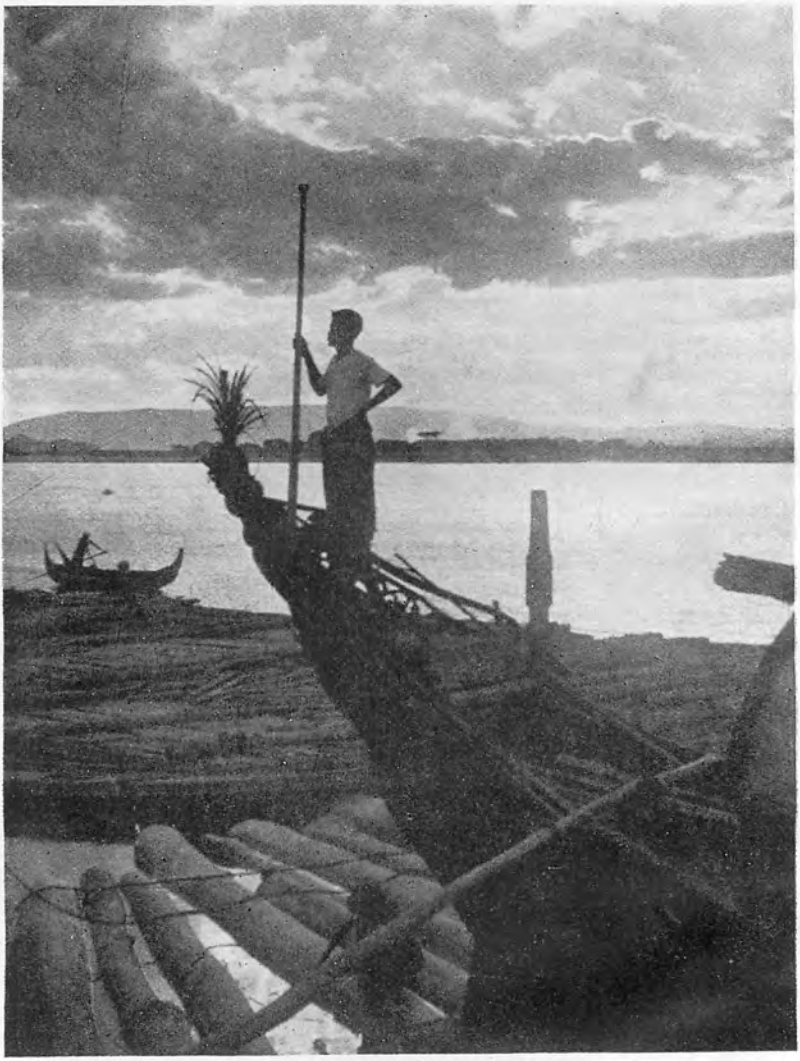

" Or shall they know that Burma through the dark
And her hard travail found her destiny? "

THE WORLD THAT WORKS

By

GEORGE WEST,

Bishop of Rangoon

To my sincere friends
Lord and Lady Sinha
and
To all true patriots
fighting for the world that works.

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FIRST OF ALL

I want to tell you that this is a book about the end of a world that did not work. I have seen that world in Burma. It is also about the beginning of the world that does work —the world for which men are dying and all are longing. I saw that too in Burma. Here in America, I have seen more of it. It has given me hope. It is the only thing that gives me hope.

Our pre-war model of living in the Western world was the slickest, the smoothest, the smartest and the most comfortable there has been in the history of mankind. There was only one thing wrong. It did not work. It ran us into the ditch.

Now in its place we have a grim affair of steel, bristling with armour, where the easy payment, the short cut, the labour-saving device, the go-as-you-please policy are out; where discipline, frugality, toughness, thrift, sacrifice at least begin to take their place.

Some people think this is just for the duration. "Win the war," they say, "Crack down on Berlin and Tokyo, and then back the good old pre-war model out of the ditch; speed it up, smarten it up, add a lick of paint and a whole set of post-war gadgets and contrivances, and let the joy-ride begin again."

But the old model still does not work. And there is still a ditch.

Twenty-five years ago we were fighting a war. We were buoyed up with the hope of a new world. I was in

that war, in Serbia, in France at Hill 60 and Messines Ridge. I know how the best men in many countries dreamed dreams of a world that would really work this time, how they saw visions. But the dreams turned out to be nightmares, the new world proved to be no better than the old world. We became cynical and hopeless.

And now ? We are fighting again, without the dreams to buoy us up and without the visions to inspire, but with a deeper longing than ever for something different—a really new world. The longings of millions go with the armies of the United Nations. The hungry hearts of the conquered countries, the unspoken wishes of mothers and children, brothers and sisters here at home. Never in history has the world been more ready for a great change, one that will remake history and the lives of ordinary men and women.

In a few hours now I sail for India. One day, I believe, I shall return to my home in Burma. Here in America I have seen the answer. I take with me good news for the East—news of a world that works.

CHAPTER ONE

THE LAST GARDEN PARTY

I have seen a nation totter. I saw it at a garden party.

It was the largest, most significant social event of the season in Rangoon. Nobody knew it was to be the last. We inched our way to the great gates of Government House. 2,500 guests had been invited. All Rangoon's motor cars seemed to be on the roads filing past the guards at the gates—tough little men in their uniform of the Burma Rifles. We crept by the vast lawns up to the imposing edifice.

Bearded Sikhs of the Household, in turbans and long scarlet coats, moved in quiet dignity. Burmese waiters in gay silks floated between the tables.

Would the guests ever stop coming? What did it feel like for Sir Archibald and the Honourable Lady Cochrane to shake hands two thousand times?

The military band and the gay scene; Indian ladies in their exquisite saris, moving with grace and poise; Burmese gay and free, the women with their black hair coiled in a high smooth crown, a pretty flower tucked in its folds, and their little white jackets and long skirts of crimson or gold or lovely pale yellow or blue—what freedom!

A cluster of Chinese Generals caught my eye. They had come down the Burma Road from Chungking.

I began to spot one friend after another. I was surprised I knew so many,—men in the Legislative Assembly, Burmese and Karen Senators, Indian lawyers, the Chinese Consul Generai, my neighbour and Chief Justice of Burma;

Sir and Lady Mya Bu,—a Burmese High Court Judge who had just been knighted; the heads of great British business firms; the Principal and Professors from the University—here was the British Empire in Burma.

Two were not there. I remembered them after I reached America.

I was glad to see Hugh Seymour. I had known him at Oxford where we had both played in the same Freshers' cricket match. Now he was head of the Burma Defence Department. He had a good mind, a charming personality, and he worked day after day all through the tropical heat, sometimes well into the night. So did his friends. If hard work and careful planning and conscientiousness and loyalty and discipline could save an Empire, here were the men to do it. "I am fully satisfied with all our preparations for defence," wrote a high official to his friend in England.

The lady next to me observed, "We shouldn't be sitting next to each other." We were at the high table with Lady Cochrane at the centre. Her twinkle meant that her frock and my purple cassock didn't agree.

Lady Cochrane had the grace and dignity of a queen. Everybody loved the first lady of the land. Women flocked to Government House every day, and piles of bandages, garments of all shapes and sizes flowed to the boys in the Libyan desert. And above all, her husband, Sir Archibald, who had commanded a submarine in the last war—a Scot of sound judgment and a high sense of duty—worked at tremendous pressure.

I saw General McLeod, a tall figure with sandy hair and a kindly eye. I had a word with him and we arranged to broadcast one day to the Kachin people in the far north.

My brother, who was in the army in Burma, told me he had a great opinion of his General. So had the other officers.

Members of the Indian Civil Service had hurried from their offices into their morning coats and walked dutifully and heatedly in the brilliant sunshine.

Tea over, the colourful crowd moved to and fro on the wide lawns. The European women were not so gay. Lady Cochrane had her children at home in England, where the bombs were falling. So, too, the lady with the near-purple dress. So had most of the others, and they saw little of their hard-worked husbands, and the sun was hot and tempers frayed and the future perhaps blasted. Would there be a pension and a cottage in Devonshire and golf to look forward to after all ?

This was the British Empire. All you saw was the dignity and friendliness and the mingling of races and the sense that this was the world that would last for ever.

Where in all this riot of colour and chatter and laughter and music was the problem of Burma ? of India ? Was it in the bushes, in the rhododendron beds, under the eaves of the house, in the air ?

That ample, gay, voluble Burmese figure didn't appear to be carrying a care in the world.

He was U Saw, the Premier. He was soon to be reading with more than interest the Atlantic Charter. Very soon he would be in the air ; would arrive in London on the doorstep of 10 Downing Street ; would be offering a tactful gift to Mr. Winston Churchill, a box of cigars.

A few days later the B.B.C. announcer would be saying, " U Saw is now leaving Britain. He says he has not got what he came for, but he leaves the country without any bitterness."

Next he would be in Washington, in San Francisco. He liked America. He liked Americans. And again he would disappear into the clouds, only arriving on mother earth to be ushered into a British internment camp. Had something been coming to light ?

I observed an Indian friend of mine in the distance. He was a very promising lawyer and had an exceptionally acute mind. I knew him well and we could be candid with each other. I said, " What do you feel about this war ? " He thought a moment and then said, " Whenever I turn on the radio and hear of one more German victory " (and all the victories in those days were German), " I know, with my mind, that Nazism is no good for India. You don't need to tell me that. But in my heart I can't help feeling a little pleased." Was he typical ? Were there any others like him ?

And watching all this were those impassive faces of the generals from the other end of the Burma Road. They were watching the forces that were to collapse before the drive that was to cut China's life-line. How much did they see and understand ? I don't know. I believe very few of us did.

And the two people who were not invited to the garden party. One was in the central jail, perhaps for reasons not unlike U Saw's. Now under the Japanese he is the dictator of Burma. The other was a little dentist down a side street, and Japanese. Now he is the Governor of Burma.

CHAPTER TWO

OFF THE BURMA ROAD

I had fought in the war to end war, heard talk of making England a home fit for heroes to live in, seen English political life touch bottom in the "Hang the Kaiser election," her statesmanship tested at the Treaty of Versailles and her discharged legions, from all parts of Europe's battlefields and beyond, return sad and disillusioned.

The aftermath of war.

In the army I once heard one of my mates say:

"When this lot's over and I get 'ome, I'll never grumble, not even if t'owd woman burns the bacon. I'll never grouse again—not me—when I get out of this."

Soon we were at it again. We had won the war, seen the fumbling of the peace, the orgies in London streets and the night clubs and all the antics of the fast set. It all seemed to make Flanders fields and the poppies and Britain's million dead and all the patient, cruel boredom and the bitterness of the mud and blood of France seem far away. It was soon forgotten in the recrudescence of selfishness in the early twenties. I left it all and went out to Burma.

British soldiers went out to protect her frontiers and policemen to keep the peace. High army officers looked on it as rather a backwater. Nothing was likely to happen there.

Britain gave her best to Burma. The most brilliant products of Oxford and Cambridge, the cream of Britain's youth, distinguished often in the athletic field as well as the

examination hall, saw a bright career ahead as they sailed up the Hooghly or the Rangoon River. The boy of twenty-three might one day become a Commissioner, a High Court Judge, a Secretary of State, receive a Distinguished Order, possibly a Knighthood, might even become a Governor. Yes, the Indian Civil Service had rich rewards for the capable and diligent and in the end a comfortable pension and years of honourable retirement in some favoured spot in Britain.

Men went out to appointments in the big firms. Burma had its banks. Money was plentiful for Burma was rich. I have seen a mule in the far north stumbling along a hill track with a huge boulder strapped to its back. The boulder was jade, and there was plenty more where that came from. It went to Shanghai and thence to decorate the fashionable ladies of China.

"Tickle the earth and it laughs to harvest." Burma is rich; fertile soil, rain in plenty and a warm sun, and it produces seven million tons of rice—half for export. With oil and tin, teak and rubber, silver and wolfram, jade and rubies, Burma was the richest of India's provinces and a happy country for big enterprise. The Bombay-Burma Trading Company, Steele's, the Burma Oil Company, the Burma Corporation, the Irrawaddy Flotilla Company developed the country, gave employment, paid high taxes and good dividends.

British people loved Burma. After India's dry and arid plains, Burma was rich and green. After Calcutta's gloom, Rangoon was gay. The Shwe Dagon Pagoda was one of the delights of the whole earth. Buddhism, which began in India, flourished in Ceylon, spread to China, has found in Burma its true home. Every fifth man you meet in Mandalay is a yellow-robed monk.

In Lower Burma I padded through trim and monotonous rubber plantations, and sailing through some waterway I saw rising from the rich delta soil a sea of green rice which by harvest had turned to gold. And the soft lights, the nearness of the stars at night and the fireflies and the crowded river steamers, with a freight of laughing people sitting on the deck, here a woman combing her hair and others around her talking, smoking, sleeping; and by some river bank while children swam to meet the approaching steamer, jewelled ladies with gay silks and parasols waited and Burmese monks, in their saffron robes, were everywhere.

For seven years, I lived in Toungoo in Central Burma. Toungoo had schools, a hospital, Government headquarters, police, a bazar, a jail and an old city wall. The British had their offices and their club, and, as often as not, were out on tour; the Burmese their monasteries and pagodas; the Indians their stores and temples; and all played football. In summer it was hot and those who could escape went to the mountains.

For political convenience, Burma in those days was a province of the Indian Empire under the Viceroy of India. When it was separated from India, the Governor was no longer responsible to Simla, but to London. All Burma was not Burmese. I found head hunters in the far north, and pygmies in the Andaman Islands which were part of my diocese. These pygmies were rarely seen, shot any stranger with a poisoned arrow at sight, while some old woman kept the home fires burning. I have met in other Islands naked men in silk hats, answering to the name of "King of England", "Mr. Robinson" or "Jock MacGregor." They got their hats from shipwrecks, their

names from shipwrecked sailors. They lived on coconuts and sold the copra to Indian traders.

Burma is four times the size of Britain.

It has a population of fourteen millions.

It has teak, elephants and peacocks, fish in abundance and vultures are its scavengers as well as pigs and dogs.

Sleeping in the open at night, I have seen tiger in the jungle pass within a stone's throw; have shot deer, been stung by scorpions, trodden on a snake and been bitten by mosquitoes at all times. Malaria I have had many times and once it nearly was the end of me.

Burma is a land of beauty, of richness, of plenty, of ample hospitality, of graciousness, of many creeds and races, levels of culture and stages of development. It is a medley of Asia. Its many peoples not yet grown up. It is a nation not yet come to birth.

Who governs Burma? His Excellency the Governor of Burma is the representative of the King-Emperor. But, as in India, British officials have been becoming fewer and Burmese mounting higher and higher. Britain was preparing Burma for self-government. You might travel many miles and never see an Englishman. Britain has laid the foundations of a democratic political system. Burma had its Burmese premier and cabinet. But for Burmans all this was moving far too slowly. All through the past twenty years Burma had been becoming a more turbulent country. The first strike on a nation-wide scale was in an unusual field, the schools. Since then we had had riots and bloodshed in Mandalay and Rangoon and many places. We had strikers from the oil fields on a hunger march to Rangoon, processions and petitions,

continuous agitation, a violent press, one rebellion and a mounting tide of nationalism.

The Burmese were out for freedom. Not many knew what freedom was, or what they would do with it when they had it. "Freedom from what?" "Freedom for what?" These were not the questions people stopped to ask, much less to answer.

"Do B'ma"—"We Burmans"—was the battle cry of menacing processions.

There were plums for politicians in this new experiment of democracy. Money flowed and found its way to many receptive pockets. Power was liquidated into money at express speed. Votes were bought and sold. "Every man has his price." The Mother of Parliaments would hardly have recognized her youngest daughter.

Members of the Legislature proposed "No confidence" motions, saying that they could sell out their votes to the highest bidder.

A vigorous, unscrupulous vernacular press kept hot fires burning.

Burmese fought for what they called freedom. British gave what they called democracy.

The truth is the Burmese wanted to get rid of the British and the British intended to stay where they were—until the right moment arrived, and they would say when that moment had come. The British officials continued conscientious and efficient, with a growing contempt for corrupt politicians and fantastic leadership. Robbers pillaged. Highway robbery was a national pastime. The honest Burman kept aloof and deplored violence and discontent. Young men—some of generous hearts and sincere impulses—faced prosecution and imprisonment for their country.

There were, too, thoughtful Burmese scholars and men of character who worked to prepare for the government of Burma by Burmese, but for most people it was all happening far too slowly. As Burmese got hotter and hotter, we British got colder and colder. This slowness was not the problem.

Change had come fast in many parts of the world. Russia in one generation had changed from a peasant people to an industrial people. New intoxicating ideas were in the air. The heady wine of nationalism made the sober fare of constitutional development unattractive. Change, not adjustment; freedom, not fealty; independence, not co-operation—these were the watchwords. It was the untried new against the too-familiar old. Yet in all this apparently simple issue of Burmese against British, the division was not between Freedom and Imperialism, but between good in both against evil in both, between sound and unsound elements, between selfish and unselfish men in both camps.

And the Burmese are now enduring a rule under the Japanese which is neither freedom nor democracy.

And the British are preparing to come back. What then?

CHAPTER THREE

JUNGLE FOLK

Burma, like so many nations of the world, is a land of minorities. Minorities precipitated the war in Europe. Minorities may cause clamour at the Peace Table. Minorities have caused riots in Burma. The Kachins are great fighters; Indian coolies great workers; India also gives Burma money-lenders, clerks, doctors, lawyers; the British administer the country and run big business; the Chinese trade; Chins, Was and hosts of others live in the mountains; Japanese took people's photographs or extracted their teeth; the Shan States, with their own Sawbwas or native princes, their princesses famed for beauty, their people proud of their freedom, have now been presented by Tojo to Thailand.

The largest minority of all, early inhabitants of the land, remarkable alike for their qualities and their capacity for concealing them, loyal friends of Britain, no lovers of the Burmese, are the Karens. There are one million and a quarter of them. They live in the tradition of a vivid and romantic past, expressed in a wealth of poems and legends. Like Welsh miners, they have a natural gift of song and break into harmonies like the famous barber shop songsters of America. They drink spirit which excites their tempers and chew the betel-nut which discolours their teeth.

They are a deeply shy race, feeling themselves inferior to the Burmese, who outnumber them, the Indians who out-think them, and the British who govern them. They are so shy that a man will not tell you his name, and a

girl cannot bring herself to answer " I do " at her wedding. They are lovable and loyal. When they give you their hearts, they never take back the gift.

For seven years I lived in Kappali, a Karen village nestling in the jungle beneath the tall range of mountains that divides Burma from Thailand. It was far from cities, from Europeans and clubs—the nearest white man was seventy miles away—with tigers in the jungle, monkeys in the trees and the idyllic existence of the unspoiled.

Not so idyllic and not so unspoiled !

I lived in a house on stilts. It had no walls and its roof was of leaves. It cost the equivalent of £10 to build —materials and all. I saw sunrise and sunset, hot weather and rains, for seven long years. I got the feel of the countryside. Without clocks and watches hours were out and time had to be reckoned by distance. My house was a betel-chew from Bumble's, two betel-chews from the pond, and a pot-boil from the next hamlet. I discovered Karens had six different ways of saying ' can't ' and as many for saying ' can '. The six ways of saying ' can't ' were in constant use.

It was a lonely life ; it was the life I wanted.

I had escaped from clubs, from the official aloofness of the Indian Civil Service, from having to keep pace with moneyed people, and from the intellectual superiority of some of my colleagues. I smoked cheroots, read the London *Times* (a month late), and lived the selfishly unselfish life of a man whose desires and responsibilities are small.

It was a tranquil existence. A sea of vivid green paddy fields swept up to a line of mountains which stood out deep blue in the evening light. These were the same

mountains over which fifteen years later the Japanese were to sweep on elephants. In the hot weather the baked fields were too hot for the sole of the foot to walk on, and the lightest puff of torrid wind would send the withering leaves fluttering to the ground and tinkle the village pagoda bells. When the rains came, all this was flooded. The waters rose, until even the tall trees were covered and we made our journeys in hollowed-out tree-trunks, perilously, across the surface of the flood. Every meal was rice but the variety lay in the curry—chicken, fish or eggs, or could be frogs, locusts, grasshoppers and snakes.

But the people. At first the children ran away and the adults sat mum. Then, after months, they began to lift their eyes, but often out of curiosity and usually to get something. One by one they became friendly. They began to accept me.

I had gone there to build up the church by gathering people into it. I started schools, administered castor-oil and dispensed iodine, introduced silk cultivation and improved local weaving, started the arrowroot industry, and encouraged thrift by co-operative societies. I taught them to pray, play football, read the newspaper, wash and worship. The Church was to touch their lives at all points.

People came from far and near to ask about my "methods" and many read the books I wrote. Our village industries became a pattern which spread from one village to another. The people grew to love me as I did them. Yet in spite of speaking their language, thinking their thoughts, and living their life, there were barriers which I little suspected between us, barriers which

prevented the new life that came to individuals from capturing the community.

As the work grew, so opposition arose. For this jungle Eden had its vested interests—betel-nut cultivation, the distilling of native spirits and money-lending. Corruption was woven deep in the fabric of village life. Anything which threatened these practices brought upon itself opposition. Opposition employed intimidation—the pressure of relatives, the smear of neighbours, or, it might be, the direct attention of Buddhist monks or Nationalist agitators. It played on fear, and Karens had plenty of that. A man who would stick his neck out for righteousness was hard to find.

I dimly sensed this moral struggle going on but I did not realise its true nature or how the battle could be waged. I did not dream that there could be a strategy and an intelligent programme to match the insidious forces that kept the people divided or inhibited, defeated. I did not dream that the whole Karen people, the million and a quarter of them, could find leadership that could lift them and make them an asset to the whole East instead of a liability.

On a Sunday morning or evening there might be wafted over the scented jungle air the familiar words, sung by the faithful to a familiar tune, "Like a mighty army moves the Church of God." But I have often thought since how sad and sorry would be the plight of any army that moved as we did.

We were a loyal, even an eager band. We were expanding into new territory. We were advancing educationally and ecclesiastically as well as morally and spiritually. We advanced in numbers. But we had little

clear idea of our major objectives. We only vaguely sensed the movements or purposes of an enemy. We learned how to keep our barracks tidy and our buttons clean, yet, in actual fact, like every other Christian congregation in the world, we were engaged in a desperate war for the thinking and living of nations, and we scarcely knew it.

We had no strategy.

We were a peace-time army unaware of the tactics and strategy of the enemy.

We had not learned how to bring the maximum spiritual forces to bear in the right way at the right time on the right places and the right people. We followed the scriptural injunction to care for the poor and needy, for widows and orphans. We were not so ready to do battle for the minds and morals of the thousands captured by alien philosophies and slaves to their own passions. Our weapons were not "mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds."

Evil we knew. Of evil spirits we heard plenty, but we were never aggressive enough to come to grips with the forces of organized evil, and defeat them. We were an army without strategy.

It happened that in 1935 the Bishopric of Rangoon fell vacant. My name was proposed for it. I was unwilling for it. An election was held and I was elected.

My plans had not included this swift change of duty. I saw my days of escape were numbered. I had little desire for the many responsibilities of administration which would be mine. I felt unworthy of the opportunities which would be given me. I, who had only dimly perceived the answer to my Karen villages, felt totally unprepared to give spiritual leadership to a nation of fourteen million.

At this moment a great and humble man gave me advice for which I can never be grateful enough. He was the Metropolitan of India, Burma and Ceylon, Dr. Foss Westcott. He had been kind to me on many occasions, though I found his white beard and his wide reputation equally formidable. He urged me to accept the Bishopric. When I refused he gently probed my motives. He laid his finger on my desire to escape and I saw it for what it was. He had seen me better than I had myself. I accepted.

I passed at a bound from the obscurity of a remote village in the jungles of Burma and from preaching to a handful of betel-chewing, uncomprehending, well-meaning, shrewd, illiterate peasants, to a dignified consecration in Calcutta Cathedral, to a great Enthronement service in Rangoon and, immediately, taking overdue leave, to preaching in St. Paul's Cathedral and in Westminster Abbey.

When I was in Calcutta to be consecrated Bishop, and after the Bishops had departed, the Metropolitan drew me aside. He told me of things that were evidently close to his heart. News had just come to him from Europe, from England and from Norway where remarkable things were happening throughout the North. It was Christianity, he said, in action.

"Why not go and see it while you are in England?"

Why not?

It was easy to promise at a range of eight thousand miles.

I would certainly do so.

The Metropolitan had started more than he knew.

CHAPTER FOUR

OUT OF THE JUNGLE

I had come from the jungle. From pushing through swamps and mountains, from fighting pests, disease and the weird and unfamiliar, to find in Oxford—the city of dreaming spires, whispering the lost enchantment of the Middle Ages—adventurous Christianity.

At Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford University, England, at a great international assembly, I first saw the Oxford Group in action. I was confronted with something I had never seen before—shock-troops of the Church militant, united, taking the offensive on a grand scale.

It puzzled me, attracted me, thrilled me, intoxicated me, perplexed me, and kept me, sometimes vaguely, sometimes acutely, uncomfortable. I didn't altogether like it.

No one lectured or preached at me. I was left free to go my own way. But everything that was said or done seemed to proclaim, like a trumpet call, one startling fact. If he wanted to take his full part in the fight for a different world, George West had got to be different himself.

So far as I could see, it was a question of control. I had long seen my life in terms of a partnership with God. But who was the senior partner? That was the point. By and large, I made the plans. I asked God to bless them. I took the credit—if any. But suppose God's plans were not my plans; His thoughts not my thoughts? There was some authority for believing this might occasionally be so. If so, what followed? A revolution?

Was I going to do anything about it? I thought not. Better be off. Get on with this or that. Be making tracks

for Burma, for somewhere. But it was the thought of Burma and of my Karen villages, the crying need of the nation, which made me realize that going away—I am glad I was honest enough to see it—was a bit like running away.

In the last analysis this is a matter of courage, I thought, as I walked up and down the stretch of lawn. I would like to talk it over with somebody—if I dared. There were eminent men present at those gatherings—statesmen, theologians, men in public life from many nations. My old friend the Metropolitan of India was there.

I chose a younger man to talk to. We met under a tree next morning. The next few moments are memorable.

"I see these people have got something," I began. "But what 'It' is and how you get it, I don't know. I want 'It' for Burma, for the East, but I haven't got 'It'—the freedom, the confidence, the light in the eye, the radiance, the spontaneity, the ease and grace."

These people were warriors. They battled. They battled for the best in each other. They battled for nations. They were out to shake kingdoms. Were these Franciscans come to life?

It was all very breath-taking. Being a Bishop didn't make it easier—for me.

Some great decision seemed to be called for on my part—something heroic, epoch-making. But what? That was what puzzled me.

"What was the matter that I hadn't got—'It'?"

"I don't know," my friend was saying. "Perhaps you don't?"

I nodded agreement.

"Do you think God could show you?"

I tried "No." That hardly seemed possible. I didn't know where a Bishop would end up theologically if he said that.

I tried, "Yes." I did not know where I should end up at all if I said that. I said, "Yes" and was ready to go the whole distance, whatever that might mean. At all events, it was an adventure.

Presently I was writing down my thoughts—all of them. I was not to edit anything. "Smoking" . . . . "Metropolitan" . . . . "Go to Denmark."

"Smoking"—what did that mean? Smoking in itself was not important. My friend seemed a sane sort of person. He would know that. So I said, "Smoking. What do you think that means?"

He replied, "What do *you* think?"

It was at that moment that I saw that for me smoking had become a crucial issue. I had often tried to cut it down; better still, to give it up altogether. To attempt again was just to fail once more. And yet if something else, even a cigar, controlled my life, then God did not.

Christ once said that the path that leads to a new life is a very narrow one. Perhaps that is why even the smoke of a cigar can obscure the way.

I asked God to do what I could not do myself. And from that moment to this have not only never smoked but what is much more remarkable, have never wanted to. And being free myself, I have known the answer to the things—often much greater things—that can bind a man; yes, and a nation too.

I went down the list of things I had written.

I came to the word "Metropolitan".

I said to my friend, "What does this mean, 'Metropolitan'?"

"Have you had any difficulty with him?" he said.

"No, he is one of the men I admire and respect most. As a matter of fact, I think I am rather afraid of him."

"Does that help your work together in the Orient?" he said.

I thought that over. We were working to bring new freedom, new harmony between man and man and race and race.

"Well, why not go and talk to him about it?"

"What?" I said.

But before long I found myself going up some stairs, walking along a passage. It seemed a long passage. Knocking at a door, (hoping to hear no answer), hearing a voice say, "Come in." I found myself standing behind the old man's chair. How was I going to get it out?

"There is something I would like to tell you. Do you know that ever since I met you I have always been afraid of you?"

The effect of these simple words on the Metropolitan was profound. His voice softened more than I had ever heard it.

"I am so sorry," he said. "I seem to produce that effect on many people."

The barriers of age and position, of shyness and reserve seemed to roll away. We talked freely from our hearts. Whole new horizons opened up for the work we faced together in the East.

"Go to Denmark." A few weeks later, after the assembly in Oxford was over, I went. I went as one of a team of several hundred. It was the most recent move

in the spiritual advance over the whole Scandinavian North. It was there that I first saw the possibility, not only of individuals, but of entire nations finding in God's direction a new sense of destiny.

It was spiritual strategy—the impact of a trained, mobile force on the politics, the economics, the home life of a nation.

"Scandinavia the reconciler of the nations." That was a watchword that I heard on many lips. I heard it alike in the Norwegian lilt, the Danish drawl and the musical tone of Sweden. Always it was spoken with conviction by men and women giving their all to bring it about. These Scandinavian pioneers still fight on. In the years to come their vision may find its fulfilment.

For me at that time, the experience in Denmark, following the decision in Oxford, sent me back to Burma, not only with new personal courage and conviction, but with a new conception of the job that had to be done. The Church was not there to draw money and men to itself (often at the expense of other denominations), but to give itself, in the spirit of Christ, to the life of the nation. Bishopscourt, my new home in Rangoon, with its ever-open doors, must be a heart-beat for the whole nation, a place for British and Burmese, Indians and Karens to meet and find a common mind on an entirely new level of unselfish statesmanship, a place where the spirit of God might touch and heal the sores and wounds of Burma.

CHAPTER FIVE

IT WORKS IN THE VILLAGE

A month later the S.S. "Oxfordshire" steamed up the swift current of the muddy Rangoon river. I sighed at the soft beauty of the delta country in the early dawn and the morning sun glinting the gold of the majestic Shwe Dagon Pagoda, pointing its tapering finger to the sky.

I had sailed up these waters three times before.

The first time it was with a sense of wonderment, not wholly deadened by the experiences of the war.

Why had I come at all? Only for the new scenes and new experiences—for the romantic, tinged with good works?

Not quite. I had heard a moving speaker in the University pulpit at Oxford paint a graphic picture of India's need and then ask us, with our lives before us, to go where the need was greatest.

That thought had taken me to the Orient.

The last time I had sailed up the river I was glad to be back, to be greeting old friends, to see and smell familiar sights and scents—the vivid green of the rice-fields, the close-shaven, yellow-robed monks, the laughing crowds on the river steamers, the children impish and playful, their hair gathered to a knot in the centre leaving a circle of fringe; back to cheroots at one eight a hundred, to faithful servants at hand to do anything uncomplainingly; and those early morning services on Sunday—the row of communicants, and the soft singing in harmony, and all the projects I was interested in and the children in school and

the teachers. I pictured their smiles of welcome. Yes, it was good to be back!

This time I had different, graver thoughts. We were passing the Syriam Oil Refinery on the east bank of the river. Industrialism was coming to Burma. People on board ship were going to the oilfields up-country. There were bankers travelling, too, civil servants, judges, secretaries of Government. Here was Rangoon—not Burma but an international port exchanging with Singapore and Java, Ceylon, Madras and Calcutta.

Burma lay beyond—in villages. There was Mandalay and a city or two, but beyond were villages along the river banks, in the forest glades, on the slopes of mountains to the far distant frontiers and beyond.

So lived half the world.

What was I to make of all this?

Could what I had seen at Oxford work here? Buddhists? Hindus and Muslims? Village people? Civil servants? And head hunters? Would people like these get changed? And what I had seen in Denmark—could that work here? A nation shaken, awakened to its destiny; 'Scandinavia the reconciler of the nations'. Could anything like that happen here? And where did I fit in?

I came out in 1921 for adventure.

In 1935 I found it. The adventure of changing men and nations.

At last the gangways were let down. Coolies rushed on deck. Customs officers were deferential to the new Bishop of Rangoon. Old friends streamed on board. And I disembarked this time to take up residence in the house where a succession of six Bishops had already lived. I

was told that Bishopscourt, my future home, had been the General's house when the British first captured Rangoon from the Burmese. The pool near the gate is where the great Adoniram Judson baptised his first converts. Now, I picture there some high Japanese official as he entertains his guests and strums on my grand piano, enjoys in the garden the lovely Amherstia trees with their graceful scarlet flowers, and possibly plays tennis with some pliant Burmese and hobnobs with whoever occupies the house of my neighbour across the road, Sir Ernest Goodman Roberts, Chief Justice of Burma.

As the car drew up to the house there was the Archdeacon and his daughter and some ten smiling servants to greet me. It was the kind of warm welcome I needed to help me face my new jobs, known and unknown. There would be committees—Diocesan committees of all kinds, Boards of Governors to preside over, University meetings to attend, all kinds of functions to take part in, besides sermons to preach, confirmation to administer, broadcasts to give and speeches to make. I would, no doubt, be a frequent guest at official dinners at Government House. I should have to take my part in the social life of Rangoon. Rangoon had its gymkhana and clubs, its Regimental Mess, its football and tennis, its dances and racing, its movies and concerts. On New Year's Day the Admiral of the East India squadron came in his Flagship.

I had to decide when to say 'Yes' and when to say 'No.' I should have as well to see how to cope with the formidable multitude of administrative detail. At a public dinner the head of a Government Department said: "I give you one year and you will be tied to your office desk."

Rangoon was one of the great cities of the East. It is Burma's metropolis. It had its City Hall, its Senate and House of Representatives. It had its large department stores, its High Court of Justice, and the great edifice of Government House, the residence of the King's representative. It had a fine hospital and a far-famed golf course, and, on the outskirts of the shores of Rangoon's beautiful lakes, were the homes of the great merchant princes. Rangoon was more than a great city of four hundred thousand people. It was a thriving port, by which Burma lived and through which America helped China to fight. Rangoon had, too, in the heat of the summer months its avenues of scarlet trees ; and all the year round, its golden pagodas and—its slime.

Then there was a Diocese to administer—hundreds of Churches over an area the size of Texas, and as inaccessible as parts of Paraguay. Mountains could be crossed by pack pony or elephant ; rivers travelled by steamer, motor boat or dug-out ; rice-fields by bullock cart ; forests on foot. The oil fields were best reached by plane. One of General Stilwell's staff told me how he once travelled from the Southern tip of Burma to its most Northern outpost, and now knows what it is to travel by jeep, by foot, by pony two thousand miles in Burma heat. The Andaman Islands—part of my diocese—that string of beautiful jewels in the Indian Ocean, inhabited by one of the world's oldest pigmy races, the only convict settlement in the British Empire and an invaluable port for ships of the British Navy,—these islands were two days and nights away by steamer. Burma had fourteen million people and one hundred and fifty languages. So to cover this territory and know his people Burma's Bishop had no

lack of ways to travel and languages to speak. I had come from Kappali, a single village with a hundred Christians and a wooden church and a house of leaves, to a weight of responsibility such as this.

After I had caught up with the accumulated pile of arrears, I was free to follow my heart's desire and to make tracks for the village. I boarded a train, jolted through the night, alighted at early dawn, hired an old bus and took the only road eastward. Two hours later I was on a raft crossing a mighty river, then boarding a second even more dilapidated bus and wheezing through open country—and, now and then, dark jungle. We headed for a range of mountains, the deep blue Daunas, which lay between us and the Thailand border. At an occasional village the old bus startled buffaloes, annoyed dogs, excited interest and, at length, turned off the road into a clearing which proved to be on the borders of a village hidden in the trees.

This was the moment for which I had been longing.

Here were Ko Shwe Meh and Hatai Thoo, little Mula who had broken her arm in a fall from a mango tree, Takepau, Takepau's Mother, Mawkee, the ex-chicken thief, old Bumble, the cured, inveterate drunkard, all smiles and greetings. And so they came, one after another. It was homecoming.

This was Kappali.

We went straight over to the church.

The builders of Solomon's Temple in Jerusalem could not have been more proud than we were when we had laid the last wooden tile on the roof of our long wooden church. We had felled the trees, dragged them with elephant and buffalo through the forest, sawn them and shaped them, planted the posts, erected the structure, covered the roof.

All had gone well in those seven years. We had won the long and tedious battle for a school for our weaving, and for arrowroot cultivation that had made the arrowroot industry in the West Indies sit up and take notice.

All was well, and yet was it so well? Sometimes we wondered. We sat out under the stars and considered why it was that we were not advancing faster, as fast as we once did. We learned that old Bumble was drinking again, that Maw Kee had stopped coming to church, that Maw Paw was deeper in debt, that her mother had been seen going off to sacrifice to the Nats, the evil spirits, and that Mu La's Father and Thu Dee's Father were not on speaking terms. All went well, but human nature remained stubborn.

And now once again I was speaking to them in church. I can remember nothing about the service, or of what I said; but this I do remember—the way in which all these, my old friends, looked at me. At the time I did not know what they were looking at or what they were thinking, but the next forty-eight hours were unforgettable. At the close of them I climbed into the old bus, never more tired and never more happy. I had had hardly time for meals or sleep. They had come to see me one after another.

There was nothing different about that. What was different was the things they said. At last I knew them. They, the most reticent, inferior, shy, reserved of peoples, opened their hearts and minds. They did what they had never done, even to each other, even to themselves. It was a revelation. One after another told me just what he had been doing, thinking. It was costly. It was repentance. It was change at work, deep in Karen human nature.

The sort of things they said? Some are not to be mentioned. They were things that not even St. Paul could mention in the first chapter of his letter to the Romans. Some might have been anyone's problem: the difficult wife, the impossible neighbour, the passion of youth, the inner defeat through this habit or that, the little bitternesses, prejudices and resentments that turn the social life of a village into a cesspool.

When I became honest with God, men became honest with me.

And all this was only the beginning. It was what Frank Buchman had demonstrated in no less a place than Oxford, as far back as 1921,—personal change. I had yet to see to what personal change could lead.

CHAPTER SIX

A LEADER AND HIS PEOPLE

At Kappali the first to come and talk after the service in the church was Francis. It was then I discovered why the people had looked at me so intently. They were wondering what had happened to me. They noticed a difference which they could not understand. Francis wanted to know more about it. I told him. And the miracle that had happened to me in an Oxford College garden happened to him in this bamboo hut on the borders of Thailand.

Francis was the son of Mountain Karens, the most backward and typical of the race—people who could live on a few rupees a month, ate one or two meals a day, chewed betel, and could sleep anywhere and were as honest as the day—so unlike the life of cities and plains.

Francis became a leader of his people. The story is a romance. It is also sober fact. What Francis did was to set the pace for every community in Burma and the story reached Chungking, interested Mahatma Gandhi and was told to the Viceroy. Francis had seen that his people could pass from being ignored by the Indians, protected by the British and despised by the Burmese to becoming an asset to the nation. He saw it meant change and he saw too the inevitable connection between changed lives and national resurrection.

He had found the answer to a major problem of the peace table, the sad and suffering minorities of many lands. Francis was determined that his million people should become an integral part of the people of Burma and pass

from harping on ' how we can best be protected ' to ' how we can contribute most ! '

I first met Francis in 1921, the year I landed in Burma. It was in a remote hill village and I noticed that whenever I visited the school in that village I found all present, but the schoolmaster.

Francis was down by the stream—fishing. I learned he was not a qualified teacher at all, but a runaway schoolboy.

When I went to pioneer in the virgin field of Kappali, where no white man had ever previously lived Francis came too. He was now married to Catherine, had been educated in Rangoon and trained in Calcutta—a young man still and to the mass of his own people unknown.

Francis had a burning passion for his people.

He saw them ever more clearly. He saw their hatred of the Burmese—that was not difficult,—their attachment to the British and their dislike for the Indian. He began to understand the mischief that inferiority did and saw too how deeply ingrained it was in all his people and how it affected their attitudes, their actions, their place in national life.

He saw with new eyes their drunkenness, debts and division. He saw these not as an inevitable morass in which they must forever flounder, but as enemies to be fought to the death. He fought anything that divided his people. Tribes were at loggerheads, religion bred sects and there were, too, divisions of the every day kind everywhere,—neighbours' feuds and family quarrels. A Karen could be a Baptist, an Anglican, a Seventh Day Adventist, a Roman Catholic, a Pwo or a Sgaw, a Paku or a Bwai, an Animist or a Buddhist and be at lifelong

enmity with a neighbour whose pigs had eaten his paddy, or whose elephant had eaten his bananas.

I saw Francis begin his impossible task. His million people were scattered over thousands of miles, much of it roadless, trackless, inaccessible country. I saw him face problem after problem, bitter opposition, ridicule and disparagement and one disappointment after another, and I saw, too, the incredible happen. It is a story that has never been told. It is positive, significant news out of Burma.

Francis saw that he had to do two things. He had to make an effective demonstration in certain villages that Karen human nature could be radically dealt with, and also to unite the leaders out of all groups and parties in an all-Karen programme.

He began in the villages. Here one obvious trouble was drink. It bred debt, quarrels, and crime. Government had made brewing illicit; Buddhism was against alcohol. Christians—the few there were—eschewed it. But drink, as a constant, universal, degrading and devastating practice remained. For many who listened to his message and accepted his programme, it remained no longer.

Francis fought for people. He had lived on ideas—an ambitious young man. Now he cared enough for people to change them. Man after man, home after home became different. His thinking expanded and his sights were raised.

Suppose a whole village—the kind of village he had known in his boyhood—where all went and sowed and reaped and worked together—got this new spirit.

The Karen mountains are dotted with hamlets. Many of them were once part of a village, but far back someone had disagreed about something and, not knowing how to

find out what particular brand of selfishness was causing the trouble and how to get a united mind, they had just separated and continued apart—an impoverished and exiguous existence. The scattered, divided communities across all these mountains and ravines were a picture in miniature of the world that works hard, but does not work. A world in which families suffer divorce, industries strikes, churches schisms, nations break off diplomatic relations and all together combine to help produce a world that does not work.

Francis pondered these things. Suppose a whole village knew how to get a united mind, the old men who planned the cultivation, the families that worked together. Suppose the village found out how to get along with all the neighbouring villages. Was it possible? It would certainly be new.

Francis had confidence in what could happen, a fund of horse sense, the courage of a lion and a constant, burning dare for his people. Francis made his dream come true.

Ho Chi was the result. Ho Chi is far back in the Karen mountains. Probably no Japanese have yet set foot in it. If they do, they will discover a lot. The houses are different. The village paths are cleaned. The well covered. New vegetables in the gardens and new crops in the fields. All these are new because—and this is what delighted Francis—the people themselves are different. They are emancipated. They have discovered how to turn loss into gain, defeat into victory, liabilities into assets.

You do not have to be literate to be inspired. You do not have to be academic to be guided. You do not have to be educated to be honest. Soon Francis and his new pioneers were on the road taking the spirit from village

to village—good companions adventuring for a new country-side. Their mettle was soon to be tested.

They had left early in the morning, old Bumble, Pretty Flower, "Buffalo" (that was his nick-name), White King, old and young, of different creeds, tribes and families, strangely united, they were off over the hard-baked, cracking earth. Their destination was the great village, five hundred houses, of Kwam Bee, the centre of a vast illicit trade. Sometimes even elephants disappeared and were smuggled over the mountains to Thailand in exchange for opium, and the ramifications of the country-side's underground life were as secret as anything anywhere.

Blythe and free they sallied out to win the enemy's stronghold. When I was living in those parts we had gained hold in the village and secured a wooden hut at the far end of the village to serve as a church. But village life went on and buffalos and bullocks went off, liquor was brewed and if someone slashed someone else with his knife, the police never knew about it.

The troubadours arrived before the sun was high. As they approached a dog or two barked. Otherwise there was little noise. The silence was rather strange. At this time people should be about and busy.

They soon guessed what had happened. They could smell it ; the men were on their backs.

It is not always easy to infect the upright or the seated or the squatting with a new spirit—and as for the drunk and drowsy, well, what was to be done ?

They might have discussed and argued. Some might have wished to press on. There were many villages to visit. Some might have wanted to go back—discouraged ! Some to stay and see it through.

There was no argument. They withdrew from the village and gathered under the shade of a beautiful jackfruit tree.

They looked for all the world like people intent, listening for orders. After a time each was saying what thoughts had been passing through his mind. One said his thought was that they should re-roof the church. Several had had this thought—"Re-roof the church."

Strange, they had come to repair people, not to re-roof buildings; and they had no dahs, bamboo strips, laths or leaves.

Orders were orders.

They divided out the work, some went to do one thing, some another. The day got hotter. By midday the heat was fierce. One o'clock, two o'clock, three. . . . The work was done.

Some bathed, some drank water, all rested.

The village was sobering-up. One man noticed something had happened to the roof of the church. Who had done it, and where had they come from? Why had they done it? Word spread through the village.

It was then that the troubadours began to understand what it was all about—why they had been repairing the roof. They asked the people of the village all to turn up that night.

What could it be? These strangers were going to show them something new, so they said. They would certainly come. Their curiosity was aroused. Even their confidence began to be won. God's way is so simple and so wise. It was His way of summoning an evening meeting.

The village listened to the amazing stories and looked at the people who told them. They had never seen the

like, heard such things, and something seemed so right and so simple about it all, and they looked so confident and happy.

Then things began to happen. Peace-makers, please note. Treaty-framers, please apply.

A man who was known to all as the life-long enemy of old Badcock, he began talking. His tone was different. He seemed to find it rather hard to speak. And as for Badcock, to whom he was speaking, Badcock could not believe his ears. He was saying he had behaved rottenly, treated him badly for a long time. It was too bad. He was sorry, he was very sorry. The other was surprised into speechlessness. But his silence gave consent. They were friends.

Those who knew the story realized they were in the presence of miracles, a miracle of the spirit which melted the hardest resistance.

Presently an old man was speaking. For years he had been chief of all the gangsters. He was head of the great underground organization. The chief gangster. For him from now on all that was over.

It was an evening of wonders and victories. It pointed a new day.

Francis saw that all this was not only vital to his community, important for Burma, but had a significance for the East. It was here that Francis showed himself to be, not only a pioneer in village life, but far more ; he had the heart of a patriot and the mind of a general. He was a strategist.

Once again the old, dilapidated bus lumbered over bumps and through potholes into the wide open spaces of the cultivated clearing in Kappali village. Few, if any, buses in Burma had ever carried quite so varied and so

distinguished a load of passengers. It was a tribute to Francis' statesmanship.

Out came old Potolone, a square block of a man, a doctor of medicine, if you please, and, what he really does look like—a famous elephant catcher. Then the slim figure of a mild, unobtrusive, unassuming spectacled Chinese. Actually Dr. Liu is a noted Chinese scholar and publicist in search of the most dynamic and creative news for war-time China. A gracious, smiling woman descended, Ma Nyein Tha—Burmese, whose name was soon to be on everybody's lips. Leonard Allen, an American professor from Rangoon University, later in charge of China Government's international section of broadcasting in Chungking. Close-shaven and in saffron robes two ascetic Buddhist monks. And after them, the acknowledged leader of all the Karen peoples. America had given him the degree of Doctor of Medicine. Britain had honoured him with a Knighthood—Sir San C. Po. Burma had made him a Member of the Senate. A fresh-coloured Englishman tumbled out of the bus. He had just come over from India, where he had had an interview with the Viceroy and met many Members of his Council and leading Englishmen and Indians in many parts of the country. He had stayed with Gandhi and seen the working part of Congress in action. The last member of the party to emerge from the tired bus was Kappali's original pioneer and now Bishop of Rangoon, namely, myself.

They met Bumble, White King, Pretty Flower, Hmin Sein and the rest. They saw new people.

They heard of the twenty-five men from this and neighbouring villages who two days before had sat in the

moonlight at the feet of the Government officer—also a Karen—and on tour—and told him how they had for their part given up all bribery and would gladly co-operate with him in rooting it out of the district. The surprised official had inward qualms and showed outward approval. "If people don't give bribes, people can't take them," he said wisely, to gain time. He saw a source of his own revenue diminish as his people practised honesty.

Francis' distinguished visitors heard tales one after another, all through the heat of one blistering Good Friday afternoon—of signal victories over enemies hitherto unquestioned and unfought in the slow inertia of the East.

The 'bus-load' were not only impressed by what they saw but were determined to see to it that the right people were also impressed. India and China, as well as Burma, began to hear news of the rise of this new spirit. Sir Sikander Hyat Khan, the Premier of the Punjab, had said on hearing news like this: "The Moral Re-Armament movement (as the programme of the Oxford Group was now widely known) may prove a beacon light to bring us back to the spiritual home from which we have wandered. In fact, I am convinced that this is the only movement which will save both the old and the new worlds from catastrophe."

As I think of Burma's unhappy past and look for some real hope for a brand new country, my thought goes back to Francis' most signal victory of all. It was remarkable in its daring and in its scope. It was something new in Karen history. It was far beyond anything that he himself had ever dreamed. It was born out of an unbounded faith in the unlimited possibilities of his people—even his, the shy, backward, inferior men of the delta swamps and the

forests and plains and hills. Who were the leaders anyway? And would any one thing ever bring them all together? And if they did come together, could they agree on anything?

And I was present at the result. Up the broad stairway, into the large drawing-room of Bishopscourt in Rangoon they came, some fifty of them. I saw the light on Francis' face as he recognised one after another: a Pwo from the Delta, a Sgaw from the Karen mountains, a Buddhist and politician from the Thailand border, a Roman Catholic Karen priest, the well-known national poet.

They were surprised at everything: at the house they had never been in before, at the delicacy of the meal that was served them, at the gracious hospitality of Francis and his friends, at the spirit of friendship and cheerfulness. They were surprised above all at meeting each other.

Never before had so diverse a set of Karen leaders met for such a purpose. Francis was out to inspire his people with a sense of destiny and to give them an overall programme.

At the close of the day, many said they had never spent such a day. They had never talked for so long without any argument; so keenly with no heat; so freely with no bitterness. They had never before been lifted to such heights in planning for the future of their people. They were seeing for the first time what patriotism was, what leadership could be and what responsibility meant for them.

Meetings are important for what comes out of them. What came out of this was something far more surprising than the event itself. What happened affected not only the Karen peoples, but all the communities of Burma.

The occasion was their great national day. They called it New Year's Day. It was the Karen official public holiday. They arranged that, on that day, Karen spokesmen should speak to all their people over the radio; that in city and village people should gather to hear a national message. But the great event that was to focus all the happenings of that day was to take place in Rangoon itself in the City Hall.

For this event people out of all communities were to be invited. They, the Karens, were to be the hosts; British, Burmese, Indians, Chinese—leading men out of these great nations—were to be their guests.

Francis had to win a long-drawn out mental battle of many minds before arrangements were completed and the tables were laid and the places set and the Karen band started its tunes upon the platform of the City Hall. Then they sent a message to the King. They received messages from the Governor and the Premier. Old Sir San C. Po presided. The Roman Catholic Bishop was there, a Frenchman. The Bishop of Rangoon was there. A Burman was there, highest in the Civil Service and educated at Britain's Dulwich College and Cambridge University—U Tin Tut, Burma's most distinguished scholar. The heads of the great British firms were there: Mr. Roper, president of the Burma Oil Company; Mr. (now Sir John) Tait, president of the Steel Brothers, one of the greatest trading firms in the East.

Afterwards I heard one after another say they had rarely spent such an evening. At one point people began filing up on to the platform: a fisherman, a cultivator, another cultivator, a doctor, a soldier, a nurse, an elephant catcher. We saw a cross section of the whole Karen

people, men and women out of every creed and class and occupation and tribe, all in their tribal clothes. It was an impressive sight. And, then, last to appear was the old, venerable, distinguished figure of Sir San C. Po. He welcomed the guests. Here is his message:

"On behalf of the Karen Community, I wish to say that I very much regret the aloofness of my community from other communities, in the past and even in the present.

"Now, I want to see my people giving, if not all they have, all that they can possibly give to other communities, particularly to our Burmese fellow-countrymen with whom we have been placed in this dear country which is ours as much as theirs and whose destiny we hold in our hands."

There was silence right through the banquet hall as he said one sentence: "You have not chosen me. I have chosen you." His eyes were on the four hundred gathered before him, but his thoughts were on all his people in their villages in the jungles of hill and plain. His people had, after all, a destiny.

Hard bitten men of business, men who had come to the dinner that night out of the mire of politics, or the bustle of city life, were deeply touched by that moving scene.

There had been many speakers that evening. U Tin Tut had made a brilliant speech. One speaker especially touched the hearts and deeply moved everyone present. He was a young man. His pale yellow silk handkerchief tied back his black hair. He wore a short navy blue jacket and a crimson silk lungyi. He spoke very simply, very shortly, very directly. He was a man on fire. It was his hour. He was conscious of his people's destiny. He was the author of that historic evening. He is a leader of his people. It was Francis Ah Mya.

CHAPTER SEVEN

HONESTY ON TWO FEET

Burma has fallen.

She has to be retaken. When Lord Louis Mountbatten and the Generalissimo meet in Rangoon, what then ?

The men who free Burma will have long marches through disease-ridden jungle, acute discomfort in tropical heat, flies and vermin, thirst, utter weariness,—and a relentless enemy. It may be wounds. It may be vultures to pick the bones.

For what will a man face all this, and face it gladly ?

There is a Burma I would ask no man to preserve ; there is a Burma for which I would be proud to fight.

Francis Ah Mya and his people are part of it. There is more.

Ma Nyein Tha had seen the world since I first met her in 1925. I had met her in one of Burma's most beautiful cities where " the old Moulmein Pagoda looks westward 'cross the bay."

She was a schoolmistress, the youngest Headmistress of a High School in Burma. A good girl, of good, ordinary parents.

I do not know how far her own people ever knew how distinguished she had become. Little by little I discovered many things.

I had seen the rugged old faces of jungle villagers in Burma as they squatted on the floor of a bamboo hut light up and shine while they listened to her.

I discovered that once she had been received at Buckingham Palace by King George V of England. They talked of India, Burma and a new East.

She stayed with Archbishop Temple, and in workers' homes in the East End of London.

Mahatma Gandhi on his mat, listened to her, asked her many questions, begged her to come back.

She had spoken to members of the League of Nations at a large luncheon in Geneva. She had been officially asked to broadcast to Chungking, and a copy of her talk was placed in the Chinese National Archives. While in America, she had broadcast to the world from Boston and San Francisco. Thirty thousand people and more had listened to her, among others, at the Hollywood Bowl.

I was talking to her one day when Narvik was in the news. British destroyers had entered the Fjord and fought an epic action. Ma Nyein Tha told me she had been in Narvik.

She brought back to Burma countless memories of this country and that across the world. She had seen a civilization dying, and she had seen new men and women like the first blades of vivid green grass peeping through the ashes of a blackened hillside. She had seen the answer to an age that had lost its way and was desperately in need of God. She had unbounded faith in what one man, one woman led by God could do. She had returned to Burma to do it.

"When I see myself clearly" she used to say, "I see the other person clearly." She did. Then she saw her nation clearly and taught other people to see themselves clearly and therefore their nation clearly and other nations clearly. It meant costly and transparent honesty with herself and with other people; and she consumed, as in a flame, unreality and sham wherever she went.

She was out to set Burma free from graft, fear and hate.

Once in a great city there was turmoil, and might have been violence.

She was asked to speak to the leaders.

They were able men, professors, lawyers, politicians, writers.

They were tense, anxious and indignant.

They were soon listening to this charming, eager young woman as a kindergarten class to their teacher.

She had whipped out her little handkerchief and held a corner in each hand.

" When I insist, I find the other person resists," she said, pulling the handkerchief taut, " and there is tension."

As they looked at the " tension " in the handkerchief, tension seemed to be leaving them.

" Why do I insist anyway ? " she asked.

They were experienced, educated men. No-one knew.

" Because *I* want *my* way. Sometimes I get like that."

" What is the answer to wanting *my* way ? "

No-one knew.

" When I don't want *my* way but only the right way, and when the other person does not want *his* way, but only the right way, where is the tension ? "

She was letting the handkerchief fall loosely from her two fingers now, holding both corners between them. It began to dawn on them that perhaps in the practice of this simple philosophy was the answer to conflict that produced division, strikes and war. Maybe some of them were thinking what Mahatma Gandhi thought when Ma Nyein Tha pulled out her little handkerchief in his mud hut. " Yes," he said, with a twinkle in his eye, " it

works very well with the handkerchief. But does it work with people ? " Ma Nyein Tha's greatness was that she made it work with people. She taught her people wisdom. She found that anyone, whatever his race or creed, could listen to a wisdom greater than his own and obey.

Simple obedience to a Wisdom superior to her own was the secret of her life.

When she spoke she used all of herself from her eager eyes to her mobile finger tips. Her hands were always in action, to illustrate, to describe.

" When I point one finger at the other person," she would say, pointing her finger at someone, " I point three at myself."

People, in that country of conflict, got the point—and smiled applause.

While Francis was rising to leadership in his community of a million, Ma Nyein Tha was fast becoming a national figure in the eyes of her eleven million Burmese.

I was on the roof of a house in the centre of the city of Rangoon one evening when Ma Nyein Tha was celebrating her birthday. Her tall and slender friend had recalled the countries Ma Nyein Tha had visited and, with the mention of each, had stuck the appropriate paper flag in the high crown of her jet black hair.

Presently someone drew Ma Nyein Tha aside. He was one of Burma's most respected leaders, an outstanding educationalist of national repute.

" Would you speak to us on Friday ?"

The significance lay in the date. It was the great Burma National Day. It was the day that rocked the country.

" And say what is most in your heart."

Ma Nyein Tha needed no urging. She saw at once a vista of opportunity stretch out before her: a heaven-sent chance to speak to her people. Her hour had come. And so unexpectedly. She was no nationalist—nor imperialist. She was above party. She had an over-all programme for Burma, a philosophy for a new country and an indomitable spirit.

It was certainly her hour.

Everybody seemed to be there in the great City Hall that evening: the Advocate General, the Mayor, members of the Cabinet, judges.

I was sitting next to the Premier himself. He found himself pricking up his ears. A voice was coming over the radio from Broadcasting Station, some Indian saying how much Indians needed a new attitude to Burmese, how the responsibility for bitterness and riots was theirs till they came to Burma in the spirit not of how much could they get, but how much could they give.

This interested my Burmese neighbour.

An Englishman was speaking. This was even more surprising. An Englishman was saying how grateful he was for Burma, for Burmese people, and of how he regarded himself in Burma as a guest in a hospitable home.

This was new thinking.

Burma's minorities were trying to be assets.

The leadership of Francis Ah Mya and his Karens was bearing fruit.

One of Francis' Karen friends was now speaking. "For too long have we sought safety and security and isolation. We must pass from the selfishness of self-protection to making our fullest contribution to the development of all Burma."

All this was a new thinking. Here is the Burma worth fighting for.

The stage was set for Ma Nyein Tha.

The speech was to be broadcast across the country.

With an easy grace she took her place at the microphone. She had spoken to many audiences in many countries. Now she was speaking to the leaders of her own people. She knew that it was no time for fine oratory or a telling speech. She knew she had to come to grips and do battle with the intangible forces in the hearts and minds of the people before her. She began in an enquiring mood. She was enlisting her hearers in the search.

"What," she was saying, "is the answer to all this dishonesty anyway?"

She made no reference to the recently issued Report of the Government inquiring into bribery and corruption. Most of them would have had it, some of them would have read some of it, all of them would have put it away somewhere.

How was she going to put her truth in a way to convict without alienating, convince without losing this elusive audience?

Her manner was disarming. She had an engaging smile and true liberty.

"What is the answer to all this dishonesty?....."

Many minds would travel to the latest shady transaction.

"The answer to dishonesty is an honest man. I would like to see honesty walking about on two feet. Gentlemen, I would like to remind you, you all have two feet."

That was shot one. And before they could recover she delivered her second blow. She showed a fine antici-

patory strategy. She knew the tricks of the mind. Each would be thinking, "I certainly do a bit of it. Who doesn't? But I am nothing like U Maung or Maung Gyi."

Ma Nyein Tha's musical voice continued. Hearers out of all communities all over Burma were being pricked, or stirred with a new hope.

"I am not interested in moderate honesty. Who wants to draw most of their salary? To eat an egg that is moderately good? To live in a house that keeps out most of the rain? To travel in a ship that floats most of the time?....."

By the time she had finished not many were left with much faith in moderate honesty.

Ma Nyein Tha, like George Washington before her, was raising a standard to which the wise and honest could repair.

She passed on to her next point. On occasions like this Burmese people waxed eloquent at Britain's expense. It was new to have a Burmese making her people face themselves. Here was a moral leadership that was setting a new pace for every community, British included.

"The trouble with us is that we are an individualistic people. Look at the word: five 'i's and one 'u'. Look at the word unity. One 'u' and one 'i' and the 'u' comes first."

People were looking now thoughtful, now uncomfortable and every now and then were laughing in spite of themselves.

The speech was printed.

The Principal of the University gave a copy to every student. The Buddhist monks in Rangoon took a copy to every monastery. The head of the Posts and Telegraphs

sent his men with a copy to every village. While here and there the British sipped their cocktails with a new thoughtfulness and wondered what these things could mean.

Ma Nyein Tha had the answer. She and others like her were the answer.

A wave of honesty began to spread through a country with corruption rampant everywhere.

In Moulmein a pawnshop keeper refused to take a hammer. He believed it to be stolen. People fraudulently travelling jumped out of a train and bought tickets. Police, north of Mandalay, had been stopping trucks with Lend-Lease goods for China. They were levying their own toll. Now these trucks passed by unmolested. In village and city people were beginning to get back to simple honesty and integrity—a man with his neighbour, employer with employee, one community with another.

It was the rise of a new spirit.

There were Burmese like Ma Nyein Tha, Karens like Francis, British and Indians who were committed to God, to each other and to the moral as well as the material arming of this country.

One day Ma Nyein Tha and her closest friend and collaborator walked into the office of the head of the Publicity Department. The Director, who was talking to a friend, whispered, "Behold! The two pillars of the State."

"A land awake; and happy patriots ablaze,
With fire of men reborn to make a country great."

CHAPTER EIGHT

BURMA—BETWEEN TWO WORLDS

One morning I saw in the American newspapers that the Japanese had crossed the frontier. That did not disturb me. They were probably after the tin mines in the far south.

I found they had crossed the Dauna Mountains.

I wondered how that had happened. The homes of my valiant friends in Kappali must have gone.

Well, that is as far as they would get.

Many, many times I had travelled up the Salween from Moulmein to Kappali and often been hours late on the seventy-mile trip in the river steamer on account of the current.

The Salween must be the place where the defending forces would make their stand.

Japanese troops had crossed the Salween!

It was then I sat up and became willing to face facts and see what might happen.

Two days before Christmas, 1941, bombs rained on Rangoon. They did more than kill people. They revealed Rangoon with the lid off. "You cannot build character in a crisis." The crisis reveals the character that exists.

The head of a department picked up his telephone. No answer. The operator had disappeared. That evening he returned home disgruntled. He was met by—a stench. No one had removed the garbage. Next morning he went to the docks. They were piled high with goods —Lend Lease for China—and none to move them.

Rangoon abandoned. I wondered about fragile old Tidy, the hair-dresser, very poor and of an old English family; about Miss Fairclough, the faithful old Christian who was a permanent invalid in a hospital. No doubt most of my friends had got away. I thought of Bishopscourt, the beautiful trees, the bougainvillea on the golden Pagoda of the Monastery next door, of the pictures of my six predecessors in the hall, of all the Diocesan account books, of the bowl of goldfish upstairs....

Tanks had come into action. The British were now fighting in Central Burma. They were fighting around Toungoo. At last Chinese troops had arrived on the scene. I thought of my wife's grave in Toungoo.

Toungoo fell. Mandalay in ashes....The final exodus had begun. My Archdeacon was struck by a Japanese officer and died four days later; a party of forty children were overtaken by the monsoon. Only five survived.

Even General Stilwell and his party had perilous escapes. The General summed it all up:

"We've taken the hell of a beating!"

Pearl Harbour, Singapore, Burma.

Japan had conducted a brilliantly successful campaign.

Where had we failed?

I remember even before I left Rangoon how rapidly hings moved. A huge air field sprang into existence almost overnight outside Rangoon. Other airfields began to dot the countryside. Fresh troops would pass through the city at night. Troops were being enlisted all the time, and members of the different firms going off for training.

I have talked with officers in Washington who were on General Stilwell's staff. One told me of his foot-by-foot

retreat the length of Burma, disputing every crossing, destroying wells, fighting the pests of the jungle by night and other pests by day. British and American soldiers alike fought bravely, suffered terribly, retreated nobly.

And not soldiers alone. Hugh McD. Wilson, whom I left in charge of the diocese, who had distinguished himself in the Field Artillery in the last war, displayed conspicuous courage and resourcefulness. But his losses were heavy. Edward Turner, principal of the Mission to the Blind of Burma, had been attacked by armed robbers and was given up for dead; the forty young children who had been overcome by the monsoon; of ten adults with them, nine had perished. Missionaries and chaplains gave unstinted and heroic service in all the confusion and panic. They had coolness, courage, and a mastery of the language.

What was done by the members of the American Baptist Mission, men and women alike, would fill a volume. The fortitude and devotion of Adoniram Judson came to life again in the prodigies of Brayton Case, the missionary farmer of splendid physique and magnificent courage; of Dr. Seagrave who journeyed with General Stilwell and whose nurses were loyal and faithful to the end. All the agencies, churches, schools, hospitals which had served Burma so devotedly in time of peace shared Burma's agony and poured out an even greater sacrifice in these days of war. The Christians of all denominations and communities—Burmese, Karens and others—were steadfast elements in the country, the most loyal to the Allied cause.

When money spoke, they were deaf; when traitors spoke, they were dumb.

Had the civil authorities failed?

Months before Pearl Harbour I received a request for certain schools, which were to move in case of trouble, to be made available for hospitals. We had air raid precautions, and many blackouts. I believe if the plans of the Defence Authorities were examined, they would reflect the most painstaking care and efficiency.

Officials from the Governor downward worked unsparingly. So did their wives.

What was wrong ?

We—the ordinary citizens of Burma—never thought it could happen.

We knew Singapore was impregnable, to the North were China's millions, behind us were all the resources of India and the fleets of the United Nations on the sea.

If Japan, partly exhausted, partly desperate with a long failure to bring China to her knees, met all this might, her fate was sealed.

We worked hard, played tennis, had dinner parties, listened to the radio, thought and prayed for our folks in blitzed England, sent parcels to the Libyan desert and speculated as to the length of the war. We had the complacency of the selfish, the mentality of "It can't happen here."

Government dared not be frank enough to tell people the facts for fear of panic, so when the bombs dropped, the panic began.

A line of Indian coolies, with their possessions on their heads and their families in tow, left Rangoon at the bombing. They met on the road hunger and disease. They returned wearily and sadly to the bombed and burning city, only to pass other long lines of Indians seeking the safety which had eluded them.

Of the 70 per cent. that fled the city no doubt many, perhaps most, were wise to go. But too many had the mentality that paralyzed Rangoon as a war-time nerve centre. People who had been living for years in the habit of mind which instinctively asks, "How does this affect me?" are dominated by the same attitude, only more so, when the bombs drop. There were people who habitually thought, not "How does this affect me?", but "How can I affect it?". These were the men of character in a crisis. They were all too few.

On paper Burma could not fall. When the bombs fell —Singapore had already gone—they did more than blow up buildings. They revealed the cost of national disunity.

I do not know how many, or how much, Burmese actively co-operated with Japanese. Perhaps not so many. But I do know that Burmese people thought Indian people covetous and crafty. Indian people thought Burmese people unstable and stupid. Both thought the British cold and superior.

Burma was a country, but not a nation. Japan fired her people with an idea before she fired a shot. Burma had no one big idea, but she had one big boss—the Almighty Rupee. The Government Report on Bribery and Corruption stated what most people already knew. I had heard of hospital patients getting a drink of water at night only if they had something with which to grease the palm of the attendant; of people having to buy their way into the presence of an official; of people having not only to buy their jobs, but to pay to keep them, or to pay to be transferred, or to pay not to be transferred. All kinds of bribery leading into all kinds of dishonesty. Did Japan

know about these things? Japanese money talked, not Japanese, but a language dear to the Burmese heart. Moral disintegration preceded military defeat. Individuals distinguished themselves in gallantry. Soldiers, as I have said, did heroically, but this was no united nation, fighting for its life. It was communities disintegrating because "me first" is not the cement that binds, but the acid that corrodes.

The breakdown of a half-baked, half-tried material civilization could not be retrieved by individual gallantry. It was nobody's fault. It was the fault of everybody who preferred self to community, community to nation, and money to both. Integrity, personal and national, was not sufficiently rooted or sufficiently widespread to deny infiltration of ideas, money and then armed men.

Burma had no defence against a nation united by a burning idea and armed with the imagination to do the unexpected. These are some of the things that were worth tanks and planes and guns to the Japanese.

While I was in Washington, talking with men who had plans for Burma, I received an invitation from the Office of War Information. I was to speak to Burma by radio. I thought of the people who might be listening—Chinese, Japanese, Indians, British, Americans—Francis Ah Mya, Ma Nyein Tha. I recalled them one by one and the things they had done. I would speak to the best elements in the country, to the fighters for a new Burma. I would try to tell them of the big idea which could rearm the hearts of Burma's millions and make them a nation yet. Many of my city friends had had radios. I did not know whether they had them now. Not many of my jungle friends had radios, but it only required one Karen

somewhere to hear these words, and whispers would float as if borne by a breeze from village to village.

This is what I said:

"I speak to you from Washington. I long to see Burma free. So does America. General Stilwell has behind him the aspirations of 130,000,000 people. Their ships are coming. Their planes are coming—their tanks and guns and men. When? Soon? At once? I am not a General, but I can tell you that America is the elephant among nations. She has shrewdness as well as strength.

"America is coming—at the right time.

"The enemy is still fighting you. You may not even know it. But he is fighting you with ideas—quite noiseless, but as potent as poison. Beware of the poison that is as sweet as sugar. The most beautiful birds are the most poisonous to eat. They look nice. So do the ponies on the Rangoon race-course—or wherever the enemy encourages you to gamble to your heart's content. The enemy wants you now to pay taxes as little as you like and to gamble as much as you like, and makes it seem like freedom. It ends in slavery.

"Things I have learned from Burmese people I tell in America. Things I learn in America I tell to you. The most important thing I have learned in both countries is that more and more people are beginning to see that, if the world is to be different, people must be different.

"As a statesman has said, 'To expect a change in human nature may be an act of faith, but to expect a change in human society, without a change in human nature, is an act of lunacy.'

"People in Britain are seeing this truth. Here is a song they are singing there:—

"They ask us our war aims,
They ask us our plan,
They ask what's the new world to be,
And what sort of Britain the ordinary man
For the future most wishes to see.

"Now the problem before us—
We've got to face facts—
Is selfishness, grousing and greed.
So it's more than new systems, new treaties, new pacts.
It's new men and women we need.

"'Selfishness and complacency in the past,' said Madame Chiang Kai-shek, speaking in New York recently, 'have made us pay dearly in terms of human misery and suffering.'

"William Penn, a great American, said to his people; 'Men must be governed by God, or they will be ruled by tyrants.' What are you governed by? Your wife? Your husband? Your money? Personal ambition? Fear of the future? Listen to a Wisdom beyond your own and obey. Then the change comes. This fits you for your highest national service.

"Some like the idea and—do nothing. Others apply what they applaud. They apply it first to themselves, because they love their country. Their boys are fighting for America. They want their homes, their industries, their politics to be worth dying for. While their boys fight abroad, they fight at home for a new America.

"I have in mind men in Congress—one who has lived in China—men in the Senate who want this kind of America. This kind of America will help other nations—

Britain, India, China to find their destiny. It will help Burma find its destiny. The old Burma, the Burma of Pagan and Mandalay, the Burma ablaze with the Flame of the Forest and the gul mohur, the Burma of golden pagodas, their bells a-tinkling in the breeze, the Burma of Bandula and of the Buddhas will—in spite of all, and because of you, of what you do to-day and to-morrow, and the next day—become a new country."

CHAPTER NINE

TOMORROW'S EMPIRE

I was just old enough as a boy in the South African War to wave a flag at the news of Mafeking and to cheer at the Relief of Ladysmith where an uncle of mine helped to eat his own horse. I tasted some chocolate Queen Victoria had sent to one of her soldiers. The Queen was venerated, the Empire was celestial (almost). We were confident we were on the high road of history.

Twenty years later I put in at Malta, stopped at Suez, landed at Aden, sailed up the Rangoon River, and in various latitudes and longitudes saw flying from some conspicuous building or ship's mast, the British Flag. I looked on it without palpable enthusiasm, with almost a languid eye. I was part of the phase of the debunking 'twenties.'

Something had gone awry with my faith in Empire.

The next twenty years I was able to see the British Empire at work. I stayed with Deputy Commissioners. I dined with Sessions Judges; met successive Governors; saw how Commissioners did their work. I saw men with Britain's finest culture giving the best years of their lives, of their brains, as well as their training, in the fight against the most difficult climate under all manner of discouraging conditions.

Fresh to the country and wilting under the unaccustomed heat I can remember being impressed by the way in which the Deputy Commissioner worked in that headquarter city. All the administration of a vast area seemed to revolve around him. He worked all through the heat of the hottest days, dealt with all manner of

subjects as well as all manner of people, had to administer an ever more complicated bureaucratic machine. At the end of a long day he would have to play host at his wife's official dinner party and then would be up at dawn to prepare his basketful of files for the multitudinous details of the ensuing day. Without let-up or respite, day after day like this was the kind of service which one after another of the Indian Civil Service, both British and Indian, unstintingly gave to the building up of the fabric of Empire. Many a person was to find to his surprise that here were men who could be neither brow-beaten, bamboozled nor bought.

The Government of Burma did four things exceedingly well. It administered the country efficiently; it gave to Burma the framework of democracy; it increasingly developed its economic resources to the benefit of the country; and it erected a magnificent University, costly in its buildings and costly in the expensiveness of its teaching staff.

An old man on his death-bed, barely conscious, called to his side the first Minister in the land and breathed the words, "How stands the Empire?" He was George V of England. Devotion to the Empire was the breath of his life, and there were many like him.

And yet after all these long years of faithful, disinterested service British rule has perhaps never been more deeply resented in India or more questioned among the democratic countries.

In America I found that India is a prickly question. It is a thorn in the side of the United Nations. Some people think that the British ought to leave India—ought to have left long ago. Perhaps ought never to have gone there. The more strongly they feel about the Four Freedoms, the less happily do they contemplate India.

Other people see in British control India's best security and most disinterested rule.

They see how on India's willingness to remain within the Empire may depend the establishment of security and freedom of all nations.

Britain remaining; and Britain leaving—is either of these the answer?

Britain can remain and tension grow more acute. Britain can leave and the chaos be indescribable.

There is a third way—change. The Imperialist does not have an answer that satisfies the Nationalist. The Nationalist does not have an answer which includes the Imperialist. Eliminate the pride of the Imperialist and the resentment of the Nationalist, and a new thinking for a new India could come to birth. People see it as a very complicated question. That is usually advanced in favour of preserving the "status quo." It is as complicated and as confused as selfishness makes any problem. Confusion comes, not from a multiplicity of languages, but of desires. Conflict comes, not from a variety of skins, but from clash of interests. Disorder comes, not from incomprehensible customs, but from misunderstanding hearts.

Well, what is the trouble?

"Why don't you Burmese people like us?" I once heard an English woman asking her Burmese friend. "Look what we have done for your country. We have given you railroads, newspapers, radio, river steamers, justice, hospitals, schools, vaccination, telephone and telegraph, motor cars and machinery for plants, not to mention the cinema. Why don't you like us?" she repeated, genuinely puzzled.

I wondered what my Burmese friend would reply to all this.

She smiled. She said, "I am very grateful for all these things. I believe many of my people are." She paused.

"Have you given us your hearts?"

She had seen that the core of the problem of Empire was the creative relationship between people. Britain may or may not have given her heart to the East. One thing is certain, she has not won the heart of the East. Government by prestige may win respect, but it doesn't liberate generous impulses.

A brilliant Indian, friend of Britain, scholar and statesman, has summed the problem up in four words. The British, he says, have done much for India, but in their way of doing it have proved "highly intelligent and immensely insensitive."

But that is not all; alien philosophies, hungry for world conquest, will be making the most out of India's present thinking. India may divide or unite the United Nations. With a new inspired philosophy of Empire, Britain can yet win the heart not only of India, but of China, and the gratitude of the whole world. It is Britain's opportunity for greatness.

When my attitude changes, then the other man's changes. It is as normal a reaction as that a smile produces a smile, or a bark a snarl. It is not theoretical ethics or proverbial morals, it is a law of living. Can it become the basis of statesmanship?

Once when there was rioting in the streets of Rangoon I returned home one evening to find a Nationalist agitator holding the floor in my drawing-room. His heated blood

gave fluency to his tongue. I wondered how it would be possible to deal with anyone so fiery and voluble. When he paused for breath I slipped in to take advantage of the break in the flow of his impetuous thoughts.

"I suppose," I said, "that we British people are partly responsible for all that is going on outside now." I mentioned various ways in which I thought we had failed the Burmese. The effect on him was remarkable.

"But look what fools we Burmese are," he was saying. All the heat and the bitterness that fell away from him that evening was no mere passing reaction. When I next met him he was a thoughtful, efficient, intelligent organizer of a useful school in an up-country city.

One evening when the Burmese Premier, who was also a whole-hearted Nationalist, had come to dinner I ventured to put this question to him.

"Suppose British people like myself were willing to go and pack their trunks and leave the country tomorrow, what would your attitude be?"

He paused a moment. He had never considered such a question. It had seemed to him too remote to be possible.

"Well, if British people were really like that, we should want them to stay."

A friend of mine once asked Mahatma Gandhi almost the same question and received almost the same reply.

Every nation has untold and unrealised assets. Perhaps the most potential is one seldom realised by any nation—the capacity to recognize and acknowledge past mistakes. This first step to creating a working relationship with India and Burma could disarm criticism and kindle hearts and create the one atmosphere in which lasting settlements can be reached.

King George V began the happy tradition of speaking to his people at Christmas as a father to a great family. And the Empire is a family with the love and the loyalty and the strains and the impatience, with the growing pains and the rifts that family life often brings. A new conception of family life may give us a new philosophy of Empire.

I myself saw new light on Britain's relationship with India, in families in which I stayed in America. Once in a crowded labour meeting in California at a tense moment when tempers were short and decisions critical, a young man watched for his chance. He darted for the microphone. He was eager, intelligent, fearless. He produced the one creative resolution on which the whole assembly were ready to agree and act. A huge meeting, a crucial issue in a war plant handled brilliantly by a boy of twenty-three. He was on his toes with an answer. I think I know part of the reason why; it was because he had a family who knew and cared about what he was up to. They cared for their country just as he did. He had talked and planned through every move with them beforehand. They always did. So Father's experience, Mother's instinct for the right thing, Marcia's thirteen-year-old realism, Bruce's boyish enthusiasm, were all behind Leland in his action. His whole family lived and thought to equip him for such a moment as this. Bruce and Marcia at school, Mother in the kitchen, Father at his desk, each had the backing of all.

Does this throw any light on the family life of Empire?

It reminded me of Francis Ah Mya. I remembered how he had lived for Catharine, and Catharine and her little daughter for him, and both for Francis' seventy-year-old pipe-smoking Mother, and how all had been behind the young married daughter who had remade the village

where the buffalo was lost; and how that spirit sweeping through their whole Karen people had begun to give the picture of a whole community living, not for themselves, but for the nation. I could remember how Francis lived to make old Dr. Potilone and Sir San C. Po spiritual giants of their people. Francis' vision for his people's greatness was the life of his own family writ large.

I noticed how when the attitude of Karens changed, Burmese changed. I began to get a picture of Karen people living for Burmese; Burmese for Indians; all for British and British for all. All personally and communally seeking the real development of the other.

Here is a relationship which leaves no room either for domination or sentimentality. It is not assimilation; it gives a rich incentive that makes the most of all in everybody and gives an adequate purpose for living.

It applies not only to Empires but to the great family of nations. It is the foundation stone of foreign policy in each and every country; ensures the gratitude of its neighbours because each lives to make his neighbour free, creative, strong, great.

Is it a dream? Or is it the condition of survival?

Is it quixotic? Or is it expanding the spirit of personal relationship—love—into all relationships?

Is all this a dream? Or is it sanity?

Every individual living to make the other great; every community, every nation; and then what? Is that the final purpose of all existence? No, not quite.

A woman once went further. She said, "My soul doth magnify the Lord."

Every man, nation, Empire, living to make God great.

This is the final purpose for men and nations.

CHAPTER TEN

I SAW AMERICA

At 12-30 on Monday morning, June 9th, 1941, I left my home in the city of Rangoon to go and see the General. I never arrived. On the way to the General I met a tree. The car was reduced to a wreck and I woke up three weeks later—in hospital. Eventually I arrived—in America. That was November 14th, 1941.

In America I understand why we British are hard to like—not merely here but anywhere. In the early stages we do not readily expand even to each other. A story that goes down well in America is the story of two Englishmen crossing the Atlantic. They shared the same cabin, but as they had never been introduced were, of course, unable to speak to each other. The first day was rather tedious. The second began to be strained. The third unbearably oppressive. One of them summoned up his courage and took the plunge. He preceded it by a little cough.

"Travelling?"

I come of British stock and have been more inhibited, monosyllabic, silent, detached than most, but I was loosened up a good deal before coming to this voluble, volatile, warm, generous, speculative, pioneer land.

1942 was my first year in America. I saw Yale play Harvard at football, met Mr. Henry Ford in Detroit, and the wife of General Stilwell in San Francisco. The General himself I saw in Washington. I saw America—a movie being made in Hollywood, how America lives in scores of homes. I strolled Daytona Beach. I discovered, to my surprise, that the Rhode Island fowls that had made

such an impression in Kappali had never originated from an island at all. For three months I was Acting Bishop of Atlanta, the city of Bobby Jones and "Gone With The Wind." I talked to China from Los Angeles and to India and Burma from San Francisco. I talked at luncheons—Rotary, Kiwanis and to all manner of audiences —doctors, negroes, women's clubs and labour temples. I broadcast. I spoke to both Houses of the Massachusetts Legislature in Boston, I preached in the great cathedrals of Washington and New York and was given a parliamentary dinner in Ottawa. As I sat in a hotel in Philadelphia I heard the news of Pearl Harbour and I listened in the Senate in Washington to America's Declaration of War. In the Union League Club in Philadelphia, I was the guest at lunch of men directly responsible for one-tenth of America's war industry. In Detroit, I spent an evening in the home of a CIO organizer with his friends.

All these activities helped me to learn and love America.

I stood by the rock where the Pilgrims landed ; visited Washington's home and drank deep of America's past.

I saw Poles in Detroit, Jews and Italians in New York, Scandinavians everywhere, Carolina's men of the mountains, Redskins from the Dakotas, and in Virginia Elizabethan England.

What a country !

What efficiency, superficiality, alertness, speed, adroitness.

How generous, lovable and selfish, and how blind and deaf and voluble !

From the Great Lakes to the Grand Canyon, from trim New England to California's desert sage, from Florida's

palm-skirted lakes, the old, cultured, leisurely, one-time slave-owning South and fast vanishing Virginia, from the restless heaving Middle West and the giant might of industrial cities, from historic ports like New Orleans, St. Augustine and Charleston, I learnt to spell America. Here and there a brush with the forest where the Redskins lived, where French missionaries once made their home, where Spaniards brought their Moorish culture and their languid grace, the sturdy New England men of Boston, proud of their Puritan stock, the soft burr of old England in the mountains of the South, taught me more. And so did those gems, like Santa Barbara, Williamsburg and the Island of Mackinac.

The eyes of the world are upon America. The future of the world depends upon the faithfulness of her children. How was she preparing for the mighty tasks that lie ahead?

I saw America at home.

I enjoyed great hospitality. I think of a home where at one meal I innocently mentioned certain English dishes that were nice, to find myself eating Yorkshire pudding for lunch and kippers for breakfast. Often I arrived in a home where I was a complete stranger to find in a few minutes I was no longer a stranger, not even a guest, but a member of the family. And in the American kitchen while my host was washing the dishes and I drying them, I discovered again the village well of India, the place where friends gathered and talked and laughed and lived again the events of the day.

But the American home is passing through a new phase. Father is now in the Army—overseas—Mother in war production, while children run wild, even swell the ranks of juvenile delinquents.

Long before the war materialism had been invading this last great citadel of Christian democracy. War has only accelerated the pace and highlighted the peril.

War has brought cruel separations to the American home, but so sometimes did selfishness in the days of peace.

Easy payments on the hire-purchase system furnish a home; easy payments on the present divorce system break it up again. In both cases there are generally debts to pay.

There will be no victory on the home front without victory in the home.

I saw America at school.

America more than any nation in any age has invested in education. Where medieval Europe built cathedrals, modern America has built colleges and schools. Wherever I went, even in the smallest town, I noticed that fine building, that splendidly equipped auditorium, that magnificent gymnasium. It was the public school. Now I understand why in Burma a village on some far hillside owes its bamboo school to American missionaries and why Judson College comes to be America's magnificent contribution to Rangoon's beautiful University.

I saw other sides of America's education. One day a friend took me to see Wellesley College where she lectured. I was in the class room where once a bright-eyed Chinese girl had been vibrant with eagerness to learn everything. Soon she was to be there again, the wife of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek. China, with Chungking her last stronghold in danger, has been speaking in faultless English prose through Madame to America. Rarely does a college receive so rich a reward.

I lunched with the President of the University of California, Dr. Robert Sproul. I visited the fine University of Athens in Georgia and admired the grace of Princeton. One week-end I felt myself to be back in England, when I met Dr. Endicott Peabody, the teacher and friend of so many of America's best over the last half century, at Groton. The Masters and playing fields and boys—and the buildings so dignified and unpretentious and so fitting in their quiet countryside, made me think of Eton or Marlborough.

I was a guest at the Harvard Commencement in 1943. Here was Harvard in the sunlight of a New England Spring day—the celebrations shorn of their pristine glory—yet Harvard, her men in uniform, Naval and Military, turning from the arts of peace to war. The Honourable Joseph Grew, Washington's ex-ambassador to Tokyo, eloquently pleading for Americans to see other nations clearly, to see Japan clearly. Did America really know what an implacable enemy she was fighting? I thought of that simple Burmese teacher, Ma Nyein Tha. "When I see myself clearly, I see other people clearly; when a nation sees itself clearly, it sees other nations clearly."

How far has America, with all her vast investment in education, attained to this self-knowledge, which the Greeks considered the beginning of wisdom?

Dr. Streeter, a name known to scholars and thinkers in every country, once said, "A nation that has grown up intellectually must grow up morally or perish."

I saw America at worship.

Harry Emerson Fosdick's brilliant preaching still held a multitude of listeners. Every Sunday over the radio Monsignor Sheehan stirred the millions and did not

pull his punches. I found the Roman Catholic Church strong and a bulwark against subversive forces. People still go to church in America, and the Bible is still read in the Bible Belt, and Dr. Stanley Jones, for whom I once chaired a meeting in Rangoon City Hall, and Dr. Truitt, with whom I dined in the same city, were voices in the land. I had the privilege of attending the meetings of the House of Bishops of the Episcopal Church at Jacksonville just after Pearl Harbour and saw how the Episcopal Church was facing the changing conditions of war-time America.

America still looks to her churches. Leaders in the Army and in civilian life, disturbed at the evidence of slipping standards, call on the clergy to build into the people moral strength and a fighting faith.

As a soldier in the last war I had been moved by the human quality of Donald Hankey's soldier religion, by the idealism of Woodrow Wilson and most of all by Studdert Kennedy, prophet-soldier.

A quarter of a century later men were more confused, civilization farther decayed and a whole world dying.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

MOTHER-"ISM"

The world is sick unto death. We are part of a decaying civilization and we don't know what in the world's the matter. We don't lack advisers, solutions or plans. We do lack a whole new illumination as to what is the basic cause of the rot. I have been seeing it in one word.

Materialism—the disease that rots nations.

Millions are dying of materialism and millions of men are walking about dead and don't know it. It is worse than sleeping sickness. It not only kills you, but you don't even know you have got it.

Materialism is a wrong attitude towards things. Putting it bluntly—it is greed. It wears the most attractive, alluring disguises. It hoodwinks clever people as easily as stupid. Rich people as easily as poor. There was an apple on a tree which was a perfectly good apple. Somebody's attitude to it was wrong.

A wrong attitude towards things immediately creates a wrong attitude towards people as fear enters in—fear that I shall not get what I want, or that I shall lose what I have.

The first man wanted that apple. His wrong attitude to the apple cost him his job and his home. He blamed his wife ; and look what happened to his children.

I have seen what a malignant thing—for all its attractiveness and beauty, in New York, or Calcutta or London—materialism is. A thing of slime and poison. Though it has the loveliness of a butterfly, it has the propensities of an octopus. I have seen what it does to people. It divides, dupes, dopes and deadens. The

richest man I know, nags his wife, bullies his staff, bores his friends, fools himself.

There is nothing wrong with a larger home, a faster car, a smarter hat, a brighter film. Not at all. That's where the catch is ; there was nothing wrong with the apple. But when my attitude to the thing goes wrong then my desire for it controls and possesses me and that desire affects my actions. Such desires have shattered nerves, ruined digestions, wrecked homes, divided classes, corrupted politics and started wars. What they do to jungle people on the borders of Thailand, they do to the citizens of Rangoon, Calcutta, Detroit or Manchester.

Materialism has been winning bloodless, painless victories on a world scale and has pretty well captured a whole civilization. What a bag !

One sure sign of a materialistic world is that it doesn't work. Materialism creates friction and rivalry, division and chaos. It doesn't create team-work.

It's not for lack of brains. Sometimes clever men don't get along even with their wives. Brains may spell success, dollars or degrees, power or prestige. They don't necessarily spell teamwork.

In Burma I have seen Indian against British and Burmese against both. In Cape Town I heard of trouble between Boer and Briton. Canadians tell me of friction between French and British. I come from Britain. England and Ireland filled the politics of my boyhood, two wars my manhood, and between them I remember a significant domestic event—the General Strike.

In Serbia I guarded prisoners of war—Czech and Slovak, Croat and Slav, all at daggers drawn. I have been

in Palestine and seen Jew and Arab. Japanese and Chinese competed for the goodwill of Burma. Burma's smallest tribes had their feuds—often the smallest had the bitterest.

And in every country, political parties had their vendettas. Armchair critics had their points of view. Parents argue, children wrangle, in-laws dispute.

Management and labour—I hear them spoken of, not as natural allies to provide for the nation, but as natural enemies eyeing each other warily in these days of uneasy truce till war stops and *the* war starts.

Here is the world that doesn't work.

I have not mentioned the all-important factor.

Peoples' attitude to things can change. Their attitude to others can change. Their attitude to everything, even themselves, can change, and the change in people can change a whole material civilization. It can change its direction and become the flower of history. That is what our age is waiting for so desperately.

Materialism does not have the answer for a world that doesn't work. The defeated materialist turns to material revolution—he goes Left. The successful materialist refuses change of any sort—he stays Right. From the clash of Left and Right has sprung the greatest war of history.

There is a third way—the way of change. There is a revolution of the spirit, the Superforce that can change Left and Right and lift them up, a living sword, to slay Materialism, the mother of all the isms.

Any illiterate peasant in Burma who finds the answer to materialism has something for the most polished diplomat in Europe, for the framers of the peace, for the makers of the next civilization.

CHAPTER TWELVE

AMERICA AT WORK

After eighteen months of war, trains were more crowded, reservations harder to get and one was liable to arrive hours late. Marketing was not so easy, food shortage at times was noticeable—only in respect of a second cup of coffee in restaurants and some limit to sugar, meat and butter in most places. Petrol was another matter. Pleasure riding was out for the duration, and anyone in a car was meant to be "going places." Broadly speaking there was nothing in America a Greek would call hardship, a Pole abstinence, or an Englishman austerity. America is still a comfortable country to live in, but hard-worked, confused and producing.

More and more men passed into the armed forces. And families that had at some time known division only over the use of the car, or at some episode over the breakfast table, were now divided by oceans and continents.

General MacArthur was a national hero. General Montgomery had won his desert victories. Winston Churchill still held America's heart. Some thought the Axis might fold up soon; that Japan would "take a hell of a lot of beating" and the war might last seven years.

People were puzzled about India. And hoped it would work out somehow without America defending Imperialism or compromising on the Four Freedoms. And would India make America and Britain scowl at each other, if not over the Peace Table, at any rate at the places where informal discussions take place? America was still discreetly silent and Britain in the intervals between

victories hoped that, however urgent India's problem might be, it would wait till Japan was laid to rest and the peace was well won.

I got a sense of America at work. At early dawn both sons in the home in which I was staying in Los Angeles were off to work at Lockheed. Kaiser was creating new records in shipbuilding, some of his tankers gliding down the slipways at the end of five days. The president of the Pennsylvania Railroad told me at lunch that the general public would feel recompensed for their wartime discomforts if they could see the rivers of petrol his railroad carried for the armed forces.

And all the time America had her own battles to fight. She was winning on every battlefront. And the home-front ? In that month of June 1943 four hundred thousand miners went on strike ; Congress fumed ; the President was rebuffed, and the worst racial riots for many a long day broke out in Detroit.

While fighting the greatest war in history is America sitting on the edge of the greatest volcano in history ?

While the issue of the war is being decided in the skies and on the fields of Europe, is another war being won or lost in the plants and factories of America ? I saw armoured cars, steel-helmeted troops armed with rifles and machine-guns patrolling the streets of Detroit. I saw a negro pulling a corpse wrapped in a blanket out of a hearse. Windows in that street had been boarded up. There were soldiers in the parks, sermons in the churches, talk in the homes, and people clearing up the mess.

An Inquiry was to be held.

People let themselves go—some about coloured, some about whites. Everyone has a story. Some have philosophies; some a pet remedy. Everybody blames somebody. Each has a point of view about something; all agree something must be done; and then—thank goodness—the cinemas are open again.

Twenty-six years ago I had driven my spade into Flanders mud, digging a gun-pit. I dug up a baby's shoe, then a kettle. There had been a house there, once a whole village and now just a morass.

1918 came and it was all tidied up; the corn grew again and breezes blew and homes came back. The baby that once lost his shoe may now be working in a factory in Germany to make shells to blast Britain and crush Poles, starve Greeks and keep Europe a prison.

In 1918 we dealt with damage but not the human dynamite that caused the damage. We created more.

Late one evening in one of Detroit's busy streets in the heart of the city, I was arrested by a hoarse voice spitting an unprintable word. I saw the flushed face of a fair-haired woman as she shuffled by. That was only half the picture. By her side swaggered a sturdy negro. People looked angrily, apprehensively. I was thankful that I had seen troops in jeeps just around the corner. It's colour today. Tomorrow it may be creed. The next day class. Always and every day there is the fear, the greed and the hate I saw in those two faces. There was hate in the woman, in her voice, in her look, she embodied it—there was lust and pride in the man—there was fear everywhere.

Detroit will soon have buried its dead, mended its broken windows, raised the curfew, dispensed with the soldiers and got busy again.

There may be reforms, remedies, better housing, more education, adequate protection.

But who will remove the fear and the hate?

Who will deal with the greed?

People may not know how to deal with these things. There are those who know how to incite, foment, and then to exploit them.

Mandalay once had racial riots. They were put down. A British officer was obliged to give the order to fire on the crowd. Lives were lost. An inquiry was held. Its voluminous evidence was published and the chairman and his committee were congratulated for their fine work—which it was—and we continued as usual.

Three years later one autumn evening, papers fluttered from the sky on a Burmese village. An old man picked one up. He watched the Japanese planes wing their way over the mountains and then he handed the paper to a grandchild to read. It only contained these two words in Burmese:

"REMEMBER MANDALAY."

Old bitterness surged. These British! "Burma for the Burmans." That evening people round the village well talked hotly. Many villages caught the infection. It was the talk of bazaars. Hot hearts, easily inflamed, blazed with the memory of old insults and indignities, real and imagined. Hurt pride fanned bitterness and both added fuel to hate.

An outside enemy knows how to spread the poison that gives fever to a whole nation and brings it to destruction.

The riots were not the end, but the beginning.

America, too, has her enemy agents, saboteurs, fifth columnists, professional spies, enemy propagandists, many known to the F.B.I. and now in jail.

Is that all ?

Many a sound labour leader as well as the informed industrialist knows and recognizes other forces. These forces, before the war and since, now in one guise and then in another, ceaselessly, ruthlessly, methodically work and plan to undermine trust and unity wherever they find them, in order to destroy the foundations of society and gain control for themselves.

Detroit is dynamite. Detroit may or may not be America, but America everywhere knows the clash of interests, the confusion of minds, the buck-passing and the rampant selfishness that make a Detroit.

This selfishness is, of course, always the selfishness of somebody else, big business or the CIO ; the Mayor or the City Council ; the newspaper editor or the political boss.

What about the piled up selfishness of tens of thousands of people in thousands of ordinary homes ?

The boy and his girl enjoyed lunch—and after ! His next shift began at 4 p.m. Just too bad.

" To hell with Uncle Sam," said the boy impulsively, " let's go to the Cinema."

One morning a hardboiled executive scoured the headlines, bit his cigar and muttered, " Wait till 1944, and these labour guys—we'll show them."

" Wait till the war's over," snarled an embittered worker to his mate as news went round the plant of yet another ' injustice.' " When this war's over, the real war

will begin. There's only one thing these bosses will understand. That's lead."

In one city I know of, juvenile delinquency courts are busier than ever before, while mothers in slacks, high-heeled shoes, and fur coats strut the streets.

And underneath it all, known only to a few, is the real battle.

It is the battle between those who know how to exploit all this array of selfishness for their own ends and those who hate it and have the strategy to fight it to the death.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

THE THIRD WAY

One evening while waiting for a train in Washington I went to a Cinema.

I saw pre-war Germany, in her millions, goose-stepping to some sinister purpose. I saw the hardening features of their leaders' faces. It was Germany going hard and metallic, her leaders reserved and inscrutable. They had a plan.

I saw Russia, her gallant peoples marching proudly to her defence, her magnificent industrial achievements. She, too, had her plan, appealing, triumphant, successful.

The implication seemed to be that I had got to choose. If I hated the one, I must choose the other. If I despised the one, I must approve the other. As far as the film was concerned, there did not seem to be any third way.

This is the false issue of our age. Men and nations are being persuaded that there is only one choice before them—between Left and Right. We are always being told to choose between two forms of materialism—neither of which will work.

Britain in India must choose between staying and going :

My Karen friends between amalgamation and isolation ;

The peace-makers between dismembering the aggressors and letting them off ;

The unhappy husband or wife must either get a divorce or go on living in hell ; parents must choose between

birth control and no control; children between doing what they are told and doing as they please;

Government between cracking down on labour and coddling it; between favouring management and liquidating it;

Management must decide to be brutal or sentimental;

And the peoples of the world must choose between being oppressed and rising up in bloody revolution.

These are the false issues whispered in the ears of the world. Instead of being challenged to choose between God and Mammon, we are invited to choose between Mammon and his twin brother.

What is America's alternative to going Left? Going Right?

I have seen riches and power and what they do to a man. I have met great industrialists and seen brains, sheer capacity and a rugged honesty. I have seen, too, the tragic loneliness of the one track mind, the impervious insensibility of men whose only answer to opposition is to break it or fire it. I know, too, a man who wields immense power with superb efficiency, who is a war-winning asset to the nation, who delivers the goods—a well-informed man and just. But has he the answer for a world going Left? Has he the philosophy for America's millions—the gay pleasure-lovers of yesterday, the tough and hard-bitten of today, the disillusioned of tomorrow who will be clamouring for a world that works?

Is there a third way?

Soon after I arrived in America I was a guest in Philadelphia and invited to the city's famous Academy of Music. It is one of America's great buildings.

That night it filled up rapidly. People had come to see a patriotic revue called "You Can Defend America." Most did not much know what to expect. They had heard of the men and women who were putting it on, believed they were patriots, volunteers who felt they had an answer for the conflicts and confusions of America. Why were they doing it? Could it be just out of love for America?

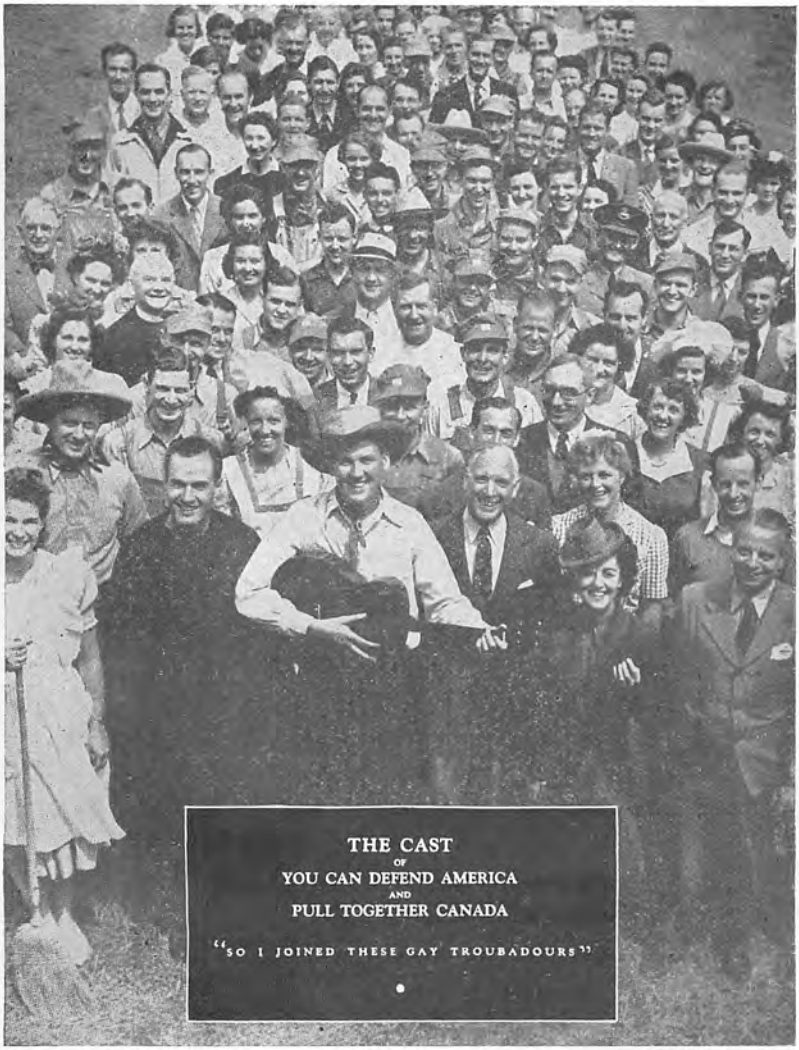
The curtain rose and the performers looked out across the vast hall, up to the great galleries, upon an audience of question marks.

This was acting—but it was more than acting. It made real, thrilling, inescapable, the great moral foundations of the nation. It was a new and winning way of presenting the fundamentals of Christianity to a movie-minded age. I saw the spirit of Pentecost active in ordinary men.

We saw immortal truth with flashes of humour that illuminated the depths of human nature, we saw depicted God and the devil fighting for the soul of America. Truth is one thing. To put truth so that it becomes a burning, life-changing reality is another. Truth as an abstract ball for philosophers to toss to one another is one thing. As a dynamic for changing men and nations at express speed, it is another. And that is what this was.

There was America as it sometimes is over its breakfast cups—squabbling, nagging, frustrated. And the answer? Not Reno, but America as it can be—every man going to face his day happy, confident and free with a laughing, caring family back of him.

There was America with troubles on the production front. There were Management and Labour eyeing each



THE CAST
OF
YOU CAN DEFEND AMERICA
AND
PULL TOGETHER CANADA

"SO I JOINED THESE GAY TROUBADOURS"

other with suspicion, mistrust. And the answer? Not the liquidation of the employer, the regimentation of the worker, but the third way:

"Every Man, Every Home!
Every Business and Industry!
Capital, Labour, Management, Unions.
Pulling Together for National Unity!
Each man must be sound."

Finally there was the nation as its finest spirits have always wanted it to be:

"I see an eagle, striving, rising, soaring;
I see a nation waking, stirring, changing;
Rearmed in spirit, humbly triumphant, a nation united,
Fulfilling the hopes of its founders, the dreams of its people,
The plan of its God.
A maker of peace for the nations."

There on that stage in Philadelphia we saw the real issue confronting America. In the city of William Penn his words came to mind. "Man must be governed by God or he will be ruled by tyrants." Not governed by the Right or by the Left, but Government by God. Not Right *versus* Left, but Right *versus* Wrong.

Would people see it quickly enough?

Japan fired her people; so did the Nazis. Where is the Christian philosophy that will set the Democratic countries aflame? Where is the force that will conquer the world? There it was in that magnificent hall. I

saw, as in a flash, that an active minority, even a small minority, living this together, could not only win the war and defeat materialism, but remake the world.

That night men and women went back to their homes in Philadelphia deeply moved. Even in those comparatively untroubled days, they felt in what they had seen something to rouse them to action. Christmas was drawing near. The streets were brightly lit, the store windows glittered with Christmas finery. This Christmas would be busier than ever.

Yes, "I see a nation waking....stirring....changing" ....what a picture! Yes, they would certainly do something about it sometime....

That was Friday night, December 5th, 1941.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

A SHAFT OF LIGHT

Two days later one of the cast was in the hotel lobby. There was a voice on the radio. He caught the words "Pearl Harbour." He returned to his friends and quietly told them the news. This was the moment for which their training had prepared them. There was the shock of course. There was a sadness, but without gloom, and there was no excitement and no alarm. Only on the face of each a quiet, deep determination.

Their programme for industrial teamwork and national unity, so valuable in peace, became a priority in war. They went into action. They hit the road. A stream of cars and station wagons passed from city to city, from state to state, from Maine to Florida, from Florida to Michigan. They moved into a city like a spiritual commando force. They occupied strategic points. Newspaper editors, trades union officials, Mayors and City Councillors, the Governor and Senators, business men and Service clubs, soldiers and women's leagues—all manner of people found that something new had burst into their midst.

The Legislature saw it in Richmond; the Steel Workers, Convention (CIO) in Cleveland; AFL Conventions, State and International; schools and farming communities from Maine to Nevada. A special performance helped to speed up production in Lockheed-Vega Aircraft plant. They performed 185 times. A quarter of a million saw it. It affected homes. It built unity. It transformed patriotic and unpatriotic into inspired patriots. Ten thousand stormed the auditorium in Orlando, Florida.

Said Colonel McHenry at Morrison Field, "I have seldom met any individual, and never a group, in uniform or out of it, who are doing so much for the armed forces."

A Catholic priest, after seeing the revue, asked if he could say a few words. "I would like," he said, "to build up a platform in my church and invite these people to put this performance on there. It is such a splendid Christian job they are doing. How much faster a work of this sort would go over and how much faster would we be able to realize the America we want, if we did just what they were 'preaching' to us this evening." Said a very intelligent publicist, "This is a new kind of preaching." Another called it "a baptismal inspiration. . . . Here is the Church growing young again."

Whatever city the revue entered, it fell like a shaft of light upon confusion, apathy, bleakness. It was asked for sometimes by Governors, sometimes by State Assemblies, sometimes by State Defence Councils, sometimes by industries—Management and Labour together.

One thing impressed me about the message. It was not its presentation, although that was brilliant, whether in print, or on the stage, from the platform, pulpit, in a drawing room or factory. It was not the breadth of its objectives—Sound Homes, Teamwork in Industry, a United Nation—or the depth of its challenge to Change, Unite, Fight. All these things impressed me. But the inescapable, incontrovertible, unconquerable fact was this: the people were the message and the message was the people. These hundred citizen volunteers lived what they acted—total commitment in total war for total victory. They were the force. They were compelled by a Superforce.

Long before Pearl Harbour, they had been fighting enemies on the homefront: buck-passing, absenteeism, friction and trouble-making; the crass selfishness of human nature, the selfishness that costs thousands of lives and will cost thousands more. I saw that they themselves were free and fearless, disciplined, determined and happy. I saw they changed lives, captured multitudes, answered problems, reached millions, mended homes, brought teamwork in industry and a new spirit everywhere.

I had often seen efficient men, brave men, lovable men; but I had never met men like these. They were willing to go anywhere at a moment's notice. They would talk to anyone in any rank of life, to any number of people. They talked with cogency, sanity, passion and humour. They were not interested in being popular. They were deeply interested in the other fellow.

I want to tell you about them, to tell you what I have seen. It is important that as many people as possible should know as much of the truth as possible, as quickly as possible. The fate of civilization is at stake. It all depends on the ordinary man seeing the issue quickly enough. Usually he does not.

The time lag was several generations before Joan of Arc was spotted for what she was. St. Francis? Well, St. Francis was recognized on his deathbed. Wesley? How many at the time realized he had saved England from revolution and changed the course of history?

It is familiar enough; prophets are stoned, ignored, smeared, put out of business. It has been so in every age.

Need it be so in this age?

So I took my place with these gay troubadours. And during the next months while the Japanese were doing

the totally impossible in conquering Asia, I was doing the wholly unexpected in travelling America.

The one hundred who took to the road were themselves a family. People were puzzled about them. They were not actors by profession. Then how could they give such a powerful, exhilarating, heart-searching show? What was that look in their faces? What was it that seemed to come from the stage and hit you?

I will take you behind the scenes. Here is a pattern of the world that everyone wants. They were not born like this. Each had to learn to love teamwork and to live in unity. Every single one had known what jealousy is. To know the twinge when someone else gets the credit you have been waiting for. The twinge that comes when a certain person gets thunderous applause—and you don't. The feeling of being left out when you want to be in. Of being put in when you had set your heart on being left out. Of packing up your bags when you wanted to rest. Of having to stay behind when you are panting to go on.

And all these things were simply part of the "fervent charity" they had for one another—the elimination of friction, the unmasking and treatment of competitiveness and jealousy. The cure of inferiority and the puncturing of complacency and self-assurance.

These were but the beginnings. Soon they were ascending the foothills. They were thinking together, composing together, planning together. All this generated power. When one was speaking, acting, singing, what were the others thinking? Not about something else—their own part or what other people were thinking of them, or, "Would I look better in some other kind of hat?" or, "How conceited she is" or, "How much better so

and so would do it." Not that sort of thing, but praying for him, thankful for him, appreciating him and seeing how he might have done it better, where it could be improved, the words, his voice, his looks, his attitudes. The one hundred people building him up instead of one hundred people building up themselves. One hundred people each building the other up instead of each pulling somebody else down. Is that something new in drama? Is it something new in life?

I have known what it is to perform surrounded by such candid, penetrating, fearless, affectionate spirits. You hear the truth. They live to make you different, to reach a stature you never dreamed of. They believe in you. Have vision for you. They see you as God's weapon for a new country. They demonstrate Tennyson's "All for each, and each for all." Each lives to make the other free, effective, inspired—great. They are a pattern of the world for which they are fighting.

"And ours is the foot on the threshold
And ours the hand at the door,
And ours is the truth that will stand unmoved
When the mockers are no more;
And others may rest from the battle,
And others may take their fill
Of the glory and power—the Kingdom is ours
And we would be fighters still."

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

LIGHT ON LABOUR

The revue did many things in many places. What would happen when it met the mighty force of Labour—one army of America's great battlefield ?

I remember, in Britain's worst shipbuilding depression, as a boy of fourteen going up rickety stairs to some miserable attic to the smell of fried fish and chips, and to the sound of hoarse voices, to dispense the favours of the rich to the poor and destitute.

I began to see " how the other half lived."

I saw miners black with grime streaming home in the early morning light, or " the knocker-up " long before dawn rousing some sleeper for his next spell down below. I was at school when an explosion in the Whitehaven pit killed hundreds and the maids who served us at table went into mourning.

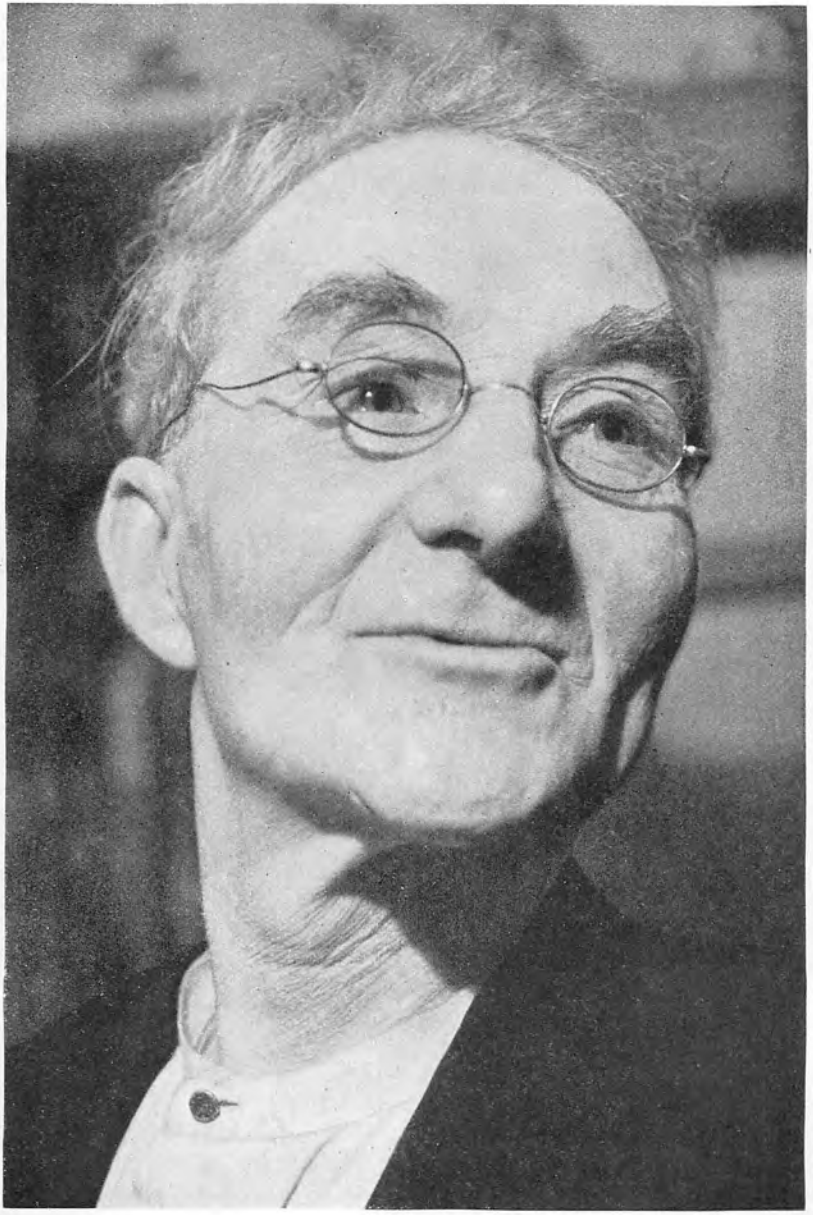
But it was serving in the ranks of the Royal Artillery that I really learned to love the heart and understand the language of Labour.

I learned to master the language and to discount the adjectives.

Jimmy Bannister used to call me ' T'ould Corporal ' and told me how he warmed the paws of his whippets with brandy before the race.

Beevers, the policeman, told me how he dealt with chicken thieves.

Geordie Burdess, of Tyneside, once narrated how the police ran him in for flogging horses which, according to Geordie, he was just mildly encouraging.



Light on Labour.

There were men from the Midlands, miners from the North, shop assistants from the South, policemen from Cornwall, plasterers and plumbers, navvies and machinists and a Church organist.

They sweated in the heat, wallowed in mud, were alternately bored and terrified—but what courage, laughter and inconsequential songs.

"We are here because we're here, because we're here, because we're here."

This was Labour in uniform and when the time came they took off their uniform, hugged their wives and looked for work.

My father was a clergyman—and a friend of Labour. He was in the line of Christian Socialists from Charles Kingsley to William Temple, the present Archbishop of Canterbury. I remember his speaking of Keir Hardie as a modern Amos. Of Hardie's first entry into the House of Commons, the home of silk hats, with a worker's cloth cap. And my reading as a boy of Eugene Debs and Samuel Gompers. My home was the sort of place where I might meet the local union organizer, or a Member of Parliament, or even a Cabinet Minister.

At Oxford I joined the Fabian Society and heard George Bernard Shaw speak to a crowded hall of undergraduates and I found myself mixing with the Guild Socialists and Syndicalists of that day. The doctrines seemed to get more revolutionary, the exponents I met, more academic.

Raised in a mining community, I had been used to the miner who, coming home from his shift down the mine, would read his Aristotle and hew out for himself a philosophy as well as coal.

People of those parts sent up sturdy men of their own flesh and blood like Burt and Fenwick to the House of Commons, but here at Oxford we sipped green chartreuse, talked Socialism and went to some hall to hear a real fighter, someone like the great-hearted Ben Tillett.

Here in America I have seen how, in default of the real answer, anyone like myself, of goodwill and good intentions, is liable to move in sympathy at least towards the extreme Left. Whatever I may have called myself and whatever my status—undergraduate, soldier, priest, missionary, bishop—until God controlled my life I was, without knowing it, a materialist at heart.

Had the revue something for Labour and for Management, and for a world still groaning from an industrial revolution that was more material than moral, more selfish than patriotic and produced resentment almost as fast as it produced money and made fortunes?

I knew Management had its men of character, Labour its real leaders. Did they have a chance in the maelstrom of confusion and violence, fear and greed?

America spells industry. What had a handful of eager people performing on a stage to do with the roaring blast furnaces, the shipyards; clanging hammers, the ever speeding assembly lines that roll out the iron and steel of America's might to every battlefront?

Coming from India and Burma, I knew that here, in the field of industrial relationships, in the eyes of the East, the Western world faced its acid test. India might like and might use many of the latest products of Sheffield or Pittsburgh. She was by no means convinced about the systems, the standards or the conditions under which

these things were produced. India, like other Eastern nations is at the beginning of her industrial revolution. Where will she look for her pattern?

What understanding and help can India—a continent of many races and languages, an Eastern land of poor, illiterate villages—expect from America and Britain, Western countries with their rich, industrialized, educated cities?

Had she not better turn to the North, to her neighbour, Russia? Herself semi-Eastern, and like India with many races and languages, a country that in one generation has raised a backward, illiterate peasantry to be a united nation, educated and industrialized, feared and respected throughout the world.

Six months after Pearl Harbour we were at Cleveland. Here was Labour at the Annual Convention of the United Steelworkers of America. Philip Murray presided. There before him in the 2000 delegates from the production line were the tough sinews of America. There was struggle. There was the rush to get to the microphone, to get in the first words, to get in the last words, to rush through a resolution, to snatch a victory, to get control. The struggle was for power.

Pacing to and fro across the platform, calling on 'Willie' or 'Jimmy' to speak, ruling that man out of order, stopping to whisper an instruction to an official, easing or warming the crowd with his humour, Phil Murray steered his lively crew. Phil was for freedom of speech. He was not for a free-for-all. He was a master in the art of managing men.

Evening came. The business for that day was over. The delegates had reassembled to see something that would

surprise them. They were to see themselves and the answer. They were to see the revue "You Can Defend America."

The revue opened in a blaze of light before an audience that had to be convinced. But, as the first curtain fell, there was thunderous applause. The revue was touching human chords in the great warm heart of Labour.

But here and there, amid the cheers and laughter and deep response, were the scowls and muttering of angry men. They whispered, passed notes—they were waiting for their chance—some weak spot in the revue, an unconvincing speaker, some stray remark they could seize on, an unreal scene, a false note anywhere. They were ready to pounce on it and rend it to pieces. That moment never came.

All through the day these men had been trying to win the "battle for the mike" to control the masses. Moral Re-Armament was not their programme.

And now enthusiasm mounted. The revue was drawing out the best in the best of that 2000. Again the curtain fell, and this time there stepped out from between the straight folds a little square-set figure.

For long I had been wanting to see whither the Labour Movement in America was going. Where were the Keir Hardie and the old Sam Gompers of today? Here in this Convention among the picked steelworkers of America I heard in the accents of this young machinist from the Clydeside a new note. It was not oratory. It was simple, direct and to the point. It was spoken with the fire of personal conviction. It had philosophy, programme and a passion. It was a call for change—not in the law, not in a system, not in the other fellow, but "in yersel'." Duncan

Corcoran was Labour through and through. He was Scottish through and through. He was for America through and through. He wanted all that was best in Labour and all that was best in Management to build a new America.

" A new spirit," he was saying, " can grip the mind and muscle of every worker for teamwork and maximum production. That is the message of this revue." Evidently something had gripped his mind and muscle. He was like a bantam, taking on a hall full of heavy-weights and confident of victory.

" One man," Dunc was saying, " went home from this revue so different, his own dog bit him."

The hall roared with merriment. He darted in to deliver one of his lightning blows :

" Teamwork will come not by chance, but by change. That means change in me—and you." He told them what change was. This was not coddling Labour. This was talking the stuff Labour liked. This was the kind of stuff Ma Nyein Tha talked to her audience in Rangoon.

" The isms are out for change. So are we. But we know where change begins.

" It begins just where you are. It began for me back in the shipyards of Greenock with the fellow working the next machine.

" Friction between men causes more trouble than friction in machines. My mate and I learned that. Labour has got to learn to work together. Management and Labour have got to learn to work together. We must fight for this new spirit. We need men who will burn for their nation.

" Change ! Unite ! Fight !

That is the programme."

Dunc slipped back between the curtains. On with the show. It was nearing its climax. It was a dark stage. Shadowy figures were crouching and writhing in the dim light. They were Waste, Fear, Greed, Graft, Hate. They moved to the voice of their master telling them how to destroy America—from within.

" Above all, teach them to hate, hate between race and race, hate between class and class. . . . And I'll blind them and I'll bind them, and I'll deaden them. And the people will never know until it is too late. Listen, I have a plan. . . . "

And then the final scene: the ordinary American, business executive and Labour leader, the farmer, the reporter, stenographer, cook, politician, sportsman, the ordinary American family, awaking to their danger, rising to their destiny. It was over. The curtain was up again. The applause broke out more terrific than ever when the audience recognized, with the actors crowded on the stage, a familiar figure.

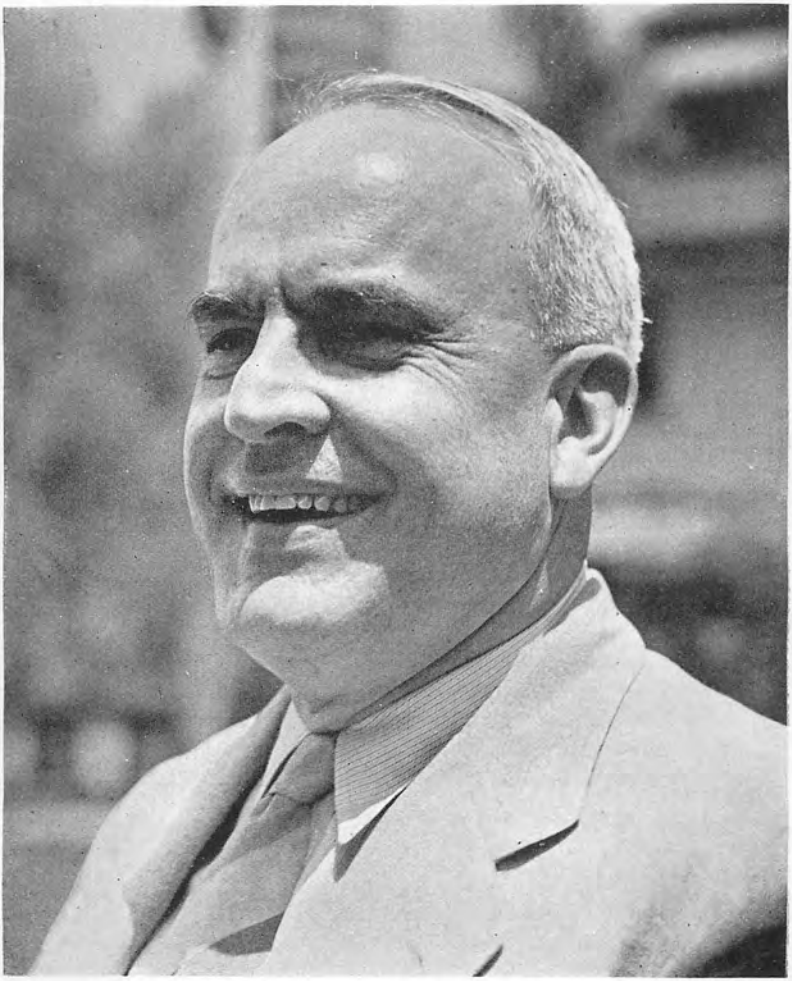
Silence.

" . . . Magnificent evening . . . remarkable cast . . . Wonderful production . . . create that kind of unity for which America is looking. May God speed the cast and bless them and guide and protect them in what they are doing. I thank you."

It was Phil Murray.

Labour was understanding this message.

The President of the American Federation of Labour in a great Aircraft factory saw what Murray saw: " Wherever the Moral Re-Armament men have had the opportunity to apply this programme they have delivered the goods. What we need now is to put it into large-scale



"And what of Management?"

operation. . . It will give us a tremendous lift and help us to roll out the bombers faster."

And what of Management ?

Back in Philadelphia, where we heard the first news of war and then hit the road, the spirit of the revue remained.

Mr. Birchard Taylor, whose family founded the famous Cramp Shipyard and who is their Vice-President and Chairman of the Joint Labour Management Committee, said. " This work is showing us the way to a new era of industrial statesmanship."

And Senator Truman, who, in his thorough, patient investigation of War Industries, has found that the chief difficulty is usually the human factor, that " suspicions, rivalries, apathy, greed lie behind most of the bottlenecks " —he said of Duncan Corcoran and his friends: " Where others have stood back and criticized they have rolled up their sleeves and gone to work. They have already achieved remarkable results in bringing teamwork into industry on the principle not of ' who's right ' but of ' what's right.' "

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

PEOPLE AND PLANS

Soon everybody will have a plan, or be in favour of a plan, or be against a plan. Beveridge has set the fashion in Britain with the most comprehensive plan yet devised for social security on a national scale.

In 1917 four men in Switzerland planned. The result was the Russian revolution. A man in America had some great ideas and ideals which led to the League of Nations. Japan planned. Then Germany began to plan. And the planless have had a hard time catching up. This war will have an unexampled aftermath of indisciplined living. The most nefarious plan I have heard of to date is the planning of men to profiteer out of post-war indulgence —calculated planning on how to turn defeated derelicts into dollars.

In a planning world the planless are forced to choose a plan or go under. The only question is—which plan?

I once saw a remarkable play. It depicted conflict within industry. It is called "The Forgotten Factor." Is it conceivable that in the deadly efficiency of modern industry the biggest factor of all could be overlooked? I thought it possible the forgotten factor in industry might also be the forgotten factor in politics, even in the Councils of the Nations, even at the Peace Table.

The forgotten factor is that God has a plan. People do not always recognize God's plan even when they see it. God's plan was a Person. It always is. They say that when Jesus was once asked what His plan was, He pointed to a small group of men.

"And suppose these fail?" He was asked.

"I have no other plan."

His plan was people.

In our day I have seen in many lands how Moral Re-Armament takes the needs of nations and answers them with men.

Is the world alert to grasp old truth in new forms? Or is it possible that the world even in these up-to-date times might fail to discern the very people that are God's plan for a world that works?

I wonder.

The real significance of Frank Buchman is that he has discovered a world that works, because he has brought to people in every walk of life, in every country, the spirit that makes it work.

Frank Buchman speaks to the world through the children of a vast spiritual family. He believes they should be a pattern for a world that works. And each year on his birthday, June 4, that world, as it were, speaks to him. For to this most self-effacing of men, one who has faced criticism and calumny without self-justification or self-defence, who has asked nothing of recognition, or credit or reward for himself, there flows in a wave of affection and loyalty and gratitude from every part of the earth where communication lines are still open.

I was with him on his birthday this year among the green-clad mountains of the Carolinas, where he was spending the last stages of convalescence after a severe illness. I watched his eager, alert face, his merry eyes, as he talked on the telephone to friends in Seattle or Detroit. Now he was in touch with Washington, with big issues at stake, hard decisions to make; now he was

admiring the birthday cake, baked for him specially each year by a friend whom he calls "The Happy Baker," and who is now Bread Administrator for all Canada. I heard him greet a soldier laid up in hospital, and talk to a family of children in New England. I followed him to the hotel kitchen, where he shared his celebrations with the coloured cook whose birthday happened to fall on the same day. And then in the evening, as the mountains melted in the twilight, and thousands of fire-flies rose like sparks, I sat with him and his friends on the porch and watched a cavalcade of love and laughter, of memories and vision cross his face as he opened his presents and cables and letters.

Here was a cable from Chungking; another from Cabinet Members in Australia; here was the stately prose of a British senior statesman; here the methodical scrawl of a six-year-old child. There were blunt, forthright greetings from dockers or miners. The labour leader in Detroit whose courage and humour kept 15,000 men at work, while 17 plants around all quit. The shop steward whose care for his fellow-workers brought a 60 per cent. increase in production. The employer who went out of his way to make it easy for 2000 strikers to cool down and go back to work, who was prepared to lose an argument if it meant winning the war. Management and men pioneering a world that works in the heart of the working world, fighting for God's plan amid blueprints and production schedules.

The school teacher in the Nebraska town who stayed with the families of her farming-community in spite of golden offers of high wages in industry. She remembered her father's motto, "Care for the land and feed the nation."

She sent a word of cheer to Frank Buchman. There were messages and photos from men in the Services. There were poems that stirred the blood, and jingles and ditties that set your eyes or your feet dancing. I saw the rewards of selflessness—memories without number, friendship without price, vision and commitment without limit. I saw the secret of leadership—to live to make the other great.

And then, in a year such as this, there were the messages that did not come. No word from Francis Ah Mya, or Ma Nyein Tha. They would never have missed Frank Buchman's birthday in the old days. Today they belong to one of the silent peoples.

No word could come from Fredrik Ramm, one of Norway's leading editors, Amundsen's companion to the Pole, but now in solitary confinement, under the fury of bombs, in a prison by the docks of Hamburg. He had first met Frank Buchman in 1934, when, at the invitation of President Carl Hambro, he attended a gathering of Norway's leaders to spend a week with the Oxford Group. He had arrived, curious but definitely under protest. He had come to recognize in Frank Buchman a man who could speak to nations—and to Fredrik. Fredrik had been speaking to Norway through his editorials for many a day. Now he began to speak with a new accent. The Danes had reason to appreciate the change. Freddie had bitterly attacked them over the Greenland dispute. Now he publicly acknowledged his prejudice. He fought through the years of blindness and appeasement to bring unity and moral stamina to Norway. When invasion came, he fought aggression without, softness within. When Norway fell, he and other leaders of the Oxford Group went to jail.

There he is allowed to write one letter every third month. Here is what he says to Eva, his wife:

"Hearty thanks for all good thoughts and prayers, which I notice several times a day. The result is that I am as well spiritually as any person could be, even though you know that I long for you, the boys, mother, home and everything else all the day. But the wishes and prayers of all my friends make life here easy to live. I must tell you again that the values we have last. A sad thought, a worry for the future, and I pray and am again free, happy and grateful. I have seen clearly that here in jail I have just as great a responsibility for my day before God and man as outside, perhaps even more, since here I cannot put the blame on anything or anybody. Here I must stand alone in my cell and receive God's help and only that, and I get it too. Otherwise, the day goes in making paper bags and other sorts of work. We get well-prepared food and the bunks are good. So I sleep like a log. We are out for an hour every morning in the open air, and, besides, I take a good round of gymnastics and a cold shower, so I am in good condition even if I am thin. We are also allowed to read, but you know that mostly you and the boys are in my thoughts. I feel as though I had never lived in such fellowship with you as now, and the only thing I ask you and the boys is to forget me as I was, and remember me as I want to be. And I did not know what I had in you, your mother, the family and all before I came here. But most in you . . . . And let us thank God. Read Jeremiah 17, 7-8.

Your happy and grateful,

FREDRIK."

[Desperately ill with consumption, he was allowed to go home to his wife. He never saw her. He died on the way, in Denmark.]

There was no word from Diane de Watteville in fallen France. She and her husband had worked and travelled with Frank Buchman in many countries. She had left America by plane two days before war broke out. Her family had two houses; a chateau in Alsace, a home in Paris. They lost them both. She had two sons. One was killed, the other taken prisoner. She wrote to a friend in America:

"I cannot tell you how deeply I was moved by your cable. Fancy your remembering my birthday. Of course I was remembering you, and Robert and I were thinking of the wonderful day at Del Monte—the cake, the friends and the whole atmosphere! It was like a far-off dream, a fairy tale, and we really could not believe it was only two years. Two years! It might as well be another life. . . . I remember our last lunch at the Yerba Buena Club with all those American women, and I would like to speak to them once more and say. 'For goodness sake, are you ready?' Or are you in America preparing the great answer, building the pattern of the new world order? The heart sinks when you think of the millions who are suffering, dying and prepared to pass an awful winter. How I wish all this could be spared you.

"People used to love peace because it was comfortable, and now we have to face life and death because life is never comfortable, and an eternal fight. Thank you for your help. Sugar is what we would like most because when I am hungry at night one single piece sends me off instantly and in winter it keeps me warm."

No word came from Lord Hugh Beresford. The British destroyer he once commanded now lies at the bottom of the Aegean Sea, and he too. The first Sunday in which he was in command, he wondered what he should do with his men.

He gave them some of the thoughts which he had written down early in the morning. " What were the real causes of this war, anyway ? Fear, greed, hate. How about banishing these things from our ship and let us make our ship a pattern of the world for which we are fighting." That was his war-time programme. It could be everybody's. His ship is immortalized in the great film " In Which We Serve."

There was no Irish greeting from gay, fighting Tom Shillington.

Tom had joined the British Army and found himself in the African desert. He regarded it as a time of preparation, of training, and read—what ? The Temptations of Christ in the desert. He was there about forty days.

" God," he wrote to a friend, " has become the centre of my thinking more than ever." Fear went too. " When one has been ruled by fear, as I have been, it is an extraordinary sensation to find fear absent when you want to panic out of sheer habit. Your letter made me think a great deal, as I rode along in the light of the setting sun, high up on top of the turret. This morning I woke at 4-30 a.m. and shut myself down in the turret and wrote my thoughts. The overhead of suffering through whole nations mounts daily. For now we must pay the cost of our inadequate Christian living and thinking. What we have gone through here is nothing to what others are suffering or to what I believe some of us will suffer yet. Whatever the future brings. . . . "

On the night of November 3, 1942, in Libya, a trooper left the turret of his tank to help the driver who had been hurt. That trooper was killed. He was Tom Shillington.

On the afternoon of December 12, 1942, at St. Peter's Church, Battersea, London, five hundred people from every

part of Britain, from Scotland, Yorkshire, Wales and East Anglia met to remember the trooper and to pledge themselves to the task for which he gave everything.

Others, in Ireland, America, South Africa, India, Australia and the Middle East were remembering him and his loved ones with gratitude that day.

Tom lives. In heaven! And also here on earth—in the legacy of his spiritual children. One of them was his friend, Derek, who drove the same tank. Derek had been brought to an experience of Christ through Tom only a few days before their death together. His comrades have since written letters saying they could recognize the change from the joy in Derek's face.

A tribute to Tom was read, received that day from someone in America:

"O the fighting heart of Ulster
Is aye seeking one fight yet,
And that the last and toughest,
With the highest challenge set;
Now Tom has met the Captain
Of the armies of the Lord,
And proudly shows the notches
On his battle-proven sword.

"But the battle he began on earth
He's fighting with us still,
To enthrone his great Commander
In the stubborn human will.
For the height of human courage
And God's new world keep their tryst,
When the strong red hand of Ulster
Grasps the nail-pierced hand of Christ."

When the five hundred, led by Mrs. Shillington, Tom's Mother, poured out of St. Peter's Church into the streets of Battersea, they looked a conquering army.

The prisoner, the bereaved Mother, the Captain on the bridge, the soldier in the desert—these have the spirit that knows how to live, and knows how to die—anywhere. When every material security goes, they march on—free and unafraid.

How many planners for a new world demand security, prosperity, all the cushions of materialism, before man can be free, confident, triumphant? "Give us ideal surroundings," they say, "then we will be ideal men."

Those who have seen nations fall, those who have lost everything, the millions who have been stripped of material security of every kind, know differently. They know that men who are slaves of circumstances, slaves of their surroundings, slaves of themselves, will never win the Four Freedoms for themselves or for mankind. Freedom, plenty, security, peace will be won only by those who have won the battle for freedom in their own lives.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

THE WORLD THAT WORKS

These are the convictions of a man who was raised and educated in Britain, has spent over twenty years in the Orient, the past eighteen months in America, is a Bishop in the Episcopal Church, is now in his fiftieth year and believes the world can be remade.

I shall soon be walking up the gangway of a ship about to sail.

I arrived in America when Japan was on the eve of launching her offensive for dominion in the Pacific, that her sun might shine upon a new great Oriental Empire.

I leave as the captivity of Signor Mussolini is announced over the radio. "Crowns and thrones shall perish, Kingdoms rise and wane."

I leave for India from the port of Benjamin Franklin. "If a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without His notice, is it possible that an Empire rise without His aid?"

Or that a world should work?

I am leaving a land of practical men and pioneers. All decent men everywhere are sick at heart and deeply discouraged and longing for a world that works.

Can God who made it, make it work?

I do not mean its rivers and oceans, its mountains and frontiers. I mean 'us.' People.

Many people have their plans for a post-war world. There will be plans everywhere. "Quot homines, tot sententiæ." In a famine-stricken world there will be a glut of plans.

What is the master plan?

Is there a plan that includes every plan and makes them work?

"You may plan a new world on paper. You will have to build it out of people." People are the problem and people are the answer.

God's plan is people.

I do not want a Japanese world. I do not want a Nazi-Fascist or Imperialist world. I do not want a Leftist world. I want what the ordinary man everywhere is longing for. And I want to join forces with all those who are determined he shall have it.

A world that works.

For most of my life, up to the age of forty-one where I might have had convictions, I had ideas, prejudices, reactions, opinions, points of view.

I fell for any programme that was idealistic enough. I thought of the League of Nations as another step in the ladder of progress, the Russian revolution as an economic advance on its political counterpart in France—a great experiment.

I have lived to see the failure of good ideas. I discovered that the trouble did not lie with plans but with people, not with systems but with men. New Men, New Nations, a New World. I saw people change. I saw how personal change affected a home and what happened when a home changed. I saw how change affected a man's money—the way he gets it, the way he spends it; his family—the way he treats them; his employees or his boss—the way he gets on with them; himself—how he becomes a new man.

I was so entranced by seeing that any man could change, could have victory over any defeat however

stubborn, however deep-seated that I was in danger of stopping there and giving myself to the simple, valuable work of putting men and women in the way of change.

I still do see that as invaluable work. Frank Buchman never stopped at that point. He stated his programme from the beginning as personal change issuing in social, national, racial, supernational change. He trained people to do it. His plan was ordinary men and women committed to the programme, " We, the remakers of the world."

There have been statesmen before and there have been prophets, but Frank Buchman—and I am now stating my own personal conviction—is a world prophet-statesman.

I found this message valid for everyone in the Orient. Christian, Hindu and Buddhist and Mohammedan, whatever creed a man might profess, he was still a man who could listen to God ; and when he listened and obeyed he changed.

I believe it is at this point we are on the first page of a new chapter in world history. I have never thought that creeds do not matter, that one religion is as good as another, that all roads meet at the top of the hill, that the answer to many conflicting religions is one credal amalgam. I believe that the genius of true Christianity always has been a refusal to compromise with truth and the maintenance of the highest moral standards. Now I see more—I see, for this disintegrating civilization a principle of unity without compromise in the great, simple truth that " any man can listen to God," that the Holy Spirit is the teacher, and the Holy Spirit leads us into all truth. That in our words is the story of the Bible. That is how the Church of Christ was born. That is how it lives and grows and triumphs down the ages.

When man listens, God speaks; when man obeys, God acts. It is the foundation truth of the new world. It is the place where any man can begin at any moment.

Here, too, we may find the repairing of the Reformation—the uniting of Christendom—not man's way, but God's. When change comes, unity follows. The spirit that unites is of Christ. It is the spirit of selfishness that divides.

The hour has struck for the great offensive of the Church in the total war on selfishness on a world scale. The new world does not begin when pens inscribe signatures on parchment at a Peace Table. The new world begins when God inscribes His will on the hearts of ordinary men, and statesmen.

In all these sad, disillusioned, confused, unhappy years God has not been absentee or idle. God's ways are unexpected, effective, surprising.

The greatest of miracles was a Mother looking on her Babe, as an old man hailed him "a Light to lighten the peoples." He continues to lighten all peoples. And in these days His peoples have come to the place where they are engaging and battling with the forces of evil on a world front. The fight takes place first on this issue, then on that, and the man who picks up his morning paper and casually glances down a column has no notion that he may be reading a story of the greatest of all battles, of a place where the forces of Christ and anti-Christ clash. The enemy, shadowy but real, are organized, relentless and want world control. The enemy stir up faction, malign, smear, confuse and divide—they deceive the good, use the fears of vested interests, mobilize and marshal to undermine and destroy the moral standards which are the condition of real progress, of survival itself.

They have potent forces—fear, greed and hate. These they instil and develop and manipulate.

Is it any surprise they should see as implacable foes men and women wholly committed to building a hate-free, fear-free, greed-free world ?

Not at all.

These are the forces of Christ and anti-Christ as they clash in 1943. The mass of people are spectators ; but spectators are becoming fewer and fewer, and men are being obliged to choose, " choose ye this day life and good, or death and evil . . . "

Here is the one inescapable choice that faces every man—every nation.

Here there is no third way.

The choice is between good and evil, right and wrong, God's way and my way. It is the cosmic struggle in which everybody has a part and a destiny. It is made up of the multitude of decisions made every day on all kinds of issues.

How is America deciding ? Britain ? India ?

As you decide.

There is a way of deciding that fulfils the greatest of prophecies. It is in our hands to do it, to take the nations, kingdom, empires, economic as well as political, and make them the Kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ.

There is only one Government that will work—government by God, personally and nationally acknowledged and obeyed.