should change their white rulers and put some black or brown Indians in their place, we found that they were growing up with a hatred of everything white.

Gandhi's message

'It seemed that the only way was to send them away. America was our friend at that time and they lived with Americans. I was in jail, my husband was in jail, and the two girls came to us. I said to them, "We're not sending you to America just to learn something out of books. You can read the same books here. We are sending you to America to give this great message that Mahatma Gandhi has given to us. You have to give this message of love and brotherhood to the American people."

'When you go abroad you must go not in any spirit of arrogance. The great are always humble. A tree laden with fruit always bows to the ground, a tree that has nothing on it stands straight up to the sky. You should also realise that you are not beggars going to ask for something.

'The world we live in must reach a point where we gladly share our gifts and talents as well as our money in order to build a new world. When a man wants to build a new world he must



Photo: J Allan Cash

begin with himself.

'You have inherited a world that God made beautiful but which man has bruised and broken. It is not going to be easy to heal those wounds and build a world where all men live in freedom, justice and honour. But we have to work towards it even if we do not succeed in two, five, twenty or a hundred years.

All leaders

'Knowledge without wisdom brings sorrow. We have in the world growing knowledge, but the touchstone of wisdom is absent.

'It is no use sitting down and saying that our leaders will do it all or that other great prophets will arrive. We must not wait for leaders. We are all leaders. We should be. We must be. I don't mean that you should take a flag and march out in different directions. I do mean that you should understand a situation and take initiative in it. It is the individual who begins with himself and the little community in which he lives who can do a lot. If you are a housewife you have a husband and children. You have a neighbour.

'If the common people join hands after listening to the inner voice then they can do much more than leaders can.

'The greatest need is co-operation with each other. Once you begin to co-operate and once you need other people you realise how similar this human race is. Colour, dress, food, these things are different and they should be different. But we must learn to look through the differences to the real person.

'We cannot allow anybody to think in terms of despair. We are sure of our own destination, of our own courage and faith and we have to walk steadily along. Never mind the things that disillusion us momentarily or disappoint us.

We just have to put them behind and go ahead.

'We have a wonderful opportunity because there are people in every country, including the countries we think of as enemies, who are eager for a new system that brings harmony and peace to the world.

'Remember the sufferings of Asia, not to embitter yourselves but to teach yourselves that these things must never happen again, that love must take the place of hate.'

Have we a vision for

by Margit Borg-Sundman

Margit Borg-Sundman, a City Councillor in
President of the National Council of Women
Vice-President of the International Council

WOMAN'S YEAR! What a joy for an old feminist fighter like me to know that the United Nations have chosen this theme for the year 1975.

But as the year passes on, the joy is changing into disappointment. The discussions in panels and papers around this theme has in many of our so called developed countries been surprisingly narrow, superficial and materialistic. Hundreds of words on rights and demands, money and position; very few on responsibility, moral strength and sound character, on homes and mothers, serving and care.

Of course, we women have to help our sisters in all countries to have the human equality with men in education, jobs, salaries and civic responsibilities. Many of us have them already, if not as completely in practice, as in theory. And we are fighting for the police, too! Often the gap has resulted from our own neglect and lack of trust in our sisters. In my country, Finland, we were the first women in Europe and second in the world to win the right to vote and to be elected to Parliament. That was 68 years ago. For decades we have had the same rights as men in academic education, the professions, etc.

But is this enough? Is this all we wish to give our sisters in the countries where they are just beginning to take responsibility for their nations and the world? Is this all we want to live for and fight for?

Today I saw in a newspaper a proclamation of the Women's Year with demand for equal pay, equal possibility in jobs, equal rights for education. All good and needed. But on the very same page were statistics of increasing numbers of young girls' abortions and venereal diseases. And later on the same page an advertisement for pornographic



Europe-Community of cash or care?

by Claire Evans

or Women's Year?

in Helsinki, was for 20 years
men of Finland. She has been
l of Women and an MP.



pictures, women selling sex. The following page was full of reports of corruption, political disunity, war, famine, violence. What a coincidence!

Should not we women of the world gather our common efforts to bring an alternative to these wrong solutions? Should we not in this International Women's Year deal with the root causes of the breakdown of our civilization? Should we not go deep enough into the answer to the distress, famine and hopelessness in the world?

The high standard of living, the best of education and social legislation, good and necessary as they are, have not been able and are not enough to help people to sound living. We need a quality of life more than a standard of living. We need in addition to high material standards—sometimes in spite of them—high spiritual and moral standards of living.

If we let this International Women's

ALL OF US are interested in Europe. We have lived through a 'Fanfare for Europe' two years ago, and we have also heard something of a fanfare against Europe. We will have to cast a ballot in that uneasy referendum where the issues are so difficult to grasp.

Let me make clear from the start that I am no expert on Europe, nor in economic or international affairs. But sometimes I feel I am a diminutive European community myself. My blood is Germanic, my culture French, and my husband and son are English. I have lived very intensely through the ups and downs of Europe. My family is originally from Alsace, and through three wars

Year become a year of honest self-examination, a year of new vision and new goals, then we will not have celebrated it in vain. We women in East and West, North and South could join our hearts and brains and hands—above all group differences and other boundaries—to build up, together with men, a free world, not only free from illiteracy and injustice but free from hate, fear and greed.

That, I believe, can be done when we begin with ourselves and see ourselves as part of the illness of the world, of its social injustice, economic chaos and moral decadence. We can become a part of its health, too, when we turn back to God and let Him lead us on a new way of freedom: freedom from ourselves, from selfishness, materialistic ambitions and impure motives.

If we get our satisfaction, not from power, domination or sex, but in doing God's will on earth, we can get fire in our hearts to live for something greater than ourselves. If we put our security, not in position, money or being accepted and admired, but in God's plan, we can radiate security into this so insecure and chaotic world of ours.

Then we may be able to play our part in building sound homes and sound characters, a world of justice and peace, where we can serve one another as individuals and nations. That indeed will make life interesting, both for young and old, inspiring and well worth living.

has been torn apart between France and Germany. I still have cousins there who are not on speaking terms with each other because of a daughter who went and married a German in 1924! I was in Paris right through the German occupation. Five members of my grandmother's family died in the German gas chambers. I shall never forget VE day, when the Paris crowd went wild with excitement around the Arc de Triomphe. Three months later, I was celebrating VJ day in London, in the midst of an equally wild crowd on Westminster Bridge, and later cheering the Royal family.

It is worth remembering at this point that but for the British people and their fight, there would be no Europe under discussion today. You paid a high price for our freedom, and our debt can never be fully repaid.

Some years later I married an Englishman. Shortly after our engagement, we were having lunch with a diplomat from OECD, a Scotsman. We asked him whether he felt his two years of work in Paris had been fruitful, 'No,' he said. 'We have made no progress whatsoever.' 'What is the reason?' we asked. 'Undoubtedly the fact that it is impossible for the French and the British ever to agree on anything!'

I heartily disagreed with him, and I still do. I believe that when France and Britain work or fight side by side, they are quite an unbeatable combination. His sobering remark, though, was the fruit of hard experience, and has always made me feel very humble when addressing an English audience!

I thought you might be interested to go back in history a little, and hear a



chapter of it—or at least certain details on how the common market came to be in the first place. It is an unusual story in modern politics, and one with which most British people are not familiar.

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I have been privileged to meet Robert Schuman on several occasions. He was, as you know, born German, in Lorraine, and became French by virtue of the Treaty of Versailles. He was a man of great conviction, hard working, and of the most delightful modesty—quite a rare quality among French politicians!

In 1947, a French brewer from Lille, who knew Schuman, had the thought: 'I must introduce him to Frank Buchman', who was the founder of Moral Re-Armament, a man who believed in listening rather than in talking. They met.

'I am tired of politics,' said Schuman. 'I want to retire to my cottage in Lorraine to read, meditate and pray. Some people insist that I should carry on in public life. What do you think I should do?' 'What do you think you should do?' asked Buchman. 'I was afraid you would ask that question! I know what I should do. I should reconcile France and Germany in such a way that they can never go to war against each other. That is my task.' 'You will fulfil it,' said Buchman.

To understand Robert Schuman, one must visit his home in Scy-Chazelle, in Lorraine. It is a house of almost monastic simplicity. Then you go out and cross the small garden to a terrace overlooking the wooded valley which has been for 2,000 years the traditional road of invasion from the East. It is marvelously quiet. A few miles to the south is the village where Joan of Arc was born. It was there that new ideas of the united Europe were cradled.

Robert Schuman and Jean Monnet got this imaginative concept of the coal-steel pool, which was a limited project, but intensely practical. It went straight to the heart of the matter—fear of the re-industrialisation and re-armament of post-war Germany.

Question of Purpose

In 1949, in another talk with Frank Buchman, Schuman said, 'Statesmen can propose far-reaching plans, but they cannot put them into effect without far-reaching change in the hearts of people. This is your job, and the kind of work I would like to do myself for the rest of my life.'

Now we come to Britain's participation in the EEC; I cannot speak for Britain, but you may be interested to hear what the continent expects of British membership. It may not be what you think.

There is a question which our other Schumann, Maurice Schumann, then Foreign Minister, raised in a speech he made in England three years ago—a question which to me has always seemed



Robert Schuman with Frank Buchman at the MRA International Conference Centre, Caux, Switzerland Photo: Channer

most pertinent: 'The question is no longer whether Britain is going to enter, but *what* she is going to enter.'

A French journalist, as far back as 1965, approached the question this way: 'The Common Market nations have no preoccupation with the backbone or the soul that the European Community ought to have to become an effective community. It seems they hope Europe might give them a chance to outgrow their limitations. They do not know for what purpose.'

The backbone, the soul, the purpose—it may be in those fields that Britain has a unique contribution to make.

In the light of this, you will understand that for a person like me the result of the referendum is not half as important as the motives in the hearts and minds of those who vote. If people vote yes, or no, because they reckon one or other course is more profitable materially to Britain, then in or out of the community, Britain will sell her birthright for a mess of pottage. If people vote yes, or no, because they want to preserve or extend Britain's moral leadership, her influence for freedom and justice, then in or out of the community Britain will bring many needed blessings to a suffering humanity.

I will try to tell you honestly what I see could be a goal, a purpose worthy both of Europe and of Britain. But before I do I must point out that the answer to most real questions is not found in terms of words and formulas, but in terms of commitment. When I say what I see for Europe and Britain, I know it will have to be won—as was the issue of collapse or resistance in 1940—against overwhelming odds, by the commitment of a few. But any one of us can decide to belong to those few, if we haven't already done so.

We've got to cure materialism in the world. We've got to give birth to the unselfish society. These are two sides of the same penny, two ways of expressing the same thing.

It is in my contacts with the third

world that the appalling cost of materialism hits me hardest. The hard, cruel materialism of the intellect that always knows best, refuses to bow to the superior mind of God, and ends up by trampling down the best traditions, the most dearly held beliefs of another race. The crude materialism of money, sex and power which believes every ideal we proclaim with our lips. The films and books and pictures which engulf the youth of a nation in perversion and violence. The political materialism, where self-appointed so-called revolutionaries fan hate, and set whole continents ablaze. And, most painful to see, those distorted, well-meaning imitations of the selfish models we have set up, where a man thinks he is tops if he can be driven by a chauffeur in an air-conditioned limousine and forgets his brothers. We've got a lot to restore for, and doing so is a very healthy occupation.

But the greater task is to give birth at home to the unselfish society. One where envy plays no part, and where no one goes uncared for. One where the gifted man is encouraged to give best, and not mown down in the name of equality; where the man of few gifts has his full dignity, because his contribution is valued and he is not mown down in the name of efficiency.

This is the task which I would like to see Britain and the continent undertake together.

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where the MRA conference was being planned. African nationalists and white politicians, housewives and students were putting their best thinking to the task and seeking the guidance of God together. At the end of the evening, an African headmaster commented, 'If we can multiply this kind of gathering all over the country, our political differences will vanish.'

At one minute to midnight Rhodesia, responsible people here are backing the MRA move with time, effort and money. What do they hope for? That out of the assembly will come a nucleus of Rhodesians, black and white, as dedicated to God's ways as the Communists are dedicated to theirs; that lives will be fundamentally changed—and that such a miracle will inspire the fresh thinking which is desperately needed. From a rebirth of trust, from a new motivation, the economic, social and even political changes that are essential, can flow.

With this conviction, Rhodesia—the cross-roads country—can become the place where men and women of all races choose the right road ahead.