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LAND OF CONTRASTS

Page 15

BATTLE LINE

|||| "IT CAN'T HAPPEN HERE" has been the tragic last cry from one European country after another before liberty was extinguished. It is on the lips of millions in the few remaining Western democracies. There are still some who are so blind that they mean what they say, but for the most part the phrase is a mask for a deep fear of the future. In Italy and France, in Scandinavia and Germany, in Holland and Britain people are reacting in a few simple ways to the march of materialism around and within their countries.

|||| Some pretend to themselves and others that things are not as bad as they are. They accuse those who tell the truth of being alarmists. They argue that their country is different from others. And they almost persuade themselves that they can go on in their old ways.

Others admit the crisis, but throw up their hands in despair. They blame someone else. They say someone ought to do something, or that it is too late to do anything.

|||| But there are some who face the most unpleasant facts and are determined to bring the answer. They know that the strength and weakness of democracy is that each is wholly responsible for the future, that the way they live decides the way their country lives.

If we are selfish and materialistic, we have no right to accuse the government of being the same. If we are preoccupied with our own

interests we need not be surprised to find the trade unions or employers' associations acting the same way. If we cut corners in business or at home, the standards of integrity in public life are soon swept away.

|||| But the opposite is also true. Honesty breeds honesty and care for others is met more than half-way. When you and I overcome our fear of being the first to live by absolute moral standards others take courage to do the same. When we admit our own mistakes, others begin to admit theirs. As we put things right we create around us the bracing atmosphere of change and hope. And that is what the democracies need above all else.

Our countries need increased production, economic security, political stability, mutual trust. But these will remain just good ideas without the change in men's hearts which can make them practical.

|||| We do not have to wait for a majority to act in order to bring the change we need. It has always been a determined minority who have swung the course of history. We have seen it happen in Russia and Germany and in Eastern Europe. It happened in Palestine two thousand years ago.

IT WILL HAPPEN HERE, for good or for evil, and you and I are the ones to decide what kind of change it will be.

CAN WE BEAT INFLATION?

BY TERENCE BLAIR

THE last year in which this country produced all its own food was 1824, at which time it contained only 10,000,000 people, most of whom lived in great poverty. Now we have 47,000,000. At peak war production our farms fed two-thirds of our people. An end of food imports would mean rations at the level prevailing in Germany, if the system didn't break down altogether.

During the nineteenth century we bought most of our food abroad, paying for it with ships and railway engines, coal and bicycles, cotton goods and woollen goods, which we alone made. Industrial goods were scarce and dear, food and raw materials plentiful and cheap. A few hours' work by an English factory worker brought in a great deal of food. Now other countries make their own goods, many better than we. Food is scarce and dear. The product of the British worker buys

What happens to a cow that eats £4 worth of food and produces £3 worth of milk?

Do we face the same fate?

Last year Britons consumed £675 million worth more than they produced, used up available loans. Last reserves are running out.

Apart from American gifts Britain faces starvation by August. Full Marshall aid will only meet half the gap.

In this article the author shows how we got into the mess and the part inflation plays in making it worse. He shows that inflation is not an obscure technical bogey, but the outcome of daily decisions made by you and me. He suggests the decisions you and I must take if we are to beat the danger.

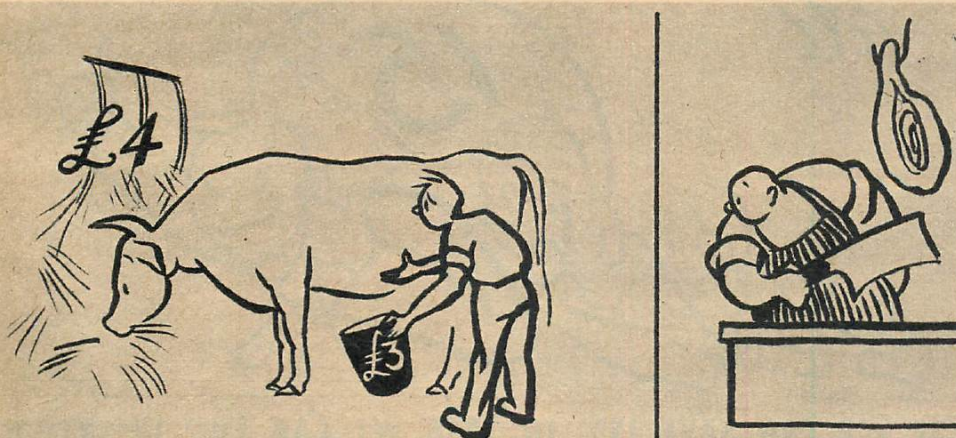
less food. We must either produce more per man-hour, or resign ourselves to less reward for an hour's work.

Before the war the interest from our overseas investments enabled us to consume £200 million to £300 million a year more than we produced, but we spent the investments to pay for the war and now must live on our earnings. We are like a man who has lost a fortune. He must work harder and live less comfortably.

We find this hard to believe because our pockets are full of money. Millions who in the 'thirties lived on a few shillings a week of unemployment relief are now at work at a reasonable wage. The average worker gets twice his pre-war earnings even if they won't buy twice as much. Many property owners have made capital gains. Goods are often hard to get, but most things can be had at a price, and the money is there to spend.

This is a false prosperity based on loans from other countries and an overdose of money in the economic system—what economists call "inflation." Its effects are like those of the "doctored" liquor the troops used to pick up abroad. At first you feel a wonderful sense of well-being and security. Later you lose control completely. In the morning you may have an awful head, you may be blind or you may be dead. Inflation may at present "feel good," but it is eating at our vitals.

Too much money chasing too few goods tends to send prices up. Then workers want higher wages, business men higher margins, shareholders larger dividends. That pumps out more money, sends prices up again.



"WHAT HAPPENS TO A COW ? ?"



OUR FARMS CAN ONLY FEED TWO PEOPLE OUT OF THREE

The pressure of easy money tempts everyone to beat the controls. The government may say "75 per cent. of your production is for export," but ingenious men can sometimes find a way to divert part of it to the more profitable home market. People who cannot buy goods spend on football pools and night clubs and other luxury trades. These boom and draw labour from essential industries.

If inflation runs amok

Manufacturers are tempted by eager buyers with ready money to use up their stocks of parts and raw materials. Then production is held up—for example, finished cars may stand in rows waiting for windscreen wipers, or lack of cardboard boxes may hold up the marketing of food. Inflation boosts costs of labour and materials till we find it hard to sell abroad even the goods that are available.

So far, owing to a fairly effective set of controls, we have been in the "happy" stage, we have not yet run amok or developed the hangover. But our resources are fast running out and it takes more and more controls to hold the line. The example of China, Hungary and Italy shows what may happen if the supply of goods is drastically cut.

Controls can no longer hold prices. If they can't rise legally they rise on the black market. The middle classes are ruined. Wages do not keep up with prices. Millions face the choice; starvation or crime. Every man is against everyone else in a struggle to live. Black marketeers grow fat. Decency and solidarity disappear. It may end in a chaos which only a hand of iron can control.

What is the cure? Clearly if we are consuming more than we produce, the cure is to cut consumption and increase production. Clearly if there is too much money chasing too few goods, the answer is to reduce the amount of active money and increase the amount of goods. The whole of the increase in production we are likely to achieve in the next year or two will have to be exported to pay for the food and raw materials we need. So at best the home supply of goods will not

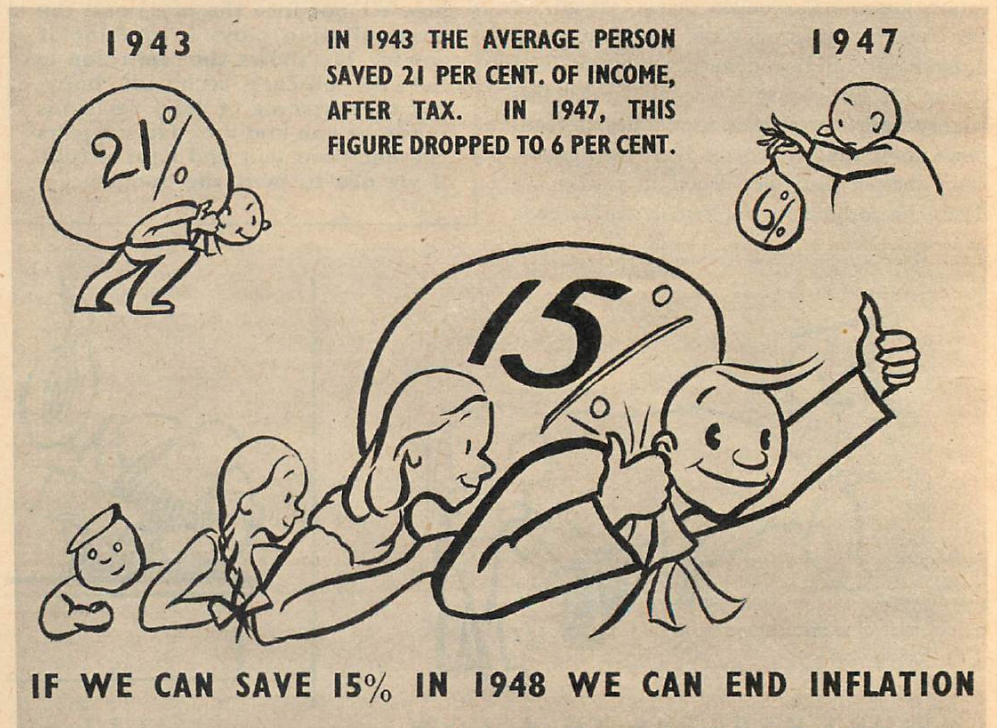
increase and it is likely to decrease. We must spend less.

The cure? Save and produce

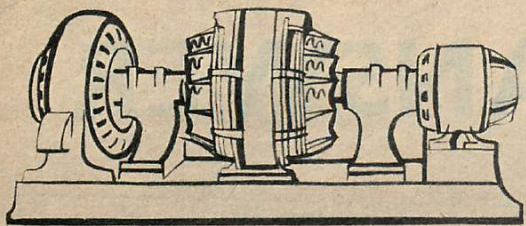
There are a number of ways in which the government can act to make sure that people do spend less. It can reduce people's incomes and take away their money and saleable property. It can make everyone's money worth less while preventing them getting any more. There is continual argument about the most practical method of doing these things. But each suggestion comes up against the snag that it is "politically impossible." Even if laws were passed they would be hard to enforce. If unions or unofficial bodies of workers strike for higher pay, the effect on production is disastrous. Businessmen may not be able to strike, but the mere failure to exercise the enterprise, initiative and drive essential to increasing efficiency, can be equally disastrous. A totalitarian government ready to use enough terror and force could carry through these measures. A democratic government cannot do so unless the greater part of the people are personally willing to accept cuts in their standard of living.

If they are so willing there is a much simpler solution. During the most tense year of the war individuals saved 21 per cent. of their after-tax income. They put it into government bonds instead of letting it chase goods. If each individual would now save from 10 to 15 per cent. of his or her income after tax, the remaining money would equal the amount of goods to be bought at present prices. Forty million ordinary men and women can stop inflation by saving.

But simply to make money and goods



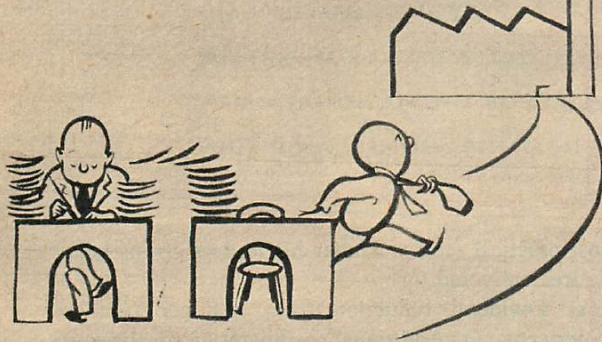
TO GET GREATER PRODUCTION WE NEED



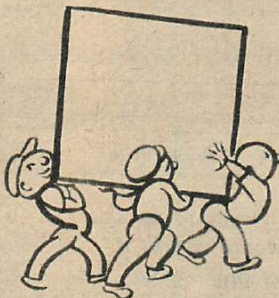
1. MORE AND BETTER MACHINES



2. GREATER EFFORT IN SOME INDUSTRIES



3. WORKERS WILLING AND ABLE TO TRANSFER TO PRODUCTIVE JOBS



4. TEAMWORK ON THE JOB

one gave more, did more, produced more, one got more material things. It was effective, but it led to conflict and inequality.

During the war the aim of national self-preservation was strong enough to call out the best in people. Each felt he personally had a part and was eager to do it. But with the return of peace, we have lost the sense of a personal part in a common aim. We grope helplessly for an incentive that will make men put national needs before personal desires.

What's the incentive?

Some people believe they have found it. On the next page a few of these men and women tell what they are doing to meet the national need and why. A company director writes of decisions to reduce profits and prices. A trade union leader and his men decide not to press for higher wages. A firm shares technical secrets with competitors so that all may reduce their costs. A farmer persuades his association to pay an unpopular tax. A housewife quits goading her husband to get a bigger pay packet and starts to save.

As one talks with these people one realises that they are not doing these things as individual gestures, but as part of a world plan. They believe that they are in touch with a power which can change selfish human beings into a new type of man—hate-free, fear-free and greed-free; that they have themselves experienced that change, and it has given them a security and joy in living far more worthwhile than any material things they have tried to grab. They are convinced that God has a plan to create, through a minority under His control, a world of responsible men, free because they do not need to be driven. They believe that to have a part in creating such a world is the biggest incentive a man can have.

balance is not enough. If we are to export enough to pay for the imports we need, let alone have a tolerable standard of living, we must produce much more and at a much lower cost per unit.

The government is doing something to make this possible. It is working to get larger production units in certain industries, for greater standardisation of parts and designs, for allocation of materials and men to the most important jobs. It has done a good deal to speed re-equipment of some industries.

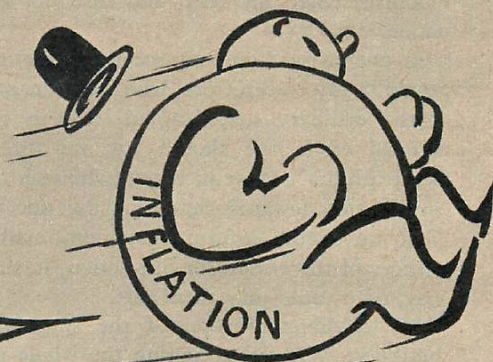
But the biggest part depends on the men in industry, both managers and workers. If the job is to be done, their hearts and minds must be fully in it. For some it may mean longer hours or night work, for others harder thought, greater consideration for those under them, consultation as well as giving orders. For many it will mean

discarding prejudices and methods "good enough for our grandfathers." For some it will mean rearranging work to set others free; for some it will mean willingness to move to a job where men are badly needed. From everyone it demands change, sacrifice and self-giving.

In short, if Britain's problems are to be solved, every man, woman and child must be prepared to take less and give more—to save and to produce.

What incentive is there for them to do so?

The chief incentive in the past has been material gain. If



A NEW INCENTIVE



A WORKING ANSWER

"SUPPOSE EVERYBODY CARED ENOUGH, EVERYBODY SHARED ENOUGH, WOULDN'T EVERYBODY HAVE ENOUGH? THERE'S ENOUGH IN THE WORLD FOR EVERYONE'S NEED, BUT NOT ENOUGH FOR EVERYONE'S GREED," SAID DR. BUCHMAN TEN YEARS AGO. HERE ARE MEN AND WOMEN FROM BRITAIN AND FRANCE WHO ARE TAKING RESPONSIBILITY FOR THE NATIONAL CRISIS BY APPLYING THIS SIMPLE PHILOSOPHY IN THEIR HOMES AND JOBS

DIRECTOR'S DILEMMA

Mr. Leo Exton is a director of a number of hotel and food distribution companies in the South of England. He tackles the question of profits policy in view of the country's present economic crisis.

A SHORT time ago I found myself in a dilemma.

All the concerns of which I was a director were doing very well. Business was increasing, despite the country's economic problems. My incentive was to increase turnover so as to increase profits so as to pay better dividends each year; to pay as high wages as possible, and at the same time to modernise our equipment and keep abreast of the times.

In the light of our altered economic circumstances, I posed myself the question: Could I, as a single director of several companies, make any material contribution towards combating the spiral of inflation and restoring economic security? Neither politicians nor experts could save the country without the aid of men in industry. It was up to the ordinary citizen to mobilise what he had and use it to save the nation.

At one of my Company meetings, therefore, I suggested to my co-directors, who were the main holders of the ordinary share capital, that in view of the national crisis, we should cut our directors' fees, freeze profits and reduce our wholesale prices as a contribution towards stemming the tide of inflation. That we should inform customers, staff and competitors of the reason for our action, in the hope that they, too, would play their part.

My co-directors received the suggestion sympathetically. Without accepting the whole programme, they decided to invest a considerable sum in Government securities, and to consider how the Company could best help the national economic recovery during the ensuing year.

I have talked over this idea with a number of friends who are Company directors, and have found a gratifying response. One friend put it into effect in

most practical terms. Under his leadership his board of directors voted for:

(1) Dividend reduction from 12½ per cent. to 10 per cent.; (2) Additional remuneration for directors of £2,500 waived; (3) Money saved in these ways was put back into the business, as requested by the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

When the directors put it to the works council that they were asking shareholders, directors and staff alike to take less out of the business, the staff responded by reducing the period of holiday with pay from three to two weeks.

PITHEAD ECONOMICS

Mr. Frank Painter, President of the Warwickshire Area, National Union of Mineworkers, describes the response of his men to freezing wages.

AFTER we finish our work in the pit we sometimes have a few minutes to discuss things. The men like it. Sometimes it is politics. Recently we took up the topical question of wages and prices. I posed this question: "Is the position the same as we Trade Unionists used to argue, that rising prices have made it necessary to have higher wages, or are our demands for increased wages the cause of price increases?" Several of the men said the position had not materially changed. One of them didn't agree. He said: "Coal is the basis of British economy. Over the first twelve months of nationalisation, in order to meet the cost of increased wages and the betterment of conditions in the pits, the price of coal was forced up." I said: "Yes, there has been a rise of a matter of six shillings or so a ton. Industrialists who have to buy that coal must put up the price of the goods they are making in order to cover that increase. The whole cycle works round so that eventually everything the miner buys, because of the increase of six shillings on his ton of coal, is so much more expensive."

There was general agreement about that. They

were prepared to accept stabilisation of wages provided there was stabilisation of profits as well.

One of our biggest bottlenecks in the way of increased production is to get sufficient supplies of machinery in the pit. It is the case of the chicken and the egg. We in the pits want machines. The manufacturer writes back and says: "Let us have the coal and we will produce the machines." Which is to come first? I have been forced to come to the conclusion that at least for the moment the increased tonnage must come out of human labour. In order to get extra coal we must have a bigger effort on the part of the men in the pits.

One of the branch secretaries in my area, Mr. Albert Wakefield, of Kingsbury Colliery, a pit employing about 2,000 men, reports an increase in production in the last few weeks from 30 cwt. to 35 cwt. per manshift, as against a national average of 21 cwt. He puts this down largely to a new keenness and teamwork among the men since some of them saw *The Forgotten Factor*, and started discussions in the pits and clubs.

LAND'S RESPONSE

TWO thousand, five hundred farmers and farm workers of the department of Seine-et-Oise assembled recently at Versailles on a day which had been chosen by the Communist-controlled Confédération Générale Agricole, the agricultural employers' and workers' union, as a day of nation-wide protests against the special levy imposed by the Government on all those earning a living from the land.

M. Jean Cochard, a farmer who had taken part in the agricultural sessions at the Moral Re-Armament World Assembly last summer, created a remarkable impression in a speech which was reported next day in the Paris *Le Matin*. He appealed to his countrymen's sense of responsibility and love of country. "From this meeting," he said, "there can emerge the worst or the best. The worst would be, if in the course of today throughout France and here at Versailles, farmers met simply to criticise, to say 'No' and to bring no contribution towards reconstruction. There is before us a bill to pay. We have known for a long time that it would be laid before us.

"Of course we do not like it. But if we decide to pay, we earn at the same time two rights; the right to insist that this levy be fair, and the right to insist that the money be put to good use."

M. Cochard's speech concluded with practical suggestions for the combating of inflationary rises in agricultural prices which the levy was designed to control. As a result, the whole tone of the meeting was changed from one of protest to one of constructive cooperation. A political manoeuvre which had aimed at the weakening of the national economy was rendered unsuccessful.

HOUSEHOLD ECONOMY

Mrs. Williams, wife of a progress chaser in Ford's Motor Works, recognises the part women can play.

MY husband has not had a rise in his pay packet for six years. The rise in the cost of living has meant that sometimes we found ourselves pretty short of money, and the only answer seemed to be a bigger wage packet. One day I asked him why he was edgy whenever money was mentioned, and he replied that it was because he could not afford to buy me the things I wanted for the house. I was shaken. I thought I was a contented person, but I realised that after most of my visits to the shops I came back home talking about something I had seen and wanted to buy there and then, but was not able to because I did not have the money.

So I told him I was sorry for always wanting something I had not got and we made a new plan for the use of our money, taking into account the rise in prices. We find that our pay packet is sufficient when we do not spend carelessly, and we are together saving a little each week towards buying the things we really need for the home.

I have learned that this kind of living brings a better understanding in the home. My husband has been a happier man since and more free to give his mind to his job, which all helps to the greater production our country needs.

COSTS CUT

AS a result of the Assembly held in the North of France at the end of last year for leaders of French industry, employers and trade union officials have been led to revise basically the objectives they had been working towards. The two following stories reflect the development of a new sense of responsibility for the national well-being.

In order to fight the rising costs of production, one large businessman offered to let his competitors inspect his plant, which was technically in advance of theirs. In return, they invited him to look over theirs, and after the visit he produced a report which circulated among them suggesting technical improvements that might be made.

In the clothing industry the production cost of a suit as authorised by the Government was, in October last, 1,900 francs. This cost was increased in January, to 2,500 francs. A clothing manufacturer searched in his files for technical improvements which had been studied in detail, but not yet implemented, and which might enable him to lower production costs. As a result he was able to reduce his expenses, and by a reduction in profits as well, offer his customers his suits at the October figure.

MUNICH

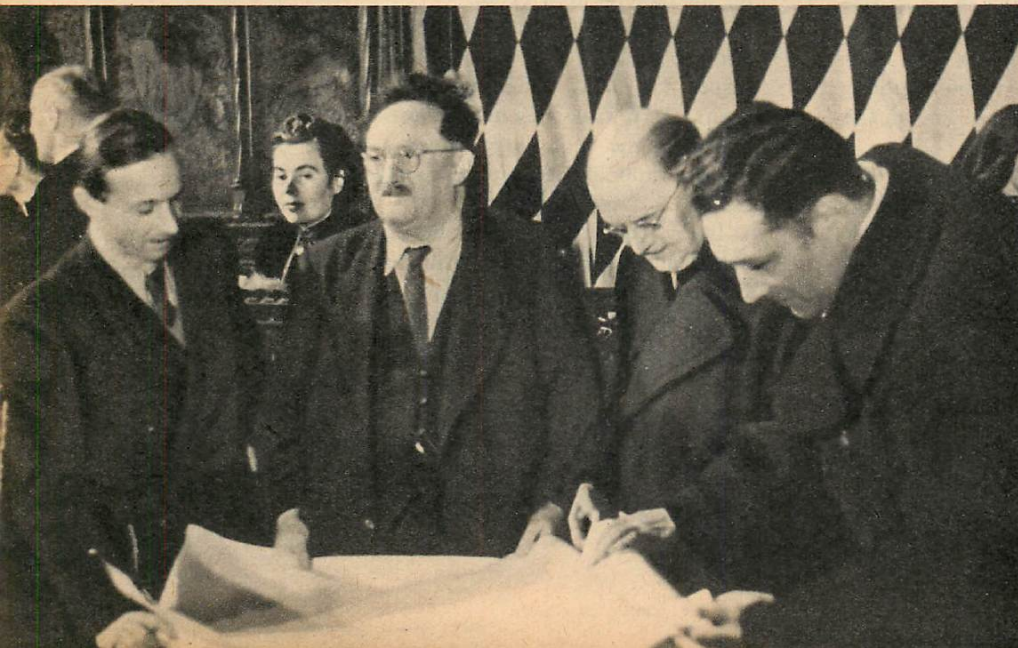
ONE HUNDRED tons of paper is worth a king's ransom in Germany today. A few weeks ago the Lord Mayor of Munich received this as a present for the German people. A gift from Sweden, it was sent via the Swedish Red Cross through its president, Count Bernadotte. The cost was met by contributions from citizens from all over Sweden and official donations from the Swedish Co-operative Association, the paper factory and other industrial concerns.

Dr. Michael Horlacher, President of the Bavarian Parliament, accepted the paper for the Publication Committee of *Everything's got to Change*, the booklet written by the Germans who were at the World Assembly for Moral Re-Armament last summer. He hailed it as the first donation of paper between nations for the spread of an answering ideology, and announced that the paper would be used immediately to print a million copies of the booklet.

This gift meets the basic need of the German nation, the editor of the *Sud Deutsche Zeitung*, Werner Friedmann, remarked. "At the moment when we needed to build democracy," he said, "we had no means with which to do it. Food for the spirit has been missing from our diet. This gift begins to meet that need. We shall not win the war of ideas with anything less than inspired democracy."

"The first opportunity for Germans to speak for a real Germany was the World Assembly at Caux," said Dr. Horlacher. "The message of Caux fell on fruitful soil. Inspired democracy, not formal outward democracy, is the one hope of Germany. We saw there the possibility of cabinets ruled by the spirit of Moral Re-Armament."

Examining a sheet of the Swedish gift of 100 tons of paper on its arrival in Munich. (Left to right) Herr Werner Friedmann, Dr. Horlacher and the Lord Mayor of Munich



R O U N D T H

LONDON

DURING the recent visit of *The Forgotten Factor* to the Westminster Theatre in London, Lady Rennell and Lady Malcolm were hostesses to gatherings at which thirty ambassadors, ministers and High Commissioners were present.

The performances were introduced by officials of the National Union of Mineworkers. On the last night as they turned to leave the stage the chairman of the largest coal importing company in Denmark, Mr. Svend Aage Bruun, leapt to his feet and made his way to the front. He thanked the miners' representatives for the fighting spirit which had made possible the agreement he had just concluded, allowing Denmark to purchase coal from Britain once again.

FINLAND

THE first performance of the Finnish translation of *The Forgotten Factor* took place in Tampere, second city in Finland, last month. This occasion marked the announcement of the forthcoming publication of the Finnish edition of Peter Howard's *Ideas Have Legs*. This book has already been translated into Norwegian, Swedish, Dutch, French and German. The Danish translation has gone to four editions and a Japanese edition is in course of preparation.



Mr. S. Aage Bruun

LOS ANGELES

"THE GOOD ROAD—human, hearty," headlined the account of the California première in the *Los Angeles Examiner*, which states: "We went to the Biltmore Theatre for the opening last night prepared for anything, and thoroughly enjoyed a splendid piece of entertainment. It is an expertly-handled revue, with catchy songs, grand chorus work, sketches with lines right out of everyday life and lots of very human and hearty comedy. That human quality, rather than sophistication marks the show. In talent, skill and contagious enthusiasm, the cast bow not at all to professionals."

The *Los Angeles Times* states: "A stirring plea for co-operation and teamwork the world over emanates from the provocative and timely revue *The Good Road*, offered by Moral Re-Armament which opened to a distinguished audience at the Biltmore Theatre last night . . . The revue was brilliantly staged and carried a terrific impact."

The *Hollywood Reporter* commented: "This should go to the Olympic Coliseum for a month's run. Every producer and director must see it."



Presenting the belief and Swiss members of the Euro

SOUTH AFRICA

FOLLOWING their reception by the Prime Minister and the Cape Town civic authorities, the delegation from the Moral Re-Armament World Assembly visiting South Africa has met leaders in government and industry in every part of the Union. In one week last month they met members of the Cabinet and spoke at a special meeting in the South African Parliament before members of both houses and all parties, addressed a special joint meeting of the Cape Chamber of Industries and the Cape Chamber of Commerce on "Industry's part in the world war of ideas," and a gathering of the leaders of the Dutch Reformed Church. At the end of the week the University Club invited them to give the news of the growth of the world force of Moral Re-Armament.

THE GLOBE

WASHINGTON

WASHINGTON columnist, Ralph Page, writes in the *Philadelphia Evening Bulletin*: "We are now engaged in a worldwide clash of ideas and beliefs which for lack of a better name we call ideologies . . . At the present moment the best medium for presenting the belief and purpose of democracy is a theatrical play called *The Good Road*. This presents the moving picture industry with a duty and an opportunity.



purpose of democracy." Sean cast of *The Good Road*

"The duty is to aid this country by presenting this revue to show our motives and endeavours in the contest for peace in the same manner in which it publicised our contribution to the war against tyranny.

"The opportunity is to avail itself of a box-office attraction of the first magnitude. Demands have been made for it to be reproduced in innumerable places and languages. The endorsement by American statesmen, labour leaders, industrialists and farmers' organisations are legion. There is no limit to the demand. Flesh-and-blood and theatrical mechanisms cannot conceivably meet this requirement. But it is a natural for the movies."

CANADA

"A GENERAL never retires," says General Lesaffre, distinguished Belgian divisional commander recently awarded the Grand Cross with Palms of Leopold II by the Belgian government, who has just completed a coast-to-coast tour of Canada. At the invitation of Brigadier W. G. Beeman of the Canadian Army, he accompanied a party of senior army and naval officers to pass on news of the effect of Moral Re-Armament in Europe.

From east to west they met and conferred with the provincial premiers and cabinets and held enthusiastic press conferences. An official from the Government's Department of Veteran Affairs said: "This is the first time in two years that I have felt there was any hope."

ITALY



The Hon. U. Calosso

ing interest in the country for the news of the answer to crisis which the group of parliamentary leaders saw at the Moral Re-Armament World Assembly at Caux last summer. They have achieved a unity among themselves which is a sign of hope for the future. A Christian Democrat and a Socialist deputy gave a dinner for their colleagues to hear more about the programme of Moral Re-Armament. The Hon. Calosso, Saragat Socialist deputy and editor of his party's newspaper *Umanita*, recalled Dr. Buchman's words about the coming elections in America: "Some of you are more concerned with re-election, when you should be thinking of the salvation of your country and yourselves." "That's the point," he said. "That's what counts. Those words touched our hearts. It might even be better if some of us were not re-elected. Often my wife and I have struggled for something we thought was just and right, only to find that the right way was in just the opposite direction. We lack in our parliament the simple way of talking we had at Caux."

OUR correspondent in Italy sends us the following account of an evening spent with political leaders who face the critical general elections this month.

"There is increasing interest in the country for the news of the answer to crisis which the group of parliamentary leaders saw at the Moral Re-Armament World Assembly at Caux last summer. They have achieved a unity among themselves which is a sign of hope for the future. A Christian Democrat and a Socialist deputy gave a dinner for their colleagues to hear more about the programme of Moral Re-Armament. The Hon. Calosso, Saragat Socialist deputy and editor of his party's newspaper *Umanita*, recalled Dr. Buchman's words about the coming elections in America: "Some of you are more concerned with re-election, when you should be thinking of the salvation of your country and yourselves." "That's the point," he said. "That's what counts. Those words touched our hearts. It might even be better if some of us were not re-elected. Often my wife and I have struggled for something we thought was just and right, only to find that the right way was in just the opposite direction. We lack in our parliament the simple way of talking we had at Caux."

The Hon. Tuminelli, Common Man deputy, said: "Caux gave us two things. The first is listening to God—that means teamwork and new orientation. Secondly, Caux is the vanguard of a profound movement that points the way to the solution of our social problems." Concluding the evening, the Hon. Pecorari, Vice-President of the Constituent Assembly, said: "Now let's go and fight together against hate and against the spirit of class war."

BERNE

THE Foreign Minister, the Chancellor and one-third of both houses of the Swiss Parliament met representatives from Britain, France, Germany and Italy at a parliamentary assembly in Berne last month. The delegates were welcomed by the speakers of both the Senate and the Lower House.

Dr. Michael Horlacher, President of the Bavarian Parliament, told the assembly of the practical steps being taken to give Germany a democratic ideology. (See Munich.) "Moral Re-Armament puts everyone on the offensive to build a sound national life in an all-out battle for a free future," he said. "Millions of Germans who have experienced dictatorship are ready to work with positive people from other countries, beginning with France, to build new relations based on honesty and unselfishness."

CAIRO

LAST month the newly-formed Moral Re-Armament singers in Cairo, comprising both Jews and Moslems, won the first prize in a national musical contest. Their winning number, which was broadcast to the nation in a programme from the Cairo Opera House, was the theme song of the patriotic handbook *Together for Egypt*.

On a coast-to-coast tour of Canada. (Standing) Capt. Evans. (Sitting) Col. the Hon. Malise Hore-Ruthven, General Andre Lesaffre, Belgium, and Brigadier W. G. Beeman, Canada



BEST OF TWO WORLDS

BY LADY HARDINGE
OF PENSHURST

WINDSOR CASTLE

Aerofilms

BACK in the soft beauty of Dorsetshire and its restful landscape, peaceful and absorbing as it is, my mind shows me pictures of sharper, brighter imagery. The outline of a land, a continent, from which I have just returned. Before my inward sight is a picture clearer and more vivid than this present one, places and people far from me.

I found myself, one afternoon in February, at the airport of Heathrow, equipped with the necessary number of little pieces of paper to make my trip to America valid, and with the blessings of many to make it successful. I had not flown since before the war, and then in comparatively small machines.

Soon we were over Windsor Castle, a place I had never seen from the air, but in which I had lived for many years. I looked down and my affection went out to St. George's Chapel; centre of beauty; of the pageantry of ancient chivalry; shrine of memories; and during the war when much of the Chapel's adornment was laid aside because the fine old windows were buried underground, its shields and banners laid by, what a centre of hospitality it became for the nations of the earth, and what a goodly company thronged into the old building. The captain of the aircraft told us we should be nine hours on our way across the Atlantic as there were head winds; we would then land at Gander. It was dark now and we flew on into the

night; a very long night. Snatches of sleep, glimpses of the stars, fragments of conversation, but always the darkness. The gayest moment was a sight of the Northern Lights dancing about, apparently in a quite un-Northern sky. Later we saw below us icebergs, and then snow and a bleak landscape, and we landed at Gander where someone announced—to me—cryptically, that it was "one below."

At length, brilliant and glittering New York; but not brilliant and glittering at this grey hour of dawn. Everything still appeared to be swaying under my feet but I thought perhaps this was a peculiarity of the city and did not mention it; only later in the day, when I'd had a rest, did I realise it was the result of my prolonged journey by air. Mrs. John Henry Hammond drove me round the city. The gay colours of cars and the people's clothes glowed against the white snow; and the sun shone. We visited the glorious French tapestries, which I had failed to see in London or France, and the great Episcopal Cathedral; but I loved best the drive by the river; the children snow-balling in the parks and the sense the whole town gives of having been built by a gigantic child with extra large bricks.

Next day I flew from New York to Los Angeles. Friendship, sometimes in large companies, or occasionally, where two or three gathered together, was to be the

prevailing joy of my whole visit and be sustained throughout my time in the U.S.A.

In quality it was superior to anything I have ever met, except amongst rare and saintly souls, but here it was the keynote of life, the standard of

living, from the details of every day, to the great issues that came to be solved at that house, 9 St. James Park, where Dr. Buchman was living, and to which I went on that early morning in February.

The following day, a Sunday, I met the larger company of these Christians, my friends, concerned in a great enterprise. An enterprise as ambitious and sustained as that embarked on by Peter and Paul long ago. A regeneration of life.

Singing and laughter

After the usual formal ceremonies of the day in which humanity is occupied wherever it lives, there was an evening at the new headquarters of Moral Re-Armament. This building, where the cast of *The Good Road* has been making a home, has a roof garden with olive trees, and the rooms are high with remarkably good acoustic value. We had wandered into it during the morning and heard singing and laughter. When I say singing, I do not mean the noise you and I make when we are in the bath, or washing up, pleasant though that doubtless is! I mean trained singing in chorus. It was part of a rehearsal that we heard going on.

It was there I met an English family, four of them, a father and a mother with their two sons, who came from quite near my old home in the best of all counties, Kent. I believe they will understand me

when I say that, to me, they were one of the finest stories in Kipling come to life. They were "the tops," the best of Britain and the most representative. When later on in the evening I had to speak, I said that unless one loved one's own country one cannot love another's, because there is no love in one's heart. If one loves what one knows and sees is true and good and beautiful, at home, one loves it also in another's country; it cannot fail to be so. That is why I love America—because I'm fond of the best here also.

One evening we spent a very happy hour in Hollywood. It was not our English idea of Hollywood. The family we visited, the Eastmans, are residents—householders of long standing. They have a lovely home in the hills overlooking Los Angeles. This occasion, more than any I have spent for years, reminded me of a cheerful evening described by Charles Dickens. It was merry and cosy, and after dinner someone played the piano and someone else sang, and there was a pleasant fireside circle of warmth and good company.

Santa Barbara

Next day we drove to Santa Barbara and I had my first sight of the Pacific Ocean. The weather was perfect and the sea made of the finest blue material ever invented. Santa Barbara was delightful. We looked at the Spanish courtyards that now enshrine English and Scotch "quality" goods. I travelled up into the hills and saw humming birds; I rose before dawn and watched the sunrise over the sea. And I saw for the first time a presentation of *The Good Road* in the theatre at Santa Barbara; how good it was! I've always loved the theatre and have watched and listened to players in many different countries. I listened to the battle years ago, which raged in England, on the subject of good production, of how nothing worthwhile could be performed because the public wouldn't go. I noticed then a group of actors and actresses now in the front rank, but young and unknown then, take up that challenge and decide that the public should at least have the chance to choose. Classics and good modern plays are the rule rather than the exception in England at this moment. I hope they'll choose *The Good Road*; it's fresh and alive and concerns every single audience, so that the latter are really acting the play themselves before it's over. This brings tribute enough to the cast. It's all they ask.

Sunday we visited the Franciscan Mission. A building standing high and keeping watch over the coast, it is of that exquisite rose-apricot colour the Spanish architecture has in California. We went on up into the hills, to a lovely terraced house where we could

see the sun setting in glory. The room was dusky; a wood fire burned there. We had a very happy supper that night with members of the cast of *The Good Road* and I went behind the curtain with them for that final half-hour before it rises. When I spoke from the stage later I should have said more about the grace and quality of the town, but I knew we had an understanding audience that night, and I wanted their blessing for the cast, who at such cost and sacrifice are bringing the very breath of life back to folk.

Capture the theatre

Among the vast young cast of *The Good Road* I have some friends who, I hope, will remember me. Their lives are very full, but they have accepted that discipline which is liberation and God is with them. You can see it in their faces. They are out to capture the theatre and film world of a great continent. They will succeed, for they are irresistible. Useless for the conventional, for big business, for the over-scrupulous to resist; only evil will ultimately put up stern opposition; evil speaking with a hundred tongues—that is to be expected. These young people, with a definite plan, will go through the ordinary stone walls of prejudice as though they were cardboard. God speed to my young friends in America and their fellowship throughout the world.

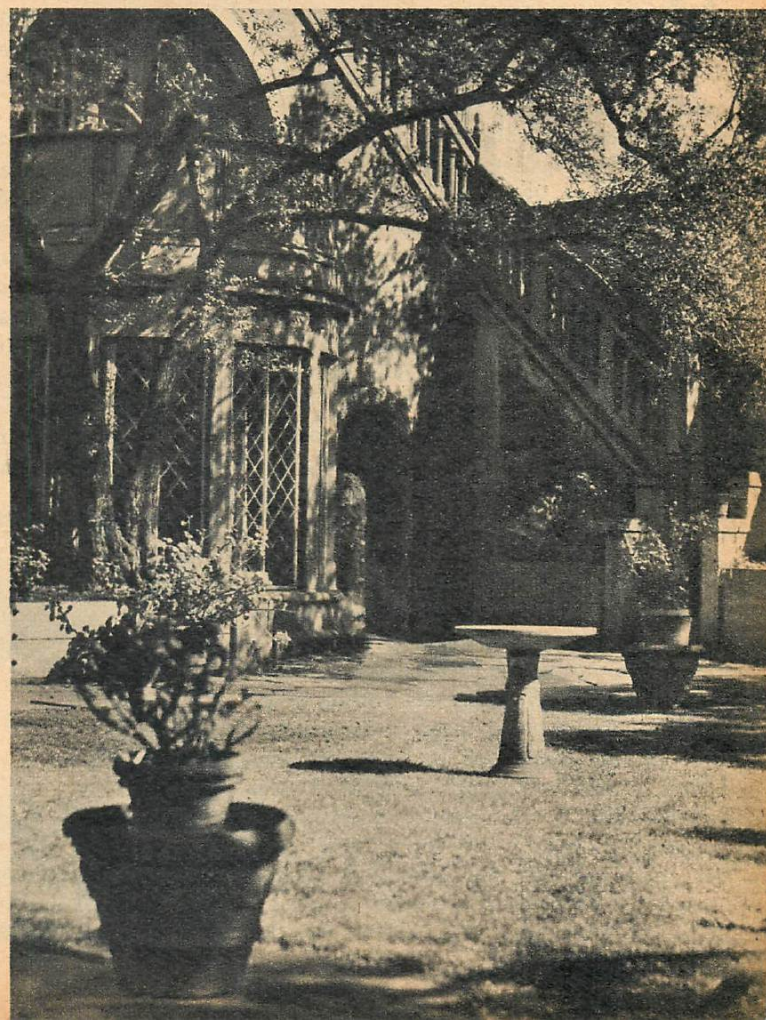
Gradually all that my older friends had said built into a picture in my mind. They live according to the word they speak, and it is as though "in the beginning was the Word." It is a fresh interpretation of the word of God, and here I talk, not of America, but of a few Americans who are joined internationally with us in Great Britain and with all humanity, but especially with all those striving in faith towards the Christian ideal. Great creative powers are released in this fellowship. The standard of talent is high and focussed with absolute singleness of purpose to re-dedicating man and his world to God; and man at his highest, in art, in science, in all the activities of everyday

life. I am sick and tired of undedicated art, or art in confusion, of music without harmony, of poetry without form or meaning, of chaotic symbolism in painting. Where our old poets taught us to expect the music of heavenly spheres we find a jumble of nonsense which people are afraid to throw away because they have lost their standards. Well—a standard is raised once more, and at the highest level. The full powers of renaissance flow strongly in the Oxford Group, pledged to the renewal of ethics in every walk of life. And as renaissance so frequently does, this has sprung from the hearts of the simple.

I left Los Angeles very early one morning with a fine company to see me off. Then a peaceful flight, with the glories of the Arizona desert below me. A few sharp, final recollections of New York, and off into the bright moonlight and my last sight of America, as though a brilliant diamond necklace had been flung along the coast to sparkle there. So on into the sunrise and the soft airs of Shannon. Then home to kind hearts and dear welcome.

Great, hospitable, generous-hearted America, how right my friends were to persuade me to accept the invitation to visit you, and may we travel "The Good Road" all together.

New American headquarters of Moral Re-Armament in Los Angeles





Perspective on Picasso

BY AUDREY HAIGH

WHAT is your reaction when the question of modern art crops up? Does it delight or disgust you? Are you one of those who eagerly await the newest exhibitions of modern art? Or can't you make head or tail of it and decide to leave the whole matter to the critics?

Whatever we feel about it, the work of modern artists influences most of our lives. The everyday things around us would not look the way they do if certain artists hadn't started to paint in a new way about forty years ago. The fittings of the latest airplanes or cars, the pattern of upholstery on a London bus, the handle of the cup which we use at breakfast—in nine cases out of ten these owe their present shape to the ideas of a few men working in France during the last four decades.

Though the names of Henri Matisse, Georges Braque, André Derain, of Laurencien and Chagall, may seem foreign to most of us, yet it was to the influence of their paintings begun during the first ten years of this century that we owe that extraordinary swift revolution which has changed in one generation the appearance of so many of our homes. It was their emphasis on light tones, on new and subtle colour contrasts, of straight lines instead of curved, which was the beginning of the revolution. They started that passion for streamline simplicity characteristic of today. To them we owe the

rejection of dark colours, of heaviness and profuse decoration, the desire to leave behind with the Victorians all that was cumbersome and ornate in architecture, furniture and dress.

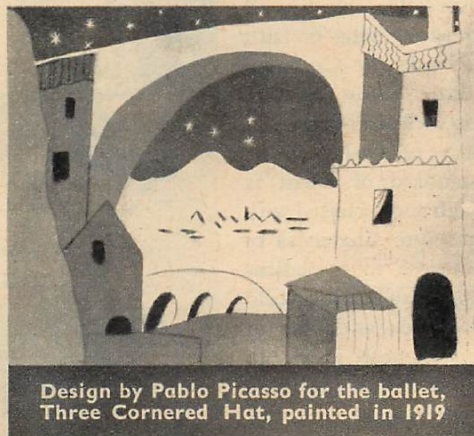
That the change came so fast was due not only to the fact that we had been unconsciously wanting it for quite a time—but to the speed with which individual manufacturers, architects and theatrical producers adopted the new ideas. Among such men were Rodier, the great textile designer, whose new woollens introduced the revolution into the world of dress design and furnishings. There was Serge Diaghileff, who brought Russian ballet to Paris, and by engaging the best of the young artists to design for his

productions, made the new idiom familiar to many. And amongst the architects there was Le Corbusier who, inspired by the same ideas as "The Cubists," those painters who saw everything around them in terms of solid geometry, the cone, the cube, and the sphere, was able through the new use of concrete and steel to apply them to the building industry. The result was the clean lines and the functional shapes typical of modern architecture throughout the world.

Powerful Pioneer

Of all the men who influenced our surroundings, no single man's work has been more powerful than that of Pablo Picasso, the Spaniard. More ink has been spilt in the Press in his condemnation or defence, and more controversy has raged round his exhibitions than those of any other living artist. When he puts an eye where an ear should be, or takes the anatomy to pieces and juggles with it till it becomes more a pattern than a human form, is he justified in his claim to be portraying more than one aspect of his model? When he paints like a primitive, without perspective, and makes design all important, can we accept this overthrow of the aim to represent something solid on a flat piece of paper which has been the goal of western art for nearly 800 years?

Is he the great inventive genius whose power can be felt through all the different



Design by Pablo Picasso for the ballet, *Three Cornered Hat*, painted in 1919

ways he has so far evolved of painting the human figure, or is he the charlatan who laughs up his sleeve, and whose work a child of eight could better?

A first glance at his artistic development is puzzling. He inherited exceptional ability from his father, a professor of Fine Art in Barcelona, who gave his young son an intensive conventional training from his earliest years. By the time the boy was fourteen his painting of a beggar, "Man in a Cap" showed a mastery of technique which would have put him in the front rank of the orthodox painters anywhere.

If, as he himself says, he could paint like a Raphael while still a boy, and at fifteen passed an examination in one day which normally took three weeks, why has he overthrown all traditional technique in order to paint what he now describes as "a sum of destructions"?

Prophet of despair

What happened to change the mood of his early paintings of acrobats and Paris workers, which showed a love of humanity and sympathy for the poor? How did he come to lose the serene beauty of his early painting for the ballet? What lies behind the mood of increasing anger and mistrust, the brutal struggles of his brilliant and inflamed inventions of the last thirty years?

In considering the work of Pablo Picasso, it is necessary to recognise that his work reflects unconsciously as well as consciously his own feelings. What makes him so interesting to many of us today is the intensity of his genius which has found so many

different ways of expressing the inner unrest, the uncertainty, the frustration and even the despair of our generation.

Long before the last war Picasso said that civilisation was destroying itself. "Guernica," his most famous painting, is an outcry. He began this twenty-five-foot-long mural immediately on hearing of the bombing of the Basque town of Guernica by German planes during the Spanish Civil War. He had already sent very large sums of money for the relief of the Republican side, of which he was a strong partisan.

The picture is painted entirely in tones of black, grey and white. By its amassing of broken symbols, of heads and arms, of burning houses and broken weapons, it speaks more eloquently than any other war picture of the horrors of civilian bombing. Picasso himself says it is an outcry, not so much against Fascism as against "all darkness and brutality."

Some authorities say that his progressively complicating style, his growing discontent and unrest, date from the visit paid in his early manhood to Catalonia, where he studied the anarchist struggles of the peasants. Others account for it by the general sense of frustration current among writers and painters of that time.

It is as the prophet of despair that he should find his real position in contemporary life. Yet why do we still feel that so much of his work is a joke made in very bad taste amounting more often than not to an insult? The answer lies perhaps in the fact that no one listens to any prophet unless, through all his warnings, his words offer at least a

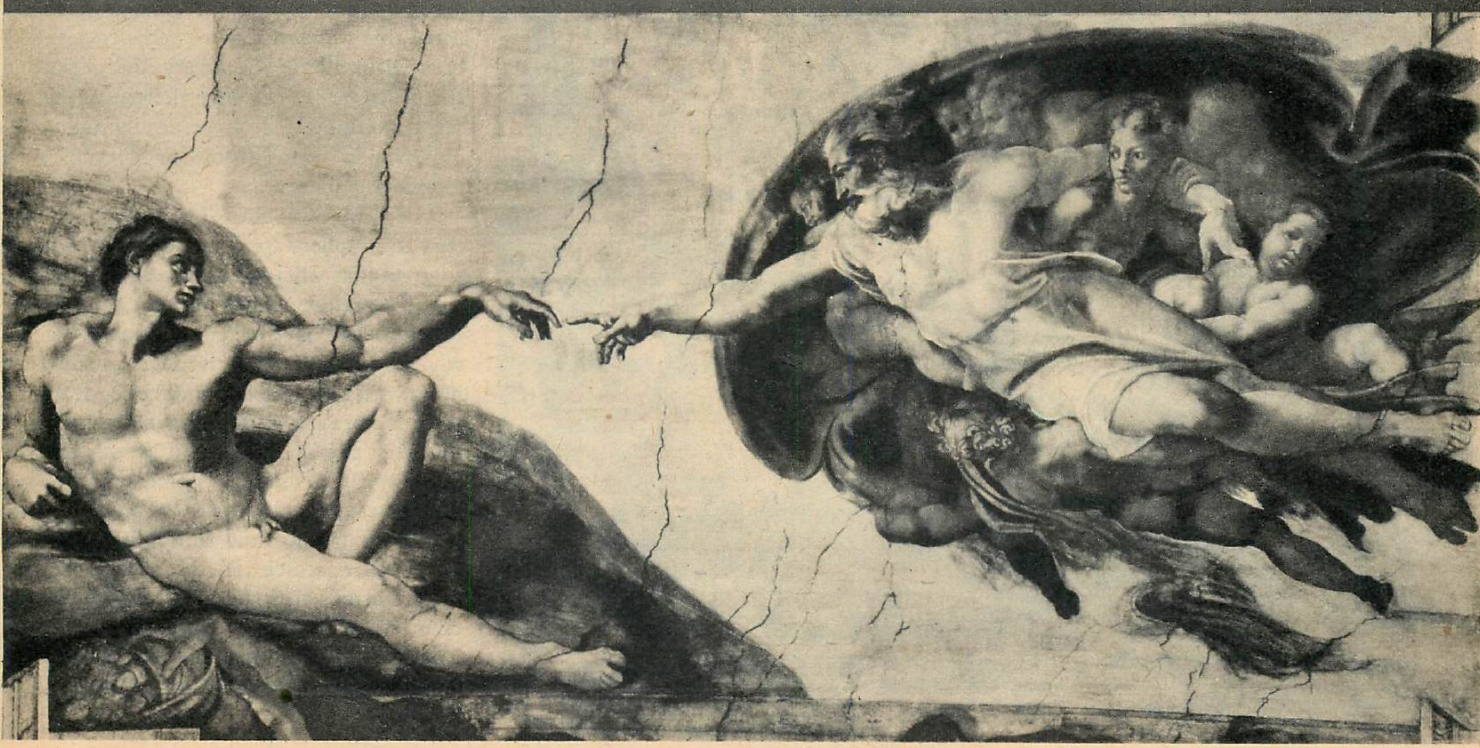


"Man in a cap," by Pablo Picasso. (Painted at the age of fourteen years)

faint hope for the future. Picasso's art offers none.

Some idea of that which darkens and distorts Picasso's indisputable natural genius may be found by comparing him with that great painter and sculptor of another age, Michael Angelo. Both showed exceptional talent in their youth, and were sculptors as well as painters. Both had enquiring minds,

"God giving life to Adam," by Michael Angelo. Part of the story of the Creation painted on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, Rome



a fine physique, inventive genius, courage and independence. For Michael Angelo life was no bed of roses. He, like Picasso, lived and painted through wars and civil wars. He knew despair and frustration. There was hardly one commission that the Florentine executed without getting into difficulties either with his patrons or his colleagues. Both were poor in their youth, neither of them had easy temperaments.

The thing which above all else Michael Angelo possessed, and Picasso lacks, was his faith. Although his colossal "Last Judgment," in which nearly everyone is being damned, was painted at his greatest moment of despair, yet in the figure of Christ, standing supreme, the keystone of his design, everyone can recognise a just judge. And what is more, the human despair in "The

Last Judgment" is not reflected in all the works of Michael Angelo. He is no prophet of despair but the artist who above all others painted for his time man's highest hopes in the most powerful forms.

In his painting of God giving life to Adam, part of the story of the Creation painted on the 132-foot-long roof of the Sistine Chapel in Rome, Michael Angelo was able to combine in his figures the perfection of form, which the Greeks had achieved, with the portrayal of man in relationship to his Creator. His Adam is seen not only as a perfect physical specimen, but as one who is about to gain full stature by receiving a soul. No picture reveals more clearly the over-arching sense of power and order which ruled Michael Angelo's mind.

Michael Angelo had inherited great advan-

tages in his time. Men still had faith and hope for the future. The artist had the advantage of being able to represent subjects in which everyone was interested. "Why interest oneself in the souls of people when the head, the face and the body tell one everything?" asks Picasso. To Michael Angelo this point of view would have been entirely foreign. He painted the eternal truths about the soul, and as everyone then believed he had a soul everyone paid attention to what he painted. When the artist is interested in everyone, everyone is interested in art.

How different is our position today; for now the artist does not expect to speak to any but the few. His work is of despair and of frustration. His subjects are the problems of the clinic and the psychologist's consulting room. On the other hand, there is an increasing number of countries in Europe where the artist receives encouragement only when supporting a political faith which seeks to abolish the soul and make a religion of class hatred.

Picasso's own work, though not used by the official forces of the new materialism, in whose ranks he has lately enlisted, is, however, actively sponsored by its sympathisers in the democracies. The recent touring exhibition of his work in Britain was a part of a policy which, by stirring up unrest and discontent, paves the way for a materialist revolution.

Future of Modern Art

What is the future for modern art? Must the new mediums and subtle colours, the experiments of the "Cubists" and the "Surrealists" inevitably dwindle into decadence as they express our own unhappiness? Must this wonderful new expressiveness only be used to mirror the dreary, the weird, and the obscure? Is the only alternative that we see a multiplication of the deadly dull paintings which come from the dictates of a totalitarian state?

The answer is no. There are men who dare to prophesy for "modern" art a future so great that what we have seen may well be only the prelude. They can see a time coming when art will have meaning for many—an art whose symbolism will stir the imagination and heart with new vision and warmth. But these men do not rely on the skill and technique of the artist alone. The roots of Renaissance are in the spirit. As miners, farmers, housewives, schoolmasters and artists of many nations work together to find the faith in God and each other which is the answer to the materialism threatening to overthrow our civilisation, the new Renaissance will come. Together they say that the only hope for an art of the future is one which offers men hope for today.

"The Last Judgment," by Michael Angelo. Fresco above the altar, Sistine Chapel, Rome





"Somewhere the trumpets must have sounded when they were born"

FRANCE IS PEOPLE

BY PETER HOWARD

FROM the grey shores and sand-dunes of the north to the palms and sun-polished beaches of the south, the fields of France are enriched with the blood of brave men. The Somme peasant spits and then crosses himself as his plough turns up bones and a bayonet, relics of World War I or II. In the wild marshes below Avignon where the fighting bulls roam and are trained for battle, the herdsman kicks up with his heel coins or pottery dropped at bivouac by Cæsar's legionaries 2,000 years ago. France is the historic land of war and revolution. Her suffering and soldiers and saints have shaped destiny in every age.

There was Joan of Arc whose heart would not burn, after flames had eaten the rest of her. Finally, they wrapped that heart of hers in sackcloth and threw it in the Seine. But her enemies did not get rid

of the heart as easily as that. It beats yet from generation to generation in the breasts of those who, like Joan, "hear the voice of God and whatever it tells me, will not fail to do it."

There were the Popes who lived in France for a few generations, and the women knitting around the guillotine, counting the heads that tumbled into the basket, baptising with blood the birth of an age of "reason." There were the French idealists who inspired Patrick Henry with his cry: "Give me liberty or give me death." And Voltaire and Rousseau who tried to laugh God out of existence and who inspired Karl Marx with much of his philosophy of amoral godlessness.

France is the land of contrasts. The shrewd, silent peasant living in a house of poverty, but with his fields bursting in the bounty which follows generations of solid husbandry probably has a stocking half full of hoarded gold coins under the mattress of his bedroom. The garrulous, lavish, man-about-town seems not to have a care in the world, and perhaps has not a centime in his pocket.

The French are a brave people. They bring up their manhood to the belief that once every generation it will have to die on the battlefield. And so far history has not deceived them. They are a mixture of bare agnosticism and of burning faith. Above all, the citizens of France share the conviction that their country has a contribution of decisive importance to make to the shape of Europe and the world in every century. And this faith is proving true today.

The nurse and the elephant

At the turn of the century, when French children still had their pocket money handed to them every week, and then half of it taken away again to remind them of the debt which the Germans had exacted from their country, two children were born in France. One was a boy, the other a girl. Somewhere the trumpets must have sounded when they were born. For it is certain that today they hold the answer for their nation.

The girl came from working-class stock. She trained as a nurse. In World War I she served in a hospital at Marseilles, caring for enemy as well as friend. She began to burn with a passion for the underdog and the oppressed. She decided to give her life to the cause of social justice and of peace. She married a merchant seaman and settled down near Marseilles to a life of political activity. Today she is head of 3,000,000 Socialist women of France. Her name is Irène Laure.

The boy was, and still is, a fighter. He had all the strength of French history in his massive frame and square chin and shoulders. He became a footballer, playing rugby for his country. Then he took up wrestling and in international contests hurled many opponents to defeat. His friends nicknamed him the Elephant. But the Socialists of France have called him Bulldog, because he never lets go. He devoted his days to industry, acting in the interests of the employers. He is founder and president of the Employers' Federation of northern France, which includes 14,000 industrial and 50,000 commercial concerns and represents 40 per cent. of French heavy industry. His name is Robert Tilge.

Irène Laure fought hard for peace in the inter-war years. Every summer she invited a German boy to her home. This boy and a son of hers became true friends. When the German boy was called home for mobilisation, he and the Laures wept together at the follies of history. And something went dead inside Irène Laure. During the Nazi occupation of France, she became a spearhead of the resistance. When the occupying authorities withheld food in order to discover who had attacked some stronghold of theirs, Irène Laure collected hundreds of enraged women. She led them on a protest march through the streets of Marseilles. They marched in dead silence until they confronted the authorities. And their force was such that the food was handed over. She helped the men of the French navy to escape when the fleet was scuttled at Toulon. She and her group

of the resistance blew up a train which the Nazis had filled with billions of stolen francs.

The Nazis took Irène Laure to a place where they held one of her sons. They tortured this boy in front of her eyes in order to get her to betray the names of some of her comrades in the resistance. Irène Laure refused. The boy is an invalid to this day. Two other children had to go to bed for months because on account of malnutrition their bones began to decalcify. Irène Laure emerged from the war with a bitter hatred of the Germans and a spirit apt for revenge.

Meanwhile Robert Tilge had battled his way to the forefront of his nation's life. He is a human force. He fought for the rights of the employers. And he fought so stubbornly and so successfully that he became an inevitable part of any major industrial crisis in France. Whenever there was trouble, there with his massive, relentless strength of body, mind and spirit you would find Tilge. In one period of twelve months, he had to deal with 160 strikes.

But somehow, somewhere it was an unsatisfying struggle. The money that was spent on successful resistance to the demands of the workers was more than swallowed by the forays when resistance was unsuccessful. Bitterness increased. Deadlock deepened. And Tilge, who is a true patriot, saw his country weakened and spent in a struggle of which he was a part, but to which he had no answer.

So they came, Irène Laure and Robert

Tilge, to Caux where the World Assembly for Moral Re-Armament was being held. The head of the Socialist workers and the leader of the bosses, opposed politically, socially and economically in every way. Both dogged and resolute. She with the marks of victory over suffering in her face, he with determination never to surrender written in the jut of his jaw, and both with disillusionment and bitterness concealed in their hearts.

New battle for France

At Caux they heard the representatives of fifty-three nations, a new leadership springing from every class, race and background, talking simple truth. They saw that a new world could never be born through the triumph of one nation over another, or by the domination of one class, be it high or low, over the rest. Irène Laure saw that she could never build peace among the nations so long as she hated another nation herself. Tilge saw that France could never be united by fighting for one section of the nation against another. These two people decided to fight together for a new France. They saw that when the philosophy began to be lived out, starting with themselves, that *everyone*, boss and worker, husband and wife, statesman and ordinary man, could change, then a revolutionary spirit of teamwork could be born that might save their nation and make it a pattern of inspired democracy for the whole world.

They went back to France and summoned

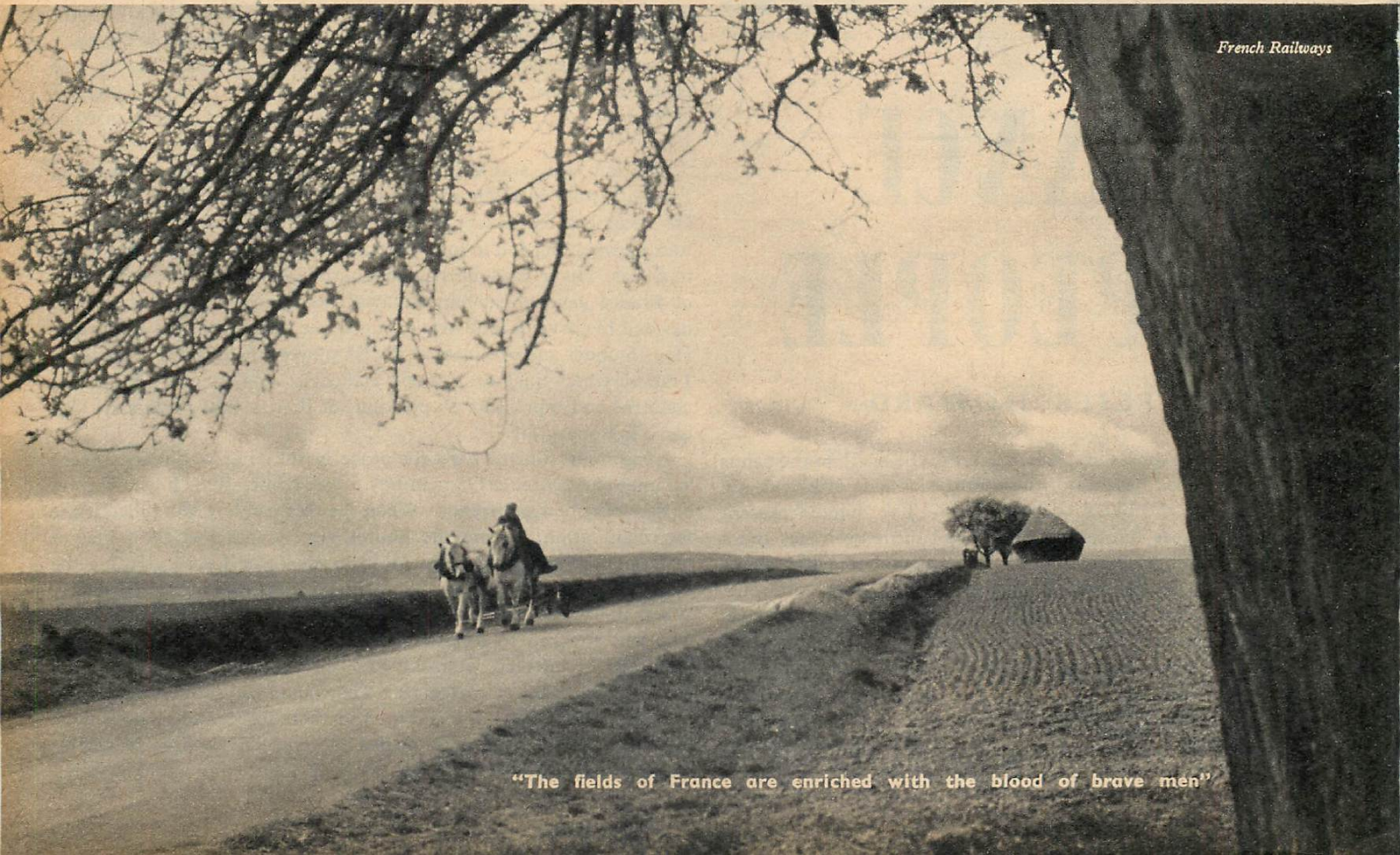
1,200 leaders of management and labour from the Lille district to an assembly near Le Touquet. Tilge started off by apologising for his wrong attitude to the workers in the past. Irène Laure said that by applying absolute honesty and absolute unselfishness to every industrial problem, and by fighting together to find the guidance of God instead of the interests of one section whenever issues arose, she was sure a new spirit of change could take the place of chaos in the life of France. In four days Labour and Management reached a new level of cooperation and understanding.

In the early part of this year the head of the Intelligence service of one of the great European nations reported that his records showed beyond doubt that without the work of Irène Laure, Robert Tilge and their friends in MRA, France might have gone under at the end of 1947.

Today Tilge, sustained by the sound elements in management, and Irène Laure, sustained by the sound elements in Labour, are fighting together for Moral Re-Armament to become domestic, industrial and national policy in the French republic.

Whatever happens, they build something indestructible. For when an experience of change enters the heart of any man or woman, neither life nor death can deprive them of it.

So amid the flames of Europe, steel foundations are being built from which a new France and a new Europe will arise.



French Railways

"The fields of France are enriched with the blood of brave men"