

ANNIE

Annie Jaeger tells her own story

Edited by Clara Jaeger

GROSVENOR BOOKS

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Foreword

“**B**EING POOR yet making many rich; having nothing, yet possessing all things.” This sentence sums up Annie Jaeger’s story. For fifty-eight years she lived quietly in the working-class area of Stockport, near Manchester, keeping a small shop. Then she had an experience which transformed her and made her a legend in her life-time.

In recent months, *Annie*, the musical play about her by Alan Thornhill, with music by William Reed, has been playing at the Westminster Theatre and has made her known and loved to tens of thousands too young to know her personally.

While in America, towards the end of her life, some of her friends asked her to put her recollections down on paper. Most of her story is just as she wrote it. The rest I have woven together from her notebooks and from my own knowledge of her.

I was with her constantly during those last years, and it was to my home in Philadelphia that she finally came in 1944. There she died. I and thousands still living owe her more than we can ever repay, and this book is an attempt to share the riches she gave us with a new generation.

CLARA JAEGER

New hats from old

I WAS BORN in a town named Stockport, about seven miles from the city of Manchester, on 18 May, 1875.

Part of Stockport is in Cheshire, and the other part in Lancashire. Our home was in Cheshire. My father was born in Whitechapel, East London, and my mother in Leighton Buzzard, Bedfordshire.

After their marriage they lived for a short time in Luton, which is a town known all over the world for the manufacture of ladies' and gentlemen's straw and felt hats.

I remember going there once as a little girl, and saw the women, old and young, plaiting the straw in their homes. Many would be standing in the doorway doing this most interesting work, some using narrow threads of straw, and some wider. They would wind it on their arm as they plaited it and when they had thirty or forty yards ready would take it to the market to sell.

Before their marriage my father and mother worked in the same warehouse. My father used to block the hats into shape and my mother had a little room apart from the others where she made samples for the rest of the warehouse to copy. A good many wore bonnets in those days.

I was proud of my mother when she told me these things, for she seemed to be able to do anything. She used to make me dolls' hats, and any new shape that came into her mind she would work out in a little hat for my doll.

My father and mother started a hat renovating business in Stockport, and at first it was very successful. My father had more orders than could be carried out. Then a new baby sister came, and later a baby brother. I remember how sad my mother looked; an old nurse was staying with us, named Mrs Taylor, whom we all loved. We three children had the measles, and my baby brother died. I went to the funeral and stood between my father's knees in a tiny black frock with puffed sleeves.

I loved my father and mother very much, especially my father. I remember hearing someone say when I was out walking with him, "She is just the apple of her father's eye," and it made me so happy.

Then my mother grew sadder and sadder and one day sent me on an errand to a chemist's shop where we were great friends. There were more people than usual in the shop and I was small and they didn't see me, but I quite understood they were talking about my father, and when the chemist saw me he stopped them. I was afraid to say anything to mother of what I heard because she looked so scared.

Mother was very proud and she never let people know what she felt, or how she felt, but I knew there were many angry scenes about something.

Then one Saturday my father had promised to take my sister and me out to see the shops, and it was a red letter day for us. So we were all ready and waiting but he didn't come. So we ran out to see if we could meet him and there turning a corner we saw him fall in the roadway. We ran home as fast as we could to tell mother, thinking father was ill, and mother said, "Both of you run up to your room and stay there until I come to you."

Then for the first time I understood why my mother looked

so sad and that what I had heard the men talking about in the chemist's shop was true. My father was drunk and he didn't know what he was saying or doing. Mother had screened him as long as she could, often telling us father was ill.

My father used to travel to all the big cities to collect work from the shops in Manchester, Liverpool, Ashton, Hyde, Denton and many more. When the work was done he would take it back and draw the money, and when he returned it had practically all been spent in drink and paying for other people, so we became almost bankrupt. Rent was owing, quite a lot to the chemist who supplied us with material for the business, and there were many other debts which made mother feel it was impossible to go on any longer. But she went to the landlord of our home, which was the business premises too, put all the facts before him and he said, "I feel I can trust you, so pay me as you can." With real hard work and great gratitude mother cleared up the debts. It meant my father had to go out to find work, and he got a job eventually in a felt hat factory in the town. I used to take him his breakfast sometimes, for he had to be at work at six o'clock in the morning, and I went to school nearby.

Another time when my father didn't come home I determined I would go to meet him. So this day I set off calling first at a pub or a beerhouse not far from home, named the Greyhound. He was not there so I called at another named the Church Inn, but he was not there. Then I called at another further away, this time called the Blue Bell. He was not there, so I tremblingly went to a very posh place named the Commercial Hotel and was told he hadn't come yet, so I set off hoping to meet him on the way. Just outside the place where he worked was a pub called the George Inn, and there he was drinking at the counter with other men.

He was so surprised to see me and asked his friends to excuse him. He came home with me. I skipped along like someone on air.

Then one day we saw huge posters on the billboards saying there was to be a Blue Ribbon Army Campaign, and the man to conduct it was from America. His name was Richard Thomas Booth.

He took an old disused mill. They made rough wooden seats, and the floor was covered with sawdust.

My mother went to the first meeting with an aunt of mine. They both came home with a pledge card signed by them, as an indication they pledged themselves with God's help never to taste strong drink or spirits of any kind. My father was very amused at mother doing this because she had never touched or tasted anything of the kind.

A short time later father said would we all like to go, and I, although such a youngster, was interested to see the interest my father took from that first night. I didn't yet understand all the implications, but I knew my father was different. Something had gripped his imagination and one night when he signed the pledge my sister and I did too. (I still have my pledge card.)

It was a great step for my father to take, but he changed so much that he wanted all his friends who used to drink with him to do what he did, and a good many did. He was well known and he never went back on that promise. He kept it for over forty years.

Another thing happened too. He became a changed man, or converted as we used to say then.

My mother was rather sceptical and because of overwork and strain became harder and harder. I didn't understand all the conflict between them and used to feel sorry for my father

and think mother was unkind. My father would do all kinds of things to make up for his angry words but mother wouldn't forgive so easily. *feel a winner, you are!*

Our family had grown by this time. Two brothers and another sister had arrived and were going to school.

Then my mother's father and mother came to live with us and that didn't make things easier. My grandmother was a great person really, but always seemed to be telling tales. I remember once she wanted to tell my father some trivial thing about what my youngest brother had done or said, and father said to her so calmly, "Well, mother, we can't put old heads on young shoulders and I don't think I want to either. They'll only be young once." That was a blow to my grandmother, for I know she didn't expect that.

My grandfather died suddenly a short time later, but my grandmother lived to be ninety-four.

All these things played a big part in my life. I would lie awake at night wondering what I could do to help make my home different, but no one seemed to take the trouble to get down to the root problems of the home. Neither the church nor the Sunday school did it, and more and more I became afraid of my mother, so I never told her any of my problems. I had many friends but I never discussed my home with them. We would have musical evenings to which friends came but they didn't see behind the scenes.

By this time I was working in the business with my mother. She was in partnership with my aunt, and I was in charge of the shop, taking in the work and sending it home, often working from eight in the morning until ten o'clock at night. There were not the restrictions then as there are today.

I remember my first salary was five shillings a week, and I ran all the way home to tell mother, although my aunt paid

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me, and it must have been with my mother's consent. I got sixpence back for myself, and it had to do for my Sunday school, and church collections, so there wasn't much left to go to the pictures with.

I loved my work very much indeed. I had good health, and worked very hard. I was always in my place.

I meet my future husband

BY THIS TIME my sisters were old enough to work too and they worked in the same factory as my father. They trimmed men's hats, both the hard and the soft felt hats. An uncle, his son and grandson all worked at the same factory, so there was quite a family connection.

There were parts of the season when our business was a very busy one. Ladies' hats in those days were expensive to buy. You couldn't afford to buy new ones every season, so they were altered into a new shape or dyed another colour, as the case might be, and for a very small sum we turned out old hats to look like new. The men's hats were beautiful velour hats, Austrian Velour they were called, the cheapest costing twenty-one shillings. They never seemed to wear out so when the men were tired of them they gave them to their wives or sisters or sweethearts and they were made into a modern shape for a lady.

My father would come in and help us at these times. He was a very efficient worker and he was paid by the hour, just as an ordinary workman. I was proud of his work because many of my friends trusted me to turn out a perfect job and I knew my father would not fail. I used to pin little notes with directions on them, describing just what I wanted done, and often my father would work all night to get them done in time.

We all belonged to the Good Templars, a temperance organization, and we five children took an active part. We

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promised not to drink, smoke or gamble. We were trained to lead our own meetings, and then visit the grown-ups and entertain them. Both juniors and seniors had their own password, which was changed quarterly, and you couldn't have it until you had paid your dues, so no one was admitted without the password. They would be "Stand Firm", or "Be True to Your Pledge". Many people were changed, even whole families, as a result of all the work and sacrifice many gave.

amphibious There were many Lodges in all parts of Lancashire, and we used to visit each other and give news. But they were not related to anything, so they gradually died away, although many people were grateful for them in those days.

I had a good voice and used to sing a great deal. My father and mother paid a fair amount of money to have my voice trained and almost every Sunday in some part of Lancashire I would be singing for the National Brotherhood Movement, and I loved it. My father took a very active part in this work too, and in the community as a whole.

It was at this time I met my future husband Charles Jaeger. He had a marvellous voice. I saw him first with my father. He came to the Good Templar meetings. This organization had a fine choir, and I remember hearing this new voice. It sounded above all the others with such clarity. I asked whose it was and was told it was a new tenor. He was from Liverpool, a cabinet-maker, and had come to take a job in Manchester as a foreman in a cabinet shop. He was to live with his sister whom I knew slightly. He made great friends with the conductor of the choir who happened to be my music teacher.

Kenia A lot of teasing began amongst my friends about the way this man's eyes followed me around. It didn't interest me; I knew he was older than me and not the type of man I liked.

He looked so solemn and I liked fun, but when he did laugh it was contagious and sincere. *well*

After the shop was closed I used to have to take parcels to the General Post Office. I would see this man coming so I would turn down another street to get out of his way; but after I was rid of my parcels sure enough he would be standing where I couldn't get out of his way so easily. So we played a game of hide and seek for a bit.

Then my sister, who was two years younger than I, had a twenty-first birthday. Somehow he came to the party, and as well as singing brought his violin, which he played with great skill. He was a great entertainer.

I thought he was very interesting, but I don't think my father and mother were very pleased with the attention he gave me. I often felt guilty of real unkindness for the way I played with his attentions. I was afraid of my mother who could by one little look or word make you smart. You see, I had become a sort of stationary elder daughter, whom my mother wanted to keep at home.

I was always up first in the mornings, preparing the breakfast for seven of us, seeing that the shoes of all the family were cleaned, especially my father's. I hated to see men with dirty shoes, and still do, and I prided myself on never going out to business myself without my shoes being cleaned. My grandmother said once, "You always know the kind of person he or she is by the kind of shoes they wear," meaning whether they were down at the heels and dirty. So I determined I would not be like that.

Well, a sort of friendship began between Charles and myself. I would meet him on the quiet because I was too scared to tell my mother. I remember earlier being in the choir of the largest Sunday school in the world, the Stockport Sunday

school. There were over 4,000 scholars, and there were three boys who often wanted to take me home. I was about nineteen then. One of them was having a party to which his family invited me. I didn't say anything about it at home and so didn't go to the party. At nine o'clock when I was in bed his sisters came to see why I had not turned up. I remember how foolish my mother looked and how angry she was at my not telling her, because these people were rather important in the town. He married another Annie and is now one of the Postmasters in the town and in a fine position.

Another was a scholar and teacher in the same Sunday school. We grew up together, his sister and I being great friends. My mother found a letter he had written to me and that was the end of that, but we always remained friends. He, too, married another Annie.

The other one, an insurance executive, whom I admired very much sent me a present once for my birthday and I was made to return it, so that ended that. But he also married an Annie.

I had never been to a theatre and one day I was taken by Charles. I remember there was wonderful singing and I enjoyed it very much, but, oh, dear, what trouble that caused! My mother's silence and looks hurt more than if she had really whipped me. I was about twenty-five, old enough, you would say, to go my own way.

Well, our friendship deepened and one day he took me to meet his sister and to have tea, and to my surprise there was his mother and two brothers. They all sang for me in German, most beautifully, "Silent Night". I shall never forget it. His mother was a very homely person and this son and she were greatly attached to each other. He would talk to me about her with great affection. He could not remember his father; he

never knew whether he had died or what had happened as his mother never talked about him without being greatly distressed. Both families, Jaeger and Martern, left Germany when their father and mother were small children, and came to Liverpool. They went to a German school in Liverpool and they were married in Liverpool, so all their children were born in Liverpool, including my husband.

Then came the time when Charles would bring me home, sometimes to leave me at the gate, but gradually working his way into my home. I was very happy to have him with me but there was always a fearfulness for him, for fear my family would say some unkind word to hurt him.

My eldest brother was like my mother, and could say hard and spiteful things that hurt, and one evening at supper this brother started an argument. He thought he was being clever, but it made Charles say to me when leaving, "I shan't come again, so please don't ask me."

And he didn't come again for a long time. It made it very difficult for me because he began to demand from me, asking me to meet him at certain times, instead of his coming for me. I had certain duties at home which sometimes made me late for my appointment and Charles, always prompt, began an attitude of reproach that startled me, challenging me for caring more for my family and what they thought than for him. I assured him it was not so but he was hard to convince.

A little later we became engaged, and as I went home with my engagement ring on I didn't feel equal to all the things I knew would be said to me. It was supper time and as I joined them I felt confused, and I remember trying to hide my ring, at which my sisters smiled, but mother, with that quick manner she had, said, "What's the matter with you? What are you trying to hide?" So out it all had to come.

Mother did not say much, but she looked a lot, which just froze the best in me and drove me farther and farther away from my family. But I determined to stand my ground. My youngest brother seemed the only one who cared and a great affection we had always had for each other seemed to deepen more and more between us, and between my fiancé and my young brother too.

I know I carried my fears about with me, which made me lose a lot of my vitality, and made me very unhappy. My fiancé would say, "Why can't we marry and get away from all this?" But I was too afraid. He asked many times, so many that he finally said, "Well you must go your way, and I will go mine, until you are ready. But I want you to remember I don't intend to marry your family."

So for a time we did not see much of each other. We would meet at parties and concerts and it was very hard to face all my friends and not know quite what to say, because they all knew something was the matter. But my fiancé was most loyal at these times, and did not openly criticize my family.

Up to the age of twenty-one I was only given one shilling every week for pocket money, so I had no chance to save and even when I was a good deal older I had to pay my board which left very little for my own use. I had nothing to call my own. Plenty of nice clothes, yes, because we always had those, but all my friends who were engaged and preparing for marriage had so much to start a home with. In everything fear sapped my strength.

Then my fiancé met with an accident where he worked. Someone carelessly spilled methylated spirits on some shavings and dropped a match which set fire to the workshop. He tried to put out the flames but his eyes were burned. For some time no one was sure of his sight. When his eyes were better again

I MEET MY FUTURE HUSBAND

he was offered a job in the town by a cabinet-maker, a Quaker, who had been a Good Templar too and he began there.

He was living at that time with some friends of mine, who had a draper's shop. They were moving to another shop they had in town, and taking all their goods with them. Here was a chance to start a new business so we at last decided to get married. The day was fixed, a Sunday morning at eight o'clock. The parson who married us was a friend of ours.

Father and son

THIS DECISION was made without my family, but that night as I went home I was not afraid. I told my mother and she saw that now she couldn't stop me and so she did all she could to make it a pleasant time. She gave us many things for our home, for which we were most grateful.

My fiancé did not like show, so we had a very quiet wedding at home. My father was taken ill and could not give me away, so my eldest brother took his place and that made me very happy.

To my husband it meant a great deal to have a home of his own and we began to build it together. One thing troubled me very much and that was having no money of my own and being dependent on my husband even at the beginning of our married life. My family knew my husband had money of his own and so they never troubled about me.

My husband and I started to fit out our shop. He made shelves, making it look more modern. It was an old shop but we stocked it with nice things and made it look as bright as possible. I took great pride in setting it out and it pleased my husband because as he came home from his work he used to say how nice it looked.

But this did not seem to occupy my time enough. I had always worked hard and I missed the busy time of the years past, so we decided we would start to do hat renovating. My aunt had given up business by this time and my mother had

retired from it earlier, so we named our own hat renovating business, "The Old Firm". We had a big sign outside with our name, "Jaeger", in big letters. We soon built up a huge connection. All the old customers came from far and near. Dye works, milliners and shops, large and small, took hats in and when they could not do them they brought them to us. We allowed them discount for numbers. There was wonderful co-operation.

My husband had studied chemistry and was very clever mixing colours, so at night when he came home from his day's work he would start dyeing the hats. We had large buckets with all coloured dyes in our back yard and it was amazing the perfect colours my husband produced for those old hats, when many of them had been worn and faded. So he won a name for himself.

I worked as I had never worked before, because now I had to alter the shapes of the hats and block them too. In the busiest times we would have a hundred or so each week. We needed blocks the shape of the hats and my husband was able to make them according to my direction.

My husband was determined he would put a certain amount of money away in the bank every month, and it was to come out of what we made in the shop. He never told me what he earned, so there began a feeling of uneasiness in me which developed unconsciously into a growing resentment because I was expected to run the home on so little. At first I thought it would come right, and I was too proud to say all I felt. After a few months I suddenly realized I was to ask for what money I needed each day. My resentment grew because I worked so hard and had to keep a day book of all I took in the shop, totalling it up every day and giving an account of it and then balancing the book at the week-end. This made me resent

more and more all that was expected of me. The money kept going into the bank, with not one thought of little me.

Then the thought of a baby coming thrilled me, because I hoped that might make things better. But no, I was expected to make do with what I had had for so long.

We had such a lot of work in and I hardly knew what to promise my customers, but they left their hats and my mother came and helped me out for a month.

Then a son was born on 25 April, 1912, and my husband hardly knew how to control his feelings. I know he was teased a great deal.

What name should we give him? Both his grandfathers were named George, but we decided to call him William George, and I remember my husband saying, "He shan't be called Bill, or Billy or Willie." So he was always called William.

The first few months of our baby's life were rather a puzzle to both of us, because he used to cry so. Our doctor was an Indian and was a great friend of my husband's. He came as an assistant in place of the older doctor and as this was the first baby he had brought into the world he naturally took a great interest in him. He would often peep in the shop as he was passing and if he saw I was busy with a shopful of people he would walk in, plump the baby in his pram and wheel him to the front door and leave him there, saying he must have fresh air. The doctor became puzzled about his crying so much. He changed his diet many times, but he was so strong he used to kick out his legs. Once he jumped clean out of my hands on to the floor. I can still see his father's face—he thought he would be killed.

A little later a friend of mine came in and said, "I know what I would do if he was my baby. You are starving him." She

FATHER AND SON

had brought up a family and my husband had great confidence in her judgement. So when I was called into the shop she said to my husband, "Let me make him some food." She got a small piece of bread and beat it to a pulp with a little hot water, then boiled it with a little butter and sugar and when I came out of the shop William was smacking his lips and looking quite contented. It was the first time for six months he slept all night.

So I teased the doctor next day, telling him doctors don't always know everything. Needless to say William grew and grew, full of life, giving his father and me much joy. We found out he loved music and when his father played his violin, though he had only just begun to talk, he would cry, "More, more."

Then he began to walk and he seemed almost as broad as he was long. He would fall about because he was so top heavy.

All this time the business grew bigger and bigger. I had very little time to go out, so we had a girl named Lily who used to come from school to take William out.

Then came the 1914 War, and that made us more busy than ever. I was often up as soon as it was light doing almost a day's work before breakfast so that I could give time to my baby too.

Then my husband became very ill and we nearly lost him with ptomaine poisoning, brought on through eating fish that was not fresh. It developed into a nervous breakdown. While he was so ill two men called to see him. I knew they were detectives because I knew one of them. I asked them if I would do, as my husband was ill. I knew they were interning unnaturalized Germans and a sudden fear came over me. As they insisted on seeing my husband, I asked them to come in but I said, "If you have come to take my husband away, you must take me and my baby too." It was foolish of me to be so

fearful because I knew my husband was born in Liverpool, but I did not know how he was to prove it.

The detective I knew said, "Don't be silly." As they came in my husband whispered to me, "Don't worry. They can't do anything to me," and he produced his Birth Certificate and his parents' marriage lines. It was a big surprise to them. I shall never forget their faces. They apologized and said they wondered who was playing this trick.

Then it came to our notice that a supposed friend of mine had been to the Police Station, giving a description of a German at large, and giving our address. Her two sons had gone to the war and so she just hated anything German. A year or so later she came and apologized and became alarmed when she saw how ill my husband was. He had to give up his work so I had great responsibility. I had to fight for my husband's safety, as well as my baby's and my own.

One morning a neighbour came to say a crowd of people were coming to smash our windows and those of a jeweller opposite. He was a German, not naturalized, who had lived in the town for forty-six years. He was the brother of a former Lord Mayor of London. My husband got up from his sick bed to go to the jeweller and tell him what the people were up to and together they went down to the Police Station to tell the Chief of Police. For two years we lived under police protection. Quite a number of shops were ruined, but ours, although crowds came at night, was all right.

My two brothers went to the war, one was in the Royal Air Force and the other in the Army Pay Corps. They were both in Egypt. A nephew, who was a clerk in a large wholesale warehouse in Liverpool, enlisted at the age of seventeen. He was told to walk round the block twice and when he returned he would be nineteen! He was badly gassed in France and was

sent home speechless, deaf and blind. But after a long convalescence he recovered and is now manager of the same firm where he was once a clerk.

The persecution grew. People would shout as they passed if they saw me in the shop or out in the street, "You dirty German." One day when a woman did this my husband followed her to her home and said to her, "You can call me what you like but I will not have my wife persecuted in this way." Some time later her husband came home from the war having been wounded and he brought her into the shop to buy something for her. She apologized and we became friends. Many of our friends wanted us to change our name to Hunter, which is the English for Jaeger, but my husband said, "Why should I do that? I am not ashamed of my name." So it remained Jaeger.

Our young son, too, had much the same thing happen to him both at school and even out at play with his small tricycle. One day some children knocked him off it and called him a dirty little German. He ran in to his father and said, "Father, am I a dirty little German?" His father said, "Well, what if you are?" In a winning manner he replied, "I shouldn't mind if you and mother were."

At eight years of age he went to the Grammar School. He was a big sturdy boy for his age. The openness and love of father and son for each other was the most refreshing thing I have ever seen or known, and it deepened and deepened.

My love was sincere but I could not show it in the same way. I know I never expressed the deep-down love I felt for my husband or my boy. I now know how my husband especially craved for it, and I can't express the sorrow I feel in my heart. As I said, the friendship between William and his father was the most refreshing thing I have ever known. You felt it.

ANNIE

Everyone who saw it felt it too. Wherever they went they walked alike and looked alike, and each had the same mannerisms.

The school was about a couple of miles away and father used to love to walk with him, sometimes part of the way, sometimes all the way, and after school would go to meet him and make friends with the boys en route.

Anxious days

OUR SHOP was right in the centre of industry. To the right was a brewery and the froth from the beer would blow up and down the footpath. Farther along was Christie's hat factory where they employed several hundred men and women to make and trim men's and ladies' felt hats, and send them out all over the world. To the left was Smith's cotton mill where they made towels and produced reels of cotton. A little farther along was another mill where they made only towels.

In the days when we first lived there the men wore clogs and the women clogs and shawls. Work started at six in the morning. But in later years women, old and young alike, looked smart in coloured stockings and high-heeled shoes. A new type of factory girl had emerged. Many of them were our customers. Some of the workers lived a long way out from their work, began work at eight o'clock in the morning and would bring their lunch. The small houses around used to make tea for them, for which they paid sixpence a week.

We had many friends amongst these workers, and nothing pleased my husband more than to go into their homes and chat with them, and when leaving he would raise his hat in gratitude for all the kindness they gave to him. They loved it, and he certainly had a great personality. In these things, too, young William copied his father, raising his cap and they all loved it, calling him "Our lad".

All looked well on the outside, but inside the home things

were not always so good. We three all liked our own way and dissension would often creep in. I was expected to provide and prepare meals, having them ready at just the right moment, even when I had been in the shop all the morning. Or if I wanted to go out for a visit to my father and mother I had to ask, and was told to be sure to be back at a given time. I am sure all this could have been different if I had gone about things in the right way, but I was too proud to say anything at the time. So I stored up all kinds of resentments and when I could not keep them any longer there would be a great explosion, and we would both say hard things to each other, some true and some not. Then we would not speak for days and when friends came in we would try to keep up appearances, which made us both seem so unreal.

I was generally the one to say I was sorry, but it did not last. The same thing would happen again and again. Money was the root of it all. I remember saying once, "There'll come a day when you will be sorry for the way you treat me. Although you relieve me of rent and rates and income tax, we can't live on air. You expect me to do the impossible. You can't take your money with you." Always in my mind was the fact that the Jaeger family had money and I was depending on them. This so angered him that he walked out and at that moment I didn't want to see him again.

But as soon as he had gone I was sorry and when he came back I told him how very sorry I was and apologized for all I said. But there was no apology from him.

Then for a time all was well. He would hardly ever come home without a basket of fruit or its equivalent. The war was on all this time. My father used to pop in to see us and I never let him or any of my family know any of this side of our home life.

ANXIOUS DAYS

My husband's health was in a very bad way. Fear of having to go to the war brought on nervous breakdown after nervous breakdown and so he needed a good deal of my attention, besides all the other things I had to do. Sometimes William and I would have a scrap because he liked his own way too. He would argue and tease purposely to make me mad. When our nephew from Liverpool was sent to Manchester to recuperate from being gassed he brought some of his soldier friends almost every day to tea. This gave my husband something to do and to talk about. It was just the right thing and William enjoyed it very much. It was the joy of his young life to have a house full of company. He would set the table for tea when he was ever so small.

Our Indian doctor friend had moved to another part of the town and so we had another doctor now who used to come in and see my husband every day. The state of his health was a great concern to me and I felt the doctor did not understand what was wrong with him, but my husband had great confidence in him.

This was the time when young William became an efficient pianist. He would get his father to sing or play his violin, to cheer him up. He would accompany him and they spent hours together in this way.

We had many friends in the Salvation Army, amongst the officers especially. My husband made friends easily and so our home was known as the house with the open door. The Salvation Army hall was not far away, and we often used to go there. Many times I sang there and William would accompany me. I remember singing at a special service one Sunday afternoon when, to my utter amazement, in walked my father. After the meeting was over I was so eager to introduce him to all my friends and I was told he often visited them

and took the chair for them at special meetings. For the first time they found out I was his little daughter Annie, who all those years ago had been the means of his signing the pledge.

Another interesting thing happened. A new headmaster came to the Grammar School and he found out William's capacity for music and together they produced an orchestra which William trained. A concert was given at the school and there was William, sixteen years of age, conducting. It was a great sight to see the school packed to overflowing with parents and friends to hear the first concert given by the school orchestra and it was a greater sight to see the perspiration pouring down the conductor's face and his tie flapping about. I would get anxious in case he gave a wrong beat.

Then came the time when men of forty-five, my husband's age, were called up for examination for army service. He was put through a very severe test. The inspector had failed to give the military doctor the letter our doctor had sent about his health. At the end of the test he was completely exhausted. So, as a result, he was exempt from any form of military service. Gradually he became more and more of an invalid.

Then the doctor advised his going into a nursing home and he was away for sixteen weeks. This took a great deal of money. He would say, "I don't think you should spend so much money on me, you will need it one day." I knew that he was troubled about the money getting less and less, which he had hoped would be for our old age. He certainly was very ill and although we had four specialists, none of them knew how to diagnose his illness. He came home and for a time he was better.

Then we began to see a further change. He became weaker and weaker and seemed to be slipping away before our eyes. We had another specialist, one of the best in the North of

England, and he said that although he was suffering from anaemia it was not pernicious and there was hope of his recovery. So he was taken to the hospital for special treatment under this specialist; but it was too late. He only lived nine days. They stated the cause to be aplastic anaemia, a dangerous illness for which there was no cure at that time. Now they have found the cure.

This altered William's life. He changed from a boy to a man, shouldering his new responsibilities with a masterly acceptance.

My husband had not liked the idea of making a will. He had peculiar ideas about wills and insurance, but because of disputes in his own family regarding money that was left to them he did make one leaving everything to William and me. Just before he died, in fact almost the last thing he said, was, "I know you will use it rightly and I know you won't let anything stand in William's way." He was thinking of William's training to be a minister, as that was what he wanted to be. He knew I would do all I could, just as he would have done.

Then came the proving of the will and we found instead of putting it in the hands of a lawyer who would charge an enormous fee, there were offices in Manchester which provided a way without it costing too much. We had to take stock of all we had; the furniture and the value of the shop as it stood. We did it together and the lawyer provided for us by this firm was very helpful. So by paying only a small amount, it was all settled in a short time.

William was now nineteen and had finished school. He had won a scholarship to London University and he went to London to sit an entrance examination at Regent's Park Baptist College. He passed and was admitted and so began a new life for him.

As for me, I was alone. It was not easy. You could buy hats

ANNIE

cheaper now. Trade had depreciated a good deal and there was much competition because other large stores had come into the town. The truth was that from now on very little money was coming into the shop, until eventually it dwindled to almost nothing. I didn't need much myself but I had to send some to William for certain things. This I had to take from our small capital in the bank; and finally the day came when I had to begin to draw on that, even for my own needs.

EDITOR: Friends visiting Annie at this time said when they called she would always make them a cup of tea but refused to take any herself, saying she was not thirsty. But it was all too clear that she could not afford it and was going without food. At this time her little white cat died and she was entirely alone. Other friends told Bill the truth about his mother and he hurried back to her. But she hid the real state of affairs from her son, not wanting to worry him or put any obstacle in his way.

I sell the shop

MEANWHILE SOMETHING happened to William which was to alter the whole course of his life, and mine too. He had met some young men in his college who told him about the world work of Moral Re-Armament, or the Oxford Group as it was called in those days. This was 1932. William had always been interested in world affairs.

At a meeting he heard people speaking of the need in the world—especially of the need to change nations through changing men. He heard people quoting some of the words of Frank Buchman, the founder of this world-wide work, such as: “Everyone wants to see the other person different; every person wants to see the other nation different but everyone is waiting for the other to begin. Why not start with yourself and with your nation?” “God has a plan for every man.” “When man listens, God speaks.”

William came home one week-end to see me. He was so full of his new discoveries that he almost swept me off my feet.

“Mother,” he said, “why didn’t you tell me of the things I would be up against in a city like London, the temptations I would be faced with?” I had no answer I am ashamed to say. Even when a youngster I had never thought of winning his confidence about all the problems with which children are faced. Relationships between boys and girls were strictly not mentioned in our home and so neither his father nor I knew his daily problems.

Then he told me about the four standards of Moral Re-Armament against which you were to check your life—absolute honesty, purity, unselfishness and love. He said that if you listened honestly to the deepest thing in your heart God would speak to you. The place to begin was to be honest about where you were *not* living up to those four standards. He told me that human nature could change, people could stop being selfish and live for something great.

All this made me quite uncomfortable and a little angry. I immediately answered, "That is all right for young people but I don't need it." I refused to be drawn in. After all, for over forty years I had taken an active part in the church and taught in Sunday school. I knew the world needed to be different and I always did what I could.

But that first night we stayed up a long while, till three o'clock it was, talking together as we had never talked before. William went on to tell me how he now had his "quiet times" every morning, to get his direction from God for the day. He said he wrote down the thoughts he got so he wouldn't forget them.

I wasn't interested in the writing down business. It seemed stupid to me.

Then my son suggested we listen together and I thought well, I would try it, and when I did the only thought I had was to be honest. I knew that meant about finances, because in going through the accounts one day I found we were living on our capital and that really scared me. I had not told my son because I did not want to worry him. One thing I was always grateful to my husband for was that he never allowed himself to be in debt.

But now I told my son the thought that had come into my mind and he said what I knew he would, "Why didn't you

tell me before?" My pride was the cause and I am ashamed to think where my pride might have led me if I had not come in touch with these four standards and the challenge to be absolutely honest about things I had felt underneath for a long time but had kept covered up.

I was active in the Women's Liberal Association, YWCA and Women's Temperance Organization. I used to help in the local and Parliamentary elections, canvassing from door to door for the man or woman I wanted to see in power. Now with these new ideas my son was giving me, I began to understand that even though I had taken much responsibility in my life, along with my church work, it was not related to anything and, like all other good works, it didn't get anywhere.

It didn't really change anything because it didn't get to the root of what made people selfish. What was the good of my teaching in my church, without being able to help them change on the very real problems that faced them every day? Everyone around me had problems of money and drink and resentments, quarrels and fights in the home, rebellious children. Yet no one told these people that they could change.

I told my son what I had hidden from him about the state of our finances. It was hard to do because I was a very proud woman but afterwards I felt a great release from fear and worry. We found a new honesty together which went very deep, though even then my son was firm with me, saying, "From now on, Mother, you are not first in my life; God is." I didn't entirely like it when he said it, but I knew he was right and I was so grateful for his fire and conviction and his sureness about the road he must now follow.

So about three o'clock in the morning, after our first deep talk together, we knelt down in our little room and we prayed to God and gave Him our lives in a new way. My heart seemed

to sing with joy because besides this openness with my son, I felt that each of us now had a great task to perform.

It was the following day, when I was standing in the doorway of our shop, that one of my neighbours came along and when she looked at me she said, "Mrs Jaeger, what has happened to your face? It's different." So I said, "Come inside and I will tell you." And I told her about my talk with William, about being honest and the need to start with oneself in any situation.

She said, "Do you think I could change?" And I said, "Why not? If you will listen and be honest about your deepest thoughts." And so we were quiet, and in a moment she said she had one thought—to stop nagging her husband! In her family there were seven children and both she and her husband drank heavily and gambled, even pawning their children's clothes to have money to spend on the dogs. She used to kick one of her boys when he did not do as she wanted.

Every day now I listened to God and wrote down the thoughts He gave me. I told all my neighbours what I had discovered. In the home of an engineer, father, mother, one daughter and three sons, all became absolutely different. One week, fifteen people came into my home to have personal talks about their problems and we were able to help each other. Then one day I had the thought that I should invite the Mayoress along. This quite terrified me. I talked it over with one of my friends and she thought it would be a good idea. The Mayoress accepted my invitation and came for tea along with several other ladies of the town. They seemed glad to hear about the work I was doing and thanked me very warmly for inviting them.

So I found I was not alone any more; in fact my life was so full that I could hardly find enough time to keep in touch with all the people who needed my care.

I SELL THE SHOP

One morning, some months after all this began, I had a very startling thought which came so clearly: "Was I willing to sell our home and business?" This so filled me with fear it quite overwhelmed me. I did not want to do it. I loved our home very much and if I did such a thing all our material security would be gone. At first I refused to tell anyone about it. But keeping it to myself began to affect my health and my friends wrote to my son in college telling him they were sure I was hiding something.

Then my son arrived home for another visit and when I told him my thought he said, "Well, Mother, I am quite sure God would not ask you to do that unless He had some plan for you. When you are willing to obey His guidance I want you to know that I am ready and willing to take the step with you." So that took away my fears a great deal. It meant we would have no material security and perhaps I was meant to move out into a larger world and get to know many more people, though I had never been more than twenty miles from Stockport.

Finally I did become willing to sell everything, and all we got was £40. I knew God meant me to sell and that was all that mattered.

On the knocker

I WENT TO LONDON to stay with some friends of William for a two-week holiday and I never again returned to my own town to live.

Shortly after my arrival in London I was invited to stay in the home of a dentist and his wife with two sons and daughters, all grown up. They lived in North Finchley, a fine church-going family, but they too had problems of fear of the future. By talking their fears over together they found the solution.

It was at this time that I began to understand what God's plan for me was. It was to live in homes where there were the same kind of problems I had had in my own. God had so remade my life by taking away all fears of the future and fear of what people thought of me, and had given new confidence and strength, that at the age of sixty I began to get younger and younger instead of becoming a little dried-up old woman, hobbling alone with a stick, which in all probability I should have been! Instead I was well and didn't feel above forty.

EDITOR: It was at about this time that Annie had her first encounter with Frank Buchman. It was in the Oxford Union. Dr Buchman was leading a large meeting of about a thousand people. Three times she got up to speak and three times someone else got in before her. So when the meeting came to an end she felt she had done her best and that was that. But just as he was closing the meeting, Frank Buchman looked around

and said, "There is someone over there who has got up three times to speak. We must hear from you."

So Annie got to her feet, her knees knocking under her.

"Who are you?" said Dr Buchman.

She replied, "I am Annie Jaeger, Bill Jaeger's mother."

"Then you must come up here and tell us everything if you are Bill's mother," and he came down from the platform and led her up by the hand. He drew out of her the whole story of how she had left her home and business and of the team of workers she and Bill were building in East London.

Next morning Dr Buchman invited her to an early morning meeting and got her to speak again. From that time onwards he began to rely on her. Her sincerity, simplicity and reality won everyone whenever she spoke. What she had to say applied equally to charlady, titled ladies and businessmen. And from this time on until her death in Philadelphia, in America, she was constantly in demand. People wanted her to come and be a guest in their homes, wanting her to speak in meetings, in West End drawing-rooms, in town halls, in mass gatherings.

Annie takes up the story:

MEANWHILE my son had completed his training at college and was offered a church. At first it seemed right to take it. That is what he had been working for and what his father had wanted. He was now twenty-three years of age. But throughout his three years at university he had worked hard with Moral Re-Armament and was beginning to feel that he might need to take on something quite revolutionary. He had always been disturbed by the conditions of poverty in Stockport and by the way so many who went on to the Town Council seemed to forget the people who put them there. He had also been very hurt by the fights and arguments we had in

our home. Now he had almost finished his university course and he felt his calling was to take on the workers of Britain and the world. He wanted to work out how to change the structure of society, but at the same time how to change men and their motives so they lived what they talked about.

This is what he wrote in a letter at this time: "The thought has come to a number of people besides myself that I should begin to mobilise the working classes of this country, beginning in East London. I have felt quite definitely that God wanted me to do something with the working classes.

"To go to East London will—from the human standpoint—be difficult, for there will be no security of income. I feel, however, this is what I am meant to do. Actually I already know a considerable number of people there and I see where to begin my work."

In another letter he wrote: "I have never had to work so hard in my life. I see very clearly now what I must do. I have been working along three lines. There are about five hundred men working with Moral Re-Armament in London and it means doing personal work with them and flinging them into action in factories, offices and all kinds of places. We had a meeting of 1,200 young men in London the other week.

"I have also been taking responsibility to train those who went to the camp at Birmingham where Lord Salisbury spoke—between three and four thousand of them.

"Then I have been doing detailed work in East London. Several employers have asked us to speak to their employees in factories. I met fifty dockers the other week; a railway clerk invited all his office to the billiard room of a public house; a gas engineer likewise arranged a meeting for his staff. The Mayor of West Ham is giving us an official reception in the Stratford Town Hall on 8 May. I had dinner with the MP,

Mayor and ex-Mayor of another East London borough last week; they are all interested in our work.

“I have also been doing work in factories. One London employer invited a hundred of his young men to go to Birmingham as his guests. During the last ten days, I have spent some time in Birmingham visiting the factories. I met the managers of about eight factories who put us in touch with their employeecs as they wanted them to come for training at our camp. One large factory employing eight thousand people broadcast the news of our week-end on their loud-speaker to all the factory.”

So when the time came for him to take his decision about the church, I remember saying to him, “It is for you to decide, but this time I take the step with you.” So the decision was made not to take the church, but to go to West Ham in East London, where much of the British labour movement was born. At that time three million people lived in East London and there was severe poverty and unemployment. Two families offered to take us into their homes and we stayed with each of them for a time.

I was beginning to understand what a privilege it was to know that God had called us to be remakers of the world. So many talk of their ideals, but I was learning not so much about Moral Re-Armament as an ideal but as a reality; not a point of view but something that works.

I am convinced that God has a plan for ordinary people who decide to obey Him and not their own desires. But I am sure of one thing—none of us can have this life on the cheap. There is a price to pay. The hardest thing God asked me to do was to give Him my will and when I gave it, and meant it with all my heart, then He gave me freedom from all my fears. He gave me something which is very hard to describe but it made

me want to fight to make the world different. I know it is something no one can take away from me.

I am sure this is the answer to all the fears, hate and greed in the world today which keep people hating each other and divided so they don't get on with the job of being responsible.

If God could change me, He can change anybody. It is only a question of being willing to admit where we need to change, instead of always seeing where the other person is wrong. So many people were becoming different in East London that I saw more and more the importance of sound homes. It is in the home that everything starts; the good things and the bad things. And if we don't live straight and unselfishly in the home it's no good making speeches to other people about how they ought to live.

So as the work in the East End grew, people from all round London took an interest in what was happening and helped to support the work financially. No one was paid a salary; people took us into their homes and gave us food and shelter at night. I have slept in five different homes in one week and lived in over two hundred homes of all types, the wealthy, the middle class and the very poorest; but the same problems—fear, selfishness, greed and jealousy are in them all alike.

I would take the wives I was staying with out calling with me so that they too learned how to "go on the knocker". They met people in their homes and, by making friends with them, told them about the aims and the programme of Moral Re-Armament. We called on the wives of the four Members of Parliament. Then we saw the Mayor, who happened to be a lady, and she helped us all she could to meet the wives of the leaders of the borough. The councillors' wives received us very cordially. We began, too, calling at the homes of people in the district where I was staying, and making friends with

housewives; some were glad to see us and some were not!

I remember knocking on the door of the first house in a street where there must have been fifty or sixty houses on either side. When the door opened the housewife looked at us very suspiciously. We asked if she had heard about Moral Re-Armament and she said, "Yes," but she didn't understand what it was. The friend who was with me told how she had just been saved from divorce by really talking things through with her husband, and added, "We are grateful to these people for showing us how to live together, day by day, on an unselfish and loving basis instead of each wanting our own way and, if we couldn't have it, walking out on each other." "Oh, well," said the housewife, "we don't live that way here and I don't have resentments against anyone."

Well, that was that. But as we were leaving we remembered that another housewife not far away had said that if any of the mothers we called on would like to hear more about the Oxford Group we could meet with them in her home and she would provide a cup of tea. So we told our new friend and invited her. But when we said the name you should have seen her face. "I couldn't go there," she cried. "That is my sister-in-law and I haven't spoken to her for eight years." She did not seem to think that was a resentment!

We finally became great friends and she and her sister-in-law became reconciled, putting right all the wrong things they had thought and said of each other. Their change affected the whole street and many homes became different.

This kind of thing happened in various parts of the community and you began to feel its effect. It did not please everybody. Many people were suspicious of us because they did not want to change.

In another home we called at, there was the father, mother

and four children. The father had been out of work a long time, and he came to our first big meeting in the Town Hall. He sat there taking everything in. When it was over a couple of men went to speak to him. It seems he gambled a great deal, was out of work, never told his wife how much money he received as dole, and so there was always battle. He said to the men, "God wouldn't talk to me, I have been too vile to my family and would not work when I could."

They talked with him until almost midnight. They said, "Are you willing to give God a chance to talk to you?" and he said "Yes." All that God told him to do was to go home and be honest with his wife. Not knowing anything about this my friend and I called the next morning and there was the wife with tears in her eyes. "I can't think what has come over Ted," she said. "He came home from the meeting last night so different, and apologized to me for not being honest with me about money, and for the way he had pawned things to get more money." Often he had taken blankets and sheets off the bed and even pawned the children's clothes to get money to back horses and dogs.

Over the week-end a great change came in that home. The wife too, had done many things which she knew were wrong. She said she got desperate at times and would take a child's pinafore or a shirt and sell it for a few pence so that she could gamble and maybe get more money. Often she went out gossiping and let her home and children suffer and be neglected. All these things were put right between them. They forgave each other, and asked God to forgive them, with the result that many homes became different around them.

As more and more people changed in this way we began to build a team so that they could work together and help change their community. We had our meeting place in the billiards

room of a pub called The King's Head. The landlord and his wife were very interested in all we were doing. A number of us would go for lunch and we met many people there.

The days became more and more full and exciting because so many were anxious to see their community different and became eager to have a part. Some of the housewives would meet with a few of the women once a week in West Ham Park, and would tell each other what had happened in their homes since last we met. Many found a new honesty and confidence with their families because they were not being dictators any more. They had so little money to keep house with, and many did not know how to use it rightly, and we would discuss together the best way to use what they had. They had an idea to pay insurance for every member of the family so that they had plenty of money for a big funeral and a good time, and things like that that were not at all practical, instead of budgeting the money for the day to day essentials.

Many times your heart ached for them. I remember one morning calling at one home. I did not know whether I should be asked in because the mother was not anxious to see any of us. Her husband had been a difficult man to get on with and they had thirteen children. She was a nagger, as well as an inveterate smoker, drinker and gambler. But the husband was changing. He had apologized to her for being dishonest and a new relationship had begun, but it rather startled her and made her not want to see us. Well, this morning I called, not knowing how I should be received, but I was asked in.

There were only two chairs that I could see. One had no seat in it and the other was too dirty, she said, for me to sit on. So she put a newspaper on it. I stayed about two hours and in that time we became great friends. She told me all about her family—a most delightful family they were, some of the child-

ren really handsome. Any mother would have been proud of them if they had had a spark of love in them. She had very few clothes to go out in, because they were pawned, but as she began to change she saw how much she had neglected her family. I kept on seeing her regularly, calling to see her once or twice every week. Gradually she left off smoking and drinking and she used to look for my coming. Some weeks I went every morning to have a time of listening to God to find His plan for herself and her home. Then when there was a party in another home she would be invited and gradually she became a new wife and mother.

Then one day she said, "I know if I am to be a help to my husband and my children, I must listen to God myself and find His plan for our home." So this afternoon she and I knelt together at a small table in her kitchen and she gave her life to God, and asked Him to forgive her many sins. And whilst she was praying the husband came in and joined us at the table and they prayed together, each praying for forgiveness. That was the beginning of a new life together. It was a most thrilling experience for me, as much as for them.

In those days I often used to call on twelve homes a day, of course without a car. You walked or took a bus. Sometimes I would go into the Swan Inn with only 2d in my pocket, and have a bun, without butter, and a cup of tea for lunch. My son William and I never knew where the money was coming from, but we never let that stop us from going to see people. People then began to see how we lived and they wanted to help us.

The Mayor of West Ham, Alderman Daisy Parsons, gave a dinner one night to which five other mayors came. The mayors began to change. The Deputy Mayor of East Ham, Alderman Fred Welch, went back and apologized to his wife.

He also apologized to his arch enemy in the same party on the Town Council. Evidently when one spoke in the Council the other always got up and spoke as well, just to annoy him, although they were in the same party. The second councillor had not spoken to the mayor of his borough, a woman, for eighteen years, so he went to her and apologized. The mayor nearly collapsed. This resulted in a different atmosphere in the meetings of the borough council. In the period just before the war, 1938, through the change in these men and women, both parties began to fight together for what was right instead of who was right on the issue of the annual budget.

But all this took dedicated hard work and it wasn't all plain sailing by any means. One day, for instance, we awoke and found all the pavements in the centre of West Ham marked with chalk, "Down With The Oxford Group, scared of the truth". At that time the Communists didn't understand what the aims of the Oxford Group were. They used to say we were Fascists and so on, and that we were in the pay of the capitalists. At all our meetings we had very strong heckling. People used to shout from the audience and fight against what was said. At several meetings they tried to take control of the platform.

There was one famous meeting with three hundred people in the hall when thirty-five Communists began to sing "The Red Flag" and to march down the sides of the hall to take over the platform. My son then organized all the rest of the audience to sing one of the Moral Re-Armament songs, "Bridge-builders", and we sang that better than they sang "The Red Flag". The meeting ended, and we went down to meet the Communists and talk with them and many of them changed and began working with us and became some of our best friends.

So we had our difficult times. One of the really fiery agitators of the area, Tod Sloan, a leader of the unemployed who called himself "a watchmaker by trade and an agitator by nature", had recently got changed. We were sitting together one day when one of the men said, "Are we downhearted?", and there was such lusty shouting from everyone gathered there of "No! No! No!" They were hard and difficult days, but we fought on together, and then, as now, the Lord was with us and we won through.

We met another woman who used to feel superior to her neighbours. She never spoke to them and she saw how foolish that was. One morning, going out shopping, she apologized to her next door neighbour. This, of course, spread down the street very quickly. She then decided to have a party in her home for twelve of her neighbours and they all came. They were so impressed by all they heard that they felt they would like to have parties in their homes too. And so the whole street, which had about two hundred houses in it, became different just because one woman apologized to the one next door.

Anyone can change

THE FOLLOWING is an account by Mrs Edith Crossman of her first meeting with Annie. She became one of Annie's most valiant fellow-workers. She is still alive, aged eighty-four, and carrying on Annie's fight:

I FIRST MET Annie in 1937 in East London. She called to see me one Monday morning. I said, "I can't ask you in today; I'm washing. Tomorrow I'll be ironing; Wednesday I'll be cleaning upstairs and Thursday downstairs. Friday mornings I do my week-end shopping. I'll be free Friday afternoon."

Well, Mrs Jaeger called again at two o'clock on Friday. That afternoon I listened to Annie's stories of changing people, and of her own change, and after talking quite a while we prayed together and I gave my life to God. I was a widow and was bitter over losing my husband.

This experience with Annie revolutionized my life. The next Monday Annie called again to ask me to visit someone with her whom she had guidance that morning was in great need. I replied, "Well, I'm washing but I'll come."

We found the woman was out. Annie said, "We will wait." Presently the woman came down the road. Annie said to her, "You're out early." "Yes," the woman said, "you won't guess where I've been. To the Town Hall to take out a separation order. I can't live with him any longer. Come in a minute."

As we shared our own experiences she began to see how she

could begin to put things right with her husband. The result was when she talked to her husband he said, "Where are the children?" She said, "I've sent them to Mother." He said, "Come along, we'll get them together." And the home was remade.

Through knowing Annie I changed from living only for my own family.

EDITOR: Although most of Annie's work was done in the teeming boroughs of East London, she now found herself asked to help people all over London—in West End drawing rooms as well. One of the people she met was Lady Antrim, who had been lady-in-waiting to three Queens of England, and who, at the age of eighty-three, was taking part in the fight for Moral Re-Armament. She and Annie hit it off at once. They understood the need. The result was that Lady Antrim would often go down to the East End to help Annie and the others in the meetings held there. And Annie in turn would go to the West End and meet Lady Antrim's friends.

Annie continues:

I WOULD LIKE to tell here a story of a family who always went to church; the mother because she felt it could not carry on without her; the father, a deacon, who must always be in his place; the two sons because they had to.

The mother was a most lovable woman but she had a real will of her own and was always forcing it on to her family, causing much trouble in the home.

She heard about Moral Re-Armament, thought it was some sort of a revival meeting, and said, "Anyhow, it won't do me any harm, so I'll go." She heard people tell of their aim to try to live up to four standards of absolute honesty, purity,

unselfishness and love. When she got home, she began to think out what they meant for herself. She told herself, "They don't apply to me. I am a very honest person. I don't get into debt and I do more than my share of giving to the church."

She wasn't quite sure about the second standard, absolute purity. She would leave that out.

"I am a most unselfish mother," she said. "I do everything for my family it is possible to do."

Then she thought of the fourth standard, absolute love. "Yes, I am loving too." But going out shopping the next morning she seemed to hear something within her saying, "Loving? What about your neighbours? Are you absolutely loving to Mrs —?" Then she realized she did not speak to her neighbours, not even to the one next door. She was the daughter of a schoolmaster. She felt very superior and thought it would be lowering her dignity to speak to them.

Then she began to examine herself and found she was a complete failure. She was pretending to be something she was not living. She saw she was a dictator in her own home and was very anxious about her eldest son who was not going just the way she wanted him to.

She was always trying to make him do things her way and he rebelled against it. One day she determined to ask if he had any resentments against her. And he said, "Why yes, Mother, lots." And one was when she tried to force her will on him which made him disagreeable, not only in the home but at his work.

She asked his forgiveness and when all was cleared away between them, together on their knees they gave their lives to God, asking His forgiveness too.

She also apologized to her husband and to her younger son for being a dictator. That home became a centre where all

kinds of people went almost every day to hear about Moral Re-Armament. She had parties in her home, inviting her neighbours and their friends, and in this way began to change the whole atmosphere of her street and the community.

In May, 1938, we had a great meeting in East Ham Town Hall. It was packed with all these people from East London as well as representatives from all over the world. Dr Buchman was in the chair. Here is part of what he said:

“We, the Remakers of the World—is that not the thinking and willing of the ordinary man? The average man wants to see the other fellow honest, the other nation at peace with his own. We all want to get, but with such changed leaders we might all want to give.

“Suppose everybody cared enough, everybody shared enough, wouldn't everybody have enough? There is enough in the world for everyone's need, but not enough for everyone's greed.

“We can, we must, and we will generate a moral and spiritual force that is powerful enough to remake the world.”

In the audience were a great many labour people. When Dr Buchman spoke to them in this way they were thrilled and applauded tremendously. This had been the labour programme in the first place, but somehow they had wandered from it. But because this thinking could be demonstrated in a practical way they responded to it. They understood that it depended on each one of them deciding to take responsibility for their own part; that it was no good expecting their leaders to do something they were not prepared to do themselves. And now so many of them had found that it worked in their homes and on the town councils and in the trade unions that they were convinced.

For instance, there was a woman labour alderman, known

as "Spitfire" because she could not get on with anyone. She was a real dictator in her home and on the council. (It is not always the men who are dictators, I find!) I called on her every day for a year and she used to curse me when I came. One day, having been to one of our meetings in a critical mood, she said, "Well, Moral Re-Armament would be a good thing for the mayor, who is a Conservative, whom I hate like hell."

But she changed and applied Moral Re-Armament, being honest with the mayor and saying she was sorry for her hatred. They could now work together. The same thing applied in her home and with her husband. You only had to look at him to know he was afraid of her too.

Then I was invited to go and speak at large meetings in Holland and Sweden. Altogether a thousand people went from England. I had never travelled so far in my life and it was a thrilling experience. I soon discovered that language was no barrier. I met many people in their homes and one day in Sweden it was arranged for me to meet one of the members of parliament.

She was a lady, most charming, but could speak no English so I needed an interpreter. This lady MP was a Social Democrat and believed very much in labour having a part in the nation. She was interested in the work of Moral Re-Armament. As she was a busy woman, she said she could just spare twenty minutes. But a lot can happen in twenty minutes. I was able to tell her all about what was happening in East London and even in her own country, because there, just as in England, labour was finding a new sense of direction.

She became eager to know more and more, so we stayed over an hour. And in the end we three knelt down together and she asked God to show her what she could do to help in this great work.

The next day she came and met our other labour friends who were travelling with us and they all began to work out a programme together for the workers, and also for management.

From Sweden we went to Switzerland, to the great Moral Re-Armament assembly at Interlaken. Over a thousand people were there from many nations. We went to Geneva to the League of Nations. Sitting there, I felt how hopeless it was. There was very little interest. One morning I heard Mr De Valera from Ireland speak. He was the Chairman and a sincere statesman. Talk? Yes; but that is no good without the spirit and the plan to fire people into action.

I met many women of different nationalities and I well remember one lady telling me she had been a delegate for three years because she had a great interest in all that the League was doing. She asked me a great many questions about Moral Re-Armament, and during the conversation I happened to say, "No group of people can give to any nation what they are not living out in their homes, and working out together."

She seemed a little embarrassed when I said, "Do you and your husband get on well together in your home?" I found they did not. He went his way and she hers, and the son a third way. They never thought of being absolutely honest with each other.

That is why the League of Nations failed to give solutions to the problems of the world. The problems were there in their own homes. I said to her, "That is why there are so many broken homes, and that is why nations fight each other because in the home they have not learned to live together, so they don't know how to work together. Each fights the other for power, and for leadership. A leadership that is out to beat the other fellow is selfish. The same thing applies to the women too, I am sorry to say. They will go anywhere and talk

anywhere telling others what to do rather than put their own house in order.”

Then one day in the spring of 1939 my son told me I had been invited to America with a group of about a hundred. They were to speak at a series of mass meetings in Madison Square Garden in New York, Constitution Hall in Washington, and the Hollywood Bowl, in Hollywood, California.

I must admit that the thought of going to America really surprised me. For one thing I was afraid of the ocean. I always had been. Another thing, I didn't know what the Americans would be like, especially the women, and I thought I might be afraid of them too. It would mean leaving my mother, who was now quite old. It also meant leaving my responsibilities and many friends in East London. I thought perhaps Bill was just teasing me, so I said, “Don't be silly.”

“Well,” he said, “it isn't silly. They want you over there to help them and to tell about the work you have done in England.” So I decided to go. I only had time to buy a hat. What woman, young or old, would ever think of travelling to America without a new hat! So I bought a Panama hat, as I was told it would be a warm journey and I should need something light on the boat.

It turned out to be a wonderful journey. I never once had to stay in my cabin. I enjoyed the journey just as much or even more than I would have a long train journey. Making this trip took away my fears of the water and gave me a confidence I had never had before.

Begin by making friends

ANNIE spent the last five years of her life in America. She travelled the length and breadth of the land, from New York to California, up to Seattle in Washington State, across to Minneapolis, up to Maine, down south to Florida and Georgia, and out west again to Nevada.

At first she found it all very strange. For one thing, she missed a real English pot of tea, and she teased her American friends about the tea bags that were put before her in restaurants with only a cup of not very hot water. She called them drowned mice! And she never did get used to putting mayonnaise on fruit salad!

But she soon found that her apprehension about American women faded away. They were women first and she found them very out-going and warm-hearted.

Shortly after her arrival in the country she spoke at three mass meetings. The largest of these was in the Hollywood Bowl, in Hollywood, California. Twenty thousand people crowded into the vast outdoor amphitheatre and ten thousand had to be turned away. The four standards of Moral Re-Armament were marked out in the night sky by four vast pillars of light arching over the platform where the speakers sat. On that platform were statesmen from many countries, film stars and executives, among them Mr Louis B. Meyer, athletes, businessmen, militant workers and leaders of the unemployed from the East End of London. Annie was there

BEGIN BY MAKING FRIENDS

too, and gave her message of sound homes to build a sound nation to build a hate-free, greed-free, fear-free world.

Annie continues:

I ARRIVED in New York with my friends and, before going into all the things that happened since I came to America, I want to say how grateful I am to the American friends for all they gave to me when I first met them and worked with them in their own country. I must mention a few of them by name for I owe so much to them:

Dr Frank Buchman, founder of Moral Re-Armament,
Pennsylvania

Mr and Mrs Ray Purdy, New York

Mr and Mrs Garrett Stearly, New York

Mr and Mrs Kenaston Twitchell, New York

Mr and Mrs Scoville Wishard, Washington, D.C.

Mr and Mrs Howard Blake, Washington, D.C.

Mr and Mrs Charles Haines, Philadelphia

Mrs Laura Wood, and her son, John, New York

Miss Jean Barker, Kentucky (now Mrs Basil Entwistle)

Miss Elizabeth Morris, New York (now Mrs George
Marjoribanks)

After the great meeting in the Hollywood Bowl I was invited by some of my new American friends to stay in one of their homes in Covina, just a short distance from Los Angeles. I had never travelled about so much before, and was very tired. I appreciated those three weeks very much.

After that we moved on again, this time to San Francisco. We met all kinds of people. The World Fair was going on, and it was arranged that two days during the Fair would be called MRA days. The first morning there was a parade of the

Moral Re-Armament delegation, marching with all the flags of the various nations. It was an impressive sight, eight abreast—and I had to skip along to keep up. There were lunches and broadcasts at which Dr Buchman and others spoke. I stayed in San Francisco about two months, calling to see the wives of the civic leaders, labour leaders and businessmen.

One evening we had a big meeting in a theatre and I had my Panama hat on. When it was time for me to speak, Dr Buchman thought it would be better to have my hat off, but do you think it would come off? I struggled with it for a second or so, and then Dr Buchman said, "Anyone but Annie would be terribly embarrassed." I thought, "He doesn't know how embarrassed I am!" But I gave my talk and at the close the wife of a professor, whom I had met many times, gave me a very pretty fan, which has travelled with me thousands of miles since then, reminding me of those wonderful days.

Then I continued north along the West Coast to Seattle. Each time you go to a new town or city you have to begin at the beginning because they all seem to work differently, and knowing scarcely anyone you have to begin by making friends. It may be in an hotel that you meet someone who begins to talk, for I find God has opened the way like that many times. Or it may be through a City Directory, someone picks out the name of the Mayor and the civic leaders; more often than not they have wives, and so possessed of their addresses off we go to call.

Many of my friends said, "Don't you think we ought to ring them up and see if they are at home?" Well, I found by experience it is not always the wisest thing to do, as they are either going out and they won't be free. The best thing is to call, even if we then had to make an appointment for another day. We saw the person, and that is half the battle.

BEGIN BY MAKING FRIENDS

In one of the houses near a big factory area where I called with one of my team, there was always quarrelling. The wife would shout and swear, and terrible resentments grew and grew. I remember calling to see her one morning with a young friend of mine from Australia. She was one of those I was training to go "on the knocker" into the homes of the workers in order to help the ordinary person find a destiny in life.

This woman did not seem very pleased to see us at first, but we talked with her and so won her friendship that morning that you saw her face change as you sat there talking with her. She knew a little about Moral Re-Armament because the men, my son and others, had been to see her husband at his office. She thought it would be a very good thing if her husband would change, but why bother her? She was very active in working with labour and knew almost everybody in the community.

So she told us many things about herself and as we sat there her whole attitude changed. Later she stopped her swearing and one day came over to meet more of the Moral Re-Armament force in the city. She and her husband have now become united. They work together for the union and their membership to find this same kind of unity in their homes. It makes such a difference to a husband who has the responsibility of thousands of men on his hands, if his wife is with him heart and soul; if she really backs him up and is not suspicious and nagging.

In home and factory

IN 1940, shortly before the attack by the Japanese on the American fleet in Pearl Harbor, the patriotic revue called *You Can Defend America* was written and produced by Moral Re-Armament. It became a very popular show and was often sponsored by the Defence Committee in the different states, altogether seen by over a million people. It was a series of skits and songs put together to dramatize the need to build morale and support the work in the factories which even then were geared to produce arms for the fight against Hitler. After Pearl Harbor, with America's entry into the war, the revue was even more in demand and travelled from state to state, received by the governor in most cases.

Annie used to sing in the chorus. She was on stage every night with her white hair and bright smile, singing with all her heart in the front line. She called herself the youngest chorus girl and made a great joke about it. In the hall were usually the women in whose homes she had called earlier in the day, and after the show she would hurry to greet them and talk to them.

Travelling with the show, performing at night and every day "on the knocker", she worked tirelessly and methodically as she trained a team of young women to learn how to call on the homes. Through meeting Annie and beginning to understand and apply Moral Re-Armament in the home and union and factory, thousands of workers in America now began to

find a way to answer the divisions, the mistrust and the walk-outs which often threatened the war effort.

It took intensive personal work and the best place to talk frankly was in the home. In the large cities like Detroit, the workers' homes were spread over many miles and it took patience and perseverance. A knock at the door, and it was a rare housewife who could resist the warmth and friendliness of Annie's manner when she introduced herself and her friend and extended an invitation to a performance of the revue. In a moment or two they were invited into the house and the tired and often sullen housewife began to relax as Annie told stories about her experiences, and explained how she had come all the way from England to help build sound homes in America. So often a union leader's wife called herself a union widow because her husband was always away at meetings—sometimes seven nights a week. As someone put it, "there are meetings and meetings".

Annie continues describing how she spent her days, getting to know the workers and inviting them to the show:

"MORE AND MORE people began to hear about *You Can Defend America* and wanted to learn how to apply its truths in their own situations, especially in the home. They wanted to know what we meant by sound homes. Over a million copies of the handbook based on the show, also called *You Can Defend America*, had already been sold all over America, especially in some of the war plants like Lockheed. So we moved around from city to city, carrying all the stage properties with us in trucks.

"Every evening there was a great crowd of people. The men were stiff as pokers and the women's faces so strained you wondered what would happen. Then as the show unfolded

they began to relax and you saw a great change come over them, often husbands and wives becoming united just by sitting through the show, which demonstrated so clearly, and with humour, the need to start with yourself wherever there was deadlock. They would return with friends and relatives to other performances and after a time the men changed so much their wives hardly knew them and the women lost that strained look. They did not look like the same people. Day after day you saw new men and women emerge, ready to give to their community what they were living and working out together.

“We often gave the show for the mayor and the city council, as well as the local labour leaders, leaders of management and education. We felt that here was a great chance to meet the wives of all these men. Busy men do not always tell their wives all they do and we wanted them to see the show as well. So we called at their homes and sure enough only one or two had even mentioned to their wives that they had had an invitation to come to the revue, so we left invitations with them.

“What interested me so much was to see the local people giving all the time and money they could to see that this spirit began to work in their community, and then get out to the nation. Their willingness to be trained to get across what they were living out was most impressive. Something real had happened to them. You could see it in their faces, and it sounded in their voices. People caught it and went away different.

“I was sitting at one of the performances next to a father and mother who had a young son of about eight with them. When the family scene was over, after hearing the father on the stage shout to the mother in such angry tones because his breakfast was late, the little boy didn't even laugh, but looking

up at his parents said, 'Dad, isn't that just like you and Mom?' The children know what goes on, and these parents were very shaken hearing this from their boy. But now I know the boy and his parents are learning new ways of living together.

"A great many homes changed their ways of living. They were modern miracles. In one city on the West Coast we met a waitress in a café where we used to go for lunch between our calls. She became very interested when she heard what we were doing, and especially meeting people from other countries who came to the café. She asked us many questions about Moral Re-Armament and how it worked, so one day we arranged a party for her where she could hear stories from different people. She quickly saw what it would mean for her if she applied Moral Re-Armament by deciding to change herself, with the result that the next day she apologized to the manageress of the restaurant for the resentment she had had towards her for some time.

"Kathleen, for that was her name, used to go late to her work in the mornings, which made the manageress angry and she resented it. Often they were at daggers drawn. Next morning when she apologized she said she intended to be at work at the proper time. She kept her word, and the atmosphere in the café was so very different that you noticed it as soon as you entered.

"Kathleen, instead of being sharp with her customers won their confidence and they, too, saw the change in her. Quite a new relationship developed not only between the staff, but also between the manageress and the staff. Kathleen had never read the Bible so we gave her a Moffat *New Testament*. She said it was so fascinating that she could scarcely leave it alone."

Four who worked with Annie

THERE WERE four young American women whom Annie met soon after arriving in America whom she trained especially to carry on her work of going "on the knocker", meeting the wives of the labour leaders and industrial workers. She trained many others as well, but these four worked closely with Annie and with each other over a number of years. All four were from different backgrounds. One was from Boston, a reserved New Englander who had studied art; another was from Hollywood, daughter of the President of the Chamber of Commerce; another was the daughter of a miner from Illinois; the fourth was the daughter of a lawyer from Philadelphia and had a Quaker background.

Annie got to know June Lee, the miner's daughter, in California in 1939 just after the meeting in the Hollywood Bowl. June had recently been divorced after ten years of marriage. Her husband had remarried. June had only recently met Moral Re-Armament and was trying to sort out her life.

Annie noticed that June was having some tough struggles with herself and her heart went out to her. When Annie looked at people she had a vision of what they could become if they became really free. This was her aim as she helped people to change.

So Annie asked June to help her with some of the calling she was doing in the area.

Meanwhile Annie's son Bill had joined his mother and had

set to work at once to get to know the men who ran American labour. Bill had a team of men working with him. Three of them were shipyard workers from the Clyde, in Scotland. Their names were Duncan Corcoran, Blyth Ramsay and Tom Gillespie. These men interested Philip Murray, President of the CIO, who was himself a Scot. My brother, Warner Clark, was also part of this labour contingent. Two other men were George Vondermuhll from New York and Stuart Smith, another Scot. Charles Haines, from the management side of a steel company in Philadelphia, also worked with them. Denise Hyde (now Mrs John Wood) from Boston and Edith Shillington (now Mrs Blyth Ramsay) were two other young women trained by Annie in those years.

One time when Bill and his friends were seeing Philip Murray he asked them if they would get in touch with one of his best organizers in the Steelworkers, a man named John Riffe. Riffe was a valuable man but he was not always at his best at the bargaining table after a night out with the boys.

While Annie was in San Francisco, after the World Fair, she heard that the Riffes were in town at a Steelworkers' convention. She decided to go and call on Mrs Riffe, who was staying at a hotel down town, and she felt that June would be just the person to take with her. June was delighted to go and on the way they bought a bunch of flowers to take to Mrs Riffe, something Annie often did when she went calling.

Mrs Riffe was surprised when they telephoned her room and asked if a lady from England could see her for a few moments, but she invited them to come up. As always, Annie's manner was so friendly and winning that Mrs Riffe found herself talking to her as if she were an old friend. She did not find it easy to be the wife of a labour leader. They had had rough times. John had often been in danger. There were

brawls with the police and beatings and all kinds of violence. She was John's second wife, and he was her second husband, so there were two sets of children. She also spent a lot of time waiting around for John. He said he was out at union meetings, but often these "meetings" would go on all night. It was easy to become suspicious.

Both Annie and June made firm friends with Rose Riffe. Rose came to look forward to their visits. They didn't preach at her; they only told her stories about themselves, and about other wives who had found an answer to blame and bitterness in the home.

Besides Mrs Riffe, Annie took June to call on many other labour wives. Annie was getting to know June pretty well. She asked her about her divorce and bit by bit all the story came out. June was bitter and blamed her husband. She said he had walked out on her.

Annie told June about herself; how sorry she was that her own husband had died before she could apologize to him. If only she had known how to say sorry to her husband when she had blamed him, how much heartache they would both have been spared; and how much pain their son, a constant witness to the quarrels and threats of his parents, would have been saved. Annie would say, "It's too late now, but I can help other women."

Through talking with Annie, June began to stop feeling she was the injured party and to admit that she herself had often made it difficult in the home. She began to tell Annie that she had demanded many things from her husband and bossed him around.

Later June herself described what took place:

“ONE DAY I told the whole story to Annie, trying not to show my feelings. Annie listened through it, saying nothing. When I’d finished she had one single sentence that unlocked all the things I thought I wasn’t showing. ‘If you were married for ten years there must be something you need to put right with your husband.’

“This was a very new thought. How could there possibly be anything for me to put right! He went off with the other woman. But I couldn’t get away from that simple statement of Annie’s.

“Her stories of her own experiences came to my mind—how she had seen how wrong she had been to blame her husband; how she had had to apologize to her mother for the resentment she had borne her. Reality began to come into my heart. My selfishness, in specific places, began to come clear to me and I knew that if I had been the kind of wife God meant me to be, the division would never have happened.

“Two points came to me. The first was to return to my husband some things he had inherited but which I had been determined to keep; the second was to say sorry to the new wife for blaming her for breaking up my marriage when I now realized it is the selfishness of women like me that causes broken homes all over the world. I wrote those points to them in a letter and said I would like to return the things I had kept.

“I did return them. When I called at the house they both received me. We chatted for a while and I told them a little about Annie and the musical revue *You Can Defend America* in which I was singing at the time. Strangely enough, I had no doubts or hesitations; only confidence and peace in my heart which had come because I had decided to go all the way to

put things right on my side. I left soon afterwards and felt as if I were leaving two very good friends. And from that moment every bit of the resentment, remorse, regret, self-pity and self-righteousness was washed away—all the things I had tried so hard not to show but which Annie had spotted, and helped me with until I was free.”

During this period while Annie was visiting the labour families in the southern California area she met the Eastman family who lived in Hollywood. George Eastman was the President of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce and a well-known businessman in the area. There were two children. The daughter Polly Anne (now Mrs Stuart Smith), became the second young woman Annie trained. Annie, as usual, was going on the knocker in the Los Angeles area. The distances were vast. The homes of the workers were in many different areas of the city. So Polly Anne took on to drive Annie while she made her calls. At first the labour leaders were shocked when they heard who Polly Anne's father was, and even hostile. But with Annie's help Polly Anne learned how to win their trust. For one thing, she cited the need to have changed employers and businessmen who put people before profits.

Polly Anne herself describes it this way:

“I WAS A PROUD, spoiled daughter of an American employer, brought up in Hollywood and newly graduated from university when I first met Annie. With all my opportunities and ‘advantages’ I felt the need of an aim in my life.

“When Annie asked me to work with her I accepted, though I realized it would probably involve some changes in the way I was living! In the next couple of years driving Annie many miles in the industrial cities of America and drinking numerous cups of tea, I learned more about politics, and most of all

about life, human nature and how to change it, than I had learned in four years of university.

“Though hard work was not one of my long suits, with Annie every day was very full. Sometimes we visited seven or eight homes in an afternoon and Annie was then in her late sixties and not very well. But she did love people.

“For a proud person, I found her perseverance sometimes embarrassing. I’ll never forget the first time I experienced ringing a front door bell with her and when no one answered Annie went around to the back. I fervently prayed that no one would be in; but there was the lady of the house, hanging out the laundry. And delighted to see Annie, too.

“There was the time Annie’s son Bill suggested we visit the home of a leader of the Postal Workers’ Union in Boston. We’ll call him Mr O’Hara. We looked up his address and set out. Mrs O’Hara welcomed us in and we chatted for some time, finding her most open and receptive. Then one of us mentioned something about the post office and the problems of the postmen. ‘Oh,’ said our hostess, ‘you must be looking for the O’Haras in the Postal Workers’ Union. They live three houses down the street.’

“But the fact that we were at the wrong house didn’t bother Annie in the least. She made fast friends with the lady and kept in touch with her for a long time, writing letters and sending her encouraging news.

“Then there was another home she got to know in California, a wealthy, cultured, ‘Christian’ family. But the children were spoiled and in rebellion. Annie talked with the wife—a good, self-righteous, but distraught mother. She helped her to love her children enough to be firm with them; to give them what they needed rather than what they wanted; and most of all to help them find a purpose for their lives.

Mother had to be honest about her own failure. But the result was startling. The children began taking on a revolution in their city and state. The change in them electrified labour and management homes alike and they played a large part in the change of one of the most powerful industrial leaders in the land.”

IT WAS IN BOSTON, Massachusetts, on the East Coast of the United States, that Annie got to know Rosamond Lombard (now Mrs George Vondermuhll).

She was from one of the old families of New England. Her ancestors actually *did* come over in the Mayflower! Her father was a shipbuilder. Rosamond was a graduate of Radcliffe College, a well-known women’s college. She had then spent some time in Italy, studying art. She had what might be called a typical New England reserve but, as always, Annie was quick to see her capacities for leadership. So she asked Rosamond to go with her to meet some of the leading women in the labour movement in the Boston area. One of these was the President of the Women’s Trade Union League, a lady who was also an organizer for the International Ladies Garment Workers’ Union.

Here is Annie’s description of going calling with Rosamond:

“I stayed in Boston quite a few weeks, calling at the homes of the various labour leaders there, meeting their wives. They certainly gave us a great welcome, even giving us tea, because every American knows how we English women like a cup of tea. It was in Boston that Rosamond and I met the President of the Women’s Trade Union League. We called to see her in her office. She had heard about Moral Re-Armament and the defence programme it was giving through the revue *You Can Defend America*. She liked the songs from the revue. She had

met some of the men in the cast already but she looked at my friend and me very suspiciously.

"She asked Rosamond what her background was before working with Moral Re-Armament. I'm sure she thought as she looked at her, 'What does she know about labour?' When Rosamond said, 'I was just a society girl,' our labour friend was rather amused and said, 'Oh, Oh.' She questioned the society girl about her financial situation. My friend told her then that her father had been a shipbuilder. He had died and left her and her mother and her brothers enough to live on. She had not bothered much about the way she spent her time and money. She had just moved along as other society girls did, with no thought of anyone but herself.

"But after meeting Moral Re-Armament all that had changed. She had given her life to bring a spirit of unity to the community and to the nation. 'As for my money, I don't regard it as mine,' she said. 'It belongs to God. I am only a steward. I share it with my friends, and use it where it is needed. I believe that "if everyone cares enough and everyone shares enough, then everyone will have enough. That there is enough in the world for everyone's need but not for everyone's greed." ' ' "

Rosamond joined the Trade Union League and is a great supporter of labour. She became a friend of the President, winning her confidence completely, and it does go to show that here is where industrial co-operation begins, when two women like this can work together on a basis of no class distinction.

Rosamond stayed by Annie's side from that time on, until Annie died four years later. The experience of working with Annie and learning from her how to care for people quite transformed her.

“The biggest thing that Annie taught me,” said Rosamond, “was how to make friends with people in a very simple way. The thing that made her such a great lady was that she cared for people and she cared for them so that they would rise to their highest capacity under God. For a cold New Englander like myself it was a hard but a transforming experience to be close to Annie. The thing it did was to break my cold New England heart so that I gave everything to build sound homes and a new world. Once Annie wrote me a letter in which she said:

“‘God has shown me through His message when He said to His disciples, “A new command I give unto you, that you are to love one another even as I have loved you,” that to care for people is the greatest thing in the world. I have found this to be true. The more I care for people, the more people the Lord has sent me.’”

I WAS THE FOURTH of the quartet Annie trained. We were mostly trained by her example and by working with her, learning from her how to speak to all kinds of people in a way that would open their hearts. We did things with her we would never have done on our own initiative. She went at a pace where she never spared herself—long hours, taking infinite pains, being thorough. We would have preferred to go at our own pace; to do as much work in a day as we felt we could manage. But Annie never made the way she felt the deciding factor. What needed to be done was the deciding factor.

I remember my first meeting with her. She had only recently arrived from England. I saw a small, slight, elderly woman with white hair and blue eyes that twinkled merrily. She was neatly dressed. I remember especially the uplifted tilt

of her head and her warm, out-going manner. She was always surrounded with people and seemed to know everyone, young and old.

I felt her authority right away, but didn't understand her at all. Her Lancashire forthrightness and lack of bluff took me aback. I had been brought up to put a polite coating on everything, whether I meant it or not. Even her gaiety and humour surprised me. In my new determination *not* to do the wrong things, I was often duty-driven and even self-righteous without ever knowing it. Annie used to say to me, "When you pagans change, you become so pious." Being pious to her meant trying to be something we weren't, an ambitious effort to rise into a superior being instead of accepting what we were and being honest about our needs and temptations.

I came from a Quaker family in Philadelphia. My father was a lawyer. I had grown up in a protected atmosphere, surrounded by many relatives and friends. We all went to the same Quaker school and I, for one, knew little of the real world.

After school I floundered. I wanted very much to write and did, in fact, write a novel. Then one day I read a book called *An American Tragedy* by Theodore Dreiser. It was the story of a boy from a poor family who tried to climb the success ladder but ended up in the electric chair. The book made me cry, and impulsively I wrote to the author, telling him how moved I had been. To my astonishment, I had a reply from him, asking me to come and see him in New York.

I had sent him my novel to read. His comment was: "My God, how you write. But you don't say anything!" However, he happened to need someone to edit a book he was then working on, and he offered me the job, having tried me out on a couple of chapters. I accepted with alacrity; moved to New York and worked for him for the next three years.

The New York of the 1930s was a fascinating place, the Mecca of every would-be artist. Dreiser had just returned from Russia where the Soviets had made much of him. They were pleased to find an American writer who was able to make clear the flaws in the capitalistic system. It was a thrill for me to meet some of Dreiser's friends. The one he saw most of in those days was George Jean Nathan, the well-known dramatic critic. Many an evening we had drinks, dinner and a great deal of talk, though I was wise enough to keep silent and listen most of the time. Another writer who visited Dreiser in those days was Sherwood Anderson, author of *Winesburgh, Ohio*. I also met Sergei Eisenstein, the great Russian film director. We had a memorable talk that went on for hours. Diego Rivera, the Mexican painter, also came to dinner.

Needless to say, this world was very different from the Quaker world I had grown up in. Gradually I became more and more cut off from my family and former friends in Philadelphia. I learned to rationalize whatever I wanted to do. I had very little conscience left. It had become numbed and finally dead. Right and wrong no longer existed. We lived a predatory existence and I didn't take too close a look at how things were going. I became one of the lost and drifting and rebellious youth of the 'thirties.

I visited my parents from time to time. We had a surface communication, but we never discussed real things. I was breaking my mother's heart, but wouldn't allow myself to face it.

It was eight years since I left school. I was twenty-six when I met Moral Re-Armament. I read a book which said:

God has a plan for every man.
When man listens, God speaks.

FOUR WHO WORKED WITH ANNIE

My spirit stirred when I first read those words. I was sitting in our garden. It was autumn. The leaves were falling. I felt such a sadness in my heart. Nothing seemed to have worked out. I knew I was drinking too much, but I needed it to keep my courage up.

But these words struck a deep chord. I had always longed to find a plan for my life, and a meaning. Could it be true?

I read on in the book that if you are willing to be absolutely honest, be quiet and listen, God will speak to you. You can measure your life against four absolute standards: absolute honesty, purity, unselfishness and love. Be honest enough to write down where you don't measure up on these.

I sat a long time in the garden.

I wrote down my thoughts. I was honest for the first time in years.

"Admit you are running away and whistling in the dark. Stop pretending. Be honest with your mother. Learn shorthand and typing."

This facing things honestly began to change my life, not only the course of it, but my character. As I took each step, I began to break away from the slavery of wishful thinking and self-indulgence. Instead of always taking the easy way and giving in to my feelings, I learned to change with my will.

When I met Annie three years later I had finished my shorthand course for some time and was working with Moral Re-Armament as a secretary. As I said, a certain amount of change had taken place, but I needed a lot more. I had known Annie about a month, and then one day she came and joined me where I was sitting writing.

"Are you writing a letter?" she asked.

"Yes."

"To whom?"

"A friend of mine."

"Is it a man?"

"Yes."

"Is he married?"

"Yes."

"Well," said Annie firmly, "we have a name for women like that in East London," and then she got up and walked away.

I sat there, shaken. Annie's eyes had been very blue, very direct. No one before had ever faced me so directly. There it was, out in the open. And it didn't look very nice. I had changed on many things, but there was hidden compromise in this one case only and Annie had spotted it. For the first time in many years a deep sense of shame swept over me. I tore up the half-written letter and threw it away. Never again.

It was not until two years later that I met Annie's son, Bill. I found him a dynamic organizer and a revolutionary fighter. After only a few months in America, he and his friends had been in touch with hundreds of labour leaders and ordinary workers. I heard from Annie and Bill how they had a world aim, to win the workers of the world and give them an idea big enough to answer exploitation everywhere. In many situations the problem was how to change the structure of society, but also the need was to change men at the same time, where men lived the standards they talked about. Any system would break down unless the men and women who worked it lived responsibly and learned how to create trust.

These aims and ideas made sense to me. Indeed, they thrilled me. Here was idealism, but it was grounded in reality. Such aims gave meaning and incentive to my own need for discipline and straightness.

Annie began to take me calling on the wives of the labour

leaders. I knew nothing about labour unions and had no idea what to say, so I just went along and listened. We would go to these homes, ring the door bell, a woman would open the door and peer suspiciously at us. But Annie's manner won them, and in a moment we would be inside. I soon learned how hungry most people are for real friendship.

Our work and training with Annie took many forms. It was a very full life. Annie and Bill and their team were hard at work in the industrial cities of America. All the factories were now engaged in production of war material, especially planes, tanks and guns. We got to know union presidents, shop stewards and ordinary workers in many of these plants, and of course every day went calling on the wives in their homes. Tom Gillespie, my brother Warner Clark and George Vondermuhll wrote articles for over two hundred American labour papers every week. So we had plenty of typing to do, letters to write and lists to be kept up to date.

My first experience of calling on a union was in Florida. We were down there with the war revue and were scheduled to speak to a local of the Brewery Workers! My brother was in charge of the party of six and I was asked to go along for training. The office was in what is known as the Labour Temple. We trooped up the stairs and entered a room filled with very large men, all of whom seemed to be smoking cigars. My brother made a speech; the president of the union replied, and the men gave us a nice round of applause as we all filed out again.

We often went to speak to these unions. Sometimes we were taken through the factories.

One time I remember vividly. We were invited by a lady organizer of the Hatters' Union in Atlanta, Georgia, to go through one of her factories. Our party, consisting of Annie,

June Lee, several of the men, and myself, arrived at her office. Unfortunately I had not worn a hat for the occasion. The lady organizer, who was a fiery woman of Spanish descent, took one look at me and exclaimed, "You can't go through a hat factory without a hat. It's people like you who are putting our girls out of work."

She flew to a cupboard and, to my horror, descended on me with a huge, pea green cartwheel hat which she proceeded to smash down upon my head. Now I am a very vain person and I had no intention of wearing anything as unbecoming as this hat. So I quickly took it off again. My hostess just as quickly forced it back onto my head. This might have gone on for quite a while, but Annie came up to me and said in no uncertain terms, "Stop thinking about yourself." So I submitted and spent the next hour walking through the factory trying to be gracious to all the women workers, but the pea green model would keep slipping and I felt a perfect fool.

I'm afraid I wasn't in a very good humour later on at lunch when I came in for a good deal of teasing from Annie and my companions!

I found the challenge to be unselfish a tough one. What made me want to learn was what I saw in Annie and in some of my friends. The way they gave themselves often made me feel ashamed.

Annie used to say to me sometimes, "Why are you so pleasant on the outside?" I knew what she meant. I often put on a pleasant smile, but underneath there was the turmoil of jealousy, blame and resentment.

But I think the most important thing of all that Annie taught us was the kind of care for people that put the other person's needs before your own; to go the extra mile. She used to say, "A real leader is the servant of all."

FOUR WHO WORKED WITH ANNIE

It is now twenty-four years since Annie died, but we four are still engaged in carrying on Annie's work. Time has only served to strengthen and deepen the influence she had on us when we were young women. Three of us have married and have grown children.

All four of us understand more and more the significance of what she taught us—the most challenging work in the world—how to so care for people that God can use us to bring change into the areas of their lives where change is needed.

We are living in different parts of the world now: Rosamond Vondermuhll in New York, June Lee in Los Angeles, Polly Anne Smith in Glasgow, and I am in London. But we keep in touch with each other and wherever we go we tell the story of Annie and of what we learned through knowing her.

The same with everyone

ANNIE lived in about two hundred homes during her years in America. She travelled thousands of miles, and every day was a long one, full of people. She never held back, or spared herself. She would often fight for some of the spoiled women of America who coddled themselves and controlled their husbands and children with moods. So often these women were quite unaware of the damage they did by their moods and the way it controlled their husbands, making them small and uncertain, or else rebellious and defiant.

Some wives if they did not get their way, or if they were thwarted in their ambition for their husbands, or their children, could register a silent disapproval which cast a gloom over the whole house. Annie helped these women to be willing to take an honest look at themselves and to understand the power of these moods. Their families would often feel helpless and in order to avoid unpleasantness would try to please and appease the wife and mother, and so stop being honest, and stop being their real selves. Many women were grateful to Annie for helping them in this way; some were not. They only felt hurt pride.

It wasn't always easy for Annie in America in those last years of her life. She often thought longingly of England. She loved England profoundly and daily her thoughts turned homeward. All her family were there. Her mother was now ninety years old. All the hurt feelings and resentments between

them had now melted away and there was now a very deep devotion between them. And all the time there was the terrible war and England's valiant fight for survival. It tore Annie's heart to think about it, but she was sure her place was in the fight for the people she was now meeting; that this was the best way for her to back up the war effort. It was urgent that the morale and unity of the United States be at its highest. Now many, many people were being changed and trained by her and those who worked with her; young and old, rich and poor, management and labour.

Annie was the same with everyone, no matter what their background, no matter what their position in life. She did not talk up to people who were prominent, or talk down to those of humble background. She was always just her real self—gay, teasing, firm, straight.

But some she met were snobs and patronised her. She didn't like it of course, but she didn't judge them. She understood them. Many women who had never known what it was to "go without", or fear for lack of money, sought Annie out. They had other problems. Many found their husbands "difficult". Annie would laugh, and tell about her own experience. Over and over again light began to dawn. The wives were blind to their own shortcomings; where *they* irritated people. They were full of demand and blame when they didn't get their own way, when their families refused to measure up to the standards they, the wives, wanted from them. A talk with Annie and they began to be honest about themselves and to admit where they might be making life difficult for their husbands.

They began to change on bad temper, or spending money too freely. Many were selfish, demanding comfort for themselves and plenty of attention as their right. Annie helped

them understand they had no rights; they could not demand anything. Their highest calling was to serve and to give, and to take the kind of responsibility that would make marriage work. If a wife demanded to be the centre of her marriage it was doomed to failure.

Women were mostly unaware of the power they exerted and how they controlled a home by moods, fears, demands, likes and dislikes, points of view. Clashes were inevitable on that basis. Human nature and all its demands were in control. Marriage, Annie believed, was meant to be a sacrament, solemnly undertaken before God. God at the centre of a marriage transformed it, kept it alive, a rich, ever-deepening experience. Not who is right, but what is right, seeking God's direction at every turning. Not what I want, not what you want, but what God wants.

Because Annie had the love and courage to be straight with people, she was able to bring cure to situations that seemed hopeless. Dead people became alive again when they turned from self-gratification to service and responsibility and lost their blame and bitterness. In gratitude they adored Annie and became her devoted friends. She kept in touch with people by letters. She kept in touch with hundreds of people, writing a pile of letters every day by hand, usually at odd moments when she was waiting to go somewhere, because her days were entirely filled with visits.

In the spring of 1942 the revue *You Can Defend America* was invited to Detroit, Michigan. Thousands of workers in the great war plants flocked in to the show. She had just returned from Indianapolis. While there she had driven to the home of her old friends John and Rose Riffe. They invited Annie, Frank Buchman, June Lee, and a few others to visit them and attend the christening of their baby daughter, Joanna.

Annie told them about the many homes she had been in during the last months, and John and Rose saw again the pattern their home could be and the kind of leadership John was meant to give to his great union, the Steelworkers.

When Annie returned from this trip she was very, very tired. It was obvious that something was wrong. She felt no pain but she had lost her appetite, her ankles were swollen and she seemed to have no strength.

A doctor examined her and he felt she should go at once to the Henry Ford Hospital in Detroit for a thorough examination. The arrangements were made, and on the night of 27 May, 1942, Annie travelled to Detroit.

The doctor discovered that Annie had cancer. Dr Buchman was notified. He sent for Annie's son and told him. Mrs Henry Ford arranged for Annie to have a room in the hospital, and Bill was able to put up in a house nearby.

Her arrival at the hospital was a whole new experience for Annie. The only other time she had ever been inside a hospital was when her husband was ill, just before he died.

Annie's valiant spirit and her simple faith were really put to the test. Her son and her friends stayed with her as long as they could. She didn't know it, of course, but her stay in that hospital was to last eighteen months. She was given many tests and finally the doctors decided to operate.

Annie sang hymns to herself when she was left alone at night, and the night before the operation she sang aloud: "My Faith Looks Up to Thee", and finally fell into a trusting and refreshing sleep.

Early in the morning, about six o'clock, she got out of bed and said her prayers. While she was kneeling there, so small and frail beside the high hospital bed, six doctors appeared in the doorway—the head of the hospital, her surgeon, and

several assistants. They stopped, astonished at the sight of Annie praying on her knees, and stood silently until she had finished. When she opened her eyes she looked at them, also surprised to see so many doctors all at once. Then, as so often, she teased them for looking so serious and climbed back into bed.

When they came to put her on the stretcher, she once more sang out loud as they wheeled her down the long corridors to the operating room.

No one had ever heard or seen anything quite like it, and no one ever forgot it. She got to know all the staff of the great hospital, as well as many of the patients. Her simple faith, her interest in everyone, her gaiety and warmth became almost a legend. They said most people came to the hospital to get, but Annie Jaeger came and gave—all she had.

Her son Bill saw her every day during the following eighteen months. Through winter blizzards and summer heat, not one day did he miss. She would eagerly wait for him. He would hurry over to her, with his quick step, giving her a playful hug while they teased each other. Their mutual devotion was too deep for words; their teasing and gaiety covered two hearts filled with deep and passionate feelings, but they were never cloying or clinging. There was no demand in their love. Each put God first and utterly trusted Him, His way and His will, and so they were free of conflict. They were both single minded, without guile or malice, utterly sincere. This mother-son relationship inspired many people. It was a true demonstration of unselfish love, each freeing the other, yet utterly united.

Annie now describes her arrival in the hospital, and some of her convictions about her time there:

A NURSE took charge of me, gave me breakfast and then came with a sheet of paper to mark down all my valuables, money and all the clothes I possessed. This all seemed so strange to me, being my first time a patient in a hospital. The nurse and I got over that difficulty for I told her I didn't think anyone would want anything of mine, and I had no valuables. She seemed rather surprised at what she termed my trustfulness, for she said most people are suspicious and many are not honest.

The surest way of finding real joy whilst a patient in a hospital is in making friends.

Many friends called to see me and many more sent me cards. Dr Buchman sent me a tin of China tea, for he knew how we English people do not like tea bags. I certainly did appreciate it and it has been great fun having tea with all my meals. Both orderlies and waitresses now know where it is kept in my room and I know when they collect it in the morning that my cup of tea will soon be ready. Not only did I have this China tea, but some of my friends like Mr and Mrs Henry Sanger, Mr and Mrs Charles Haines of Philadelphia, made sure that I had tea the English way, and they provided me with a china teapot and hot water jug too, for which I am very grateful.

It was very interesting to be asked by the nurses, "Aren't you English?" Some thought I was a Scot because my accent is broad. After a few days I made great friends with the nurse allotted to me at this time. I found she was English and came from Birmingham and that she had many relatives and friends there. She told me how much she had enjoyed being in England six years before. One day when she was in my room she looked out the window. It was raining hard. She said, "I

hope it won't rain on Sunday." I asked her why, and she told me she was going to be married then.

I thought it would be nice to buy her a little present for she had shown me such kindness. So my friends bought a pretty dinner cloth with table napkins for me to give to her. She was so excited and thanked me most graciously.

On Sunday I was propped up in bed having my supper when, to my surprise, the bride walked in with her bridegroom to see me. They were just going off on their honeymoon. They looked so happy; they were just beaming and the husband said he wanted to thank me, with his wife, for the present and for the friendship we had together.

For several weeks the doctors were trying to find out what was the matter with me. It seemed to be somewhat difficult. They found my spirits high and I did not seem to have a temperature. Many doctors had many consultations about me and there were quite a few complications and many examinations. One morning I was taken to the operating room.

It was a little discouraging to see so many doctors and nurses there. Although I didn't know quite what was to be done to me, I wasn't afraid. I had wakened up quite early and two verses of a hymn came to my mind, "My Faith Looks Up to Thee". I sang it to myself and it meant a great deal to me. The operation was successful and after a few days I began to pick up again. I can never forget the kindness both the nurses and doctors showed me.

Since entering the hospital I have met personally over twenty doctors, eighteen nurses, the head supervisor of all the nurses, five maids, four waitresses, five nurses' aides, one dietician, six attendants. There have been many nurses who have only been in a couple of half days; I could not count these, there have been so many.

One nurse who was on night duty for two weeks when I first came in, and whose friendship I value very much, never went off duty without coming in to say goodbye to me. She took care of me too in the daytime for quite a while.

One other nurse coming into my room for the first time said, "My, does your room always look like this?" I said, "How do you mean?" and she said, "It is so pretty and neat and so homely." I felt it was a great compliment, for earlier the same day a waitress doing relief work had said the same thing, but added, "It is such a pleasure to serve you."

These seem only small things but they made me see the kind of things people everywhere notice and are looking for, and it gives both parties a real confidence in the other and also builds the kind of friendships that are worthwhile.

With all these people who kept coming into my room I would begin to get to know them by telling them little stories about myself, how I failed in my own home because I refused to come off my pedestal of pride, which made me build around myself a wall of fear of what people thought of me. I used to pride myself on making friends easily, but it was mostly on an emotional, sentimental basis, with no answer to the problems of my family or of my own.

I found the nurses responded by telling me about themselves and one said, "However we women try to cover up what we feel, we are all the same underneath." Pride, fear, jealousy and resentment rob us of the real caring and womanhood we are meant to have.

One nurse who took care of me only four half days at the most, became an entirely different person when she was willing to be honest with her mother. She used to get angry at the least thing and so there was always trouble. After our first little talk I told her about the four standards which I tried to live up

to—absolute honesty, purity, unselfishness and love. After she told her mother about them she apologized for her hastiness and the mother, knowing she was wrong many times too, also apologized. An entirely new relationship developed between them and so there is a new home in the making. Not only that, but the change in this nurse affects the hospital in many ways. It has made new relationships with her supervisor, with the nurses she works with, with the doctors and with the patients.

Here is just an illustration of how it affected a patient I knew. She was on another floor and I had met her a few times through a relative of hers. She came to see me the day she was leaving the hospital. Then she told me about a nurse who was also leaving, and who had been in to say goodbye. The patient said, "As this nurse stood at the foot of my bed I couldn't help but notice the wonderful radiance of her face." I asked her if she knew the nurse's name, and it was as I thought, that of my friend who had been honest with her mother.

She is now away in the war, possibly in England. She felt she would like to go there, and having found the answer to fear she can give much more to the soldiers now.

Another nurse I had not seen before came in one day, just to bring in some flowers from the desk that had been sent to me. She was very chatty and friendly and I told her this same story. She said, "I guess that is what is wrong with me. I do like my own way so." She went home and told her mother the story and the same kind of apologies were made between that mother and daughter, which did something for them both.

One nurse's aide, about three months after I entered the hospital, said, "We're sorry you are sick, but we're glad you are here."

When Olga the maid comes I am all ready for the room to

be cleaned and dusted, and Olga sees to it that all is ready before breakfast. She makes my room look beautiful and I am much indebted to her. Once when it was her day off we had a temporary maid. She looked at me and said, "My, you look well with that sparkle in your eye." I said, "I am feeling a great deal better." And she asked what had been the trouble and how long I had been in hospital. When I told her what my illness was and that I had been over nine months in the hospital, she said, "Oh gosh! After all that you can still have a sparkle in your eyes!"

I said, "You know, if you have no fear and plenty of faith it does something to you." She nodded her head as she kept on polishing. I asked her if she knew the hymn, "My Faith Looks Up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Calvary". She said she did and asked "Would you sing it to me?" So I did. Then she said, "I Come to the Garden Alone' is my favourite." I said, "It's mine too." So we sang it together. It meant a great deal to both of us. She likes singing and so do I.

I remember singing it one morning as Olga came into my room and she asked me to sing it to her. When I had finished she said, "Now I know what makes you so happy."

I remember a young interne taking charge of me for a month, saying, "What is it in your face that makes you look as you do, so that people all notice it?" I was a little embarrassed and said, rubbing my hand over my face, "A few more wrinkles are there since I came into the hospital." He said, "No, it isn't the wrinkles." "Well," I said, "you tell me what you see." He smiled as he said, "Well, it's a peace and serenity I have not seen before."

I had to admit it hadn't always been so, and then he wanted to know the secret. I told him how full of fear I used to be and I was sure no one worried more than I did. I told him about

the four standards, absolute honesty, purity, unselfishness and love, which were God's plan for me and which I was trying to live up to.

"And doing this has taken away my fears of the future and of what people think of me, and has given me new confidence. Here in the hospital I know that God has been working out His plan in me all the time, keeping my spirits and my thinking high so that I have no fear."

I also said the greatest thing that happened to me was my being absolutely honest with my son so that an entirely new relationship came to both of us, which deepens and deepens. I told him all this happened eight years ago. The doctor was very fascinated and said it is what is needed today.

Then he said, "But oh, how could a doctor be absolutely honest with a patient who had an incurable disease and could not get better?" I said I had always believed in prayer, although my prayers had not always been answered in the way I wanted, but now I had learned to listen to God too and find His plan, not only for my own life, but for others too. In a case like that I would ask God to give me His direction and He would, but He would expect me to use my common sense too. He saw what I meant and how it could work.

Another time a new interne came on to my floor. I had not seen him before and did not even know his name. I was kneeling at my prayers before retiring for the night. When I got up there stood the doctor. I don't know how long he had been there. He said, "I have not seen anything like that in a hospital before."

I can't describe what all these things have meant to me, but they are the simple things that have made my ten months' stay as a patient absolutely thrilling. As I look back to the first days, everyone has given me such consideration and friendship

that when the time comes for me to leave it will be really hard.

The other week I was to have X-rays. I met a young lady, the X-ray technician, who evidently loved her work; she took such pains to have everything exact, and she took good care of me too. To use her own words, she said, "Wasn't it fun?" You may not think it fun to have first one arm and then the other X-rayed; then one leg and then the other; your body, back and front, your neck and even your skull. That is what happened. The only place not X-rayed was my face—they must have thought that was good enough.

It was found later one part of me was rather blurred so it had to be retaken. The inevitable green gown was found for me and it had such a strong smell of antiseptic that it made me feel sick, so I sprinkled it with Yardleys' Lavender Water.

When the new X-ray was completed she said, "May I ask you two things?" I said, "Why, yes." One was, "Are you not English?" And the other was, "Isn't that lovely smell Yardley's English Lavender?" So I had to explain all about why the lovely smell was there.

Now I am able to walk about, and passing up and down the hall I see many sick people. One day, passing one room, a lady smiled away at me and I asked how she was. I didn't know she was a patient. She said, "Won't you come in and sit down?" We talked of many things, especially of how afraid she was not knowing what was going to be done to her. She told me she was afraid of the night time in the hospital and afraid of operations. I said I used to be afraid but was not any more. The next day she was to have a very difficult treatment and told the doctor she was not afraid any more. She has certainly done well and although she has been very sick, she is now getting better. She told me too that her husband comes to see her every night and they both pray together before he leaves.

Summer at Mackinac Island

ROSAMOND VONDERMUHLL describes the next phase in Annie's life. Rosamond had stayed by Annie's side all these months, living with friends in Detroit and going every day to see her in the hospital:

IT WAS NOW the spring of 1943. The weather became warmer. Annie would sit out on the porch in the sun. Each day she grew stronger, and finally one day the doctors said she could go for a drive in the car. Her son Bill came along for this great occasion, bringing with him one of his best friends, Duncan Corcoran, on furlough from the army. It was Annie's first time out of the hospital in fourteen months. There was a lot of joking and laughter between Annie and the two men. We drove through the city out to Bell Isle, where thousands of war workers from the plants came to swim and picnic and play baseball. The Detroit River was smooth in the sunlight. The over-arching trees made a cool shade and Annie looked at it all with great joy.

During the following days other excursions were made. Annie grew stronger and her spirits soared. We began to wonder if she could leave the hospital. As the doctors very hesitantly expressed it, "The course of her disease seemed to have been arrested"; temporarily, anyway.

Meanwhile, for the third successive year, a training assembly for Moral Re-Armament was under way at Mackinac Island

throughout the summer months. Hundreds of workers swarmed up there from the factories in Detroit, and from as far away as Seattle, Los Angeles, Boston and Philadelphia. These workers had seen the war revue; they had found a new idea and were strengthened in their battle for morale and the production of weapons. Divisions and feuds and grievances were healed, and they united together to get on with the job. Annie's son Bill travelled every week-end to the island with large delegations of workers and their wives. So Annie lived into everything that was taking place there. She knew many of the union leaders. They came to see her in the hospital and those she couldn't see she wrote to.

Her son wondered if she could make the trip. It would do so much for her spirits. The doctors hesitated at first. They had never dreamed that such a thing might be possible. But they came to the conclusion it could do her no harm physically and would feed her heart and stimulate her mind. So they gave their consent. Annie's joy knew no bounds.

The twelfth of August was the day set. A stateroom was reserved on one of the big white passenger steamers that went through the Great Lakes each week, calling at Mackinac Island. I was in the stateroom with her, and Bill in a cabin nearby. We were all comfortably settled by the time the boat pulled away from the dock early in the afternoon. It was a quiet, peaceful voyage up Lake Huron. Annie ate the meals that were brought to her cabin and slept peacefully that night.

In the morning we found ourselves at anchor surrounded by thick fog. The fog horn was blowing steadily for about an hour and then the mists lifted and we proceeded on the last remaining short distance to the island.

It was with great impatience that Annie watched us draw closer and closer to Mackinac. Finally she could distinguish

the white wall of the Old Fort, the spire of the Catholic Church and then "the longest porch in the world" of the Grand Hotel, and finally the four white columns of the Island House, where all her friends were gathered.

The minute the boat was docked and the barrier down, one of these friends, Mr Scoville Wishard, came aboard and with his strong arms lifted Annie right from the deck into a waiting carriage. She waved and smiled to the people who had come down to the dock to meet her, then in a few moments we were moving up the road to the hotel.

Many more of her friends were waiting on the porch, but as we drew up by the front steps, the figure that stood out from all the others was Dr Frank Buchman, smiling and bowing, with his hat in his hand.

Again Annie was lifted out of the carriage and carried up the steps to where Frank Buchman was waiting. He greeted her with that warmth and kindness and graciousness that so distinguished him.

The weeks spent at Mackinac were very rich ones. She had a large corner room in the hotel overlooking the entrance and front lawns where the conference was meeting. She could see her many friends coming and going up and down the path and would wave to them. With her doctors she worked out the right number of visitors for each day. So many wanted to talk to her. The children came to see her as well and brought her flowers they had picked in the fields and meadows nearby.

In September a high-level industrial conference was planned. From one shipyard a special pullman car came, engaged for the occasion by the vice-president of one of the big shipyards on the East Coast. The host filled it with patriotic citizens who wanted to plan for the nation; one of them was a tough, rough labour leader named Bill Schaffer, president of the 17,000 men

in this same shipyard. Schaffer brought along his wife and a couple of bodyguards. He also carried a gun and plenty of whisky. He had never heard of Moral Re-Armament before, but came because he was curious to see what the management of his yard was up to.

He didn't need to use either the gun or the whisky. But he did find something at this week-end conference that shook him to the roots and changed his attitude to life, and especially to management, forever. He also admitted at the end of the conference that he and his wife had been on the verge of divorce after ten years of marriage. This was to have been their last week-end together. They had two children, but fights in the home and mutual mistrust had made life almost unbearable. They both had hot tempers. His wife, who had fought on the picket line, had been given the name of Dynamite by her colleagues.

But to their amazement, in the atmosphere of this conference, they both began to understand what change meant; that it could start with them. He also found an entirely new relationship with the employers when he heard them say they wanted to put people before profits and end exploitation. The result was that Schaffer dropped his belligerent manner and together they began to plan how to strengthen production in the shipyard.

During the conference these men and women, along with many others from cities like Los Angeles, Seattle, San Francisco, Boston, Atlanta, Richmond and Philadelphia found an incentive that overarched differences.

The summer session came to an end and the delegates returned to their homes. It was decided that a large Moral Re-Armament force should move into the city of Philadelphia in order to give support to the industrial delegations who were

planning strategic moves in the shipyards. Annie's son Bill would be one of those going. How Annie longed to go too and be right in the middle of the fight. The doctors were consulted again. They came to the conclusion once again that being with her friends and fighting with them for people would help her more than anything. By this time the cancer had spread all through her. She could only have a short time to live.

And so she left Mackinac Island, spending a few days in Detroit to break the journey to Philadelphia. Annie had many friends there. Even before she had gone into the hospital she had made lasting friendships with some of the leading hostesses of that great city, which in those days was called "the arsenal of democracy".

She had met Mrs Henry Ford, senior, the wife of the inventor of the Ford motor car. Annie had been asked to speak and give her convictions at various luncheons and teas in Dearborn where the Fords lived. Mrs Harry Sanger was another Detroit lady who knew Annie well. And there were Mrs Frank Nicol, Mrs Robert Hargreaves and Mrs A. G. Nutter. Having met these women she maintained a regular correspondence with them for a number of years, up to her death. They had opened their hearts to her and often went to see her in the hospital.

So now, as she left Mackinac, Mrs Nutter invited her to stay in her home until the arrangements for her overnight train journey were worked out. It was during her stay there that one day her wedding ring slipped off and was lost, because her fingers had become so thin. June Lee was with her at this time. They looked everywhere, but alas it could not be found. This made Annie very sad.

On the road again

FINALLY Annie started off on her last journey. She arrived in Philadelphia about the middle of October, 1943, and now had just about four months to live. But what a four months! They were to prove a pageant of triumph, and Annie fought, as she had said she would fight, with her last breath for sound homes!

It was to my home in Germantown, Philadelphia, that Annie came that final autumn of her life. My father and mother put the house at the disposal of Annie and Bill and with their friends who had come to work in the campaign in the shipyards. My two brothers were away; one was in the army; the other was married. But we sat down at least twelve to every meal, and often quite a few more. Our faithful cook, Mary Casey, turned out the meals.

In the middle of all this hustle and bustle my mother and father continued to live much as usual, except that there was more food to order, more faces around the dining room table, and many more comings and goings. My father went every day to his office in town, but he would never be sure who might be sitting at the dinner table that evening!

Of course Annie was very sensitive to my parents and she was able to help my mother very much. Mother was apt to worry and be anxious. I think Annie's humour and lightness of touch helped my mother not to feel too burdened.

My father's nature was very warm-hearted and that winter

he opened his home to dozens of people. We had many parties during those four months for all the new people we were meeting. They would love to go up to Annie's room and visit her. In this way she was kept in the middle of everything.

But in such a large and busy household there was a lot to learn. I remember how Annie used to speak to us about graciousness and how important it was. She used to say that true graciousness could only spring from a humble and generous heart. It meant being aware of what other people were feeling. Sometimes we would be judging and impatient with each other. Annie would be sure to have a talk with us at the first opportunity. "It's no good hitting each other over the head," she would say.

She was also sensitive to the tone of our voices. I remember so well one time when we were laying up the table in the dining room and afterwards she remarked on how loud and shrill our conversation was as it wafted up the stairs to her room. She asked us what lay behind it.

It was a glorious autumn. In those first weeks Annie was able to get up and be dressed for part of each day. We took her for drives through the surrounding countryside. Fifteen minutes by car from our home and you are in the rich farmland of Pennsylvania. We drove down winding, country lanes away from all the traffic.

The trees were ablaze with colour—scarlet, gold and russet brown. Annie gazed longingly across the rolling Pennsylvania hills—so like England, yet so different—larger and more open. She had come to know America very well and to love it, and she loved all her hundreds of friends there, so devoted now and watchful. Of course she must have been thinking that she would never see England again, or her mother. It was strange to realize that her mother would probably out-live her.

She had many letters from England. How her heart must have yearned over her country and the ordeal of those years. She did admit her longings, but at the same time she deeply accepted that she was in the place where God meant her to be.

She never talked about her discomfort. She still had tests, still had to have unpleasant treatments. She would sit on the edge of her bed, a small, fragile figure, clad in a pink dressing-gown, making jokes while the doctor and nurses worked over her. She was always out-going; always grasping the discomfort and turning it with her will away from self-concern. So a radiance shone from her. There was a beauty and wonder in her room. The beauty of holiness; of absolute unselfishness, of purity and faith.

More and more she turned to the old hymns which she had known long ago. She would write them out in her beautiful hand-writing and sing them to herself—or sing them to her friends when she might have been tempted to be afraid or to turn inward on how she was feeling.

Her room was beautiful to look at, since, as always, everything was so neat and tastefully arranged. There were many flowers around and dozens of photographs which stood in frames on the dresser, the desk and the different tables. There was a picture of her mother, sitting up in bed with a shawl around her shoulders; pictures of families, of children and many pictures of the boys in uniform who wrote to her from all around the world.

Meanwhile Annie lived with her whole heart into the campaign in Philadelphia. She was especially thrilled with news about the shipyard workers and their wives. Bill Schaffer and "Dynamite" often came to see her and gave her a first-hand account of the team they were building as they fought to build trust and incorruptible leadership. It was at this time that

President Truman, then Senator Truman, said: "There is not an industrial bottleneck that could not be solved if MRA were given the green light to go ahead."

Every day we had a pile of letters to mail for Annie. One person she wrote to quite often was Dr Buchman, and he to her. She was grateful to him for many things, but one thing she always remembered was that first time in Oxford when she had been so afraid to speak out because she had had so little school education. But because he helped her to give the riches of what she herself uniquely was, everything fell into place.

An exchange of letters follows:

October, 1943

Dear Frank,

The other day I had a great temptation to try to walk downstairs alone, and when the others came in I could say, "See how well I can walk up and down stairs on my own," and I see how easily I could have given way, and maybe have fallen and undone all that has been done for me.

It is hard at times but how grateful I am that the Lord keeps me, and does guide and direct this will of mine.

It shows me more and more that not one of us can have this life on the cheap. There is a price to pay every day. For me, I think the hardest was and is my will. It seemed impossible to me that the Lord could take that, as it was my ordinary make-up, and the most dangerous thing about me. And this verse I am very fond of and which is always before me:

I have no jewels to adorn Thy shrine
 No far-famed sacrifice to make
 But here within my trembling hand I bring
 This will of mine.

ON THE ROAD AGAIN

A thing that seemeth small
But Thou alone can'st understand
How when I give Thee this
I give my all.

Autumn, 1943

Dear Frank,

I was thinking a great deal about mothers, and the utter blindness to the needs of the family God has given us. Instead of being fighters ever we are appeasers, always wanting the easy way. It is why there is so much delinquency.

It is true we can fight for what we call our rights. I know how I used to think I had certain rights because I worked hard to make the business a success. But it was because I thought only of material security that I failed in so many other ways.

As I lay here thinking about it all, the Lord began to talk to me and tell me how He had used all those mistakes of mine to give new hope and confidence for the future to many who were like me.

Isn't the Lord good to me, Frank?

Reading Romans V, 1-6 this morning the thought came to me that the Lord has not only increased my faith in His power to heal, but with it has come the peace which makes it so real. And, as I read in verse 5, a hope that never disappoints us, since God's love floods our hearts through the Holy Spirit which has been given to us. The love of my friends means so much to me, but the love of Christ for me in remaking my life gives it all a greater sense of value than I can ever explain.

ANNIE

Whispering Sands,
Sarasota,
Florida.

1 December, 1943

My dear Annie,

I am glad you like Philadelphia and all the Pennsylvania ways. They are a Godly folk and William Penn did inspire them to live to be guided by God. I am doubly a Pennsylvanian. I was born in Pennsburg, Pennsylvania. That is an added joy.

I was glad when I read that you wanted to be in the city where your son worked, and I can understand it. And I am glad for all the joy that you have.

Perhaps you can get these fellows really to write a play on how to live in a guided home. You know if you stick at them they do come around to your way of thinking!

Give my messages to the Clarks. I am glad you are a welcome guest. I can picture the old house.

With every good wish to you, and thank Bill for the good long letter he wrote telling me all the news, and not forgetting yours and more of yours, because I have been having them constantly and they are such a delightful boost for the day. Did you hear again from our friend Mrs Ford?

Believe me,

Always loyally,

FRANK

THE AUTUMN DAYS passed. The branches of the trees were bare now.

It was clear to us all that Annie would not live much longer. We four looked after Annie—June Lee, Rosamond Lombard,

ON THE ROAD AGAIN

Polly Anne Eastman and myself. I never heard her complain.

We took turns on duty, bringing up her meals, keeping her room clean and fresh, making her bed.

We tucked her in every night and said our prayers with her, then turned out the light and she was left alone. She had a bell she could ring which would bring one of us quickly, but she rarely rang it.

Her Lord was so real to her, so close. If tempted to be anxious or afraid she turned to Him. She would sing one of her hymns, or read the Bible, or just listen to what God might have to say to her. How many times, alone through those long nights, she was tempted to be afraid we never knew. Timid and anxious by nature, through faith and obedience and love she had developed a lion-heart in that so-frail body.

Each morning at five-thirty one of us would go down to the kitchen and make Annie an early morning pot of tea, bringing it to her on the dot of six. She was always awake; the moment she heard a step she turned on the light, eager for that first warming sip of tea and the warmth and love of friends after the long night.

After tea, propped on her pillows, she took her pen in hand to write down her thoughts for the day in her notebook. In the stillness and peace of the early morning, before the household was astir, she listened, read her Bible, and said her prayers. In touch with a power beyond human strength, she submitted, moment by moment, to this greater Will and Way.

Here are lines from two hymns she kept saying to herself in those last days:

Have Thine own way, Lord, have Thine own way,
Hold o'er my being absolute sway.

ANNIE

When I fear my faith will fail,
Christ will hold me fast;
When the tempter would prevail,
He can hold me fast.

I am precious in His sight,
He will hold me fast;
Those He saves are His delight;
He will hold me fast.

And from her notebooks:

December, 1943

“As life-changers, God expects us to have poise and forthrightness in all our actions, not just when we feel we have a special job to do. He expects us to grow daily, claiming His power for each day’s work, whatever it may be, remembering all the time what He said: ‘Without Me, you can do nothing’.”

New Year’s morning, 1944

“I was thinking the Lord is looking for great things to happen during 1944, and I was thinking of our force as a fighting unit on the home front. A call to arms if you will, everyone in full fighting form to build a new world. The new world can only come through the building of sound homes, as they are the backbone of every nation. Just as the army is mobilised overseas, many giving their lives to bring victory, so the Lord expects us to mobilise our forces into a disciplined, caring army of team builders who are prepared to give all they have to be victorious. This is no time for shirking, and it is everyone’s responsibility.

ON THE ROAD AGAIN

“I know the Lord expects me to give all I have, and for the year just opening I give myself, with every bit of strength the Lord gives me, to fight for the real home life, until I can't fight any more.”

She wrote this when she had six more weeks to live.

Annie's Christmas

DAY AFTER DAY she continued to fight for us all. Annie could tell the moment we came into her room how we were—whether heavy with a burden of some self-concern, or free and sensitive to others. Two whom she fought for up to the very end were June Lee and myself. There had often been rivalry between us. We were both strong-willed and possessed deep feelings. Annie longed to help us find such a real touch with God that our destructive reactions would not throw us. How clearly she saw through us. How tenderly she gave to us.

One morning a few days before Christmas, when I brought her tea at six o'clock, she looked at me and said, "You've not been your usual bright self these last days. What's the matter?" She left it at that, and after attending to her I hurried away to my room. The challenge to be honest about what I was feeling always helped me. Such a challenge from a real friend had brought me out of many a self-piteous tail spin.

So now I sat down in my room and listened to that never-failing still, small voice. The thoughts came clearly enough. I had been jealous of June in these last days, competing with her for Annie's approval. (How unfair to Annie, who didn't give approval, only straightness.) Second, I knew I had been impatient and judging towards my mother and that I should say sorry to her.

I saw Annie later and we had a little talk. I have found the thoughts she wrote down in her notebook the following day:

ANNIE'S CHRISTMAS

"Great gratitude for yesterday and the talk with Clara. I am grateful to the Lord for giving me the courage to speak to her, so that we can all have the kind of relationship with each other that will make this home a pattern for the nation.

"Pray especially for Clara that she learns to care for her mother and June in a new way; and that she herself becomes not only a pattern daughter in her home but in the big family, where she gives a new lead and sets a new pace for the kind of family life that builds sound homes.

"I was thinking what a time of expectancy the shepherds must have had as they trudged along following the star and not knowing really what was to happen. They did not know then the tiny baby they were seeking was to be the Saviour of the world.

"I was thinking how the Lord meant it to be so, in order that everyone everywhere should understand that being born humbly did not make it unworthy but gave a princely, or rather a kingly, emphasis to the importance of His birth.

"How it must have rejoiced the hearts of Joseph and Mary to hear the singing and all the things the angels sang, even although they did not quite understand. It's the greatest story that has ever been heard. Rich and poor alike know all about it."

Here is what Annie wrote in her notebook on Christmas Day, 1943, in Philadelphia:

"Great gratitude for yesterday. The honesty of Clara and the real joy that comes when we are free. Today a great day. So much like home to be here with Bill. It makes it a doubly great day.

"How grateful I am that the Lord does keep close beside, reminding me to relax in Him and to be rested enough today so that I can fit into His plan for the home. I was thinking how

in the later years of Christ's life He had so much to face and His only source of strength was prayer. He trusted His Heavenly Father with every detail of His life and what it must have meant when His Heavenly Father said, 'This is my beloved son in whom I am well pleased'.

"I thought, too, the Lord is giving us the same privileges today, and what a privilege it is to be chosen by Him to be a life changer."

This is the end of Annie's guidance. After this she no longer had the strength to write.

On Christmas Day we decided Annie should come downstairs for her last Christmas dinner. We dressed her. Her legs were too weak to walk so two of us made a "chair" with our hands and carried her. At the foot of the stairs my father gave her his arm, and she managed the few steps into the dining room where she was seated on his right. Around the table were all the smiling faces of the family, her son Bill, we four, and other friends. Grace was said; the turkey carved. A bright fire crackled in the hearth and the pungent smell of balsam branches filled the house.

Annie went to bed very contented that night.

A week before she died Annie received this letter from Frank Buchman:

Whispering Sands,
Sarasota,
Florida.

8 February, 1944

My dear Annie,

You are in my thoughts much these days. The old hymns you sing are the ones I know and they are a rich bond between us.

It was so good of you to call me the other day. I had a long

ANNIE'S CHRISTMAS

letter from Bill too. He is so satisfying. He has the right proportion that you have given him, work and more work, and then life-changing.

I have just had a great letter from Roly Wilson in London in which he spoke of Tod Sloan and Liz and the old "East Hamers" crowding into Berkeley Square for their Christmas.

The best is yet to be.

Loyally,

FRANK

With my last breath

BY FEBRUARY Annie had become very weak indeed. She could no longer raise herself or do anything for herself. She had a trained nurse, Miss Alice Tooker. But there was one more thing Annie wanted to do. She wanted to see some of the senior American couples she had known for many years. They had met Dr Buchman long ago when they were university students, some of them still in their teens. Through the years he had trained them, and they in turn had trained all of us. Annie had come to know them very well, as friends and fellow-fighters. Now she heard that they were passing through Philadelphia, on their way to join Dr Buchman who was in Florida, himself recovering from a serious illness.

They came and stood together around her bed. She was firm and straight with them as she had often been before. So much depended on them. Theirs was a very high calling; it was not an easy road. It was the road of the Cross.

She looked at them, these American men and women. She knew how much they had already given. They had given everything, home, career, reputation, to pioneer a way that would work for humanity. Her heart went out to them.

She asked them questions. Were they as honest with their children as they wanted their children to be with them?

Were they truly united as husbands and wives, not living parallel lives, but sharing honestly with each other, resolving every difference on a basis of what God said?

They told her what was in their hearts. She had often helped them before. Then they knelt down beside her bed and they committed themselves anew to their mighty task. In this way they said goodbye to her. And when they finally went away, knowing they would never see her again, Annie closed her eyes. She had very little strength left.

Now quite often she became unconscious and seemed almost to slip away. Dr Irene Gates and Alice Tooker stayed very close to her. We took turns sitting with her in the silent room. We would give her sips of water and moisten her lips.

Sometimes she would try to say something and we would hurry to her. Once she said to me, "You didn't know what you were taking on." She also said, "You don't know how close I have been to Heaven."

I had now worked with Annie and Bill for three years, and I had fallen in love with Bill, though we were not engaged. Annie of course knew how I felt, though I had never talked to her about it. On this subject I felt quite shy with her, wondering if she would approve, knowing me as she did. I can see it all so clearly now, looking back. Of course she approved. She tried to tell me so in different ways in those last days. But I was proud and kept silent. I didn't know how to put it into words.

But I did say goodbye to her, shortly before she lost consciousness. I was going by her door, and noticing that at that particular moment she happened to be alone, I ran in and knelt beside her bed, putting my head down close to hers. She whispered to me and I knew she understood.

A few more days went by, then Annie began to have difficulty in breathing. She often sighed and seemed to be reaching out for something. Bill was now with her and for the next forty-eight hours he hardly left her side. Mr Scoville

Wishard, one of Bill's closest friends, stayed with Bill. We then had the thought to have June and Polly Anne sing some of Annie's hymns. As soon as she heard them singing, a peaceful look stole over her face and she became quiet. So the two girls sang to her, off and on, for the next two days and nights, whenever Annie seemed to be in distress. The singing seemed to be the one thing that helped her.

Here Mrs Charles Haines of Philadelphia, gives her impressions of Annie's last hours:

"My husband and I learned a lot from Annie, especially about fighting as one instead of two separate individuals, and it was from Annie's death-bed in the Clark home that we felt commissioned to carry on her philosophy of sound homes. One of the most impressive things about Annie was that she made God's will her will, especially in the last days of her illness. Many of us would like to run home when we are ill, but Annie was at the heart of the battle for a new world.

"Bill shared Annie's last days with all of us. So often when a person is ill and dying, the doors are closed and there is solemn gloom through the whole house. There was a wonderful openness about Annie's going and the doors were open. We were allowed to share with Bill the last precious moments of Annie's life. Many times we would go in and stay with Annie, hold her hands and pray with her round her bed and the girls would sing to her.

"On the last evening Bill asked for Delia, the laundress, and Mary, the Irish cook, to come in. They came and stood smiling at Annie for a little while.

One of the girls sang "The Old Rugged Cross". Bill said, "I am proud of all your fight, mother dear, and what you have given." Annie responded to Bill's voice and a faint smile flitted over her face though she was too weak to speak. Bill

whispered, "Mother darling." Annie replied clearly, "I can't give it up." We felt she was referring to the fight and remembering the message she sent to Frank, "I will fight with my last breath."

After the singing of the hymn Annie was slightly restless. Bill said, "Darling, I am here with you." Annie replied, "Oh, my son, Oh Father." Bill said, "Darling, you are doing well." Then the girls began to sing. Annie responded immediately. Her face lit up with a look we shall never forget and she said, "Oh, oh."

Early in the morning with just a few around her I felt she revealed the secret and passion of her life in her last words, "Oh my Saviour, dear Lord—my son—my mother."

Annie never again gained consciousness. She went home very quietly and peacefully in her sleep at four fifty-five on Sunday morning, 13 February.

Her doctor, Dr Irene Gates, said, "At the end she was triumphant over disease, and not disease and death over her. She fought to stay as long as the Lord wanted her here. She knew she was going home. When the time came that she might have had very severe pain, as she had always known He would, the Lord took care of her. Her heart gave out and she went to sleep very quietly and very peacefully. Watching with a person like Annie one sees life in a whole new light. I saw with tremendous clarity how a guided and victorious person who will go forward to meet and accept suffering, not resisting it but absorbing it, can change even the course of disease and her own exterior circumstances. Eternity was very near."

THERE WERE MANY memorial services for Annie held in different parts of the world. Here are six of the tributes:

From a United States Army Chaplain who had never met Annie, but who wrote out his impressions after attending her funeral in Philadelphia:

“Rejoicing with you in Annie’s victory today” seemed a strange way to word a message to a son whose mother had just passed away. It seemed strange to begin a funeral service with the Doxology too, but that is exactly what happened at Annie Jaeger’s funeral today—the first truly Christian funeral I have yet attended. It was a memorial to a woman whose spirit of faith was triumphant over pain, disease and death: to a Christian whose passionate love for mankind, whose unquestioning faith and whose fighting conviction for great ideals had changed lives in every strata of life on an international scale.

Her son Bill lacked none of the qualities that made his mother great. Never a tear of sorrow did he shed but he made it a triumphant service of thanksgiving—a crowning day for one who had won life’s race and was now meeting her Master, her life-mate and the host of friends whom she had lost awhile. This mother-son relationship was deep, but it did not try to possess the other’s soul. It was understood those souls belonged to God. As Dr Irene Gates explained, death is to many a time when self-will is crossed and they cry because there is no way to prevent it. To a life seeking God’s will and harmony with Him, there can be no separation.

Annie’s friends were interesting people. Their outward appearance was not different but their lives were. There was more simplicity, more unpretentious love, more Godliness than I have seen for many months. It was like sunshine, fresh

air and freedom to an imprisoned soul to enjoy that fellowship for a few moments. To see women without cigarettes, war-paint and flippancy; to see men who could speak without profanity and had thoughts about things other than sex, liquor and war was an inward tonic. They came from England, Scotland, Norway, Sweden, Canada and every part of the United States but their transformed lives gave them a unity and teamwork surpassing the greatest dreams of national unity. They had no organization, no financial schemes or designs, but just a great task, a great determination and a great God.

The work nearest Annie's heart was the building of sound homes. The revolution that will herald a new world must begin in individuals and manifest itself in their home. She taught women not to be afraid to take second place or worry what their husband would do for them, and she taught men to share, plan and dream *with* their families. She taught parents and children that their lives were not to run parallel to each other but their care and love should make them of the same heart-beat. She believed that nations of sound families will make for a strong family of nations.

Do you see why I attended a strange funeral today? Of course, I didn't know Annie in life, but even in death I was able to learn why her friends sang around the open grave "There is Sunshine in My Soul Today". I guess one of the children's telegrams to Bill expressed it pretty completely, "To a woman who has given her life to make other people great".

The funeral service was held on 16 February, 1944, in the Church of St Luke and the Epiphany, Philadelphia. Among those speaking were two Britishers.

The Hon Miles Phillimore, a Private in the US Army, said:

I know one barracks where men drawn from every division of the Infantry now in the United States are today talking about Annie Jaeger. The man in the bunk next door said he felt as if he knew her. They all know her face and they all know from her what a mother can be. It is absolutely necessary that at a time when millions of hearts have grown tired and cold, there should be a person whom everybody could love. I believe that person for millions is and will be Annie Jaeger.

And Michael Barrett, a Lieutenant in the United States Air Force:

Annie is in the great tradition of the saints and warriors of history. And Annie, who loved England as only a person of her background can love England, gave her life for America. She did more than some of us living in America. She did the harder thing—to die in another country.

And Annie, who loved her own home so passionately, did the other thing, of living in other people's homes. Years ago, Frank Buchman and others from America, many of whom are here today, came to Britain and began that spiritual rebirth of our Empire. Then Annie came to America, and in herself has repaid to the full that debt owed by Britain to America.

I am British, in the uniform of the Army of the United States, as are many of the others here. I know that Annie's hope, too, was that the teamwork between Britain and America should be the greatest glory of our history. Frank Buchman first brought that to Britain, and it was here in Philadelphia that his work began.

WITH MY LAST BREATH

And Annie will go to rest on the road to Allentown, where Dr Buchman was born, and where some day he will go to rest. You notice these two flags here (pointing to the British and American flags in the chancel). I was at West Point the other day, in the chapel. There are long rows of flags, every one a battle flag. It is a shrine of this country's military greatness. And in my heart, anyway, there is a flag for Annie.

In London, a thousand of Annie's old friends thronged to the memorial service in Canning Town Hall. Tod Sloan was there and Fred Welch, former Deputy Mayor of East Ham. Peter Howard, who had never met Annie but knew so much about her from the people of East London, was one of the speakers. He read a moving poem he had written when he had heard she had died. This message was sent to Bill from the service:

Annie lives. Family here and all teams throughout Britain in city, village, factory, farm, lovingly, proudly and gratefully honouring her today. She lives in the hearts of all who knew her and in the lives of thousands reborn through her selfless service. She has shown the world how ordinary folk everywhere empowered by the Superforce of God can shape the destiny of nations.

She gave everything in the battle, first her only son, then herself, her health and her life itself. She believed that to give all is the privilege and duty of every citizen of true democracy. She belonged to the classless society of the nobility of the spirit. She had a queenly culture and grace which ever put others and their needs first.

Hers was the charm which drew all she met not to herself but to the One she served. Her frail form concealed a lion-heart of love, her gentleness a character steel-hardened in the furnace of persecution.

ANNIE

Mr Garrett R. Stearly, speaking at the Memorial Service held by Dr Buchman in Sarasota, Florida, USA:

Annie was a great believer in teamwork. In her understanding and insight she somehow got to a basic understanding of each one of us. She was trying to awaken a sense of real teamwork so that we would fight to bring the best out of each other and use it together for a common purpose.

Annie was convinced that unless the married couples did that they wouldn't achieve their calling. I am eternally grateful for what she started at that time. It just changed the whole atmosphere of the work we were doing together.

I will never forget our last meeting with Annie just before we came south. She invited us to come and see her. She had been planning it all day and she had everything in her mind that she wanted to say to us. The thing that she most wanted was that we should never get on a pedestal; that we should always learn to share with the rest of our friends and with people close to us our real difficulties and our real problems so that we never give the appearance that we are on a pedestal, "because," she said, "that is the only way you will ever cross the bridge between this generation and the next." Unless we developed that frankness we would never pass on from one generation to the next the real qualities that were necessary.

You had to be real with her. Somehow God flooded into that room.

A message from Dr Frank Buchman:

She lives. "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His Saints." Such is the queenly heritage of Annie Jaeger, who lived the miracle of being poor yet making many rich, of having nothing yet possessing all things.

To you her gallant son our abiding love and gratitude. You

WITH MY LAST BREATH

have tasted of the springs of eternal life as your mother and you journeyed through life together. I echo your mother's words, "I too, am proud of you, Bill" as we unitedly are proud of a mother who had the vision to leave such a heavenly heritage to her son and to all who follow in her train.

Where in a frame so frail such shining spirit?
Where 'neath a head so white an eye so bright?
Where in a doubting age so clear a vision?
Where amid skies so grey a heart so gay?
Where in a world of self so pure a passion?
Where at a life's decease such perfect peace?

A final word from Bill

WHEN MY MOTHER DIED I received letters from over five hundred families who wrote to tell me what she had done to make their homes a united force. Since then I have continued Annie's work and it has expanded into all parts of the world. On every continent there are now dockers, shipyard workers, factory workers, miners, building workers and their wives who have taken up Annie's work of applying Moral Re-Armament in all they do.

In 1967 I went to Australia along with my wife to speak on our work with world labour at an MRA conference that was opened by the Prime Minister, Mr Harold Holt. I had many other talks on Moral Re-Armament with cabinet ministers, labour leaders and industrialists in Australia, New Zealand, Hong Kong, Singapore, India, Ceylon, Cyprus and the Lebanon. Everywhere the need seemed the same—how to answer deadlock and how to create dependable leadership of men and women who live what they talk about.

Annie pioneered what the ordinary person longs to see happen—showing him how to find a purpose for his life, a purpose for his home and an answer to bitterness, selfishness and hatred in the world.

We need ten thousand Annies today in every city and every nation. Through Moral Re-Armament every man and woman in the world can pioneer the next great stage in history for all mankind.

From Annie's notebooks

THIS MORNING the thought came to me of what Christ said, "Ye are my friends; if you do whatsoever I command you", and I felt Christ speaking to me. I know that He has given me release from pride, fear, worry and strain. I do want to pass it on to other women.

I felt, too, this is meant for all classes of women. I know the thrill I got when God used me to change a charwoman in my home in Stockport. We need homes free from strain. Surrendering love of comfort.

The most urgent necessity in human living is to be able to face life victoriously. This does not mean freedom from temptation, nor from making mistakes, but these mistakes need not be sins. Sin comes out of wrong intention. Victorious living does not mean perfect living in the sense of living without flaws; but it does mean adequate living and that can be consistent with mistakes. It is much easier to live on defeats than victory. We dwell on them; we do not share them and so we are not victorious.

A real leader is the servant of all.

What are we going to do to awaken the older women? What is the quickest cure for the world? Think out constructively God's plan for older women. To awaken older women to see a new way of living and what part we have in the rebuilding of the world. All

can be living this new quality of life on an entirely new basis. The barriers I find and which I had in my own life are fear of the future, worry, strain, pride, loss of energy. It means getting to know the older women personally, being friendly with them, winning their confidence, telling them of what we have found and helping them see they have a part in this fight.

Certainly we cannot give up speaking of what we have seen and heard. I was thinking that too many of us have not yet grasped the real cost of what this life stands for, that is why we lose Christ, why we are so often up and down. Christ knew He was hated by many but He went through all the pain and suffering of the Cross so that it would be a demonstration for all time.

Always He captured the imagination of the man in the street. I was thinking too that real love unites and builds new relationships and that was what Christ set out to do and He did it. He says, "My joy I give to you and your joy no one taketh from you".

So often we compromise instead of fighting to build the new relationships in the home, and our pride is the ruling factor because we feel we have certain rights and we refuse to come off the pedestal we have made for ourselves.

I was reading John XXI, verse 18. I thought how like it we are today. It's so easy to answer like Peter did. I know it's the way I answered, not just in those words but it meant the same. And I know how vexed I used to feel. Then one sees the jealousy of Peter as he sees John following Christ. The way he said "And what about him, Lord?" How human it all is. The answer Christ gave in verse 22 should make us all examine ourselves to know if our first loyalty is to Christ. For myself, I saw that if my first loyalty is to Christ then all others fit in: home, family, friends, business, church.

St Paul at this time was afraid, because he had been a fault-finder. He accused and criticised without knowing the facts, and so he built a wall of dislike and resentment.

I was reading in Luke X when Christ sent out the seventy with a programme and I began to think about what discipleship means and what it involves:

Consistency.

Reliability. Can people always rely on me, no matter what the cost?

Do I always ring true?

I am learning more and more that a life of victory is a life of trust. One works with the other. I can't have one without the other. I know too that the quality of my life-changing depends upon the quality of my own life and my own relationships with Christ. God has given we women great responsibility.

The disciples found it a hard and difficult way; they were ambitious and jealous of each other and made excuses. It is easy to say our programme is sound homes, teamwork in industry and national unity; but unless we are producing the answer there ourselves, this programme is not much use.

The only security for every nation lies in its willingness to face its own sins, just as I have had to face mine, of fear, day by day. No other nation can do it for my nation, and no other person can do it for me.

I was wondering why so many of us are afraid of giving ourselves entirely to God. We go so far, then stop. I know I was afraid too. I was thinking how, having failed by my own effort to let go all my pride, fear and selfishness, I gave them to God with myself, asking His forgiveness.

It is easy to say like I did, "I have done all that," but have we? I know I kept on fighting my own battle instead of letting God help me. I used to ask His help in my prayers but it was I, what I wanted, instead of acknowledging my defeat and letting God have full control and change me.

I was thinking, too, it is no light thing giving oneself to God. It is something we take on for life and I know I must be prepared for any sacrifice God asks of me, however costly.

We women often get moody. I get anxious about the work, wondering whether we are moving fast enough and the thought came to battle through our moods into love for God and for people. It is the only way to rise above them.

It is not an easy thing we have taken on; it is the way of the Cross day by day.

A deep rooted passion for God gives a deep rooted passion for people. It is easy to get off the guided plan into one of our own making, having likes and dislikes.

It is easier to give the philosophy of Moral Re-Armament than to change people. We all know what it stands for, but somehow we don't get to the place where we care. Nations will not change on philosophy alone; they must have something that works.

I am seeing that my own life cannot rest at the first surrender. Pride often comes up and bits of resentment, making me realise that I need the daily surrender more and more, and only in this way can I live this quality of life. It is the keeping in touch with God all the time that keeps me strong.

God never makes mistakes. It is we who fail Him because of the many barriers we put up in our own lives and keep hanging on to.

FROM ANNIE'S NOTEBOOKS

As soon as we let these go, our thinking becomes clearer and we begin to see God's purpose and plan.

Do not be self-opinionated. I realised before going to sleep last night how real God was to me and each time what strength He gives me. But I must always get self right out of the way when I talk to people. That is the creative sharing which helps others as well as myself.

The thought came to me as I read Hebrews XII how much more I have to learn of the sacrifice of Christ. There are much harder things for me to face yet; and as I read I felt so grateful to God for giving me the desire to obey Him.

Jesus Saviour pilot me
Over life's tempestuous sea.
Unknown waves before me roll
Hiding rock and treacherous shoal.
Chart and compass come from thee
Jesus Saviour, pilot me.

As a mother stills her child
Thou canst hush the ocean wild.
Boisterous waves obey Thy will
When Thou sayest to them be still.
Wonderous sovereign of the sea
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

When at last I near the shore
And the fearful breakers roar
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest,
Then while leaning on Thy breast
May I hear Thee say to me,
Fear not, I will pilot thee.