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NEW YEAR

BATTLE LINE

|||| THE TWO-HEADED GOD JANUS STOOD AT THE GATES OF Rome, looking both forward and behind. But the barbarians stormed the towers of the city just the same and tore down the pride and glory of the ancient world.

Many who stand like Janus looking back on 1948 and forward to 1949 are filled with misgiving lest man step over the threshold of the New Year to another dark age for civilisation.

|||| For Revolution, Hatred, War and Death are grim realities in many parts of the world. World War in 1949? This is still a question in the minds of many. But they mistake the issue. World war has already been declared. In some places it has long ago reached the shooting stage. In others it is still in the shouting stage. But all over the world it is no longer in doubt that 1949 is going to be a year of increasing ideological strife.

|||| The organised forces of materialism have long studied and understood the question of ideological warfare. Their constant aim has been to create a world atmosphere of division and unrest in which they can effectively achieve their strategic objectives, one by one. Today they threaten to win in an all-out bid for world domination.

|||| The democracies by contrast have been innocent and amateurish in ideological understanding. We need immediately to turn our attention to this urgent question. By an overwhelming majority the British people voted for a longer period of military service last month. We have still, however, to develop an adequate ideological offensive to match our military and industrial strength.

|||| Three steps we must take in preparation for the struggle which undoubtedly lies ahead.

1. The democracies must find an ideology more convincing than any of the isms which bid for world control today.

2. They must study the principles of ideological warfare. That is to say they must have a clearly-defined world strategy—to create a model of industrial democracy in North America, economic and political unity in the countries of Western Europe, a democratic order in Germany and Japan and a democratic offensive in the Far East. They must also create a world atmosphere of honesty and understanding in which these strategic objectives can be achieved.

3. They must begin to live the moral ideology of freedom which is based on absolute standards of honesty and unselfishness, and apply it to every part of personal and national life.



New York Times

STRUGGLE IN THE EAST

BY LEN ALLEN
Nanking, China—December, 1948

IN these closing weeks of 1948 a thick gloom hangs over this ancient walled capital of China. The enemy is at the gates. It is very cold, and what fuel there is must be kept primarily for cooking. Food has been flying up the spiral of a dizzy inflation, often out of reach of hungry hands. There have been rice riots. Rumours sweep through the dusty, crowded streets like the chilling blasts of the north wind. Hope has burned very low.

Eight years of war against Japan, followed by three years of conflict against Soviet-aided Chinese revolutionists, have

drained the energy of the people. They are tired, hungry and cold. Now there is an atmosphere of defeat, quite different from the spirited hopefulness of the war years in Chungking. Confidence in the ability of the present regime to save China has, at times, nearly run out.

Meanwhile China's neighbours have felt the advance blasts of this Continental storm whose depression vortex, at the moment, happens to be in Nanking. Just before leaving Rangoon some weeks ago, the writer was awakened one morning by the roar of naval gunfire attempting to

dislodge the Marxist extremists from positions threatening Burma's major port. Disruption in Indo-China, Malaya and Indonesia has been in the news for several months. Beneath the surface in the labour and peasant movements of Japan and India the Communists keep a smouldering fire burning. At the same time, continued strife in the Philippines and the attempted Red coup in Southern Korea have added further dark patches on a blackening sky.

No! From this Nanking outpost, the prospects for 1949 are not bright at all.



More and more of China's millions are living in industrial cities like Shanghai. But . . .

in one of the Nehru mass meetings, and therefore speaks with intimate feeling on what this manpower means in a purely physical sense, and more than that, what it means when translated into a driving ideological force!

If these observations are sound, then the present strategy of the West in buttressing the industrialised countries of Europe, while giving only secondary consideration to what is happening here in Asia, is open to serious question. In World War III, if it comes, huge manpower reserves may go a long way to offset large atomic stockpiles.

The bid for the millions of Asia, therefore, cannot be lost by default. For, it may be they who will ultimately decide what kind of a world we are going to have in the latter half of this century and beyond. A descent into a vast slave-pen society? Or a rebirth and resurgence of inspired democracy?

Right now, in this bid, the Soviets are winning here in Asia. Not only in a military sense here in China—and by progressive insurrection elsewhere—but also by a more compelling philosophy, policy, and programme than the West has yet been able to present. Western production figures may appeal to European imagination, but land reform promises are the

Militarily, politically, economically—barring a radical change—the bag seems to be about empty.

But, is there another factor in the picture, not yet adequately evaluated and applied?

As a background to that question, it is important to understand what the stakes are in this ideological war in Asia. Communism, by all the creeds and dictates of its founders and heralds, is a world revolutionary force. It is bidding for the allegiance, or domination, of the two billion people who now inhabit the earth, and the bid is centrally directed from Moscow. Mao Tse-tung, Chinese Communist leader, in a recent article in the *Cominform Journal* in Bucharest, makes it perfectly plain how his movement fits into that picture. Half the people of the world happen to live here in Asia, and China is the key. If China goes, then Japan, Korea and the Philippines, according to informed observers, will be in grave danger. Also, if China goes, South-East Asia—already in the softening-up process by advance communist insurrectionists—will be critically exposed. India may then be outflanked on the Bay of Bengal.

For the time being Communist aggression may have been stalemated in Europe. But it is on the rampage here in Asia. The Berlin crisis has served as a good smoke-screen for the conquest of China.

Perhaps, at the moment, one of the biggest deterrents to a direct Communist offensive against the rearming West may be the lack of know-how in the manu-

facture of atomic weapons. Meanwhile, what the Communists may lack in atomic power they may be hoping to match in the Sovietised manpower of Asia. The mobilisation of Asia's vast human resources, under Soviet direction, might prove in a long gruelling war to be more than an equal for atom bombs. Industrialised cities may disintegrate under atomic incineration, but what about Sovietised agricultural masses?

The West, with its economic and social outlook, is inclined to count on industrial strength as the determining factor. And certainly World War II reinforced this belief. But the Soviets and the huge awakening nations of the East (like the ancient Teutonic people who pushed down the gates of Rome) have also discovered a tremendous power in the mobilised masses, not too well understood in the West. You need to attend one of the huge Congress meetings in Calcutta, for instance, to appreciate the surging power that Nehru holds in the awakened masses of India. The writer was nearly trampled to death

B.O.A.C.



things that figure with the farming masses of Asia. And on that point the Communists are consistently scoring bull's-eye hits in China, Burma, and elsewhere.

Also the Soviets are succeeding in stirring up a flaming hatred in Asia. Some months ago a youth delegation from an Asiatic nation visited America. They observed American industry swinging into its mighty post-war stride. They toured the Tennessee Valley area and saw that tremendous power project. And they heard plenty, from one source or another, about Oak Ridge and atomic fission. Meanwhile, they greatly enjoyed American hospitality and freedom.

And what was the total impression made on this delegation. Appreciation? Yes. Admiration? Yes. But also, fear! Fear of what America will do with its staggering might. Moscow Radio, clearly audible out here, then sets to work systematically, with humdrum daily monotony, to turn this fear into hatred. Race hate. Class hate. Religious hate. Any kind of hate, so long as it is directed against the people who now hold superior industrial might!

Hate in the heart of Asia's multi-millions would be a titanic force. A terrible weapon. And here is the ironic factor in Western industrial might: The use of atomic power against Asia would only multiply the hate! The writer once heard a leading Indian journalist bitterly denounce the atomic attack on Hiroshima, not so much as an assault on the Japanese, as on the whole people of Asia!

What new factor, then, is there in this whole Asia picture, which offers a brighter promise of peace, and a better hope of a new world?

... the mobilisation of the vast agricultural masses who work in China's paddy fields might prove to be more than an equal to atom bombs



Dr. Chen Li-fu, Vice-President of the Chinese Parliament, says, "New hope for China"

There are many who think that material aid will do it. Some advocate a Marshall Plan for Asia. There can be no doubt that hatred breeds on empty stomachs and in idle hands. Food, clothing, machinery and financial aid would be a big factor, if they are not delayed too long, and if they are in sufficient quantity. Already it is pretty late, especially here in China.

But Asia needs something more from the West than this. Asia wants some evidence that the West itself has a workable ideology, more satisfactory than what Marxism offers. The tide out here will turn when enough of the leaders of Asia's millions are convinced that this is so.

Increasingly, there have been numbers of statesmen from India, China, Burma, Japan, the Philippines, and Indonesia, who have found in Moral Re-Armament the dawn of a new light in the West. They have found at the MRA World Assemblies in Switzerland and U.S.A., a working ideology for democracy which has given them fresh hope for a change in the West, and, therefore, new hope for the East.

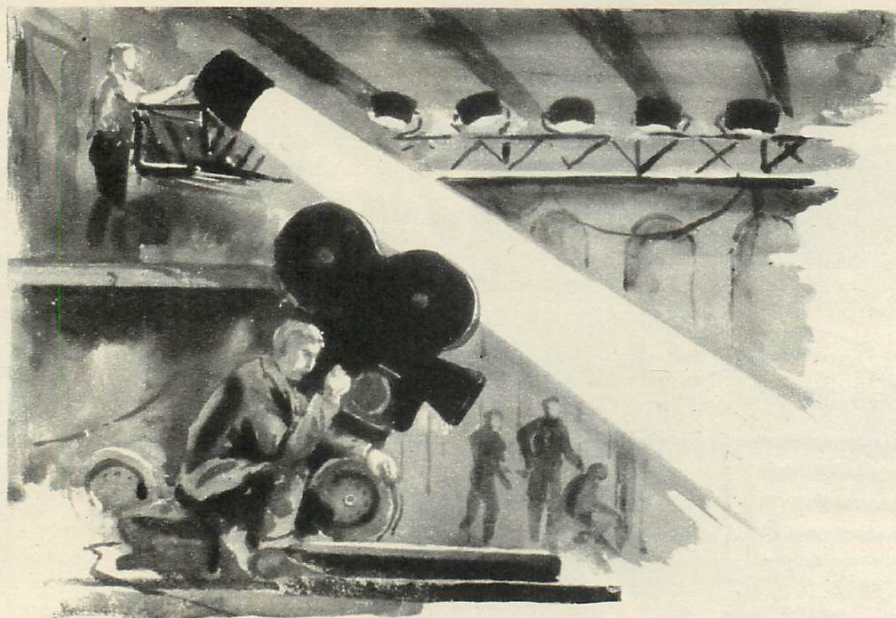
Writing in *Everybody's* in November, Dr. Chen Li-fu, Vice-President of the Chinese Parliament, says that through his personal contact with MRA he has "become convinced that the most effective

answer to Communism is the moral force of a superior ideology, which is the basis of democracy." Dr. Chen has described MRA as "the meeting place of East and West." After seeing the effect of this ideology in dealing with Britain's coal problem in the Rhondda Valley, with America's problem of achieving industrial teamwork, and with some of the political tangles in Italy and Germany, Dr. Chen writes: "It gave me new hope for China."

China too, wants to know the secret of teamwork. So do India, Burma, Japan, and the Philippines. If the West can export that secret along with material and technical aid, the East will open its doors wide, and more than that, its heart.

After years of residence in China, Burma, India, and the Middle East, living close to the people, the writer feels very deeply that whoever wins the heart of Asia will turn the tide of history.

Make no mistake. The ideology of militant materialism, class warfare and hatred is now winning the heart of Asia. But the issue is not yet decided. There is still time for the West, recapturing and living out its own historic ideology of inspired democracy, to convince the East that the way of Christ will make a better world than the way of Marx.



THOSE FINE

Illustrated by Bernard Eyre-Walker

SAY what you like about Francis Scott—and we at the Golden Studios could say plenty—he wasn't often late on the job. The Screen's latest, greatest lover took his work seriously. So on the tenth day of the Francis of Assisi picture, when Scott didn't show up, there was more tension on Stage 5 than on election night. The boys had been working smooth, and me and Dan Deasmore—he's head of the Lights Department—had got everything set up ahead of time. Syd, the Production Manager, was yelling for Scott all over the studio. Jerry Allset, who'd been routed out of bed with a hangover for this particular take, was cursing more than usual, and Oscar Brand, our Director, had his stop watch out and was counting the seconds as though they were hundred-dollar bills.

And believe me this Francis of Assisi job was costing money. It was one of those spiritual epics in technicolor the big studios put out every so often just to prove they've got souls like the rest of us.

But as Dan said to me on the first day's shooting:

"Hollywood's Number One Glamour Boy starred as a saint! I ask you!"

"All the same," I said, having read an article in the *Reader's Digest*, "this St. Francis was quite a lad in his way."

"But strictly not *à la* Hollywood," says Dan.

"No!" I admit. "And not *à la* Francis Scott."

All the same, you had to admit Scott was taking the part seriously. He seemed to eat, drink, sleep Francis of Assisi. The rumour was he'd even read a book about the guy.

It was an important retake that morning—a simple shot, but they hadn't been able to get it right. Jerry Allset was playing a young man-about-town of the period and you've got to admit, in his Mediæval rig, he looked sensational. In this scene we were shooting, Jerry was supposed to be returning home in the small hours from a big night of it in Assisi, when who should he run into, but his old crony, Francis. But, brother, what a transformation! Francis, in that monk's outfit of his, bubbling over with joy and not a care in the world, reckons he's found something that all the money of Assisi—or Hollywood either for that matter—can't buy. And so, knowing his man, he puts it up to Jerry to get rid of his glad rags and come along too. Which Jerry (or rather I should say the Joe that Jerry's supposed to be playing) being the impulsive type, I reckon, and fed up with the old routine anyway, there and then decides to do.

"Look," says Oscar, watching the dollars still ticking away. "Let's run through the scene in rehearsal and I'll stand in for Francis."

"Have a heart, Oscar," grunts Jerry, "Not you!"

Jerry was real sour that morning. The rumour was that he and Gloria Gibson were finally splitting after fifteen years of Hollywood marriage. It kind of made you sad, they having met in High School and come up together from the bottom hand in hand, so to speak.

So we get Jerry set and Oscar begins Francis's lines: "Haven't you worn that belt and sword and those fine spurs long enough? What about changing the belt for

this rope—the sword for the Cross—?"

And right at that moment Francis Scott steps into the lights, costume, make-up and everything. He takes over from Oscar, just as if he had been there all along.

"What about changing the sword for the Cross? And those spurs for the dust and stones of the road?"

"For pity's sake, Francis," says Jerry, looking kinda white under the make-up. "You scared the living daylights out of me."

Scott stands there and doesn't say a word. Then with the famous Scott smile, only with a difference, he turns to all of us and says, "I'm very sorry, you fellows, for keeping everyone waiting. A fellow had an accident on the way to the Studio. I had to stop and lend a hand."

Well, that little speech was quite handsome for Scott. So everyone cheers up a bit, and they try another run through.

Nothing went right for Jerry that morning. It was one of his big scenes. He's supposed to take off his big jewelled belt, lay his sword at Francis's feet, take him by the hands and from then on he's a changed character, strictly one of Francis's outfit. A tough scene! But not too tough for a seasoned old trouper like Jerry. But time after time in rehearsal Jerry flubs his cues. Once or twice he seems kinda stunned and doesn't react at all. Scott goes through his lines again and again, mellow and patient as you like and I must say I've never heard him better.

By now, under the make-up, Jerry's as red as a turkey. "I can't get it," he says miserably. "I'm just all confused."

"But that's right," says Scott, as cheery as can be. "You're supposed to be confused. You can't take a decision like this all in a minute."

"Yeah," grumbles Oscar, "and I suppose we hold up the shooting for another hour while he makes up his mind."

"After all," says Scott, "an hour's not so long when your whole life's at stake."

So he starts in again, "Haven't you worn that belt and sword and those fine spurs long enough? What about changing the belt for

SPURS

BY

ALAN THORNHILL

"Don't look at me like that," yells Jerry suddenly, in a kind of panic. "Take your eyes off me!"

We all wait for the inevitable Scott explosion. It doesn't come. Instead he goes across to Jerry and puts his hand on his shoulder. "What are you scared of, Brother?" he says as quiet and easy as a breeze.

"I dunno," says Jerry. "This act is getting on my nerves."

"Don't act it. Live it," says Scott, as natural as though he were passing the time of day. "After all, Jerry, is it so strange for you and me to be sick and tired of the way we've lived, and to long for peace and simplicity and a song in our hearts?"

Call it coincidence or what you like, but that was the moment Jerry's wife Gloria put her head in at Stage 5. Scott spotted her first. "Hullo, Sister," he called—and somehow he made "sister" sound quite different from the usual Hollywood lingo—"Come on up here. We need your help."

She came as meek as a lamb. No one could resist Scott when he was in a mood like that.

Jerry lowered his eyes as though he didn't know where to look. He really loved that kid. But they fought like cat and dog. It was just one of those things.

"We'll get it this time, Oscar, I'm sure," says Scott. And then turning to all of us he adds quietly, "You know, friends, if things like this could happen once in Italy, they can happen here and now in Hollywood. That's the way I'd like to make this film, anyway. Let's make it without any stars, shall we, Oscar?—Only the Star of Bethlehem."

If one of the boys had tried a wise-crack then, I'd have knocked him over the head.

I've never seen anything like that last rehearsal—and I've seen acting. But this was as real and down to earth as a thunderstorm, and as vivid as lightning. When Jerry unbuckled his belt and laid that old prop sword at Francis's feet he looked

like he was starting out on a crusade.

Then he takes Francis's hands and Gloria beside me gives a little gasp. Next moment she's beside him and on her knees—"Look, Jerry," she whispers, "Do you see? It's . . ."

And I swear to God I see it too. On Francis's hands there are great raw wounds criss-crossed like . . .

Then all Hell breaks loose in the Studio. Olsen, of the Publicity Department rushes in, "Say, you guys," he shouts, "Scott's had a smash-up on the way to the studio. It's bad but . . ."

"Pipe down, you idiot," yells Oscar, "Scott's here."

But Oscar's wrong. He's gone. Without a trace. He's gone the way he came.

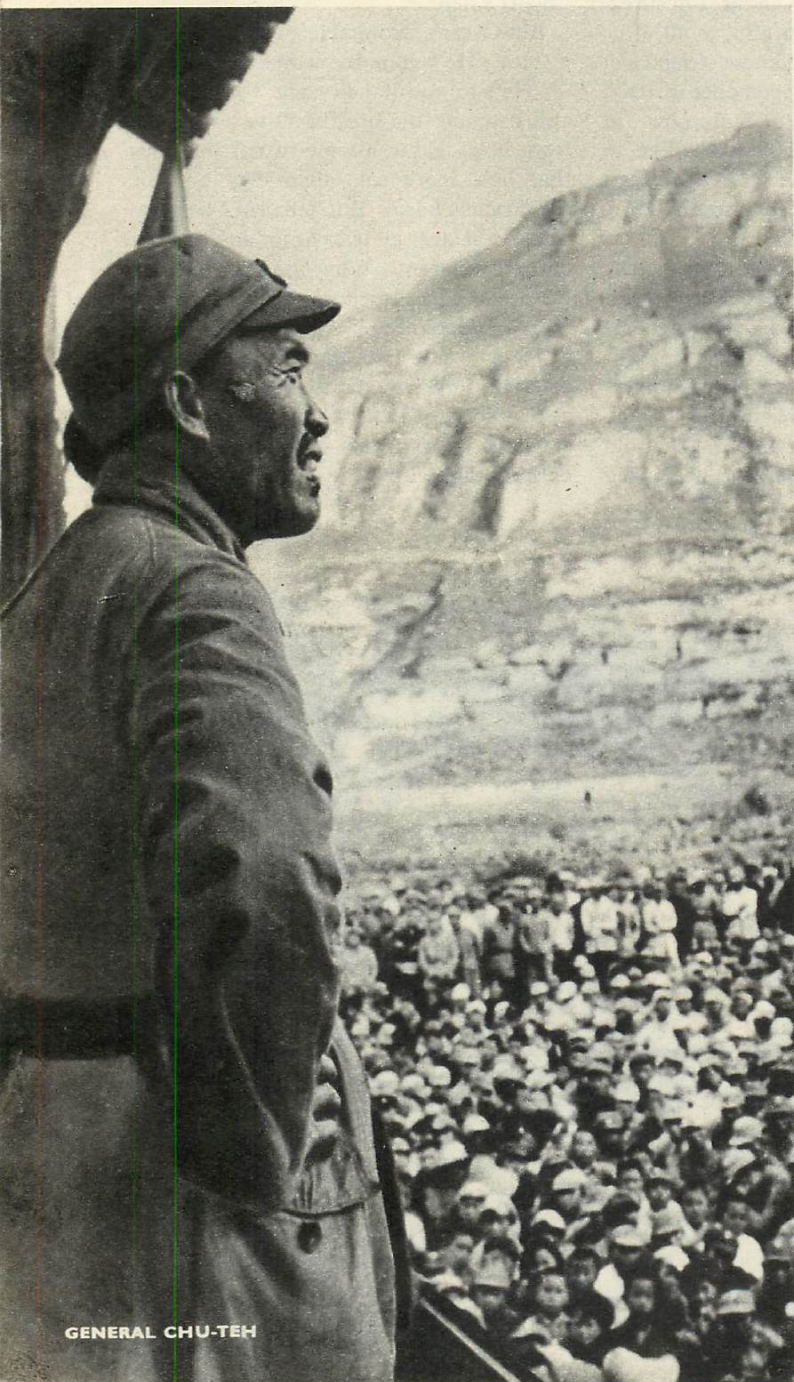
"He's in hospital all right," says Olsen, still catching his breath. "I've just come from him. He wants me to tell you guys that he's more sold than ever on this St. Francis idea. 'But tell 'em,' he says, 'that we'll start all over again and make it entirely different.' Why, lying there in bed, his head all bandaged up, he looks a kinda Saint or something."

"Okay," says Jerry quietly—and nobody could be quite sure if it's Oscar he's looking at or Gloria. "Let's do as he says. Let's start all over again—and let's make it entirely different."



- ★ The sudden advance of the Communist forces in China
 - ★ The strategic importance of Kashmir and Palestine
 - ★ The background to the present unrest in the Ruhr
 - ★ The significance of American action in Europe today
- are discussed below. This feature will be compiled month-by-month by the

Man in the crow's nest



GENERAL CHU-TEH

THIS is an age of revolution. For the first time in human history, discoveries of atomic power and jet-propulsion make it possible for a group of men first to conquer the world and then to move enough force fast and far enough to maintain their control. The bid for world domination is now on.

★ Communists advance in China

In the Far East, Communism has won vast victories. One man out of every five who live in this world is a Chinese. The Communist armies, numbering 3,000,000 men, have gone a long way to bring a nation of 475,000,000 under their sway.

The Commander-in-Chief of the Chinese Communist armies is General Chu-teh, which translated means "Red Virtue." Unlike General Mao Tse-tung, in charge of the whole S.E. Asia area for the Communists, who began life as a peasant, Chu-teh was born the son of a rich man.

He is sixty-three. He entered the army, later going into politics as Provincial Commissioner of Finance where he made a fortune.

He built himself a palace, took to smoking opium and to indulgence of many kinds. At the age of thirty-six he sold his palace, broke completely with the opium habit and a year later travelled to Moscow. At the Eastern Tulers University he trained for two years, studying Marxism.

Chu-teh returned to China as tough and revolutionary a Marxist as is Mao Tse-tung. He has been commanding Communist troops in the field ever since.

Recently he gave his battle orders from a stretcher, having been wounded in the fighting. Off-duty he lives with his men, sharing their jokes, their quarters and their rations. He had iron health, but is now ailing. He has begun to delegate his command to others. Just the same, the military successes of the Communist armies in China have sprung largely from the military genius of this ruthless and able man.

Some believe China may split into three sections. The peoples of North China, Middle China and South-West China have different climates, different diet and a different culture from each other. Their systems of transport and economy could make them self-contained units.

But the Communist aim is the domination of the whole country.

The Communists already maintain an army of 100,000 in Northern Korea. Japan is said by military experts to be indefensible if China and Korea are under Communist control.

Meanwhile, another thrust will be made in efforts to win the East Indies, Burma, India and Pakistan to the Communist ideology.

★ Kashmir and Palestine in world strategy

The situation in Kashmir is interesting. This small country, famous for carpets and shawls, with a mellow and temperate climate, is bounded by China, India and Pakistan, and separated from Russia in the north only by the narrow strip of Afghanistan.

An independent army of rebels is operating now in Kashmir and governing a large part of the country. This force exacts taxation, sets up courts of justice and is steadily extending its grip through Kashmir. It is reinforced with arms and men from across the border by the Moslems of Afghanistan. In that part of the world the Hindus, with their rigid system of castes and classes, do not offer Communism so wide a field as the Moslems with their theory of universal brotherhood.

In the Middle East, various facts must now be faced, whatever deals may be arranged by the United Nations.

There exists a strong, rich, imperialistic and rapidly increasing Jewish State in Palestine.

The United States and Britain have failed to reach a united policy about this situation.

The British tried to back the Arabs, who are now angered with the British for not succeeding in the pleading of their cause.

The Americans backed the Jews, and have sent almost as much material help as they promised.

The Russians promised nothing. They have succeeded in infiltrating thousands of trained Communist agents into the life of Palestine and the Middle East.

With this situation, Palestine and Arabia become unsuitable as bases for the democratic powers. So the northern part of Africa is taking on vast importance in the march of world strategy.

★ Unrest in the Ruhr

In Europe ten out of thirty independent countries have been overrun by alien ideologies. There remain 270,000,000 people in Western Europe, some of the most skilled, active and enterprising people in the world. If they find an idea big enough to unite them ideologically above race, class, party or viewpoint, they hold the key of history.

At the moment they are hopelessly divided. The decisions about the Ruhr provide a striking example of the weakness and division among democracies which lack an ideological conception of history.

The Ruhr is the arsenal of Western Europe. It can produce a fifth of the steel, a quarter of the coal that the whole of Western Europe needs. Before the war the Ruhr was producing 107,000,000 tons of coal and 13,000,000 tons of steel in a year.

Broadly, the Americans want private enterprise, the British want nationalisation, the French want international control of the Ruhr industries.

The German workers in the Ruhr, trained in the Marx/Engels school of economics want none of these things. They fight for workers' control of industry. The Communists, though not liked by the mass of the German workers, make headway in default of any working plan and ideology from the democracies.

The British and Americans, without consulting the French, announced that the Ruhr's heavy industries are to be controlled by German trustees appointed by the allied military authorities pending the determination of ownership by a freely elected German government.

This decision did not fully satisfy either the British or the Americans, enraged the French and displeased the Germans.



U.S. Army Signal Corps

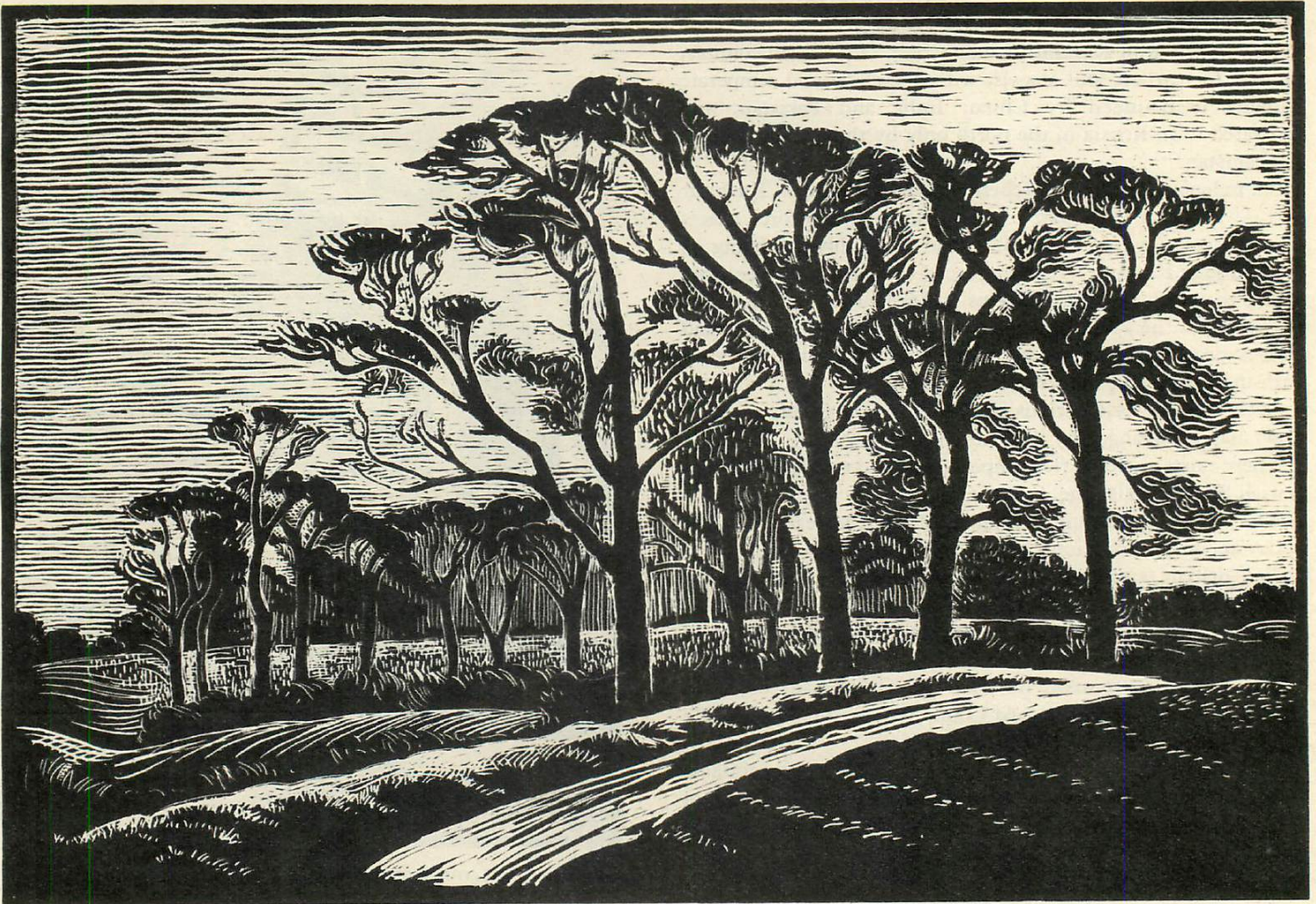
E.R.P. supplies, most generous act of democratic statesmanship

★ America's Choice

Across the Atlantic, America, the strongest and richest power in the world, enters 1949 with many questions to answer. As an American said recently, "We feel sometimes as if we had a knife at our throat, a pistol at our back and the pickpocket's hands in both our pockets."

Shall America throw the full weight of financial and material aid to the East at the expense of Europe, or to Europe at the expense of the East? She cannot afford to do both.

Communist propaganda is largely directed to separating America from the other free countries, and it finds fertile soil in the pride of men and nations who have to accept charity from a rich friend. Abraham Lincoln's words—"Charity to all men"—have come true in the Marshall Plan, without question the most generous act of statesmanship ever seen in human affairs. The world is, on the whole, grudging in its gratitude. But the biggest question facing America and, indeed, all democratic statesmanship today is this: "Can democracy answer the world plan of a militant materialistic ideology by loans, politics or conferences?" The truth is that without an inspired and enduring ideology, free democracy will perish from the earth. "America is innocent and amateurish in ideological understanding," Congressman Walter Judd of Minnesota told the N.A.M. conference last month. "Our greatest failures have been in the political, ideological and moral fields. We need the moral compulsion to bring into the world the solid foundations our forefathers brought into the nation. The great question for us is, how deep is our faith and how strong? Remember Lincoln's words, 'Under God a new birth of freedom.'"



R. Hugh Jones

RENAISSANCE

BY PETER HOWARD

The surge of revolutionary ideas sweeping the world today springs from the longings of millions for something new. Only renaissance will satisfy men's hopes for the future, argues this article. We print it as an introduction to a series, which will deal with the part that Art, Music, Press, Radio, Books, Theatre and Films play in influencing men's minds and moulding the character of nations

YOUNG January is the baby of the year. He is newly-born and naked. He has said nothing and done nothing, he has no past to bury but only a future to live. He stands at the gate of a new year with his load of hopes and fears for all humanity.

In January the earth is dark and silent. It seems dead. The trees are skeletons. The seeds are stagnant in mud or crunched in frozen clay. Yet from that desolation will spring the fruit and corn, the roots and flowers and green grasses to feed and strengthen men to satisfy their hearts with good things.

Within a month, at a sign which we do not understand but which is felt in the hearts of a billion seeds in a thousand fields, the pulse of birth will quicken them; with shoots so tender that a sparrow's feather could rub them into dust, they thrust through stone and cold and the hard crust of earth to the sunlight. The sap races through the woodlands, the trees are clothed with leaf and blossom. The world grows young again with the hope of harvest. We think we have explained this everlasting life-tide by calling it Nature—but we do not understand the wonder of it.

Millions believe this January we are on the threshold of a new dark age, when the world will be governed by those who have seized power through revolution and hatred, and when God will be driven from the Earth He made. Lenin drew the pattern when he said, "The class struggle will never succeed until the myth of God has been removed from the mind of man."

There is only one answer to this revolution. It is renaissance. The seeds of renaissance are the decisions of millions of people to live a new level of life. Renaissance begins when we in our

millions, like the seeds in the darkened fields, crack the shells of narrow living and thinking which imprison even the most successful of us now, break the moulds of habit that coffin us and thrust together towards a new liberty for all nations.

What will renaissance mean? It will put warmth and colour into every part of the life of every nation. The world will grow young again. Cooking will become an art and a joy in every home everywhere. Shortages will end as farmers till the land for bounty. Industry will learn to play its part as a force to warm and house and clothe all men everywhere, when workers accept an idea of their destiny big enough to end their distrust and hatred of management while management accepts an idea of its destiny big enough to end the greed for power and profit which creates the hatred and distrust. Industry will become a servant of the nations instead of a battlefield between those who wish to control for their own selfish aims.

Parliament will hear speeches which rise far above party or section and herald new destiny as men begin to live once more for something bigger than themselves, their own crowd, their own advantage, their own fears and their own hatreds. Church will learn to live once more for the people. There will be a springtide of greatness in the schools, the homes, the factories, the hearts of every nation as men begin to fight for God to have right of way in the world He made and loves.

There will be songs and music, poems, paintings, books and plays. For arts are the off-shoots of renaissance, they are branches of the tree. When men and nations root their living in new soil, then

colour and notes and art burst into harvest.

Ploughmen sing songs, cooks write poetry and those who toil at the factory bench produce great poems and paintings. Some of the world's finest art was created in that way. For when men find and follow God's pattern for themselves and all nations, they begin to see with His eyes, to love with His heart and to speak with His lips.

Giotto was a farmhand. He fed the sheep, he carried the hay and straw, and as he watched the flocks he drew sheep and trees and birds on a rock with sharpened stone. So the painter Cimabue, passing on horseback one day, saw these drawings. That was the beginning of Giotto's recognition as one of the world's great artists.

Giotto was chosen by the Pope to decorate the walls of the Church in Rome. The Pope sent his servants out all over Italy asking the painters of the day to submit pictures so that he could choose the best man for the work he had in hand. All the other artists painted wonderful pictures and sent them to Rome. Giotto, when the Pope's servants came to him, took a red pencil and drew a circle on a sheet of paper. The Pope's servants laughed at him, but when the Pope saw that circle he said that only a very great artist could draw a circle of such perfection. So Giotto was chosen for the work, and this is why his paintings are in Rome for us to enjoy today.

But there is another aspect of re-

naissance. Today we see in many parts of the world the organs which create public opinion, press, radio, cinema, theatre, art being used as weapons in the war of ideas—weapons to infiltrate men's minds with alien ideologies of class-hatred and totalitarianism which must inevitably lead to the death of liberty.

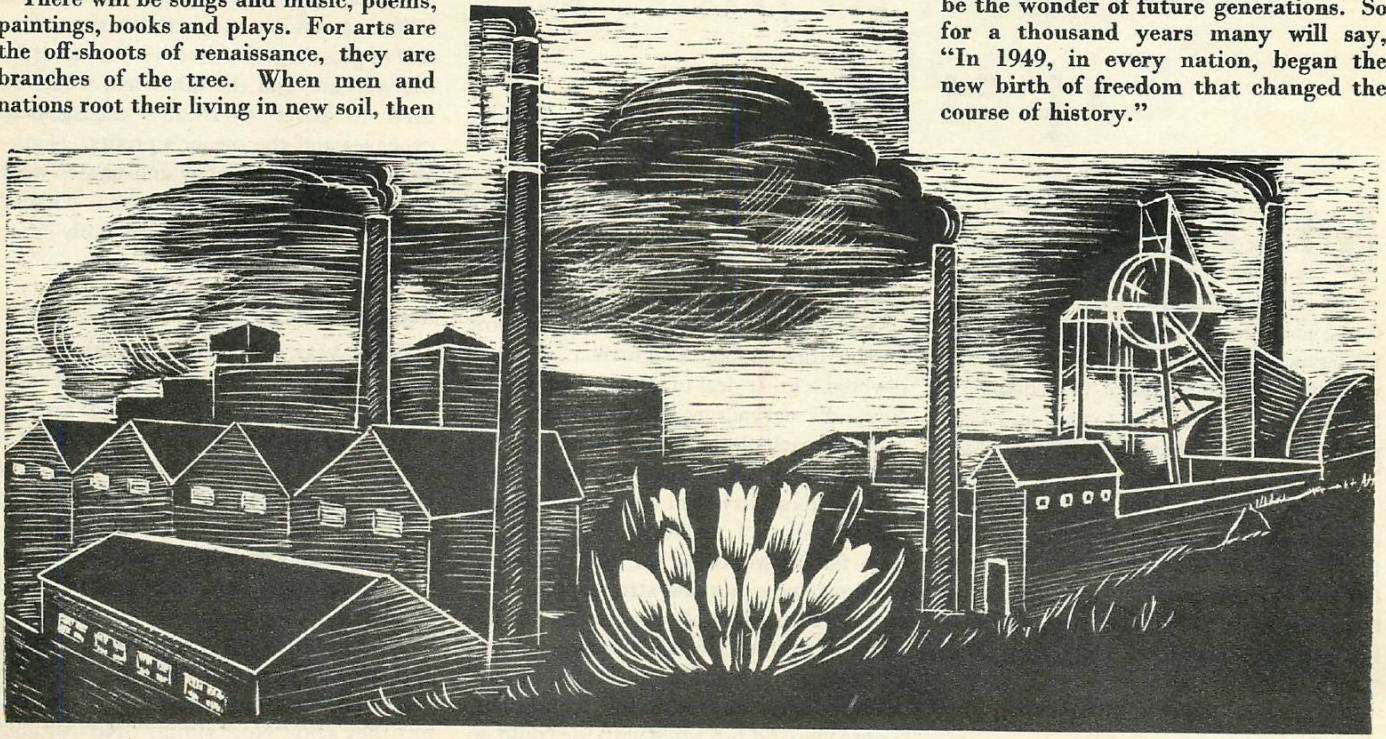
Many people say they pay no attention to the newspapers or the radio. A minute later, often unconsciously, they offer as their own opinion something that they have read that morning at the breakfast table. So it becomes of supreme importance how writers and artists and ordinary people use the liberty we have inherited.

If it is not used to export right ideas to the millions, the press and radio of the free nations may be taken over by those who want to export the wrong ideas. That bid already is being made. Revolution sweeps across the world under the powerful propaganda of radio, press and screen. Renaissance, likewise, will come as quickly as these weapons, day and night, night and day, proclaim with passion and colour, with fire and light, the ideology of inspired democracy to the millions.

Then we shall see the press and the films, music, art, theatre, radio, finding their true destiny.

The organs of public opinion through new life in the hearts of men will create a moral seedbed from which new life will spring up for entire nations.

And in this year of grace 1949 we may see the beginning of an age which will be the wonder of future generations. So for a thousand years many will say, "In 1949, in every nation, began the new birth of freedom that changed the course of history."



A. Teixeira



Finnish Farmer's Experiment

MR. ROSENQUIST no longer needs workers. This is remarkable, for in Finland, as everywhere else, farmhands are discovering that if you move to the town you get more pay for less work, regular hours, a nicer house, with shops and cinemas at your door. So the workers drift to the towns, and farm production falls. Mr. Rosenquist has a large farm at Laptrasok in South Finland. To his colleagues' great surprise the most efficient workers swarm to his farm. On most farms efficiency and production is falling. On this farm efficiency has risen by 20 per cent. in the past year, and production and the workers' income by about 30 per cent.

What is the secret of these astonishing results?

Gustav L. Rosenquist is fifty-eight, a member of the Agricultural Council and a leading butter exporter. Together with Prof. A. J. V. Virtanen he has invented a system of silage which has made his name known throughout Scandinavia. He had devoted a great deal of effort to improving Finland's agriculture, driving from farm to farm teaching the farmers new methods of treating the soil and raising new crops.

He owns a dairy farm which is worked by nine families of workers. The whole of each family works on the farm. Labour relations were not his strong point. He says: "There was always trouble on my farm between the workers and me. I was a dictator. I wanted to decide myself about wages and working conditions. Those who did not agree with me could go

A D I C T

elsewhere. The result was that I always had difficulty in getting men to work for me. I realised that we could not go on like that. If there was to be a change it must start with my attitude to the men."

Apart from the effect on his own pocket, he was worried by the drop in home output of food at a time when Finland could not afford to import it. So long as the farmhands felt that they worked twelve hours a day in bad conditions, on farms in which they had no stake, for farmers who regarded them as units of work, they were unlikely to give of their best.

Rosenquist determined that from now on he would treat his workers first and foremost as people and partners. That he would not only try to better material conditions, but would consult them and include them in the management of the farm. Only as they were made to feel their dignity as men and treated as friends would they take sufficient responsibility to make the "dictatorship of the boss" unnecessary.

He felt that the way to demonstrate his new attitude was first to give them a material stake in the farm.

While reviewing the accounts for the past five years, Rosenquist found that wages absorbed on an average 50 per cent. of the total income of the farm. On this basis he proposed to the workers the following system of profit sharing. One half of gross income should be set aside for the workers, and the other half would be used to cover overheads, management expenses and the owner's profits. Naturally, if greater efficiency and harder work resulted in greater output, the workers' share would come to considerably more than their present wages.

Houses for all

Every year this margin would be paid out to the workers as a bonus. The farm accounts would be open for all to see and audited by the trade union. In addition every worker would be allotted a piece of ground free of charge so that he could build his own house. "I was guided by the sort of conditions I would like to have if I were an agricultural worker," said Rosenquist. He would arrange for them to have building loans guaranteed by him, and supply cheap lumber and transport.

He put these proposals to the workers, but they said "No," simply "No" without

ATOR STEPS DOWN

giving any reason. For two years he worked to interest the men in the idea without success. They felt it was just another "bosses' scheme" to raise output. Eventually he decided to ask the help of the Agricultural Workers' Union.

Experiment succeeds

The Union Secretary, Mr. Jerminen, went back to the farm with him and recommended the workers to accept the arrangement. They declared that they were afraid of any collective contract as they could not trust one another or agree among themselves. Jerminen then told Rosenquist that it was hopeless to expect solidarity from unorganised workers. So Rosenquist asked the union to organise the farm. An organiser was sent with his family of eight children and a woman cowhand trained in union principles. Gradually the workers began to realise that they were living in a new era, in which their employer was genuinely determined to make democratic teamwork a reality. It dawned upon them that the material advantages which he was offering them were not a subtle device to tie them to the land or a mere bribe to make them work harder. After some months suspicion died and there was general agreement to try the scheme.

During the first year, which ended on April 1, 1948, one house was completed and two others, despite shortage of materials were nearing completion. The

finished house consists of two rooms, a kitchen and a cellar. It is occupied by a family with five children. Most farm-hands have at best one room and a kitchen for a family of that size, and many have just a single room.

During the trial year confidence in the new system rose and fell. One of the workers, especially sceptical, left the farm a month before the year finished. He did not give his new address. One night he switched on the radio and heard his own name. He was being called to come and fetch his part of the profit for the eleven months he had worked on Rosenquist's farm. He arrived by the next train.

In spite of increased costs of supplies and the freezing of agricultural prices, in the first year the workers got a profit bonus of 27.6 per cent. in addition to their regular wages. Two thousand five hundred working hours have been saved over the previous year and working time reduced to 9 hours a day in summer, 7 in winter.

In the months since April efficiency has increased still further. The workers now have full confidence in the experiment. For the first time Rosenquist was able to be away during the spring sowing this year, because he knew the workers had as much interest in the harvest as he. On his return he found to his amazement that the men had decided to work in two shifts to get the seed into the ground quickly. They kept the machines running eighteen hours a day. It had never happened before.

BY TERENCE BLAIR

The workers are active partners in management as well. Each morning they meet with Rosenquist to plan the work together and solve any problems that may arise. New workers are appointed after a period of working with an old team. After a month's probation the old team decide whether to confirm the appointment or not. For now the finances of all depend on the good will and hard work of every single person.

Back to the land

In the course of a single year farm workers' standard of living has been raised to equal that of industrial workers without increasing agricultural prices, production has been increased, and the drift from this farm to the towns has ceased.

Rosenquist is putting all his experience at the disposal of other employers and employees alike. He believes he has discovered something that will be of general use in agriculture and industry alike—namely, that efficiency depends on human relations and must start with a change of attitude on the part of both management and labour. He says that the only place to start is with oneself and one's own attitude. He sees his work as part of the fight to give democracy its true content—a teamwork where people not only serve themselves but serve others.

Accounts of Rosenquist Farm for Year ending March 31, 1948

	Marks	Marks
Gross takings	2,721,000	
Products consumed by owner's family	81,343	
Increase in stocks at end year ...	196,581	
Increased value of seed in ground ...	6,612	
	3,005,536	
Less reduction in livestock	129,700	
Gross income of farm	2,875,836	
Share set aside for workers (50%)		1,437,918
Wage bill at regular rates chargeable to year April 1, 1947—March 31, 1948	1,166,135	1,166,135
Casual labour	181,369	
Wages due to regular workers ...	984,766	
Surplus of workers' share over total wage bill		271,783
		27.6% of wages due regular workers.

Bonus Received by each Family

N.B.—As all members of a family worked, total earnings varied with the size of the family.

Name of Head of Family	Months worked	Wages Marks	Bonus Marks
Teodor Siberg	12	142,441	39,314
Jalmari Jaluva	11	108,058	29,824
E. Karivieri	11	181,833	50,176
Harras Fjaeder	12	94,099	25,971
Alfred Enkvist	12	82,964	22,898
Otto Kallio	12	94,849	26,157
L. Kaunovirta	10	106,220	29,317
Katri Vessanen	11	97,227	26,853
Lydia Malmström	10	77,075	21,273
		984,766	271,783

CAN SPRING COME TO THE RUHR

BY
REGINALD HOLME



Warsaw, Essen is the most destroyed. In the afternoon of April 13, 1944, a daylight raid hit the city and 20,000 people died at a stroke. "It was like Sodom and Gomorrah," said one of the survivors.

The industry from which the city lived was wrecked. Apart from its coal mines it had no other major means of livelihood for its 664,000 people who shrank to 285,000 by war's end.

Like the rest of Germany, the citizens of Essen went through the hunger years and the headaches that followed the war. Of their 184,000 homes 130,000 were totally or badly wrecked. Of the remaining 54,000 a further 30,000 were damaged. That only left 24,000 unscarred. Yet with typical resilience 551,000 people are now living amid the overcrowded wreckage.

The money came to be worth less and less, so shopkeepers and farmers hoarded more and more. Only the currency reform of June, 1948, when everyone's cash and savings were cut to one-tenth of previous value and the new D-mark was introduced, brought full shelves to the shops and produce to the town—at prices which are now steadily rising as goods get shorter.

But behind and deeper than all the physical problems lay—and still lies—a deeper misery: women whose husbands and sons fell in battle or refugees from the Eastern zones whose families are scattered or dead. On station walls and over the radio you see placards or hear appeals to trace missing folk whose presence and love were dear.

The little elderly cook in my German home had her husband killed by the Russians. Her daughter and the daughter's little girl died of privations in Poland and the son-in-law vanished into slavery or death. The little old lady tried to cross the border "schwarz"—without a pass or "black" as the Germans say—but was caught and put in prison. On release she tried again, this time with a guide, she

FROM my room on the outskirts of Essen I look over a valley topped by a line of beech trees. Their grey boles and winter-brown tops mask the destruction beyond. Children with square box-like satchels on their backs wander through the wood in winter sunshine to school. A cock crows nearby and hens cluck in a land where eggs cost around a shilling—if you can get 'em.

Day after day of living in, and motoring through, the ruins and rubble of smashed cities makes one feel as if ruin was normal. One gets used to gaunt unhuman shells of dwellings, concrete floors hanging like chunks of dead skin and twisted girders growing out of rubble, their curling shapes like barren iron plants of the Materialist Age.

And at night, when it is dangerous to walk the ill-lit streets alone, one can drive through the ten square miles of burnt-out, bomb-rent Krupp Works and see the tracery of roof girders, bare against the stars and the night sky. The words of ancient prophets come back to mind: "Your dwelling places and your cities shall be a haunt of jackals, an abode of ostriches. The owl and the pelican shall dwell there."

The presence of these animals today would, if anything, give a more friendly feeling to the cold, brooding husks of what were once busy workshops or homes, whence no movement or sound of life now comes.

Five thousand tons of bombs crashed down in one night on this city. Of all great cities of Europe, save possibly

spent the night in a potato field dodging the border guards, but got across. Now, in her latter days, she is alone in the world in a strange city.

The personnel manager of a big steel plant of 17,000 men told me that such cases could be multiplied by thousands and millions. It is the heartache and hopelessness that lies below the surface of much of central Europe's life.

But *because* so many have lost everything and *because* they are up against the realities of life—thousands face death if the Soviets move west and the women believe that 90 per cent. of women in Berlin's east sector have been forcibly misused by the occupying soldiers—

and *because* people have lived at the bottom of the narrow abyss of misery :

these people also can see a star of hope shining above that abyss, just as people deep down a shaft can see the stars during daylight when others see nothing but bald sky.

Most people will tell you that the youth are the key to the future of this country and that 80 per cent. of them at least are totally cold to political party programmes. Many of these young men have had six to ten years of war and prison camp. Before that they were schooled and trained in the ideology of National Socialism. And few

foreigners understand how thorough that training was and how deep an appeal it made to the desire of youth to give everything for a cause of national and even global range. Those who saw the fire in the faces of the Hitler Youth before the war can imagine what an emptiness must be in their hearts now. What is going to fill that emptiness?

It is doubtful if it can ever come from military government or occupation. It won't come from present German politics. Social programmes hardly touch it. There is no army to join and no foreign outlet. It's tough for a German to be in Germany, but it's tougher to get out through the Paper Curtain of bureaucracy and the barricades of In and Out baskets.

The fact is that in Germany today, unless you have and live and spread an ideology more powerful than Nazism or Communism, you're sunk and no good. It is a fact which doesn't seem to have dawned fully on the Western Occupying

powers even yet.

In an Essen street, flanked by tall grasses waving on the brick mould, I saw this German youth catching fire with a greater idea than Hitler ever gave.

Germans are tired of long speeches and fine words. They had fifteen years of Hitler and Goebbels and other word wizards and they are very sceptical and suspicious of such things. But if you show them something that works (and hold them from too much philosophising to make it work) they will go for it with an energy and a dedication that will surprise the world in a new way.

This better idea was dramatised and put before them in *The Good Road* revue (*New World News*, November and December issue). Now it is being shown in the German version of the *Forgotten Factor*, played by a German cast in German.

It was after the German première performances of this *Forgotten Factor* in an Essen theatre that I saw how the German



Cynical German youth listen eagerly

youth went for it. They were from the high school and university of Essen and had asked for a special performance of this drama.

Four hundred of the youth couldn't get in, though their eagerness even melted the heart of an order-loving German police officer who sneaked in as many as he dared. "I'm afraid the balcony will collapse," he confided at length as he reluctantly closed the doors.

Inside the theatre the audience was hair-trigger quick in its response to the points. As youth spoke from the stage at the end the faces looked up with a curiously relaxed expression but with a look that leapt to orchestra pit and bounded on to the stage. It was different from the hard, self-consciously tough and stoic look of the youth at a Nuremberg Rally—the "iron Fascist type" encouraged by Nazi leaders and scornful of a Christianity that seldom seemed to demand as much sacrifice as they did of their followers. Nor was it the false fervour of pagan dedication to pre-Christian gods of the Teuton forest.

Outside the theatre the young men and girls stood there in a solid throng, waiting for the cast to come out of a side door. It

was quite impossible to cross to the other side of the street to get into a car. From pavement to pavement there was no space at all, till little semi-circles formed as the youth talked with their fellow countrymen or with the foreigners in the travelling "task force." Twenty of them would be grouped around one visitor. Many of them wanted to know straight out how to start living out the "four principles" of absolute honesty, purity, unselfishness and love and how to find God's plan for themselves, their friends and nation. Trained to think of ideas that can reshape nations, many a one very quickly caught the vision of a most urgent, essential and satisfying mission for a nation mighty in energy and skills that can—this time—be dedicated to a higher Leader and a greater comradeship and cause.

And their elders? They had been in the same theatre the previous evenings—heads of cities, management and union chiefs of the all-important, oft-headlined Ruhr coal and steel industries, whose smokestacks and pit-head wheels break the misty horizon everywhere.

The Minister President and Cabinet Ministers of this Land North Rhine-Westphalia, men responsible for the life

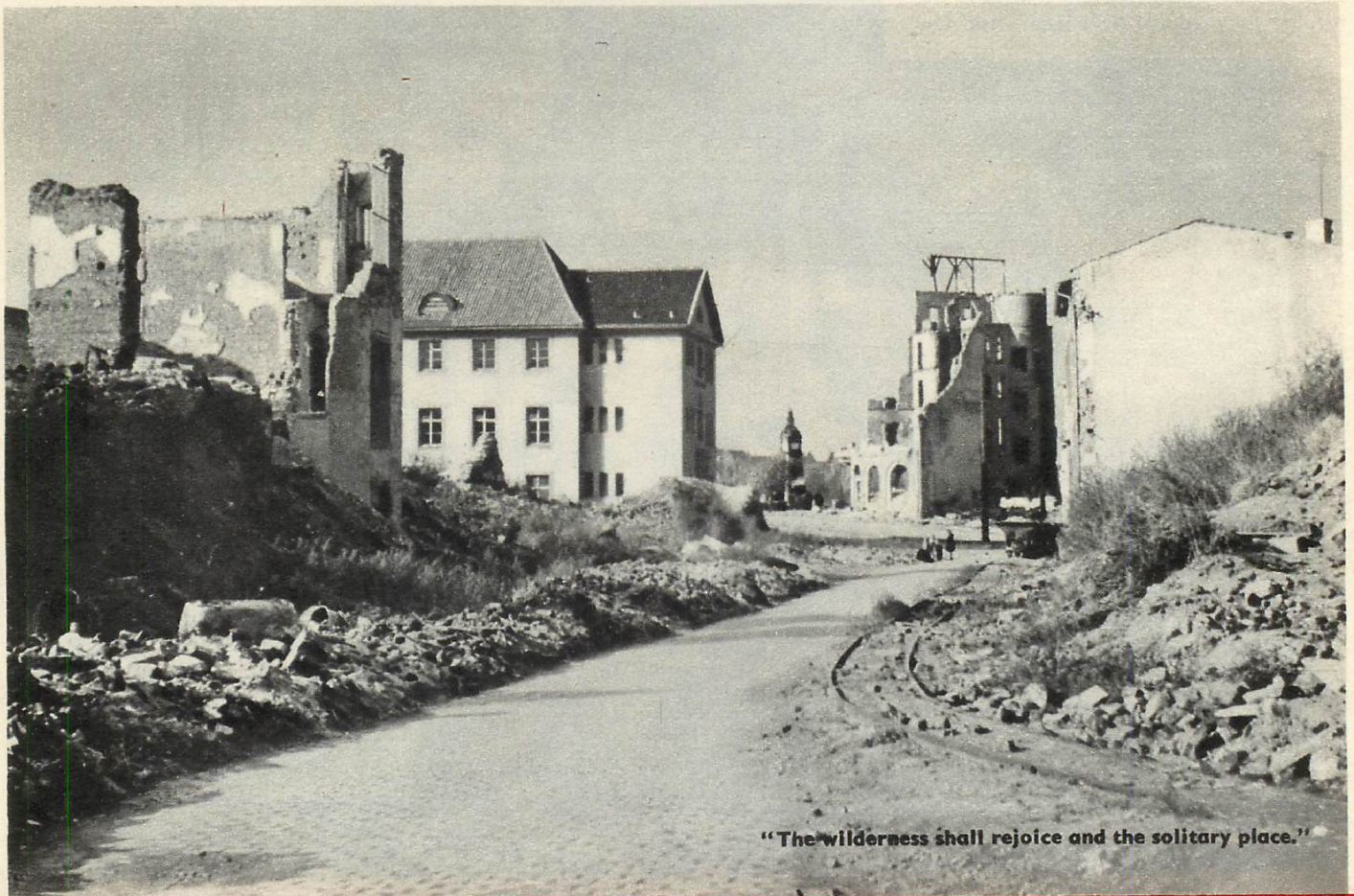
of its twelve million people, addressed them.

Each night, as the word got around, more and more people came till they stood down the sides and in the gallery. After the play they stayed on, like the youth, in groups in the side aisles or amid the seating, finding out how to apply what they had seen or to plan for this play and programme to come to their city or coal mines or steel mills. Others took people home to go into it all further till the wee small hours.

From Essen the cast has moved, at the invitation of the pit consultative committees and works councils to the mining towns of Datteln, Brambauer and Lünen. Everywhere the response has been the same. The mining communities of Germany, like their comrades in the British coalfields, are rallying to an ideology of industrial teamwork and expressing it in improved relations at work and in their union activities.

"The wilderness shall rejoice and the solitary place. They shall break out into gladness and singing."

In Essen, in the Ruhr, and up and down Western Germany today the ancient words of far-seeing men are coming true.



"The wilderness shall rejoice and the solitary place."