

'Happy Deathday' world premiere

'This is by far Howard's most profound work—it is the summit of his writing.'

Gabriel Marcel, French philosopher and playwright

THE WORLD PREMIERE of the film *Happy Deathday* will take place on Thursday 5 February at the Westminster Theatre, London, followed by a commercial run of four to six weeks.

Happy Deathday was Peter Howard's last and many think his finest play. Adapted for the screen and directed by Henry Cass, this full feature Technicolor film was completed in 1969.

A distinguished cast headed by Cyril Luckham who played Cranmer in the film *A Man for All Seasons* and Sir Lawrence Mont in *The Forsyte Saga* on television, also stars Harry Baird, Clement McCallin and Yvonne Antrobus together with Bryan Coleman, Harriette Johns and John Comer.

Fund target reached

The fund for £45,000 towards the production costs of the film, which was undertaken by doctors, nurses, scientists and university lecturers, reached its target figure at the close of 1969.

A new fund has been created for the publicity costs of this premiere run for which £1,500 has so far been raised.



DINNER ON JOSIAH SWINYARD'S BIRTHDAY. From left: Clement McCallin (Professor Zoltan), Harry Baird (Dr John Sylvester), Bryan Coleman (Dr Oliver Tarquin), Cyril Luckham (Josiah Swinyard) and Harriette Johns (Rebecca Zoltan) photo Nieman

1970—the year of the moral re-armament of Britain

"It is far on in the night. The day is almost here. Let us drop the deeds of darkness and put on the armour of light. Put on the character of the Lord Jesus Christ, and never think how to gratify the lusts of the flesh."

EVEN THE UNWARY, the have-it-our-own-way brigade begin to grasp that almighty man may not be Almighty God. What promised to be sweet is turning out sour—sour indeed. And people are realising that the bill will come in. Even in 1970 the *wage* of sin is still death. And the *gift* of God is still fullness and permanence of life.

If there is one thing above every other this age calls for it is the full majesty and dimension of the miracles of MRA. These may shame the watery, compromising idea with which some have fooled themselves and others. The way to take a hold on that genuine idea is to grip the film *Happy Deathday* and offer it to others. It can point our countrymen and those from abroad who share life with us to the pearl of great price.

Across the world Moral Re-Armament is advancing this New Year. In London thousands upon thousands of children and their families grab the answer to 'I couldn't care less' as they

revel in *Give a Dog a Bone* at the Westminster Theatre. Major conferences, big with miracles and with a developing strategy, proceed in Caux, Switzerland, in Panchgani, India, and in Adelaide for that vast Pacific region. At Tirley Garth, conference centre in the north of England, a new show, again born of miracles, comes to birth (*see other pages*).

No one who looks and thinks straight could miss the truth, that the answer to the moral defencelessness of this age is Moral Re-Armament. MRA brings God's light and God's steel wherever it

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Race down Indian mountain saves woman's life

Two nurses from Britain and Australia tackle impossible task

WE HAD 63 MILES to go through rugged mountainous country on a narrow twisting road that led from the hill station of Panchgani to Poona.

As night fell, there was little traffic on the road except for the occasional lorry and lumbering bullock cart. We were in the local ambulance and with us was an elderly Indian lady, unconscious following a C.V.A. (cerebral vascular accident—stroke) fall and a serious head injury.

The textbooks have much to say about the care and transportation of the unconscious patient and give a list of equipment that it is vital to have. The ambulance was devoid of equipment except for a light above our heads which came and went according to the speed of the engine. So the only thing we could do to try and keep some control on the situation was to take the patient's pulse half hourly. This procedure was impossible as we bumped and swayed our way along, so we requested the ambulance driver to stop. He took advantage of the lull to take a walk around his vehicle to inspect it. This became a bit unnerving after a while and we wondered if he really expected it to reach its destination.

As we climbed up into yet another mountain range with many miles still to go, we heard a sudden loud hissing noise. A puncture on that dark deserted road was almost too much, but that was what we had. The situation became even

more unbelievable when we realised that the spare wheel at our feet was of little use because there was no such thing as a jack!

A car and bus which appeared out of the night were waved down, but neither could help with jack or lift. So there we stayed. Only in India can people appear out of the apparently deserted countryside at a moment's notice to provide an audience. This time was no exception.

Finally help came in the form of a red Volkswagen estate car. And so it was with a great deal of determined pushing and shoving we got the stretcher with the patient on it into the back and set off leaving the ambulance behind. With our knees under our chins and our eyes glued to the patient we completed the journey to Poona. There we crawled out of the back of the car on all fours and with a sigh of relief followed our patient into the hospital.

Hectic schedule

The next morning the two of us hovered around not quite knowing what we were expected to do and yet feeling we needed to do something. The only room available in the hospital was in the middle of the maternity wing next to the labour theatre. The nurses had enough on their hands with babies and feeds and had little time to spare to 'special' an unconscious patient who by this time had had a brain operation. The nurses accepted our offer of help and immediately we found ourselves in white dresses working round the clock doing six hours on and six hours off—a rather hectic schedule with a 3 am rendezvous to change shifts.

Within a very short time 26 of the family rallied to the bedside, some having travelled 24 hours by train. They took up their positions in and out of the sick room, some sitting cross-legged or lying on the spare bed in the room watching with wide eyes every movement we made. Our polite requests for them to remain outside while we did some procedure had no effect whatsoever. All our training instincts rose to the fore as we remembered ruefully the rule, 'two visitors for each patient at visiting times only,' which was obviously not going to apply here. But we soon discovered the fun of including them and it made us see all too clearly how often in the past our powerful facade of starched efficiency must have left

relatives frightened and helpless. This excluded them from having a part during possibly the most crucial time in their life as a family.

This situation came to a head when Rosemary was on duty and it was time to change the patient's position. No other medical help was in sight just then and she realised with some desperation that the eager to help ladies of the family, who were hovering round the bed, were to be her team. So with arms everywhere and with frantic gesticulations on her part, they succeeded in turning the patient over. Here we went from strength to strength, training many of the family in the art of simple nursing care, so much so that soon they were doing the night duty shift. We realised that in being able to train them to care for the patient, we had in a small way begun to see a way of solving the nursing shortage in the country.

With one patient and so many relatives, we decided not to confine ourselves just to the treatment and comfort of the patient and decided as far as possible to get to know the different members of the family. Crises such as these often mean that family feuds and divisions are temporarily forgotten. However, it was soon obvious that despite a pleasant, apparently united, exterior in this family, there were in fact very deep divisions. The father had not spoken to one of his four sons for six years. During these days there was a reconciliation and the division was healed. This had an effect on the whole family as all the hate and mistrust built up over the years disappeared.

We realised that there is so much more to nursing than just bringing healing and new life to the person in the bed. It also involves dealing with and helping to bring an answer to the feuds and divisions in the family, which is a very practical way to begin to heal the divisions in and between nations.

Nearly three weeks went by and the patient was improving considerably. With the relatives now able to look after her, we saw her off to another hospital more conveniently situated for the family. It had been an exciting and very satisfying time.

ROSEMARY BREWSTER
(*Worthing Hospital,*
State Registered Nurse, 1964)

RACHEL HALLOWES
(*The Middlesex Hospital, SRN, 1965*)

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goes, provided men and women take it seriously and do not try and blunt the sword of God till it will only cut soft butter.

The verse quoted above, from St Paul's Letter to the Romans, chapter 13, verses 12-14, changed the habits, aims and motives of a man named Augustine over 1,500 years ago. After this miracle had happened to him he wrote, 'The Kingdom of Heaven, O man, requires no other price than yourself. The cost of it is yourself. Give yourself for it and you shall have it.'

Frank Buchman, minutes before he died, said of our land, 'Why not Britain governed by men governed by God?' What St Paul called the clothing of the Lord Jesus Christ could become Britain's freshest fashion for the 1970s, but we shall need men and women who decide to forge fashion rather than follow it.

THE EDITORS

Indian dockers see Hindi version of 'Men of Brazil'

INDIA got its first look at the film *Men of Brazil* in Hindi last month. This film which gives the true story of the Brazilian dockworkers' fight against corruption and inter-union violence, was seen by a thousand Bombay dockers and their families.

The performance was in the Bombay dockers' colony (housing area) which is strikingly similar to the colony in Rio de Janeiro where much of the film's action takes place.

The audience sat on both sides of the screen, which was set in the courtyard of the colony in Bombay's Cottage Green. Where only months ago police had had to keep the peace between Muslims and Hindus, men from many communities laughed, applauded and shouted as they lived into the film's story.

Several vice-presidents of the Port and Dockworkers' Union and other labour leaders met with personalities from seven countries before and after the film. Among them were Mrs Keziah Fashina, former City Councillor of Lagos, Nigeria, and Mr and Mrs Jack Spooner from Sheffield, where a Labour councillor, John Pate, had raised over £500 for the dubbing of the Hindi version.

Bertrand Saliceti, a trade unionist and

... in New Zealand

DOCKERS IN AUCKLAND, main outlet for New Zealand's exports of meat, butter and cheese to Britain, Europe and America, on three successive days saw mealtime screenings of *Men of Brazil*. The showings were arranged by the dockers in their own building. This port has recently seen a massive hold-up of New Zealand run ships, some tied up in port for over seven weeks when normally they would be plying between Asia, the Pacific and around the New Zealand coast. Millions of dollars were lost by the company and by New Zealand manufacturers through an inter-union dispute involving seamen and engineers.

One man said after the film, 'This story shows what can happen if men think first and act afterwards. So often we act first and then think.'



R M Murthy and S George (left), employees of the Bombay Dock Labour Board responsible for the screening of 'Men of Brazil', introduce Mr Mishra (centre left), Vice President of the Port and Dockworkers' Union, to Paul Frischknecht (Switzerland), Bertrand Saliceti (France) and Finlay Moir (Britain) photo Leggatt

mechanic from Le Bourget Airport, Paris, told the dockers, 'I used to fight to change the world through violence. But violence entered into the home, between my wife and me. MRA challenged me and said that the most reactionary man in the world is the one who wants to change society, but who

is not willing to change himself. I accepted that and returned tools that I had stolen to fellow workers.'

The next day workers went from home to home in the colony, collecting contributions towards the cost of securing further copies of the film in Hindi.

Papua-New Guinea:

Act now before it's too late

PAUL LAPUN, Member of the House of Assembly for Papua-New Guinea, said this week in Australia, 'Without Moral Re-Armament the situation in Papua-New Guinea could explode like an atom bomb, with the loss of thousands of lives.'

'Under the surface there is deep feeling between black and white. We must do something before it is too late.'

Paul Lapun, who was speaking at the MRA international conference in Adelaide, represents South Bougainville in the House of Assembly. In 1969 he had played a key role in resolving the violent dispute between the international mining company of Conzinc Riotinto of Australia and the islanders of Bougainville. This dispute over the mining of copper on the island of Bougainville in August, had threatened to become an international incident. (See vol 18 No 2.)

'We are grateful for what we have learnt from Australia in economic development,' said Lapun, addressing the Adelaide conference. 'But at the same time we have learnt bad things, like drunkenness. I have decided not to



Paul Lapun

drink any more. The people of Australia and Papua-New Guinea need Moral Re-Armament badly. We are small countries, but we can do something that other parts of the world can learn from.

'I believe in MRA because they do not say what they think is better but trust in God saying, "Let's listen to God." He can tell a man in his heart what is right.'

In my view

We need enthusiastic booksellers

by Ruth Warrington
14 year old schoolgirl



IT HAS BEEN a great privilege to stay at 28 Wilton Crescent, one of the MRA homes in London, this week. I have helped in the kitchen and sold books at the Westminster Theatre, besides doing many other things.

This last week I have sold £16 18s worth of books and I am sure that if we had more people enthusiastically selling books our sales would increase. We need people who will give everything they have got. For example, if some people ask how much a record is, and you say 'Ten shillings' they may move away. But if you then say 'I have got the story of the pantomime for three-and-six', they will buy it. Also if they say that they will buy later on, and you follow them up in the interval and ask if they are enjoying the show, often

they will have bought something by the time they leave the Theatre.

My aim in selling books, especially about this pantomime, *Give a Dog a Bone*, is that the ideas of caring are real and work in the outside world. I also feel that if parents, children, teachers and businessmen used the three magic words, Please, Thank You, and Sorry, we would have a united country and have something to give to the rest of the world.

We do not get paid for selling the books, but we get a commission of one penny in every shilling. This money I have given to 28 Wilton Crescent to further the work of MRA.

The other day I went to see the film *Battle of Britain*, which showed how courageous men on both sides were. It made me wonder how many of the modern youth would have the will to fight for their country. I thought of a letter from a soldier killed in World War II: 'Suppose we as a nation find again the faith in God our fathers knew! Suppose the homes became again the nation's strength, our schools the centres of true learning for good citizenship, our farms and factories the pattern of unity, integrity and national service. Suppose our statesmen learn again to listen to the voice of God. Then we shall know once more the greatness of a nation whose strength is in the spirit of her people.'

'Don't use God as a puppet' says Derry leader

PATRICK DOHERTY, Vice-Chairman of the Citizens' Action Committee of Derry in Northern Ireland, last week appealed to delegates at the MRA assembly in Caux, Switzerland, to help in the solution of Northern Ireland's problems.

'The trouble with us is that Catholics and Protestants are both trying to use God as a puppet,' he said, 'one pulling Him one way and the other in the other direction. Mr Callaghan has promised to legislate for justice for my people. But that is not enough. Unless we have a change of heart, no solution will last. I would like some of the people who have begun to solve problems similar to ours in their own countries to come to Ireland and help us solve ours.'

A Member of the Italian Parliament, Guido Bernardi, asked Doherty for an opportunity of going more deeply into the problem with him. Earlier this week

he had spoken about a similar minority problem in South Tyrol which had come near to a solution after fifty years of bitter conflict, 'greatly through the help of MRA'. (See last week's edition.)

Caught in a pincer

Bernardi proposed that parliamentarians from all over Europe should meet at Caux. 'Anyone who lives in the eye of the political, economic and social hurricane as we do,' he said, 'knows how strong the forces of moral disarmament are. Our civilisation is caught in a pincer. On one side we have a consumer society that has robbed man of his spiritual element. On the other we have the philosophical materialism of Communism that also leads to the negation of the spiritual side of man. It is urgent for us politicians to get together and see how to increase the spiritual content of our political actions.'

The books we sell can give people these ideas and help change their way of living. I believe in this New Year we should forget the things behind us and pioneer a new way ahead, to set a pattern of rightful thinking to get people to follow. God's battle is not an easy one, but miracles will come if we fight unconditionally.

Next term I am going to fight this battle with all my friends at school.

International Christmas in the North of England

THE TWO WEEKS over Christmas and the New Year at Tirley Garth have been a time of life-changing and faith-building. Most important have been the decisions all of us have taken.

There were about eight of us here from fifteen countries on five continents. Our aim was to launch a force to Northern Ireland, invited by men and women who had been on both sides of the barricades. We spent days preparing songs and sketches and at fact-finding meetings to prepare ourselves.

Behind all this, lay the deep conviction that we should be totally united, committed to the moral re-armament of the world. Many of us saw that we had been living only partial standards. Letters went off in all directions, putting things straight.

Excitement mounted as the proposed visit to Ireland grew closer. Misery! The 'flu' hits Ireland first. We could no longer go. At first it was a bitter disappointment. We soon realised that God had a plan in keeping us in England. We were able to work more on the show and gave it three times. Men and women of industry from miles around came with their families to see it.

'God has a plan, you have a part' is the message of our show. 'It is dynamite,' said one man. The recruitment officer of a national industry said, 'It is so fundamental, you have to agree.'

What will happen in the next decade is very much on our minds. Ireland at Easter is a possibility to start with. What we have all most deeply learned is that life is more than just producing a show. It is changing men and women, people like you and me.

EDWARD PETERS
MARGARET GRAY
ALEC MCRITCHIE
MARGARET RAMSAY