

OCTOBER 17, 1933.

# *Buchmanites Start Their Snowball*

## 3 OVERFLOW MEETINGS LAST NIGHT

### A HEADMASTER CONFESSES TO "LYING"

By JAMES DOUGLAS.

THE "Oxford Group" filled the Central Hall, Westminster, last night. It also filled three overflow meetings.

The first thing that astonished me was the brevity of the speeches.

The second thing was the abolition of emotion.

The third thing was the absence of prayer.

The fourth thing was the absence of hymn-singing.

The fifth thing was the elimination of conventional religious diction, jargon, and clichés.

A campaign for the capture of London without the familiar routine of revivalism struck me as being new and fresh.

The founder was there, but he did not speak. Dr. Frank Buchman, like Brer Rabbit, lies low and says nothing.

### LIKE PICKWICK

He looks like Mr. Pickwick. He is the most inscrutable and most mysterious religious leader I have ever seen. Whether he is the Lenin or the Loyola of evangelism I do not know.

But he uses the cellular technique. His groups grow from cell to cell. Whether they will spread over the whole world remains to be seen.

Last night he deployed his young men with great skill. They spoke briefly, directly, and sincerely.

David Graham, an Oxford Union secretary and scholar of Balliol, told how, after perorating at a peace meeting, he went home and had a row with his sister!

Charles Sergel, who rowed in the Cambridge boat last year, bought a motor-bike for £3 10s. He was kicking the starter. . . . Nothing happened.

At this point a photographer let loose a flash. Roars of laughter!

### UNPERTURBED

"Sorry! Something did happen then!" He went on to complete his parable. The petrol tap had not been turned on!

Garth Lean, Worcester, won cups and prizes, ran a debating society, wrote poetry, and came up to London to meet a girl.

The Hyde Park hunger-marchers hurt him. Next vacation he discovered in South Wales that the unemployed there were men like himself.

Then an Oxford Scholar in Greats, Mr. Entwistle, told how his inner defeat had been cleared up. He discovered the meaning of the Oxford motto, *Dominus illuminatio mea* (God my light).