

Always a
Little Further



Always a
Little Further

*Four Lives of a
Luckie Felowe*

Morris Martin



Elm Street Press

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*We are the Pilgrims, master: we shall go
Always a little further; it may be
Beyond that last blue mountain . . . surely we are brave
Who make the Golden Journey to Samarkand*

James Elroy Flecker, "The Golden Journey to Samarkand"

*And the Lorde was with him. And he
Was a luckie felowe.*

Genesis xxxix:2 (Tyndale's version)

To my
two families -
the Martin family who nurtured my youth in England
and continue to surround me with love;
and my acquired DeConcini family
who have taken me to their hearts and introduced me
to a new life in the United States

MEMORY

*Wind, west wind, of an evening
Whispering through the tall trees,
Tell me tales I used to hear told
By the vagabond Sussex breeze,*

*Lifting the layers of silence
And letting them softly lie,
Passing into the stillness that comes
When whispers softly die.*

*And I'll see the woods where we wandered
And wake with a lonely start
As the wind of memory passes through
The tall trees of my heart.*

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Prologue

NOVEMBER 2000

Almost everybody today was born in another century. I was born in a different era, a different culture, a different world. As I look up at the Catalina Mountains above Tucson where I now spend my days and at the sunsets and sunrises on them, the unique saguaro cactus, the endless sunshine, I recall that world and marvel.

Ninety years ago the London in which I was born was a smoky city in winter, a moist fragrant one in spring, dusty and delightful in summer, foggy in the fall. Men wore hats or caps; ladies, hats or bonnets. Children were seen and not heard and were expected to behave themselves, me included. Beneath my nursery window, open-top buses and double-decker trams ground around the oval patch of grass and trees that comprised Newington Green. Horse buses had just been retired, but the milkman still made his rounds with horse and cart and a rattle of glass bottles. The coal cart came, and its driver poured the contents of enormous sacks through a hole in the sidewalk into our cellar; the Italian hurdy-gurdy player with his monkey still parked beneath my window for me to throw him my penny. It was a London of slow change and small neighborhoods. Ours was Stoke Newington.

King George V was about to be crowned and the *entente cordiale* inaugurated by his father, Edward VII, still flourished. The map was still largely colored red, and the sun as yet was not setting on the British Empire. In that same year in a distant country, which was many years later to become my home, William

Howard Taft was president, and Mark Twain died. There was talk of airplanes over there, but I was pushed by my nursemaid in a big old perambulator and was content. Four years later when World War I broke out I marked the day, I was told, by falling into a bed of stinging nettles while on a summer holiday with my family in the country. My more personal memories are of Zeppelins caught in the thin pencil of searchlight above our house and the discovery of a treasured piece of shrapnel in the garden next day. And father, during an air raid, reading the *Just So Stories* of Kipling to us in the dim recesses of the large cellars beneath our old eighteenth century house as we drank cocoa and awaited the All Clear.

It was a Victorian family where religion was central. My parents were missionaries in China. My two brothers had been born there. I had escaped this early exotic experience, as my parents were needed on the home staff of the China Inland Mission. So I was born and grew up in London in the company of earnest, self-sacrificing young men and women who had decided to devote their lives to an unknown nation thousands of miles away.

It was a happy home but it had rules. The young of today exclaim when I tell them there was no radio, no television, and no stereo; that we never went to a theater or learnt to dance or drank alcohol or smoked. "What did you do?" they ask in horrified amazement. We went to school. Education was taken seriously. First to a "dame school," or kindergarten, then to Paradise House School, and thence to one of the great old schools of London, Merchant Taylors'. I was expected to shine and get scholarships since missionary families were notoriously short of money. This I dutifully did.

We played homemade games, indoors and out. We collected postage stamps and coins, and pored over them, arranging and rearranging them, looking for the priceless "penny blacks" and "twopenny blues". And most of all, we read books, dozens of them. They were our windows on a wider world.

We also went to church. Three times on Sunday at a minimum, with other religious activities sometimes during the week. Every day at home began with prayers before breakfast with family and servants (in those days one had servants) gathered around. My mother was stoutly Protestant. An ancestor, Bishop Hooper,

had been burned in front of his Gloucester Cathedral by “Bloody” Mary in 1555, and we had long memories. My father was an instinctive teacher who loved words and books and helped me to love them. His memories of family went back over several generations and were less contentious than my mother’s. On his ninetieth birthday in 1962 his four sons and their wives gathered around him, and he regaled us with stories his father and grandfather had told him of their lives and times. There were tales of notables like the Duke of Wellington and the exiled Emperor of France as well as of our grandfathers, grandmothers, and innumerable aunts who wandered on the periphery of our childhood.

My oldest brother, Derrick, became a medical doctor and orthopedic surgeon; my second brother, Gordon, a schoolmaster in China. Both were good companions in my growing up, though they were separated from me and from my younger brother, Roy, by a number of years. A little sister who came between had died very young. We had the usual family rivalries and reconciliations, played noisy and energetic games together, and one by one went out into the world.

Merchant Taylors’ School was an old foundation linked by its common founder with St. John’s College, Oxford. Gordon preceded me there and left for Oxford the year I arrived. He was a good classical scholar and I followed in his steps, mindful of his description of me in the unforgettable words, “Morris is an encyclopedia of inaccurate information!” I was fortunate to have one great teacher, Spencer Leeson, later headmaster of Winchester College, who showed me by his own enthusiasm for Plato that the Classics were not just a subject to be mastered but a view of life to be explored.

I finished my six years there as a senior classical scholar, a Victor Ludorum, (top athlete of the year) and was entrusted with making the Greek Speech (a traditional summary of the school’s yearly events) at our end-of-school celebration on the feast day of our patron saint, St. Barnabas. I sat for scholarships to Oxford and finally achieved one to Wadham College, where I went in the fall of 1929.

The atmosphere of home and family was still around me. Merchant Taylors’ was a day school to which I had traveled daily from home. I had not found cause for adolescent rebellion; I was

for the most part happily content with the loving cocoon in which I had been raised. I was bookish, religious in outlook, with little experience of the arts and none of women. Mine had been an almost exclusively male world as I grew up. As the world slid into the uncertainties of the Depression there were also many other unknowns ahead of me.

Life
The First

I

Dominus Illuminatio Mea

*Oxford and Cambridge are the chief centers of learning
in Britain. Both repay a visit, but if pressed for time,
omit Cambridge.*

—BAEDEKER: *Guide to the British Isles* (1887)

It was early October 1929, the Michaelmas Term (to distinguish it from Hilary and Trinity terms, which taken all together round out the Oxford University academic year). I arrived by train, envisioning the gleaming spires and towers of which one read so much. I was greeted as my train pulled in by the Oxford City gasworks and a very ordinary railroad station.

I was about to enter one of the world's premier universities. I carried my suitcase and my treasured gramophone to a taxi; my books and other belongings would follow by "common carrier." No doting family members accompanied me. I was on my own, a little apprehensive but confident I would find my way. Oxford did not overawe me. I saw it as a normal next step in my education. I had no desire to shine as a scholar, to make Wisdom my mistress, to wander elegantly through the groves of Academe. My job was to get a decent degree, nothing spectacular, be a credit to my school and my family, and then discover what next life had in store for me.

In this unassuming frame of mind I arrived at the Porter's Lodge of Wadham College. It was a busy place; bags and trunks were being delivered and distributed to the new students' rooms. I timidly enquired where I was expected to go. The college porter, an imposing gentleman in a derby hat, looked me over and asked my name.

"Mr. Martin." (It was the first time I had been so formally addressed.) "You're on Staircase Six, top floor—the doorway over there. Go up those stairs. Your name is on the door."

As directed I skirted the carefully manicured lawn of the quad, found the entrance and a board with names, among them mine, painted on it, and climbed to the top of the stairs. Under the eaves were my rooms. A bedroom and a sitting room greeted me, the former with an iron bedstead and the latter with a table, two upright chairs, a well-worn carpet, empty bookshelves, and a settee showing signs of frequent use.

There was a knock at the door. A rotund gentleman in a baize apron looked in.

Is this my tutor? Should I call him "Sir"? I thought agitatedly. No, he called me "Sir" and introduced himself as my "scout," the college servant whose duty it was to look after me and my rooms.

"Now, you'll be needing some more chairs, I can see. Are you bringing your own?"

"No," I said, appalled by the thought that maybe I should have done so.

"Well, we must see what we can do for you. I think I can find you a couple of easy chairs; and how about a rug in front of the fireplace? Yes, I think I can find one. Those fire-irons and the coal scuttle—those are mine, but I can let you use them very cheap."

Suddenly I saw a list of expenditures spreading out before me. "Well, I don't know. Perhaps I shan't need them."

"The curtains," my scout graciously added, "Those you don't need to pay for. I'll throw them in."

At that point I think he realized I was not a very good financial prospect and came to a judicious decision.

"Let's say ten bob [then the equivalent of \$2.50] for the lot. How's that? I'll fix you up."

I gave an inward sigh of relief. I could just manage that. I handed over a ten-shilling note. Concealing his smile, Edward, as

my scout was to be known from that time on, clumped off down the stairs while I set off to explore the college.

Wadham College was one of the younger colleges of the university, founded in 1608, and one of the few whose buildings, for the most part, had been erected at the same period. Consequently, it has a harmony of style and a pleasant garden with an enormous copper beech tree, which, alas, has now succumbed to old age. When I arrived in October 1929, the college had no more than 120 undergraduates. It was founded by a prosperous West Country couple, Nicholas and Dorothy Wadham, whose statues I discovered standing above the entrance to the Great Hall where I would be eating dinner for the next four years.

The founders' memory was invoked each evening in the Latin grace that I, as a scholar of the college, would be expected to pronounce before we sat to eat. It began with a brief exchange, all, of course, in Latin, between the warden or senior Fellow present, and the Scholar whose turn it was to say the grace. Then came the long and complicated invocation of the memory of the founders, our gratitude to them, our hopes for a good education in the humanities, and finally for a safe place in heaven—all this had to be covered in thirty seconds. The penalty for failing to do so was expensive. You were "sconced." In other words, you had to offer a pint of draft college beer to each member of the Scholars' Table present.

The first attempt was terrifying, but soon it became routine. I can remember that Latin invocation to this day—saving myself the penalty proved an excellent spur to the memory.

Later that first day I discovered the Junior Common Room and the anchovy or honey toast and tea which was provided there. Freshmen were exchanging notes on their first hours in college. An older student, who had been questioning them, turned to me.

"Have you got your rooms? Who's your scout?"

"I think his name is Edward," I replied.

"Did he try to sell you the fireplace?"

"No, only the fire irons."

"Anything else?"

"Just the furniture."

"How much?"

"Ten shillings."

There was a burst of laughter. My questioner turned to the others, whom he had obviously asked the same question.

“You got off very lightly. That old rascal has been selling that lot each year and he generally gets five pounds for it.”

That evening I returned to my rooms and found a fire laid, two comfortable armchairs, a rug, and a desk, as well as the table and chairs. I had passed some test or other and was now to be one of my scout’s gentlemen and to be looked after as such for the year. I hung my pictures, rather austere reproductions of Great Masters, and installed my green portable gramophone with its bamboo needle—the contemporary sign of a connoisseur—a gift from a thoughtful friend of the family. My first record, a Bach *French Suite*, was played to exhaustion. My books were strictly utilitarian, my school prizes plus textbooks for my university courses. I was on my way.

Scholastically, the college had been in a slump under the easy-going wardenship of a member of my old school, F. J. Stenning, but had now acquired a group of younger, more energetic dons eager to turn things around. After the initial stimulus to academic learning that Leeson had given me, I was lucky, on arrival at Wadham, to fall into the hands, as tutor, of Maurice Bowra, later Sir Maurice and warden of the college. He was then dean, and to him I reported weekly with my essay or my Latin or Greek composition for our one-on-one tutorial.

Bowra was a celebrity in Oxford. I knew nothing of this. In later years I have read much of his *Brideshead Revisited* reputation, his place in the postwar group of battle-weary students who, some with brilliance, some with outrage, made Oxford their scene. He was one around whom legend had begun to gather—a brilliant conversationalist, urbane, the object of admiration and rumor, with exotic friends and a slightly suspect reputation for enjoying life too much.

I was not a very interesting or promising person, limited in experience of the world. I did not smoke or drink; I had not traveled abroad; I was by temperament and upbringing suspicious of intellect as a guide to truth, or, at least, to important truth, and viewed life with excessive caution. Yet with me Maurice, as I finally dared to address him many years later, was always patient, always courteous, always encouraging. He made no attempt to

enlist me as one of his special proteges. As time went on, I came to understand something of the man behind the brilliance of talk and glitter of manners that existed outside the serious business of our tutorials. What rubbed off on me was his enthusiasm for the ancient Greek language and its historic cradle.

The four-year course on which I was embarking was in two parts; the first called Honour Moderations (“Hon. Mods.”), named after the medieval examiners, or “moderators”; and the second, Literae Humaniores or “Greats.” Both dealt with the ancient world of the Greeks and Romans. Hon. Mods. demanded close study of Latin and Greek literature and the ability to compose in verse and prose in both languages. Its origins lay in the medieval curriculum inherited from the monasteries, expanded during the Renaissance by the rediscovery of the classics, streamlined by nineteenth century educators who sought a regimen that would supply the British Empire with administrators, and it had served its purposes well. Bowra himself described its value most persuasively in his *Memoirs*:

It is an education in the study of classical antiquity in a full sense with an important extension into today. The whole course requires a good preparation before anyone can start it. He must have enough command of the ancient languages to be able to read them in bulk and to know what the texts mean. If he can do this, he will, when he finishes, have had a training which exercises the mind in three quite different directions, first, the ancient literature, which introduces him to a world unlike his own, second in ancient history, which is a stiff discipline in the use of evidence and the assessment of historical facts, and third in abstract thinking, both in interpreting the works of philosophers and in forming some kind of philosophy for himself.¹

Accuracy, memory, ability to concentrate, to write clearly and to exercise some judgement and imagination, were considered the fruits of an ability to translate and compose in Latin and Greek prose and verse. Jasper Griffin, a classical scholar of the post World War II era, was quoted in an article in the *New Yorker* regarding the value of the course.

Translating into Greek and Latin verse . . . is exceedingly difficult, because the ancient verse forms are really so different from those of English. Greek and Latin verse is full of rules. . . . When

you first try to do it, it appears that the rules have been so designed as to make it impossible. . . . But those of us who were able to do them got a good deal of insight into how the ancients actually wrote and thought. Doing them gave us extreme sensitivity to literary forms. It gave me a particular insight into English literature. . . .

I was a member of almost the last generation to do verse composition [ca. 1950] . . . Undergraduates nowadays don't really have that kind of linguistic background.²

I was never really expert in this difficult art. I remember struggling to turn heavy chunks of Macaulay's *Histories* into Latin prose, and pages of Tennyson into Latin verse. But most memorable is an examination in which I was asked to turn into a Greek epigram the following immortal verse:

The rain it raineth every day
Upon the just and unjust fella;
But mainly on the just, because
The unjust has the just's umbrella.

No wonder that one byproduct of a classical education of that type is an aptitude for crossword solving and for writing occasional verse in English for all kinds of occasions. In this I did become expert, and so can claim to have benefited from this strange discipline. Looking back, I realize that I fell between those traditionalists who accepted as normal the study of Latin and Greek literature in such depth, and the post-World War II generation, for whom this type of study was too time-consuming to be of value beyond academia. But I was also, thanks to Bowra's insights and encouragement, one of the first to have the good fortune to approach the ancient texts in a more modern way.

Bowra was just publishing his *Tradition and Design in the Iliad* and caught me up in his preoccupation with Homer and the Homeric world. Thanks to Bowra, Homer came into my life and I found myself taking Homeric Archaeology, a mixture of basic archaeology and literary criticism of the Epic.

The course was presided over by a doughty lady, Miss Helen Lorimer, a sturdy Victorian figure always wearing a black straw hat, who alternated between archaeological digs in Greece and

the Ashmolean Museum in Oxford, and Professor John L. Myres, a black-bearded piratical-looking gentleman with pince-nez and twinkling eyes. He was said to have been a highly successful secret agent for Britain in the Mediterranean during World War I. His knowledge of the travels of Odysseus and his fluent Greek and motley friendships certainly equipped him for the task. This course fascinated me, as I sought out the relations between archaeological discovery of how ancient peoples actually lived and what had been, to me, a merely literary text.

Bowra gave me insights that were totally new. Homer became a man, a poet, an era, a culture, a type of poetry, reflector of a society that was fresh and uncontaminated by my preconceptions. This was a long way from the sixth form at Merchant Taylors', where the nervous strain of trying to keep pace with an eccentric teacher intoning the original Greek and to be ready with a translation on command had quickly destroyed any love for Homer. Now the Epic sprang to life. Its majestic meter, and an understanding of the culture that produced it, caught me up into a world of ideas that were fresh and exciting.

Oxford is many things, and study is only one of them. There was the hearty, sporting set that went to the races and had a reputation for generous drinking. There was the ostentatiously eccentric *Brideshead Revisited* set whose members shone with a mirage-like brilliance and made the newspaper headlines. There were the genuine sportsmen, who strove for their "Blues" against Cambridge and inhabited Vincent's Club; and there were the debaters at the Union, who drew from all the above. There were also those who had won scholarships and had come simply to study with their future careers in view. I was one of this last set, largely unconscious of the existence of the other groupings.

On arrival, the freshman is faced with a multitude of invitations to join different clubs, athletic, religious, political, social, literary, artistic, ranging from archery to Zen Buddhism. Most represented uncharted waters for me, and besides, they probably would demand an expenditure of some sort. My college scholarship was £100 per annum, plus £50 per annum from the London educational authorities who would expect me to become a teacher at some future time. I had a further grant of £40. My parents were unable to help me; their salary, promised and not always deliv-

ered by the missionary society, was adequate at best, but often meager. So I had £190 a year (then around \$1000) to finance my tuition and living expenses and to carry me through the twenty-eight weeks of vacation, when we were expected to put in more study than we did in the twenty-four weeks of residence in Oxford. Life was much cheaper then, so I got by, but I had to count my pennies with great care.

Accordingly, I accepted none of the invitations beyond the athletic and sports clubs, except that of a religious society whose views corresponded with my evangelical Protestant background, the Oxford Inter-Collegiate Christian Union (OICCU). A conveyor belt of like-minded organizations had, almost unperceived by me, been propelling me in one steady direction. A Bible class (the Crusaders) took over when Sunday school palled. The summer camps I attended were a further outreach, and the open-air meetings on the seashore, run by the Children's Special Service Mission, were another. Now, at Oxford, I was solicited to join the OICCU, the next way station on the transmission belt. The Jesuits, with the same intention, could not have programmed my course more efficiently.

Most Oxford colleges reveal their monastic origins by having a college chapel; in post-Reformation times, naturally, an Anglican chapel. Attendance had once been compulsory, but had ceased to be so. The college chaplain, Canon Frank Brabant, was a gentle character and a High Churchman who also taught philosophy. As a Scholar, I had to attend chapel on occasion and read the appointed lessons. It was my first exposure to the beauty and cadences of the Anglican liturgy. In the peaceful setting of that early seventeenth-century building, with its dramatic original stained glass windows showing, among other wonders, Jonah being swallowed by a ferocious whale, I began to discard my suspicions of priestly intrigue. Brabant left as a missionary to Africa before I could profit from his instruction in philosophy, but he left a pleasant memory.

I continued to play rugby football with enthusiasm. Rugby is a remarkable game, combining creativity with discipline, full of opportunity for innovation and individuality, yet with a kind of flow that moves the game rapidly back and forth on the field of play. When I was first exposed to American football—it was the

Princeton-Yale game of 1936 at Princeton—I was totally confused and in true partisan spirit dismissed it as a clashing of beef and brawn. Only later, as I watched and studied the game, did I learn to appreciate the different values underlying American football—the control from the sideline, the strict following of set plays, the discipline of offense and defense and special teams. It has frequently struck me as a paradox that America, the land of free enterprise, should so wholeheartedly embrace the most structured and rule-disciplined of games, while Britain, the home of tradition, rule-observation, and protocol, should have created the more imaginative games.

I continued to compete in college athletics, and firmly refused invitations to row. My brother Gordon, whose St. John's College boat had succeeded in "Eights," (the summer races on the river Isis) and who later rowed for London University, gaining his "Purple" there, had said to me in an ominous tone before I went up to Oxford, "If you want to call your soul your own, don't row!" I took his advice and stayed with the "muddied oafs" on the rugby football field.

Here I was more at home and had my little moment of glory when I was invited to play for the Greyhounds, the University's second-string team. Peter Howard, who had the rooms above mine in my second year in college and was an Oxford "Blue" and later captain of the English International Rugby team, was responsible for this. I first met him on the rugby field, when Merchant Taylors' played Mill Hill School, and in later life was to meet him again in very different circumstances.

After one-and-a-third years an Oxford Classics student takes his first public examination, Hon. Mods. The step-by-step, course-by-course approach of the American university, with its examinations at the end of each semester and the accompanying tendency to dismiss much of the knowledge gained, calls for greater powers of instant revision and encourages short-term memory. It is like a series of sprints that add up to a mile. The Oxford system is more like a measured mile race against the clock. Weekly tutorials with Maurice Bowra kept me on my toes. Apart from this I had to pace myself—attendance at lectures was not obligatory—and have enough mental stamina and discipline to reach the finishing line which seemed so far ahead when I first set out.

Hon. Mods. was a useful benchmark for measuring progress after the first year and a half. Fourteen three-hour written papers covered everything one might be expected to know of the major classical texts and generally found the gaps in one's knowledge very effectively. A First Class, the equivalent of *summa cum laude*, was a very laudable achievement. I was not expected to achieve it, nor did I. My Greek irregular verbs, learnt by rote at school, let me down in the pinch. But in Homeric Archaeology I apparently shone, so I was placed in the Second Class (*magna cum laude*). On my return to Oxford the following year, I was presented with the examination paper I had written on this subject as a souvenir, the examiners having thought so well of it that they returned it to Maurice Bowra with an A?- grade on it, as near to perfection as one can get in this imperfect world. I do not still possess it. One of Hitler's bombs on London destroyed it with other reminders of those years—books, pictures and other treasures.

So a spark was kindled. I had found learning exciting.

I had also begun to penetrate beneath the surface meaning of the classical texts and to relate what I read to the times in which the authors lived. I had begun to link history and literature. Pure scholars of the older type criticized Bowra for stretching meaning beyond the safe limits of the surface text. But as he himself wrote:

To make contact with a world so remote in time we require more than texts; we require interpretation and other aids by which this lost world can be brought to life, and this is where the historian of literature comes in. . . . At a higher level [this kind of work] calls both for intellectual and for artistic talents. . . . By such methods the ancient world is made relevant to modern situations and enabled to reveal its claims to our own very different society.³

In this I could see what has today become the major justification for studying Latin and Greek language; not alone for polishing English style or developing clarity of thought, but for bringing the literature and, through it, the culture of one of the world's greatest eras to fresh life. The importance of history and archaeology to literature had become clear. Now I was ready for another discovery.

Bowra passed me on; he had done his best for an average and

unexciting pupil. Now it was up to my Greats tutors to see what they could make of me. Greats demanded a less detailed literary knowledge, but a much broader grasp of the different elements of the ancient classical cultures and the ability to relate them to form a whole picture. Before I left on a trip to Greece, to which a generous college had staked me on my showing in Hon. Mods., I was summoned by the professor who was to be my tutor in ancient history. He was Theodore Wade-Gery, an expert on Greek inscriptions of the sixth and fifth centuries B.C. He had a very large head and features that resembled the famous bust of Socrates, but with more hair, and a slightly wayward roll of one eye that combined with a puckish sense of humor to throw novices off balance. He discussed with me the program of reading I needed to cover, and then, thinking, no doubt, that I needed a little shaking up, and speaking of the geography of Greece as I would be seeing it, rose suddenly and asked,

“Do you know where the mines of Pangaeus are?”

“No,” I quavered, taken aback by his piercing non-synoptic vision.

“Well, you must know. Very important for Greek history.” Then, taking two chairs, “Here are the mountains, East and West. I am the River Strymon. I flow to the sea.” And he proceeded to crawl on all fours between the mountains.

“The gold and silver mines are there,” and he gestured in a vaguely eastward direction. “Never forget that. Very important for Greek history.”

In the event, although Thucydides was exiled for his poor generalship at Amphipolis, which controlled the access to the mines and the northern timber routes, and Philip of Macedon was able to finance his army from the mines, this strategic significance never seemed to me all that important. But two considerations remained with me for life. The first, that geography and history are inextricably intertwined; and the second, that teaching is not a matter of the transfer of information, but a style and a passion that leaps from person to person. For the next couple of years I was to see much of this delightful teacher and fine person; and he sent me off to Greece with a desire to use my eyes intelligently as I roamed around the Mediterranean.

II

Hellenic Traveler

This was my first serious experience of travel. My father had taken me on a brief visit to Germany a few years earlier, but now I was going, not as a tourist, not as a child, but on my own, with the purpose of combining travel with learning. This combination I rank very high among life's pleasures.

I have in front of me the journal, dated 1931, which I kept of this six-week trip. My companion, Donal Glegg, was an artist, who embellished it with black-and-white pen drawings, which catch the atmosphere and humor of our days. He was no classical scholar, but he bore with my enthusiasms and added his own unique accompaniment to my scholarly pretensions.

Rereading these pages, and comparing the record with my memories of the same period, I find my memory comes off second best. But it was a great experience, both in memory and fact. I see myself with all my callowness and prejudices. Ignorant of America and Americans, I was always ready with a criticism of the tourists from that country we encountered: "Americans are noisy." I imagine they found me sullenly silent. My Protestant prejudices exposed themselves in derogatory comments on priests, relics, saints. My later delight in Rome is nowhere evident. Apparently I was overwhelmed by the confusion of classical and medieval, which I did not then instinctively sort out as evidence of a long and varied cultural history. In Naples I was equally struck by the situation of the city and its smells: "Words would not exhaust the beauty of

the former, nor deprive the latter of their potency," I wrote loftily, in stylistic emulation, I fear, of Gibbon.

I was still living in my own little world. Our ship stopped at Catania, and we had the opportunity to drive to the crater of Mt. Etna and got ourselves involved in a colorful St. Joseph's Day procession on the way. I find that my chief concern was to try and get hold of an English newspaper to learn the result of the Oxford-Cambridge Boat Race, since Donal's and my sympathies were divided on its outcome. One useful discovery made between Catania and Athens was that I had good sea legs. A slight swell laid low all the other passengers, about a dozen in number, and I ate in lonely, superior splendor, undisturbed even by the strong smell of onions that were our ship's chief cargo. On many disturbing seas subsequently I have never failed to appear for meals, and have been the envy of queasy companions.

Athens, which shines in my memory as gleaming white against a sky of perfect blue, I find from the written word to have been wet, gray, and badly paved, as I complained, though I conceded that the pavement was of beautiful, if uneven, Pentelic marble. Again my Anglo-Saxon nose was offended by smells. A barber cheated me, but I was intrigued to decipher above his head an advertisement in Greek for Sloan's Liniment. A further discovery was that NTOUGKLAS PHAIRMBANKS (in small capital letters) was out-starred by someone called ELINOR GKLIN (in large capitals); she was the real idol of the Greek screen at that date. My interest in modern Greek became a little more scientific as the days went by, but never reached a more than useful level.

Once, traveling by train, I was invited by a literate Athenian fellow traveler to recite some Homer. I obliged with the opening lines of the Iliad, to his undisguised amusement: "That's not Greek!" he exclaimed, failing to appreciate my English public school pronunciation of his language. His fluent recital of more Homeric lines with the stress on the accented syllables and the modern version of the vowel sounds, preserved, he later argued, through the monastic tradition, sounded very strange to me. But I had to admit his claim to know better than I. Since then I have reformed my ways to the best of my ability. Many years later I sat at W. B. Stanford's feet at Princeton, where he was a visiting professor from Trinity College, Dublin, and heard this lifelong stu-

dent of the music of the Greek language read a chorus from Sophocles. I wish my train companion could have heard him.

Donal and I were wandering on our own, traveling by bus, train, mule or on our own feet. Greece was not yet a tourist haven, and we felt we had it to ourselves. One stretch of our journey took us on a climb by stages to the Temple of Apollo at Bassae, and on down to Olympia. We left in brilliant sun from the site of ancient Sparta, my journal reminds me. Hanging our rucksack on the mule, “we walked in great comfort” past the ruins of Mistra, up over Taygetus, through the Langhada Pass, sleeping in way-side inns, which we found various reasons for criticizing. We froze on the mountain summit (it was early April) and thawed out as we descended.

We have been through a thunder and hailstorm and survived, but the roads! Where no attempt has been made to build them they merely tear our shoes to ribbons; where they have been made up, they come as near to lacerating our feet as anything short of the *bastinado* can do.

I came to the conclusion that all the stones were intentionally laid point upwards. “We solemnly halted at one point and called down an awful imprecation on the track.”

Part of the journey we made in an enthusiastically driven but dilapidated automobile. The precipices were not particularly fearsome, except when our ebullient driver took both hands off the wheel to point out some dramatic view as we snaked along the mountainside over rickety bridges and in and out of enormous ruts in the road. At one high point we stopped to look at a shining range of mountains, snow-covered against an azure sky. Below us lay a purple and brown plain with people like specks in the fields. It was so still we could hear a baby crying in a village below, a dog barking, and so clear we could see a crystal horizon about forty miles away, where the Erymanthus mountains framed the view.

Next day we transferred to mule power to take us up to Bassae, a lovely little temple designed by Ictinus, the architect who also designed the Parthenon in Athens.

Part of this journal is being written as I lie on top of the temple wall looking down on the lizards running in and out of this ancient shrine to the local Apollo. From the summit we can see

three snow-capped ranges, two seas, and innumerable intermediate lines of mountains including the flat-topped plateau of Ithome.

It was market day in Andritzaena. Farmers came in from all around with their produce for sale. Pigs are driven in pairs, tied together, sheep carried over the saddle or in pannier boxes. The women seem to do all the work while the men lounge in the cafes in the marketplaces. As we travel, the women walking behind their men do not respond to our greetings; the men are most cheery. The warmth has brought out the butterflies—Fritillaries, Painted Ladies, Tortoiseshells, Blues of different kinds and what I think is a Swallowtail. Locusts, lizards, cicadas are everywhere.

Today we found to our distress that 250 tourists were to descend on the place. But we lay in the grass in the ruins of the Temple of Olympian Zeus, and watched them come sweating past in the hot sun, and made cool remarks which provoked looks of excessive envy. They were members of an Hellenic Travellers Club Tour.

Forty years later my wife Enid and I were in Olympia on such an Hellenic Travellers cruise, and though I recalled the green shade of the trees of the Temenos, I saw no sign of the young man that was me, lying in the shade making “cool remarks.” He had traveled a long way by then.

The sides of the Corinth Canal had collapsed since we had sailed between them a few weeks earlier, on our way from Naples to Athens, and so we had to forego the approach to Delphi through the olive groves from Itea. Instead, we went back to Athens by train and then by road to Delphi. This was perhaps the pinnacle experience of the whole journey. Our hotel, the Parnassus, was kept by Mr. Zakkalos (“Jackal”), reputed to be a retired brigand. Eagles above the peaks (I refused to believe there were vultures over Apollo’s shrine); spectacular sunsets; the awesome setting of the temple; the history represented by the Treasuries along the Sacred Way—these were what I had come for. Here, in the silence of Greece before the pressures of modern tourism, I caught a sense of the unity of Greek history, drama and geography. On the mountain high above the Delphic Temenos things fell into place. Wade-Gery was right, though it was Delphi, not the gold and silver-mines of Pangaeus, that proved him so.

From Delphi we hiked across the mountains to the railroad junction, a two-day journey of which I seem to remember more than is written in the journal. It describes in detail the climb across the mountains, the hard beds at the Monastery of Hosios Loukas, and the fried eggs swimming in oil which were our breakfast. It does not mention a meeting with a shepherd from whom, in halting modern Greek, I asked the way to the railroad.

“Straight on down the valley,” he replied in a strong Brooklyn accent. “Down to the main road and then turn right.”

“Where did you learn English?” I asked, much taken aback.

“I shined shoes in Grand Central Station in New York for twenty years, earned enough to send money home and now I have come home myself.”

I pointed to the tiny village below. “I imagine you’re the only one from there who has ever left this valley.”

His reply surprised me: “There’s probably not a family that does not have one member in the United States. That’s how they survived.”

The poverty of rural Greece at that period was such that a few dollars from overseas made the difference.

Back in Athens I needed to change money and approached one of the numerous street vendors who offered a better rate than the banks. I had completed the transaction and was stuffing a handful of drachmas into my wallet when a hand landed on my shoulder. Looking up, I saw a policeman. “Forbidden!” he said, and pointed at the money. He ordered me to give it back and I retrieved my sterling, picturing myself languishing in an Athenian jail. Then, beckoning to me to follow, the policeman went around the corner and into a small building, a restaurant, I believe, and through it into a garden behind. There sat a little man with an identical moneychanger’s table, who after a few words from the policeman gave me my drachmas at the same street rate. The policeman smiled, bade me farewell and, I imagine, pocketed his share of the transaction.

Soon we were leaving Athens by boat to Venice, the Greek experience behind us. Although I was still wrapped in the baby clothes of my upbringing, I like to think that I brought back fewer limitations in my mental baggage.

Nothing can take the place of a personal visit to the places

where history has been made. It may not immediately give a true window on the past, but it gives a different view. The student, especially the young one, suddenly has his perspectives enlarged, his prejudices challenged, and his sympathies engaged. For me, it was an integral part of my education in the truest sense—growth in the understanding of others.

But now it was back to Oxford and the serious business of Greats.

III

Oxford Again

*O'er Bodley's dome his future labours spread,
And Bacon's mansion trembles o'er his head.
Are these thy views? Proceed, illustrious youth,
And virtue guide thee to the throne of Truth.*

—ALEXANDER POPE, *Vanity of Human Wishes*

The Trinity, or summer, term at Oxford can be wonderful. The dank chill of winter, which seeps through the ancient walls of the colleges and penetrates the bones, yields slowly to the English spring, and then comes the early summer. For me, Hon. Mods. was past. There was no examination in sight for two and a half years. Harold Macmillan, the former British prime minister, described the summer term to a Washington audience of Oxford and Cambridge alumni as an experience of the “*douceur de vivre*.” “I could give myself up,” he told us, “entirely to the pursuit of happiness.”

My temperament was less relaxed. I had fresh tutors, a lot of reading, and took life very seriously. “Greats,” as the final two-and-a-half year section of my course was called, combined classical literature, Greek and Roman history, ancient and modern philosophy—and I stood somewhat in awe of it. Its content had its roots in the Renaissance, but it had been restructured in the early nineteenth century for a particular purpose. An English university reform commission of the 1810s faced the fact that there was an increasing demand for civil servants, both at home and abroad.

Social legislation at home and the growth of Empire created a demand for more administrators. The only places they could come from were the “public” schools and the universities, but these institutions had been in a slump for most of the past century. The Commission decided that a study of the classics would best train minds to meet this need, and accordingly at Oxford and Cambridge similar reforms were introduced.

First in a few schools . . . but soon everywhere, the classical education of the day came to center on what was called “composition,” translation into and from Latin and Greek. Such exercises were easy to grade. Well done, they provide an almost infallible proof of intelligence, industry, and a student’s willingness to work along lines prescribed for him.

That was all very well in the nineteenth century, but in 1931 when I began to take up this course of studies, the march of Empire had been largely sidetracked:

The old ruling class, selected on a basis of general ability, were being replaced by a meritocracy of experts and the candidates for this meritocracy naturally favored subjects that opened gates to some form of expert knowledge: the sciences, mathematics, economics, social and business studies.⁴

But a First Class (*summa cum laude*) in Greats was still a valuable ticket to public service, the Foreign Office, Civil Service, politics. None of these was even vaguely in my sights, nor did I think myself capable of winning a First Class, but I had reckoned without my tutors. Wade-Gery had already sized me up, and now I was to meet a very different personality as my philosophy tutor. Wadham College, at that moment, had no resident philosophy don. So I was farmed out to a brilliant young man, just graduated from New College, who had immediately been appointed a Fellow of that college and was making waves by the force of his personality and opinions. Richard Crossman continued to make such waves all his life, to the delight or discomfiture of friends or foes.

He was a couple of years older than I and considered teaching a means of transmitting both his knowledge and his opinions. Dick was built like a rugby forward and when lecturing would

stride up and down the dais, inciting students to contradict his often exaggerated positions. He was already an ardent socialist, disturbing his high court judge father, Lord Crossman, and his more conservative Winchester College and Oxford contemporaries by his heady convictions.

Though much of an age, we were very different personalities. We got along well, however. Dick had adopted the view that Plato was no friend of democracy, and that he foreshadowed in *The Republic* the totalitarianism which at this date was moving inexorably in Europe. It was a contorted view of Plato and his era, but it was a timely, if meretricious, interpretation. For a year, Dick bounced off my skull a series of revolutionary propositions dealing with political theory, economics, history, religion, in a rapid-fire Socratic style of interrogation, which, interspersed with my weekly essays, added up to a lively education. Socrates, the moral force to whom Leeson had introduced me, became now also Plato the political philosopher and ideologue. During this year I woke up to the world around me.

Britain was deep in depression. The unemployed were an army on the move in Britain as they were in other European countries, especially Germany. Imperial Conservatism retreated slowly, cutting social expenditures to balance budgets, protecting the gold standard, while a new Europe was coming into being that boosted armaments, overturned agreements, and dismantled boundaries, bit by bit, slice by slice. Protection of the status quo produced appeasement. To oppose it, and to alert the world to the growth of totalitarianism, “popular fronts” emerged and skirmishes were fought between Right and Left, first in parliaments, then in the streets, culminating in the confrontation that in 1936 polarized Europe—the Spanish Civil War.

Oxford became highly political at this period. Much of the activity was cerebral, evidenced by the passing of a motion at the Union Debating Society affirming that the majority of those present would not fight for King and Country; by the growth of the Communist October Club, until it claimed one in four undergraduates as a member; by the ubiquitous yellow-covered publications of the Left Wing Book Club; and by demonstrations in favor of the hunger marchers. These were the most helpful activities, as they involved Town and Gown in housing and feeding these tragic lines

of men marching from all parts of Britain to present their case in person at Westminster.

I was the least political of creatures. The highly personal religion I had absorbed through my family had served as an inoculation against causes and programs. The logic was simple. If the evil in the world stemmed from the hearts of men, then the only road to real change was through the changing of individual hearts. Politics, social programs, the social gospel, redistribution of wealth, even education itself, were no better than palliatives, Band-Aids, which failed to do more than touch the surface of things.

At home we had never, to my knowledge, discussed politics. We studied the Bible more than the newspapers. I am sure my father voted and, I imagine, for the Conservatives. I was not yet old enough to vote. But I was being forced to face new answers to the problems of man and society. Was it enough to put more effort into changing the hearts and motives of people? Or did we need political change that would radically alter the imbalance of society? Did we need more St. Francis, or had Karl Marx something to tell us? Did we need more yogis or more commissars?

Up to this time I had taken refuge in the beliefs by which I had been surrounded, and they continued to have strong influence over me, even after I had begun to question some of the ways in which they appeared to neglect the problems of society. What had I to say to those unemployed millions marching across England? Conversion and martyrdom, rather than political or social action, had been presented to me as the models upon which hope for a change in human society was to be based. Questions of economic and political structures, of majority and minority rule, of rights and duties, even of peace and war, were so far secondary in importance as not to have demanded my attention.

My father was a wise though somewhat bewildered man when I came home for vacations and argued with him about the historical accuracy of the Bible or the dogmas of our Protestant faith. He listened and encouraged me to keep good company at the university. He himself had been drawn from his business career forty years earlier by meeting the "Cambridge Seven," young men from the university who gave up their place in society to go together to China as missionaries. Like them, he had exchanged one world of achievement for another entirely different one. His example was

not one that I could easily dismiss. It was rock solid and total. I began to live in two worlds, one religious and traditional, the other academic, rational, and excitingly new.

The evangelical Christian student movement OICCU that I had joined on arriving at the University was constantly and ideologically at odds with the established forms of a more comfortable religion that had learnt to coexist with the university's academic tradition. In due course I became OICCU president. With all the new questions rising in my mind, I found I was fighting on two fronts, protecting the traditional ways while wanting to venture out into what was contemporary.

One practice, handed down from those rugged nineteenth-century pioneers, remained to embarrass me when I dutifully joined the ranks. Each Sunday evening, succeeding generations of zealots had occupied the area around the Martyrs' Memorial in St. Giles Street in the heart of the university, flanked by Balliol College and the Randolph Hotel. Gathering a crowd, they had preached to them in the open air.

Fifty years earlier it had been a quiet St. Giles Street, where people lingered and where voices could be heard without effort. But when in the 1930s, unquestioningly faithful to a tradition that benefited the lungs more than the soul, we braved the traffic swirling around us and the obvious disapproval of the crowds on their way to the Balliol Sunday Evening Concerts, our chief emotion was embarrassment.

Sometimes a saving sense of undergraduate humor broke through. One Sunday evening a good friend, Joe Fison of Queens' College, who in later years became the Anglican Bishop of Salisbury, was the appointed speaker. He had the advantage of a powerful voice that could blot out any type of street noise. Fison spoke of Jesus's words to Peter:

“Do you love me?” said Jesus,” rang out in a powerful roar down the busy street.

Again, “Jesus said, ‘Do you love me, Peter?’”

And yet again, “Peter, do you love me?”

In a sudden lull in the traffic, a voice replied from a hundred yards down the road with an equally powerful “No-o-o-o.” I don't remember if some of us had the grace to join in the laughter.

So, in a mixture of the old and the new, my years passed at

Oxford. After two years of living in college, I moved out into lodgings in the town. First with some of my OICCU friends on Walton Street; for my last year, alone over a fish-shop in North Oxford, where I was well looked after, with a good fish diet! My tutors, Wade-Gery and Crossman, continued to work on me, and I enjoyed every minute in this academic hothouse that Oxford had become for me.

Attendance at lectures was not demanded at Oxford. Students soon knew which professors were stimulating and which were boring. One of the latter was H. W. B. Joseph, who had written a book on Logic, a standard text on the subject. His lectures consisted of reading a chapter from his book with a few comments thrown in. His audience began small. After two weeks the number had dropped to two, one other student and myself. Surveying us with a pained look, the lecturer remarked, "I see you are serious students of Logic and I respect you. However, it will save you time and me effort if you will obtain a copy of my book and study it yourselves. So I bid you goodbye and wish you success." With that he bowed to us and left the room.

Another area of philosophical study was Ethics. Here we studied the nature of the good action and its motive. The textbook, apart from the writings of Plato and Aristotle, was *The Right and the Good* by W. D. Ross, the upright and serious president of Oriel College. Also in that college was Professor Marcus Tod, whose field was ancient Greek inscriptions. He was a friendly Methodist who invited students to his home for Sunday teas. It was inevitable that the book became known as "The Ross and the Tod." I studied it without much profit. But the themes with which it dealt were the warp and woof of my thought. How does one know the right course in life? I did not find the answer in the lecture room.

In my freshman year I received an invitation to lunch with a scholar whose name had been very familiar to me, Sir Gilbert Murray. Born in Australia, he had been sent to my old school, Merchant Taylors', and then to Oxford, where he became an outstanding teacher of the classics. His translations of the Greek tragedians were greatly admired a generation earlier, but their poetical extravagancies brought criticism from more literal-minded scholars. I knew his reputation as a gentle, friendly, highly re-

garded literary figure living in retirement on Boar's Hill outside Oxford.

A well-informed friend instructed me to be sure to address Sir Gilbert's wife as "Lady Mary," not "Lady Murray," as she was the daughter of a peer and was jealous of her prerogatives. She was also a vegetarian and a fierce partisan of many worthy causes. She tended to dominate the conversation at table, but afterwards the guests, about half a dozen students of the Classics, were regaled with a reading of Greek verses and their translation by the master. It was almost like listening to Sophocles himself! A very generous gesture to neophyte scholars.

For Roman History, one more tutor was added—Russell Meiggs of Balliol College. Sir Anthony Kenny, later Master of Balliol and Warden of Rhodes house, in his memoir *A Life in Oxford* has described him affectionately:

Russell was immediately recognizable throughout Oxford and indeed Europe, by the then unfashionable length of his bristling hair. He was a remarkably effective tutor, who made friends of his pupils for life. Whenever in the world I later met Balliol alumni, the first question they asked about the college was, 'How is Russell Meiggs?' He was a shrewd judge of character, who took pains to inform himself about the lives of his colleagues and pupils. Russell never indulged in malicious gossip.⁵

In my case, he recognized my greater interest in the Greek world and simply brought me up to speed so that I had enough Roman history to do adequately in the examination. He knew that I was a serious student, not shirking his subject, and we worked well together.

In my last year of the four required for a degree, I bought for £25 a car, a well-worn Morris-Oxford with a canvas top and eccentric habits. In this I once traveled the three hundred miles from Oxford to Cornwall for a ten-day reading period. A dozen Greats students plus Russell Meiggs took a house on the rocky northern coast in Zennor. Russell traveled with me in my very dubious car. It rained all the way; the canvas top leaked; we both got very wet but discomfort forged a bond of friendship that endured. I was ready for my Final Public Examination in May 1933.

The dozen or so three-hour written papers were conducted

over a period of a week in a solemn atmosphere that often made candidates confuse them and their outcome with the effects of the Last Judgment. We wore our regulation subfusc (dark) suits, white dress ties, and academic gowns as we scribbled furiously at carefully separated desks. One unique character, Paul Petrocokino, whom I later came to know well as an excellent musician and dedicated bird-watcher, cast himself in the role of class eccentric by sporting an impressive panther-skin waistcoat below the subfusc, and arriving twenty-nine minutes late, just before the official disbarment time. On one occasion he left the examination hall not many minutes later, after a perfunctory look at the questions. But once, at least, he stayed long enough to write an excellent paper on something that had interested him, and passed with the humblest honor, as having “satisfied the examiners in the Second Public Examination in the Fourth Class.” More than one student over the years who found himself in this very select category went on to become a noteworthy figure in British life.

Several weeks after the written examination there was an oral Viva examination, designed for candidates whose efforts fell between the four classes of excellence. It gave them a chance to better their fate and to climb up into a higher class. This involved for them a return to Oxford from vacation. I was not summoned and took this as evidence that I was a certain Second Class.

Examination results were not transmitted directly to the student but were posted in the Examination Schools in the casual manner of the ancient university, and published in newspapers. However, one’s “scout” was willing to perform a merciful and lucrative service; for a fee, he would find out the result, when posted, and send a telegram to one’s vacation address.

I can still remember the joy of utter disbelief when I received an orange-brown envelope from the telegraph boy in a small Devonshire fishing village, one day in July 1933, and read “Congratulations. First Class. Smith.” Ed Smith, my scout, had earned his fee. He had done the same service for a more famous Smith of a previous generation, who, like me, had lived on Smith’s stair—F. E. Smith, later the Lord Chancellor, Lord Birkenhead, with whom Ed Smith was occasionally and happily confused.

So, beyond expectation, and as in so many things in later life, beyond my sense of my own merit, I had an envied First Class in

Greats. But what was I going to do with it? It could open many doors; but I had no clear objective. I had considered teaching, from inertia of choice rather than from deliberate purpose, and had on occasion thought of doing it in China, whither my brother Gordon had already headed as a teacher at the China Inland Mission's school in Chefoo, North China. My oldest brother, Derrick, from whom I had earlier conceived the idea of becoming a doctor, was in medical practice in Sussex, but there was no way that I could change direction now.

My tutors were helpful. Apparently I had been one of the best examinees of the year. "Why not try for All Souls?" This was heady stuff. All Souls College is a graduate research foundation of enormous prestige, with experienced teachers engaged in serious research, and distinguished public figures elected in recognition of their special services and expertise. It was a select body, to which were added one or two younger scholars a year, chosen by examination from a large field.

It happened that I knew the then Warden of All Souls, W. G. S. Adams, a soft-spoken Scot. He had sponsored the organization of a "China Society" to unite Chinese students, graduates and friends of China at a time when the Japanese incursions into China and an energetic "Japan Society" in the university had made life more difficult for the Chinese. Hearing of my interest in things Chinese, Dr. Adams had invited me to become the active president of the proposed society, while he, who had been a professor in Beijing, would give his prestige and support as chairman. Soon we had a flourishing society with meetings, dinners, and other social occasions to which came prominent Chinese from London and further afield.

When Dr. Adams discovered I was a candidate for All Souls he had me sit at his right hand when the candidates dined with the existing Fellows to be looked at and looked over. These can be forbidding occasions, as I was later to discover, but the warden's sponsorship helped me through. It even forestalled comment on my refusal of the proffered tankard of beer, which I later discovered was the traditional college-brewed ale, to which one did not say "No" if one wished to be elected to the foundation.

Once again I sat with a select group writing a series of three-hour papers—wide-ranging essay papers with which I felt at home.

But there was a highly unnerving viva voce examination in addition. One by one, we were summoned from the hall by a ghostly presence, which called a name and beckoned. My name was called and I went to the door, to be pointed down a long stone-flagged corridor. "At the end you will find a gentleman who will direct you," was the whispered word. A long corridor leading into the unknown was unmannish enough; to turn the corner and find another corridor with a distant figure beckoning was destructive. By the time I arrived at the door, around which I could not see, I was so small in my own esteem that I felt hardly visible to whatever terror lurked.

I rounded the entrance and saw a very large table, at which all seats but one were filled by a phalanx of Fellows of the college. The empty seat in the middle of one long side was opposite the warden, who appeared to be the only human figure in this chamber of horrors. I was invited to fill it. A sheet of paper lay in front of me with passages from six different languages—Latin, Greek, French, German, Italian, Spanish, as I remember—which danced before my eyes in an evilly swimming mist.

"Please select a language, Mr. Martin, and translate it for us."

I plunged for an ancient language, but have no recollection whether it was Greek or Latin. All I knew was that somewhere in it a trap must lie, some syntactical peculiarity or some easily confused look-alike words, over which I would stumble, and then fall and disappear through an unsuspected trap-door into some dungeon below, hearing the jeers and hisses of the Fellows as I sank forever out of sight. So I slogged along, somehow reaching the end and, anticlimactically, being politely thanked and bidden farewell by a still smiling warden.

On All Souls' Day, when the election was announced, I heard that I had done well, but not quite well enough. Only one appointment was made, my fellow Greats scholar John Austin, who became one of Oxford's distinguished philosophers in the years before his early death in 1960. I was passed on, however, by unseen academic hands to the authorities who were electing candidates for the Harmsworth Senior Scholarships at Merton College. I have no recollection of ever applying, but I have the strongest memories of the formal dinner given for the nine finalists. This was the examination. No writing of papers; judgment was made

simply on table manners and the results of our earlier final examinations.

Merton is a wealthy college and boasts an excellent cuisine and cellar. The table gleamed with college silver and plate. Several wineglasses at each place suggested a degree of sophisticated drinking to which I was not accustomed. We candidates did our best to be witty and fascinating and, by using the right forks, to establish our claim to be worthy ornaments of the Senior Common Room.

After dinner we adjourned to another rich and paneled common room. While some played bridge, others were engaged by the Fellows in a not too subtle interrogation. I found myself beside one of the senior Fellows, a historian of note, and, though I knew it not, a crusading agnostic.

“What happened to your chaplain at Wadham?” he inquired innocently.

“He didn’t come back this year.” I replied.

“Did he lose his faith, or something?”

“Perhaps,” I replied, knowing nothing of the circumstances.

“Good God,” said my interrogator. “You don’t need any faith to be a college chaplain. Look at ours!” And he indicated a meek gentleman engaged in bidding two clubs at a near-by table.

Then, looking ominously at me, he added, “Are you a God-fearing Christian?”

Knowing that any answer tended to self-incrimination, and having no Fifth Amendment to plead, I pondered this briefly, and then said, “Yes.”

“Not a bloody Buchmanite, I hope.” A faint look of disgust passed across his face. Frank Buchman’s Oxford Group was very active in the university and the object of considerable controversy.

“No, no,” I answered righteously and the conversation ended.

I thought no more of it until after I had been duly elected. Walking one day to the Bodleian Library, I was hailed from across the street by Dick Crossman, who proceeded to congratulate me: “I hear you had a narrow squeak. Did you say something to them about being a Christian?”

I recounted the incident at dinner.

Dick laughed. “You probably didn’t know that Merton is still fighting the war of Rationalism versus Idealism.” The Oxford idealist philosophers, he said, were rooted in Merton when their

mentor, A. C. Bradley, was there fifty years earlier. "The pros and cons are still fighting it out today. You managed to project yourself into that. The vote was eleven to eleven, and the warden gave his casting vote in your favor. He seemed to remember you."

The warden, Tom Bowman, was the last of the older generation of college heads who were elected for life. For the last few years he had seldom come into college from his dark, forbidding home across Merton Street, where he lived as a lonely anchorite academic. I had been summoned there for a formal interview with him after the dinner with the Fellows. A kindly senior member of the college had said to me, "Remember, Tom Bowman is very deaf. Speak up to him." I had climbed the steps, been admitted into his dusty library, and, on his appearance, was pointed to a seat at his large table, where he joined me with a sheet of paper in his hand. There were several names on it.

"What is your name?" he growled.

I told him, very, very firmly.

He looked at his list "Ah, yes. Martin—Wadham College. My old college."

He muttered briefly. We made some loud, small chat, and he bade me farewell.

At the college meeting, when the vote was eleven to eleven, the warden was consulted for a casting vote. "Martin, Wadham College. Have him!"

As Dick said, "He seemed to remember you."

IV

Moving Out

I took up residence at Merton College on a wet day in November 1933 after all the choice sets of rooms had already been assigned, and found myself the inheritor of a dark and damp residence on the ground floor of Mob Quad. Since this was the oldest quadrangle in any Oxford college, dating back to the fourteenth century, I had to content myself with history and atmosphere instead of comfort.

My scout greeted me lugubriously, “Werry damp in this bedroom, sir, werry damp indeed. The last gentleman I had died in that bed.” In my chilled imagination I could almost see the miasma rising through the ancient floorboards and crawling through leaky walls to get me. I stayed only until Christmas, and then moved into more modern and comfortable rooms in Fellows’ Quad. Not long after, the condition of Mob Quad rooms demanded some repair and underneath my floor were discovered relics of earlier scholars, an Elizabethan hornbook, and a Tudor shilling. If they had found human remains, I would not have been surprised. Mob Quad on a wet November evening would make a fine setting for a Gothic movie. But now when I return for a summer “Gaudy” (as reunions are known) and am put in my old room for some sentimental reason, I find it charming and evocative of centuries of history and memories of great men. But now I only have to stay one summer night.

I settled into my work at Merton. I was free to concentrate on my own research, without any teaching duties. I had become in-

trigued by the development of the concept of Law in Greek society: how it begins with a divine sanction, becomes the wisdom of the “elders,” then the will of a select majority, and finally the will of the majority of all citizens, degenerating into the will of the mob. It was a contemporary concern, linking Plato’s rejection of ochlocracy, or mob rule, and the 98 percent “yes” vote obtained by dictators when they come to power, as Hitler did in that year of 1933.

My research topic was entitled “Law and the Community” and my main emphasis was on the sixth and fifth centuries B.C. in Greece, mainly Athens, as most of the existing literature derives from there in that period. Homer and Plato were my starting and finishing points. All Greek literature between them was my field. My task involved analyzing the changing meanings of certain words and concepts over the centuries—common ideas of Justice, Fate, Goodness, Virtue, Custom, Law, and so on, whose bald and unexciting English translations concealed a variety of nuances in the original Greek. Studied in their historical context, they yielded a closer understanding of their evolution and what they meant to the fifth century Greek.

This unspectacular but to me absorbing enterprise revealed the growing concern in my mind about the moral content of action, public and private. I was trying to link two worlds, the moral world of my upbringing and the practical, political world of which I was becoming increasingly aware.

The study of social history, how communities change, develop and redevelop their ideas of how to live, can be exhilarating for a young man who is asking fundamental questions for his own life. History teaches that societies inherit, modify and pass on the values that have proved most effective in their own experience. Social values derive from tradition plus this social experience. It is an easy and perilous step from this to say that therefore all values are related only to the society that has developed them. Herodotus started me on that path—some societies show respect to their dead by burying them, some by eating them. This could too easily be linked up with contemporary moral philosophy. Freddie Ayer’s “Positivism” was the latest philosophical fad, which could be taken to imply that all values are therefore relative; if there are moral imperatives, we cannot know them. Historical relativism is a nec-

essary tool for the historian; moral relativism is a slippery slope for daily living.

I was given a very loose rein to read, research and write. I began to move confidently into the realm of the intellect, to read and speculate on what I read. I saw fresh relations between literature and life, between thought and action. I began to set my sights beyond the small horizon of personal affairs in which I had been living. Adolf Hitler had come to power in that year, but except by the ideological Left, was not yet a perceived menace. The Reichstag building had burnt, the political armies of the brown shirts and black shirts were swelling, and Finance Minister Hjalmar Schacht was performing conjuring tricks with currency that made it very profitable to visit Germany.

I had been constantly told that I should learn German, so as to read what German scholars were writing. But I had no overwhelming desire to leave Oxford. One day I came across a review in a scholarly journal of a book whose author seemed to be traveling the same road as I. It was Werner Jaeger's *Paideia*; it appeared in late 1933 but was a closed book to me until I could unlock the language. This was enough. I assigned the spring and summer to learning German in Germany and working with a Platonist philosopher, Ernst Hoffman, at the University of Heidelberg.

Easter, 1934—just as I was preparing to leave for Heidelberg, Dick Crossman invited me to be one of a delegation of three with himself and Anthony Pilkington (a New College graduate then teaching at Merchant Taylors') to a Nazi-sponsored conference at Rendsburg, near the Kiel Canal. The subject under discussion was *Arbeitsdienst*—the new government's "voluntary" youth work program—combining physical labor, ideological indoctrination, and community living. Since unemployment was the toughest problem facing the democracies, it would be of great interest to see if such an approach had anything to offer. British and other European universities were invited to send delegations, and to be the guests of the *Arbeitsdienst* center in Rendsburg.

We arrived a little late, to find that the leadership of the British universities had been swiftly assumed by a small, well-equipped Communist delegation from London University. They had already distributed a mimeographed attack on the Nazis, demanding the

release of Georgi Dimitrov and Ernst Thälmann, who had been arrested in the aftermath of the Reichstag fire. At the moment this was the Communist Party's major world propaganda theme, and this document put it into the center of what had been planned as a "nonpolitical" conference on the social problem of unemployment. Our hosts were indignant, the Communists in other European delegations delighted, the socialists divided, the rest just bored. It was a classic example of the ideological tactic of seizing the initiative by raising the most sensitive political issue in the most aggressive way. The conference was split from top to bottom before it began.

Dick spoke German colloquially and well. It fell to him, as leader of the British delegation, to speak and to comment without direct repudiation on the document that the Communist delegates had already distributed. He did so with great adroitness, toning down his talk where there was nothing to gain by irritating both hosts and audience, and building on it a sane social-democratic defense of personal liberties; this also gave the Germans space in which to express their own ideas about unemployment. Dick emerged as the outstanding personality of the conference, and he and I were taken up by the conference leaders and made much of. We were escorted around and shown everything we asked to see. In return, we endured long speeches on the virtues of *Arbeitsdienst* with as good a grace as possible.

In the evenings organized fun was arranged. This *Kameradschaftsabend* was a device to mix all types of people by singing songs together and generally behaving in a cheerful fashion. It was self-conscious and over-organized. The intent might have been praiseworthy, but it was an anodyne rather than any kind of remedy for the problems facing us.

On the last day Dick delivered an excellent speech on the English position regarding the sentiments to which we had been listening. That night a crowd of delegates and some Germans from the *Arbeitsdienst* came to the building where we were housed, and Dick soon had them singing all kinds of songs. I performed on a penny whistle, which I had considered the easiest instrument to master and to carry, and we had a merry evening, which was contrasted favorably by some Germans with the organized fun provided by our hosts.

Finally we were taken around the countryside to see more local *Arbeitsdienst* centers, and were impressed with the enthusiasm and willingness to work that we saw around us. Dick was much interested in the atmosphere; some of the organizers we met were on the staff at Plön, a school which copied closely the methods of the English public school, and most had been educated in England. This influenced Dick. His biographer, Anthony Howard, criticizes him for a “lack of moral outrage” in his views about Germany at this period; I do not agree.⁶ We were guests and we had made our official position clear; there was something to learn from what we saw. It is not easy to recall how ambiguous were the changes taking place in Germany and how little the huge majority of the British people were concerned at that time with affairs on the Continent, beyond the normal xenophobia that was part of British character.

Our visit ended with a tour of Lübeck and Hamburg and then we parted, I for Heidelberg and Dick for England. Dick insisted on escorting me to the train station, making a high-flown speech with innumerable hand-shakings in the best German fashion, as we conceived it, and presenting me with a potted plant that he had scrounged from the station restaurant.

Heidelberg and the Neckar Valley were lovely in that spring of 1934. Fruit blossom, warm air, swimming, hiking, compensated fully for anything I felt I might be missing in Oxford. I attended seminars, sat at the feet of Ernst Hoffman, of whom I comprehended little, and learnt German from a professor’s widow who introduced me to the language by making me learn poetry. I am glad she did this as it trained my ear for the rhythm of the language, and much of what she taught I still recall.

I also saw a good bit of the traditional student life in the University. In my journal I wrote:

I was taken to see a ‘Mensur’ or duel in one of the Student Clubs. The combatants wear pads over most of their bodies and arms, but the head is bare and only a pair of goggles protects eyes and nose. The fencing is not lunging at the body, but saber fighting, hitting down on each other’s heads with the intention of drawing blood. A fight goes to 40 attacks, unless either gives in or the fight is stopped. The darkened room is eerie; and there is much partisan feeling.

I didn't like it much as there is always the possibility of a serious, if not fatal, wound. The fight I saw went to 21 attacks, and then one of the duelists received a bad cut on his forehead, and gave up—not a pleasant sight.

To the young at this time the Nazi ideologists were stressing a positive, patriotic message, urging the recovery of a lost unity by the whole people. May Day, the great Socialist day of demonstrations in Europe, was transformed into a day of national unity. I was impressed, as one was meant to be, by the day-long parade of workers, housewives, students, professors, and babes in arms, and, in special prominence, the unemployed, who, as I was frequently told, were no longer forgotten men.

No non-German could fail to get that message, filled as Europe was by the masses without employment. I tried to distance myself from it and stop comparing the condition of the hunger-marchers in England, which inclined me to see more good in the alleged German cure for unemployment than really existed. My Heidelberg friends encouraged me by saying that every country would soon be having a similar surge of unity, and England with its long tradition of unity would be in the forefront. I became involved in the passionate debates that raged in the university. I saw striking plays and choral performances with a sociopolitical message, which impressed me, but left me increasingly uneasy.

I read the English newspapers, which were slowly waking up to the fact that anti-Semitism was not just extremist hot air but a possible plan of action. From my diary:

The campaign which *Der Stürmer* [Nazi newspaper] has been conducting is revolting and its stories incredible. Foreign press indignation has led to it being banned for the moment, but Party members sell it all over the country, especially in the small towns and villages where there is less question raised about its accuracy. If you ask people, they say that the Jews they know are pleasant, decent people, and they have no particular animus against them. It is the Party policy that makes the lies and propaganda effective. Most individuals I talk with hope that Hitler's economic policy will succeed, and Jews will be allowed to stay on unmolested and serve the State.

Disturbed and perplexed as I was by all that was going on

around me, I was not looking for political answers. I was still searching for the answer in the soul:

The Lutheran Church has lost ground tremendously by compromising [on the issue of anti-Semitism], and young people have little use for a Church which they feel had nothing to say during the period of inflation and unemployment. Catholics have been more consistent and kept the principle of the unity of Christians with Jews constantly before the people. Our cook here is a zealous Catholic and took me with her to Whitsunday Mass. The Church was full—1000 people, I guess, and this was only one of the six Masses of the day. The sermon was a clear exposition of Scripture, but I could not help thinking that what Germany and the world is needing is a rediscovery of what a Christian life is meant to be in today's world. People expect that it will be at least on a higher level than a non-Christian life, ready to face and answer the modern problems of human and business and political relationships.

As I reread this, written in 1934, and look back over the wasted landscape of the Europe I knew, the decline of Britain and the divided world that came out of World War II, I realize how I underestimated the evil that exists in state promulgation of the Big Lie. I also overestimated the power of decency in dealing with the primitive stuff of passion, greed, and lust for power. The demons were hard at work, but I, like millions of others, did not see them.

On the other hand, when more than sixty years later I read the historians who claim that the whole German nation were the executioners of the Jews and the instigators of the Holocaust, I find it hard to agree. Anyone who lived through the early days of the Hitler movement as it came to power and as it then presented itself to the German people knows that there was a strong positive element in its appeal to the masses, particularly the youth, the unemployed, the nonpolitical but patriotic Germans. The movement called upon them and inspired them to act for the nation, something the Weimar Republic had been unable to do. The later policy of persecution, the *Kristallnacht* of 1938, and the "Ultimate Solution" were not then presented to the public who voted so overwhelmingly for the promised unity, jobs, freedom from the Communist threat, and public tranquility. This oppression was the work of a minority, an ideological, fanatical Nazi elite who turned the Party into the murder machine that it became.

Why were the democracies so slow to understand what was going on in Europe? I believe we felt we were all in the same boat—Britain, Europe and America—all thrashing around with our social and economic problems, all aware of the need for change. The options most compellingly presented were Marxist communism or Nazism-Fascism. To most, the Russian experiment was the more abhorrent. We wondered, might there not be something to be learnt from the Fascist alternative? It was not a desire to help Hitler that created the atmosphere of “wait and see,” which in turn bred appeasement as a policy. We had our troubles and would look favorably on anything that did not favor communism or the Marxist parties of the West. That certainly was my instinct.

Many of my contemporaries took the other road and became Communists, because they saw in communism the only alternative to capitalist chaos and Fascist ruthlessness. They went off to fight in Spain or were enlisted as undercover agents to spy for masters in Moscow. The political path of reshaping democracy seemed too difficult; social democracy, which had to fight on two fronts against both conservatism and the totalitarianism of Right and Left, seemed a forlorn hope.

The United States was fortunate that in the economic crisis of the great depression it had a president who was not afraid to adopt immediate practical measures. Roosevelt found an alternative to communism and to unrestricted capitalism which met the need. Though some of his measures were found to be unconstitutional, they did the job and the nation knew that there was a strong, but democratic, hand at the helm. Of all this I was totally ignorant; the United States might have been on another planet.

These months in Germany had provided me with a good knowledge of the language and had shown me the disturbing face of a Europe unable to move forward to deal with its problems. It had made my first postgraduate year one of variety and growth. Back in Oxford it would be a matter of “produce or perish.” The Harmsworth Foundation at Merton had been generous financially, but those responsible for its benefactions had decided that the young gentlemen needed more than money in the bank and a pat on the back. An ingenious American had been elected a year or so earlier with a proposed program of research, proposed, no doubt, in good faith, but he had found travel with a young lady more

attractive; and with his stipend paid in advance, had left Oxford and was heard from no more. This was considered carrying academic freedom too far, and a stricter regime was instituted.

So, on my election, I found myself committed to completing a Doctor of Philosophy program, and to producing a dissertation of suitable length and significance. The degree was newly established, to accommodate overseas scholars already holding senior degrees and to supply them with a further rung on the ladder of scholarship. Oxford dons who had not needed more than a plain M.A. after their names to get to wherever they had got looked down on it; and so sublimely secure was one in those days, that the Oxford B.A. was considered eminent enough. An M.A. was acquired simply by paying a few pounds and remaining on the books of the university for a specified number of terms.

So I was directed down the D. Phil. trail. Should one not be considered worthy, there was a consolation prize in the shape of a B.Litt. It was rumored that the only real difference between the two was in the weight of the dissertation—the D.Phil should weigh at least five pounds. Though I pretended to share the current contempt for the degree, it has stood me in very good stead in those circles, particularly in America, in which a doctorate is considered a necessity for almost any academic employment.

But there were still some weeks of the summer to enjoy. Dick Crossman had sent me a postcard of invitation to join him and an aunt in northern Bavaria. Dick had married briefly a German woman academic who needed a passport to get out of Germany; after six months she had gone on to other conquests and left behind in Oxford her German maid, Theresa, Rezi to all who knew her. Rezi had invited Dick, his aunt, and by extension, me, to visit her home village.

For the many who travel to Munich and southern Bavaria, there are few who visit the northern part of the state. I remember the sense of going back in time as I traveled by less and less modern railroads from small station to smaller. Finally a *Bummelzug*, puffing languorously across the plains of Franconia, delivered me in an area ringed by medieval towns and fields still farmed as they had been for centuries. The final four miles from the railway station were covered on foot—my letter stating I was coming having taken longer than I to cover the distance. A burly young farmer

accompanied me on the last part of the journey and showed me Rezi's house. As it was harvest time, everyone was out in the fields, and it was not long before I joined Dick and our hostess pitching hay and doing other unaccustomed tasks.

We spent ten days in this patriarchal village, ruled by the mayor, the village elders, and the priest. The village was 100 percent Catholic. Here we found the deep, traditional resistance of the Catholic farming countryside to the new ways. The Nazi *Bauernleiter* was disliked and circumvented; the new teacher was mistrusted and resisted; the priest preached against the Deutsche Christen, a church movement that supported the Nazis. Earlier in the year he had preached on "They that take the sword shall perish by the sword." When the news of the summary execution by Hitler's thugs of Ernst Röhm and his entourage became known, he reminded his congregation of his words of warning. The village youth found church rallies organized at the same hour as the Hitler Youth met, and in this community the church won. In general, it was a stand-off, with the odds on the establishment, a different situation from the cities where communities with shallower roots and lesser allegiances were more easily swayed to the new excitement of parades, flags, bands, and the political takeover of daily life.

We bicycled around the Ries, a circular, saucer-like plain, once a volcanic lake, now rich farming land. Riding into the little town of Maihingen with its great monastery which had been secularized only in the nineteenth century, we heard the Beethoven Funeral March coming from the window of the village inn. Then we knew that President Hindenburg was dead and that an era had ended. We went in to listen to the crackling radio, and, as a band played the soldier song, "Ich hatt' einen Kamaraden," tears rolled down the weather-beaten cheeks of the men gathered around, many of whom had served in World War I under the old Field Marshal. We arrived home in time for Dick to take a call from the BBC, asking him to cover the funeral. But the arrangement fell through as we were too remote to reach Tannenberg in time, and the BBC did not rise to Dick's suggestion that they send an airplane to pick him up.

It was time to depart, I back to Heidelberg again, but with an invitation from Dick to come and live with him in Oxford on my return to the university in the fall.

V

A New Turn

The Old Barn is a large dark building of the fourteenth century which lines one side of New College Lane where it leads to the gate of New College, Oxford. It exhibits a windowless exterior onto the Lane and is entered through a small door, which is part of a large double gate through which for centuries the farm carts and horses proceeded to the original barn and stables of the college farm. Its interior had been transformed into a pleasant two-story house with all modern conveniences superimposed upon the medieval structure, which could still be enjoyed in the huge beams that support the ceilings.

Here I found myself in the Michaelmas Term of 1934, surrounded by my books next to the spacious living room where Dick and I spent much of our time. We were fed and looked after by Rezi when we were not dining in our respective colleges. Dick had a stream of interesting visitors, dons, politicians, writers, many from outside Britain. I remember a dinner party with the former chancellor of Germany, Heinrich Brüning. I recall him as a baffled and puzzled man, an honorable civil servant type who found himself facing the elemental and unpredictable figure of Adolf Hitler, and trying to cope with him in the framework of a constitutional democracy. *Arbeitsdienst* had originally been one of Brüning's programs, but he had been unable to convince the German people of it. Hitler had appropriated it and made it work.

"I told them what we wanted to do," I remember him saying. "I explained our plans. I thought I had the votes, but a great wave

of unthinking emotion came up out of the people and swept me away.”

He seemed more bemused than outraged.

All this time I was working on my dissertation. The topic linked two segments of my life—the question I brought from my home and upbringing, how to know and do what was right, and the contemporary setting of an historic moment in the early thirties when national leaders were asking the same question. I sat at my typewriter late into the night in the Old Barn after an evening in the big room next door, where émigrés and politicians had been arguing the future of democracy in Europe. My studies focused on these two themes, “What is the right thing to do?” and “How do nations do it?”

The sound and smoke of political discussion did not satisfy. I read Plato’s *Republic* with growing insight. He had despaired of the chaos of his loved Athens and sought a new and better Hellas. From Homer to Aristotle and to all those captured by their thoughts down the centuries, my two questions would have made sense, for they were theirs.

Plato, with his message of a state whose values were eternally rooted in the heavens, attracted me more than did Aristotle with his more matter of fact observations of actual human behavior. I enjoyed enormously the simultaneous study of Greek history from this angle of the social setting of the literature. The rigorous reading of the texts was exhilarating. They could be applied in so many ways to the understanding of current events, the fallibility of news reports, the partisanship of columnists, the unreliability of memory, and the value of contemporary dull census and financial records engraved on stone! Naturally the method applied also to my Greek New Testament, and I saw much that I had learnt in my home from a new and wider perspective. I could never doubt the reality of my parents’ faith but I did not have to accept all their opinions.

So at the same time as I was wrestling with the Greek notions of the good life and the ideal state, I came to be interested in the Christian existentialism of Kierkegaard and even more in *The Theology of Crisis* of Swiss theologian Emil Brunner. He had taken on the redoubtable neo-Calvinist Karl Barth, whose “Either-Or” view of faith was a straitjacket. It left no middle ground for man and God to meet. Brunner saw the need for man to act out his

faith in daily existential decisions that affected his surroundings. That appealed to me powerfully.

With all these thoughts circulating in my mind, I found little that was compelling in Oxford philosophy. The Idealist School, which had left the door open for religious faith, had waned with the coming of World War I. In its place and dominating Oxford thought was Wittgenstein's logical positivism and the moral positivism of my contemporary, Freddie Ayer. These, along with the fashionable verbal analytic philosophy of J. L. Austin, were not to my taste. I found they narrowed the realm of philosophy to a restricted area where great minds played small secular games with symbols and grammar, and that was not for me.

I was not cut out to be a serious philosopher. I loved the search for truth but not the minutiae of words and statements. I was looking for a warmer and profounder key to a living philosophy.

At this time I met, first through some of his friends, and some time later personally, the man who largely determined my life for the next twenty-five years. The impact was a complex one, and was not anything I sought. It sought me.

Frank Buchman was an American, an ordained Lutheran minister, a strange bird to be found in the rarified atmosphere of Oxford. He had been on the fringe of my consciousness since I had arrived in Oxford. Even before then, at school, I had spread out a copy of the *Daily Express* newspaper on the table in the Monitors' Common Room, and we had giggled over the exposé of alleged sexual confessions and dark deeds at a "cult" meeting in Oxford. In an Oxford restaurant I had peered into a private room where it was whispered Frank Buchman was dining with some of his friends. I had no idea that the cheerful person I saw drinking soup was going to change the course of my life. My cautious and conservative religious stance had kept me from investigating this much gossiped-about phenomenon, except from a safe distance. Ignorance, however, did not prevent me from writing and reading a paper highly critical of "Buchmanism" to my religious friends.

Rumors kept reaching me of colorful personalities in the university being "changed," and of flying squads of students from different universities and countries descending on foreign lands, or rallying in different parts of Britain. These reports seemed nearer to the events of the Acts of the Apostles than those implied in the

Daily Express, but they were highly controversial in Oxford, as my brief interrogation in the Merton Senior Common Room had proved. Not until the spring of 1935 did I take more than a passing interest in them.

One evening, in front of his fire, Dick was needling me on my spectatorist attitude to politics and holding forth on the need for participation and the virtues of socialism. Somehow we got onto the subject of religion, which had been largely taboo until then. I weakly muttered that I felt the answer to the problems of society lay in the Gospels.

Dick challenged me, "Show me!"

We began searching for a Bible among his books, of which he had a huge collection lined up along the Barn walls. It struck me later as a kind of modern parable—two men with well-stored minds hunting for a book that must be somewhere gathering dust, because the answers for the problems of society were said to be in it. Ultimately we discovered an old Winchester College prize Bible tucked away, and I tried to find something relevant to our discussion. By then Dick had moved on to a further and more fundamental objection:

"Well, show me people today who are living the way Jesus or Paul did. That would interest me."

That was not so easy. Though we talked on, I felt baffled and defeated. I had good Christian friends; like myself, they were theologically correct, orthodox, but were they changing things around them? With Hitler changing Germany, Stalin changing Russia, Mussolini changing Italy, popular fronts linking revolutionary forces to change the democracies, was there anywhere a positive revolution that both changed what was wrong and conserved what was good?

Perhaps the example of the "Cambridge Seven," those prominent sportsmen and scholars from Cambridge University who fifty years earlier had given up careers to go as missionaries to China and whose story had redirected my father's life, reached out an unseen hand and touched me. Perhaps my search among the existentialists, perhaps the aridity of Oxford philosophy played a part. Perhaps my failure to meet Dick's challenge was working on my mind. Certainly, when a few weeks later a former Oxford graduate, Francis Goulding, dropped by—a friend and contemporary

of my brother Gordon at Merchant Taylors'—I was subconsciously prepared to listen to his story of Buchman and the Oxford Group. I was still prickly, full of arguments, but my resistance had been inwardly undermined.

Francis asked me, "What are you going to do when you leave Oxford?"

I had not thought too much about that so I took the line of least resistance.

"I'm planning to teach." And then, my conscience speaking up, I added, "Probably in China. I think it would be good to lift the level of education there."

I surprised myself as I had not really seriously thought of that.

"Have you met any of the Chinese here in Oxford?" asked Francis.

"A few. Why?" said I.

"Well, it might give you some practice in lifting the level of their education while they are here."

The conversation was becoming awkward. I played what I thought was my diversionary gambit.

"What are the Oxford Group doing about the unemployed?" I asked in a superior manner.

"At Easter we have been invited into East London, into one of the poorest parts of town, to hold a public campaign," was the unexpected reply.

To my surprise I found myself saying I would like to go along.

It was a tough part of London in those days, around Bethnal Green and Hackney. At first I was just as uneasy as I had been when performing some good work for the Merchant Taylors' Mission which ran a boys' club in the neighborhood, where about the only thing we seemed to have in common was Ping-Pong. But this time I was surprised to see that human contacts could be made between people who had only just met, who came from different levels of society, if they could find some common ground of action or experience or need.

We were invited into the "caffs" (cafés) where the various gangs would hang out. My only musical accomplishment was playing the penny whistle, and to my horror I was urged to head a brief march of unlikely prospects a couple of blocks from the caffs to the Municipal Swimming Baths, where there was to be a public

meeting. Never was there a more embarrassed Pied Piper, but somehow it worked. The crowd gathered and came along. Before the week was up I felt that it was not only for them, but also for me. Here, I told myself, were people who were doing something.

I had enjoyed myself more than I had expected. I was still arguing with myself and with others, but I allowed myself to be drawn more and more into the Group's activities. Not long after my expedition with the Oxford Group to East London, I had gone to my first "houseparty," as its conferences were called, in Thun, Switzerland. Here I met a number of thoughtful, prominent academics—theologians, philosophers and psychiatrists. They had been attracted to the Oxford Group by its effect on individuals and also by its relevance to the times. To my great pleasure Emil Brunner was present at the conference and most graciously spent time listening to and talking with me. I found that Brunner shared some of my difficulties and had seen in the Oxford Group's activity a way in which the Christian could act in and upon the world.

The fact that professors of theology, psychiatry, and literature were active in the Oxford Group counted a great deal with me. I returned to Oxford confirmed in my conviction that we could know the Will of God and that the Oxford Group was an effective means of carrying it out in the world.

Again I felt the two parts of my life coming together, my home and my learning, perhaps my heart and my head, but I was still committed to the narrower world of the OICCU, of which I was now president, and my evangelical friends. I tried to enlist them in my newfound discoveries. They listened cautiously and stood pat. They were disappointed in me. I had been invited to become president of the whole conservative movement in the British universities, the Inter-Varsity Fellowship of Christian Unions. My academic success had had a good deal to do with this. But there were too many head-shakings among the trustees when I spoke of the Oxford Group, and the invitation was withdrawn. I was not surprised, nor disappointed. I was free now to adventure with my new friends in the Oxford Group.

Meanwhile back in the Old Barn at Oxford, refugees, socialist politicians, left and right wing undergraduate spokesmen continued to argue late and early in the timbered living room. Next door I was enthusiastically pecking away on my typewriter at my

theme of "Law and the Community," which was more and more highlighted for me by the events in Europe. It demanded all my time if it was ever to be completed. It was beginning, however, to put on weight and it was my hope that on that score alone it would satisfy the examiners.

At the end of the summer I found myself going with three hundred others of the Oxford Group to Denmark, which was reacting very warmly to the infusion of fresh vigor into the political and social life of the country. I still looked on myself as an observer, but that stance was precarious. There was too much honesty among those with whom I traveled and around those who came out to hear them. Before long I considered myself one of them.

On my return to Oxford I broke the news of what I had been doing to friends, who reacted in different ways. Dick, characteristically, blew up violently but briefly, and then said nothing more about it. His opinions on "Buchmanism" were on record in a book recently edited by him, containing opinions pro and con of contemporary Oxford figures expressing skepticism about the Oxford Group's present activity, judiciously balanced with some disquiet about its future course, and exuding academic dislike of anything that called for existential choice. We continued under the same roof in the Old Barn until the summer's end, but kept off the topic of the Oxford Group.

My other encounter was with H. W. Garrod, professor of poetry and the official mentor of the Harmsworth Foundation Scholars at Merton. We were taking tea together, a ritual by which, once a year, he kept in touch with his little flock.

"How is your work going?" he asked. "I gather you were in Germany and Denmark."

I agreed.

"Tell me what you found of value in Denmark in your field."

"I was there with the Oxford Group," I replied apprehensively, feeling something between a martyr and a fool.

There was a long silence, as my host's cup stayed poised between lip and saucer.

"Really. The Buchmanites. I see."

Long pauses between each utterance. Then replacing his cup, "Good afternoon," and the party was abruptly terminated. Nor

did he ever ask to see me again.

A temper of world-weary rationalism and hedonism infected some of the older dons of that period between the wars. The enthusiasms of youth appeared futile; its idealism upsetting and indigestible in an ancient university. I had already stumbled over this on my election to Merton. But now I had gone too far. Buchman was a challenge and an offence to many Oxonians. Had he not accepted and popularized the name "Oxford Group," bestowed on his work by the press in South Africa, without consulting anyone in the university? Had he not been singularly successful in winning support from some prominent senior members of the university, even professors and heads of colleges, in spite of the sniggering popular press and the unfriendly comments of various prelates?

So I had overstepped the bounds of judicious intellectual curiosity. I had committed myself to an unpopular cause. I determined to complete my dissertation in the shortest possible time. It was duly submitted. I received a small scrap of paper from the university. It informed me that I was "allowed to supplicate for the Degree of Doctor of Philosophy." This arcane formula meant that I was eligible to appear in my gorgeous scarlet and blue robes to be tapped on the head by the vice-chancellor "in nomine Dei, Filii et Spiritus Sancti" and thereafter to be a Doctor of the University.

I did so on a bright day in July 1936. First I had to appear with a flock of other candidates in my B.A. hood and gown to become a Master of Arts of the University. In we marched in column of threes, knelt before the vice-chancellor for the ceremonial tap, marched out, were girded with our M.A. hoods, marched in again to applause, and out finally into the outside world. I was called again and, by some quirk, I was the only candidate for the Doctorate of Philosophy, so in single, solemn splendor I repeated the process from Master to Doctor, and went my way.

I did not know then that in the gallery of the Sheldonian Theater, where the ceremony had been conducted, there sat a young lady who had come to see her boyfriend accept his M.A. She was a little put out that her departure with him was held up while this single doctorate was conferred. Apart from her understandable annoyance, she had no interest in this lonely figure. I, of course, was unconscious of her presence. It was some years later that we

discovered we had both been in the Sheldonian Theater on that day. And by then she was my wife.

To celebrate the occasion I gave a dinner in the Clarendon Hotel. Present were my father and older brother Gordon; Frank Hardie, my fellow Harmsworth Student; the Glegg brothers, with one of whom I had traveled in Greece; the provost of Queen's College, B. H. Streeter, prolific scholar and creator of limericks, one of which he inscribed to me on my dinner menu; also the chaplain of Hertford, Alan Thornhill; Philip Leon, professor of philosophy at Leicester University; Russell Meiggs, Fellow of Balliol, my former tutor; Stephen Clissold, later for many years with the British Council in Spanish-speaking countries; John Guise, schoolmaster and cricketer. A motley group representing the different spheres in which my days were cast, family, scholarship, Oxford Group. Dick Crossman was not one of the company; our ways had parted for the time being.

There was a Toast to the Last Seven Years, and one to the Next Seven Years. It was the closing of a chapter. I had made my decision. It was farewell to Oxford University, and henceforward I was to throw in my lot with the Oxford Group.

Life
The Second

VI

New Worlds

*Had conscience might, as it has authority,
it would rule the world.*

—BISHOP BUTLER (1643-1715)

I was twenty-five years old. I had had the best education possible, so I was constantly assured. In fact, I had been carefully packaged and pointed towards a conventional career—teaching, public administration, Foreign Service—or, if I followed my parents, a missionary calling. Theoretically I was free to choose my own direction in life. Maurice Bowra had assured me that there was a place for me in Oxford if I chose to stay, and this naturally had seemed a very attractive next step.

The academic life appealed to me greatly. But conditioning and caution were working on me. I was enjoying so fully the life of the mind that I began to view it as a temptation that was taking me away from the serious work of doing something for the world. Perhaps deep in my psyche there was an echo of a phrase I read in a family heirloom, a book still on my shelves today. It is a collection of sermons, dated 1662, the time of the Restoration of Charles II in England, when the Protestant pastors who had flourished under Oliver Cromwell's Protectorate were being forcibly replaced by the Anglican clergy favored by the merry monarch.

On its flyleaf the somber and lengthy title reads:

An Arke for all God's Noahs In a gloomy stormy day . . . Discovered in several SERMONS, which may be of singular use at all times, but especially in these Breaking times wherein many thousands are turned out of all &&.

The *Epistle Dedicatory* concludes with this menacing summation:

Curiosity is the spiritual adultery of the soul; curiosity is that green-sickness of the soul, whereby it longs for novelties, and loaths sound and wholesome truths; it is the Epidemical distemper of this age and hour.

My Calvinist forebears had feared curiosity. The world of Newton, the Royal Society, and the scientific method meant little to them. For me, intellectual curiosity, inquiry, and discovery had been the joys of my Oxford years, but shadowy voices from the past echoed in my consciousness at moments of decision. They may have played a role in nudging me away from the academic life into a wider field of action in that critical year of 1936.

Today the 1930s seem like still another world. We who were young believed we could change the world. We were hopeful; we were idealistic. We had not been undermined by cynicism or by drugs. We were searching, looking for a way to shift the course of events. For some it was Communism; for some it was Fascism. Most, like myself, were slowly waking up to the need for a change.

Buchman had understood this generation. As a Christian he had seen the need for a vast moral and spiritual transformation of society through change in individuals. He believed that goodness was absolute, which in practical terms meant that there was room for change in any and every one, however righteous or sinful. In addition, he had learnt, without ever, I believe, having heard of Martin Buber, that the "I-Thou" relationship of intimacy on the deepest spiritual level comes through honesty and transforms living. Honesty about Oneself and One's needs opens doors in the heart and soul of the Other. This he called "sharing." It released enormous psychic energy and could transform relationships in-

stantly and as a result, the world around. In addition, such people working together as a group multiplied this energy and its effectiveness.

So the Oxford Group created an excitement of its own. It took the world for its parish and went out to meet the world's problems, brought people together, spoke freely and unselfconsciously about God and change, not conventionally as I did. I heard stories of Buchman and his men and women from the universities on both sides of the Atlantic descending on Canada, South Africa, Scandinavia, and of "miracles" happening in the political and industrial world. Buchman, I was told, was an exciting, cheerful, positive personality. What he offered—the chance to have a wider window on the world, for my life to make an impact on the problems I had begun to see around me—seemed to me more in line with what I had been taught to value than an academic career. Joining up with the Oxford Group was like putting a toe into the water of an exciting world outside, but not too far outside, my upbringing. There was no Damascus Road experience involved; it was a next step in a familiar direction.

Before my resolve was fully stiffened, and while I was still making up my mind, I was sought out with tempting offers from unexpected sources. Lord Elton, whom I had occasionally met at Queen's College, asked if I would be interested in helping to organize and edit former prime minister Ramsay Macdonald's political papers. The BBC sounded me out about joining a task force to report on the deteriorating relations in Germany between the Christian churches and the Nazi Party.

More significantly, I had an interesting meeting with John Macmurray, Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, who was the newly appointed Grote Professor of Philosophy at the University of London. I met him through one of Professor C. E. M. Joad's lethal mixed hockey matches on Hampstead Heath. I had been greatly drawn to Macmurray through his writings. They were concerned with values and emphasized a spiritual dimension in personal and social conduct. We began talking about our philosophical interests. He expressed some of the doubts that he had of the contemporary Oxford philosophers. I opened up to him my own questions and found him warmly responsive to my religious concern.

A few days later he called me asking me to come to his new office in London University. He questioned me more personally about my background and told me of his own upbringing in a Calvinist Presbyterian family and of the lasting values which he felt he had gained from it. He suggested that I consider working with him in the Philosophy Department of the university. I told him of my decision to move out of academia and work with the Oxford Group. In addition, I said I did not think I was cut out to be a professional philosopher. He understood and wished me well.

In the following years I failed to keep touch with Macmurray. I regret that the newness of my life of involvement in travel and hard work allowed me to neglect him and the healthy impulse he represented in moral philosophy. He has been largely forgotten for fifty years, so I was interested recently to read that Prime Minister Tony Blair had written the foreword to a reevaluation of Macmurray's philosophy entitled *The Personal World: John Macmurray on Self and Society*. I read it with nostalgia and renewed respect for him. Perhaps his time has come round again.

None of these offers, however, convinced me to change course, so I proceeded with my purpose of saying goodbye to the academic life.

It was the summer of 1936, the summer of the Berlin Olympics and of the outbreak of the Civil War in Spain. It was also the summer of King George V's Silver Jubilee, and parties were given by every London embassy and in every great house to celebrate it. It was at this time that I first met Buchman for more than a casual greeting, and was promptly included by him in a number of these parties, to which he had been invited to bring some of his friends. He was a great believer in using every public and semi-public occasion of this kind to introduce young men like me to the wider world of diplomacy and society, while also expecting something of our convictions to rub off on the many people we met.

My only memory of these occasions is anticlimactic. I had invested in a shiny top hat, which turned out to be too small and uncomfortable. In a sudden rain shower at one garden party, I found myself sheltering under a tree with a young man from South Africa, Raymond Silberbauer, who was suffering from a hat that was equally uncomfortable because too large. We exchanged hats and found each other's a perfect fit.

That summer at an Oxford Group houseparty in Oxford, I began to meet Buchman on a day-to-day basis and was invited to join a group, or “team,” going to the United States. My fare would be paid and I would receive the hospitality of American families; for my part, I would contribute my time and such talent as I had. I had an exaggerated opinion of the favor I was conferring by accepting this invitation. Later I learnt that I was being taken on trust and vouched for by the friends I had made in the months since I had met the Group, while others were very doubtful about my qualifications for a life of commitment and uncertainty.

My traveling companions were an interesting group. Several were my contemporaries who had taken first class degrees from their universities. Some were businessmen or women taking temporary leave from their firms; others were retired diplomats, military men, professors, teachers—all bound together by the desire to change the world by first allowing God to change oneself, one’s motives, one’s weaknesses. Whatever our ages, we were decidedly young in spirit and set out with high hopes.

One who traveled with me was Garth Lean, an Oxford graduate who had befriended me on my excursion into East London. He was a pleasantly untidy character, pockets full of papers, a tired green hat his trademark, and pencil and pen always to hand, indicating the journalistic bent which matured into the effective writer he became. Garth had introduced me to the Oxford Group practice of rising early to seek God’s guidance for the day and listening to the inner voice of conscience, to checking my life by absolute standards of honesty, purity, unselfishness, and love—the standards of Christ in the Gospels—and to acting on the thoughts and convictions that came during that time of meditation. Seeking, as I was, a way of orienting my life away from the relativism of contemporary Oxford, I found absolutes, even if philosophically unverifiable, reassuring in practice. In order not to forget or dismiss the thoughts that came to me, I was encouraged to write them down and “share” them with someone whom I trusted. It was a good discipline, and I did it without demur, though protesting faintly that it was nothing new to one brought up to say his prayers.

I received no vivid revelations. I became more conscious of the mixed motives that underlay most of my decisions in life. I

also detected an inner editor at work, eager to reject uncomfortable insights, substituting what might be expected of me, and urging me to look around to see how well I was doing and how I impressed my new colleagues. Absolute honesty was not natural to me.

At the end of August 1936, Garth and I arrived in New York harbor. What a way to experience one's first impressions of America! I was on deck at first light to take it all in, the slowly emerging skyline of Manhattan, the Statue of Liberty against a pearly pink morning sky over a hazy but smog-free New York. I was met with the news that I was expected to join a number of Buchman's associates who were already in New England. Buchman had come from an effective visit with the League of Nations in Geneva. His picture was on the cover of *Time* magazine. He had been invited by an assortment of tycoons who summered in Bar Harbor, Maine, and wintered in Florida, who called themselves the Committee of One Hundred, to bring his Oxford Group to their attention.

On our arrival in New York, a day or two after Buchman's arrival, Garth and I found that in a press interview Buchman had stirred up a major controversy by giving his views on how to deal with Hitler. *The New York World-Telegram* had a banner headline reading, "Hitler or any Fascist Leader controlled by God could cure All Ills of World, Buchman believes."

In the text he was quoted as saying,

"I thank God for a man like Adolf Hitler, who built a front-line of defense against the anti-Christ of Communism. . . . Of course, I don't condone everything the Nazis do. Anti-Semitism? Bad, naturally. I suppose Hitler sees a Karl Marx in every Jew."⁷

He then went on to discuss what a God-controlled nation would be like, with God-controlled men in the cabinet running the country. Buchman's remarks had caused consternation in the American press, and when the news arrived in Europe, abbreviated to four words, "Thank God for Hitler," it became an outrage.

This interview remained a stick with which his enemies beat Buchman over the head for many years. He had made an ill-advised attempt to use the idiom of the times to express his concern for change, even in dictators. The contemporary equivalent of

today's "spin-doctors" did their best to emphasize the positive aspects of the story. But they could not dispel the suspicion that Buchman leaned towards authoritarian rule, despite the outstanding work he had done on behalf of the democracies in Europe in the early thirties.

In the United States the furor quickly subsided; the nation was not yet aroused to the menace of Hitler. In Europe the interview caused a defection of some of the Oxford Group's more thoughtful adherents, among them my friendly mentor, Emil Brunner, the psychologist Adolf Maeder, and some of Buchman's Anglican supporters who felt Buchman was getting out of his depth politically and was naive about dictators.

An attempt was made a few months later by some of his followers in Britain to counter the perception of leaning to the Right by urging a stand on specific political issues on the Left. This was swept aside in a striking popular advance of the Oxford Group in Britain and on the Continent. Mass meetings in 1937 and 1938 in Birmingham, Utrecht, and Visby, Sweden, captured the headlines. Even so, the sense remained that Buchman advocated a "trickle-down" change in human affairs rather than a democratically inspired movement of the masses. Possibly Buchman's Lutheran heritage had something to do with his respect for the powers that be; more likely, his simplistic approach to problems of management and government persuaded him that the man at the top could do more than anyone else to change the course of events. History can provide some positive examples—but it can also offer more disastrous outcomes.

I set out for Maine and got my first impression of the size of the United States when I took the train from New York to join the party in Bar Harbor. On the map it looked to me like London to Bournemouth. As time passed and the train toiled on, I revised my sense of scale, something I have had to do many times since in regard to the country, and not only to its geography.

We were entertained most generously by our hosts in their homes. The Oxford Group was in the news and we were the genuine "Oxford" articles. We were taken on mountain drives, we swam in the ocean, ate popovers in resort hotels, and were called on from time to time to tell of our experiences. Buchman had the art of making such occasions practical and unembarrassing, and

truth about oneself often proved the means of throwing light on another's problems. There was no "holier than thou" attitude; we were ordinary men and women, but extraordinary things seemed to happen through and around us.

Our hosts were not overly concerned with the state of the world outside America. The prevailing temper was isolationist and they sincerely believed that Hitler was far less dangerous to them than Communism. What appealed to the businessman was that we too had learnt to face facts about ourselves, to make decisions and take responsibility, and to seek for solutions in unsentimental fashion. Often our lack of professional finesse made our personal stories the more effective.

We moved on to Newport, then in the heyday of social glitter. To my apprehensive pleasure I was staying in one of the really marbled halls of the then conspicuously affluent, the Huntington Hartford "cottage," as these monumental piles were modestly named. My wardrobe was quite inadequate for the round of dinner parties, athletic contests, swimming, sailing, and picnicking into which I was plunged. But it did not seem to worry my hostess, so I decided not to let it worry me. The son of the house invited me to play tennis on the immaculately manicured lawn of the "cottage." Brashly I accepted, not knowing that my opponent had just come back from competing on the outer courts of Wimbledon, and only just failing to make the magic number of official competitors. He was gracious in total victory.

It was here that I encountered my first clambake. Few things are more mysterious to the uninitiated than the sight of grown men and women digging around in a small mountain of steaming stones and seaweed for clams, lobsters, hardboiled eggs, chicken limbs, and other jetsam. Nor is the smell auspicious. However, heading the small army of domestic servants in my temporary residence was a wise Scots butler, silver-haired and with an impressive brogue. Opening the bedroom curtains and bringing me my breakfast in bed, for such was the custom of the house, he intoned like a high priest in charge of the ceremonies, and with richly rolled "r"s.

"Today, sorr, you will be having your luncheon at a clambake. I presume you have never partaken of these peculiar affairs."

I agreed.

“Then, sorr, if I may presume, I would advise you to go easy on the clams. They tend to be somewhat leathery and, I believe you may find, unpleasant to the taste. We shall also be serving clam chowder, that is a form of broth, which I think you will find palatable.”

He was right, and so impressed me that to this day I shrink from clams in any form other than chowder.

My first experience of American politics was the 1936 presidential campaign of Franklin Roosevelt versus Alf Landon. I had, of course, landed in the heart of solid Republican country in the Committee of One Hundred, and had seen no other side of the American scene. In my naivete I was shocked by the bitterness expressed by my prosperous hosts towards President Roosevelt. No epithets were too violent, no adjectives descriptive enough of his alleged villainy. I had equated the president vaguely with a head of state, and some of the remarks I heard bordered on *lèse majesté*. Later I began to learn some of the wide powers of the office and the historical reasons for it, and to shed some of the ignorance about the United States in which I had been nurtured and schooled.

Maurice Bowra had recommended me to some of his friends at Harvard, where during these months of 1936 he was filling a visiting professorship in the Department of Classics. Though he disapproved of my choice to leave Oxford he was tolerant of my new affiliations and was responsible for my being invited to the log cabin vacation home on an island in Maine owned by “Frisky” Merriman, professor of English Literature. Here Merriman gathered a coterie of young people over weekends. There was skiing by day and lively discussions of life and literature around the fire as the snow fell outside of an evening. Much as I enjoyed this, I began to feel a self-imposed duty to say my piece about the Oxford Group and what it was doing. This was not a great success. I was tense and stiff; uncomfortable about enjoying the college atmosphere so much, I spoke out of a sense of duty, not with the freedom of spirit which would make a serious matter convincing. I was not invited back.

To this Harvard visit, however, I owe a friendship with a second cousin, Bruce Brown. Bruce was descended from John Row,

the brother of my Martin grandmother, Esther Row Martin, who had emigrated from Sussex to Massachusetts in the 1860s. In 1936 Bruce was a Harvard student; later he became a medical doctor and hematologist practicing in Worcester, Massachusetts, and living in Framingham. He, his wife Sally, and their three children, Bruce, Ellen, and David, became close friends. My efforts to enlist Bruce's interest in the Oxford Group were met with friendly skepticism and much argument. Both skepticism and argument have dissipated over the years, as we each matured, and more than fifty years later we look forward to the infrequent chances we have of getting together across the breadth of the United States.

Garth Lean and I were commissioned by Buchman, who was returning to Europe, to visit newspapers on the east coast of America to inform or update them and their editors on the activities of the Oxford Group. We reached Florida as the cold weather spread in the North. Oranges by the acre dazzled me, as did the white sands of Fort Myers Beach, where we spent a week in a cottage. There was then not a single other building in sight. The houses and small hotels lay further back, lining the dirt road, and we had the shore to ourselves.

We had driven down from New York and found gasoline costing one dollar for six and sometimes seven gallons. The poverty of blacks in some of the towns in the South was evident, a world of difference lying between them and the palatial homes to which I had been first introduced, and the contrast was deeply troubling. Other obvious features left their mark—lavish sunshine, gloomy Spanish moss, Southern homes, and size, size, size.

A thirty-six-hour journey by train from ninety-degree heat in Florida to below zero in Montreal in February 1937 taught me about the climatic differences of the continent. Arriving in Montreal I was suitably thrilled to see the Union Jack flying from public buildings, and felt the Canadians were fine people! I left in the spring by Canadian Pacific Steamship Empress of Canada for England. It had been a vivid six months of new experiences; my non-academic education had begun under good auspices.

In Ottawa I had come to know a young businessman, Eric Bentley, and his wife Agnes. Eric had left his business to devote all his time to the Oxford Group's work in Canada, and we had met briefly the previous summer in Oxford. Now I had been a guest in

their home and their friendship became a special delight. He was a man of great humor, charm, and capacity to cope with events, a fine actor, and in his last years he demonstrated his overall ability by serving his country's intelligence services in a sensitive area of the Middle East. This friendship was a special gift, which I carried back with me to England to take part in the last Oxford Group "houseparty" to be held in Oxford. Henceforward the numbers were too great to be accommodated in the college buildings.

It was a memorable summer. Many did not recognize it, but we were on the eve of war.

JAMESTOWN REVERIE

*Upon a soft December morn,
The mist upon the water creeping,
Blue the sky and green the lawn,
And I was standing where the dawn
Of a new world was sleeping, sleeping;
Where the first beams of a new day
Once touched, then went upon their way
To light a continent, newfound,
And every step is holy ground.*

*Upon a soft December morn
The silent isle was full of breath
Of settlers tending parceled corn,
Their life from wildernesses torn,
Frail bulwark against cruel death;
When storms too soon or ships too late
Were ruthless messengers of Fate,
And memories haunt the silent glade
Of patriot fathers unafraid.*

*Upon a soft December morn
I stood where history left its traces,
The ruined fort, the tower forlorn,
The graves among the tangled thorn
Almost forgotten, while the graces
Of Pocahontas live undimmed
In the imagination limned
Of strangers saved from savagery
By kindness of the enemy.*

1937



My parents' wedding in Hankow, China, 1900. China Inland missionaries wore Chinese dress and lived as Chinese.



My paternal grandfather, William John Martin, was a stationer. He had been in the linen business in Paris, spoke French fluently, and claimed to be the "last Englishman out of Paris" during the revolution of 1848. My grandmother, Esther Row Martin "always smelt of Lavender," according to my Uncle Stanley, and ran the whole family.



Age Five? Certainly during WWI, hence the Union Jack!



Dick Crossman with Arbeitsdienst youth, Rendsburg, Germany, 1934.



Garth Lean and I study the newspapers at an Oxford houseparty before leaving for our tour of the United States.



I had grown a beard on my Greek travels. My companion, Donal Glegg, did not think it a great success.



In Ph.D. glory, accompanied on my left by Julian Thornton-Duesbery, Master of St. Peter's College, Oxford; Frank Buchman; and Loudon Hamilton (Christ Church). In the background, St. Mary's, the University Church.



Frank Buchman, myself, and Enid, performing an informal jig, singing the uplifting words, "All the Angels have big feet; Buy your shoes at Rogers Peet." I don't know why!



Enid Mansfield.



Buchman and private secretary.



Reunion with my father and mother, Pembury, 1946.

Four hands with my friend Bill Jaeger, a lifelong advocate of labor justice and reform.



Dr. Artur Rodzinski, conductor of the New York Philharmonic, seems to have discovered a new instrument, borrowed from the Ringling Circus in Sarasota, Florida. Buchman wintered at Sarasota in 1942, recovering from a stroke, and introduced us to many new friends there, including Rodzinski, Cissie Patterson, owner of the Washington Times-Herald and her editor, Frank Waldrop, David Lawrence, editor of U.S. News and World Report, and John Alden Carpenter, the composer with whom I collaborated on an immortal Song for America, which was performed once by orchestra and massed choirs of schoolchildren in Chicago, and was then no more heard of.



Visitors to Mountain House at Caux, Switzerland (top left) after World War II included French Premier Robert Schuman (above) and Chancellor Konrad Adenauer of Germany, shown seated second from left at Caux. The two brought to reality Jean Monnet's idea of pooling the coal and steel industries of their countries.



Wedding Day, August 15, 1946, Mountain House, Caux, Switzerland.



*Enid at St. James Park,
London.*

VII

Eve of War

This summer of 1937 was the time when I became thoroughly involved in the life and work of the Oxford Group. What were we trying to do? We had a simple formulation of our purpose: “When man listens, God speaks; when man obeys, God acts; when men change, nations change.” I had been brought up to believe that people could change. Now it was the last phrase that was a new thought to me. “When men change, nations change” led me beyond the personal to the national in my thinking. I believed I was seeing ample evidence of this, and threw myself wholeheartedly into its fulfillment.

The thought was so simple it aroused suspicion. With so much popular response to the Oxford Group in Europe in that era of mass political and ideological movements, some concluded that it must have some hidden agenda, some conspiracy, some reaching for power, for personal gain, for subversion or control of society. The more one section of the media or public figures praised our efforts, the more suspicion grew in other quarters; when they condemned us, the suspicions seemed justified.

We were a small number who had committed ourselves to this task. That summer I moved from being an enthusiastic coworker to being one of that group. It was my own choice. For us it was a calling to which we gave our best talents, and there were many talented individuals among us. We were a band of brothers (and sisters) knit together by the challenges so vast a task as changing the world entailed and ready to brave the thunder and the

sunshine that awaited us. There was plenty of both.

Our aim was the resolution of conflicts—between individuals, in the family, the workplace, in industry, in politics, ultimately between nations. Our means to this end was honest facing of our own needs and failures, acting to change ourselves, and passing on this experience of change to others. We were not discouraged by the fact that there were billions of people in the world who, no doubt, needed changing. We felt that the guidance of God, which we sought to make effective in our own lives, could become effective everywhere. We were an anomaly in society, and had no status except our own integrity and the loyalty with which we followed our precepts. It was difficult. But we stayed with it, and for some it became a lifetime career.

Why did I choose this road? A great factor was the pressure of the times. Many, myself among them, did not believe that war was imminent. Churchill, still in the political wilderness, was in the minority that was convinced war was inevitable. But all were alarmed and uneasy as to where we were heading, Buchman as much as any. He hated war, having seen its effects on Europe and especially on Germany in the twenties—starvation, inflation, with Communism adding to the toll of death and destruction. He was an American, and almost all Americans in the thirties were against involvement in war beyond their shores. He was a Christian, believing that change in the individual was the forgotten factor in national life, but one who also believed that the democracies of the world could stand together and reaffirm their moral basis in such fashion that they could exercise a united pressure on the dictators. Thus the changes could be brought about that would heal the inequities that had brought the dictators on to the scene. He regarded Russia as a nation dominated by an anti-Christian, anti-democratic, atheistic ideology, which for the time being was closed to his efforts.

In 1934 Buchman had gone to Norway at the invitation of a remarkably courageous politician, Carl Hambro, president of the Norwegian Parliament and later president of the League of Nations. Hambro was a hardheaded political leader who had entered politics with high ideals that had been whittled away by the necessary compromises of the years. This disillusion spread to his private life; but his wife had discovered through contact with the

Oxford Group a fresh vigor and joy that touched their marriage and home. This experience became the spur for Hambro to rekindle his hopes for politics and to reach out to his colleagues, many of whom shared his frustrations. At a Geneva luncheon for delegates to the League of Nations, which was facing a crisis over the Italian invasion of Abyssinia, he said:

To most politicians there comes a day when they are bound to contrast the result of their work with the vision of their youth, contrast the things they longed to do with the things they thought they had to do. They will understand me when I say that no man who has been in touch with the Oxford Group will go back to his international work in the same spirit as before. It has been made impossible for him to be ruled by hate or prejudice.

Having met Buchman in Geneva, Hambro invited him to bring his "team" to Norway. The response was immediate; some described it as a fresh spring in the sere autumn of international affairs. While cynics abounded, there were those in public life, in the press, in diplomacy, who frankly and publicly said there it was the right road to take. Denmark and then Holland and Sweden called for teams to come. Larger and larger public gatherings of tens of thousands of people were held, which stressed the effect that a united Nordic North could have on the rest of Europe. Since the Nazis had a conceptual interest in the "Nordic" stock, the movement began to be taken account of in Germany, and as the storm clouds gathered there, some of us began to hope that better political weather might spread from the northern democracies.

Hambro had no illusions about Hitler and the National Socialists. He was preparing for the worst to happen in Europe, as he demonstrated through his courage and initiative in removing the king, the National Bank's gold, and the government from Norway to Britain in 1940, before the invading Germans could get their hands on them. But he was also determined to do anything he could, however unconventional, to prevent disaster, and Buchman encouraged and responded to his initiative.

Buchman was especially concerned to keep an open line to the leadership of Nazi Germany, if humanly possible. Without some

response from within that nation, the rising tide of unity in the democracies would not accomplish much. There had been small groups of supporters in Germany, but there had been no bold leadership from them. Buchman, who knew that in a totalitarian country it was the word that came from the top that counted, made a series of unsuccessful efforts to meet the Nazi leaders. His *New York World-Telegram* interview had been motivated by a desire to attract Hitler's attention since personal approaches had failed. For this, and for his refusal to take an aggressive stand against Nazism, he was much criticized; but he felt it to be a necessary tactic if he was to keep open any entrance in Germany for his message.

The German situation interested me greatly. I spoke German, knew Germany, and would do anything to see the threat of war removed. Early in 1937, with Garth Lean's help, I wrote a pamphlet, entitled *New Leadership*, which embodied my feelings about the Oxford Group and its effectiveness throughout the world. The London publisher Heinemann published it, after Faber & Faber had turned it down. At Faber I met with T. S. Eliot, who over his owlish spectacles expressed personal interest in what we had written and discussed it with us, but could not persuade his fellow directors to publish it. Dwyer Evans at Heinemann's, however, was both personally and professionally interested, and large numbers of our pamphlet were published, translated into several languages, and sold.

Later in that same year we embarked on a much larger enterprise. We decided to create a pictorial publication in as many European languages as possible. With the enthusiasm and inexperience of youth, but with the oversight of more journalistically experienced friends, I found myself designing text and layouts and suggesting ideas for publication and distribution. Garth Lean was one who had some idea of what we were up to. Other key members of this team were John Caulfeild, a gifted artist who had been a schoolmaster at Lancing College, and Basil Entwistle, who had been with me at school at Merchant Taylors' and had printer's ink in his veins.

Journalists and printers were enlisted to help, and in the late summer *Rising Tide*, as the result of our labors was called, hit the stores and newsstands. It was a dramatic one-shot pictorial maga-

zine that managed to challenge in quality and circulation *Life* magazine, which had been inaugurated the previous year and was to some extent our model. Several hundred thousand copies of *Rising Tide* were sold throughout Britain, and then editions were called for in other languages. My French and German came in useful, and I was dispatched to join others more skilled in these languages to Switzerland, where the French and German editions were to be printed on the large rotogravure presses of the Ringier Verlag in Zofingen.

The French translation presented no particular problems. I had studied French for five years at school and could hold my own there. The language was clear and comparatively unclouded by the politics of the day. German was a different matter. Ideological nuances showed up as soon as we attempted to translate basic words like “democracy,” which was being twisted out of all meaning by the new masters of Germany. Equally sensitive were words like “dictatorship,” “national,” “super (or supra) national,” and “leadership.”

My training in classical translation at last found a practical use. My ear was alert to the meanings of words in their linguistic context. Wrestling with this linguistic problem was an excellent training in thought about basic ideas and what they meant in the different political philosophies of the day, and in how to express new ideas without arousing rejection by instinctive reaction to phraseology.

Buchman was resting after the strenuous summer of houseparties, which had lasted for two months in a series of countries, and we brought the fruits of our labors to him for his approval. He was staying in Merano in the Italian Tyrol. He had a number of suggestions, which we telephoned back to our colleagues in London for the printer to absorb. We spoke of layouts and blow-ups and other technical matters, which caught Buchman's fancy. On one occasion a long phone call to London, which we imagined was being monitored by Mussolini's agents, dealt with a montage of news pictures of events in Europe and beyond. Kings and presidents were pictured, and also Hitler and Mussolini. Buchman felt that his presence in Italy might be jeopardized by the photograph of Mussolini occupying less space than that of Hitler. So he produced over the telephone one of the technical

terms we had been flourishing around:

“Blow up Mussolini!”

The rest of us froze, glancing nervously over our shoulders. London apparently did not understand at once, so he urged them even more loudly and emphatically,

“Blow up Mussolini!”

We waited, trembling, for the door to open and the secret police to burst in and deal with us on the spot. Buchman finally finished his conversation with London, splendidly unconscious of the drama of the moment, merely asking how long the phone call had been.

“Forty-five minutes,” we replied.

It seemed a lifetime.

Working on the French and German translations, I made two friendships which are refreshingly continued to this day. One was with Philippe Mottu, who later, as a Swiss army officer serving in the Swiss External Affairs Department, became an important link between the internal German resistance to Hitler and the outside world. The other was with Erich Peyer, a young lawyer with the Oerlikon Machine Factory and later also as a member of the External Affairs Department.

By Christmas the translations were finished and the product printed and on the newsstands. A few days later we went together for a skiing holiday to Grindelwald and I proceeded to break my fibula in a clumsy fall. The others sped off, being expert skiers, and with a friend, Roger Faure, a French veteran of World War I who was to die fighting in the first year of the second war, returned with a stretcher on skis. They bundled me up on it and slid me down the mountainside with remarkable skill. I tottered into the doctor's office and was x-rayed and fitted with the heavy plaster and walking iron, which was the procedure in those days.

“You are number 109 so far this year,” said the doctor without enthusiasm.

The Swiss distributor of *Rising Tide* had sent a copy to the propaganda ministry in Germany, without whose permission it would be impossible to have it circulated openly in the Third Reich. For several weeks no word came, so no copies moved into Germany. I was soon recovered enough for Mottu to drive me to join Buchman, who was taking a cure at Wigger's Kurhotel in

Garmisch-Partenkirchen in the Bavarian Alps. I sat in the back of the car with my healing fibula stretched out on, and trying to conceal, about 250 copies of *Steigende Flut*, as *Rising Tide* was known in German.

We crossed from Switzerland into Germany at a remote border point. All was going well when the pile of magazines was observed. We produced one for the young border guard, and for the even younger Nazi Party member who was guarding the guard. We showed the pictorial contents, stressing the page that contained pictures of Hitler and Mussolini and of the Berlin Olympic Games, where a swastika flag could with an effort be seen among the flags of the nations. They felt this was a point in its favor. But there was also a picture of the Soviet army marching in Moscow's Red Square. This was not so good. However, on balance, it seemed acceptable. We were about to be dismissed when the young Nazi asked how many copies we had with us.

"A couple of hundred," I replied, trying to make it sound a very small number.

"Gott im Himmel!" was the discouraging response.

I put my faith in German logic, and argued, "If one is good, two hundred are better!"

They pondered this, and let us through.

A couple of weeks later, the Nazi propaganda ministry banned *Steigende Flut* as decadent democratic propaganda. Those 250 copies were almost the only ones to reach Germany.

The next country to which I was dispatched to oversee production was Sweden. This was the era when Sweden's socialism was being hailed as the "middle way" between Capitalism and Communism, and the social legislation which guaranteed governmental help from cradle to grave was considered a pattern for the industrial nations. I had absorbed this notion from the press and was interested to get to know the country.

The response to the Oxford Group in Sweden followed on public acts of reconciliation between political figures and newspapermen in Norway and Denmark. It first touched some of the leading Swedish writers of the day, several of them on the socialist wing of contemporary thought. One particularly, Harry Blomberg, prominent in the educational and literary side of the Socialist Party, had been fired by the vision of a classless and caring society. But

he had been increasingly disillusioned by the tendency of things to remain as they were in spite of effort, organization, education, and the achievement of material goals. Sven Stolpe, the novelist, was another, and there were several poets and newspaper editors who joined with them. Blomberg's book *We Must Begin Again*, describing his meeting with the Oxford Group and the change that had taken place in his and his family's life and in his aims and hopes for society, was a sensation. It spoke of having come to the end of the road of cynicism, skepticism, and purely material values.

All of this was very shocking to the proponents of the middle way. It was, indeed, still a prosperous and satisfied era; but the creative artist, always on the frontier of society, and sensing needs which had yet to be felt by the mass of the people, knew that all was not well. In the spring of 1938, Blomberg wrote in the organ of the ruling party, *Social-Demokraten*:

The Labor Movement was built first and foremost on the belief that the evil lies in outward relations, that it is possible to construct a society that functions as accurately and smoothly as a steam engine or a bridge. Out of that grows the idea that religion is a private matter and further that morals are also a private matter. The demand on the personal quality of the individual is pushed into the background.

Youth today turns this old social-democrat thesis upside down and maintains that the starting point for a socialist society must lie in the individual. Only as people change will society be changed.

We must face the fact that the old ideology of the Labor Movement has broken down, that we are in a decisive crisis. If the Labor Movement is not to die the death, it has no choice. It must clearly and decisively renounce the materialism that by a tragic confusion of concepts has become its trade mark, and take up the Christian ethic without which all democracy is left hanging in the air.

This current of thought impressed me; it gave an intellectual underpinning to the work to which I had given my life. It began to give depth and perspective to what we were trying to do for the world.

Sweden also coined the phrase "Moral Re-Armament," a con-

cept which Buchman found so compelling a description of the purpose of his work that, although he had just won his battle in Britain to use the name “Oxford Group” officially, he adopted it immediately. It headed a special page in the Swedish version of *Rising Tide* which I had come to Sweden to produce. Sweden was the source of many of the armaments being poured out at this time, Swedish fine quality steel and the Bofors anti-aircraft gun chief among them, so it was appropriate that this headline should feature the words of a Swedish steelworker, “Sweden must be re-armed morally.”

We had our difficulties in getting to publication. At my side, as mentor and guardian, for I was still very green and inexperienced in the world of business, was another member of my old school, Francis Goulding—the same who had first visited me in Oxford and intrigued me with his stories of men and women whose lives had been transformed. He was a brilliant linguist who had mastered Farsi and Arabic while teaching in Isfahan, and now was adding the Scandinavian languages to his competence. Sven Stolpe, who had total mastery of his own and the English language, was overseeing the translation and took us to his publisher, the Bonnier Publishing House, which also owned several mass circulation magazines and rotogravure presses.

Åke Bonnier, the president of the company, was a sensitive, cultured Jew who represented the best qualities of his race and of his profession as a publisher. He received us in his spacious paneled office and listened to our case. We wanted him to print a very large number of a one-shot periodical, publish it, distribute it, take the full risk, and pay us a royalty on copies sold. It was an outrageous proposal, but we were so confident that the public would snap up every available copy that we felt we were offering him an opportunity of making a large sum of money, rather than, as he saw it, offering a very dubious proposition. He was courteous but unmoved, though the advocacy of one of his best authors, Sven Stolpe, obviously made a deep mark on him.

Finally, when we seemed to be at an impasse, I took my courage in my hands, and said:

“Mr. Bonnier, the clouds are very heavy in Europe and war will be a disaster, particularly for the Jewish people. There is a possibility that a great move of the spirit in all the nations around

Germany might yet shift the world on to a new track. We are giving our lives to do what we can. Can you not join us in making it possible for millions more people to get the news of this fresh way out of chaos?"

Bonnier stood up and moved from behind his desk to the fireplace across the room, gazing into the fireplace with his back turned to us, then turned around, leant his shoulders against the mantelpiece, pushed his spectacles up on his forehead, and looked at the three of us without a word. Then he straightened up and, with a "Very well," walked back to his desk and pulled out a sheet of paper:

"Tell me your terms. I agree."

He accepted all we proposed, said that his nephew, who was in charge of the printing company, would handle the matter with us, asked where to send the contract, and ushered us out. Bonnier kept every word of his bargain, had to reprint even before the first run was finished, and, as he deserved, made his profit out of his courage. The Swedish public wanted every copy they could lay their hands on.

Meanwhile in that summer of 1938 Buchman, who was mustering large numbers of people in different European countries from Oxford to Geneva, came to Sweden for the launching of *Rising Tide* and to hold an assembly of the Nordic nations at Visby on the Swedish island of Götland. The public responded. The churches were less enthusiastic. The smugness of conventional Christians, who were delighted to welcome the erring Socialists back into the fold but criticized Buchman's theology and refused to stir themselves to change their own selfish ways of living, irked him. Without a prepared text, but with irony, and deep concern for the nation, he made probably the best speech of his life. Stolpe's phrase-by-phrase interpretation of it into Swedish was a masterpiece, and it riveted the audience gathered in the ruins of the old cathedral where the meeting was held. Every newspaper in Scandinavia followed the gathering on its news and editorial pages.

I remained in Sweden while Buchman and a large international force descended on Switzerland, once again to meet with the League of Nations and to use it as a sounding board for a call to the nations already on the verge of war. I had come to know Buchman better during the days in Sweden, and became, by de-

grees, what I later became for the rest of his life, his personal assistant, handling correspondence in various languages, drafting letters and speeches, and accompanying him on his travels.

So it was natural that I should be asked to join him in the United States when in March 1939 he returned to tell his own country of these remarkable happenings in Europe.

VIII

Two People

Two people became of increasing importance in my life from this time on. One was, naturally, Frank Buchman; the second, Enid Mansfield, my future wife.

Women had played a very small part in my life up to that point. *Au pair* girls from Germany, Denmark, Switzerland, brightened our lives as youngsters in the home. Not having any sisters, I thought myself in love with each one successively. One *au pair* had attracted my attention more than the rest. In one of my early encounters with the Oxford Group, I had “shared” this with one of my comrades after a “quiet time” of meditation, and was asked if it was a serious relationship. If not, the inference was, give it up. Feeling immediately guilty, I agreed to do so. The pattern of conformity that had been established in my home took over. I think I hurt the young lady deeply, but somehow I emerged feeling a hero. Actually I was a coward. Once again I carefully locked my emotions away in a closely guarded area of my life.

But in the summer of 1937 a fresh breeze blew through the Oxford houseparty. The American contingent, young, more relaxed than the Europeans, opted for a freer give and take between the sexes. It was an early glimmer of feminism, or at least of treating women as equals, as friends, instead of sex objects or sources of temptation. This greatly enlivened the daily round of what were already very busy and full lives.

My Canadian friends Eric and Agnes Bentley were also there, and I was delighted to see them. Eric worked closely with Buchman,

and I often found myself in the company of Agnes, with whom I talked about myself, my hopes and dreams. Apparently my motives, which as far as I knew were totally innocent, were called in question by some observer. Buchman sent for me.

“What’s this I hear? You are breaking up a marriage?”

I was shocked and shaken. I denied anything of the sort.

“We’re just good friends. Just talking . . . “

But the inference was plain—no more talking—and back into my shell.

Buchman was not a good guide in dealing with matters involving relations between the sexes. He took refuge in his own strict upbringing in rural Pennsylvania and the influence of his strong-minded mother. Women, he felt, were liable to turn men from their chosen path in life, and to diminish, rather than develop, them. His own nature, as I later understood, played a large part in this concept.

So the American impulse was quietly sidetracked. I packed my affections carefully away, and went ahead with the main business of changing the world. It was a momentous summer and I threw myself into the expanding activity of the Group.

However, my eye had occasionally fallen on Enid Mansfield, who was working as a secretary in the small office which the Oxford Group maintained in Brown’s Hotel in London’s West End, Buchman’s base when in England. I was frequently in and out of the hotel and so we came to know each other in a casual way. Now we were to be thrown more in each other’s company and, in time, to fall in love.

A few days before Buchman left for the United States, Grace Hay, his secretary, who typed his many letters and kept what order she could among his correspondence in London, had fallen ill. At very short notice, Enid was asked to step in and take her place on board the Queen Mary, sailing for New York.

Buchman had no idea that he was promoting my pursuit of happiness by taking Enid with him. In fact, had he known, he might have found some other candidate for the job or left me behind. How very different our lives would have been, had he done so! There will be much more to tell about her.

This is perhaps the moment to stop and consider what manner of man Buchman was and what life around him was like. He

was a big man, big in his concepts and big in his vision and leadership. He is almost unknown today, except for the devoted followers who keep his memory alive in their work for Moral Re-Armament (MRA). To the outside world he is a footnote in the history of religion in the twentieth century. But in the 1930s he roused whole nations. The nationwide response to his "Oxford Group" in South Africa attached the name of the university to his work, which then caught the mood of frustration in the Scandinavian countries, attracting the allegiance of prominent national figures, and consequently the attention of the media in Europe and the United States. Buchman was "news." Consequently, he stirred up strong feelings of criticism and support.

Buchman's background was most unpromising for such attention. He was born in a small Pennsylvania Dutch town, Pennsburg, where his father ran the one and only hotel. His parents spoke "Dutch," the German dialect of the Pennsylvania Dutch population, and he went to local schools, which were in that tradition, before entering high school in nearby Allentown to which his parents moved, and then attending Muhlenberg College in the same city. He was expected to go into the Lutheran ministry and to this end attended a conservative Lutheran seminary, Mt. Airy Theological Seminary in Philadelphia, and was ordained. He showed a streak of originality by electing to go into the social work of the church, being put in charge of a Lutheran hostel where young men without homes or means could live while getting jobs or learning skills.

Buchman might well have remained in that narrow circle of influence, but a controversy between himself and the trustees ended in his dismissal from the hospice. From then on there was nothing predictable about him. A profound experience of conversion, a "Damascus Road" experience which transformed his life, led him in the first decades of the century to be Young Men's Christian Association (YMCA) secretary on the campus of Pennsylvania State College for seven years. Then for three years he traveled, first with Sherwood Eddy, a noted missionary of (for the period) liberal tendencies, through India and China, and then on his own to Japan and Korea. Branching out, after some brief study at Hartford Theological Seminary in Connecticut he moved to England, where he became recognized as a new and interesting religious

force in the universities of Cambridge and then Oxford, where his influence proved enduring.

During the eight years or so before I reached Oxford, Buchman had gathered around him a number of bright, interesting undergraduates and faculty members, including some college heads and, much to the irritation of his detractors, was having an impact on the life of the university. His presence was warmly supported and hotly contested, and there was a sense that his Christianity was something the modern world could not ignore.

Buchman was not attractive physically. He was sturdily built—his Pennsylvania-Dutch upbringing had made him fond of solid food, and as he aged he grew paunchy. But his eye was bright, he was always fresh shaven, wore rimless glasses, and had an infectious smile and laugh. One of the best descriptions of him came from an English journalist of the twenties, Harold Begbie, who wrote that had Mr. Pickwick had a son who emigrated to the United States and returned to England after being Americanized, he would resemble Frank Buchman.⁸ He had a long nose, which, as he said himself, was good at sniffing out what was going on around him. This reflected an extraordinary power of insight into the inner workings of the human spirit.

He was highly intuitive. Though as a young man he had completed university and seminary studies, he distrusted the intellectualism of the academic. He considered that the intellect could always throw up impediments to action and was adept at finding excuses not to be decisive. He tended to brush aside criticism, as part of this mechanism of the stubborn will. I persuaded myself that this was a virtue, and in some cases it was, but it also closed off possible sources of advice that could have helped him. In matters of health, for instance, he only trusted doctors to know what was good for him up to a certain point, not a very long distance. Doctors who attended Buchman, especially those who traveled with him as he grew older, were often made to feel that their medical expertise was not to be taken very seriously.

He enjoyed meeting people with unusual remedies, shortcuts to health, which included some “quacks.” He liked their offbeat originality, though their remedies were seldom adopted. One lady who visited him in Dearborn, Michigan, where he was a guest of Henry Ford’s at the Dearborn Inn, prepared a drink of various

vegetable juices for him in a blender. He sipped it enthusiastically, praised its health-giving qualities, and then announced that it was just what some of those accompanying him really needed and passed it quickly on.

What attracted me and thousands of others to Buchman was neither his looks nor his intellect, but his remarkable talent for action, combined with an unfailing optimism about life. He had a hearty laugh and a way of looking at one as if he were saying to himself, "I know what you are thinking and I want to help you do it." He had nothing in common with the gloomy pessimistic view of human nature that damped down all efforts to make the world a better place.

If a suggestion was made, his normal response was, "Fine, you do it!" And often people surprised themselves by successfully carrying out their thought. Three society ladies in New York came to him with the idea that he should take the Madison Square Garden for his opening meeting in America in 1939, and that was his response and he gave them his full backing. They became the spark-plug for the great gathering there. A cabinet minister in Australia, whom he had met thirty years earlier as an undergraduate at Cambridge, casually said, "You ought to come to Australia!" Buchman's reply was, "You invite me, I'll come." The invitation was joined by a number of prominent Australians, and I was one of the party that went with him. He would instill courage by his speedy optimistic acceptance of a plan, however fragile, and make something of it, and, more importantly, make something of the person who proposed it. It was a talent for the kind of leadership that puts others forward and then gives full support to their efforts.

Naturally, not everything succeeded. He was impatient of technical processes. This attitude led him into trouble when he dealt with matters like filmmaking, which demanded a high level of technical skill. His insistence on the simplest way of doing it ended with a film that never got even to the cutting room floor. But he learnt from this and became more inclined to give experts their heads, however much he instinctively mistrusted their expertise. He would dictate to Enid, who was his secretary for the last twenty years of his life, and a few minutes later would be standing over her asking for the letter almost before she had got the paper into the machine. His vision was always of the completed task, whether

it was a dictated letter or a remade world. The steps to the end were less important. He possessed what is so often talked about and seldom achieved by our leaders, and that is vision

His powerful intuitive insights into the working of human nature, I believe, shaped his concept of the guidance of God. The quiet time, which he recommended to all his followers, was not merely a time of meditation, it was also an examination of one's actions and motives and even more significantly an attempt to estimate the needs and motives of others with a view to helping them change their lives. This was more dangerous ground as such analysis, if not founded in sympathetic understanding, left room for projection onto others of one's own prejudices and judgments.

For Buchman, it all appeared simpler than it really was. He trusted the Holy Spirit to guide into all truth and to protect the inexperienced from doing damage. He never felt his own insights to be infallible, and he knew that, though God might be talking to him, he was capable of mishearing God. If his "guidance" did not work out as he hoped, he was always ready to listen again. Some of his followers, less secure in their faith than he, took his insights for infallible, only to be disappointed from time to time and to suffer damage in their faith. But insight and intuition were Buchman's strengths and to an unusual degree they proved helpful to others.

Similarly, his emphasis on "sharing"—honesty between trusted friends about the deep things of life—was highly effective. This element of his teaching, through the experience of two alcoholic men in Akron, Ohio, at meetings of the Oxford Group, led to the movement known worldwide as Alcoholics Anonymous (AA). Though Buchman had little to do with this personally, the founders of AA always acknowledged their debt to the Oxford Group.

There is a healing in honesty between friends, a rolling away of a stone that has concealed hurts, disappointments, hatreds and other human ills. A resurrection can follow this, a new life. Priests, some psychiatrists, and some doctors know this fundamental truth, and the best are those who in their approach genuinely feel no superiority to the sinner or patient. Much of what we neophytes around Buchman did in the art of healing the spirit was to learn to make friends, to give and receive confidences, and then to stand back, get out of the way, and let the spirit—or the Spirit, however

you explain it—do the work. Robertson Davies echoes this in his remarkable book, *The Cunning Man*, when he describes a doctor who, “. . . in Italy, as an Army doctor, first understood that the physician is the priest of our modern, secular world.” Davies continues:

Very few people can be cured by a doctor they do not like. I have never been able to do much for a patient I thoroughly disliked. . . . I discovered that a new or merely an altered way of thinking was curative. It would not restore an amputated leg or bring back an errant girl friend, but it would give a new look to these misfortunes and the new look was healing. I have been known to recommend another look at religion as a way to better health.⁹

Buchman was a single-minded person, a “this one thing I do” person. For him the purpose of spreading the word and changing the world came first, last, and always. Anything that did not contribute to that end was not merely secondary, it was irrelevant. This did not make him an easy man to work with at close quarters, but it did clarify motives—his, mine, and all around him. He generally took with him on his journeys a small staff: a doctor, a personal secretary, a typist, and one or two older colleagues. We doubled as chauffeurs and “gofers.” Sometimes he needed his own cooks with him as, for longer stays, he liked to set up house and have the kind of home cooking that his Pennsylvania-Dutch mother had always provided for him.

We in Buchman’s entourage worked hard. We had no fixed hours. If thoughts came to him in the middle of the night, which he wanted recorded, or ideas for letters or for individuals, he would send for one of us. It could be for his doctor, usually Paul Campbell who joined him in 1939 from the Henry Ford Hospital in Detroit, or for me, or a Scot from Edinburgh, Michael Barrett. With sleepy eyes we would take everything down in our impromptu shorthand, and have it ready for him to ponder when he awoke. He was an early riser, true to his own teaching of the value of the early morning hours for meditation and clarity of thought. He had an apostolic sense of dedication to what he felt to be the Will of God, which imposed itself on all those around him.

It was by no means all work and no play. He had a buoyant humor, loved moving from place to place, from person to person,

doing his best to introduce them to the reality of God's will for their lives. Many who knew him in the twenties and thirties have said that his lively, optimistic enjoyment of life was what first drew them to him and his message of change for the world.

There was, however, a monastic quality to life around him. He expected us to be as dedicated as he was. This was not easy, especially as the years passed and we grew older in his company. The difficulties focussed on two main issues, the two that he considered the main motives of human behavior—sex and money. Both of these, he maintained, needed to be sublimated in the service of God, of our fellowmen and the cause to which he was dedicated.

Buchman had been ahead of his times in the twenties when he encouraged the practice of openness about the deeper human problems, many of which involved sex in and out of marriage. The mild honesties that followed this invitation to frankness seem as nothing, compared to the modern readiness to let everything “hang out,” to the intimacies revealed in the media, and the invitation of psychologists and therapists to verbalize, objectify, and open up on any and every subject, preferably on television. But it was a surprise at the time. Some were shocked and the label of “public confessions” was hung around Buchman's neck. He held to his course and brought reality and release to many.

He was less sure and less happy in the example he set some of those around him when they found themselves in love and wishing to take on the commitment of marriage. This complicated for him the simplicity of life. He had not felt the need to marry, had quoted with approval, in his student days, the words of Francis Bacon:

He that hath a wife and children hath given hostages to fortune;
for they are impediments to great enterprises, either of virtue or mischief.

Buchman's emotions lay in other directions, not least in the direction of his work. So, for as long as possible, he postponed facing the fact that some of his younger colleagues were going to marry, settle down, have children, and take on all the entailed responsibilities that he had put aside, by his own choice, for himself. The existence of these two patterns of life naturally created

tensions, particularly in the full-time staff, as they grew in number and years.

Along with this were his equally simple views on money. Buchman had no regular income, but had been helped and supported financially throughout his life by those who believed in what he was doing. He shared the faith of my parents that “where God guides, He provides.” Few of us around him had funds of our own, so we were equally dependent. There was an informal central fund to which gifts could be contributed and redistributed to meet the expenses of everyday living. We shared what we had with each other and could request basic living expenses from this fund, but it never went further.

In later years I handled Buchman’s very limited personal funds for him and know how generous he was with what was given him for his work; some people were practically supported by him year after year. But for us, it was a hand-to-mouth existence, and it fostered a dependency and encouraged mixed motives in those who did not have access to people with money to give for their support. It was, also, a poor preparation for living in the modern world and for meeting the problems of those who did. In addition, since we personally had no income, we paid no income tax, nor did we enjoy the benefits derived from taxation, National Health in Britain, old age pensions, and so forth. But we were young and healthy, and friendly doctors administered to our needs as their contribution to our work. It was a life requiring dedication and unselfishness but uncluttered by social responsibilities, until the demands of the times in which we were living began to complicate it.

The expansion of his work and the interest focused on it by the press meant that its legal standing began to be questioned. In 1937 a legacy in the small sum of £500 had been left to the Oxford Group. A disgruntled relative challenged the gift a year later in court on the quite correct ground that the Oxford Group had no existence in law. It was merely an informal grouping of individuals incapable of giving a receipt or properly accounting for expenditures.

A decision had to be taken: whether to incorporate legally and become a charitable organization under British law—not an easy task—or to remain a fellowship of like-minded people with-

out legal status or board of directors, and thenceforward renounce gifts for which a public accounting had to be given. All Buchman's instincts were against formalities and legalities. But a second issue was entwined with the first. To incorporate under the name of the Oxford Group would mean a battle with a section of the university, including one of its members of Parliament, the humorist A. P. Herbert, who had never been admirers of Buchman.

There was a strong case for the name: since the early twenties, Oxford had been the center of much of Buchman's activity. It was a small group from Oxford that went to South Africa in 1928 and had there been dubbed by the press "the Oxford Group." Buchman felt the name had been fairly earned and was in no mood to let it go. So while he looked on legal incorporation as a necessary evil, defense of the name Oxford Group was a matter of principle.

The incorporation went ahead, and the objections of some members of the university were duly registered in the press and before the Board of Trade. To counter them it was decided to get expressions of opinion from friendly senior members of Oxford in favor of the name being made official. Buchman gathered about a hundred graduates of the university in the Mitre Hotel on Oxford's High Street to plan strategy. We fanned out across England with a statement to be signed and presented to the Board of Trade. We called on friends and contemporaries at the university and soon had an impressive number of well-known people who agreed with the purposes of the Group and were quite prepared for their names to be printed, along with the statement of support in the press. A month or so later, the Board of Trade dismissed the objections of the university and approved the use of the name officially by the Oxford Group.

Two significant lessons emerged from this: that to win points in a democratic society men and women of good will, as well as dedicated followers, needed to be mobilized, and that to render unto Caesar what was Caesar's need not destroy the enterprise. There were those who disagreed with Buchman on both points, including some old friends and colleagues who began to disassociate themselves from the direction in which he was leading. They preferred to return to the informal nature of the "First Century Christian Fellowship," the first name given to Buchman's efforts twenty years earlier.

This was the moment when the phrase “Moral Re-Armament” reached Buchman from Sweden and was adopted as the purpose of the Oxford Group. “Moral Re-Armament is the train but the Oxford Group is the locomotive” was one formulation. A further thought developed: Everyone has at least one percent of moral rearmament; our job is to up the percentage.” Those Oxford graduates who had signed the statement of support may not have been totally in favor of all that Buchman represented, but on this issue they could support him fully. This suggested a further strategy.

It was now 1938 and the European political situation was deteriorating rapidly. Big crowds had gathered at meetings of the Oxford Group in Scandinavia and the Netherlands as well as in Britain and America. Buchman knew that the moment had come to focus this response by mobilizing public opinion through leaders in all walks of life in many different lands. It could be a last chance to unite and rally the moral and spiritual force of democracy to face up to the dangers ahead and to create conditions for a new political order.

Stanley Baldwin, recently prime minister of Britain, headed a list of senior statesmen who spoke in this way of “moral rearmament” of the nations as the way ahead for all. This statement, prominently published as a letter to the *Times* of London in May 1939, was sent through various channels to leading figures in Nazi Germany with the hope it might bring some response. It did. Hitler in his next public tirade struck down any hope by attacking the “moral disarmament” of the democracies. So the door was slammed shut.

In fact it was never open. After the war, German documents were discovered dated 1938 that contained secret instructions of the Gestapo for the administration of Britain after its occupation, with the names of all these signatories. The documents denounced them as enemies of the Third Reich and ordered their apprehension and imprisonment, along with “the Jew Buchman,” when the Nazis reached London.¹⁰

It was, however, with this new strategy of the mass meeting supported by the friendly backing of leaders that Buchman returned to his own country accompanied by a selected team of Europeans (among them, as his secretary, Enid Mansfield) and, following them a couple of weeks later, myself.

IX

America Again

But Westward, look, the land is bright

—ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH

The United States in March 1939 was repairing its economy and becoming what was later called the “arsenal of democracy.” Franklin Roosevelt was president and preparing to run for an unprecedented third term. The air was full of politics. Roosevelt saw, more clearly than did most of his fellow politicians, the menace that, by now, Hitler presented to all the Western democracies. Dangerous times were ahead, he knew, and America was unprepared. The general public was not yet ready to see Hitler and the prospect of war in Europe as its problem.

I sat in an audience in Washington in 1936 listening to H. R. Knickerbocker, Hearst’s number one foreign reporter, speak of the atrocities against the Jews in Germany and the threat to democracy everywhere. The audience, apart from a small group of Jewish sympathizers, who were naturally better informed, seemed unmoved and even skeptical of his facts and opinions. America did not know, and did not want to know. Hard as it is for us today to remember, the dominant opinion was isolationist, and remained so even after war had broken out in Europe—until Pearl Harbor, two years later, when it switched overnight.

I had expected to return to England within a few months. Buchman aimed to alert America to what he saw as the alternative to war, the mobilization of American opinion to support the rising tide of democratic unity in the Nordic democracies and in

Britain. If the United States could be mobilized, along with the European democracies, as an active agent for peaceful change, there might yet be a breathing space and a road away from disaster.

For this mobilization he chose three key points: Madison Square Garden in New York, Constitution Hall in Washington D.C., and the Hollywood Bowl, California. I was so stimulated by the size of the concept that, when deputed to produce flyers and literature with which to saturate the masses of New York, I printed one million copies of a not very readable four-page pamphlet. I was appalled to discover that a million copies of anything take up a lot of space and are hard to dispose of, even with a small army of volunteer distributors. For all I know there may still be half a million copies stacked in cellars and attics along the eastern seaboard today.

The Madison Square Garden meeting, which was inspired by the three society ladies who had gone ahead and hired the arena for Buchman, was not packed. But there was a big crowd, drawn by the thought of a new spirit, a new force on the international horizon at this critical moment. The *New York Times* front-paged its report of the meeting, and obviously found it and its message hard to categorize. Reporters, understandably but unfortunately, transformed the plea for a breathing space in events marching to war into a call for pacifism.

This was not yet the term of abuse it later became. Peace was on almost everyone's lips and Roosevelt himself had to pledge, before he could be reelected in 1940, that he would not allow an American boy to die in a foreign war. But later the epithet "pacifist" became, without justification, an albatross hung around the neck of MRA. It was curiously linked in the public mind with something called the "Oxford Oath"—a journalistic fiction derived from the November 1933 Oxford Union debate in which students had voted "not to fight for King and Country." This had been debated and adopted on many American campuses, and was a constant source of confusion with the Oxford Group.

Constitution Hall, Washington, D.C. was crowded and was marked by the participation, in person or through messages of support, of politicians of all types and many nations. President Roosevelt sent a carefully worded message, which was read on his

behalf by a little-known Senator from Missouri, Harry S. Truman. Roosevelt had been intrigued by a visit from a highly critical columnist and editor, David Lawrence of *U.S. News and World Report*. Lawrence had told the President that because of his meeting with MRA, while he would continue to be critical, he regretted the violence of his past strictures of the president's policies. He would support any initiative that the administration might take to maintain world peace along the lines proposed by Buchman. Roosevelt accordingly looked on these moves with interest, if without enthusiasm, and when MRA later became the target of political and press attacks never joined in, but kept his own counsel.

The Hollywood Bowl meeting in July 1939 was an extravaganza, a production with flags, bands, and illuminations, preceded by a wave of publicity that culminated in one of the largest traffic jams of modern times around the Bowl, according to the *Los Angeles Times*. Thousands of people were turned away. William Randolph Hearst, at his home in San Simeon and listening to the radio describing the traffic chaos, saw a nearly-missed news scoop, and ordered twenty reporters and photographers into the gathering, which they almost disrupted by their energetic entry into the tightly packed arena.

There were a number of international speakers stressing from the platform America's role of leadership, but the most compelling were typical American voices—the factory worker, the dirt farmer, the mid-Western housewife, the youth. They touched an audience made up of people like themselves. Louis B. Mayer, head of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer (MGM), never slow to recognize the possibilities of a mass impact, had already given a studio luncheon for some of his stars, including Mickey Rooney and Spencer Tracy, to meet Buchman and his international team. From the audience he sent a note to Buchman on the platform, asking to speak to the crowded Bowl on behalf of the movie industry, which he accordingly did.

Buchman tried to rouse the audience to action, but it was not clear what action they could take, and his speech was hortatory rather than inspiring. He ended it with a call for a three-day mobilization of national and world opinion through world broadcasts on the first three days of December.

By then war had broken out in Europe. On 1 September 1939,

Germany attacked Poland. On 3 September, I was sitting with Buchman and others in the Vista del Arroyo Hotel in Pasadena when Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain made his speech in the House of Commons declaring war on Germany. I felt the bottom drop out of my world, though I had been very conscious for the past few days that big events were unfolding. Members of the MRA delegations from Europe had been slipping quietly back to their countries to take up new responsibilities, civil and military, as events might dictate. But the solemn words from Westminster seemed to be closing a door on our efforts. What should we do now?

I consulted the British Consul General in San Francisco, whose advice to us was to stay in America and await the outcome of the next months, as he expected the war would be over by Christmas. He also expressed the opinion that what I and my fellow British were doing in MRA was helpful to the British cause and should be continued.

Opinion in the United States about the war divided sharply. It was like Oxford and the Spanish War all over again. Emotions that had been hidden while there was no actual fighting to keep out of suddenly surfaced. Isolationism became one pole of a fierce debate across the country, intervention the other. Intervention meant that one spoke up strongly for Britain, or France, or against the Nazis. Later it meant Bundles for Britain and Lend-Lease. Isolationism meant that one spoke up for America, generally in company with sane but misguided persons like Colonel Charles Lindbergh, or those further out and less sane, like Father Coughlin.

Buchman, no lover of war, an American but also an internationalist in outlook and feeling, was caught in the middle. His injudicious New York newspaper interview of 1936, in which he was made to sound like a pro-Hitler apologist, was widely resurrected, and in the different setting of war in Europe was used to discredit him in interventionist circles. The charge of both pacifism and pro-Nazi sentiment slowed down his momentum. The media dropped him. In the argument between the isolationist America Firsters and the administration, now secure for Roosevelt's third term and moving towards aid for Britain, the hope of creating a significant third force died.

Buchman ceased his large-scale activities. He began to focus

his followers on the problems of industry, particularly on smoothing relationships between management and labor in aircraft, steel and shipbuilding, the keys to America's war preparations. Then he took time out to consider the future.

It was during this period that one of the more bizarre episodes of my career took place. Buchman's publicity coup at the Hollywood Bowl led to him being courted for a while by Hollywood studio heads. They perceived what they considered to be box-office potential in MRA. Louis Mayer had got early into the field and entrusted his representative, Howard Strickling, with following up to see whether a film could be made incorporating MRA's ideas. To this Buchman agreed with characteristic enthusiasm, expecting thereby a great multiplication of his message. Cecil Broadhurst, a genial Canadian cowboy and artist, had sung a song at the Bowl that appeared to MGM to be marketable. The studio put him under contract for their film, whatever it might turn out to be.

Months passed and no more was heard until word reached Buchman, who like the rest of us had not been reading *Variety*, that Broadhurst had been called for his part in a film version of Rachel Crothers' play *Susan and God*, starring Joan Crawford and Fredric March.

The play had run very successfully in London when the Oxford Group was making waves there, and was considered by many to be the final putdown of Buchman and his ideas. In point of fact, the play was a not unsympathetic study of a frivolous woman seeking reality through a phony spiritual experience, and the final curtain, when she realized the truth about herself, was a moving one. It was certainly not a boost for Buchman, but it was not the head-on criticism that we, in our sensitivity to anything that was not 100 percent praise, considered it. Even worse was expected from the film.

Buchman was informed that during all these months of silence the wheels had been turning in Hollywood, and the scenes that did not involve MRA participation had already been shot without any of the promised consultation with him. Consternation ensued.

I was in Florida with Buchman and was deputed to go and deal with the situation, whatever it was. Broadhurst had not yet

had his call to appear before the cameras, but to his and our horror, we discovered that the MGM casting department had found a dozen lookalikes to play an international group of MRA to resemble the variegated group of international speakers at the Hollywood Bowl. Broadhurst was scheduled to appear with them and sing his “Wise Old Horsey” song, which could appear slightly ridiculous in such an artificial setting.

In addition, when I got my hands on the film script, I found it far less delicately nuanced than the original play. It could be interpreted as a caricature, if not a libel, of MRA. The words “quiet time,” by which Buchman referred to the time of morning meditation, were used in what could be considered a derogatory manner. This gave me the one argument I could use with the director, who was none other than George Cukor, of whom I knew shockingly little. I assumed, rightly, that he and MGM would not want to offend any religious susceptibilities. But I had no official status in the matter. The studio was barred to me without an official pass.

I arrived in Los Angeles and went immediately to the studio with Broadhurst, who by now had been called for rehearsal, passing myself off as his agent. Quaking inwardly, as I knew it was now do or die, I went with him onto the set and stood in the shadows outside the pool of light in which I could see Joan Crawford lying languidly on a settee, and heard her pronounce the words,

“I think I had better have a quiet time.”

Now or never, I said to myself, and walked out in front of the cameras with my hand upraised and said,

“Stop!”

Panic broke out all over the set. George Cukor rose from his chair, in which he had been directing the scene, and said,

“Who the hell do you think you are?”

I explained as best I could. Joan Crawford looked me over, and walked like a queen to her dressing room.

“Do you realize,” thundered Cukor, “that it costs \$5,000 a minute” (or \$10,000 or \$20,000, I forget which) “to make this film? You’ve just ruined a whole take!”

I stood my ground and explained that the offending words would have to be removed and others substituted. Otherwise, I

told him, in what, I am sure, was a not very convincing voice, the film must stop.

The studio ground to a halt while they reasoned with me. Telephone calls were made to unseen higher-ups; hectic consultations went on for a while. Then I was invited to suggest a better formulation of the concept. I had not really thought this far ahead, and could only come up with “a moment of silence.” More telephoning. Eventually agreement was reached. By now I was feeling my position had some strength to it. Being more than a little skeptical of the durability of the studio’s commitment, I asked them to consider me their “technical expert” on such matters as might arise regarding MRA. Since there was little likelihood of my ever being called upon, they agreed. The next day Broadhurst did his brief scene, and shortly thereafter we both shook the dust of Hollywood off our feet.

I have done many foolish things in my life, and a few courageous ones, but never have I done anything both so courageous and so foolish. I amaze myself as I recall it.

The film, even with box-office favorites like Joan Crawford and Freddie March, was not a success, and was swiftly obliterated in the mind of the public by greater hits and misses. It did lead to a memorable exchange of cables between Buchman and a colleague, Roger Hicks, who was heading up MRA in India. Hearing that a film purporting to have MRA participation was coming from MGM and would be distributed in India, Hicks cabled Buchman,

“Do we support *Susan and God?*”

Buchman’s reply was brief: “Certainly not Susan!”

X

America At War

From the outbreak of war in September 1939 until Pearl Harbor in December 1941 the United States, though not yet a combatant, was producing tanks, aircraft and ships in vast quantities. Her industrial potential was vital for the conduct of a war in which she was not officially engaged. The labor unions in the war industries therefore held a key position. Their leadership at this time was being strategically infiltrated by leftwing and Communist factions, for whom the Nazis were allies ever since the Nazi-Soviet pact of August 1939.

Prior to the surprise Nazi invasion of the Soviet Union in June 1941, left-wing elements considered the war a capitalist enterprise in which the honest American worker should have no part, certainly not on the side of the merchants of death, the armament makers. Their job was to slow down production and provoke strikes, thereby hastening the victory of the working class worldwide.

Buchman's mass meetings and large public campaigns had ceased to be relevant after the outbreak of war. He realized the significance of the struggle in the war industries from reports of several followers who held high positions in them. Steelworkers, automobile workers, aircraft workers and shipbuilders told him of the internal ideological disputes going on for the leadership of their union committees. The American worker, though he might be persuaded that the war was none of his business, was generally on the side of the Allies. There were a few American Nazi sympa-

thizers in German-speaking areas of the country, but their following, though noisy, was negligible. There were Trotskyite factions in the unions for whom the war afforded an opportunity to gain power over American labor for their own ideological ends. So the war industries were as much a battlefield as the fields and skies of Europe.

At this time Bill Jaeger, a British worker, who had been given special permission to leave Britain to join Buchman in America, began to create a network of allies in the trade unions that has since grown worldwide. Their first task was to make friends, encourage individual workers to take initiative, attend to the uninteresting details of union membership, speak up at union meetings, make contacts with management, find imaginative new ways of cooperation, and ensure democratic leadership of the unions. Their work was unspectacular but significant and caught the eye of Senator Truman, as chairman of the Senate committee investigating the operation of war industries. Later he was to make public reference to what he had personally seen and heard.

In the late summer of 1940 Buchman took time out with his colleagues to think just where events were heading and what response MRA could make to them. On the southern shore of Lake Tahoe, then mercifully almost untouched by hotels and resorts, for a couple of months we thought, talked, and lived together. We had been lent a couple of summer cottages and as time passed numbers grew and more homes and an old hotel were put at our disposal, this last by a delightful old casino operator, Frank Globin, who became an enthusiastic, if slightly bemused, patron of Moral Re-Armament.

Most Americans, we found, were clear what the war was against, but few considered what it was for. Freedom and democracy are big, pulpy ideas. We needed to focus them for the ordinary citizen. We came up with a slogan: "Sound Homes, Teamwork in Industry, National Unity." It sounded simplistic, but it defined what was worth defending in a nation, in peace or war.

I wrote the first draft of a handbook on this theme, *You Can Defend America*, which we dissected, discussed from all angles, and which, with not much of the original wording intact, became a highly successful booklet with a foreword by General John J. Pershing. In the ensuing months it was sold and distributed by the

hundreds of thousands in schools, factories, and the armed forces. In the course of this I learnt a most valuable lesson in how much more simply things could be said if one abandoned academese for short, direct words and if one surrendered pride of authorship. In addition, from long days spent at the helpful presses of Judd & Detwiler in Washington D.C., I learnt a great deal more about the printing and production processes which I was deputed to oversee.

Another aspect of these months at Tahoe was a burst of creativity in music and for the stage. Alan Thornhill, a former Oxford don and a gifted writer who had as yet not found an outlet for his unique talent in MRA, woke one morning with an idea for a play. It dealt with the families of an industrialist and of a labor leader. The industrial strife between their two public roles is reflected in the strains of their very different, yet similar, family lives. The healing in the families spills over into their industry, moving from the personal to the public lives of the two protagonists. This play, *The Forgotten Factor*, was an effective drama and was widely performed and translated. It was one of the clearest expositions of Buchman's ideas and hopes for change spreading from the individual to the group.

I, too, was inspired to publish a selection of the many poems I had been writing. The sense of urgency that the war stirred up, especially in those of us who were far from the front lines, brought deep feelings to the surface. How did what we were doing contribute to the great struggle going on in Europe? And what was America's role in those dark months when Britain stood alone? We tried every means to chart our own course and to throw a light on the wrenching issues that confronted America.

Music, likewise, became a wonderful sphere of creativity. George Fraser, a gifted Scot, blossomed into the fine musician he had always potentially been. My Hollywood colleague Cecil Broadhurst, and Richard Hadden and Frances Roots (they later married and made their career as concert pianists), were others who shared in this outburst of musical creation. Lyrics and music began to combine, skits were written on topics of the day, and soon a cabaret-style production was ready for the former gambling casino that was our stage. Its theme was that of the booklet, now beginning to be widely known—*You Can Defend America*.

Music, stage and writing that carried these basic ideas became our chief means of speaking to the American public.

This was an increasingly difficult task. After the Nazi attack on the Soviet Union we found rumors being spread, first in Britain and then in the United States, that MRA was pacifist and soft on Nazism. Further, it was alleged that it had such influence with the prewar British government that it had persuaded policymakers to foster appeasement with the hope that the Nazis and Soviets would fight to their mutual exhaustion, and so save the British Empire and the capitalists' profits. This bizarre brew of misinterpretation may have been cooked up in the disinformation department of the KGB kitchen and thus have found credence among the friends of the Soviet Union lodged in the British foreign and intelligence services. It began to crop up more frequently in the American press, encouraged, if not inspired, by fear in Britain that MRA's influence with national leaders in America might hinder, or at least slow down, America's contribution to the European war.

I was particularly interested in a widely circulated publication that flooded America's newsstands. It was one of a series of six illustrated booklets dealing with ideological and economic factors purportedly driving the course of the war, such as the "control" by German interests of key American war industries.¹¹

One of these booklets, entitled *Cross and Doublecross*, dealt with MRA. It alleged that MRA had been responsible for the abdication of King Edward VIII, for the Munich Agreement through its imagined role with the "Cliveden Set," and for the attack on the Soviet Union because of its influence with Hitler and the Nazis. We did not then have the information that surfaced after the war about the condemnation of MRA by the Gestapo in 1938, nor was I ever able to find out who had felt it worthwhile to put up money for such an unlikely set of allegations.

Some of this mud stuck, particularly in sensitive areas like the Pentagon and on the boards of direction of war industries. But the appearance of MRA, at the invitation of the president of the CIO, Philip Murray, putting on a *You Can Defend America* program at the annual convention of the steelworkers' union, convinced some in both labor and management that mud was mud. But, at the same time, war was war, and the space and manpower

left for thought and action about its objectives was limited. Young men like myself were all being registered by the Selective Service, more and more were being called into the armed services, and the staff available for Buchman's activities was shrinking. This was a constant concern, and we were much torn between our loyalties—to country and to cause.

A second cause of concern at this moment was a rift that had arisen between Buchman and some of his oldest associates from the early twenties in the United States and, to a lesser degree, in Britain. They were mostly clergy, or church-oriented laymen, who felt that the development from an informal Christian fellowship without formal leadership, which they had loved, into an ideologically tinged international organization was a serious deviation. Issues that had been present since 1938, but which had been obscured by the triumphant advances of Buchman's work, now began to surface.

Every movement that begins with the vision and daring of a charismatic leader has to face issues as it grows, such as the nature of power, the role of the leader, the relation of individual initiative to corporate decision-making, the means of handing on power to others. Buchman, with his supreme confidence in the guidance of God, did not reach out to anticipate these questions. He had little use for theoretical issues. Individual cases, personal relationships were for him all-important. To raise questions was to appear to criticize his leadership. So the defection of old friends and comrades was felt as a most painful personal blow, and their misgivings received no sympathetic hearing.

Up to this time Buchman had no permanent headquarters in the United States. Wherever he happened to be was his office, his home, and his headquarters. We on his personal staff moved with him, carrying as well as we could his files and everything necessary for his operations. He had the use of a couple of rooms in the rectory of Calvary Episcopal Church in New York, where Rev. Samuel Shoemaker was the rector. Shoemaker had worked closely with Buchman since his days as a Princeton student in the early 1920s. He had put these rooms at Buchman's disposal to keep his papers and few belongings and provide a bed whenever he was in New York. Shoemaker, however, was one of those who was disturbed by the direction MRA was taking and felt that he could no

longer in good faith offer this space. So Buchman was asked to move his belongings as soon as he could.

Shoemaker had stayed close to two “changed” alcoholics in Akron, Ohio, and introduced them to the simple principles of listening for God’s voice, living a day at a time, and telling fellow alcoholics of their experience. Over the years this grew into Alcoholics Anonymous (AA). The four absolute standards of MRA were transmuted by stages into the more attainable Twelve Steps of AA. Buchman had not felt this was to be his sphere of operations, telling Shoemaker that his (Buchman’s) task was not drunken people but drunken nations. This was one of the way-stations on the parting of their ways.

Shoemaker’s request that he move from his rectory pushed Buchman further in a process begun in 1938 by the acquisition of a house on Berkeley Square for his London headquarters, following on the favorable court decision on incorporation in Britain. This process, entered on tentatively at first, led within a few years to the possession of houses and offices in different parts of the world. Often they were donated, but the effect was to demand a permanent staff for their operation and upkeep. Buchman was not blind to the change this brought about; his “organism” without membership or officers (except those legally required for incorporation) was becoming an “organization.” Buchman was not an organization man. He liked to operate directly without the intervention of committees, and only grudgingly agreed that acceptance of the advantages of a legal status, tax exemption, and a certain respectability in financial circles must involve limitations on his spontaneous action. He was never happy with it.

A third blow that he suffered during these months was the impact of the war on his manpower outside America. In Europe many had already joined the armed forces and were fighting on different fronts; some had died. But, so far, in Britain the central core of his staff, around fifty people at most, had been maintained as essential to a moral and spiritual function necessary to the morale of the civilian population, the moral equivalent of civil defense or the ministry of religion. Daphne du Maurier, well known for her successful novel *Rebecca*, had written a short book detailing some of the stories of what MRA had done in the crises of the blitz on London, in the evacuation of the civilian population, and other

emergencies. This book, *Come Wind, Come Weather*, had a wide circulation in Britain and the United States. It was dedicated to Buchman and had popularized the role of MRA as an unofficial form of civil defense.

The British law that directed conscription in time of war had statutory exemptions for organizations that were considered essential. Under pressure of the need for manpower, the claim of MRA to be in this category was now challenged and the issue had been taken to Parliament. Buchman, having recently won his claim to just treatment by the Board of Trade regarding the name Oxford Group, was confident that Parliament would honor this claim. A spirited debate ensued in the House of Commons, in which Buchman was both attacked and defended.

His chief opponents were the humorist A. P. Herbert, the member for Oxford University, and the Labour Party member and journalist Tom Driberg, who had been a bitter and wily enemy since his own brother had been helped by Buchman on his drinking problem, something which he resented. In the House of Lords the debate grew into a useful consideration of the long-term war aims for which the moral qualities of the nation and its leaders would be of supreme importance. Eventually, on a relatively close vote, the decision was taken that MRA in Britain was not entitled to such exemption. All who were not ordained ministers of religion, or physically unfit, must join up.

Buchman was hard hit by this decision. He had hoped to preserve the staff, numbering less than a hundred on both sides of the Atlantic, with whom he had worked for many years—especially the younger ones, who were the material for his future work when war ceased. In addition, his attempt to have us exempted was interpreted by his enemies as an unwillingness to have us fight at all.

It was not long before the same process began in the United States. I had registered for the draft with others in California in 1940 when the law was passed. I carried my little card around with me, but nothing happened for a year or more. I was an “alien” and the law exempted me until measures were passed which made military service an obligation for Americans in Britain and Britons in America. Still I was not called. Then a low-key campaign began in the press, inquiring into our status. Buchman used the

same argument that had been presented to the British Parliament. This brought out a barrage of comment. We learnt later that Tom Driberg had come to the States and had been visiting newspapers in New York and Washington. He injected into the consideration of our cases a number of damaging rumors of pacifism, pro-Nazism, and interference with the political and legal process—rumors that had been flying around in the course of the debate in Britain.

One on whom the press focused during these months was the English Wimbledon and Davis Cup tennis player, H. W. “Bunny” Austin, who with his actress wife, Phyllis Konstam, had joined us in America for the launching of MRA. The British tabloids were running a campaign of innuendo against Britons who, they alleged, were enjoying comfortable lives in Hollywood and elsewhere while their country was under attack.

Bunny became a prime target. He was the beau ideal of a sportsman, a gentleman, and a patriot, but he was made to appear the opposite. We were conducting a campaign for labor and management in New England when the press got wind of Bunny. Disguising him as “Mr. Tony Smith,” we spirited him away, knowing it would not be long before he would be discovered—his fame was too great. He, too, had registered for military service and not been called, and meantime was determined to play his part in a cause to which he felt totally committed. Later, along with the rest of us, he was called up and inducted into the U.S. Army Air Corps, where he served with grace and courage. During this period I played some instructive games of tennis with him against two other excellent players, David Carey, now a national and world champion of the eighty-five-and-over American tennis program, and Bremer Hofmeyr, all-around South African sportsman and friend.

Better informed quarters in Washington took over our cases and gave them long and careful consideration for nearly a year before ultimately making a decision similar to that at Westminster. All young men of military age, other than ordained clergy, were now subject to the Selective Service Act and were told to report for induction.

During this critical period Buchman suffered a serious stroke. Pressure of these events and long hours of work led up to it. We were staying in a hotel in Saratoga Springs in New York State. It

was November 1942; winter was coming on and there was already snow on the pine trees in the spacious grounds of the hotel. I was with Buchman in the elevator when I noticed that he seemed to sag physically. As he stepped out and had gone a few steps, he began to collapse. I half-carried him to a chair and signaled to my colleague, Michael Barrett, who had been fetching the car. With help we got him back to his rooms, called a local doctor and a New York physician, Dr. Irene Gates, who had treated him before, and for the next few days they were totally absorbed in his care.

Buchman had suffered a severe cerebral stroke. He slowly recovered after we had twice been preparing ourselves for his death. In his complete weakness and need for constant help the strength of his faith was a great healing factor. He had a clear sense of the presence of God, and an equally strong sense that his time had not yet come and that he still had work to do. But his present work he turned over to his associates, who had gathered around his bed. During several months of convalescence, first in Saratoga Springs and then in a home in Washington which was generously made available to him and his entourage, he regained much of his strength.

During these months, as many were called up for service, those of us who were left were increasingly busy, and more and more of the administrative work descended on to my shoulders. The press was constantly inquiring, first about the draft status of myself and my colleagues, then about Buchman's health, then about the various attacks which had been leveled against us in Britain and America. It was a hectic time.

One of my tasks was to put together a "white paper" containing all the facts of these different issues. It involved many days and nights and visits to our friends in Congress who joined with other national figures to sponsor its publication and to write a foreword of strong support. The two chief sponsors were Representative—formerly Senator—James Wadsworth of New York, a highly regarded Republican, and Senator Harry Truman, Democrat, whose work as watchdog over the expenses of the defense program had made him a national figure. They headed an impressive list.

The text went to the press after an all-night session checking

all quotations and details. Next morning, a bright spring day, I went off with several colleagues to be inducted in the United States Armed Forces, saying a special farewell to Enid Mansfield, with whom I had been working closely for the past months. I returned a few hours later with a slip of paper reading: "This is to certify that Morris H. Martin was on this date examined at this station, and rejected for service in the Armed Forces of the United States. (signed) C.E. Royer, Major, F.A. Commanding."

This was as great a surprise to Enid as it was to me. However, she seemed grateful and a little red around the eyes.

I had been discovered to have poor eyesight, though not bad enough to bar me from service in the ranks. But the last questioner in the process of induction was a psychologist who, in contrast to some with whom my friends met up, must have been favorable to MRA, about which he questioned me at some length.

"Tell me," he said, "since your eyesight would bar you from getting an officer's commission, do you think you are more useful continuing the work you are doing now than as a G.I. peeling potatoes?"

Being cautious, I hesitated to answer the question directly, but he encouraged me to do so. I said I was sure I was more useful doing what I was doing.

"I agree," the doctor said, and wrote a symbol on my papers which ended in my being rejected and returned to civilian life.

Whether I was classed as mentally or physically unfit I never knew. Certainly my unexpected return after the high emotion of departure was a little anticlimactic, but none the less welcome. The majority of my friends were found to be acceptable and shortly afterward left for various military tasks in which they distinguished themselves. Five of them, especially, who managed to hang together in the Eighth Air Force in Europe, were decorated for developing the best training course in current affairs and in understanding of the conduct and purpose of the war produced by any combat unit, and received an official commendation for it.

Buchman had been saddened by their departure. Those of us who remained had our work doubled. Buchman was no longer robust. The right side of his body was lamed from this time on, but his spiritual condition was largely restored by his experience of what he felt to be the hand of God bringing him back from

death's door and by the support in his weakness of many friends worldwide. The day-to-day work descended more and more on his personal staff and I found many needs that I could fill. I drafted almost all the letters he wrote from this time until his death nearly twenty years later, and signed his name to letters, checks, and documents without any legal authorization but with his full agreement.

It was clear that he was going to be less mobile in the future and that people would have to come to him, rather than he going to them. Yet, looking back on diaries of those years, I am amazed at what he was still able to accomplish, of travel, daily activity and creative thought.

He was soon using his convalescence to consider the world, and the relation of his lifework to it. As an American and a democrat, he had asked himself the question that many others had asked in the thirties: "Why is democracy so ineffectual in the face of powerful dictators, who appear to change the direction of countries in short order?" He often spoke with frustration, never with approval, of the power of a Hitler or a Mussolini to rouse their countries, while Christians were sitting in church on Sundays and going about their business as usual the rest of the week.

He pondered the nature of ideology. It seemed to him that this rigid structure of belief about the nature of man and of the totalitarian state, whether Marxist or Fascist, was the wellspring of a dictator's strength. What then was the "ideology of democracy" which would enable it to outperform all other systems? Buchman was not attempting a profound examination of the nature of power and politics, but engaging in more of a public relations effort, seeking a new vocabulary to meet the ideological world in which he found himself.

A larger question was engaging my own thinking. Was it not possible that democracy, by its very nature, was unideological; that with all its untidiness and inefficiencies it, therefore, was more inclusive and more human? My mind went back to Dick Crossman and our arguments in the Old Barn over Plato's view of democracy, his impatience with it, his disillusion with it for executing Socrates, "the best, the wisest and most righteous man." Buchman's concept of God-guided rulers was not far from Plato's philosopher-kings. But, as Plato knew, it was a tough job training such

rulers. It took more than a change of heart and good intentions. It also needed a structure of government.

Buchman had realized that not all democracies sprang from a Christian root. The socialist democracies of Scandinavia, which had responded warmly to his message, had little use for official Christianity, and had practically relegated the church, like some welfare program, to being a department of the state. Yet Moral Re-Armament had found acceptance. He had experienced the religious traditions of the East; he had walked and talked with Gandhi. Was it not clear that Moral Re-Armament was a ground on which all traditions could meet?

So in 1943, in his first public utterance since his illness, he spoke about the great ideologies and their founders: Marx and Communism, Mussolini and Fascism, and Hitler and Nazism. Then he produced the formula he had been pondering, "Moral Re-Armament, the answer to Communism." He was looking beyond the defeat of Hitler and Nazism to what lay ahead in the postwar years.

Taken literally, this was obvious nonsense. A small group of people calling themselves "Moral Re-Armament" was no answer to the ideological chaos which had been let loose on the world. I squirmed inwardly whenever unthinking colleagues glibly repeated this phrase. But the demand for a moral direction to democracy could be a pole star for political mariners. Concentrated power could not do it; neither could personal nor national self-interest.

Democracy as a way of life, not merely a system of government, might be the road to freedom. Moral responsibility for the needy, the hopeless, the starving, the homeless, could lift society above the materialism of gain, greed, privilege, and prejudice to a better world. In that case this small, determined group might be the microcosm, the seed corn from which this harvest might spring. It was highly idealistic and highly unlikely, but it was an alternative, a third way.

The postwar phase of Buchman's activity was an attempt to make a reality of this, still aiming to change individuals but in addition reaching out to leaders who, with these motives, were in a position to implement this vision. Unfortunately, we were playing on two pianos, which gave out different sounds. The first was the theme of Moral Re-Armament as a moral and spiritual plat-

form for all who shared the vision. The second was the theme of commitment to the small group of dedicated people who saw themselves as the real experts in carrying out this vision. One was “moral rearmament.” The other was “Moral Re-Armament.” Often the two were confused; public figures who signed statements of goodwill towards the broad concept found themselves quoted as being committed followers or as supporting all our activities. Accordingly a wariness sprang up among them that made the task of the committed followers more difficult.

A second encumbrance was the emphasis on “answering Communism.” This was, perhaps, unavoidable in the Cold War atmosphere of the late forties and fifties, but it warped the universality of the concept and laid it open to exploitation by anti-Communist propagandists of all stripes. Buchman had no use for Communism because of its militant atheism. He suspected any attempt to bridge the gap between communism and democracy. A publication by one of his senior associates, written to draw a clear line between the two at the time when Nikita Khrushchev was wooing the West, was entitled *Ideology and Coexistence*. It was taken up by all manner of organizations, some with purely political and anti-Communist leanings, and distributed by the millions in many countries and languages. The booklet gained the immediate hostile attention of the Kremlin, and was repeatedly attacked in the Communist press across the world. It served only to put Buchman and all his works as effectively in the black books of the Communists in the fifties as they had been in those of the Nazis in the thirties. Ideology did not prove a good metaphor for Buchman’s activity.

But this lay far in the future. War was still working its destructive way and we were still trying to peer through the smoke to see the outlines of a new world.

POEMS IN TIME OF WAR

ENGLAND - TONIGHT

*England is on my heart tonight;
The bombs that burst six thousand miles away
Echo here across the high Sierra.
I cannot escape them;
There is no air-raid shelter for the spirit.*

*England is on my heart tonight;
The quiet England of the Cotswold Hills
Where the sheep graze peacefully;
The Sussex woods and downs
Where only the shadows of the clouds fall and pass
And leave the rich sunshine warming the soft slopes
As it has done since Time began.
This is my England – the Lakes and Peaks,
The green carpeted quadrangles, the winding City
street;
And the memories of great men,
Those men who loved their nation,
Ne'er drew the sword, but for the right,
Nor laid it down without a task well done.*

*England is on my heart tonight;
Not the proud England that men respect and hate,
Nor yet the England bravely fighting her
desperate battle,
But those quiet places of her spirit
That are humble and mighty,
Simple and true –
The Shakespeares, Miltons and Wesleys
Who built and fired and saved the people.*

*England has been upon my heart for years
Lest something slowly vanish from her spirit,
Lest England somewhere sicken and die.
Hers was the gracious spirit that makes men loved
– not feared,*

*The generous heart that draws and not repels,
To see a nation die a living death
And think she lives,
That would be worse than bombs.*

*England is on our hearts tonight;
Ours, her children's, scattered around the globe;
The England that will live whatever come,
The England that no bombs can ever touch,
And no oppressor kill.*

*We who would gladly die for her,
We who have tried to live for her,
We in whose hearts fire burns,
We whose young spirit yearns
For that fair land of ours,
Land of the spring and flowers,
Pray God, defend the right,
Not as we see the right,
Not as we wish the right,
O God, defend THY right
In England that is so near our hearts tonight.*

FOR FREDRIK RAMM

Norwegian patriot and friend, who died after years in a Nazi concentration camp. From the *New York Times*, 18 November 1943.

*He rests, his business o'er, his battle won
Who loved the limpid laughter of the light
And his the beauty of the setting sun
And his the glory of the crimson night.*

*And ours the task he loved, the torch he carried
Through storm and sun, tenacious of the morn.
His is the view fulfilled that long had tarried
And ours the promise of unclouded dawn.*

XI

Cousin Charlotte and Mackinac

One day in 1942 at the height of the war I received a letter from my mother in London with news of the Blitz:

Your aunts have been bombed out of their flat in Camberwell, but are unhurt. They have lost a lot of windows at father's office, but all are kept safe and quiet. It is a good thing the weather is not cold; a few less windows in summer do not matter as much as in winter. I admire the way Londoners go on with their jobs, and the nights are as dangerous as the days. Alerts and sirens many times a day.

My parents had been constantly on my mind as I read the war news in the newspapers. Letters were unreliable, several coming together and then only after long gaps. Were they in great danger? What could I do about it, if they were? Their letters were always hopeful and upbeat, and I wrote as often as possible. But they were difficult days.

As a footnote, my mother mentioned an elderly cousin of hers in America, Charlotte Sherrard, who had visited our family in the 1920s. She suggested, if I could, that I should look her up. Mother had no great idea of the geography of the United States; the address she sent me was in Grosse Pointe, Michigan, and I was in California.

A few months later MRA was invited by the steelworkers union to put on a program at their annual convention in Detroit. We spent two months in the city before and after this convention. I used the opportunity to telephone Cousin Charlotte and was immediately invited to visit.

I made my way along Jefferson Avenue, Detroit, to the waters of Lake St. Clair, where I found a large, old-fashioned brown house surrounded by pine trees. Cousin Charlotte was awaiting me, excited to meet an unknown relative, and warmly drew me into her house and her life.

Her husband, Henry Sherrard, had been a fine classical scholar, a devoted teacher after whom a school in Grosse Pointe was named, and I was immediately presented with some of his books, including an India-paper copy of Virgil which I later used constantly when I again took up teaching. I also have a copy of a 1940 *Reader's Digest* article by Walter Pitken, author of a contemporary best seller, *Life Begins At Forty*. He describes Henry Sherrard as a memorable teacher in one of a series of articles under the rubric "The Most Unforgettable Person I Ever Met." Henry Sherrard had died young, and Charlotte had been a widow for many years. Her then unmarried son, Joseph, an attorney, lived with her in the old family home where we met.

Charlotte had preserved a bundle of letters which she later gave me. They revealed a remarkable history of the making of an American family. Charlotte's grandparents were born in England, in Sussex, the county from which the Martins and the Hoopers came. The grandmother's name was Catherina Mercy Hooper, my mother's maiden name. It appears that she found the Hooper family somewhat restrictive as, on the first letter she wrote her mother after her marriage, she signed her name, "Mary Berry, NO LONGER HOOPER!" Marrying a younger son of the Berry family, she realized his and her fortune lay not in England, but in the New World. In 1835 Mary, husband John and seven children left for a life in an unknown land. After a forty-five-day journey, they landed in Elizabeth Town, New Jersey, and John, a tanner by trade, immediately found work.

A few years after their first arrival Mary and John were prosperous enough to make a return visit to their English families, and fortunately kept a journal of the trip. They endured the worst

weather and the roughest of seas, with a captain who regaled them with the story of the sinking of his previous ship in a wild gale. Forty-one of the forty-two steerage passengers were drowned. He was one of the few picked up from the water and was soon back sailing the hostile seas as captain of their ship, the *St James*, which had also suffered in that same storm:

Deeply laden with foodstuffs for London, she was overtaken by a severe gale and while scudding before it, a mountainous wave overtook and overwhelmed the ship, washed the two men at the wheel and two others into the sea to rise no more, carried away the top of the cabin, the boats, cowhouse and part of the bulwarks, leaving seven feet of water in the hold. Happily there were no cabin passengers on board, or they must have been drowned? With such recent examples before our eyes and so closely connected with the ship and the Captain we are sailing with, it is useless for them to say "There is little or no danger in a storm at sea."

This was on the outward journey back to England. Their return journey was less eventful but longer, due to poor winds. After their safe return, they continued a correspondence with the relatives who now considered them authorities on all Anglo-American affairs.

The outbreak of the Civil War showed up the different view held of it in London, where the textile industries hoped for a win by the South in order to reestablish the cotton and textile trade which was of benefit to both sides. The issue of slavery, however, stirred the conscience of the English as they had abolished slavery some thirty years earlier in all the possessions of the Crown. The exchange of letters between John Berry Sr. and his brother George in London became so heated that at one point they broke off all correspondence, and it took the death of a family member to bring the two parties together again. Both maintained the correctness of their widely differing opinions but agreed to bury the hatchet.

Three more children arrived to the Berrys in due season, the oldest son among them being John Junior, who traveled what had only recently ceased to be the frontier of America, the Ohio River. He bought hides and marveled at the lush beauty and productivity of the land. He was dispatched in the 1860s with his next

oldest brother to found the Berry Brothers Paint and Varnish business in Detroit.

In Detroit the family flourished with the growth of the infant automobile industry. Charlotte's father pioneered the development of Grosse Pointe, floated a merger of a number of small iron foundries in Michigan and Ohio, and then had died young and without making a will. This, Charlotte later told me, had been a longtime source of friction in the family, and litigation had consumed much of his fortune.

This family correspondence, which begins in England in 1813, manages to make no mention of the Battle of Waterloo, but gives details of the crops and difficulties of existence on the land in those years. It illustrates the life from which many immigrants came and what they made of themselves in the land of their choice. There is the boundless optimism of the immigrant who finds a freedom to make his own way. It is contrasted, by implication, with the lack of opportunity in the Old Country, especially for a younger son with a large family. I was fascinated by this piece of family history and was grateful to Cousin Charlotte Berry Sherrard for opening this window on the world in which I was making my life.

While Charlotte and I were getting to know each other, I was also busy with Buchman in the city of Detroit. It was a hot summer and on 4 June 1942, his sixty-fourth birthday, Buchman and all his party were invited by Henry Ford to celebrate it at the Dearborn Inn. They had been acquaintances for some years, though Ford had supported Buchman financially in only a minimal way. I know of only one check for one thousand dollars given when Buchman and his staff were guests at Ford's Dearborn Inn. Clara Ford was one of Charlotte's close friends, and Charlotte, having by now become acquainted with Buchman and MRA, was eager that Clara do something substantial for the occasion. She had long conversations with her about the birthday and about a suitable present from the Fords for it. She was hopeful that Henry might come across with a generous check.

Buchman knew the Fords better, particularly that Henry was notoriously close with his cash. But when I told him of Charlotte's hopes, he encouraged me to encourage her. Mrs. Ford told Charlotte that they would have a present for Buchman and it would be

something that he would really like. I, unwisely, hinted to Buchman of a forthcoming donation.

The day came and with it a birthday luncheon for Buchman attended by the Fords. Mrs. Ford made her presentation, a bulky brown paper parcel, which was duly opened. A note on top read, "For our dear friend, made with my own hands." Underneath lay about five pounds of dried apples, a delicacy of which the Fords were especially fond! Charlotte was abashed and disgusted: "How can she think that is what is needed!" But it was typical of the kindly though tight-fisted Mrs. Ford, and Buchman held no grudge against Charlotte or me for raising false hopes.

It was also on this occasion that Mrs. Ford gave Buchman a word of advice, which proved to be more valuable than the dried apples. In the heat of a humid Detroit summer, Buchman was physically exhausted, and it showed. Mrs. Ford told him of the cool breezes and smog-free air of Mackinac Island, where weary businessmen had been finding a refuge from the Midwestern summer for about a century, ever since the Astors ceased to use it as a center for the collection of furs from the Indians and their redistribution, at a considerable profit, to the wealthy in the big cities. Her recommendation was enough for Buchman to try this recipe for a refreshing summer.

She specifically recommended him to the Grand Hotel, a splendidly sited resort hotel built by the New York Central Railway in the days of Cornelius Vanderbilt, and she spoke of the owner, Stewart Woodfill, in friendly terms. Coincidentally one of Buchman's oldest colleagues, Howard Blake, had spent the previous summer on the island and had become friendly with one of the Mackinac Island Commissioners, an Irish politico from Lansing, Bill Doyle. The island was suffering from the wartime gasoline shortage, since, though no cars were allowed on the island, no one could reach the Straits by car and the wartime train service was limited. Eager to boost the island's fortunes, Bill Doyle listened to Blake's suggestion that large numbers of visitors could be brought to Mackinac for the summer, if there were some accommodation available for them. He offered MRA a dilapidated hotel, the Island House, for a nominal fee of one dollar a year; this, coupled with Mrs. Ford's thought for Buchman's health, brought about what developed over the next twenty years into a large con-

ference center for MRA on Mackinac Island.

Buchman called on Woodfill, who, being himself no mean entrepreneur, was fascinated with an operation that could bring numbers of people to Mackinac Island at this difficult time. Buchman mentioned Mrs. Ford's sponsorship, and I sat with them as they put through a call to Dearborn and spoke with her. She confirmed all that Buchman had said, and Woodfill, convinced of the *bona fides* of his visitor, offered free accommodations in his hotel for Buchman and a small party with him. So while the Island House was being freed from years of grime and neglect by an energetic army of volunteers, he was able to get some respite from the busy summer. The respite was timely, since a few months later he suffered the stroke that sidelined him for a considerable period. The Mackinac breezes postponed this long enough for him to oversee the beginnings of his center on the island.

Over the next years notable gatherings were held at Mackinac for management and labor from Detroit and other war-industry centers of the Middle West, and after the war from all parts of the world. The islanders, a body of some six hundred hardy year-round dwellers in snow and ice as well as summer breezes, looked on with some amazement as empty houses and hotels were inhabited by Japanese businessmen and youth, African chiefs, Indian politicians, and Middle Eastern ayatollahs. As prosperity returned to the island, there emerged an increasing shortage of accommodation for the ordinary tourist who, normally, spent more money in the Island's fudge shops than did the MRA guests. Doyle, who had the good of the islanders more at heart than the progress of MRA, focused their dissatisfaction. After long deliberations by the City Council, a tacit concordat was reached by which "the MRA," as it was known locally, would not occupy any more of the little town's property, but would confine itself to the eastern end of the island.

This led to the building by MRA of its own facilities to house and feed up to a thousand conference delegates. It also led to the creation twenty years later, of Mackinac College, which became my sphere of work for some years.

Meanwhile, Charlotte's home in Grosse Pointe became a second home for me whenever I was in Detroit or passing through to go to Mackinac. One day I suggested she might like to come to

one of the conferences which MRA was holding on the island. She accepted, and it became a momentous experience for her. She was concerned with the war's effect on my family in London and had immediately responded by sending parcels of choice food to my parents. Charlotte was one of the most spontaneous and warm-hearted people I ever met. If there was anything she could do to help another person, she would do it, and do it immediately.

Something was said in one of the meetings about war in Europe being one thing, and maybe there was not much we could do about that at the moment. But we could do something about conflict in the home and the family without waiting for the end of the war. Charlotte thought of her family, and especially her sister who lived only a few hundred yards from her, to whom she had not spoken for twenty years as a result of the family quarrel over the father's estate. This gave Charlotte pause. It was not so simple as ordering a package to be sent to England. It involved her pride and her sense of having always been in the right; now she would have to admit she might have been wrong and ask for forgiveness.

She took her time over this, looked around to see if there was any easier way to do it, but in her heart she knew nothing would work but being completely defenseless. A few weeks later she walked across the street, was admitted by a much-embarrassed sister. When she came out quite a long time later, she was radiant. A load had rolled off her shoulders; her sister had fallen into her arms; they had wept for the wasted years, and become friends again. For Charlotte it was like a new springtime of life in her seventies.

When the time came to return to England after the war ended in Europe, Charlotte accompanied us. She wanted to see her English cousins, and she wanted to see me married. She had heard all about it from me and had met Enid at Mackinac, and I suspect had heard more from her.

As for Enid and me, the course of true love had been complicated. We had known since 1940 that we were in love. But the atmosphere of war, the pressure of work and especially of working closely together with Buchman, my own immaturity regarding women, and Buchman's disapproval of anything approaching familiar relations between the sexes led me to follow the pattern of my life and conceal my feelings. This had not been successful.

We had slipped off together, had talked and kissed and done all the natural things that two people in such circumstances do. But the aftermath of secrecy was guilt. One day it became too much and I told Buchman all about it. His reaction was unhelpful. He separated us for a while, but his need of us was such that I was soon called back into service. The same situation again confronted us. We tried to be good soldiers, but the pressures were too great.

Had I been able to speak my mind fully and shown more firmness it might have been a different matter. But Buchman for his own reasons did not appreciate women, especially those who appeared to threaten to take away the men working closely with him. By adding the pressure of the guidance of God to the situation, he could exercise enormous power over us. As it was, I packed my feelings away once again and Enid waited, bewildered and not a little angry.

Charlotte understood this. She was to Enid like the mother she had lost, and did all she could to encourage our love. When we became engaged, she was the first to congratulate us. In anticipation, she took her own engagement ring with its beautiful big diamond off her finger and gave it to me so I should be ready for the day she so wanted to see.

While these very personal matters were filling one part of my life, matters of larger scale were engaging us all. In July 1944 my old Swiss friend Philippe Mottu was given permission by his government to attend the Mackinac conference. We had heard no details of his activities since the outbreak of war. He was called for active duty in the Swiss army and had become one of a select group charged with ideological training in the army. Nazi propaganda had penetrated into Switzerland in the early days of the war, but when General Henri Guisan, the Commander in Chief, summoned the officer corps to the Rütli where the Swiss Confederation was born, he made it clear that Switzerland had no sympathy with these ideas. He entrusted the training of his officers to a group that included Philippe Mottu.

In the succeeding years Mottu found himself brought into contact with members of the opposition to Hitler which had been secretly building in the German army, foreign service, and the old political parties. A German diplomat in the embassy in Bern, Herbert Blankenhorn, who had close links with the resistance and

had come to know and trust Mottu, invited him to meet envoys from this group who were seeking, very carefully and secretly, for channels to inform the Allies of the existence of this committed band of people. They were eager to find some contact with former friends in Washington. Mottu received an invitation to the 1944 Mackinac Conference and showed it, without much expectation of his being able to accept it, to the Swiss foreign minister, who knew of the contacts which Mottu had set up with this German underground.

“Why not?” was the foreign minister’s response. “It would be a good opportunity to do two things at the same time. We would be officially in favor of your going.”

Philippe with his wife, H el ene, arrived in Washington in July. His mission to bring the underground conspiracy against Hitler to the attention of the Roosevelt administration was immediately thwarted by the fact that the American government was not interested. They had made up their minds that the Hitler regime would never be overthrown from within, and furthermore they did not believe they would trust whatever forces might take Hitler’s place; they had settled on a policy of unconditional surrender as the only basis to end the war.

The Mottus proceeded to Mackinac Island to attend the conference. We had a joyful reunion. Buchman suggested they take in the Democratic Convention in Chicago on their way back to Europe and that I should go with them. We arrived there on July 20, 1944. I had not known of Philippe’s links with the German opposition, but when he opened his newspaper that morning I knew that something terrible had happened. The headlines told the story. The attempt to assassinate Hitler had taken place and had failed. The Gestapo was rounding up the plotters. Men who had become his friends were at that moment being tortured and executed. But he kept his own counsel and it was only years later that I knew just how traumatic that moment had been. H el ene and he proceeded to Switzerland and I went back to Mackinac.

The following summer of 1945, while we were at Mackinac, the war in Europe ended. In the next two months the first representatives of the European nations, British and Swiss predominantly, managed to reach Mackinac. There was a most moving reunion of those who had served in the armed forces with us who

had served as civilians. Philippe Mottu came with the Swiss and during the ensuing days a plan developed to create a center in Europe like Mackinac. It would be a place where forgiveness and hope could meet the hates and fears of the postwar world and cure them, a conference center like Mackinac but on a larger scale.

Buchman enthusiastically encouraged the idea and told them to find a suitable spot. Three Swiss—Mottu, Erich Peyer (two of the friends who had some years earlier wafted me down the mountain with my broken leg) and Robert Hahnloser, an engineer from a prominent Swiss family—pledged themselves to find a site and raise the money. They returned to Switzerland and in the next few months discovered a famous but debt-ridden hotel in Caux-sur-Montreux in a magnificent setting above the Lake of Geneva. Its acquisition would come to mean a new hope for Europe.

In the spring of that year war was winding down in Europe. At the Yalta Conference in March, the setting up of the United Nations Organization had been agreed. A conference was called for April in San Francisco. The diplomats from many nations gathered. It happened that Buchman, whose health had greatly improved, had arranged to be in San Francisco at that time. The play *The Forgotten Factor* had been performed by MRA in industrial centers of America for the past three years, to illustrate the road to industrial teamwork. It had been booked into a San Francisco theater which MRA had rented months earlier before it was known that there was to be an international conference in the city.

Buchman had been lent a home in a pleasant part of the city and there he entertained old friends and new, linking up again with some who had already played a major part in his work. Like Jean Monnet, the thinker behind what later came to be known as the Schuman Plan and then the European Common Market, Buchman believed that food was an invaluable weapon in diplomacy. Monnet maintained in his memoirs that the dining room of any important conference center should be as carefully planned as the meeting place. Over Buchman's dining table lively personal and meaningful exchanges took place between the most varied representatives of the nations in conference.

One old friend was Carl Hambro from Norway. He had accompanied his king into exile in London for the duration of the

war, and was now present in San Francisco as one of the founding fathers of the United Nations. He was quick to renew contact with Buchman, and invited him to the opening ceremonies, only to find himself hardly able to get in because of the crush and confusion. He dined that evening with Buchman and talked freely about the problems he saw ahead, the intransigence of the Soviets, their blackmail of the smaller border nations by their vast military force. At the conference he had felt the lack of meeting places where private conferences and conversations could be held away from the glare of publicity, and agreed to bring delegates to meet privately with Buchman and other colleagues from the conference.

Archie Mackenzie, one of our own number who had been co-opted by the British embassy in Washington in the early years of the war and served with the British Information Services, was a member of the British delegation. He was an invaluable ally to Hambro in introducing delegates to Buchman and also, as often happened, to each other, since delegations tended to huddle together and unofficial contacts were not easy to make.

Sometimes these occasions were at the house, sometimes at the Fairmont Hotel where many delegates were based. It was at the house that I first met K. P. S. Menon, later India's first ambassador to Moscow. He came with most of his Indian delegation to taste a Madras curry, which was pronounced excellent. He had just received the galley proofs of a book he had written about his journey to China during the war when he was the Indian agent-general to the Chungking government. It told of his journey through the "back door" of the Himalayas into China; we worked many hours together on his proofs. He was a member of my old Oxford college, Merton College, and was a charming and most able man. Time spent with him was a great pleasure for both of us.

A diary of those days recounts a string of meals, meetings, coffee parties, with many of the delegates. Buchman took me to a lunch with John Foster Dulles, who told us that he thought the concept of "world revolution" would be dusted off again after the war, since the Soviets did not believe that capitalism and communism could coexist. He also prophesied that the Allies would make the same mistakes in dealing with Germany as after the

First War, first too hard, then too soft. Bishop Bell of Chichester, who was in close touch with happenings in the German Church, was another guest and a friend of many of the July 20 group who had plotted to assassinate Hitler and had died, and of their widows. He, too, was not very hopeful.

There were many others who joined in these discussions, who brought their delegations to see *The Forgotten Factor*, and otherwise took the opportunity to be out of the hectic atmosphere of the conference. Alistair Cooke, reporting for the (Manchester) *Guardian*, remarked on the unexpected solution of a tense problem of trusteeship, when General Carlos Romulo of the Philippines found common ground with the British delegation and signaled across the conference hall to Archie Mackenzie, "The forgotten factor?" Romulo was later responsible for a special showing of the play for delegates, which had a marked effect on many, to judge from their comments afterwards.

Roosevelt had died shortly before the conference and one of President Truman's first acts was to give the opening speech. But that week he was apprised of the existence of the atomic bomb, something that Roosevelt had never mentioned to him, and so he had to address the conference by radio from Washington. He came, however, for the signing of the United Nations Charter on 25 July 1945. He concluded his remarks with the words, which neatly combined the two major but separate strands of hope for the future of mankind: "Let us not fail to grasp this supreme chance to establish a world-wide rule of reason, to create an enduring peace under the guidance of God."

Truman met Buchman again and greeted him warmly, but soon left for the momentous trip to the Potsdam Conference.

Out of the friendships made at this conference in San Francisco came many of the postwar moves of Moral Re-Armament into countries of Asia, into Australia, and the Middle East. A network of friends was created in diplomatic and governmental spheres worldwide, which welcomed us and expanded to whole nations the ideas expressed around a dinner table.

The war in Asia ended before the conference concluded. Six years later, in 1951, the Japanese Peace Conference met in the same city of San Francisco. Again Buchman was present, and again the foundation of future work was laid in personal meetings and

friendships made among the delegations. A year earlier a delegation of Japanese from politics, business and education, some of whom would be delegates to this peace conference, came as guests of MRA to America. They were the first Japanese to address the United States Congress, expressing their apologies for the war and the events leading up to it and paying tribute to MRA's role in creating a new attitude in their people. Of this occasion the *New York Times* in an editorial wrote: "For a moment we could see out of the present darkness . . . into the years when all men may be brothers."¹²

These were years of fascinating personal diplomacy, in which we were all given the opportunity to be of use, and to learn about the shape of things to come, and, in some measure, to affect them. Now it was time to turn back to Europe, where many new problems confronted the world and us. One immediate problem was shipping space, which was in short supply, but we were ready to accept anything; and in May 1946 one hundred or more berths were found on the *Queen Mary* in her wartime garb of a troop carrier. She had been decommissioned a week before we had applied for passages. She had lost much of her glory; tiers of bunks replaced beds, plywood covered all the fancy decorations; her crew was overworked, and the cuisine was still wartime. But she would take us home and we felt ourselves very fortunate to be heading back to Europe for whatever lay ahead.

XII

Europe and Enid

As we sighted the Isle of Wight, sailed into Southampton Water, and took the train to London, I was a mass of mixed emotions. Seven momentous years had passed since I had seen England. I expected to see a devastated land, but the first views from the train were green and pleasant and apparently untouched by war.

Back in London the full extent of the destruction came home to me. I looked for the area around my old school, near to Cheapside and St. Paul's Cathedral. It was gutted by bombs and fire. Familiar landmarks had dissolved into rubble. Merchant Taylors' School itself had been moved out of London before the war, but the old buildings, the fourteenth-century cloister of the Charterhouse and what had been the Great Hall of the school were still there, though the old Charterhouse next door had suffered. There was a dramatically unfamiliar view of St. Paul's Cathedral, its surrounding buildings destroyed by fire and bombs, looking more as Sir Christopher Wren wished it to be seen—a mother church with space around it to gather her children at her feet. The little lanes around Cheapside had partly disappeared, and some of the roads I used to bicycle along to school were heaped high with rubble. The Guildhall Library was gone, the Merchant Taylors' Hall destroyed; but much remained, and I knew I was home again.

There was a happy reunion with my parents, who had moved from London in the last year of the war to the countryside of

Kent, familiarly known as “bomb alley,” where Nazi bombers dropped their surplus bombs before heading for home. By degrees, my brothers returned from different parts of the world and from different responsibilities. Derrick, the oldest, with whom I had had ambitions of going into medical practice, was now an orthopedic surgeon who had been in charge of a military hospital in Suffolk for most of the war. Gordon, the next oldest, had been interned by the Japanese for three years in China, along with his Chefoo School with its several hundred European and American children. Under very hard conditions, they had continued instruction until liberated by the American Navy. Roy, the youngest, had been an officer in the British Army in India for the duration. All were now married, with children, and there were a lot of new faces to get to know as well as stories to hear of the years between.

My absorption in my own affairs from the time I left home for Oxford and then for Moral Re-Armament had weakened my links with my family. With the careless insensitivity of youth and my prolonged absences, I had come to look on my parents as being out of touch with my life and thought. Now I found how deeply they cared and how much they wanted to know how I, as their son, not as the emissary of a movement or as a clever young man, was faring in life. There were some precious days of catching up. They wanted to know Enid, but as we were not engaged, it was not possible for me to take her to my home to meet them. That would have been frowned upon.

Charlotte Sherrard, the American cousin, they met in a dramatic fashion. One day she and I took the train and bus to the little village of Pembury in Kent. Charlotte was in her seventies, enthusiastic and eager to see the relatives of whom she and I had spoken so much, and they were happy to meet the one who had sent them wonderful parcels from America and been so kind to me. My mother was standing at the garden gate of the new home. Charlotte stepped off the bus, ran to greet her, and fell on her face in the road. It was a painful moment which ended in the two cousins consoling each other, in the bandaging of bruised knees, and in the banishment of any kind of formality. In the few weeks of Charlotte’s visit they became great friends; it was a timely and happy meeting for them both.

Charlotte was most eager that Enid and I get engaged before she went back to the United States and was our most fervent advocate. At last this came about. The diamond ring she had given me was placed on Enid's finger. Charlotte went home happy.

Enid had had a troubled childhood, losing her mother when she was five and gaining a difficult stepmother who was always jealous of the father's love for his daughter. He was a member of Parliament from the Liberal Party, a free trader, a Nonconformist, an advocate of Home Rule for Ireland, and a manufacturer of bricks and tiles in the industrial Midlands. His death left Enid, who loved him dearly, at the mercy of her stepmother, who moved from place to place taking Enid with her, in the process uprooting her from different schools of which she became progressively less fond. The last in the series was Cheltenham Ladies College, where she was that inferior creature, a "day girl," as her mother had decided to settle down for a while in that town of retired Indian colonels and select schools.

Enid was unhappy from the start, and her stepmother had little patience with her complaints. One day, in a rage, she threatened Enid with a knife in the kitchen. Enid ran out of the house to friends who took her in. The father of the friendly family was a solicitor who understood the situation, made the necessary legal arrangements to remove from the stepmother's control the money Enid's father had left her, and obtained a court order allowing her to live apart from her stepmother. When Enid left school he took her into his office, thinking she might want to become a lawyer. She learnt shorthand, typing, and office skills, but disliked the formalism of the legal profession and began looking around for something else to do.

The kindly solicitor, a pillar of the Church of England, nudged her in the direction of the Church Missionary Society. The early thirties were not an era when young ladies asserted themselves, and Enid was then one of the least assertive of people. She was accepted by the Society, underwent some sketchy training in teaching, elementary medical skills, and house-to-house visiting in one of the poorer parts of London, where she drank cup after cup of hot sweet tea, and overcame her apprehension of arriving uninvited on strange doorsteps.

With this equipment she was sent to India to teach Indian

girls in a mission school. Having her own finances, she was free to travel in her vacations, and went to the Northwest Frontier, to Afghanistan, anywhere to get away from Benares where she was employed. Her greatest pleasure was shopping for records of the latest musical hits from England, and, at weekends, slipping off to dances held by British regiments stationed in the neighborhood. She was a beautiful dancer, dancing as she walked, with light precision and grace. (I was a great disappointment to her later in this respect, having never set foot on a dance floor.) In general, she was restless, bored with teaching, and unhappy at being in India.

Among her fellow teachers was one who had had contact with the Oxford Group, and had the insight to become a good friend to her. Enid became uncomfortable when she learnt of the need to be honest about her motives if she was to find a direction for her life. Much of her life had been at the suggestion of others and she felt many of her motives were suspect, chiefly her life in India. Returning to England after eighteen months in Benares, she contacted the Oxford Group. It was a good step for her. She returned to India with a fresh set of motives, to serve, to help her students, to love the country and its people. This she did, and life became much brighter. She found herself not needing the outside amusements, enjoyed her work and companions; but falling seriously ill with jaundice, was sent back to England.

On her recovery, feeling she had given her best and was now ready for a new step, she went to Brown's Hotel in the West End of London where the Oxford Group maintained an informal headquarters, and volunteered to work there two days a week. It was on one of those days that in 1937 we first met. By 1946 we had worked together for the past seven years and mutually fallen in love.

Not long after our return to England, I went to Buchman and told him that I felt it was time to be engaged to Enid. He put me off for a while. I persisted and finally he grudgingly agreed. Looking back, I do not find it strange that a grown man—I was now thirty-five years old—should have accepted this kind of authority. Where charismatic leaders are involved in church or state and their influence is all-pervasive, acquiescence comes readily. It is the stuff of which cults are made. I was too ready to comply, for I valued my place in the inner circle and had no desire to find my-

self banished to the outer edges, as had happened once before.

The phenomenon of “groupthink,” which is familiar to students of corporate decision-making, sets up powerful influences in a group that are hard to stand up against, and I was by nature a compromiser. I told myself that Buchman’s advice was good, that many accepted it without complaint. But I was also aware that in the area of marriage, he reflected too closely old-fashioned ideas more suited to the monastic life than to a lay life in the twentieth century. They were certainly not helpful to Enid and myself.

The seven years of waiting were years in which I grew little in insight into myself, and in which activity had taken the place of personal growth. As a result, I was still immature when we married. I had no understanding of the woman’s side of the partnership. I saw marriage as a state in which we could enjoy the intimacy that had previously been off limits, and since we were already so closely involved in our daily work, that was the only area of our lives that changed. We shared a bed in addition to our work, which went on as before. We continued to write our dozens of letters, draw up lists of addresses, keep track of activities, act as communications center, and generally keep the wheels moving around Buchman. We undoubtedly felt ourselves more indispensable than we really were, but for many around us we were, in fact, one stable factor in a swiftly moving world of activities.

We discussed having a family. This would, of course, have changed our lives fundamentally. It would have profoundly affected our status as part of the inner circle around Buchman. As usual, it was the sort of decision I did not want to consider. I tried to finesse it by telling myself we were too busy. My good friend Eric Bentley, however, took up the subject with me very directly. Enid was more than ten years older than I was and in her forty-seventh year, he pointed out. Did I understand the risks involved in having a child at that age? Well, yes, I did, in general terms. Had I talked to Enid about it? Yes, in very general terms. Was it not something on which I should both seek God’s guidance and also use some common sense? Yes, I should.

Enid was clear that, though to have a child was something for which she most longed, she had felt the years slipping by and that it would have been a great risk for her and for any child con-

ceived. I think she also felt that I was wedded almost as much to the work we were doing together with Buchman as to her, and that I would be devastated if I had to give it up. She was wiser than I who, as I look back fifty years later, had grown up intellectually but was still emotionally immature.

We continued working hard and found a fulfillment in the exciting and useful days which opened up for us. Enid, however, felt robbed of a part of life, and though she loyally and, for the most part, happily backed me in everything I did, she lived her life through me rather than developing our life together. She was far more aware than I of Buchman's ambiguous attitude to women. Only as time went by did I learn how many of our number came to her with questions and hurts and resentments, which she loyally helped them to overcome, or at least set aside for the good of the enterprise.

On 15 August 1946 we were married before the British Consul General in Lausanne, Switzerland, by the mayor of the city, and afterwards in a religious ceremony at Caux. All my family were present except my mother, who had died suddenly from a stroke, all her wedding preparations made, the new hat and dress on which she expended all her ration coupons purchased, and having come to know, love, and be loved by her future daughter-in-law.

We had a twenty-four hour honeymoon in Glion, a few miles down the mountain from Caux. Then back to work. Doors were opening in post-war Europe. The new MRA center at Caux was like a light in the great darkness of a postwar world full of hatred, resentment and fear. It was time for us, with all our shortcomings and limitations, to get to work.

With Peter Howard in Japan on 1956 global tour that took 244 of us to 18 countries. For many years, our suitcases were our home.



My father was 90 years old on June 1, 1962. My mother had died in 1946 and my stepmother had taken over father's care. That early summer day his four sons and their wives were in England and we gathered to celebrate under the apple and cherry trees, heavy with blossom, in his garden in Kent.

Reading from left to right we are, in our appropriate couples: Morris and Enid; Derrick and Marjorie; Father and Margery (stepmother); Gordon and Heather; Roy and Josephine.



The President of Mackinac College, Douglas Cornell, and the Academic Dean, looking each other over.



Commencement Day at Mackinac, June, 1970.



In the turbulent late 1960s, an Up With People cast performed at the Arc de Triomphe in Paris. Founder Blanton Belk and his wife, Betty (right), have been my friends for years. With cast members in Nottingham, England (above); apparently we were setting out for Sherwood Forest and an informal lecture, no doubt on Robin Hood and the feudal system!

Twelve
good Rules
found in the



Study of
King: Char:
the First of
Blessed Memory

Prophane	no	Divine Ordinances
Touch	no	State Matters
Urge	no	Healths
Pick	no	Quarrels
Maintain	no	Ill Opinions
Encourage	no	Vice
Repeat	no	Grievances
Reveal	no	Secrets
Make	no	Comparisons
Keep	no	Bad Company
Make	no	Long Meals
Lay	no	Wagers

These Rules observ'd will obtain
Thy Peace and everlasting Gain.

King Charles' Twelve Good Rules still hangs on a wall of Windsor Castle.



I enjoyed my days at Princeton, making many new friends, opening the riches of the classics to an enquiring new generation, and reaffirming my love of the academic environment.



Teaching in the classroom; always an adventure.



With Heiko and Toetie Oberman. I relished my mornings with Heiko every Friday for years. We talked philosophy, history, and just about everything else.



Ora entered the Church (above right) flanked by sons Dennis, Dino and David. Danielle (above) had preceded them out of the picture. It was a very happy day.





In June, 1990, Ora and I were in Rome at the invitation of the Joint Astronomical Program of the Castel Gandolfo Observatory and the University of Arizona Department of Astronomy. We were wined and dined, shown around the Vatican, and finally received in a small private audience by Pope John Paul II, who blessed us and our marriage.



An Alaskan adventure landed us a 50 lb. King salmon.

XIII

Caux - the Quality of Mercy

To the food- and comfort-starved Europeans who had endured the long war years, Switzerland was like a precious jewel in a somber setting of war-destroyed nations. The sky was bluer, the lakes more sparkling, the mountains more splendid than imagination could paint them. And the food! There was butter, meat, fresh bread, even chocolate, in quantities which they had forgotten still existed in the world. For them, to go to Switzerland in the first year after the war was like going to heaven.

The gingerbread belle époque-style Caux-Palace, where the representatives from many nations were to meet, had been built at the turn of the century on a ledge of the mountains above Montreux. It had a spectacular view of the Lake of Geneva and beyond it the Rhone valley, closed off in the far distance by the solid wall of the Dents-du-Midi range. In spring, especially, when the narcissus are blooming all over the hills and the air is crystal clear, it is one of the world's great vistas.

The Caux-Palace had seen its greatest glory before World War I, when opulent guests came for lengthy stays, bringing their own servants with them, and when life proceeded at a more casual pace. After World War II, having seen a couple of bankruptcies and reorganizations, it became the property of the banks. A group of Swiss, headed by my friends Philippe Mottu, Robert Hahnloser,

and Erich Peyer, had undertaken to buy the hotel from the banks at a special price, to which the banks contributed a share in view of the intended use of the facility.

It was renamed the Mountain House, mirroring the Island House on Mackinac Island where the project had been conceived. During the war the hotel had housed internees, exiles from Germany, Allied airmen who had bailed out over Switzerland, and a mixed bag of other victims of war. They had treated the structure with little respect. Door locks were broken, parquet floors and furniture consumed for heat, but the construction was solid and once again, as at Mackinac, an army of volunteers swarmed all over the building, and by summer 1946 there were several hundred rooms ready for occupancy.

The next few years were, in my opinion, MRA's most effective. History, according to Shakespeare and many others who have studied the past, moves not in straight lines nor in circles, but in waves, in tides. "Taken at the flood," as the surfer does the crest of his wave, the tide of history can make things happen that are possible only at that one moment in time.

Such a moment was the immediate postwar period. After World War I these years were spent in blame, revenge, and recrimination. The forces that propelled the war were allowed to dictate the peace. After World War II the same emotions raged in Europe and in the whole world, which the victors, as such, could not diminish. Hatred, fear, revenge, were again the human passions with which diplomats and politicians had to contend in building peace.

There were those who wanted to destroy Germany as an industrial power to revenge themselves for the crimes of the Nazis. There were also those who saw that this would only sow the seeds of future and possibly more dangerous developments, as had happened after the first world war. When Churchill said that Europe could not be chained to a corpse, he gave expression to this view. When he went further and spoke of a new Europe, there were not so many that agreed with him. The political steps towards this seemed too big and too dangerous for a continent that was still a cauldron of hatred.

The immediate need was for a basis of genuine reconciliation, of forgiveness, between allies as well as between enemies. A torn

fabric of relationships had to be knit up again before anything lasting could be achieved, and this was not the work politicians were adept at doing. It needed individuals by the thousands working inside and outside the political process to attempt the impossible.

The conferences in Caux, which began in 1946, were attended by representatives from as many nations as possible. The simple fact of meeting, being welcomed, and of learning of each other's sufferings, hopes, and dreams, created an extraordinary atmosphere. Here enemies could meet, and leave often as friends, always with a new sense of possibilities.

Buchman was disturbed that as Caux opened its doors there were no Germans present. He had been concerned with Germany from his student days, had tried hard to get his message into the country during the 1930s. Accordingly, he took immediate steps. He quickly mobilized contacts in Washington to authorize a small party of Americans to go into Germany and with the agreement of General Lucius Clay, commander of the American occupation forces, to invite selected Germans from the American zone of occupation to come to Caux. From this group would come some of the future leaders of a new Germany; some who had been imprisoned by Hitler, or had been in internal exile, or who had been in the underground opposition to Nazism. Widows and children of the instigators of the July 1944 attempt on Hitler's life were among them, and even some unrepentant Nazi youth.

Over the next four years such people, with their fellow-countrymen in the British and French zones (a few even slipped in from the Soviet zone) met with their opposite numbers from other countries, people whom they could not have encountered under any other auspices. Konrad Adenauer, who became the first post-war chancellor of West Germany, was one of these. So were provincial minister-presidents, judges, businessmen and labor leaders who were to play a decisive role in the rebuilding of the nation.

The French were not all delighted that the Germans were coming in such numbers. One French woman, Irène Laure, a powerful Socialist voice, whose son had been tortured by the Nazis, was about to leave the conference in disgust when Buchman asked her if she felt the new Europe, about which she had spoken so eloquently, could be built on hatred. This gave her long enough pause

to make her return to the conference. An American-French woman, Denise Hyde, who had won Mme. Laure's confidence, asked if she would like to meet one of the German women present. She sat down with the widow of one of the July 20 military who been executed after the failure of the attempt on Hitler's life. Together they saw their sufferings from a new perspective.

In the quiet of her conscience Irène Laure saw that her attitude was typical of her country. She took the painful and decisive step of not merely forgiving her enemies, but asking their forgiveness for the hatred which she harbored against them, which she had hitherto considered fully justified. The result was a crumbling of a wall between members of the conference more powerful than the destruction of the Berlin Wall many years later.

The word spread throughout Europe that Caux was a place of reconciliation. Men and women in public life, politicians, industrialists, labor leaders whose countries had only months earlier been in deadly conflict, came; many who were later prominent in the reconstruction of Europe. Soon Caux's Mountain House was not large enough. Another nearby hotel was purchased; rooms were rented all over the mountain.

I was kept very busy with these visitors as my knowledge of French and German was useful. Most of those who came were hungry for honest friendship and for a window on a world different from what they had lived in for the past decade. I made many good and lasting friendships, particularly among the Germans. "Johnnie" von Herwarth, later the first postwar German Ambassador to Britain, remained a friend until his death in 1999. Another was Dieter Sattler, later ambassador to Rome, whose early death was a sadness to me. Successive presidents of West Germany, Heinrich Lübke and Gustav Heinemann; Karl Arnold, minister-president of North Rhine-Westphalia; Hans Boeckler, president of the West German trade unions; industrialists, labor leaders, diplomats, and newspaper editors were among the hundreds who came, and who had a significant role in laying the foundations of a democratic West German republic.

Caux was a living demonstration of what could be done when men and women who are suddenly entrusted with responsibilities too large to handle recognize their need of help from both God and man. It was this sense of need for a fresh start, and for allies

on the new road, that made Caux such an exciting place during the dark years of Europe's slow return to sanity. It was the life of nations as it was meant to be lived.

At our wedding, Enid and I had been presented by our American friends Charles Haines and James Newton with a shiny new Buick automobile, a thing of wonder in Europe where the war had taken a fearful toll on all vehicles. When Konrad Adenauer came to Caux, while he was still president of the Parliamentary Council, not yet chancellor, we were deputed to drive him over the mountains to Gstaad, where his old friend Count Coudenhove-Kalergi lived with his beautiful Japanese wife. The count had long been an advocate of European federal unity and a friend of Adenauer.

Caux was the first trip outside Germany for Adenauer since 1934, when he was removed by the Nazis as mayor of Cologne and banished from public life. He was in a reflective mood. First he wanted to visit the little village of Glion, where he, like Enid and me, had spent his honeymoon with his first wife, who had died. Not much had changed in that mountain village, though their hotel had been transformed into a children's holiday home run by the churches of the canton. Memories of fifty years earlier came back to him as he gazed down the unchanged beauty of the valley of the Rhone.

Then on to Gstaad where, by diligent enquiry, we found the chalet of the count. The countess led Enid and me off for a walk around the garden and a cup of tea, while the two old friends reviewed their memories and looked into the future.

As I drove back, Adenauer turned to me and said, "There is a very remarkable man. He has held fast to an idea through some very hard times. He is still as convinced of the necessity of Europe as a federal unit as he ever was. I admire him greatly because he has never let go of his dreams in the darkest days."

Adenauer's partner in the restoration of Franco-German relations was Robert Schuman, then foreign secretary of France. It had been Buchman's hope to bring the two leaders together in Caux. Earlier in October 1949 I had met Schuman in Buchman's company as guest at dinner in the home of a Lille industrialist, Louis Boucquey, a convinced Catholic, friend of both Cardinal Liénart of Lille and of Robert Schuman.

It was a remarkable evening. Schuman was impressed with the news of what Buchman was accomplishing in Caux and by Cardinal Liénart's report of it, and had written a foreword to a collection of Buchman's speeches in French, which I had been editing in English over the past years. He was very conscious of the vacuum in the heart and mind of the ordinary man after the exertions and sufferings of the war. Victory and defeat are almost equally unproductive soil in which great concepts can take root. If European unity was to mean anything but a good idea, it had to bring an end to the division between France and Germany that had led to three wars in the past seventy years. In conversation with his friend Boucquey, Schuman had said:

The Atlantic pact [which he was about to sign] needs to be sustained not only by the atom bomb, but by a change in the way of life and political behavior in the Western world. We need to give an ideological content to the life of the millions of Europe. Germans need a lot of courage to work with the French. You cannot be sentimental about these things. We need to reach a deep inner change to solve our major problems.

At dinner in Boucquey's home, we found Schuman discouraged with the new situation. West Germany's first parliament had just been elected, and East Germany was resolutely resolved to protest this by forming its own state and government. He wondered if his desire for European unity was a mere illusion. Much of his life's work had been destroyed or frustrated, he felt. Turning to Buchman, he said,

I need your advice. For years I have wanted to get out of politics and write about the lessons of my life. There is a monastery with a fine library and plenty of quiet where I would be welcome. I feel I could do my best work there. Dr. Buchman, will you advise me? What should I do?

Buchman smiled. "What in your own heart do you think you should do?"

Schuman threw up his hands and smiled his broad smile, which seemed to reach from one very large ear to the other. "I wish you hadn't asked me that!"

Then he enlarged on his situation:

I feel in my bones there is one thing I must do, and I am afraid of it. I was born German in Alsace and served in the German Army in the First World War. Then Alsace became French again, and I became a Frenchman, and served in the French Army in the second war. I know the problem of France and Germany from the inside. I have felt for a long time that I could have a large part in healing the hatred between the two countries. I have talked about it with de Gasperi [Prime Minister of Italy at the time]. He is in the same situation, born Austrian and served in the Austrian army; then Italian and understanding both. We feel that something can be done and that the time to do it is now.

But, he went on, there was one problem. He did not know the new men emerging in West Germany, nor did he know how much confidence he could put on them in such a fundamental change of course. Buchman turned to me and said, "Give him a list of the dozen best men from Germany we have had in Caux."

Then we discussed with Schuman some of the obvious ones—Adenauer, Lübke, Arnold, Boeckler, Herwarth—none of whom Schuman had met. He promised to look them up on his first official visit to Germany, which was to take place quite soon. This he did.

In Boucquey's guest book he wrote that night: "This evening spent with Dr. Buchman and the close friends in his great work has been a treasured first step which will lead me, I very much hope, to Caux."

Pressure of political business, however, prevented Schuman from coming to Caux, though several dates were made and postponed, until 1953. By then he had met Adenauer, at a time when there was rising tension between their countries over the future of the Saar. Both men spoke freely of their conflicting views and found no easy solution. But Adenauer came to respect and trust his opposite number and considered him a man of his word. This confidence was tested on 9 May 1950, when a letter from Schuman was delivered into Adenauer's hands by a trusted envoy, requesting immediate consideration. Adenauer, who was in a cabinet meeting, told the messenger to wait and within half an hour gave his answer.

The letter dealt with the fundamental problem of the "age-old

opposition of France and Germany.” Schuman was about to propose to the French cabinet the plan worked out by Jean Monnet for the pooling of the steel and coal production of the two countries, and its administration by a joint higher authority. He wrote, “The solidarity in production thus established will make it plain that any war between France and Germany becomes, not merely unthinkable, but actually impossible.”

Schuman wanted Adenauer’s understanding and agreement before he acted at a Paris cabinet meeting already in session by the time the envoy returned. Adenauer’s message was that he was “in complete agreement.”

Two months after the signing of what became known as the “Schuman Plan,” Adenauer paid tribute to the role of Buchman and MRA.

“In recent months,” he wrote Buchman, “we have seen the conclusion, after some difficult negotiations, of important international agreements. Here MRA has played an invisible but effective part in bridging differences of opinion between the negotiating parties.”

Skeptical newspapermen were surprised when Buchman was decorated by both the French and German governments, but the principals in the agreements and their advisers knew what this service had meant. There had been a moral and spiritual midwife present at the birth of the European Community.

Buchman made another effort to bring Schuman and Adenauer together at Caux. One morning in August 1953 Buchman sent for me and a young Frenchman, Count Armand de Malherbe, and despatched us to track down Schuman and to fix with him the date for his visit. It was a Saturday morning. Buchman knew, somehow, that Schuman would not be in Paris but was going to open a big steelworks in Lorraine. Our mission was to find him, which involved a couple of hundred miles’ drive over the Swiss mountains into France—and we had no idea where Schuman might be. Malherbe knew only that he had a home somewhere in Alsace.

We decided to drive to Metz and make inquiries. It was a shot in the dark and we knew it to be so. We drove all day and, as dusk was falling, arrived in Metz. We made some fruitless inquiries and then stood in the central square of the city and considered what to do next.

Malherbe saw an elderly Frenchman with the ribbon of the Legion of Honor in his lapel, walking his dog in the evening air. He looked carefully at us as we asked where Monsieur le Président lived, not knowing if we might not be dangerous anarchists. Apparently satisfied we were harmless, he said,

“In Scy-Chazelles near Mézières-les-Metz, but he isn’t there. He’s in Lorraine.”

We thanked him and again considered our ways. Scy-Chazelles, a flyspeck on the map, was not far, but night was falling and small French villages are difficult to locate after dark. Perhaps we should wait until morning.

We decided to press on and found the village, dark and silent as only a French village can be when everyone is at home and the shutters are up. There was no one in sight. As we were preparing to disturb the nearest house, a door opened and a visitor left with cheerful farewells to his hosts. We ran over and put our question.

“He lives right over there, in that big old house.”

It was formidably dark. Not a light showed anywhere, although it was not yet late. We approached, tugged at the ancient bell-pull, and knocked firmly on the door. Nothing. We knocked and pulled again. Then as we were about to give up, the shutters above our heads opened and Monsieur le Président, in his pajamas and wearing a nightcap, peered down on us. Malherbe quickly explained that we had been sent by Buchman.

“A moment, please,” was the response, and a few minutes later the door swung open and we were invited in.

“How did you know I was here? I only arrived this afternoon!”

We explained that Buchman had sent us and had somehow known he was where we had finally found him.

“What an extraordinary man! Please come and have coffee with me in the morning before I leave for Longwy.”

Over a delicious cup of café au lait prepared by the president’s elderly and protective housekeeper, who had been taken aback by our early appearance at the door, the date for the visit to Caux was fixed. At the last moment Adenauer’s presence was prevented by a political happening. He had been elected the first chancellor of West Germany a few days earlier and could not leave his country. But Schuman came. Malherbe and I met him in Geneva where he had attended a conference, and drove him up the winding

mountain road to Caux. He was a delightful guest and thoroughly appreciated what was going on there between the nations.

I met Schuman only once more, in Canada at the home of my friend Eric Bentley in Ottawa, where Buchman was another guest, but I retain the warmest remembrance of him. He was a man who lived by the conviction that had led him into politics, shrewd, warmhearted, living simply, unmarried, profoundly religious, and ready for the imaginative steps necessary to give substance to his dreams for Europe.

Adenauer I was to meet several times again, generally in the company of Buchman. Their last meeting was in Los Angeles in 1959. Buchman went there from the home of his last years in Tucson, Arizona. By then he needed a wheelchair to negotiate longer distances, and it was in this manner that Adenauer met him at a dinner given by the Los Angeles Council on Foreign Affairs. Buchman had earlier been presented by a member of the German ex-Kaiser's family with a replica of a cane owned by Frederick the Great. Its distinctive carved handle caught the eye of the chancellor, who knew its history. In his speech to the Council, Adenauer gave generous recognition of Buchman's work for postwar Germany.

Adenauer was a convinced Catholic; he was also a masterly politician. He could agree with Buchman on the basic need for faith and national healing, but he needed different tools with which to build the structure of Europe that lay on this foundation. Ideologically, his concern about Communism paralleled Buchman's. Both saw it as ruthless in its pursuit of a materialistic philosophy of man's nature. Buchman emphasized its anti-religious nature, Adenauer its anti-human *machtpolitik*. Adenauer had to negotiate the release of thousands of German prisoners held by Soviet Russia. He did so successfully by standing firm, a process in which rhetoric and sentiment had no place. Neither man was to live into the era of détente and the dissolution of Communism.

Adenauer is quoted as having said on one occasion:

Professional politics are not exactly favorable to a Christian. It is as though you were putting a staff into a pool of water. The deflection of the light rays will cause a perfectly straight staff to appear crooked and distorted. Take it out of the water and you will find it is as straight as ever.¹³

In other words, there are things a statesman has to do as a politician that involve compromises which a Christian of Buchman's stamp could not countenance.

Buchman's absoluteness was an uneasy partner with politics. The art of compromise can have its shady side, but it is the only way in which daily life can be carried on with civility and success. When, in the troubled affairs of men, the desperate need for conciliation and forgiveness between nations has been met—an enormous step in itself—then there arises the need for the daily oiling of the mechanisms that keep our world operating efficiently, and this needs a different approach. The guidance of God is indispensable, but the worldly wisdom of the professional is one medium through which it expresses itself. It is an old dilemma, and one that I found increasingly occupied my thinking.

XIV

Germany - Hope Among the Ruins

I have jumped ahead in my story and must now return to the immediate postwar years in Caux. Guests were flocking in from many countries. We were busy noon and night looking after them. Feeding them occupied a small army of volunteer cooks, dishwashers and providers. There were conference sessions every morning and late afternoon, stage performances at night.

The full-time staff was stretched to its limits and as a result needed the help of the conference guests in the practical running of the sessions. This was a quick road to mutual understanding. In practical duties everyone found a need they could meet. Since many had no finances and expenses were funded by the generosity of the Swiss and American hosts, this also gave the guests a sense that they were making a genuine contribution. In so doing they made friendships over the dishwashing and housekeeping with those who until very recently they considered their enemies. Working together gave the promise of being able to live together in a different world.

Germany was the natural focus. Efforts to get Washington, Paris and London to give permission for Germans to come to Caux were bearing fruit. They arrived in ever-larger numbers, and with immense problems to solve. The four allied powers had divided Germany into four zones—American, British, French and Soviet.

They were determined to make sure that the new Germany would be very different, but in what manner? The Soviets, because the most ruthless, had the clearest policy for postwar Europe. They intended to exact a heavy price from a Communist Germany for the losses they had suffered. The three democratic powers wanted to see a different, democratic Germany, but differed on how to do it. The Labour government in Westminster wanted to see a social-democratic Germany, while the United States hoped for a democratic Germany as a future market. France preferred a Germany that would not threaten her security. Each zone was almost totally autocratic in what measures it introduced. The German people, understandably enough, had at this moment no voice in what their future would be.

Lord Annan, who was high in the political division of the British Occupation, in his valuable book *Changing Enemies*¹⁴ underlines the confusion in the thinking of the British: "The notion that Germans had to be reeducated was dear to the hearts of Military Government, who believed the British should knock the elementary rules of democracy into their heads." Annan quotes with approval my old friend, Dick Crossman, as saying, "There were plenty of noble Germans who had resisted Hitler and who, put into posts of responsibility, could re-educate their countrymen better than the British."

This view did not impress the Foreign Office, which had made up its mind that the July 20 plotters "may have plotted, but how many of them believed in democracy?" These two views continued for the next years to bedevil British policy towards a new Germany. The Americans, as Lord Annan put it, "whose homeland had been unscathed found the non-fraternization policy impossible to follow—they were too generous and outgoing. The British did not feel it all that hard."

So it was largely the Americans who opened the door for Germans to come with official backing to Caux. Many of them became my direct concern.

My duties hitherto had revolved largely around Buchman's needs—his growing correspondence, entertainment of his guests, making and keeping track of his appointments, and being generally available. I was seldom involved for long with the individuals who arrived daily with their special hopes and needs. I was a "be-

hind the scenes” man and was glad to be so. I had no dramatic story to tell but I heard many from those who had endured the war years and were now ready to make a fresh start to rebuild Europe.

The increasing numbers of Germans altered all that. I spoke German and was often in demand as interpreter at meals and meetings and was happily drawn into the company of a most interesting group of people. When General Clay as military governor of the American zone had given permission for representative Germans to travel to Caux, he did so expecting that they would return with fresh convictions and refreshed energy for the task of democratic reconstruction. For some of them, Caux in the summer of 1947 was the first free air they had breathed since 1933, when Germany had become a prison for them. Some had suffered directly for their opposition to Hitler; others had suffered vicariously in the painful death of husbands, brothers and fathers. These were the type of people on whom a new Germany was to be built, the new minister-presidents, civil servants, businessmen and labor leaders and academics, with their wives and children.

As we met and talked of the future, it became clear that what was needed was, besides new ideas, a new cohesion between the groups they represented. To promote this, the life together at the conference was a great ally, but something more was needed. So I found myself appointed to facilitate the writing of a basic handbook on democracy for postwar Germany, which would attract the ordinary person and be of use to those in government. It was to be distantly based on the handbook *You Can Defend America* that we had produced in America during the war.

Some of the Germans found this a little naïve, and proceeded to produce their own ideas of how to explain democracy to the German people. They tended to be longwinded and abstract. We sat around, read and discussed. Soon there were more versions and outlines. We would stop every now and again and have a time of listening rather than talking, concentrating on the simplest rather than the most erudite way of stating the case. It was soon clear that the very simple American version had its virtues and we would start all over again, using it as a model.

Among those who worked together on this project were some well-known writers and editors who had been silenced by the

Nazis—Rudolf Pechel of the *Deutsche Rundschau*, Franz-Josef Schöningh of the *Süddeutsche Zeitung*, Erwin Stein, Minister of Education for Hessen, Professor Peters, law professor from Berlin, and most helpful of all, Hans “Johnnie” von Herwarth. He had spent ten years in the German embassy in Moscow before the war, served in the German army throughout the war, had been part of the July 1944 plot against Hitler, and was now head of the Bavarian State Chancellery. He especially helped steer this motley crew and streamline its efforts, so that before long we came up with an outline, different from the American product, but similar in feeling. In his second volume of his memoirs, Herwarth wrote:

We created the story of a certain Hans Schneider, who is distressed with the situation in postwar Germany, but whose only recourse is to say, “Everything’s Got to Change.” Finally he adopts the MRA idea, “Begin with yourself,” and starts to change himself. There were striking and emphatic pieces of text dealing with “inspired democracy,” a new Germany, a new world and the concept of teamwork.¹⁵

Our group of writers was due to go back to Germany after ten days and another group took their place. With them we went through the same evolution, from academese to plainspeak. The process was exhausting for those of us working with them but it was invaluable. A common body of conviction was created among those who participated.

They were men and women who could not have met each other in their own country under the existing circumstances, since they came, by now, from all three Western zones of occupied Germany which could, as yet, have almost no contact with each other. The very act of thinking together, of talking about words and meanings, of finding simple ways to express basic principle, was of enormous value. The ambiguities of the English language, the convolutions of German, and the bastardization of many familiar concepts that had taken place under the Nazis made it an exercise in cross-cultural understanding. It enabled us to avoid many of the errors into which military government fell when trying to “re-educate” the German people. I certainly gained a much deeper understanding of them than I could have in any other way. So we all benefited; it was infinitely worthwhile.

Ultimately the summer conference ended. It was now the fall of 1947; the question arose, how was this much labored-over draft to be used? The Germans naturally wanted it published and thought it would be great if MRA did it. They had neither paper nor printing nor distribution facilities. When they suggested this to Buchman, he replied that it was up to them to do the impossible. They asked for some help and I, with two others who also were fluent German speakers, was deputed to give them a hand.

I was not enthusiastic, as I knew that Buchman was about to return to America and would be taking Enid with him to handle the secretarial duties. We felt we had seen little enough of each other during this very busy summer. We had been married only one year, and in spite of a warm invitation from the Germans, it was with very mixed feelings that I watched Enid sail off from Genoa for New York while I headed to Germany.

It was six months before we saw each other again. I kept up a detailed correspondence of my adventures and she reciprocated from the States. My two companions were George Vondermuhll, a Swiss-American, and John Morrison, a Scot who had studied theology in Marburg before the war. We traveled in a station wagon full of provisions for the host families we would meet, whose welcome was more generous than their larders. We were armed with permissions from the different military authorities, American, British and French. We lived as much as possible off the allied economy to which our permissions entitled us, with coupons for military-controlled gasoline and for hotels. General Clay on the American side and Lord Pakenham, civilian head of Military Government on the British, were apprised of our activities and were consistently helpful.

Caux was now a well-known word in Western Europe. To be "from Caux" meant you were considered a positive force for rebuilding Europe and a friend. We crossed into Germany at Basel after a meeting with the Theological Faculty of the University of Basel. Here we confronted the redoubtable Professor Karl Barth, who had serious doubts about our theology but thought we would be useful at the United Nations. We took this for a compliment.

Across the border we were in the beautiful Black Forest with its dark lines of firs and filtered sunlight. Here there was little sign of war, but on arrival in Stuttgart we saw its devastation. Our

military passes allowed us to stay at the Zeppelin Hotel, which was much damaged but habitable. It cost one dollar per night. (Thirty years later I tried to get a room in the same hotel and was told that it would cost me \$130. I slept elsewhere.)

Here and in Munich we were welcomed by our friends from Caux, all overworked and underfed but delighted to see us. Johnnie von Herwarth's office in the State Chancellery in Munich became our informal headquarters and we shuttled between it and Stuttgart as we encouraged our friends to push ahead with publication. Their problem was lack of paper. They had none and could find none. They urged us to visit General Clay in Berlin and see what he would do and armed us with a strong joint letter of request signed by the heads of all the provincial governments in the American zone.

On this journey we saw the extent of the destruction that war had created in Germany. From Frankfurt I wrote Enid describing the city center as "a heap of ruins and the railway station a tangle of metal." Crowds of refugees filled the station looking hopelessly for relatives or friends from the East. We drove though the Soviet zone with some trepidation, but found the journey uneventful, the road almost deserted, and nobody showing any interest in us.

General Clay received us very cordially. In setting up the interview he had sent word that he didn't understand German, so we had prepared an English translation of the handbook for which we hoped to get his help. He was an impressive figure, interested in our story, but quite clear that this was a German matter and that it would not help their cause to be given paper by the Americans. He passed us on to his information chief, Colonel Texter, who was fascinated at the thought of the Germans producing their own concept of what postwar Germany should be. He remarked that events in the closing months of the war moved so quickly that very little time had been given to what their long-term task in military government would be. The paper plans produced in Washington were not much use in the actual situation of a defeated and hopeless Germany. He gave us much encouragement, but, naturally, no paper.

I had an Oxford friend in British Military Government, Major David Lancashire, whom I had met in MRA. He had served in the Army and was now a major in the political section, under

Lord Annan, who mentions him with approval as a “sprightly young officer from the Berlin Intelligence Section” where he handled contacts with German politicians. He sponsored our visit to Düsseldorf, where Germans who had been in Caux warmly greeted us. All wanted to do something for us in return for the hospitality shown them in Switzerland, and in so doing demonstrated the terrible conditions under which they were living, far below the normal nutritional level. Here our Swiss supplies enabled us to accept their invitations and supplement their provisions.

One memorable visit was to the home of Otto Schmidt, a cabinet minister in the provisional North-Rhine Westphalia government. He had been in prison for part of the war and was in poor health, but his small home was a delight. His four children, his wife, and he played violin, cello, and recorders for us in Bach and Mozart *concerti*, which took us out of the cramped surroundings into the wide open spaces of beauty.

I made a side trip to London from Düsseldorf to see my family and also to call on Lord Pakenham, who as civil head of the British Military Government was responsible to Parliament for events in Germany. He was full of encouragement. My mission had apparently been talked about favorably in various quarters. Sir David Maxwell Fyfe, one of the senior judges at the Nuremberg trials, who wanted to know what ordinary Germans were thinking about the trials and the Occupation, received me. I was invited to dine with Lord Reith, then head of the BBC, and to address the guests on the state of affairs in Germany. Reith was very gloomy, saying he felt Britain would go Communist if there were not some counterforce of spiritual renewal to unite the country. He dismissed the thought that the BBC might have a role in this. “I’m no publicist,” he said.

I returned to Germany with an official letter from the director of the German political branch of the Foreign Office, A. D. Wilson, who wrote:

“Mr. Martin has already done valuable work in Germany in the course of the past months, and we consider that further visits by him are likely to be of considerable use in helping to achieve the objectives of our occupation.”

This facilitated movement and occasionally came in useful

when I ran up against some of His Majesty's loyal servants who had no love for MRA; but I seldom had to use it.

During all this time progress was being made on the production of the booklet. We had always felt that it needed illustrations and had finally found the right artist, Ernst Maria Lang, a Munich architect and caricaturist for the *Süddeutsche Zeitung*, a member of the Lang family which had long been central to the production of the Passion Play in Oberammergau. He had produced pen-and-ink drawings with a poignancy and humor, which was just what we wanted.

But we still had no paper, and we had set our hearts on having the booklet produced by Christmas.

Suddenly, out of the blue, a telegram came from Scandinavia saying that Swedish businessmen who had been at Caux wanted to give a hundred tons of paper for the printing. "Tell us what you want, and how to get it to you," was all they asked. We felt like millionaires. In a former air raid shelter, now a so-called nightclub, we met with our German friends in Stuttgart and in a dim corner plotted the next moves. Now we had something to barter, and one of those present, the editor of the *Süddeutsche Zeitung*, Werner Friedman, announced that he had a small supply of fine prewar paper which he had been saving for some special production. It would stretch to 25,000 copies, he estimated. This would allow us to keep our Christmas deadline and have samples to prepare the way for the main edition of a million or more copies.

A printer had offered his services at cost. He had no other work and when we visited his plant we found it in poor shape, presses overworked and unreliable, no windows in the building, and the weather was freezing. We went daily to encourage the production. I wrote Enid:

Printing continues by a kind of daily miracle. Yesterday there was a heavy frost, so the machines froze overnight. The first thing the printers had to do was to get some aged electric stoves to unfreeze the machines. The pressroom was cold as charity. The men on the presses and the women in the bindery are going to work tomorrow, Sunday, to get the work finished. We expect copies three days before Christmas.

Some CARE packages had arrived for us, and when the first copies were ready, we had presents for all the workers in the plant.

We could not have paid them for the spirit and willingness they had shown to overcome all their difficulties, particularly as the German currency was almost worthless at the moment. They also had felt they were doing something that was of real significance for themselves and their nation. We ended the little Christmas party by singing “Heilige Nacht,” and there were many happy tears in all our eyes.

The first copies went to the helpful Lord Mayor of Munich, Thomas Wimmer, who read from it on the radio as his Christmas message to the city; to Cardinal Faulhaber, archbishop of Munich; to President Truman, General Marshall, General Clay, Lord Pakenham, and assorted figures in Washington and London who had shown concern for Germany. German officials sent copies to their counterparts in the other zones of occupation and to Soviet officials when possible. Sample copies were put into the hands of newspaper distributors with the help of the Americans who controlled the distribution machinery. This was to prepare them for the larger edition, which was to appear as soon as the Swedish paper arrived.

I took copies to London and this time I caught up with Dick Crossman. During the war he had been in charge of “black” propaganda of the Ministry of Information, in other words, disinformation designed to confuse the enemy. His interest in Germany served to bridge the differences we had had in years past, and he talked, as usual, very frankly and indiscreetly about governmental affairs, which I found very stimulating! As I wrote Enid:

All find the political problems of Germany baffling, in the absence of a fresh German leadership which can be trusted to lead in what the Allies consider a democratic fashion, a leadership that will naturally not meet with the approval of the Soviets, and will be tough enough to stand firm. So they are interested in what MRA is doing to create such leadership. But the future points always to a divided Germany, which will always be a source of instability in Europe.

“Always” turned out to be about forty years. Never say “never”!

There were the usual snafus in getting hold of the paper. It had been sent to Bremen to be hitched on to the American supply train, which left there for Munich weekly. Naturally no one knew

about it and it sat in a warehouse for a couple of weeks while we searched for it all over Europe. Finally it reached our printer and the big edition began.

During this lull David Lancashire took me to meet the Socialist leader, Kurt Schumacher, on whom the British Labour Government was placing its hopes for the future. He spoke a little grudgingly of the booklet, which we had sent him; it was not framed in the combative terms that he would have liked. He was an impressive man, hard, bitter but fair, in contrast to some of a rather strange cast of characters around him, one of whom did his best to prevent Schumacher from receiving me. Not long after, Schumacher was defeated by one vote, by Adenauer, for the recreated post of chancellor of West Germany—one of the pivotal occasions in history when one vote has made a vast difference.

The million copies were now rolling off the presses and orders for thousands were already coming in. The American News Agency, due to an existing agreement with the Soviets for the mutual distribution of newspapers and books in each other's zones, circulated 450,000 in the Soviet zone. Hitherto this agreement had worked strongly in favor of the Soviets, who had much more propaganda material to unload on the West than the West had ready for the East. Everywhere, including the Soviet sector of Berlin, it sold well. It had a bright red cover and was so cheap that it was within everyone's reach.

Suddenly, word was passed in the Soviet zone to withdraw the booklet from newsstands and stores. But the order was patchily obeyed. Thousands remained on sale in Leipzig, and we received word, through our distributors, of copies reappearing for sale in many other cities. We also learnt that one official Soviet objection to it was that a drawing of wolves, symbolizing the hardships of postwar Germany, was printed with the wolves on the right hand page, facing inward so that it appeared that the wolves came from the East, i.e. the Soviet Union!

We received many compliments on the production, but it was the Germans who had done it, and they had the pleasant sensation of having broken through the depression and hopelessness which defeat loaded on the shoulders of those trying to rebuild. It was a drop in the bucket of Germany's need, or, perhaps, an isotope of spiritual radium that affected the whole body politic.

To quote Lord Annan once more: “Anyone who has watched Germany since 1945 must see how genuinely Germans have repudiated authoritarian government. I have never doubted that the character of Germany changed and that what I saw there was the death, resurrection and transfiguration of that country.”

One indirect result from this initiative and from the friendship with our illustrator, Ernst Lang, came about some months later in a meeting between Buchman and the committee responsible for the first postwar performance of the Oberammergau Passion Play in 1950. Everything material was in short supply, and there was talk of postponing the play. A committee was convened in a smoke-filled inn in Oberammergau, and the Lang family invited Buchman and me to be present. There was much discussion of the difficulties, which the number of beers consumed did not seem to lessen. The benefits to tourism were stressed and all eyes were turned on Buchman, who was widely believed to be a benevolent American millionaire. He had sat quietly listening in one corner. Finally one bold soul asked him pointblank how much he would contribute.

Buchman said very pleasantly, “Silver and gold have I none, but such as I have, give I you!” He then reminded them that the play had begun centuries earlier in fulfillment of a pledge made by the village when plague ceased in response to the villagers’ prayers and promises. If they were true to the spirit of that pledge they would succeed, he said. The next day the mayor came to him and said that he had recalled them to the true purpose of the play, and in that spirit they would go ahead.

The Passion Play took place with many notables present at the opening; the ancient fervor was present throughout and the audiences were drawn from all over the world. Buchman was among the special invitees, but was on the other side of the world and unable to be present.

With the publication of *Es muss alles anders werden* [Everything’s Got to Change] my task was done and I so reported to Buchman in the United States. It had been an invaluable experience for me. Exposure to the realities of a war-devastated Europe and the almost impossible tasks involved in making the continent habitable again led me to ask myself how much MRA could possibly accomplish. It had its role, and it was a unique one, but

the levers of real power were now in the hands of governments, and they acted not on the guidance of God, as Buchman had dreamed, but on the votes of majorities and the expertise of administrators. I was still on my search for how to know what is right in life's ambiguities, and how to carry it out in the everyday life of nations. It had been a sobering lesson.

I had found a good friend in Johnnie von Herwarth. He was obviously destined to play a big role in the new Europe. He had been immensely helpful during the past six months to us; he was at the center of plans for the new German Foreign Office. He had friends in Washington and London from his ten years in the German embassy in Moscow, who knew the risks he had run in trying to get reliable information about Hitler's intentions to their governments. I felt he would be invaluable in planning for the next Caux conference, if he could accompany me to the United States and consult with Buchman.

Buchman agreed and we began to make plans for Johnnie to leave Germany. He was, however, *persona non grata* to the Soviet authorities, and they could, if they wished, bar him from getting a visa to leave West Germany. With General Clay's support and that of senators in Washington, the permission was granted. Six months after I said goodbye to Enid at Genoa, I was flying off to rejoin her in Los Angeles with von Herwarth, who was eagerly awaited in Washington. He would join Buchman in California to plan for the German delegation at Caux the following summer.

Los Angeles was wonderful, warm and sunny after a winter of cold discomfort but heart-warming hard work. Reunion with Enid was joyful.

XV

The Fifties

The 1950s were years of travel for Enid and me. Buchman was a vigorous invalid. His wartime stroke had only slowed his walking ability. With the help of his small staff, he initiated projects in different countries and took part in as many as he could. In 1952 he accompanied a couple of hundred delegates from a dozen nations through India, Pakistan and Sri Lanka at the invitation of social and political leaders in those countries, the majority of whom we had met during the San Francisco Conference in 1945. They felt that representatives of different nations, some of whom had recently been fighting each other, and from differing political factions, could inspire the fresh leadership desperately needed to create unity in a time of division in the subcontinent, and could encourage a popular response in support of these leaders. For this latter purpose we took plays and music along that would reach the masses.

We spent three months traveling through India, Pakistan and Sri Lanka. There was a memorable Christmas party in New Delhi when Pandit Nehru renewed his acquaintance with Buchman. They had met in 1926 in Switzerland where Nehru's wife was under medical treatment. Nehru had written a long, four-page handwritten letter to Buchman at that time, stating his interest in personal renewal, but emphasizing that he found the teaching of his Hindu traditions more helpful on the subject than what he understood of Buchman's ideas.

At this Christmas meeting, though politely cautious about

Buchman's teachings, Nehru showed how deeply the international nature of the gathering, the music, the ambience of friendship moved him. His eyes filled with tears when an especially composed "Song for India" was sung and when he met the young Indians, especially Mahatma Gandhi's grandson Rajmohan, who had joined our ranks.

Nehru had lent a government building, Jaipur House, as a center for the weeks we were in New Delhi. It was here that Buchman was decorated by the West German ambassador, with his opposite number from France standing at his side, for his services to Franco-German reconciliation, much to the surprise of foreign journalists who had pooh-poohed Buchman's efforts in this direction.

Buchman had seen the possibility of using the theater and film to put over his message to large crowds, and on this journey we took with us *The Forgotten Factor*, the play with its industrial theme that had toured America during the war. In Madras, the center of the Indian film industry, vast crowds came to see it staged in the open air in order to accommodate them. The monkeys, who swung through the trees and occasionally invaded the stage, enlivened it greatly. In Sri Lanka we had been escorted by elephants and taken part in ceremonial plantings of rice and blessings of the harvest.

I had the chance to make a side trip to Anuradhapura, with its ancient temples and gigantic images of Buddha, and to the former capital of Kandy, and to see something of the history and glory of the island. I had my first view of coffee and tea plantations, colorful with the Singhalese women in their bright saris picking tealeaves. In Pakistan, where feeling against India was still running very high since partition, we managed to get the railroad between the two countries reopened for the first time to allow stage equipment and baggage to pass through.

There was a trip to Kashmir, a Muslim state under a Hindu government, and the focus of much agitation. We took a bus over the Banihal Pass and from the summit I had my first glimpse of the plain of Srinagar, covered in the spring with purple iris. We lived on one of the typical houseboats on the Lake. Vendors on little boats loaded with fruit, flowers, vegetables, and, for the visitors' benefit, carved wood, ornaments, embroidery, and so on,

vied with each other to sell their wares with shouts to their competitors and blandishments to the buyers. It is a beautiful, sad country, and our visit did little to change the atmosphere of confrontation that has existed there for a hundred years.

Enid and I also had the chance to journey to Darjeeling, high in the foothills of the Himalayas. We arrived after dark. In the morning we threw aside the curtains to discover, framed in our windows, the stupendous sight of snow-covered Kanchenjunga against a cloudless azure-blue sky. We drove in a bouncing jeep on dusty roads and through riverbeds to Kalimpong, where the road to Lhasa crosses the border into Tibet. In Kalimpong we stayed at the inn run by a Scotsman and his Nepali wife. He pointed out the different tables in the dining-room where the secret agents of different countries regularly ate—Kuomintang agents spying on Communist China, Chinese Communists spying on the Kuomintang and the Moscow Communists, and the British, French, Indian, and American intelligence services keeping an eye on each other as well as on the Communists. They had established a form of coexistence, sharing the same room but definitely not all or any of their information. It was like a stage setting for a sinister play, all friendliness on the surface, but who knew what went on behind the scenes?

In Madras I linked up again with an old friend, K. P. S. Menon, whom I had first met at the San Francisco conference which set up the United Nations. He had served as India's agent-general (equivalent to ambassador before India's independence from Britain) in China. With the defeat of Chiang Kai-shek, he was appointed the first ambassador from India to the Soviet Union, and we had kept up a correspondence to and from Moscow for several years.

When we met again, he had retired from the Foreign Service and I was a guest in his delightful and very traditional Hindu home in Madras, and met his lively and brilliant family, ate with them, worshipped at the family shrine with them, and felt a part of their family. It was seldom that I could have experiences like this, as I was needed at Buchman's side most of the time. But "KPS," as everyone knew him during his career, and his family, gave me that gift. His son followed his steps into diplomacy and became ambassador to Japan in recent times. Through KPS I gained

an insight into a world of ideas and beliefs that grew up in India from two centuries of mingling Indian and British rule and Hindu and Christian cultures. He was a true friend.

It was largely the big cities of the subcontinent we visited. We saw the crowded and pathetic streets of Calcutta as well as the Calcutta Club with its beautifully manicured cricket field. One day a tremendous crowd, half a million or more according to the papers, gathered on the *maidan* outside the hotel where we were staying. I wandered out to see what was happening. A speaker was making an impassioned speech in Hindi over a tinny amplifier. I asked an Indian standing near me what it was all about.

“Stalin is dead,” he said.

Nearby an old woman was sobbing and crying out in Hindi. I asked my companion for a translation.

“She is saying ‘A great man is dead.’”

“Does she know who he is?” I asked.

A conversation ensued in Hindi.

“No, she does not know, but she does know he was a friend of the poor people, and that is why she is crying.”

What remarkable propaganda had reached out from the Kremlin across the world to touch the heart of one old woman, and millions of others like her, was my thought.

We met with the textile workers of Allahabad as well as the Tatas, their employers, visited Gandhi’s ashram at Ahmedabad, where Buchman met Gandhi in the twenties, and walked approximately the same path they had taken then together. The Mahatma’s grandson, Rajmohan, son of Devadas Gandhi, then editor of the *Hindustan Times*, was one of our number. He remains today still active in MRA and in the political life of his country.

We saw the Taj Mahal by moonlight, attended the christening of the son and heir of the Maharajah of Mysore—an enlightened ruler who had electrified his city and countryside, built good roads and listened to his legislature. The ceremony was long and complicated, with gongs and bells and incense and prayers and music, but as far as I remember, the baby behaved impeccably and I was inspired to write a poem, which evoked a generous letter of thanks from the proud father. Perhaps he too was an Oxford man, but I did not have the chance to find out!

By contrast the palace of the Nizam of Hyderabad was re-

markable in a very different way. I was allowed to wander alone through the museum, or, at least, the place where the Nizam, reputedly one of the world's wealthiest men, kept the treasures which had been presented to him by rulers and important people from all around the world. There were fabulous jewels, among them some uncut, unpolished diamonds the size of one's fist; emerald sword handles, glittering ropes of pearls and diamonds, and among them a model train sent by some Western potentate, and a Meccano crane and a rubber duck! Possibly these last items were of more interest than all the jewels. After all, when you have seen a lot of precious stones, you have seen them all, but a rubber duck is always a novelty.

It was impressed on us that the cities of India are not the only India, but that the villages were another world, one that we would not cover if we visited a fresh village each day for the rest of our lives. We could see little of this as we moved, a body of two hundred for three months through this part of Asia, but the knowledge gave a perspective to our travels.

In New Delhi, in what had been the residence of the former viceroys of India, I met with the president of India, that remarkable man, Sarvepalli Radhakrishnan, who from being Oxford's professor of Oriental Religion and Philosophy had become president of India. It was strange to be sitting in this splendid room, where Wavell and Mountbatten had sat, talking with one in Hindu garb whom I was more used to seeing in professorial cap and gown on Oxford's bustling streets.

We discussed our mission and mutual friends and acquaintances half a world away. He was familiar with some of the men in the university who had supported Buchman, especially B. H. Streeter, the provost of Queens' College, and took us seriously. He cited, as an example of a man whose change of heart had an impact on society, King Asoka, who after a bloody road to the throne had put his Buddhist convictions to work to create an era of forgiveness, compassion and peace. Radhakrishnan added, "I told Stalin about him when I took my leave as ambassador and suggested he might follow his example. Stalin said, 'I did go to theological seminary, but, no, I don't think so.'"

I met the comptroller of the president's household, an elderly and bearded Sikh named, of course, Singh, who had held the same

office under the viceroys. He invited me to lunch in his private apartment at the Residency, dining off china that still carried the viceregal coat-of-arms. He recounted how the viceroy and his whole household used to head for Simla and the mountains to escape the heat of a Delhi summer. It took a special train loaded with everything necessary to support the viceregal way of life, the servants, the crockery, linens as well as the files, typewriters and telephones of the official staff. Things were done less grandly under the new regime, and among the staff there was a certain nostalgia for the old days.

We moved on the fringes of the Cold War in our incursions into Asia. The local Indian Communist press attacked us as lackeys of capitalism but on more than one occasion, demonstrations against our activities were subverted by the great curiosity the Indians showed in our appearance. When the seats in the auditorium began to fill up, the demonstrators ditched their protest signs, flooded into the hall, and became enthusiastic members of the audience. They were far less disturbing than the monkeys in Madras whom we had found difficult to discourage from joining the entertainment on stage.

What did we achieve with all our hard travel and hard work? We enlisted a number of gifted young Hindus and Moslems who saw in MRA a fresh approach to the problems of their country. We made no obvious immediate impact on the hostility between Hindu and Muslim, between India and Pakistan, between the extremes of wealth and poverty. We spread a conviction that unity was possible, we demonstrated that many different nations could live and work together. We lived, for the most part, in Indian, Pakistani, and Sri Lankan homes.

This was good; but the greatest benefit was undoubtedly to us. It was a unique education in how to live in different cultures, how to shed the prejudices regarding food, living conditions, customs, and ways of thought, and to probe the minds of great people, high and low, and to learn from them. Taking part in the simple rituals of a Hindu home, experiencing the respect in which the leaders of the new nations were held, visiting Gandhi's memorial on the anniversary of his death, meeting the new generations of nationalist students who followed Nehru's political line but were skittish about perpetuating the moral demands of Gandhi, envis-

aging the vast problems of feeding, educating and employing seven hundred million people—all this, at first hand, confronting not paper problems but people, was humbling and vastly enlightening.

Another journey in this era took a small group with Buchman to Morocco. He needed a warmer climate for the winter months and in February 1954 half a dozen of us set out from Montecatini near Florence where Buchman had been taking a cure, for North Africa. Enid and I had been given an elderly Buick by a generous Swiss cigar maker and drove along the Riviera coast through San Remo, where the carnations were in full splendor, to Marseilles to board the boat for Casablanca. On arrival we drove direct to Marrakech and the Hotel Mamounia, an oasis of sunny comfort surrounded by the Sahara Desert on one side and the distant Atlas Mountains on the other.

Here we spent the next three months, with some side trips to other cities of Morocco, and met an astonishing variety of people, including French military, Moroccan leaders of the nationalist movement, and winter visitors from all over the world. Friendships made with the young nationalists developed into meetings between them and the older rulers of the colonial period and ultimately to a reconciliation between the Glaoui, the powerful Pasha of Marrakech, and the new Sultan of Morocco, with whom he had been bitterly feuding. This involved, first, a reconciliation between the Glaoui and his nationalist son, which created the atmosphere and the willingness in the fierce but frail old Glaoui to humble himself before the young, vigorous Sultan. It was a classic example of what MRA hoped to see take place wherever there was conflict.

The history books now tell this story in which I played only the smallest part, but apparently a useful one. A friendly couple of French settlers with whom I dined noticed that I did not drink their fine wine. Next day my host called me and said he had often been uneasy about drinking alcohol in a Muslim country and in a quiet time of meditation, which I had encouraged, had decided to destroy his remaining wines. He did so, and it was noticed and met with the approval of his Muslim neighbors. Word spread and attracted the attention of a member of the Glaoui's administration, Ahmed Guessous, who reported it to the Pasha's son: A small

hinge on which a large door turned, which appeared a miracle to the contemporary press.

For another journey in July 1955 I was detached from Buchman's side to support Peter Howard, who during these years was becoming Buchman's right hand. Peter and I had been together at Oxford, living on the same stair at Wadham College where our friendship was companionable but not close. He was thrustful, energetic, a brilliant rugby player and international sportsman, later a prominent journalist and playwright, a born leader. I was none of the above. After Oxford we went our separate ways.

We met again when Peter took up Buchman's cause in the *Daily Express* and in a widely read book, *Innocent Men*, which led to his dismissal from the paper. Thereafter he and I worked frequently together.

On this occasion we traveled around the world with a motley crew of "statesmen," present and former members of parliaments and governments from a score of countries, who formed the peg on which was hung this "Statesmen's Mission." Peter had written the book for a powerful, mildly satirical musical play called *The Vanishing Island*. This depicted the worlds of totalitarianism and democracy, pointed up the weaknesses of both and ended with a solution that was brilliant and effective, as well as prophetic of coming events during the next thirty years.

Enid stayed at Buchman's side when the mission left from Washington and San Francisco in June 1955 until we ended our adventure in Switzerland six weeks later. En route we managed to stir up a lot of interest and ruffle the feathers of a number of conventionally-minded diplomats and some officials of the United States government. They were delighted that we pointed out the failures of totalitarian systems, but were very uneasy when the weaknesses of democracy were depicted.

In Hawaii I got myself into trouble. We had been given transport free or at very favorable rates from various airlines as far as Hawaii and Tokyo. Peter and I were in charge. I had not been told that negotiations were going on behind the scenes in Congress and with the United States Air Force to hire two Air Force transport planes for the journey from Tokyo onwards. I was working with London on hiring two planes as cheaply as possible for this

journey for our 140 travelers from Tokyo. When no word came from Washington and we were about to take off from Honolulu, Peter, who knew of both possibilities, and I, who did not, decided to order the two planes from Britain. I signed the cable to London and Peter added his agreement, as he was doubtful that the Air Force would come through. Then word came that Washington was agreeable, and suddenly instead of no planes we had four, two British and two American.

I was in the doghouse, and although we managed to cancel one of the British planes, and were later very glad we had the second as the numbers of our party grew, it was an expensive decision for me to have made. It reflected the lack of a clear assignment of responsibilities, which was endemic in MRA. What was everybody's business was nobody's business. Whose sense of the guidance of God was superior to anyone else's? Decisions tended to drift back to Buchman or those who were thought to know his mind. Too bad if you got it wrong.

In my absence Enid bore the brunt of Buchman's disapproval. I was under a serious cloud for weeks, but was too busy to dwell long on my shortcomings as we were faced on our journey with some very disgruntled American and British diplomats who disapproved of our presence in the countries to which they were accredited.

But we made strong friends with the regimes that were not so delighted with the British and American presences. The Japanese loved us; Taiwan was delighted with our depiction of totalitarian regimes; Iran's Prime Minister Mossadeq received us as he lay in bed and berated me, as the token Englishman, for my country's policies; the Shah of Iran and his Queen built a special stage for our performance in the palace gardens; the Baathists in Baghdad tried to cancel our visit, but we had a strong advocate in Foreign Minister Fadhil Jamali and the American ambassador, Loy Henderson, who facilitated the performances. In Egypt General Naguib, Nasser's predecessor; in Burma, Premier U Nu; in the Philippines President Magsaysay, were our sponsors. In Vietnam, Thailand, India, and Pakistan we were enthusiastically received, in Kenya the British Governor was our host, and the Turkish government gave us a warm reception in Ankara.

It was a whirlwind tour, full of incident, of experience in keep-

ing our balky group of prima donna politicians focused on the job at hand. Its accomplishments were in creating good feeling, clarifying world issues, and making many friends (and a few enemies). Mostly it was an invaluable opportunity for those who took part to rid themselves of stereotypes and prejudices and to see the nations we visited through the eyes of citizens with different outlooks from our own.

We returned, weary but wiser, to Switzerland and Caux, where Buchman rebuked me for my expensive initiative in Honolulu. However, I was so glad to be back with Enid that I quickly recovered and the incident was left behind us.

The following winter Buchman followed up this journey with one of a very different kind. Early in the twenties one of his adherents was a Cambridge scholar-athlete who later became a minister in the Australian cabinet, Sir Wilfred Kent-Hughes. Another politician from the opposing Socialist Party, Kim Beazley, had also met Buchman at a later date, and they, together with a few other prominent Australians and New Zealanders, joined in inviting him to bring a party of about twenty to visit Australasia. Buchman decided to combine acceptance of this initiative with invitations to revisit Asia, which he had received after our world tour the previous summer.

We set sail on an Italian ship from Naples in the fall of 1955. The ship held a large contingent of Italian emigrants going to make their lives and fortunes across the sea. Friends and families crowded the Naples dock and wept copiously while singing Neapolitan songs, which would long remain in the memories of all who heard them. The captain was a fatherly figure who instituted lessons in English for the travelers to prepare them for the unknown land that lay before them. They were conducted by loudspeaker from the bridge, and the phrases to be learnt: "How do you do?" and "My name is . . . I come from Italy" rang out two or three times a day, to be repeated all through the ship.

Our party included Bunny Austin, the British Davis Cup player and his actress wife, Phyllis Konstam, who had both been working with Buchman since before the outbreak of World War II; Colonel Hore-Ruthven, brother of a former governor-general of Australia; a retired Anglican Bishop of Burma, Bishop George West; Prince Richard of Hesse from Germany; and the three Colwell

Brothers, Paul, Ralph and Steve, from California, who with their country and western music represented our entire entertainment potential.

Our first adventure was when, nearing the Horn of Africa, the captain decided to cheer up his Italian passengers by coming in close to the coast of what had once been Italian Somaliland, the modern Somalia. Here still lived a number of Italians making their living by catching and processing shark for meat and for their skins. The captain turned the ship's prow directly toward the shore where, on sighting us, these inhabitants ran up an Italian flag. We charged at what seemed a dangerous speed. At the last moment, he swung the helm over and we glided along the shore, to the immense delight of the local population and most of the passengers on board. Those less delighted had not known what the captain knew, namely that the water is very deep right up to the coastline and that he had plenty of room to maneuver.

The captain again showed his good nature when a heavy fog slowed us down on the last leg of the journey, between Perth and Melbourne. Knowing that we were expected for a civic reception and various other festivities on our arrival, he set his foghorn at full blast throughout the night and continued at his usual speed. When the sun broke through the next morning we were on time for Melbourne and were duly well received. It was a sadness to us all when we read in the paper that, on arrival in Sydney, he had been subjected to a safety inspection and was discovered to have more than half his lifeboats unseaworthy because the davits had been repeatedly painted over and were thus unable to lower the boats. He was duly fined a considerable sum, but he was a delightfully obliging captain for the long voyage. Our attempt to bring out the best in all we met certainly extended to the captain, if not to his lifeboats.

Buchman was always looking to create connections between people that would bring a new factor, a new experience into their lives. On board ship we had met with all the crew, the cooks in the galley, all the people who work below decks. Our musical trio, the Colwell Brothers, had entertained them and we had talked about our mission to Australia in barely adequate Italian. It made a great impression that we took the trouble to talk with them, however much they understood, and we were greeted with smiles

everywhere on the ship from the bridge to the bilge.

Australia seemed to be a succession of cities: Melbourne the more English, Sydney the more cosmopolitan, Perth one of the hottest, Canberra one of the most confusing. I remember the fearsome lady who ran the dining room of the Karrajong Hotel in Canberra, where many members of Parliament lived when it was in session. Enid and I incautiously planted ourselves at an empty table in her dining room, and were uprooted and demoted to a distant corner, because as she explained in a loud, penetrating voice, "You ain't Members. You sit over there!" Which we did, and enjoyed our breakfast of steak, kippers, eggs and strong Australian tea just as much as if we had sat among the mighty.

On our visit to New Zealand Buchman involved Enid and me in a quite different opportunity. We had found New Zealand delightful. For me, it was reminiscent of England in its green pastures and flocks of sheep, its architecture and its little shops. It was a peaceful scene, but at many of the Auckland parties to which we were invited there was one topic of heated conversation. Two teenage Auckland girls, one British, bereft of her friends when her professor father took up an academic appointment in New Zealand, and one a local girl, allegedly because one of their mothers tried to break up their relationship, had conspired together to kill the mother. They had just been tried and sentenced; one was in the Auckland jail.

Buchman had read the story and heard and reheard it from every third person he met. His reaction was to see if there was anything he could do for the girl. He approached the director of prisons and permission was given for a couple of his party to visit her. For some reason he thought Enid and I would be the right pair to do so.

He drove with us to the prison and stayed outside where, he said, he would be praying for the girl while we were inside meeting her. Naturally, we felt ourselves in difficult, certainly unexplored, territory in meeting this girl with little more than compassion to offer her. She was very silent at first, a pleasant-looking girl, fresh-faced, and in no way criminal-looking. She had been the target of many well-meaning people who had sent her religious literature, and seemed resigned to be getting some of the same from us. The first thing that touched her was when, in ex-

plaining how we came to be in Auckland, we spoke of Buchman being outside the prison at the moment and that he had told us he would be praying for her.

“But he doesn’t know me! How can he care about me?”

Soon we were talking about deeper things in our own hearts and lives, to which she responded with her own sense of sadness and regret for what had happened. She seemed to be more victim than criminal and the time allowed us passed very quickly. Enid kept touch with her by letter until we learnt that she had been released for good behavior and was living under another name in a different part of the country or back in Britain. Whether our visit helped her, I cannot say, but it certainly gave Enid and me a great deal to think about.

Forty years later, in January 1995, a discussion on the Internet about Victorian settings for contemporary novels produced the name of the author Anne Perry. One correspondent mentioned a *New York Times* article about her which identified her as the teenager whom Enid and I had visited in that Auckland prison. I realized how difficult it must have been for her to rehabilitate herself and begin a new life, and decided to write a letter, reminding her of our visit and saying what I could to encourage her. I received an immediate answer, thanking me for “a most beautiful letter” and saying that she “vaguely remembered” our visit:

I must have seemed to you as if I were unappreciative. I think I was probably still stunned, and a little wary. But such kindnesses do make a difference, even if it is not one that is sudden and startling, rather a general easing of fear and a beginning of belief that people do care, and there is much generosity. . . .

Certainly this last year or so has shown me a wealth of decency from all manner of people, both here and in America. All manner of people, both those I have met and those I haven’t, have written to me with nothing but kindness and generosity of spirit. There is more goodness than many would have us believe. . . .

Thank you very much for taking the time and trouble once again to contact me. I read your letter to my mother, who was deeply moved also. Words so compassionate, from that period of time, gave her great happiness.

Not many of the hundreds of people whom I met and talked with in my life have reached back over the years to be grateful. I treasure those who have.

We returned to Europe from Australia via Japan where the many Japanese and their friends who had visited Europe and the United States under MRA's aegis enthusiastically welcomed us. Buchman, through his representatives living in Japan, among them my old school friend Basil Entwistle and his wife Jean, had done a work similar in effectiveness to what had been done in Germany. The desperate need of the country had opened many hearts to accept help; the chance for Japanese to travel with MRA sponsorship to Europe and the United States was one of the most generous opportunities offered to a former enemy. These travelers had been the first large group of Japanese to make contact after the war with Europe and America. They were also the men and women who later acted together to create unity among those aiming to rebuild Japan and its economy.

We were taken from one reception to another, met all parties in the Diet and many industrialists and labor leaders. The Japanese government decided to give Buchman a high decoration for being the first to open doors to the postwar world, particularly for facilitating their appearance in July 1950 before the United States Congress.

The American ambassador, however, took a poor view of Buchman being given such a high decoration, finding it hard to think that someone whom he considered controversial and of no particular consequence should be so honored. The Japanese went ahead and smoothed the ambassador's ruffled feathers by making the honor slightly less prestigious than they had originally planned. The occasion combined high ceremony with warmth, and Buchman, who had a weakness for such recognition, thoroughly enjoyed it. Incidentally, during this journey governments or Presidents of Taiwan, Vietnam, the Philippines, Burma, and Thailand also honored him, and we came home laden with their gaudy and well-intentioned tributes.

We were lucky to see Japan in the lovely month of May, when the cherry trees were heavy with blossom and the Emperor's birthday was feted. We were also able to visit Kyoto and have a private view of the magnificent collection of bronzes belonging to the

Sumitomo family, and to travel on a high-speed train, the pride of the nation. The ten days passed swiftly.

A personality who greatly impressed me was President Ramon Magsaysay of the Philippines. Breakfast with him at the Malacañang Palace was enlivened by the performance of the Colwell Brothers with their various instruments. They completely won the heart of the president with their humor and the down-to-earth lyrics of their songs. He relaxed, canceled his next appointments, and gave himself wholly to listening to what they sang and what we had to tell. He remarked to Buchman, "Let me have those three fellows and their music for a few months and I will have no trouble with the Huks."

Magsaysay believed strongly in personal diplomacy, man-to-man, and was in the middle of his counterinsurgency program, aimed at winning over the rebellious Huks from whom the Communists were drawing much of their strength. He was proving very successful, traveling from place to place and meeting the Huks personally, when he was killed in a plane crash which ended this imaginative effort of a charismatic leader to repair the rifts in his country.

We ate bird's nest soup, complete with bird, in Saigon; met President Ngo Dinh Diem—this was before the Vietnam War—and found him agreeably responsive to what we said, he being Catholic and therefore considering us allies in his anti-Communism. But he was not a man to be easily reached behind his ideological defenses. Later in Rome we met his sister, Madame Nhu, "the Dragon Lady," and felt in her the scorching passion which animated all that family and which led in part to their final downfall.

In Rangoon Prime Minister U Nu entertained us. He was fascinated by Buchman telling him about the guidance of God and wanted to learn how to experience it for himself and for his people. Of all the men we met he was probably the one with the most genuine spiritual quality, who was also prepared to use his insights for the good of his country.

Buchman's last two winters were spent in Tucson, Arizona. His doctor had prescribed a dry climate. A house, named for obvious reasons Eleven Arches, was found in the Catalina foothills above the city of Tucson. It had been one of the first large homes

built in that beautiful area and had a superb view of mountain and desert. Now that Buchman was increasingly less mobile, his friends came to him. Prime ministers, labor leaders, Hollywood personalities, friends old and new, black, white, yellow and brown were welcomed, and there were long hours around the dinner table and in the living room. The callers produced problems, asked for advice, spoke of their hopes and despairs. Neighbors were invited to meet these unusual guests, and the word spread that something very remarkable, or very odd, depending on one's informant, was going on in that house.

Buchman's hospitality was instant and generous. The mayor, the sheriff of Pima County, the chief of police were often in and out with problems or just to chat. They never knew when they might find Prime Minister U Nu of Burma, or Premier Kishi of Japan, as fellow guests, or a senator or member of Parliament, or the man who had just repaired the roof who had brought along his family with him. It was as democratic as it was unpredictable! Buchman was no longer a well man; his strength could cope only with a limited program and he spent much time resting. Yet he had the capacity to rally his resources, to do the unexpected, to expect the impossible, to surprise his friends and confound his doctors. But it was beyond him to supervise and direct an organism, as he preferred to call MRA, which was now spread so wide and so thin.

In less experienced hands, his teachings about the guidance of God, of obedience, of self-examination of motives and actions had unforeseen effects. Guidance masked human control; obedience bred a form of dictatorship; and self-examination became a probing of the motives of others. Much of this never came to his ears and only the rosier news was filtered through to him, in order to spare him the pain of full knowledge. It was not a wise policy, and I regret the part I had in protecting him, thinking it was for his good. It was not; and he was wise enough to know he was probably not getting the full story. But the fire had burned low.

However, in the early summer of 1959 he summoned up all his strength and left Tucson for Mackinac Island, where he tried without success to deal with some of these problems of growth and leadership in Moral Re-Armament. From there he traveled to

Europe and Caux, where he saw the same needs. He tried to re-infuse the older leaders, some of whom had been with him from the twenties, but the trumpet gave an uncertain sound and he was unable to rally them to his view of his mission. The world had changed; it was a more complex place than it had been when he saw it through the eyes of his youth and had passed on that vision to so many others. He could neither recapture the vision nor could they relate it to that different world.

Buchman stayed in Europe for the next eighteen months, in Italy, in Germany, in Britain, receiving friends, spending longer periods under medical care, and returned to Caux in the summer of 1961. Encouraged by much that was happening, but still frustrated with his inability to inspire those closest to him as he wished, he felt the need to return to Freudenstadt, the little town in the Black Forest where he had first been given the concept of moral re-armament. "There God spoke to me. There He will speak to me again," he said.

His doctor, Paul Campbell, and I were there with him when God spoke. He had a massive heart attack. Others joined us, among them Peter Howard and Prince Richard of Hesse, a friend of many years. A couple of days later Frank Buchman died, at the age of eighty-three.

His memorial service in Freudenstadt and his burial beside his parents in Allentown were attended and commemorated by world leaders who had become his friends. The princes and the people, with so many of whom he had shared his heart, joined in tributes that were marked by warmth as well as serious recognition of the unique impact of his life on history. His going shook my world. He was the most committed, most unusual, and in many ways the most remarkable man I was to meet in all my days. He was not perfect, nor did he ever claim to be. But I know that for him, as for Bunyan's Mr. Valiant-for-Truth, "all the trumpets sounded on the other side."

MOROCCAN SPRING

*Since one more year must take its wing
 Before I see an English spring
 Pouring its tender alchemies
 On bluebells underneath the trees;
 I'll watch the desert breezes blow
 Across the fields of indigo
 Dropping their dusty loads to rest
 In the cool pastures of the west,
 And round white cities, ages-old,
 Pour crimson poppies, daisies gold,
 In such profusion, that the eye
 Is cheated by their imagery
 Thinking some golden warrior dead
 Lies prostrate, bleeding poppies red.*

*If English bluebells I forego
 For lands where foreign flowers grow,
 Can there be lovelier spots than these
 Between the Atlas and the seas?
 And when I see an English spring
 Back here my thoughts will often wing
 Searching, perchance, beyond the flowers
 For Moorish gates and streets and towers
 And blue fields waved by desert breeze,
 Glimpsed through the English apple trees.*

Life
The Third

XVI

The Unexamined Life

To follow in the steps of a great spiritual leader does not mean that we should copy and act out the pattern of the individuation process made by his life. It means that we should try with a sincerity and devotion equal to his to live our own lives.

—KARL JUNG, *Man and His Symbols*

When Buchman died in 1961 I was fifty years old. I had lived in the MRA enclave of thought and action for twenty-five of those years. I had seen much of the world. I had met men and women in all stations of life; I had become the confidant of some, the counselor of some, and had learnt much about the ways of the world and its motives of action. I had been at the heart of a group of gifted and creative people who were together committed to making an impact for good on that world. I had a wife who was partner in all this, devoted, capable, and a daily joy in my life.

Why then was there a sense of nonfulfillment? With Buchman's death there was a vacuum in my life and in the direction of MRA. Since there was no mechanism for electing or choosing a successor, and since during Buchman's lifetime there was never any talk

about it openly, an uneasy interregnum arose. Enid and I, who had been so long absorbed in dealing with Buchman's affairs, now found ourselves at a loose end, once the tidying up of those affairs was done. Inside MRA there was much thought about a joint leadership, so a group in London met to make decisions, in which I played a part. But this was an unwieldy way of operating and, further, the sense that all decisions were made in London did not sit well with those in Europe and America, particularly, the latter.

Peter Howard, who had thrown himself into MRA with the same enthusiasm with which he had led the English International Rugby Football team against the French or the Scots, was an obvious choice for leadership. But he, knowing his natural drive might be considered personal ambition, held back to let others step forward. He spent much time in America and developed close touch with the 1960s generation in the universities. Howard had large ideas for transforming MRA into a truly contemporary movement among the youth of the world, a concept that found more acceptance in the United States than in London.

For myself, I knew that my life of service in Buchman's company and to his concerns had been running dry long before he died. There were undeveloped areas in my own life and thought, areas of understanding of the wider world, and intellectual questions that had been unanswered for too long. I had been living what Socrates described as the unexamined life. Now, like a horse out of harness, I was free to roam the meadows of the mind.

One big question had been tugging at the edges of my thought for years. Was the practice of listening for the guidance of God, as we practiced it, a shortcut to truth, or was it a dead-end road in which we listened to our own thoughts? Buchman had keen intuitive gifts, which gave him insights of a sort that I never had. I was never very original in my perception of God's working in my life. My meditations resulted in practical lists of things to be done, people to be seen, with some thoughts about what might be needed of me during such encounters. It was a valuable discipline, but, as I look back, I see it as not much more than that.

The practice held dangers that surfaced when a strong-willed individual imposed his thoughts as if they were the words of the Almighty. There was no court of appeal to settle a conflict of wills. This use of spiritual authority always seemed to me an act of ar-

rogance from which I shrank. It was too easily used as a means of control. Parents, who used the practice of meditation to put across their own will for their children, without allowing the freedom that goes with love, in some cases caused deep resentments that have carried over into adulthood with disastrous results.

A few months after Buchman's death, a book by Peter Howard about Buchman was published in London. It was not intended to be a biography, simply a sketch in broad strokes of the man and his work. It was critically reviewed, and one of the reviews was by my old friend Dick Crossman, who retained his aversion to Buchman and all his works. One paragraph in his review stood out for me:

A few years later [than Buchman's arrival in Oxford] my ablest philosophy student was changed in just this way when he was living in my house, and as far as I know, he is still a wholesale changer. I was therefore able to trace in one personality the ascent, first, from Buchmanism to the Oxford Group and thence to Moral Rearmament. And what struck me most was the absence of any kind of growth. From the moment this sensitive, clever young man became God-directed . . . he was incapable of accepting a new experience or apprehending a new idea. Stiffly as a marionette, his limbs danced to someone else's tune and his lips framed someone else's thoughts. He is, of course, convinced they were God's tune and God's thoughts . . . whereas I have always suspected myself that they were Frank's.¹⁶

The fact that I kept this review shows that I felt it contained some truth; perhaps I would have kept it for the generous remarks about my Oxford days, but it went deeper than that. It put into words the uneasy questioning which I had been carrying on with myself. In the next few years events conspired to open up my mind to a world of new thought and action in which I felt my whole being begin to come to fuller life.

The first of these events arose very naturally. Enid and I, having time now on our hands, announced that we would gather, collate, and evaluate all Buchman's papers on which we could lay our hands. The obvious suggestion that a full-scale biography of Buchman should be prepared gave us the opportunity to visit all the caches of documents, papers, letters, and other materials where he had dropped them in the course of his lifetime of travel. A

succession of secretaries had struggled with the problem of what to keep, what to deposit, what to take along. As early as 1926 Van Dusen Rickert, then accompanying Buchman on a tour of India, had written:

I am trying to bring some order into Frank's chaotic correspondence. And it is an amazing correspondence, from people all over the world—religious workers and loafers, nobility and celebrities and ordinary folk, and it is a hopeless morass of letters, postcards, photos, cablegrams, guide books, steamship booklets, reports, etc., all floundering stubbornly through fourteen valises and trunks. A two-week job to straighten it all up and I have a day and a half! And nothing must be thrown away—old barren envelopes, toothpicks, battered Roumanian stationery—all are priceless. . . . Well, I got two-thirds of it roughly classified, and stowed away the residue into the absurd black patent leather drum bag without a handle, which completes his impedimenta.¹⁷

Things were definitely better when Enid and I took over. An oblong blue traveling file had replaced the “drum bag,” whatever that was. Empty, this file was awkward to handle; full, it was almost impossible to lift. When it became full its contents were scrutinized, sorted, and as much as possible was left behind in friendly hands from which they could be later retrieved. When after 1938 Buchman's affairs were subject to closer official scrutiny, and he had acquired in London the first of the properties which later became his headquarters in different countries, his correspondence was stored there.

So our first job was to recover these caches of material. Enid and I began to follow an interesting trail. Buchman's home in Allentown, Pennsylvania, where he had grown up after the family removed from Pennsburg, his birthplace, had been lovingly restored and kept in the style of Buchman's youth by a gifted woman, “Goodie” Farr. Her father, the Reverend William Goodwin, the Rector of Bredon Church, Virginia, had been instrumental in persuading John D. Rockefeller to undertake the restoration of Williamsburg. She tended to treat 117 N. Eleventh Street in Allentown as if it were a little Williamsburg and overwhelmed it with atmosphere, but in the basement she had preserved the bags and boxes which held Buchman's early correspondence.

Here we found a series of letters to and from his mother, beginning with his period of study at Mount Airy Seminary in Philadelphia from 1899 to 1903 and covering his early travels. Along with these were memorabilia of early visits to India, China, and Japan, among them a letter in Chinese which turned out to be a letter of introduction for Buchman from a member of Dr. Sun Yat-sen's cabinet to Dr. Sun, the first president of the Republic of China. It was translated for us by the writer's son, then a professor in the United States, who was very moved to see his father's script fifty years later written in a world so totally different. The four-page handwritten letter from Pandit Nehru also made its appearance, discussing his concept of democracy and his reaction to Buchman's ideas and contrasting them with the Hindu thought that was his heritage. Many other treasures emerged from the cache as well.

Then there was London to visit. We found here a number of letters from public figures of the 1920s and 1930s, from bishops and parliamentarians, all kinds of people in public and private life. They were not particularly revealing, though a collection of letters from his friends among the royal families of Europe, many in exile, threw light on the freedom with which they felt they could write him. Buchman always had a tender spot for titles. But he was obviously a friend on whom they felt they could call. There were letters from Queen Marie of Romania; from the Greek royal family, particularly from King George II when in exile in London's Brown's Hotel, where he stayed at Buchman's suggestion; from the Hesse family in Germany, all of whom called him "Uncle Frank" and thanked him, over and over again, for the help he had given them.

There were a few letters from Nazi officials indicating how persistently Buchman had tried (without success) to meet with Hitler and others in his circle, in a hopeless bid to turn them around. But they were the letters of cautious men who did not want to involve themselves with Buchman any more than did some of their most vocal opponents in the democratic world.

Returning to America, we searched and collected separated files from the 1930s and 1940s that had been deposited in New York, Washington, and Los Angeles. There was one significant gap. In 1939 or early 1940, vague word reached Buchman that

the Un-American Activities Committee of the Congress was preparing to investigate him for the conflicting reasons, as it was reported to him, that he was a British agent trying to involve the United States in the war in Europe and at the same time a Nazi agent attempting to keep the United States out!

Whether the committee ever seriously considered investigating Buchman we could not find out. Buchman, however, knew that considerable hysteria surrounded the committee's activities. So to forestall any embarrassment that opening his files might cause to his friends, he dispatched Enid and me to New York, where the bulk of his recent correspondence was stored, with instructions to destroy anything we felt might be interpreted or misinterpreted as evidence against him and his work.

The files were stored in 61 Gramercy Park, which was officially the Parish House of Calvary Episcopal Church next door, where the Rector, the Reverend Samuel Shoemaker, who had worked with Buchman since his days at Princeton in the mid-1920s and had offered him room, board, and office space. Here were a number of file drawers containing much of the correspondence from both sides of the Atlantic. There were some pieces that indicated Buchman's interest in Germany from the early 1920s. From later years there were letters both praising and condemning the Nazi movement, from German pastors, journalists, and plain folk.

There were carbon copies of some of Buchman's replies, all straightforward and guileless. However, in the ideologically heated atmosphere of 1940, a significance could be read into them which was not really there. We put these letters on one side and wondered what to do with them. We had no shredder or furnace. So we enlisted the good rector, who drove us out to his country cottage in Bedford, New York, and there we had a glorious bonfire that consumed them all.

The committee never summoned Buchman. Though he was glad to have those files sanitized in this way, he regretted the loss of some letters. One, especially, was from Kensuke Horinouchi, ambassador of Japan to Washington, which showed how he had striven in the spirit of MRA to avert the confrontation he saw coming in the Pacific. Finally, after Horinouchi refused to pass on to Washington misleading diplomatic messages, he was recalled

and replaced by Nomura and Kurusu, who carried through the deception of Cordell Hull that ended at Pearl Harbor.

This was my first and last experience of document shredding. It was, no doubt, an overreaction on our part, but possibly prudent in wartime when the presumption of innocence has a hard time asserting itself. However, it left a gap in the record.

So from London, Caux, New York, Toronto, Los Angeles, Allentown, the files were collected and organized. A factual story of a long life began to emerge, from pastoral pre-automobile Dutch Pennsylvania into the atomic age. I made hundreds of selections from the correspondence, dictated them to Enid, and so we pieced together the story of a life. I intended it as a convenient source book for whoever would undertake the writing of an official biography. I made no effort to shape or comment on the material, except by the admittedly important editorial decisions involved in selecting and omitting.

But writing the book, I told myself, was not my task. This revealed the ambivalence which I was feeling about the subject of the book, since writing would have demanded a judgment that I was not yet ready to make. I was troubled that I could not bring myself to make this judgment, and one of the last conversations I had with Peter Howard in Argentina in 1965 was on this subject.

Peter and I were walking up and down the grassy fairway of the golf course at the Tortugas Country Club. It had been an exhausting campaign in Latin America, and this was the first break we had had. I voiced my dissatisfaction with myself as author of a book on Buchman. Peter understood:

Don't worry. I'll take time out and we'll do it together. I have a lot of things I want to write and I just don't get the time. I want to go to the Farm [Peter's Suffolk home] or to Tucson [where Buchman's house in the foothills was still available] and take time out. No more full pages in the newspapers for which I have to come up with the ideas. And if the Westminster Theater [then an MRA Theater in London's West End] wants plays from me, they can have them for £1000 a play. I can't go on being drained of my ideas and energy any more.

He had already complained of feeling he was "in a bag" and appreciatively quoted Pope John XXIII, who had said after be-

coming Pope, “sono nel sacco qui” and that he wanted to throw open the windows of the Vatican and let some fresh air in.

Peter went on: “There are a lot of things I want to see different. I think the young people of America will respond. They are coming to a boil.”

So I began to look forward to the next summer. Peter never lived to see it. A week or so after this last conversation he died in a Lima, Peru, hospital of pneumonia aggravated by kidney problems dating back to his sporting days, when he had been pummeled in rugby “scrum” in punishing university and international competition. His death was a devastating blow to many, and I felt it especially keenly.

I was left with this mass of biographical material and since no one else came forward to take it on, I felt I should try it myself. In this I was encouraged by friends who were no more willing than I to assume the task. Buchman had known that I was attempting to be Boswell to his Johnson, and encouraged me to continue and often jokingly asked how I was getting on with my book about him. After his death and Peter’s, I persevered and read sections of what I wrote to overenthusiastic and uncritical audiences of the like-minded, who cheered me on.

But I felt uneasy about it. I knew I had to take a position, and I was not yet ready to do so. I was still under the spell of the man who had played such a role in my life, and I could see him with no different eyes. So I soldiered on and completed a long manuscript.

Before submitting it to publishers who had already contacted me, eager to see what had been written, I consulted one or two writers who were friendly to, but not uncritical of, Buchman. The first was Sir Arnold Lunn, a skilled Catholic controversialist as well as champion skier and a crusty and humorous character. He had been to Caux, and knew something of Buchman’s work from its early days. He generously agreed to read the manuscript.

I began to receive a steady stream of extremely sensible and indignant letters. Sir Arnold was a believer in the “warts and all” policy which Oliver Cromwell urged on the artist who wanted to paint his portrait. Page after page of his letters pled with me to admit a few mistakes, to tone down the hagiography, to acknowledge that other people beside Buchman had done a few good things for the world, to cease to treat critics as enemies, and so on. These

letters put into black and white, or rather the almost unreadable gray of Sir Arnold's ancient typewriter, questions that had long been wandering around my own conscious or unconscious mind. But I had gone so far now that I could not recast the manuscript, nor was I yet ready to reshape my judgment.

Another who read the manuscript and commented helpfully on it was the novelist Daphne du Maurier. She had attended very quietly and shyly a weekend houseparty before World War II. From her interest in some of the stories she heard there, and others which were related to her when war had broken out, came a paperback book that sold very widely in England in the first year of the war, *Come Wind, Come Weather*. I had handled the negotiations with Doubleday, Doran for its publication in America where it shocked the publishing world by selling several hundred thousand copies without help from the reviewers. Incidentally, its appearance in 1940 in the United States, with a dedication to Buchman, marked the arrival of one of the earliest "twenty-five cent" paperbacks, which at a greatly inflated price are now found on every bookstand and in every store.

Living now no longer in the house which had inspired *Rebecca*, Daphne du Maurier warmly received Enid and me in another lovely Cornish home with lawns running down to the sea. Her husband, General Sir Frederick Browning, known by his fellow-soldiers as "Tommy" or "Boy" Browning, had died not long before our visit. Seeking to make some helpful conversation, I asked,

"Where is your husband buried?"

"Oh, all around here," was the reply, accompanied by a vague wave of the hand to the beautiful garden with its cedar trees.

I looked out questioningly and saw no traces.

"Oh," I replied, somewhat inadequately.

"Yes, we scattered him. He always loved this place."

I didn't dare ask if it had been done from the air, which would have been most fitting for this soldier who commanded the airborne troops at the Battle of Arnheim and other crucial engagements. Later, when we were invited to picnic in that same garden and beneath those trees with a view of the blue English Channel, it was hard not to see how appropriate a place it was.

Daphne du Maurier made the same point that underlay all the dissatisfactions my other critics and, by now, I myself with them,

were feeling: It was a history of a movement that came through, not the portrait of a man. She praised the workmanship of the book and then wrote:

It has always been difficult for the outsider, like myself, and not such an outsider because I know many of you well, to understand the dynamic influence that Frank Buchman had, not only on his immediate friends, but on hundreds of people, all over the world—the sort of influence that Wesley must have had in his day. And this seems to be because nobody can really describe him or present him. I know his appearance is a little against him as far as photographs show, but this ought not to be such a handicap. Think of a man like Cromwell, who was not all that prepossessing, yet he comes over as a powerful figure. It's very strange.

She, too, was of the “warts and all” school of biography and, of course, she was right. She also touched, but more gently, on two other difficulties on which Sir Arnold Lunn had expended pages in his letters to me. These went to the root of the matter:

Why, if all the mighty changes which MRA claimed were true, was the world in the same sorry mess in which we find it; and again, if they are true and as significant as those in MRA made out, why don't people know more about it?

In other words, the information media—press, radio, television, and so forth—did not support the evaluations of interested parties. Here we penetrated the murky waters of news value and public perceptions. Daphne du Maurier continued:

It would seem to me there should be given, in some chapter, a more thorough yet clear explanation of the comparative ignorance of the ordinary man and woman (at any rate in this country) of the work of MRA without too much emphasis being put on the hostility of outside forces, the press, etc.

Or, if the press is entirely to blame, then lam into them good and hard; if strikes have been averted and governments reconciled, and countries brought together, and African tribes made to forget their rivalries of centuries, and all because of MRA, then this is a fact that does deserve world-wide recognition.

I have often thought of these very true and kindly written words. There was undoubtedly a bias against MRA in the media.

Reporters are generally pretty hard-bitten creatures and their editors even more so. They look for facts with which they are familiar. They do not accept other people's evaluations of the facts. It takes a very independent-minded observer to see and report the unusual. On one occasion Jenny Nicholson and her husband Alex Clifford, reporters with respected bylines, were sent at the same time by their respective London newspapers to report on the conference at Caux. They asked many penetrating questions, which we did our best to answer. Both wrote feature articles for their papers.

Some weeks later, Enid and I were in Italy and received an invitation to visit them in Portofino. Alex Clifford told me with astonishment that the piece he had written after leaving Caux had been turned down by his editor: "It's the first major story of mine that he has rejected. I asked him why, and he said it did not fit with our policy against MRA. Tell me, is there some mystery I never guessed, or is he just wrong?"

Jennie Nicholson told us that she had taken the line of extreme skepticism in order to get her article printed: "A rather cowardly way of doing it [she wrote me afterwards] but it succeeded. Alex who wrote how impressed he was and faced down the skeptics on his paper, didn't get printed."

Both were unhappy with their treatment by their newspapers, but, though we encouraged them to take the matter further, apparently they had had enough.

Peter Howard, on the other hand, when his editor at the *Daily Express* ten years previously had threatened to fire him if he continued to report what he actually saw in MRA, persisted in his attempt to convince his employers, and they retaliated by dismissing him.

There was press bias, but we were often largely the cause of it. The events we spoke of—reconciliations between people, nations, industrial factions—did take place, and MRA had a hand in them. But when we came across as claiming that we were solely responsible, this naturally made others who had labored on the problems unhappy. Further, the MRA contribution, which we rightly felt to be essential, was often an imponderable one, such as an apology, a dropping of a prejudice, a generous action, a costly piece of unselfishness, a public recognition of the power of God in

an individual life. These are not the factors that the average reporter looks for, particularly in the fields of industry and politics where we were trying to make our mark. We made it sound, and often even claimed, that ours was the only way. We inflated the impact of what we did, trying to convince the rest of the world, and so constantly shot ourselves in the foot, unwilling to let the “outsider” evaluate what we claimed.

Slowly I was returning in my evaluation of the material we had gathered to the standards that scholarship would have demanded of me when I was doing academic research. Though I knew the effectiveness of much that MRA had claimed, I was not yet willing to probe the difference between truth as seen by the true believer and the more complicated truth of the unconvinced world around us.

Was MRA a sect? Its detractors tried hard to paint it as such, even as a cult. It had, indeed, certain outward symptoms of becoming one, and in Buchman’s last years almost slipped into this category in some locations. Uncertain of its direction, MRA became introspective, seeking for the causes of its ineffectiveness in wrong relations between its adherents and between them and God. If we had had a sensible priest to whom we could have turned, he probably would have said, “Don’t take yourselves so seriously. Look out, not in, and go on giving your very best service to a world that desperately needs you. God loves you!” Instead there was a great deal of introspective search in each other for failings and frailties that might be causing the malaise all were feeling. Enid and I were freed from most of this by our tasks with Buchman and concern for his needs, but we knew that he shared the sense of indecision from which MRA was beginning to suffer. The symptoms of cult-like behavior were beginning to show themselves, but with significant differences.

Although it focused around one man with a strong personality, MRA was not organized to be dominated by him. There were no oaths of allegiance; there was no formal membership. The bond was a common way of life, a common aim, and not an ironclad agenda.

Although it affected the way its adherents spent their money, it was not a moneymaking scheme. On several occasions, to my knowledge, Buchman turned down considerable sums when he

sensed they were offered out of a desire to escape financial responsibility on the part of the donor, or to give the donor some control over the enterprise. Buchman himself died with a pittance in the bank, but rich in friends.

Although it influenced and in some degree tried to control the sexual behavior of its followers, and was perhaps least helpful in this area of swiftly changing mores, it exercised no absolute veto on behavior. It tended rather to reflect Buchman's own inclinations and his upbringing by a strong-minded mother with conservative, small-town America biases.

Although when MRA was incorporated in Great Britain it was required to describe itself in law as operating "according to the teachings of Frank N. D. Buchman," this was a legal label. His teachings were largely always those of his first enterprise, which had been called "A First Century Christian Fellowship." The ideological wrappings were an attempt to adapt to an ideological age and its vocabulary. The content was timeless.

If MRA had grown up from Catholic roots, it could have been seen as an incipient lay order and would have been nurtured and pruned by a hierarchy. Buchman was approached with tentative suggestions of this sort by Catholic and Anglican prelates and laymen. This would have rendered MRA less effective, but would have permitted it either to die out with the death of the founder or be institutionalized as some form of third order of lay brothers and sisters.

As it was, MRA was free to be original, to throw up many different shoots, to experiment, to luxuriate, to make its mistakes and, if necessary, to change its nature. This last was the most difficult undertaking.

The problems of its operation in the last years of Buchman's life were due to a failure to realize that all organisms of this type have a similar growth pattern. The first is the "shock of the new" phase, the Oxford Group in this case; the second is the organizational phase, Moral Re-Armament; and the third, the power phase, with which it had difficulties during Buchman's last years and immediately after his death. Yet with one phase it had no difficulty: the international phase, the expansion from a national to an international outreach. MRA was international from the beginning because of Buchman's personal links and experience of

the world around him.

Taken all in all, MRA was a phenomenon unlike anything in its contemporary world, but it reflected the growth pattern of much that preceded and, one hopes, of much that is still to come.¹⁸

I returned to the task of rewriting the book over the next months. The result was not impressive. I had still not found the fulcrum with which to move in a definite editorial direction this mass of factual information, which was permeated by the habit of stressing the positive and looking on criticism as hostile. Several publishers read the manuscript, made suggestions, offered editorial help to shape it. Fortunately nothing came of this. However, the manuscript remained as a quarry from which a more gifted writer, my companion on my first journey with the Oxford Group, Garth Lean, cut the building blocks for his biography of Buchman, which appeared about twenty years later with generous recognition of Enid's and my labors.¹⁹

I left the task frustrated. Was I missing something in my picture of the man? I felt an ambiguity that followed him all through his life but could not bring myself to define it. It revolved around his attitude to sexuality. Perhaps his background could throw some light. He had grown up in a small town, an almost pastoral community. His father was a congenial but weak man who in later life became an alcoholic. His mother was a strong woman of determined convictions who doted on her only son. Her highest ambition for him was to become a Lutheran pastor. From his upbringing he naturally inherited principles and prejudices which he carried with him through life.

But there was more to it than that. Buchman was especially sensitive to the influence of homosexuality. His most powerful reprimand, when he felt that any of us around him were trying to please him instead of standing by our own convictions, was to call it homosexuality. Behind the metaphor lay a reality. Could it be that he had a homosexual nature in an era when homosexuality was almost universally condemned as a sin? His first appointment after ordination as a Lutheran minister was to run a hospice for young men in Philadelphia. His dismissal, following charges of extravagant expenditure, overlaid a further charge of spending too much time with the young men.

Buchman was devastated. His parents sent him to Europe

where, as he himself described it, “Black Care” followed him. At a convention of evangelical Christians in Keswick in the English Lake District, he heard a woman preacher speak of the Cross of Christ in terms that obviously touched his emotional needs. He had a vivid sense of the washing away of sin, of closing a gap between himself and God, of freedom and forgiveness. He had been brooding on the failure at the hospice and the overwhelming sense of sin that his failure carried with it. His description of the experience carries a powerful aura of emotion and symbolism: “A strong current of life had suddenly been poured into me. . . . A wave of strong emotion rose up within me . . . and seemed to lift my soul from its anchorage of selfishness, bearing it across that great sundering abyss.”

Buchman felt himself a new man. He returned to America and was appointed YMCA secretary at Penn State University (then College), where he made a considerable mark on the university and the community, still working largely with young men. On a tour of China for the YMCA he became unpopular by condemning homosexuality in the missionary community and had to leave the country for Japan and Korea. The Reverend Sherwood S. Day, who accompanied him on this tour and remained at his side for the next twenty-two years until in 1938 differences between them became too wide to bridge, wrote a sensitive and generous tribute to Buchman after his death.²⁰ One paragraph stood out for me and illuminated much that had been unclear. Day wrote:

During the years with Frank he taught me, as he taught many others, to be a physician of souls and in practice to depend upon the guidance of God in making my diagnosis of human ills. Thus, in carrying out the honesty and objectivity I set for myself earlier in this analysis, I would be less than honest or objective if I failed to mention what I believe to have been a factor in Frank’s life that proved to be a disability. That factor was homosexuality. . . . I am sure of one thing—that the factor of homosexuality in Frank’s life warped his attitude in regard to marriage and sexual intercourse in marriage.

Homosexuals were quick to sense this strain in Buchman. Since his condemnation of homosexuality was explicit in his message, they considered him a hypocrite and were equally quick to go on the attack. Each phase of Buchman’s life was touched with charges

and countercharges that I had found hard to reconcile with the sincerity of his aims. In China, missionaries resented his strictures; in the twenties in England, especially in Oxford University, still working largely with young men, he left a profound if controversial mark. In Princeton a group of homosexuals in a preemptive strike took charges of homosexuality to the university president, Dr. Hibben. A high-level inquiry discovered nothing as the complainants failed to put in an appearance. Though the committee gave his influence a high rating, he was made *persona non grata* for years on the campus.

His chief public opponent in the thirties and forties in England was a homosexual member of Parliament and journalist, Tom Driberg, whose posthumous autobiography, detailing his liaisons with all manner of men and his contempt for straight society, was vicious in its treatment of Buchman. Driberg's charges were carried by the international press and made Buchman's work harder wherever they found a hearing.

One day I was reading to Buchman news clippings in which Driberg's criticisms featured strongly. When I paused, he was silent and then said, "Let's pray for him." I shall never forget his prayer. "Help that man. There but for the grace of God go I." At the time I thought, "What a generous and Christ-like prayer." Perhaps he was opening a door to his own struggles a little, but I was too insensitive to recognize it. I was naive and the signs I observed—playing favorites, discouraging marriage, limiting the role of women—I interpreted as his manner of training those in whom he saw potential for leadership. Only later, knowing their stories more closely, did I see and understand. Buchman tried to use his nature in the best of causes, often with great success in the remarkable empathy he showed to so many, but also at times drawing some into too close a relationship or rejecting others.

In this he was no different from those of us who had our strengths and weaknesses. But in one respect he was constrained. While he emphasized that to help others one had to be open about one's own shortcomings and needs, he could not be fully open about himself and his needs. In that generation and atmosphere such honesty would have devastated a large number of those who looked up to him. This I now realize was a painful dilemma for him and few could enter into it with him.

Does this diminish the man in our eyes? It should not. But it affected some, who perpetuated attitudes towards women and marriage in an unthinking loyalty to Buchman. It made the choice of a next generation of leadership too dependent on personal likes and dislikes, which handicapped the development of MRA after his death. It may pain some for whom Buchman was the inspiration to a freer life and a fresh experience of the Presence of God. But as we are learning in a different age, human sexuality is a spectrum on which there are many different degrees of male and female. We recognize the great difference between homosexuality and pederasty but also understand the deep-seated genetic and cultural background of our sexual behavior.

Buchman's nature may well have been equally responsible for the spontaneity and creativity of his faith, his willingness to break out into many untried fields of human endeavor, and to dare to be different in an age of conformity. He was a creative force, a genius in understanding personal relationships, an innovator who dared to act out the intuitions he received. We who found new directions for our lives from his imaginative leadership have been privileged to reach uplands of the Spirit that we would never have attained alone. He had at one point in his youth aspired to be an artist. He fulfilled that aspiration by becoming an artist in the art of living and of helping others to live more fully.

XVII

Roman Days

In 1962, the year after Buchman's death, the Second Vatican Council met in Rome. By good fortune Enid and I were there also. We were privileged to be present to see another organization struggling to meet the challenges of a fast-changing world.

MRA had had a checkered history with the Catholic Church. Cardinal Bourne of Westminster had expressed himself favorably in a private letter in the early thirties, but withdrew his approval when his letter was unwisely made public without his permission. Personal links with individuals remained. After the war, when many Catholics came to Caux, including Cardinal Liénart of Lille and Monsignor François Charrière, bishop of Fribourg, in whose diocese Caux lay, the question of Catholic participation was seriously raised. They were helpful and approving.

On Whitsunday 1950 Buchman and others, including a number of Catholic employers and labor leaders who had been reached by MRA, were in Cologne Cathedral for Mass. Cardinal Frings, whose diocese included much of the West German industrial area where MRA was very active, preached a sermon in which he gave a strong warning against any Catholic participation. The alleged grounds were that MRA was tainted with the heresy of "indifferentism." Consternation ensued. The cardinal, who had not known that Buchman and many of his Catholic adherents were in his audience, was urged to invite Buchman to visit him and listen to Buchman's side of the matter. He agreed.

I was one of two who accompanied Buchman. The cardinal

was concerned about a sentence in one of Buchman's speeches, which had received wide coverage. It said, "MRA is the good road of an ideology. . . . Catholic, Jew and Protestant, Hindu, Moslem, Buddhist and Confucionist all find they can unite and travel along this good road together."

Frings maintained this statement was a clear indication of indifferentism.

Buchman replied, "But they do! Come to Caux and see for yourself. They're all there!"

Frings began to expound the uniqueness of the Catholic faith, and Buchman kept saying,

"Yes, but they are doing it. Come and see!"

It was a conversation of the deaf. The cardinal had the theology; but Buchman had the experience, and further he knew that the cardinal's own nephew had recently been to Caux and had benefited greatly from his experience.

Finally, Buchman turned to me and asked me to come up with a formula that would satisfy the cardinal. I suggested that these assorted religionists "all find they can *change, where needed*, and travel along this good road together." The cardinal expressed himself satisfied. The two men parted, each of them still much puzzled about the other.

At some point the Secretariat of the Holy Office was asked for a ruling. One day in 1957 a closely printed document came to Buchman's attention, written in doggy ecclesiastical Latin. It was turned over to me to translate—I being, only in this, like Milton, the Latin Secretary! It was strange stuff. The author had delved into the archives and dug out Buchman's personal history, birth in Pennsylvania Dutch country, ordination as a Lutheran minister, his travels with the YMCA evangelist Sherwood Eddy, his difficulties with various religious groups—all noted with extreme distaste as evidences of his Protestantism. Then it dreamed up a hierarchy within the Oxford Group and MRA from the Founder (Grade One) down through a Policy Team, a Central Team, and so on down to mere fringers (Grade Seven). It was a parody of the truth, but it satisfied the organizational mind trying to equate MRA with some form of Freemasonry. The conclusion was that MRA was seriously tainted with the heresy of indifferentism.

It was hard to take this document seriously, but some natu-

rally did. I began collecting references to it that came our way and found they were increasing, especially after a series of unfriendly articles in the Jesuit review *Civiltà Cattolica*. Friendly priests and Bishops tried to smooth the road, but something was obviously going on in the remoter recesses of the Vatican bureaucracy.

One day, during a conference at Caux, a visitor arrived asking if he could attend a session that was in progress. The man who greeted him sensed that he was more than a casual visitor, as he mentioned he was staying with the parish priest in the next village. Malherbe and I were sent for to escort him to the meeting, and we sat with him. During a presentation by employers and workers from the Ruhr coal and steel industries, I noticed a signaling of the eyes going back and forth between the visitor and one of the industrialists who was speaking. The visitor seemed quite agitated.

Immediately after the meeting, the industrialist came quickly down from the platform and he and the visitor spoke excitedly together. Then the visitor asked Malherbe and me if we could go somewhere and speak privately. He was still in an agitated mood, and he had an interesting story to tell.

He told us he was a priest in mufti, a monsignor and an *assessore* (consultant and adjudicator) for the Holy Office. He had had on his desk for some weeks a Holy Office condemnation of MRA awaiting his signature. But he had been uneasy about signing it until he had acquired some firsthand knowledge. Hence his visit to Caux. But he had also had a visit in Rome from the German employer who had been speaking on the platform, had been impressed by his story of the changes in his workplace, and had encouraged him to come to Caux, but advised him not to speak publicly. This explained his agitation when he heard him addressing the conference.

The priest's name was Monsignor Georges Roche. He had been a chaplain in the war and seen more horrors than he wished, and had come out determined to do something for the spiritual life of priests and through them to revitalize the Church, particularly in France. He founded an Order of the Cenacle, which was under the direct patronage of Pope Paul VI with headquarters in Rome. His impression of the meeting through which he had sat was so vivid, that he felt it had been through direct intervention of the

Spirit of God that he had been compelled to come up the mountain to Caux. He poured out all his questions for a couple of hours. Finally he said,

“I think a great tragedy has been averted, I could have done a great wrong if I had signed that paper. This is a noble thing that is going on here.”

He met with Buchman, and before he left Switzerland we went down to the little village church in Glion below Caux where he was celebrating Mass, where again he told us how much the visit had meant. We heard no more of the proposed condemnation. Vatican Council II took care of that.

I visited Monsignor Roche a number of times when in Rome, and during the Vatican Council had many valuable conversations with him about the changes needed in the Church and the world. He was close to Cardinal Tisserant who had been friendly to MRA ever since his fellow Alsace-Lorrainer Robert Schuman had told him of his contacts with Buchman and Caux. One day during the council, Andrew Mackay and I visited Cardinal Tisserant. He had a forked black beard and dark twinkling eyes and a shrewd judgment of the politics of the Vatican. He, too, was a very valuable ally behind the scenes. With the council many things were changing; he brushed aside the articles in the *Civiltà Cattolica*:

“Don’t worry about them. That kind of thinking is on the way out. There is a new wind blowing. Just wait and see.”

His was good counsel. An era of understanding smoothed out relations and the conclusions of the council were soon to point in a new direction.

The first session of the Vatican Council was carried on in the old style. The Vatican secretariat tried to control it, but the press found ways to ask the contemporary questions and were not satisfied with ancient formulas. The second year began in a different atmosphere, created by Pope John XXIII who, as he said, “threw open the windows.” The change was electric. The dialogue between the Church and the modern world sprang to life.

Another striking feature of the council was the presence of the Bishops from Africa who lobbied vigorously to have the Mass said in the language of the common people of Africa. They embodied the changing nature of the world to which the Church had to respond:

We work hard to get our people to give up false ideas of God and not to use magic and spells, and then we talk to them in the Mass in a magic language which they do not understand. In addition, it is hard enough for our priests to be instructed in a theology that developed in a different time and culture, and to add Latin to that will discourage young men from coming into the priesthood, and we need native priests.

Their plea was heard; its implications were wide. The Church, instead of being a timeless and unchanging monolith, was seen as a feeling, growing institution. This was welcomed by the majority, although a minority felt betrayed and those strains remain today. But it was a new day for the Catholic Church, from which MRA profited.

This openness attracted interesting figures to Rome during these months. I had a press accreditation from a London newsmagazine and attended many press conferences and lectures given on the fringe of the Council. Here I heard Hans Küng, whose books I had been devouring, speak to an intently listening crowd of priests, laymen and journalists about the nature of the Church. On another occasion a French Communist intellectual whose name, alas, is lost in the mists of memory, gave a stimulating lecture. When asked why he had come, he replied,

“The Communist Party is becoming ossified. I thought that if as moss-backed an institution as the Catholic Church had found a way to revive itself, I might learn something here for the Party.”

Maybe Khrushchev even got a whiff of this change, but the time was not yet ripe for him.

One leading Churchman whom I came to regard very highly during these years was the abbot primate of the Benedictine order, Dr. Bernard Kaelin. A wise, humorous Swiss, he came incognito, at first, to Caux, and later openly and enthusiastically. He received us on one occasion in his magnificent baroque abbey in Sarnen and showed us the little church nearby of Nikolaus von der Flüe, the Swiss saint who was canonized in a splendid ceremony in Rome not long after, which I attended with Buchman. Abbot Kaelin was a powerful voice for MRA in Rome, so much so that in the pre-conciliar days he was ordered to be silent on the matter. When he visited the Council, he felt free to speak out again and did so. I honor his memory.

I made a number of trips to Rome during Buchman's lifetime. On one occasion, returning to Caux, Buchman and I were being driven by John Wood in a not very reliable car belonging to Gene Teuber, my companion on the visit to Cardinal Frings. On the autostrada it broke down. Princess Troubetzkoi, a wonderful old lady with many memories of Austria's imperial past, expected us for tea in Arona at the Villa Tesio. She had visited Caux and wished to be our hostess on one of our journeys.

Buchman and I, with his overnight case, climbed out while our car was taken off for repair. Cars thundered by at the normal Italian speed of around 100 m.p.h. I kept venturing out, waving my arms and hoping to catch the eye of a benevolent driver who would pick us up. No luck! The cars roared by. Then Buchman, who was following all this with great attention, called to me,

“Stop that car!”

I leapt into action, waving. To my surprise it stopped. It was a Volkswagen Beetle, the least likely car, I thought, to find space for us. It had only one occupant, the driver.

“Where do you want to go? I am only going as far as the next turnoff on the autostrada.”

“We want to go to Arona, to the Villa Tesio.”

“I'll take you there. I'm going right by the door. Tesio—he has wonderful horses. Jump in!”

We squeezed in. Our benefactor was a fearless driver, having stopped already once or twice, we imagined, for refreshment, and as we left the autostrada he stopped more than once for more. We refused his kind offer to join him and did our best to encourage him to keep his eyes on the road, and not to turn around to talk to me with both hands off the wheel in generous emphasis of his remarks.

Finally we reached the Villa Tesio at nearly eight o'clock. The house was dark; they had given up on our arrival, but soon lights went on, we were admitted and received by a slightly puzzled Princess, who greeted our, by now, very cheerful driver as one of the party. He eventually went on his way, and instead of tea we were entertained for dinner and the night. Our benefactor exchanged cards with us; he was Mario Ponti—I fondly hoped he was the husband of Sophia Loren, but his card indicated he was an engineer from the region.

I didn't claim this incident as proof of divine intervention on our behalf; but after failing to stop dozens of cars, I did wonder.

In 1964, along with looking in on the Vatican Council, I was still working on the book on Buchman, and busily engaged in advancing MRA in Italy. I was down in the trenches with the men now instead of being a remote figure at Buchman's side, and found out just how challenging was the day-to-day work with all kinds of people.

One operation was the production, in Italian, of one of Peter Howard's plays in a city theater with professional actors. Andrew Mackay, my host in Rome, had created a company for promotion of films and of plays, intended to saturate Italy with MRA productions. He had run up against the difficulty of interesting Italians in anything called "Riarmo morale" but found them intrigued with a "Mondo Nuovo," and so he gave his company that name. To some of the faithful this smacked of cowardice, but when Enid and I joined him we soon realized he had a strong point and backed him in the showing of films and finally in this play production under the new name.

Andrew loved Italy and the Italians and the strategy which was needed to catch their fickle enthusiasms. We spread out all over Rome, visiting princes and politicians, priests and press people of all political persuasions. We contacted the minister of education, who opened up the schools to us, called on embassies and industries, each visit leading to another in an intriguing fishing expedition. We were looked on as representing something new, something worthwhile, though they might not know exactly what. But they wanted to help.

Recently I came across letters from me to Enid, who had returned to London for health reasons, describing our ideological battles with the Italian Communist press on the one hand and the skeptical clerics on the other. They recounted our struggles with the play, which was directed by an Italian actress who had been in Caux but who suffered from high emotional tantrums when things did not go her way. It was a rocky road!

Finally the play was ready. Our actors were a lovable bunch, swearing absolute devotion to our objectives since they needed employment, and the Mondo Nuovo was as good an employer as they were likely to find. One or two were not wholly imbued with

the right spirit; in fact, occasionally they had to be forcibly removed from a convivial round with friends in a local bar and encouraged to go on stage. Our Italian stagehands, like stagehands everywhere, did things in their own way, even though it did not suit us. We reasoned; they shrugged their shoulders. Then they would go off in a huddle and return with a broad smile and say, "Just leave it to us"—the stagehand's equivalent of the actor's promise, "It will be all right on the night," and it generally was.

Attendance at the play was not great at first, but after a few rowdy interruptions from the audience, enthusiastically written up by the press, it grew markedly. We made new friends, and old ones who survived the experience were the stronger than ever in their convictions. The whole experience was one I would not choose to repeat, but the memory of it is vivid.

It was in November 1963 in a corridor of the apartment of my generous hosts, Andrew and Jean Mackay, that I turned on my portable radio and heard the news of President Kennedy's assassination. For a moment the entire world was kin. I picked up the telephone to let friends know and found they were calling me; strangers stopped strangers on the street to ask, "Have you heard?" Radio programs canceled themselves and picked up the fast-breaking story from American networks. The American embassy was besieged with callers expressing sympathy. It was an earthquake of shock. The tremors are still being felt.

The Council continued another couple of years. But its greatest impact for me was its second year when the windows were thrown open. I recognized the feeling. Windows were being opened for me, too. It seemed as if the walls that had divided the various churches and sections of Christianity had shrunk. No doubt they were still there, but suddenly one could look over the walls and discover, not heretics or sectarians, but brothers and sisters. My mind and my heart responded to this new perspective. The dogmas of my youth, which had ruled me unconsciously, lost much of their hold. They were replaced by a longing to learn more, to follow the leading of my heart as well as my head, to drop the thought of only one way and realize the many roads to God.

I returned to Rome several times in the ensuing years. On one visit I was the victim of a light-fingered pickpocket who lifted my wallet in a crowded bus. The Rome police got it back to me by

five o'clock the same day with the contents intact. Forgetting that the Rome police were mainly members of the Italian Communist Party, I congratulated the chief with the words, "It's a miracle!" "No," he replied sternly, "Excellent police work!" I had to agree.

In the course of these visits I also formed a warm friendship with distant cousins on my father's side who lived in Rome and whom I visited many times later on. Andrea Nonis is an architect, his wife Flavia a graduate of Smith College in Massachusetts, and their three delightful grown children will find their place later in this narrative. They rounded off the charm of the ancient city with their very up-to-date friendly hospitality.

The months in Rome opened my eyes to changes that were sweeping the world. The Catholic Church, which to my mind had been the least ready to contemplate change, found it could no longer remain a mere observer. I, too, was ready to do more than study and criticize. It was time for another change for me as well.

XVIII

Back to School

One day in Rome in November 1964 I received a letter from Peter Howard. After regretting that the fine MRA buildings on Mackinac Island stood empty for about eight months of the year, he went on:

Would it be a good idea to start a college in Caux and Mackinac? Run them together as a school for modern languages, international relationships, theater, T.V., Radio, journalism, Art? It could be the education of the 21st century. The aim would be to train youth to take on the key places in nations. . . . to get the right young men instead of the wrong ones into places of influence in public affairs. . . . It would be easy, I think, to get money for education. . . . It crossed my mind whether a man like yourself would be able to be President of such an undertaking.

To this last question I replied after brief deliberation, “No way!” I was British, knew little about American education, and if one of the duties of a president was to raise money, I was neither inclined nor competent to handle the job. I was also not quite as sure as I once had been who were the “right young men.” That, I thought, disposed of that.

But with Peter Howard’s death some three months later the college project took on a different aspect. Basil Entwistle, my old school friend, who had an excellent academic record at Oxford and wide experience in Asia—China before the war, Japan after the war—had undertaken the job of chairman of the Board of Trustees. In that capacity he had seen to the transfer to the pro-

posed college of the MRA buildings which had been used for conference purposes only a few months in the year, when the ice went out of the Great Lakes and the ferries ran to the island.

Basil had also facilitated the granting of a charter by the Michigan Board of Education. They were supportive when they had satisfied themselves that the college would not be an instrument of indoctrination but a genuine hall of learning. He had also enlisted sponsors, hired faculty, drawing on others' expertise in areas where we were lacking. Dr. Douglas Cornell, executive officer of the National Academy of Sciences in Washington, was prevailed upon to become the president of the college, a position for which he had far better credentials than did I.

Feelers were once again extended in my direction. Would I become the academic dean if a senior academic, a former dean of the University of Alberta, did all the preliminary work of hiring faculty and drawing up the curriculum? With a show of confidence that I did not really feel, and mostly in deference to Peter Howard's vision for a college, I agreed. I had done all I could on the Buchman biography. Here was the next challenge.

In June 1966 I arrived with Enid in New York, was met by Doug Cornell, who from that time became my close friend and collaborator, and drove with him via Niagara Falls to Mackinac Island. We talked long and earnestly about what lay before us. I was told all that had happened since I had turned down the job Doug was now shouldering.

The more he told me, the more grateful I was that vainglory had not pushed me to try my hand at it. Much was already prepared. The buildings were there; the faculty was being collected; there were even students signed up to attend. There was some money. We closed our eyes to all but a rosy future, and Mackinac College was in business. We were on our way to fill a niche in American education that we believed to be especially reserved for us: the training of leadership for a radically changing world.

Meanwhile, American education on major campuses was in turmoil. The GI Bill generation had passed through the system and was making its way in the world. A new breed was springing up, children of the prosperity of the fifties, calling for change. President Kennedy had ignited them and his death had frustrated them. The universities became powder kegs. Students became ac-

tivists. They saw the inequalities of American life, the poverty amid wealth, the repression of minorities, the plight, particularly, of the blacks, and like the Oxford generation after World War I, blamed their elders for these conditions.

Universities are institutions that have been built up over a long period of time; they change slowly and deliberately. For this new generation they seemed to be moving too slowly. They appeared to be protecting the status quo, perpetuating the wrongs of society, not open to new ideas. Student generations are short—three or four years. Change had to come in their time, at once, not in a professorial generation of twenty or more years. They had experienced the assassinations of John and Robert Kennedy and of Martin Luther King. The older generation had involved the newer in an unpopular war in Vietnam. And was there not always the threat of atomic destruction hanging over their world? There was no time to waste on the traditional curriculum. Everything must be focused on the changes needed. Make all things new!

Added to this mood of conflict between the generations was the rise of the drug culture and of new music styles stirring emotions and built on the Beat, which annoyed the elders and, for that reason, if no other, was the delight of the young. Mass performances or tribal gatherings asserted a solidarity among the young of which their music was the badge of honor. Confrontation took the place of compromise. University authorities found their offices occupied by “sit-ins.” Buildings were trashed. “Free” universities set themselves up on campuses with courses whose common bond was “relevancy.” Vietnam brought “Strategies of Peace,” minority questions brought “Black Studies,” and the new feminist consciousness brought “Women’s Studies” into the curriculum. It was a time for newness.

I had been fairly remote from all this. I was just beginning to feel deep changes in my own life and thought. Now, in all this turmoil, I was suddenly called on to think seriously about the nature and structure of education. My first reaction was, naturally, cautious. We would try and make changes, but within the system, within the established curriculum. It was not much, but since I knew so little about education in America, this was the best I could come up with.

Doug had wisely arranged for me to attend a conference of

the American Association of Academic Deans, which took place almost immediately on my arrival in the United States. It was a fascinating and confusing occasion: fascinating because we were a new college starting up with the aim of improving the quality of people available and equipped for public life; confusing, because I knew little how we intended to do it, how we hoped to graft our purposes onto the hickory-hard stock of state-approved education. Fortunately, I knew as yet so little about this that I was prepared to use a very broad brush in outlining our purposes, and since, as yet, we had done nothing, we could not yet be held accountable for anything.

It had long been obvious that Peter Howard's idea of a college, which aimed basically to spread the ideas of MRA in public life and administration, was unworkable. He had assumed that degrees could be awarded, but these would be of no worth without the recognition of the college, first by the State of Michigan, and then by the Accrediting Agency of North Central Colleges and Universities. Criteria for this recognition were rigorous and sternly unimaginative—how many books in the library, how much money in the bank, what proportion of faculty to students, what basic studies in humanities, in natural sciences and social studies were offered. We were faced by a mighty dilemma. Should we adopt the existing framework at a time when it was being questioned on many major campuses in the country? Or should we try to link our desire to train leadership for society with the contemporary demand for “relevance” and change, and cut loose from the whole degree-giving structure of American education?

We had already gone far down the road of working within the system. We had a charter from the state, we had a curriculum as required by the authorities, we had students. If we now changed direction, how many students would stay with us? Even more importantly, how many parents would back their children going to an unknown college in remote northern Michigan that would not be able to award a degree or to give credits that would be recognized by any other university to which students might wish to transfer? It was now August, and students would be arriving in September. We decided to keep on the course we had chosen.

Here there were great opportunities. Inexperienced as I was in the American way of education, I had one great asset, which I

brought from my Oxford days. I had a deep conviction that knowledge could not be divided up into watertight compartments, which was the basic scheme of education in America, but was a flowing river of personal learning that derived from many sources.

Interdepartmental teaching seemed to me a basic and natural requirement in a world shaped by the interplay of ideas from many areas and cultures. Language, history and literature should be studied together, history, economics, and geography likewise; the natural sciences along with social needs; all subjects were interwoven with developments in each other and should be studied in that context. I was ignorant of mathematics and natural sciences but I knew their significance in modern life; others, well equipped, would be doing the teaching. I was a quick learner, and ready to work to find the best way to move in the short time available.

I had a great faculty to work with. Half of them had some MRA affiliation, another quarter were fully understanding of the college's mission. A few were there simply to teach their subject as professionals and were content with that. A number had experience in different professions, and came from varied backgrounds, French, British, Indian, Chinese. Franklin Chance had been with Pfizer Chemicals and would teach chemistry, Daniel Lew had been a diplomat and would teach modern history. Vaitheswaran, an outstanding graduate of Hyderabad University, would teach economics. David Blair, a Scot who had been a teacher before MRA, became a most effective and beloved teacher of English literature (he was our Mr. Chips); John McCabe, actor, writer and lover of Shakespeare, was a great teacher of theater; and Edric Cane, a French scholar who had spent much of his life in England, was a fine teacher of French literature and economics, Audrey Cooke, a teacher and poet, was a creative force in the English Department, while Kay Smedley infused her students with a passion for American history.

Our first semester was full of high moments. Everything was new and improvisation by students, staff, and faculty carried us through the unanticipated crises. The fact that we were several miles out in the Straits of Mackinac was an added attraction, as long as the autumn sunshine warmed us. We had not fully anticipated the effects of high winds, driving rain, and then snow on our sports program and on the spirits of our students. When bliz-

zards blew, a visiting team could be marooned on our island for several days; they even attended our classes. Nor was it easy to provision several hundred people as the island stores closed down one by one and almost everything had to be brought in by ferry or airplane. But we took that in our stride.

Our situation became more serious, however, when students reassembled for the second semester. Now the temperature had dropped, the straits were freezing over. Airplane service from Pellston was erratic and two-seater planes were hardly adequate to handle our returning students. But it was just another challenge, something to be coped with. Spirits were still high.

About a third of our Charter Class also had some MRA links and were creative and helpful in getting the college off the ground. The rest had various motives for enrolling, most simply wanting a good education at a college where the fees were very reasonable. Geographically we were far away from the world of student demonstrations and revolt against traditional education. To a certain extent we were also spiritually remote. We conceived ourselves to be a happy harmonious family without any problems that could not be settled by a few wise words from authority—administration, faculty or student. Student rights had not entered our vocabulary. Our discipline was imposed rather than agreed. But it was not long before the winds of change blew also into our remoteness.

In addition, the London leadership of MRA was fundamentally opposed to what we were doing; Peter Howard's death had again left a vacuum, which was filled by the most cautious and most British of the existing leadership. There was a streak of anti-Americanism and a streak of obscurantism that led them to believe that education itself was not an objective of MRA, and especially not American education.

Buchman had always been critical of higher education. In the late forties there had been a very promising development at Caux, called the College of the Good Road, which responded to the great desire of young people to be learners and was instantly successful. Some splendid teachers gave exciting outlines of topics and areas of knowledge that expanded the horizons of the Caux conferences. I remember teaching an outline course on philosophy, which stimulated my audience and me greatly; but the effort was short-lived.

Buchman, never happy with anything that appeared to divert from what he saw as the major mission of MRA—to offer individuals an experience of God—closed it down. London appeared now to be of the same mind. They washed their hands of the college. The American leadership of MRA continued its support, though their funds went largely in other directions.

Our first year was full of fresh ideas. The student body, though it numbered only 140, included some outstanding individuals. But our dean of admissions soon found it difficult to enlist more students of this caliber. Newness, remoteness, and our high expectations became disadvantages. As the student body grew to around 350, it was clear that some students would have been happier at a less dedicated college. The questioning of authority, that serpent as we conceived it, entered our mini-Paradise from the Berkeleys and Columbias so far away. Students took sides and found natural allies also in some faculty members who, knowing the current mentality on larger campuses from which they had come, saw such questioning as the mark of the times and something to be encouraged.

As dean I had to face much that was unknown and new to me. But, realizing that any authority I was to have needed to be conferred on me less by my office and more by agreement of the student body and by my faculty, I accepted a simple truth. These students were coming to us because we claimed to give them the best education possible. We had no mission to indoctrinate, to make students fit any mould, however high-minded. Our task was to give an education, and in addition, I, as dean, was to be a stimulator of innovation, not a defender of the past. Slowly the government of the Saints was transformed into a more cooperative and responsive body. But in so doing, I was further transformed.

A minor matter, as it appeared to us at first, began to take on larger proportions. The inhabitants of Mackinac Island, the hardy natives, about six hundred in number, lived year-round on the island. After a first flush of friendship, twenty years earlier, with Buchman, who brought so many people they hoped would shop in their fudge shops and ride in their carriages, and who also befriended a number of them, hiring and training them as staff for MRA's buildings and conferences, many islanders had over the years switched to a position of armed neutrality. MRA was a little

mysterious and its end of the island was a little remote, and who knew what was going on there? MRA's attempts to reach out to the inhabitants were given a cool response, apart from a few who understood it and became strong allies.

We had expected a warmer welcome for Mackinac College. It was not an "MRA college," though it tried to instill values as well as information while distancing itself from the religious and political innuendoes attached to MRA and Buchman. The islanders would have none of this. The MRA is the MRA was their standpoint, and nothing appeared to shift it. Although the college was a new creation, we inherited, along with the beautiful property and setting of the island, a quiver full of prejudices which slowed our progress.

We had planned on using the deserted television and film studio, built with so much pain and effort for Buchman's hoped-for but non-appearing movies, as library and classrooms for the college. The island's fire marshal proved uncooperative; because there was not the necessary layer of insulation in the studio's construction, it could not be approved for educational purposes. We had not thought to find this out earlier, so we were launched with our main building inoperative and our students soon arriving.

The requirements of being a college demanded that we build a library and a science laboratory. Building anything on the island was a Byzantine operation. First, no mechanical vehicles were allowed on island roads; second, to bring heavy machinery on to the college property, a county road had to be crossed from the dock to the property. For this, permission had to be obtained from the town council of the City of Mackinac Island, as well as from the county commissioners—two different entities.

Once these two permissions had been obtained, each piece of machinery—backhoe, bulldozer, cement-mixer or truck—had to be preceded by a couple of horses hitched up to it as it moved across or along the county or city road. It was the sort of delightfully archaic legislation that in most places had gone out with the red flag preceding the automobile. By a major concession, once the horses had been hitched up, the piece of machinery was allowed to proceed under its own power, but at a horse's pace! This bred constant friction between builders and the local authorities, which added heat to the comic opera proceedings.

So our fledgling college was caught between contemporary demands for change and a social environment which had hardly changed since a century before, when the splendid Grand Hotel was built on the other end of the island by Cornelius Vanderbilt and the New York Central Railway.

In addition, we had sadly misjudged the amount of money needed to open and operate a college. Peter Howard had been serenely sure that public money for education would “be available.” The strictures of the Vietnam War put an end to such largesse from Washington. We had been forced to spend a couple of million dollars on buildings for which we had not budgeted. We had the great faith and financial naivete of enthusiasm—something we had brought with us from MRA. Difficulties were to be brushed aside, friendly warnings were suspected of being attempts to deviate us from our inspired course. The Board of Trustees included some men of long experience in education and industry. They told us that it was prudent to have twenty-five million dollars in the bank, or pledged, in order to start such an educational institution. But in face of our confidence that the world was waiting a college such as ours, they hesitated to contradict our expectation with their mundane bean counting and fell silent.

By the end of the second year of Mackinac College, it was clear that even if we had the maximum number of students on campus, around eight hundred, we would still have to raise a million dollars a year to keep out of debt. The banks cast an ever-more-skeptical eye on our balance sheet; Doug Cornell dug deep into a family foundation to keep us afloat. Some generous donors helped us complete the needed buildings. But we began our third year with the knowledge that the writing was on the wall. We were heading for a financial disaster.

During this time we had started a refreshingly original approach. Interdepartmental teaching was a great success; there was a lively atmosphere of learning throughout the college; forays off campus to Detroit and Chicago had led to field work that balanced to some extent our isolation amid the snow and ice of the Great Lakes. But on the other side our isolation was making some students stir-crazy and what was an excellent milieu for study was devastating for morale. We were dying the death of a thousand cuts, as every difficulty became a problem instead of a challenge.

At this moment I was invited by my fellow deans in the Association for Academic Deans to address their convention on the topic, "An Academic Dean Looks at the Next Ten Years." I accepted, hoping that there might still be some way the college could be rescued. My talk was unconventional, as I had not yet become sunk in the jargon of the profession, but it naturally lost some of its glamour when a few months later our difficulties became public. My colleagues were all most sympathetic and glad to receive our students and hire our faculty as the doors of the college began to close.

In addition to the financial difficulties, two philosophies regarding the college had been at work in our minds. From our academic backgrounds we drew the love of learning, free discussion, and experimentation with the new. From MRA we brought optimism, a passionate concern for students and the world, but also a need for control, for safe limits, and respect for the old. Both faculty and students were aware of this fault line running through our endeavor. Temperamentally, I was cautious about freedom, and so was out of step with those who wanted more. This created a tension which I wished away, looking on it as a sign of the failure of my leadership as dean, as a negative element in our common experience, and acquiesced in the putting on of brakes which was advised by the more active of our trustees.

Many years later, I was discussing different elements in the American character. I compared the Hobbesian philosophy of the nature of human life as "nasty, brutish and short," which demanded control by Leviathan, with that of his almost contemporary John Locke, the philosophy of the "perfectibility of man," which advocated freedom and agreement of the governed. One reflected the medieval view of human nature, which had prevailed in Europe; the other, the philosophy of a future, which profoundly influenced American thought. I was in an "Either-Or" frame of mind. But the friend with whom I was discussing made a simple statement: "Why think of the opposition between them as negative? Could not that tension produce the creative impulse in life and government?" I wish I had been able to digest that thought in my days as dean.

An abortive and ill-considered attempt to create an off-campus experience for students by linking the college with the travel-

ing program of *Sing Out* (later to become *Up With People*) which, like the college, had been a spin-off from the last MRA conference on Mackinac, failed, and our days were numbered.

The decision to close down Mackinac College was not received by the student body with great equanimity. Students met for hours to come up with proposals to save it. They met with faculty and with administration, registering their disillusion with the decision. They were not impressed with the dry facts of the finances; they wrote letters, solicited all kinds of financial aid, but the dreary facts remained. The best we could do for them was to find them places at other first-rate places of learning to complete their studies.

Thirty-one men and women who had been members of the Charter Class, the Class of 1970, decided to stay and graduate. I honor them. They undertook to save money by operating the kitchens themselves, cleaning the grounds and buildings, handling all internal business matters, while the college retained sufficient academic staff to complete their instruction (a number took no salary for that year), to set examinations, and to award the grades that would enable our students to graduate.

I myself saw to it that the courses required were available, that they were adequately staffed, and then left the island so that there would be one less salary to pay and two less mouths to feed. Enid, for whom the whole experience of the college was a mixture of high pleasure and much pain as she saw the traumas through which we all went in the search for survival, left the island with me for another chapter in our lives.

In a letter I wrote, thanking the students for their loyalty in difficult times, I said:

Not until we get away from Mackinac into the atmosphere of colleges and universities which, for a variety of different reasons, feel that little or nothing can be done in the way of innovation, do we realize what we undertook at Mackinac. The most important thing was that we were ready to try, rather than merely discuss, new things. Not that everything we tried to do was new; it was not. Not that we were successful for more than half the time. But that we tried and were more successful than those who never attempted anything, is our justification for having existed.

Ten months later we returned for the graduation ceremonies, and Doug Cornell and I draped the well-earned hoods around the necks of a group of young men and women who had had more than an education; they had had an initiation into a hard life and had triumphed. There have been frequent reunions of this group and of their fellows who graduated elsewhere, and they are generous in their tribute to what the college managed to do for them, even if much of it they had to do for themselves. And therein perhaps lies the secret of a relevant education. It involves you in life and therefore stays with you for life.

So Mackinac College failed. And yet . . . and yet. Around it hangs, in the memory of the alumni, the sweet smell of success. “The best time of my life.” “Where I learnt more than anywhere else.” “Where I discovered myself.” Even those few who had been summarily dismissed for their overenthusiastic interpretation of student rights have told us, “That’s when I grew up!”

The imaginative forays into the Chicago and Detroit ghettos, the enforced creativity of an ice-bound campus, the convinced minority enacting educational reforms only attainable in the extreme emergency of a financial squeeze—this is what is remembered beyond all the frustrations of lack of money and unsuitable geography. The creative careers that have followed and are continuing to enrich society—these are what, in the long run, count. The fierce devotion of the Charter Class that carried them through to graduation, the demand for reunions on the sacred soil of the campus—all this goes beyond, far beyond, the judgment of success or failure.

And I honor the faculty and staff, many of whom became close friends, who devoted themselves to the students and the college. They echo what the alumni say. One wrote me, “Never have I been given such an opportunity with such eager students; never did I enjoy teaching more.” Most of the faculty would have agreed. It was learning for learning’s sake and teaching for the students’ sake with many opportunities and few restraints, except the ones that eventually doomed the enterprise.

What had it meant to me? Beside the only sleepless nights of my life to date, it had given me the knowledge that I loved teaching, it had proved that I could capture the imagination of the student, without which the labor is in vain. I had also learnt to doff

the jackboots of authority. And though I realized it only slowly, I was on the way to becoming a new human being, shedding the carapace of the past to be ready for new adventures. Enid, too, faithful, loving and devoted as a wife, became a stronger person, ready for the unknown, and we began to venture together as we never could have done without the experience of Mackinac College.

Out of this crucible no one emerged unchanged. A few found it so painful that they never wanted to see or think of the place again. But for an astonishing majority, it was among the best days of their lives.

Fresh influences that had been working on me since Buchman's death—the reflection on the nature and growth of MRA and Buchman's life, the experience of the Second Vatican Council, the return to the examined life, and the discovery of my vocation as a teacher—all this was coming together to set me on the road for whatever might come next.

XIX

Up With People

*I love the young dogs of this age. They have more wit
and humour and knowledge of life than we had.*

—BOSWELL, *LIFE OF JOHNSON*, 22 JULY 1763

In 1965, before the birth of Mackinac College, the last MRA Conference was held on Mackinac Island. Already a new current was flowing through the nation. In 1964 Peter Howard had toured the American universities with Blanton Belk, a young American naval officer in the Pacific in World War II, at his side. This had resulted in one thousand youth from all parts of the United States and Canada, joined by many from overseas, gathering to explore the theme “The Modernizing of America.”

They were children of the sixties, eager for change, uncertain about the tactics of confrontation that had been adopted on their campuses, ready for action if they could be shown a better way. Music was their favorite medium. The Beatles had burst on the scene with songs dealing with themes that troubled this new generation. Against the somber background of the deepening Vietnam war, these sounded a surprising note of hope. Thirty years later a commentator recalled nostalgically the “gentleness and sense of fun” that their music created, calling it one optimistic note in a dark symphony of events.

It was the era of the hootenanny and the ubiquitous guitar. Everyone was a musician, a poet, a songwriter, a performer. It was clear that the way to capture the ear of the nation was through

the music of youth. The “modernizing” of America involved experimenting with this new generation, with new ideas, new leadership. The slogans, “Don’t trust anyone over thirty!” and “Question Authority,” which had blossomed on bumper stickers and T-shirts, summed up a powerful impulse not only in America, but also in universities across the world. It was a moral earthquake that would expose the hidden generational faults in society with powerful consequences.

Buchman for twenty years had seen the possibilities in stage production and music of a conventional kind to supplement the tried and true platform presentation and conference format. But this reaching out to contemporary popular styles was a new trend. The Beat was the new international language and it swept away the podium, the set speech, and the formal conference. With it came an eagerness to learn, to look over fences and see how other people lived, to experiment in living.

In July 1965 Enid and I were in London finishing our work on Buchman’s papers. Peter Howard had died, but Blanton Belk, who had captured the spirit that he and Howard had found on the campuses, was opening the Mackinac conference to these stirring impulses. He invited us to join him there. We flew into the little airport of Pellston, Michigan, crossed the familiar Straits of Mackinac, and found ourselves caught up in a new stream of thought and action that was galvanizing America.

On campuses students were challenging authority; in politics a younger generation was barking at the heels of the old guard; in morals, fundamental questions were being confronted and conventional answers publicly challenged as never before. Artificial restraints in all these fields were giving way and there was little positive to take their place. Those of us who had been increasingly restive in the restrictive framework of MRA, saw an opportunity to reach out to this new and confused world.

Sing Out, later to be transformed into *Up With People*, was born at this Mackinac conference. It was a roughly stitched together patchwork of songs that had been created at the conference, given some polish by Henry Cass, the London producer, who was greatly taken by their originality and spirit. Audiences enthusiastically welcomed it, first around Lake Michigan, then in New England. Within weeks it was invited by a congressional

group to Washington and then, in a very short time, it began to crisscross the nation.

After seeing the very early stages of this development Enid and I went back to Europe, where I found, particularly in Britain, many older MRA heads being shaken in disapproval. It was not long before the young British and other Europeans traveling with *Sing Out*, and any financial support, were withdrawn. The popular success in America was seen as a typically superficial American glamorization of generalities and a straw-fire that would soon burn out.

From this time two different entities began to emerge. MRA continued its conventional path, and, free to strike out on its own, *Up With People* grew and flourished as a worldwide, yearlong program of performance and learning. Its new leadership was clearly distinguished from the old MRA leadership. This development took place while Enid and I were immersed in Mackinac College. Blanton Belk and his wife Betty took the major initiative, with Don Birdsall, Jim and Carol MacLennan, the Colwell Brothers—Steve, Paul, and Ralph, with their wives, Lynne, Cati, and Debbie—along with Herb and Jane Allen and a number of others who were also outgrowing the limitations that MRA had placed on their vision. They stepped out together into the swiftly changing sixties and seventies.

The basic points of difference from MRA were content and control, and, as so often, it was concealed in ideological terms. The old guard, particularly in Britain, wanted to keep the young new wine in the old bottles, not to deviate from the ways Buchman had laid down, so they accused *Up With People* of watering down the “message,” of relaxing standards, of throwing out the baby with the bath water. It was not clear to them that Buchman’s single-handed control of both personnel and program had become a brake on fresh thinking and on the emotional and intellectual growth for which young people, especially, were hungry. And that this had resulted in the frustration of the very aims to which MRA was committed.

At this time Enid and I had the strange experience of becoming “non-persons” to our old friends and colleagues. Before I left to go to Mackinac College I had tried to put to my more senior colleagues the case for fresh objectives for MRA, particularly en-

listing the American youth. I was very coolly received. A second interview was canceled. Enid and I found old friends avoiding us. The word went out that we were “unreliable” and apart from a couple of reproachful letters after we left London for the United States, all links were broken. British MRA friends visiting the United States were warned not to get in touch with us or with the Belks. Twenty-five years of our lives were as if they had never existed. A meeting of three representatives from each of the two diverging tendencies was arranged at Heathrow Airport, but was regrettably a dialogue of the deaf. I returned from it deeply disappointed.

Fortunately, however, we were too busy with Mackinac College to be overly concerned. For a while my dreams were full of empty halls of rejection, of being alone in great crowds, of losing my way and wandering through vast and complicated buildings. But that, too, passed.

So the gap widened. Chancellor Adenauer of West Germany and former President Eisenhower had kept a personal interest in the development and suggested to Blanton Belk that it was time to incorporate as a totally independent organization with a self-governing structure. Our former colleagues understandably did not appreciate this, which was unfortunate, but the action was necessary to distinguish the different natures and purposes of the two organizations.

First, Belk and his colleagues set out to eliminate structural weaknesses in *Up With People* that had been inherited from MRA. Two principles in particular, which had caused much confusion, were done away with. The first was the lack of clear executive responsibility which resulted from a “team” concept in which decisions were everybody’s business, and therefore, often, nobody’s responsibility. This had led to the unwanted result that all decisions tended to be made at the top or by the strongest personality.

The other principle was “working without salary.” This had led to exploitation of volunteers and to financial fuzziness in regard to taxation, social security, health programs—all those areas where the modern state touches non-profit institutions.

Over the next few years Belk gathered a board of directors who had real power and who also took real responsibility. They insisted on a pay scale for all employees of *Up With People*, at

first at levels below the market rate for nonprofit organizations because money was in short supply. They served out of conviction, but as time passed and the enterprise became better known, and a tuition fee was charged for the year spent by students in *Up With People*, more money was available. This was invested in developing the program, setting up scholarships and improving the compensation of executives and employees. All these changes led to more efficiency, less waste of resources, and prepared all who took part to play a practical role in the modern world.

Accomplishing all this involved a traumatic triage. Funds that had been available for other enterprises had to be curtailed, staff who could not find their place in the streamlined operation of *Up With People* had to find other tasks. This was painful and the effects that went with it were in some cases long-lasting. But rebirth, like birth, is a painful business, and the final separation of the two entities had to be made.

The burden of it fell upon Belk's shoulders. He has great natural gifts as a leader. He is imaginative, decisive, and an instinctive developer of others. He is a risk-taker. He is also an outdoorsman—fisherman, hunter—easy in the company of any type of person, popular with the young; Betty, his wife, is the perfect complement. She tones down his overenthusiastic ideas, remembers the names and connections of the many people they meet, and with their two daughters, Jennie and Katie, keeps him in touch with the realities of ordinary life. His leadership of *Up With People* brought it out of the shadows of cultism, which hung around MRA, into the mainstream of national and international service and training for life in today's disoriented society.

What were the purposes that *Up With People* set out to serve? In its environment of a rapidly changing world, *Up With People* saw an opportunity to affect the new generation, not by formulae or ethical teaching, but in action. It was a world in which, for many different reasons, "the medium is the message" was proving itself true. So *Up With People* presented a colorful, fast-moving story through music and stage, became less instructional and moralistic, and more of a service organization, developing qualities of leadership and initiative in its participants.

The young on the campuses had decided that their elders were hypocrites. Instead of wasting time trying to refute this, *Up With*

People challenged the young to live generously, to give their energies in action to make the world a better place. It faced them concretely with pressing social needs—racial discrimination, poverty, care of the aged, family breakdown, poor education and cultural prejudice. Instead of exhorting, they sang and danced their challenge. The timely topics, dealt with in the lyrics of the songs, make a very long list. They included the environment, prejudice, family values, national purposes, and international friendship. The spirit and enthusiasm with which they were presented, plus the increasing sophistication of the artistic presentation, helped them fit into the value gap created by the retreat of traditional conventions and the decay of the family.

It soon became clear that there was a fundamental element of education in a year spent by the students traveling and performing, living in other people's homes, confronting different cultures, climates, traditions and languages. In 1969, as Mackinac College was being forced to close, Belk asked me if I would help set up a program of study suitable for the traveling students. The University of Hartford (Connecticut) had offered to grant academic credit for subjects taught in the course of travel. *Up With People* students had stayed on its campus while penetrating areas of the city, which had been shaken by racial riots. Some of the university administration had been impressed by their potential and made the suggestion. They needed only a qualified traveling staff to administer and teach.

The educational establishment as a whole was slowly moving in the same direction. "Experiential learning" was beginning to be recognized as an authentic element in education. "What I hear, I forget—what I do, I remember" was such a common experience that educators were taking it more and more seriously.

Enid and I went to Hartford to meet with some of the faculty and the dean of arts and sciences, David Komisar. David was a strong supporter from the start, but department heads, whose agreement was necessary, were upset that he had not consulted them before he invited *Up With People* to become the university's traveling campus. So a diplomatic approach was required. Also even the now very tenuous link of *Up With People* with MRA was suspect, and one faculty member had exhumed Buchman's 1936 statement about Hitler. For a while it looked as if the whole

arrangement would be canceled. But good sense prevailed.

We were to be on probation for a semester under the remote control of University of Hartford faculty, who visited us as long as we were geographically in their neighborhood. I was to put together a faculty of four, two from Mackinac College, two from the University of Hartford. My Oxford D. Phil. was considered a guarantee that we were serious, and I became the administrator of the program as well as giving courses on world civilization and on philosophy. My mini-faculty taught English literature, English composition, American literature, and elementary psychology. We also taught a foreign language, most successfully when we had a Chinese-born French-speaking instructor and we went to France; less successfully when our tour took us to Germany, still being taught French!

After a semester on the road, performing in city after city in the Eastern states, our hardworking students were declared by the University of Hartford to have well and truly satisfied their academic standards. David Komisar had courageously backed us through some of the first difficult weeks. Then I made a good friend of the dean of humanities, Frank Chiarenza, who was a kindred spirit, and we continued, for the three years we were connected with Hartford, on a workmanlike and amicable basis.

The experiment turned out to be a success. We held classes in the strangest classrooms—church halls, college lecture rooms, kindergartens, the open air—whatever was available. The Philadelphia Spectrum, a vast arena for basketball and other sports, where *Up With People* was performing, had no suitable room, so we took over the enormous elevator generally used for moving large-scale equipment, and a professor from the University of Hartford gave a special lecture on Shakespeare in it. He adapted gallantly, except for the nervous moment when the elevator began to move downwards. (It was hastily recalled for its nobler purpose.)

David Komisar was so impressed with the motivation and eagerness of the students that he traveled through half a dozen cities of Europe with them to give a course in clinical psychology. On one occasion, only the cafeteria of a large Belgian brewery was available as a lecture hall. In an adjoining room officials were said to be “tasting” the latest brew, and were heard sipping and sluicing with gusto while he lectured! On his return David wrote

me that those couple of weeks had been the best teaching experience of his life and one which he wished his entire faculty could have.

Indeed, it was an experience which brought out the best in both teachers and students, with, naturally, a few exceptions on both sides; those, for instance for whom both teaching and learning is impossible except in the conventional setting of the lecture room and library. For me, to talk about the medieval city while we were in Bruges, about Early Man in Stonehenge; to highlight English history on a visit to Westminster Abbey; to deal with the Romans in the Forum, with the European Community on a visit to the Common Market headquarters in Brussels, with World War II in Bastogne and Heidelberg, with the discovery of America in Genoa and Seville—these were wonderful opportunities.

Naturally I often spoke in glittering generalities, but many students told me that it was at those times they caught the love of learning, of seeing themselves as part of a continuum in which past and present were uniquely interrelated, and realizing their place in the rich web of history. It was a fulfillment for me of the calling of teacher, which I had first recognized at Mackinac College and it brought the most wonderful rewards in the expansion of my students' minds and characters.

Humor was never missing from such an imaginative group. After a visit to London, I gave an informal test (ungraded!) to see what had lodged in their minds. They turned the tables on me with the ingenuity of their answers:

The Elgin Marbles were “part of the Crown Jewels in the Tower of London.”

The Rosetta Stone was “brought from Scotland and placed under the Throne.”

St Paul's Watch (the World War II guardians of the Cathedral roof during the Blitz) was “presumably preserved in the British Museum” or conversely, “something to do with Standard Time.”

The Reichstag Fire was “German V-2 rockets which rained on England for months.”

Freud was the first man to invent cars, and the Poets' Corner was “a London salon where poets would gather to have tea and discuss poetry and other intellectual matters.”

My students were rewarded with “A” grades (unrecorded) for imagination.

For four years, 1969-1973, Enid and I traveled in this fashion through the United States, Canada, and many countries of Europe, and gained as much from the experience, if not more, than we were able to give. There were great technical difficulties in incorporating formal courses in the migratory setting of *Up With People*, and what we gave could never fully take the place of campus courses. But for stimulating a love of learning they were superb. They added a dimension of thought and reflection to the implicit process of growth and maturing which is at the heart of the *Up With People* experience, and fully justified the college credit they received.

In 1972, for purely practical reasons, chiefly easier communication and administration, we moved the program to the University of Arizona. In 1973 I handed over the teaching role to others. After four years of travel and teaching I was beginning to feel physically exhausted. I realized that Enid and I required a permanent base and not to continue living as gypsies.

Many students wrote me saying how much they had benefited from this experience in experiential learning. Recently I came across a file of these letters, and before destroying them, culled a few comments:

“Believe me, it’s the first time I have been enthusiastic about learning.”

“You’ve made me realize that education has just begun and it lasts until age sixty or so. . . .” (I had just had my sixtieth birthday).

“We always knew that while we were learning, we were growing; and how much we were growing I can see only now, as I compare my attitude to education and what I have accomplished, with other students who have not had the chance.”

“You opened my mind to learn.”

“You make learning like eating ice cream—I can’t get enough of it!”

One student, who became a Peace Corps volunteer in Brazil, wrote:

After the very rigorous and intense year I spent with *Up With*

People, I returned to a pretty uninspiring year in college. One thing most of us in *Up With People* would agree on is that we rarely had the luxury of feeling satisfied—there always exists now the undercurrent that motivates, to push even deeper and farther with every step we take. Here I am, living like my neighbors without running water or electricity, which deepens one's appreciation of such things. You tapped resources in us that have enabled us to learn and do what we would never have thought possible.

These comments were all too generous, but they showed that we had something actively at work that young people need. Education is under increasing fire these days for failing to cure all the ills of society. With the weakening and often the abdication of family responsibility in the upbringing of children, impossible burdens have been heaped on educators. But the fundamental goal of preparing young men and women to live in a rapidly changing world is the one that cannot be abandoned.

Unfortunately, a national system finds it easier to educate for the past, i.e. the world of the teachers, than for the world in which their students will have to live. The qualities that will enable them to appreciate people different from themselves, other cultures, different languages, different values, are too often excluded by outworn ideas of national identity, by pressures of time, technology, and money, and by sheer lack of imagination. Into a world that is calling for skilled, sensitive, resourceful workers to fill the jobs created by new technologies of communication, manufacturing and learning, we are still sending individuals prepared for a type of world that has gone. The qualities created and stimulated by a year in the *Up With People* program seemed, and still seem to me, the most needed nationally and more effectively produced there than on most campuses.

One reason that I later moved to Tucson was to keep close touch with *Up With People* and the good friends I had made. But in the interim Enid and I went there each year, as Tucson and the University of Arizona campus provided the staging area for the hundreds of young people from all over the world being trained for their year on the road.

My task was to try and introduce the different casts to the kind of world they would be working in, the different cultures,

backgrounds, aspirations, and was able to draw on the experience of many years of training, travel and reading. I had one simple theme, which I emphasized, at the expense, if necessary, of all others. It was three simple words, "Write it down!" In the act of writing, there is a need for reflection, for comparison, for evaluation, without which experience becomes a mental blur signifying little or nothing. So I am known as "Mr. Write-It-Down," and I take pride in the title.

For the 25th Anniversary of *Up With People* in 1990 I wrote a brief history of the program, incorporating many experiences of those who had been part of its growth. The president of Oberlin University, Dr. S. Frederick Starr, an historian and expert on the Soviet Union and one with a prophetic eye for the changes that were about to take place in that country, wrote a foreword.

He made five interesting points about the significance of *Up With People*. First, it is thoroughly international; second, it uses the language of the performing arts and considers them available to everyone; third, the traveling casts or classes are based on cooperation and self-discipline rather than a "top-down" chain of command; fourth, it builds on a spirit of volunteerism and community service; and fifth, it presents a unique form of moral education at a period "when universities are floundering to find their mission in this area." It offers a right "mixing of learning and life," Starr concluded:

In many respects, the late twentieth century has been a grim era marked by frightening global problems and forms of suffering unknown even to our grandparents. In the face of this, *Up With People* has the audacity to be joyful. For all its earnestness of purpose and moral depth, *Up With People* is sheer fun. And that, too, may place it on the cutting edge.

For me the years with *Up With People* were a fulfillment. The freedom to create my own mode of teaching and the friendly affection of students and colleagues were a priceless gift. And when, on the 25th Anniversary of the program, I received the *Up With People* President's Award for my years of service from the hands of my old friend Blanton Belk, I felt honored to join a small but prestigious group of benefactors of *Up With People* who would all probably have agreed with me when I could only say, "I have

received more than I have given. I, too, have learned to live.”

Ten years later, as this book goes to press, *Up With People* in its thirty-fifth year faces a critical moment. Movements founded on a dream falter when the Dreamer dies or the founding generation passes on the torch to their successors. St. Francis had his difficulties with those followers who wished to organize his dream of universal love; the Salvation Army had to turn to the courts to protect its vision after General Booth's death. Moral Re-Armament went through dark days after Buchman's death. Now *Up With People* faces the challenge of costly overheads, a business climate that encourages growing expenditures, and a public that demands increasing sophistication of presentation. The time has come to rethink the enterprise. Twenty thousand alumni attest to the positive impact of the program on their lives. The dream lives on in them. Who will give it a new incarnation?

XX

Princeton

After our four years of peripatetic teaching, Enid and I came to Princeton in June 1973 to retire and adopt a less demanding tempo of life. We wanted a home base. We chose Princeton because we had friends in the town, Ken and Marian Twitchell—Ken had been at Balliol College just before my time in Oxford—and also because we wanted to be near a good university. Palmer Square, where we settled, is a pleasantly designed group of apartments across from the campus. We rented one of these, sight unseen, by telephone from Cincinnati where the offer reached us on our wanderings with *Up With People*. It was our first home since our marriage twenty-seven years earlier. It is a place of many happy memories.

We had just enough money between us to pay for the necessities of life. I had a small pension from my teaching, and some Social Security, which I had taken a year previously at age sixty-two. *Up With People* paid me a monthly retainer for past and future service. MRA naturally had no such provision. The money Enid's father had left her made possible a pleasant, if careful, existence.

Just before Princeton's fall semester opened, I crossed Nassau Street to pay a courtesy call on the chairman of the Classics Department. He turned out to be an Oxford graduate, Robert Connor, whom I later came to know as an excellent classical scholar, an authority on Thucydides, and a good friend. On this occasion we exchanged Oxford memories and academic backgrounds.

A few days later I received a letter inviting me to lunch with him and another member of the department, John Keeney. We conversed pleasantly, and over coffee Connor asked me what I would think of helping out the department, as one of the faculty had died suddenly, and they wanted to take their time about finding his replacement. In the meantime, would I consider teaching juniors in research methods and in-depth study, particularly of Latin literature? It would be a tutorial situation, no lecturing, but individual oversight of the writing of a Junior Paper, a preparation for the Senior Paper that every undergraduate was required to produce for graduation.

I was surprised and delighted, and not a little intimidated. I had not taught the Classics, nor thought about them at the level required by Princeton, since leaving Oxford more than thirty years earlier. I had kept up some desultory reading, but I had no knowledge of the significant developments in the field. However, it was another unsought challenge, and I said, "Yes, I will, if I can."

My early training stood me in good stead, though I had some feverish weeks of reading and brushing up as I went along, keeping the necessary step ahead of my students. I was warmly welcomed by my colleagues in the Classics Department, among whom I found more Oxford and Cambridge graduates. They generously invited Enid and me to their homes and made us feel very much part of the Princeton scene.

There is so much about Princeton that is reminiscent of Oxford that I felt as though I had come full circle and was fulfilling something that I had left unfinished years before. I fell in love again with the ancient languages. Virgil opened up to me treasures I had never glimpsed in Oxford. Plato became again a companion and Socrates a friend. There were moments of despair that I would ever give my students what they needed. On one of these days I found myself walking across campus beside a former dean of the university, Dr. Douglas Brown, who had befriended me on my arrival. I confided my misgivings to him.

"Don't worry," he said. "You have something besides academics to give here; you have experience of life. It is something this campus needs."

This profoundly encouraged me. It was true. I had a wider perspective on learning as a result of my life and travels, and now

I had the chance to use it.

I pondered once again the role of the humanities, particularly the study of the Latin and Greek languages, in modern American education. If the study of these two ancient languages was no longer “an entrance ticket to the upper layers of society,” as it had been in Britain, the literature, history, and culture still had unique value. The classical world from Homer to the fall of the Roman Empire is still the best documented ancient culture, one that can be mastered by students in a reasonable time and viewed as a whole. Since it includes great literature, which documents the growth of democracy and of Empire, it is like a check-sheet for institutions that have shaped the Western experience, from whose strengths and weaknesses all cultures can learn.

The ancient languages might be a matter of study only for an elite prepared to invest five or more years in mastering them. The literature in translation, and the culture and social history in which they are embedded, are still of great general value and, imaginatively taught, can be found essential for our understanding of today. This had sprung to life for me in my experience of teaching at Mackinac, in *Up With People* and was later confirmed at the University of Arizona. So I learnt not to underestimate my experience of life nor the classics, even in translation, and went on to enjoy thoroughly my time with my students.

Many public figures and scholars came to speak on the Princeton campus. I especially remember Jacob Bronowski with his careful, precise English, and Kenneth Clark, who was so much in demand that his lecture had to be moved to the great Gothic Princeton chapel where he was an unaccustomed figure in the pulpit. The building was never so full again in my time! A weekly luncheon meeting at the Nassau Club also drew interesting speakers. There I well remember Paul Volker, all six-foot-six of him, explaining the financial impact of the OPEC oil crisis. I found congenial colleagues in the Classics Department who stretched my mind and stimulated fresh thought.

The proximity of New York, Philadelphia and Washington ensured our access to first-class cultural events. We witnessed memorable performances of the Metropolitan Opera and Broadway productions; and there were always the Princeton Tigers to entertain and delight us in the football or basketball arenas.

In Princeton I discovered Thomas Kuhn's remarkable book *The Structure of Scientific Revolutions*, which introduced me to the concept of intellectual and cultural paradigms. These unrealized boundaries of thought derived from race, religion, or worldview shape us unconsciously and set limits on possibilities of fresh thinking. The mentality that says, "The telephone will never be a success," or, "If you sail to the edge of the world you will fall off" still operates in many different fields. To penetrate such boundaries and to discover a wider paradigm demands courage and imagination. It is sometimes painful but it is the path of growth. I saw it in my own life. The paradigms of my upbringing had carried me so far but had become inadequate in the light of new experience. It was not denial but growth.

And then, after three packed years, this pleasant episode came to a sudden halt.

In 1976, Enid suffered a stroke that threatened her life and left her dependent on me or on some kindly family member to look after her. She recovered sufficiently to be able to walk with care, but needed constant watchfulness. My niece Joy Rowe, and especially her daughter, Kate, were constantly thoughtful and came from England whenever they could manage. But the day-to-day responsibility was now mine.

We moved to a house without stairs where we found the most delightful and supportive neighbors, Dan and Tamara (Tassie) Skvir and their daughters, Nika and Kyra, on one side, and Archie and Esperanza Christie on the other. With help Enid could get around the house, travel in the car, even go out to close friends' homes, and we did that for the three years that she still had to live. I gave up my teaching, but we still entertained as many old friends as possible and enjoyed our many visitors.

Family was, of course, first on our list of favorites. In spite of the distance, at different times during our life at Princeton we had as guests my brothers Derrick, Gordon, and Roy with his wife Jo, my niece Joy and her doctor husband, Alan, and the faithful Kate. Great-nieces Julie and Claire had been our first guests on Palmer Square; they slept uncomplainingly on the floor before we had any furniture.

Old friends like Garth and Margot Lean, Michael and Margaret Barrett, Vaitheswaran, Doug and Judithe Cornell, Vere and

Madi James, came from great distances. Near at hand, besides the Skvirs and the Christies, were the Connors, the Keaneyns, Mary Schmidt, Nancy Beck, Joanna Hitchcock, and other colleagues, especially Ted and Caroline Champlin; the former had been a Rhodes Scholar at Christ Church, the latter was a novelist with a series of successful titles already out in the world.

One special guest was my old friend, Johnnie von Herwarth, on a lecture tour as head of the German Goethe Institute. He had served as the first ambassador of West Germany to London since the Second World War, and later as West German ambassador in Rome. He wanted to see his old colleague George Kennan again. They had served in their respective embassies in Moscow in the 1930s, and in the first volume of his recently published memoirs, Johnnie had revealed the informal confidential network that had existed between him, Kennan, Chip Bohlen, FitzRoy Maclean, and an attaché in the French embassy. Through this network he had given information of Nazi plans for the occupation of the Rhineland, the Anschluss with Austria, and the Nazi-Communist Pact—warnings which unfortunately were not heeded by the governments in London, Washington, and Paris. Johnnie took me to dine with the Kennans, and there he met again their married daughter, whom he had last seen as a little girl in Moscow forty years earlier.

Johnnie and I had worked on the proofs of his book several years previously in his home in northern Bavaria.²¹ His is one of the most remarkable stories of courage and survival during the unfolding of the plot against Hitler in July 1944, in which he had a significant role. He had written his story in English and was now engaged in rewriting it in German, since simple translation from English back into German produced quite a different feel to the text.

In the book he also described a journey he made during the Ukrainian famine in the early 1930s, a famine prolonged by Stalin to punish the rebellious farmers for not adopting collectivization. Millions of farmers died, and the news was kept from the world. Johnnie was one of the few first-hand witnesses from the outside, still living and able to tell of the horrors he had seen. During his Princeton visit he was interviewed in our home by the Ukrainian program of Canadian Television who were documenting this trag-

edy and found him a most valuable contemporary source of information.

My brief teaching experience at Princeton had been good for me, had bolstered my confidence in my ability as a teacher, had given me many new friends, and was now a finished chapter. In care for Enid I learnt more lessons of how to love, to be constantly available, to put my own pursuits on one side, and to plan my life around another's need. It was a period of three years, which held rich experiences for both of us. Enid contracted shingles in the fifth trigeminal nerve involving the right eye, of which she lost the sight. This gave her intense pain for which she had to take medication for the rest of her life. She was a wonderful example of patience and courage and joy for the many friends who dropped in and gave, and got, encouragement.

Our next door neighbor, Dan Skvir, was admissions director and teacher of Russian history and of religion at the Princeton Day School. He was also a priest of the Russian Orthodox Church and Orthodox chaplain on campus; his wife Tassie, taught Russian language at the same school; her father, John Turkevich, was a professor of chemistry at the university, and also an Orthodox priest; her mother was a professor at Douglass College of Rutgers University. More generous and interesting neighbors could not have existed.

Enid was taken into hospital with pneumonia in September 1979. I was at her bedside in the Intensive Care Unit for three days and nights; she was unconscious all the time, and finally, I was persuaded to go home and get some sleep. That night she died, still without regaining consciousness. Dan Skvir came with me to the hospital at a very early hour and through the funeral stood by me, as he and Tassie had done for the past years. Father John Turkevich conducted the memorial service in the University Chapel, a most moving ceremony. As we gathered there I realized how many true friends Enid had made during our short stay.

The years have passed since I left Princeton. Yet I still feel nostalgia for the place. There was an intimacy there, with friendships combining intellectual stimulation with warm companionship. It was so easy to drop by each other's homes, the library and campus were only a short walk, the stores were still on a human scale, and we were known and recognized wherever we went. It

was an easy place to put down roots, and for me these remain. It was a small-scale Oxford where I was able to do what I failed to do there, reach out to all kinds and manner of people and to learn from them, and to enjoy for the first time in sixty years a home with my wife.

TEARS

*When my love dissolves in tears
My heart goes all to pieces
That lie around upon the ground
Until her crying ceases*

*But as each tear dries slowly up
The pieces come together,
And turn about as smiles come out
Like sun in stormy weather,*

*And naught is left to show
The damage, for my part,
Except the cracks, the little tracks,
Of tears upon my heart.*

XXI

Enid

Enid and I had known and loved each other for forty years, though the first seven were frustrating. We had gone through many events and changes together. Enid had always understood, supported, and shared my thoughts and hopes.

In the early 1960s she began to show some unusual physical symptoms, dizziness, nosebleeds, occasional blackouts, but quickly recovered. She was subjected to many tests in the United States and in Switzerland, without clear diagnosis. It was in London in 1965 that a fatherly professor of hematology at Kings College Hospital diagnosed her problem, after a severe internal hemorrhage, as *polycythemia vera*, an abnormal proliferation of red cells in the blood. The professor drew me on one side and told me what the condition entailed.

This is an unusual condition; there is no cure, but with the right regime your wife will have twelve to fourteen years of good life. She will have to have her blood checked regularly, but apart from that she should be able to live a normal life, work, travel, anything she feels able to do.

He explained that the mechanism that creates red blood cells was working overtime and as the years passed would wear out, and that the result could be a stroke, but that with careful monitoring this might be postponed for many years. He passed on this information to Enid with the words, “Live a normal life, do what

you feel able to do, and keep checking your blood.”

This we did and our lives continued, at Mackinac College, with Up With People, and at Princeton. It was in Princeton while we were eating breakfast that the first stroke happened. Though Enid was to live for three years more, the pace of life changed.

When she died, I wrote of our years together while memory was still warm and clear. They were happy years and years of growth together. I have mentioned Enid's difficult childhood and how we met and worked together. I think of her as a companion, a good companion. She loved doing things, going places, meeting people, particularly when we could do it together; and we were lucky that we could do and be together as much as we were in so many countries. Even during the later years, when her strength was limited and she might well have been more ready to rest, and I would ask, “Do you really want to come and do so-and-so?” she would reply, “Of course!” or “Don't count me out!” She had a fine carelessness of her own feelings, because she felt we were united in a common concern for people. In that she found her strength.

She loved our home in Princeton. Her own, after her parents' death, had been unhappy. Escaping from an archetypical step-mother, from the age of eighteen she lived with friends, then abroad, then in hotels, and again in other people's homes. She used to say she knew the kitchens of more houses in more places, since she always managed to help with the washing-up or the cake-making, in which she became an expert. She regretted that the rest of her cooking had been neglected, but we could always eat cake! In Princeton she studied her cookbooks and our diet improved markedly. But her cakes remained famous.

Over the course of our many travels, the places she looked back to with most pleasure were those where, if even for a short time, we made a home together. Not for her, by choice, the many pleasant hotels in many lands where we stayed while traveling with Buchman. A home lent for our honeymoon in Lausanne; another in Florida lent for me to recover from influenza; the knowledge that the Browns' vacation home in Vermont was always at our disposal; the ever-welcoming homes of family members in Suffolk and Yorkshire; an apartment in Rome and a surprising off-season hotel in Belgium where we were taken in and treated

like family— these were some of the homelike places that stand out from the succession of hotels, conference centers, college campuses, and, most forgettable, the motels, where we spent our nights and days.

When Princeton became our home, Enid was supremely happy. We had no furniture, so we went out and bought what was essential. I remember a neighbor in Palmer Square, to whom we casually mentioned our need of beds for the nieces arriving with us, immediately offering us a couple of box mattresses and having them brought from a basement and laid on our floor. They saw us through our early days with the aid of a few carpets, tables, chairs and other essentials.

From England came a large crate containing our wedding presents, which for twenty-seven years had been packed away in the care of my brother Roy, and his wife, Josephine, in Leeds. Some of our pictures were on their walls, and they took down what must have become very familiar and cherished decorations of their home so that we could have them to enjoy for the first time.

There was one brief hitch to our getting our hands on these cherished gifts. The dock-workers at Port Elizabeth, New Jersey, where the ship bearing them had arrived, were on strike. At the dock entrance pickets confronted us with signs. I drew up alongside them and pled my case. “Sorry, mister, no way. The dock is shut down!”

I spotted one of the number who seemed to be their leader, and approached him: “This shipment is very special to me. I have not had a home for twenty-seven years and it contains all my wife’s and my wedding presents, which we have never seen. Now I have a home in America and can have them for the first time. I’ve come a long way.” (This was a bit of a stretch, as Princeton was only about thirty miles distant.) “We are very disappointed, though we do not want to cross your line.”

There followed a hurried consultation with a burly figure in the background. Then in a very loud voice he called out, “Let the guy through. He’s a refugee, poor guy, and hasn’t had a home until he got to America. All his stuff is here. Let him through!”

Very gratefully I drove through to the Customs office, where my new friends helped me load our possessions into our car. My last glimpse was of them waving their good wishes.

On arrival in Princeton we found the crate far too heavy to carry upstairs, and there was no elevator. So we unpacked in the small hallway and pressed into service everyone who went upstairs to carry one or more of the dozens of little parcels it contained. Thus we quickly got to know all our neighbors. There were pictures, china, silver and porcelain bowls, plates and pewter, and a chest of table silver that we had bought with money given at our wedding by a friend who enjoined us, "Don't give it away! Buy something you wouldn't buy without it."

We had found the chest in Bond Street, a secondhand set of fine workmanship, engraved with the coronet of a marquess and the initials "G. W." It was known familiarly from that time as George Washington's silver, though research on a subsequent visit to London indicated it was much more likely to have been in the Wellesley family of the Duke of Wellington.

It was a great moment to be surrounded again by our possessions after all these years and to recall the friends who had been the givers. For the first time in nearly thirty years, we had a home of our own.

Here Enid loved to entertain. When I became involved in the university, students came regularly across Nassau Street to climb the fifty stairs to our apartment for tea, cakes, and informal tutorials. These stairs later became the reason for our leaving Palmer Square for the pleasant little house and tree-shaded garden on Franklin Avenue where Enid and I lived until her death. For the three years we lived in that house she was an invalid, but an unusual one. She never, to my recollection, put off a visitor; she loved to have the rooms full of friends, or the garden on a summer afternoon populated by neighbors and their children. Hospitality, for her, was fun.

We often commented on how important friendship became to us during those years. Enid had a strong reaction to being "grouped." We had spent much of our life in groups, not always of our own choosing. We had also experienced the fickleness of groups. Originality so quickly was looked on as deviation, and deviation as treachery. It took people of strong character with confidence in their own judgment to stand by those whom others considered deviants.

When we stepped out of the group, the womb, the cocoon of

MRA in which we had lived for many years to go to Mackinac College, we were definitely on our own. Many of the human links, the friendships we had thought firm and solid, suddenly dissolved. Communication slowed to a trickle, then ceased; we were left to sink or swim in the ocean surrounding the safe fortress we had left. Fortunately, with the passing of the years the moderating effect of maturity and common sense has brought about a partial repairing of relationships; particularly after Enid's first illness, when some old friends took tentative steps to our door. We were glad to see them, and they us.

Through all this Enid had an unforgiving streak. She resented wounds given, not to herself, but to those she loved; and where I forgave, or more often, forgot, very easily, she tended to fight my battles after I had given up on them. Occasionally, when old friends came around, she would let them know that there had been pain to bear and a cost in breaking the bonds of friendship, and that nice words might not be enough to heal wounds.

Enid found herself late in life. For years she had little sense of what today we would call her identity. She had experienced no stability in her home relationships; she felt herself rejected at her father's death and took refuge in other people's plans for her to become a missionary schoolteacher, from which she escaped into what began as a cause and later became a prison. The early years of our marriage, because within this group, were less creative than they could have been for her. She lived her life for years through what I did, and was to a large degree very happy to do so. But she was even happier when we began doing difficult but exciting things together.

Mackinac College was the first of such ventures. Here she felt she had a role of her own at my side. It was not an easy life. I brought many problems over the hundred yards that separated my office from our home, a pleasant apartment overlooking the Straits of Mackinac. But she never complained, was always supportive and insightful. Nor did she object when we went on the road again together with *Up With People*. Her presence at my side made difficulties so much easier for me to overcome.

When her illness in 1976 put an end to our traveling, her only regret was for me, that I might be missing something by staying put and looking after her. For me, however, this was a deep and

rich experience, a fulltime education in caring. She never contemplated the possibility that she would not get better. "When I am strong again," she would say, after her first stroke, and begin to plan something we could do together. She was the most patient of invalids, as far as I was concerned, and most frustrating for her doctors. When she had a serious episode of bleeding in London due to her polycythemia, the report of the Harley Street specialist to whom she was finally entrusted read, "The patient was asked how she felt and replied 'Fine.' Her temperature was 104 degrees." Right to the end this was true. Whether it was a heroic refusal to be a nuisance to anyone, or a quizzical view of the limits of medical skill, I never knew.

Enid disliked hospitals, though she acknowledged she received the kindest and best treatment at most—and she had more than her fair share of hospital stays. Every few months, for several years, she had to have blood taken wherever we were. In London Lausanne, Bombay, Rome, Melbourne, Miami, Tucson, we had to find a hospital and a qualified person to extract and evaluate the condition of her blood. She endured many a jab that missed the vein, and blunt needles in some more primitive surroundings. At one hospital in Florida she was attended by two bearded young interns who were to make a spinal tap, and had to make two penetrations before they succeeded. It was extremely painful, but her only comment when it was over was that "Mutt and Jeff don't seem to be very expert." Mutt and Jeff they remained for the duration of her stay, and she parted friends with them when she was released.

Enid was ten years older than I when we married and child-bearing could have been a risk for a woman of forty-six. We had experienced many sexual frustrations during our seven years' wait, and had come to distrust our emotions, consigning them to the darker side of our natures.

We had much to learn; we had to grow up. In the black and white world of good and evil in which we had been living, there were few choices between indulgence and repression. Sublimation had its place, but it was an austere daily diet. Buchman had been an unhelpful guide in this field. The kind of friendship which later came to be such a rich experience for both of us was something he allowed himself with men, but he could not see that oth-

ers would need it with women.

Mackinac College made us face up, among many other things, to the great positive power of the emotions. The students we gathered were a freer breed, more open, less impressed by unearned authority, and enthusiastically outgoing and creative. Our new friendships, our more open relationships with students, and especially our experience in *Up With People* were a startling discovery. *Up With People* was a framework, not a cage; a direction, not a roadmap. Here the young could live, learn, work, love, create, sacrifice, and enjoy life with each other without the pressures of negative peer behavior or of purely restrictive rules.

In such an atmosphere Enid flourished. I was busy much of the time with the academic courses that I devised for our traveling university. Her motel room became a place where students dropped in for a chat, finding in her a surrogate parent who would listen to their problems. We carried a small refrigerator in our car and kept it stocked so that there was always the makings of a meal of some sort, which could be shared.

These young people also filled a need in both of us for a family of our own. Though we could only play the role for a year at a time for the different classes of the program, and thereby escaped the long-term responsibility that is real parenthood, we were immensely grateful for the many who became true friends in this way. At one graduation, students presented us with a silver tray expressing their feelings in the words engraved on it, "It's only just begun." We felt just the same. The experience rounded out Enid's life and fed her spirit, especially after she could travel no more.

The last travel of her life, by wheelchair and car, ten days before she died, was to a rehearsal of *Up With People* in nearby Pennsylvania. It was a wonderful experience for her, ending, at her request, with the singing of the song "Moon Rider," based on the recollections of astronaut Eugene Cernan, commander of Apollo XVII:

The painter tries to paint it,
 The poet tries to say it,
 The philosopher tries to convey the meaning to your mind..
 I see the world without any borders.
 Without any fighting, without any fear;

So, Captain, give the orders—
We're going to cross the next frontier.²²

A few days later Enid crossed her next frontier. A cast of *Up With People* was in the ancient university city of Salamanca, Spain. On receiving the news, Jose Rios, the cast director, and the cast dedicated their performance to her. Next day a commentator on Radio Salamanca spoke of her:

We experienced the best lesson on humanity that Salamanca has ever been exposed to. We were involved in a learning experience. The cast shook us with the moving dedication of the performance to a recently deceased wife of one of their professors. How many homages like this have we experienced in our great learning institution? I could guess, none in five centuries. It was short, profound, precise, inviting everyone in the audience and city to respect someone quite unknown to us—Enid Martin.

When she went I shed a few tears, but there was no rush of emotion. I had worked out all my grieving as I looked after her during the three years of her enforced invalidism. Now she was at peace, without the pain that had dogged her so relentlessly; she looked serene when I saw her at the hospital a few minutes after the breath of life had left her body. She was totally at rest. I kissed her, and I knew that, as my father said of himself when we said goodbye for the last time, she would not be at her funeral. She already had a new view of earth.

My days suddenly became larger and emptier. No more constant anticipation of her needs, or the fear, if I left the house, that she might have a fall. In her confidence that she meant to get better, she often tried to do more than she could. Her physical sense of balance failed her and she had some spectacular falls, all without more injury than bumps and bruises, but they devastated me. Once she fell in the kitchen, miraculously missing all dangerous obstructions, and had to lie there until I returned from marketing an hour or so later.

One time I came home to find her on the living room carpet with furniture upset all around her. She was smiling a little ruefully at her inability to get up off the floor, but her only comment was, "I think this carpet needs cleaning; it smells musty!" So leav-

ing the house had become a constant concern for me, because though she became less adventurous, she never gave up trying. Now suddenly this concern was lifted from me. I could go here, there and everywhere, and I could stay as long as I wished.

Our love had been a partnership. For the most part it looked outward to the world, to others and their needs. But it was also an enrichment. Enid helped smooth the sharp edges of cleverness and self-importance in me; I became less of a pedant, more of a feeling and caring person. To her I gave a strong support and, as time went on, an increasingly warm and understanding affection in which she was my teacher and lover.

Enid lies in the Old Cemetery in Framingham, Massachusetts, where my cousins Bruce and Sally Brown offered us a place in the family plot. It is a historic burial ground, with grass and trees and winding paths, and an atmosphere of peace. Beside her memorial stone lies mine, with my name and birth date on it and a suitable place to be filled in at my death. We shall lie among friends.

Friends from all around and some from far away were present at the memorial service at the University Chapel. My Oxford and MRA friend Ken Twitchell spoke movingly of what Enid's life had meant to many. Father John closed with the golden words from the Book of Common Prayer:

O Lord support us all the day long, until the shadows lengthen,
and the evening comes, and the busy world is hushed, and the
fever of life is over, and our work done. Then in Thy mercy
grant us a safe lodging, and a holy rest, and peace at the last.

Enid's work was done; she had found that safe lodging.

XXII

Healing

Casa senza donna, barca senza timone.

Enid's death left a great hole in my life. We had been so used to doing things together, and now I was alone, a retired senior citizen in my seventieth year, with no deep roots in any place on earth. As the Italian proverb says, "A house without a woman is a ship without a rudder." Princeton suddenly seemed too small a world, too full of memories, and not at the moment able to offer me new possibilities. Kind friends overseas had written inviting me to visit and the thought of travel became very attractive. I rented my house, packed my belongings, and headed out without any very clear itinerary.

I wanted to visit old friends and see familiar places where I had traveled with Enid. But first of all there was the family in England. They had been loving, understanding, and helpful, but always at a distance on the other side of the Atlantic.

Among the possessions that Enid had brought from her family were some splendid pieces of presentation silver given to her father by grateful constituents whom he served as a member of the British Parliament. Her ferocious stepmother, who in later life turned out to be a little old lady who had forgotten all about her earlier treatment of Enid, had presented them to us for our wedding. There was a large engraved silver tea tray from her father's supporters in Grantham and an even more impressive Monteith punch bowl with a flowery inscription from his constituents in St. Albans. They had decorated our apartment in Princeton but I felt

they belonged to Enid's Mansfield family. Accordingly I decided to take them back personally and return them to her nieces and nephews in England.

Of all impossible objects with which to travel none is more unwelcome to one's fellow passengers than a large oval tray and a bulky bowl. But by getting on the plane early I managed to occupy more than my share of the overhead bins. I was not popular! I was also carrying a few pieces of Enid's gold jewelry as presents for some of my numerous nieces and great-nieces. For the first time in many travels, I suffered a highly professional and almost invisible break-in to my checked and locked baggage on my departure from New York airport.

In London I was staying at the venerable Athenaeum Club, as my own club was closed for vacation. Here I opened my bag and discovered the gold was gone. A few scratches around the combination lock revealed how it had been filched. I dared not imagine that the theft had been perpetrated at the club, but to cover all bases and to satisfy the insurance company, I had a tactful interview with the club secretary, who looked suitably shocked at the suggestion. The gold was naturally never recovered. But I managed to deliver the silver trophies to my in-law family who were surprised and touched to have these remembrances back in their hands.

I hope never to have to travel again with antique silver.

Then came a time of rediscovery of my own family. There had never been any break with them; they were always affectionate and hospitable. But I was always a man with a mission. I turned up for occasional weddings and celebrations, but never settled down to be a son or a brother or an uncle. So for them I was something of a lost cause. A day here and a day there with my father after my mother's death was not enough to open our hearts to each other as fully as we would both have liked. Now both he and my mother were gone.

During those MRA days the distance my family felt between themselves and me was, I believe, caused by my way of life with which they felt they could have little rapport. They were doctors, lawyers, teachers, business and professional people, who were dealing with the daily routine of living with which my, as it must have appeared to them, flitting from place to place, advocating a

better world, seemed to have little to do. When we met I was more eager to sell my wares than to learn about their interests. I made them uneasy. It seemed I could not be just a regular fellow and take time to listen, but would be off again after I had given my undoubtedly important views and news.

So now I had the time to rebuild. My older brother Derrick's family were the most accessible, living in East Anglia and, in addition, some had been visitors and helpers in our Princeton home. They had become used to getting a phone call to say I was coming and could I stay? They never turned me down and, especially after their great kindness during Enid's illness, we found much greater closeness. In 1981 I attended Derrick's eightieth birthday and saw his descendants, children and grandchildren and a great-grandchild or two, arrayed around him. I felt strangely incomplete when I thought of my own childless state and appreciated all the more the warm friendship and understanding of this wonderful clan. My contribution to the occasion was a poem describing us four brothers as "Three Hundred years of Advancing Senility." It was well received and marked the last occasion on which we all four were together. Derrick died shortly afterwards, the first of the four to go.

My oldest niece, Joy, and her husband, Alan Rowe, lived in an ancient abbey in the village of Ixworth near Bury St. Edmunds. After the war they had undertaken to restore it and make it habitable, with help from a government which thought such efforts worthy of support. Built in 1170, it was solid, draughty, full of history and one of the coldest places I have ever inhabited. When the wind blew uninterrupted across the North Sea from the Ural Mountains, water could freeze in the bedrooms, and the only warm spot would be the vast kitchen where an Aga stove burned day and night. But it was also warmed by family and friendship. I was equally welcome at the home of her sister, Rachel, and husband Dennis, in their less ancient but warmer farmhouse on the other side of Bury St. Edmunds. Both families were my real home away from home.

I made myself a rough schedule of travel. Vere James and his Swiss wife, Madi, had invited me to stay with them in Nairobi where he was public relations officer for the United Nations Environmental Program headquartered in that city. Africa said "sun-

shine” to me and was already drawing me towards it. But on the way there were other visits to make—in Switzerland, where Enid and I were married, and in Italy, where I had new cousins to meet.

In Bern there were the Peysers, Erich and Emmy, who, like me, had done many different things since our days in MRA. Erich had become a member of the Swiss External Affairs Department and had been in charge of Swiss aid to various Southeast Asian countries. He had just retired after a tour of duty in Indonesia and returned to a charming house on the outskirts of Bern, where I spent some happy days. Later, he and Emmy were to return the compliment and visit us in Tucson to enjoy our winters, much to our delight.

Then to Italy, particularly Rome. The Nonis family had become closer to me through Michela’s enrolment at Princeton and the parents, Andrea, an architect, and Flavia, had stayed with me over her graduation. Michela and her brother, Fabio, were on the platform to greet me and for a month I lived in their hospitable family apartment on the top floor of a building from which I could look over the roofs of Rome. I was left to do exactly as I pleased, to wander about Rome, while being included in all family occasions. One of these was Christmas.

On Christmas Eve grandmother Nonis, accompanied by Fabio and Michela and myself, went to the midnight Mass at St. Peter’s and found ourselves pinned in a crowd of tourists and worshippers. Fabio, who went for the sake of his grandmother, showed the remarkable and perhaps inborn ability of the modern Roman in finding a parking place where there really was none and in gathering up all the party and evading the enormous traffic jam that is Rome on a busy night. The next day, with all the relatives, we gathered around grandmother’s table, which was laden with every kind of salt pasta, sweet pasta, baked ham, cold galantine, salad, chocolate cake and cream, Christmas cake and more cream, with wine and fruit—and, naturally, everybody talking at once! A splendid affair.

Rome for me is the city of historical contrasts and unities. The ancient pieces of wall built into modern structures; the Coliseum standing like an island in a sea of swirling taxis and buses; the quiet of the Palatine above the din of Rome—these are contrasts. In the church of San Clemente, which at its lowest level lies twenty

feet below modern Rome, is an old Roman street with houses and shops and a shrine to Mithras. Its middle level is dim and Romanesque with the memorial attributed to the missionary to the Slavs, St. Cyril; and above, but still below the modern street level, lies the twelfth-century church with its mosaics of the Good Shepherd. Here I find the unity and continuity of Western culture laid out before me. On many visits to Rome I have always returned here, generally with students, and nowhere does this continuity have more impact.

One day on my wanderings I saw the statue of Marcus Aurelius being removed for custodial care from its plinth on the Capitol. This caused much head-shaking among the Roman populace, because legend has it that as long as it stands in its place on the Capitol, so long will Rome endure. But now the smog of modern Rome, the acids in the air, were doing their deadly work on the bronze of the statue, and a remedy had to be found. The mayor of Rome when questioned about its return gave the oracular response, "Tornera? Non tornera? Pazienza!"

I had a little the same feeling about myself. Would I, or would I not, return—to America? Flavia and I discussed what it is that draws people back to the old continent. Chiefly family links, of course, but for several generations Americans had shown no desire to return to the old country. They had shaken off the dust of Europe, its quarrels and its persecutions, and their faces were inexorably turned westwards.

But in the past century Americans have been looking away from the fruited plains and purple mountain majesty, back over their shoulders to what their fathers had left behind. The Old World reached out tentacles of memory and imagination which gently tugged them back, first, a cultural minority, then a generation or two of tourists, not to mention the battalions of fighting men, defending they hardly knew what, but doing it in Europe. American literature chronicles these changes of mind. I found myself reflecting them in reverse. Would my English roots prevail over twenty-five years of residence in the United States and draw me back to Sussex, or would I choose to throw in my lot with America? As I said goodbye to Rome, it was still an open question but one often in my mind.

I was heading now for Africa and flew from a Rome that was

chilled by the “Tramontana” wind, to emerge next morning in the sunshine of Nairobi Airport where Vere James was awaiting me. He drove me to his home where Madi and two sons, Steve and Mike, were still eating their breakfast. Almost across the street was the Muthaiga Club with the bar made famous to the film-going public by the scene in *Out of Africa* where Baroness Blixen made her dramatic appearance. At that time it was all very white and British; now, since independence, its doors were open much wider and it was the place to see the new leaders of the nation doing their business over lunch.

Once before I had visited Kenya. It was in 1955 during the Mau Mau rising when an invitation had been extended to MRA from British and Kenyan representatives. Tension was very high throughout the country. Among my companions were Agnes and Bremer Hofmeyr. Bremer was a nephew of Jan Hofmeyr who had been deputy-premier to General Smuts in South Africa before apartheid; Agnes was one of the Leakey clan from Kenya. Her father and mother had been killed by the Mau Mau. This was particularly poignant as her father, Gray Leakey, had been raised with Kikuyu boys, spoke their language, and had been made a blood brother of the Kikuyu tribe. At a low point in the Mau Mau campaign, a witch doctor had told the leaders that if they wanted to revive their fortunes, they must sacrifice something of great value to them. They chose Gray Leakey, broke into his house, killed his wife, and dragged him up Mount Kenya, where he was sacrificed to whatever powers they thought could rescue their failing cause.

The home where this tragedy took place was near Nyeri, and one day, with Bremer and Agnes, an American surgeon, Dr. William Close, and a black South African doctor, Dr. William Nkomo, I drove up country to visit it. I had discovered that my nephew, John Martin, oldest son of my brother Gordon, was doing his military service in Kenya and could join us there.

First we located the Leakey graves in the military section of the British cemetery—the bodies had been given military honors there—and the fine wooden cross where they lay, with Mount Kenya looking peacefully down on the site. Nearby was the grave of Lord Baden-Powell, founder of the Boy Scout movement, who had lived his last years in the Outspan Hotel a short distance away. Then we went to the little Anglican Church where there was a

memorial plaque to Nigel Leakey, brother of Agnes Hofmeyr, who had been awarded the Victoria Cross for heroism in the early years of World War II.

Finally we went to the Leakey home, accompanied by a Kenyan armed guard as well as by my uniformed but unarmed nephew. The atmosphere was still tense enough for us to need this precaution. We drove along the road Gray Leakey built for five miles to his home through scrub, forest, and finally open grazing land to a plateau on which the house stood. Nature had begun to reclaim the land within a space of only eleven months since his death. The garden had disappeared under high grass. A flaming poinsettia tree, bougainvillea over the gate, lemon trees at the back, were the last signs of the hand of man holding back the advancing bush. The house stood solidly there, empty, the work of Leakey's own hands.

It was a poignant moment for the daughter to enter this deserted house, peopled only by memories and imaginings of what had happened here. We ate our lunch outside, silently thinking of the tragedy of that country and the cost of freedom. A door creaked open in the breeze and we jumped nervously, so full of emotion was the atmosphere. All the time the guard patrolled the house, watching for any trouble.

That visit had taken place twenty-five years earlier. Independent Kenya was a very different place. The white man was tolerated and played a considerable role in the country, though a much less conspicuous one. Asians, chiefly Indians, who had been forced to take on Kenyan citizenship if they wished to remain in the country, ran the day-to-day operations of commerce, while ownership was centered in the hands of black Kenyans. It was an uneasy partnership, but it worked. I had ample opportunity to observe all this as my generous hosts, the James family, after showing me around Nairobi, left me to enjoy myself as I would.

One delightful visit was to my goddaughter, Jane Stanley, who with her husband David runs a dairy ranch fifty miles from Nairobi. David was a first-class shot and a big-game hunter in the days when this was still legal, and accordingly very knowledgeable about wild animals. A trip with him and Jane to Amboseli was a wonderful treat. He could see game where I could see nothing and led us to herds of elephant, buffalo, zebra, giraffe and wildebeest in

the course of a few hours. From the Stanleys I learnt how difficult a time the last years of Jomo Kenyatta's presidency had been for British farmers and ranchers. But David had maintained good relations with his new Kenyan neighbors as well as with the old settlers who stayed on.

One day, driving through the bush, Jane answered a cry for help at a place where two tracks crossed. A man carried by his friends begged for a ride to the doctor. There was room in the truck, so the patient was lifted and his two friends accompanied him. We were deep in the bush and I expressed surprise at a doctor being available. "Oh, he's the witch doctor," said Jane. And a prosperous one, apparently. He owned most of the surrounding property, including a former bar and brothel that was now the local police station.

Not far from Lake Naivasha lived an alumnus of Mackinac College, Peter Low, who was farming fresh vegetables for the European market and with cousins ran a herd of two thousand cattle. He and his wife, Diana, took me high up into the Rift Valley mountains, showed me their cattle ranch in action. I was particularly interested to see his herders' payday. Each man received a packet of money and a record of the number of hours worked, bonuses for overtime (generally for watching over newborn calves or their birth) less the food given each family from central supplies. Invariably each man argued about his pay, not so much out of suspicion that he was being cheated as with the desire to show that he was not a passive hired hand but an equal human being.

One old herdsman with drooping pierced earlobes had difficulty making his mark on his receipt. The headman who helped him had a ballpoint pencil, a quartz movement watch, and a businesslike manner. He, I learned, was very able, educated, a great reader of books, and an expert head cattleman, a Masai who had absorbed the best of two cultures. Between him and the old herdsman lay centuries of cultural change. But I was told that while the older men may or may not be able to count in the same way the younger do, they have an extra sense that can tell them not only if an animal is missing, but which animal. "And how they do this with sheep, that beats me," said my host.

On my return to Nairobi, Peter Low joined me and the only other Mackinac alumnus in Kenya, N'junga N'gethe (Ph.D. of

Carleton University, Ottawa, and professor of political science in the University of Nairobi) in the first reunion of Mackinac College alumni ever held south of the Equator. I trust it was not also the last.

I was also invited to give a guest lecture at the university on philosophy. Much to my surprise, there was a large crowd in the lecture hall, but before I could address them, a professor entered and announced that by a scheduling error his class had also been assigned this hall and his students were requested to leave for one across the way. More than half my audience picked up their books and left me. The remnant, pens poised, waited to take down every word I uttered. I tried to discourage this, wishing to engage them in a discussion on the Socratic method as a practical approach to philosophy, but in vain. They had been taught to sit still and listen to authority and discussion was outside their experience. But we made a little progress. By the end their glazed eyes seemed to have a spark of real interest.

I had more success at the British-run Kenton School, where I was invited to talk about words and how they get into the language. These were bright twelve-year-olds from a dozen countries. We made a list of all the things they had had for breakfast, such as coffee, tea, toast, marmalade, milk, sugar, butter, cereal, and fruit. Then we tracked the words down to their roots and to the geographical origins of the product: coffee, the word and product from the Arabs, tea from China, tomato from Central America, and so on. One eager student tried to stump me with his morning cereal, "Weetabix," which led us into made-up names like "aspirin" and "Xerox." It was a great success, culminating in my being asked to give a course along these lines, which I did from time to time with much pleasure.

My African journey ended with a visit to South Africa. This was still in the apartheid era, but my host, Graeme Hardie, an architect and sociologist, had no problem working with black leaders, especially in the black township of Soweto, where he was designing homes for blacks, working with a division of the government that was already more enlightened than the avowed policy. He entertained his black friends without hesitation in his home, and from them I learnt surprising stories of interaction between the races. One guest was an IBM trainee, attractive, intelligent,

and humorous; his life was a startling comment on the situation: "I work on a computer, which trains me. If I have a problem, I consult directly with Paris or New York for an answer. At the end of the day I go back to a four-room house in Soweto with four families in it, and no privacy for my wife and myself."

Yet his presence at dinner in a white man's home, his feet set in two such different worlds, was a sign of better things that have since begun to come to fruition. As in the Soviet Union before perestroika, there were many below-the-surface changes, which became the driving force for far-reaching change when leadership came from the top. I was privileged to see the first seeds of this in South Africa.

One old friend, Nico Ferreira, had developed a Small Business Advisory Service for black entrepreneurs, enabling them to run their own businesses, chiefly in the rural areas. An enlightened Worcester, Massachusetts firm with an English director on its board who lived in South Africa, had joined with him to infuse money into the program. This made it possible for Nico to take groups of his trainees to the United Kingdom and United States, which involved him in many adventures. Arriving at Kennedy Airport in New York, the Africans were overwhelmed by the bustle and confusion. But if ever Nico lost one of his charges he generally found him talking with the first black person he met, whom he was enthusiastically inviting to visit him in South Africa. Nico had many stories of the stimulus given by such visits to the South Africans, who saw black Americans running businesses and holding positions of significance in the national economy, a pattern of what they could well be doing before long themselves.

And lastly to Cape Town, to see its magnificent setting below Table Mountain, which during the week of my stay never rolled back the tablecloth of cloud on its summit; to see the Kirstenbosch Gardens, the Sea Point, where a hundred and fifty years earlier Darwin studied the junction of igneous and sedimentary rock systems, and the old Cape houses and their vineyards; and, finally, driving up Signal Hill, the carpet of lights that is Cape Town by night, with a brilliant pumpkin moon hanging in the sky. I visited Newlands Cricket Ground, where no game was in progress, but heard the tale of the longest stroke in cricket—a ball hit for six out of the grounds, which landed in a passing freight train and

was not recovered until it reached Johannesburg, five hundred miles away.

So back to America via Germany, where I was to pick up a new car at the Mercedes plant in Sindelfingen, near Stuttgart. Being thrifty, I had always bought diesels, which had proved a great boon during the OPEC oil crisis, as I never had to wait in a long gasoline line. Now there was a new model diesel and I found it waiting for me, all shiny and new-smelling. I was so delighted with it that I drove away from the plant, leaving behind my baggage in the care of the baggage room. It was late when I returned and the plant was closed. But the faithful German was still there. I apologized for keeping him late.

“Don’t worry, sir, it happens all the time. Last week one gentleman forgot his wife.”

I had begun to exorcise the loneliness that I had felt since Enid’s death by traveling and seeing so many good friends. But now as I drove alone, I missed a presence beside me, someone to share the beauty of the passing scene or with whom I could enjoy the music on the new car stereo, someone to whom to say, “Oh, look! Oh, listen!” and hear the reply, “It’s lovely! Isn’t this fun!”

Life
The Fourth

XXIII

Searching and Finding

It was in this frame of mind that I embarked on a search that had begun in the Princeton Library. It entailed some very pleasant features—travel, meeting up with friends, visiting splendid libraries and collections. It also filled in a small corner in the mosaic of the social and art history of eighteenth-century England.

A comment in the *Memoirs* of Thomas Bewick, the English woodblock engraver, had caught my imagination. He described a type of decoration which was in “every cottage, farm and hovel” of his youth, around 1750. Then they had totally disappeared. He described them as large, cheaply produced broadsheet prints, sold for a penny and pasted up on living-room walls. They depicted English heroes, famous battles, and moral precepts. The one that caught my fancy was entitled *King Charles’ Twelve Good Rules*. I set out to learn all I could about this one.

No one at Princeton seemed to know anything about it. But, armed with a fistful of contemporary quotations from eighteenth-century literature, I approached curators and librarians at Harvard’s Houghton Library, the Yale English Center, the New York Public Library. They were interested in my search but had little but encouragement to offer me. It was the same when I traveled west to the splendid Huntington Library in Pasadena. I dis-

cussed my search with visiting scholars there who pointed me in many directions but had nothing definite to offer.

My luck changed when I crossed the Atlantic to London and the British Museum. Here Antony Griffith in the Print Department introduced me to a member of the library staff engaged in the enormous task of putting on line all books, pamphlets and prints produced in the English language in the eighteenth century. Alan Sterenberg was the first person who realized what I was looking for, and was the one who later discovered for me an actual original broadside of the king's *Twelve Good Rules*. In the course of his duties he opened, by chance, a folio of prints presented to the Museum by Miss Banks, the sister of Sir Joseph Banks, the official botanist who accompanied Captain Cook on his voyages in the South Seas. She was a "blue stocking" and a collector of unconsidered trifles, ephemera of her day. There, Alan found this fine copy of the *Rules*. He had kept my address, and very soon I was crossing the Atlantic again to view the find.

It was a perfect original copy, which I was able to date to the year 1750.

The chase was becoming exciting. I had seen an actual copy, but why were these moral injunctions accredited to King Charles? A footnote in a learned journal put me on the track of a copy in Windsor Castle. This turned out to be the key to the puzzle. The Prince Consort, Queen Victoria's husband, was a tidy man and had made the first inventory of the castle's contents. In the year 1860 the *Rules* were hanging on the walls of the Servants' Hall. Putting this and other pieces of evidence together, I came to the conclusion that the *Rules* had originally been written by King James I for his son, Prince Henry, who had died young. They were then given to his brother Charles, who succeeded to the throne as Charles I.

The *Rules* were instructions how on courtiers were to behave around the court and a couple of centuries later had descended in Windsor Castle to the Servants' Hall. On the way, possibly because of their moralizing content or out of regard for the martyred king, of whose execution there was a reproduction on the broadsheet, they were adopted by the common people as an admonition to their children and pasted on the walls of their homes.²³

All of this involved several activities that I enjoyed—meeting

old friends, traveling to fine collections and museums and making friends of the experts there, intensively studying an interesting period of English history, and doing the detective work involved in my search.

But I was conscious that I was looking for more than broadsheets during these wanderings. I was also looking for companionship, someone to occupy the seat in the car and in my life. I made some wonderful friends, none of whom, in spite of my efforts in that direction, was prepared to take me on for the rest of my days. Perhaps they had been warned that elderly gentlemen in my circumstances were only seeking either nurses or purses! I spent a winter with one lady in Kenya that was delightful as far as the animal-viewing went, but not a great success in human relations.

I surprised myself and puzzled my closest friends by my adolescent approach to these relationships. I had been for so long so very circumspect in my contacts with women and had never strayed from Enid's affections that I was like a taut spring suddenly released and exerting pressure in all directions. I had not hitherto been envious of the freedom of the younger generation, but now it seemed very attractive.

Yet it turned out to be tantalizing and as time went by, unsatisfying. I had no clear focus to my life. MRA had gone its own way and many old colleagues with it. My official teaching career was at an end; and I had learnt all there was to know about eighteenth century broadsheets!

I was becoming a loose cannon, and my behavior must have seemed to my friends and family quite unpredictable. They stood by me with simple friendship and I owe them a great debt of gratitude. Blanton and Betty Belk, who always had a positive task to offer me with the young people of *Up With People*; Doug and Judithe Cornell, whose heart and house were always open, and whose hospitality in a lovely home in Santa Fe was always a joy. Also in Tucson, Adib and Vivi Sabbagh had a ready ear for me—I had stood vaguely in loco parentis to their two brilliant sons, Hadil and Marwan, when they were at Lawrenceville School, down the road from Princeton. Richard and Kiki Kinkade were another solid source of support and affection. And Dale Penny, then president of *Up With People*, and his wife Mindy, gave me a second home when I came each year to Tucson to talk to the yearly re-

newed casts of *Up With People* about world affairs and cultural differences and the importance of writing down their experiences. To all these I owe more than gratitude for their steadfast concern for me.

What one can call chance, or in another language, the Hand of God, then intervened. In the course of my wanderings I had developed an arthritic hip which grew increasingly painful. A New York doctor told me I should have a replacement and I was prepared to go to him after the summer of 1985, which I was spending in Europe.

I had invited my niece Joy Rowe to join me in Rome where *Up With People* was performing. I was giving them my five-day (an hour a day) history of European civilization, while wandering round the Forum and other Roman monuments. Hearing that Blanton and Betty Belk were arriving at the Leonardo Da Vinci airport, Joy and I drove out to meet them. As we walked to the baggage area, Betty asked me what my plans were for the winter. I mentioned that I was having surgery on my hip in New York. "Oh," said she, "Come and have it done in Tucson. We have a wonderful orthopedic surgeon there—and his daughter has been in *Up With People*."

The combination of these two qualifications was enough to turn my face permanently westward when I got back to the States. A thoughtful chance remark changed my destiny!

I had been renting out my home in Princeton during all these wanderings, and now I decided to pack up and leave. I sold or gave away most of my belongings, packed my car with a few treasures, and set out. I bade farewell to some of the best friends a man can have, my neighbors, my colleagues, my circle of acquaintances, and headed west.

A few weeks later my ailing hip was efficiently renewed by the Tucson surgeon, now my friend, Dr. Robert Volz. Everything pointed to my settling down in the Arizona sunshine in Tucson for the rest of my days. I had loved the Catalina Mountains from the first time I saw them in 1940, suffused with a crimson sunset glow, from the platform of the old railroad station, as I passed through by train on my way to California. I vowed then that one day I would come back and live in their shadow. The two winters I had spent there in Buchman's last years had fulfilled this vow,

but now I was to make them my home.

I ran across a delightful home with a view of the whole range spread out before me from its picture windows. Here I determined to settle and end my days and hoped they would be long. I involved myself in the University of Arizona where, to our mutual amazement, I discovered Norman Austin, chairman of the Classics Department, an authority on Homer. He had begun his schooling in Chefoo, China, where my brother Gordon had been his first instructor in the classical languages. "My best teacher; I owe it to him that I am here now!" was his comment when we managed to identify each other. Not long after, he invited Gordon, then living with his daughter, Elizabeth, in Canada, to give a guest lecture to his department. It was Mr. Chips returning to talk to the new generation, anecdotal, unique and very well received.

Richard Kinkade, the dean of humanities, had urged me to call on Norman. Richard and I had been acquainted for some years, and he had always encouraged me to come to Arizona and do some teaching here. He and his wife Kiki became close friends. So when an emergency on the teaching staff arose I was invited, and in a weak moment accepted, to help out during an ailing professor's absence.

The course was Humanities 250, a three-semester junket through world literature in English, familiarly known as Homer to Hemingway. I had two sections of forty students three times a week. This was teaching in the raw; I could not help comparing the rarefied level of study in Princeton precepts with the rough and tumble of classes containing students of the widest diversity of knowledge and capacity. But I enjoyed it, and learnt from it how tough is the task of those who love to teach when faced by those who are not all eager to learn. I returned to my retirement a wiser and a wearier man.

But my interests were not only scholarly. I welcomed friends old and new in my new home in the Catalina Mountains to discreet cups of tea; had as my guests old friends from Europe like the Peyers from Switzerland, the Cornells from Santa Fe, and as many family members as I could coax to travel so far. My niece Alison Holmes fell in love with the Southwest and stayed on to become a professor at Prescott College in Northern Arizona, drawing to her there her daughter Kate and Kate's computer-wise hus-

band, Mark Frizzell, from England. I began to write these memoirs as a kind of sunset therapy, little knowing what lay ahead of me. My happily ordered life was about to be turned upside down. Or right side up?

Never underestimate the power of the women! One new acquaintance, a diplomat's widow, socially prominent in the city, had seen me at various functions, symphony or opera or the like, and thought I would make an excellent escort for a friend of hers, a widow from Cleveland who wintered in Tucson.

The widow was also, as I was, attending a series of lectures on medieval Europe, so we had compatible interests. She had met Ora DeConcini, the widow of a former state chief justice and mother of Arizona's senior U.S. Senator, Dennis DeConcini, in San Diego, where they escaped the summer heat of Arizona. On her return to Tucson she invited Ora to a dinner for a visiting college president to which I was once again the hostess' escort. I was supremely ignorant, as yet, of Arizona politics and would have been hard put to name its senators. I continued in ignorance, having no memory of meeting Ora there, but evidently her eye fell on me, and we found our paths crossing more frequently.

Soon we were inviting each other out. Ora invited me to a Christmas party, where I met a large number of the DeConcini clan. I invited her to meet some of my *Up With People* friends. I was so thoroughly into the escort idea that I thought I was now escorting two interesting ladies. But there was definitely something about Ora that reached inside me and touched my heart, as nothing had done since Enid died. I had by now met all available members of the DeConcini family. They had been looking me over with a careful eye. One day Susie, Dennis' wife, asked Ora,

"How many times have you been out with Morris this week?"

"Four times."

"At whose invitation?"

"Two at mine and two at Morris'."

"All right," said Susie, "I'll plan your wedding."

Ora expostulated, said it was nothing like that. But it was, and Susie was so sure that she bet her flabbergasted son, Patrick, fifty dollars that we would be married in a year. It took less time than that! We knew we did not have any time to waste. We were married within four months.

The day was June 3, 1988. The temperature in Tucson was 107 degrees but we both claim that we never noticed it. A local paper named it the wedding of the year. As far as I was concerned it was the wedding of the century. Certainly it was well attended. Ora had her list of several hundred closest friends and so did each member of the family. Ora and I, feeling like a couple of teenagers, were wined and dined, and everybody seemed as happy as we were about the coming event.

Our wedding had a special shine to it. The Church of St. Thomas the Apostle was filled with about eight hundred people. The sight of Ora coming down the aisle flanked by her three sons, Dino, Dennis, and David, with her daughter, Danielle, preceding her, was in itself a statement of family unity that made many eyes misty. The ushering, cheerfully performed by a flock of grandchildren, looking unusually spruce in their gray wedding suits; the participation in the Nuptial Mass of granddaughter Nina and husband John, jointly reading one of the Lessons; grandchildren Viva and Bob bringing up the Gifts; Dennis, Susie, Steve, Danielle joining the priests in distributing Communion; the mingling of two beautiful voices (one from *Up With People*) in the music of the ceremony; our friend Father Robert Burns marrying us, in the presence of two bishops who gave us their blessing; my nephew Alan Rowe extracting bewitching music from the organ as we danced our way up the aisle and out of the church—all this and more contributed to what many told us was the most moving wedding they had ever attended. I suppose the spectacle of two such senior citizens enjoying themselves so thoroughly contributed to the euphoria and gave everyone the feeling that it is never too late to be happy.

The reception in the Country Club was a fitting secular celebration. There were toasts and cake and congratulations, until the moment came when in a shower of rice and compliments we were ushered into our stretch limousine and driven to the airport, where Dirk Broekema's plane was waiting to fly us to our San Diego home. A bottle of champagne was poised, chilled, in the plane and we sat beside it exhausted.

I had been fortunate in having family members at the wedding. From England came Joy and Alan Rowe; from Canada my niece Elisabeth Webster and daughter Kate; from Oxford, niece

Alison Holmes; and from Princeton, great-niece Kate and husband Mark Frizzell; from Boston, my cousins Bruce and Sally Brown; and from New York, my Roman “cousin” Michela and husband Robert Moss. In addition, I had as best man my friend of many years, Blanton Belk, and to support me in extremis, great friends Douglas and Judithe Cornell from Santa Fe. Before they all scattered, we arranged for all the out-of-towners to fly up to the Grand Canyon for a day. They reported that they found it almost as impressive as the wedding.

At seventy-seven I was launching out again on uncharted waters!

XXIV

Ora, or You're Only Young Twice

*He who bends to himself a joy
Does the winged life destroy.
But he who kisses the joy as it flies
Lives in eternity's sunrise.*

—WILLIAM BLAKE, *SONGS OF INNOCENCE*

A second marriage is a very different thing from a first. Dr. Johnson described it as “the triumph of hope over experience.” The expectations of maturity are different from those of youth. Both parties, especially those who are already in their eighties, bring personal experiences, traditions, preferences, even prejudices to the relationship and both hope they can weave them into a seamless robe of mutual love.

Ora and I, it would appear, had so little in common. She was Arizona-born, mother and grandmother of a family that had done much for the state. She had traveled widely; but in a sense, spiritually, she was of the Southwest. Born into a Mormon family in a small eastern Arizona town, brought up on a ranch, she was educationally a product of a small local school and high school and of the University of Arizona when its students were numbered in the hundreds.

Ora's Mormon roots were not very deep, and she became a committed Catholic some years after her marriage to Evo

DeConcini. Economically she was shaped by the Depression years, and politically by her husband's and sons' careers in their home state and in Washington D.C. As Democratic National Committeewoman in Washington for eight years, she saw the wider horizon of national policy; as State Democratic Committeewoman and a founder of the League of Women Voters in Arizona, she brought that back home. She was energetic, involved, and the busy mother of a successful family.

Ora described her family in a charming booklet, *A Pioneer's Daughter Remembers: DeConcini Family Cookbook*. The booklet was widely distributed throughout Arizona, especially at rallies for Dennis' campaigns for the Senate. It was easy to slip into the pocket and became the most frequently requested piece of "campaign" literature. She writes:

My mother, Olla Damron, with her parents and eight brothers and four sisters, left Kanosh, Utah in 1882 with three covered wagons, a milk cow and a few extra animals. At twelve years old she rode bareback all the way to Arizona. When they approached the Colorado River they had to fasten a log behind each wagon to hold it in check in its steep descent to the river. To cross the river, the wagons were placed on barges made of logs. The horses swam the river.

When my mother's family finally arrived in Pima, Arizona, they lived in tents for six months. My mother attended school in Utah and in Pima, but after the sixth grade she had to quit, as did most pioneer children, to work. In her case, it was to help manage my grandfather's store and the post office in Thatcher (a building that still stands on Highway 70). I remember her telling me how she watched full stage coaches and the Wells Fargo Express—which carried large bags of money to pay the miners in Globe—pull up to their store to do business.

During his freighting days, my father never carried a gun or any liquor in his wagons. He was kind and generous to all who knew him, and perhaps his even disposition and smiling face kept him out of trouble's way when dangerous incidents occurred in what was still Apache territory.

Often the roads were impassible after rains, and he worked with others constantly to keep them usable. It was on one of these narrow, dangerous roads that he died when he swerved his truck to miss a neighbor's truck and plunged into the canyon below . . . There were many days, I am sure, when my parents struggled

to make a life for me and my sisters and brothers, but wherever we lived, they always encouraged us to be happy and to get a good education. We were all left with memories of a close, loving family life.

Ora was the youngest child, and the first to be delivered by a doctor—four of the eight siblings died in childbirth or very soon after. She loved to ride her horse over Mt. Graham, went to a two-room school in Central, went on to Gila College (now Eastern Arizona University) and to a business school in Los Angeles; then for a year to Brigham Young University, and finally to the University of Arizona, and so to Tucson. Here she taught at Mansfeld High until her marriage to Evo DeConcini.

Evo, her husband of fifty-two years, “The Judge” as everyone called him, was born in Iron Mountain, Michigan, in an Italian immigrant family that traced its roots back to the twelfth century in Florence and in the Dolomites. He came to Arizona from the University of Wisconsin.

He had a dry wit. In his autobiography *Hey! It's Past 80!* Evo writes,

I must tell you about my married life. I wear the pants, but since the liberation movement, Ora wears them also and in many different colors, which alerts me to my danger. . . . My wife's favorite song is “Don't Fence Me In.” A reason for the longevity of our marriage is everything is 50-50 between us. I make the money, she spends it. . . . We agreed when one of us is at fault, we would never go to bed angry with each other. One week I stayed up four nights.

Ora is years younger than I. When people first see her, they can't believe that woman with the girlish look can be the mother of children over forty years old, but it's true. She deserves a lot of credit for it, too. One of her rewards was being chosen “Mother of the Year” for Arizona in 1978. Believe me, I wouldn't take anything away from her. Our children are what they are because of her.

These four children, when I now met them, had produced twelve grandchildren and six great-grandchildren were arriving. They were an exciting clan. Dino, the eldest, who had been chief of staff to Arizona Governor Castro, was the linguist and man of many talents. After serving in the Treasury Department in Wash-

ington, D.C., he now brightens the Consumer Federation of America as director of financial education. Dennis was attorney general of Arizona and for eighteen years a U.S. senator. David is the third partner in the 4-D land development firm founded by Judge Evo, and lives in San Diego. Danielle, the fourth partner, is married to Steven Thu, manager of the company and a major general in the Arizona Air National Guard. She is the apple of her mother's eye and for me, the daughter I never had.

The next generation is even more diversified. Dino's children are Dino Jr., a urologist practicing in California; Nina, an environmentalist working for the City of Portland, Oregon; and Viva, a musician, traveler, pursuer of ideas. Patrick, Dennis' oldest, is a Justice Department prosecutor who flies F-16s over Iraq from time to time with the Virginia Air Guard. His sisters, Christine, an attorney with a concern for legal and illegal aliens, and Denise, a pediatrician, live in the Washington area. David's children are all confusingly named with the letter "J." They are Jeffrey, a rising entrepreneur in Tucson; Jeremy, in law school and aiming for a career in criminal justice; Jason, a restaurateur in La Jolla, California; Joel, the family computer expert; and last but by no means least, daughter Julie, still in grade school. Danielle and Steve have two sons, Christopher, Stanford graduate and aspiring orthopedic surgeon, and Eric, still at this moment at Stanford, photographer, outdoorsman, and to my delight studying Greek language and culture.

This was the family into which I came from outside and from across the world to meet and marry their mother and grandmother, and on whom they cast cautious eyes. I was an Englishman, a scholar and teacher, a non-Catholic, one who had been involved for twenty-five years in an enterprise that they could never quite fathom, one who might or might not be acceptable to this widespread clan. But they saw the bond of love that had grown between Ora and me, which to her mind and mine was the guarantee of our happiness, above and beyond all the differences that defined us as individuals.

A foolish friend had asked her how she would get along married to an "intellectual." I discovered later that before our marriage, after I had said something about Homer and my love of Greek literature, she'd had relevant pages photocopied from the

Encyclopaedia Britannica and had tried to absorb their concrete-like slabs of information, without much success. I am sorry she wasted her time on that, but loved her for it.

Ora's gift was with people, not books. I had traveled the other route in life, slowly emerging from a bookish world into one of people. I noticed as we drove around the town of Tucson, which she had seen grow from a dusty desert community into a big modern city, that her knowledge of it was of the people who lived and had lived in it. She would point out a piece of land that Evo had bought and would give me the history of the people who had bought it: "See that corner there. So-and-so bought it for his wife; then they got divorced and there was trouble about it." "See that piece. Evo bought and sold it twice and the last time the owner left town in a hurry. . ." So I came to know the city through her knowledge of the owners of pieces of property, or of those who lived in the houses we passed, and where they were now, and how many children they had. Always people.

She is intuitive, jumping to conclusions that I have difficulty in following and question to myself, until she is proved right by events. My book knowledge, excellent as it was in opening horizons for me in the world of thought, often lagged clumsily behind Ora's flashes of insight. I learnt much from her. And she was always anxious to learn from me about the world of history and literature, which had not been opened very wide to her in the little two-room school of her childhood. I wrote once:

*We are two unexpected ones
From different worlds and different ways.
You go all out; I'm slow to start,
I am more head, you are more heart,
Yet we have spent two thousand days
In perfect harmony.*

*For opposites attract, they say
Had we been both the same,
We might have passed each other by;
Instead we found our common joy
And love struck like a flame
And burns unquenchably . . .*

We both loved travel. There was our wonderful honeymoon trip to the game parks of Kenya—accompanied by six grandchildren and a couple of cousins! There was a journey to Europe with *Up With People*, when Chancellor Kohl of Germany and Mrs. Kohl entertained us at a splendid dinner and performance of the show.

On that journey we visited the DeConcini country in the Dolomites and the relatives in Bolzano. It was a delightful return for me to the area where in 1946 I had spent one of the coldest winters in memory in a freezing medieval castle, making friends with the Italian and Austrian populations, which were frequently at odds. Another summer we were taken fishing on the Alaskan River Kenai and triumphantly brought back our catch, an enormous box of frozen salmon steaks to San Diego, our summer home. We had surprised our hosts and ourselves by catching our limit of king salmon, one being fifty-five pounds and another fifty. And having photographs as well as steaks to prove it!

One special journey took us to the Vatican, where we had a private audience with Pope John Paul II. The last was a cruise on the Sailing Yacht *Sea Cloud* in a group organized by my old friend and Princeton boss in the Classics Department, Bob Connor, now director of the Humanities Center in North Carolina. This took us to the isles of Greece and was the final trip Ora and I managed together. She had increasing health problems, a cancer caught early, a rotator cuff repaired, and, more trying, growing arthritis and lack of energy. These slowed her down, and in consequence, also me.

During the three years of Enid's illness I had learnt much about care for an ailing wife. Ora had been so lively and well that, even as she approached her ninetieth year, we felt we could look forward to more years of good health. Now came the testing time. The constant care of one whom one loves, whom one hates to see suffer in any degree, is a basic test of what love really means. It is in the everyday that our faith and our love are tested.

Ora does not appreciate growing older. Though doctors are amazed at her general condition and peg her age at seventy when she is ninety, she knows her legs are not so responsive, her hearing a little duller, her energy decidedly lessened. But she fights the thought and fact of old age. Her hearing aids—she has never made

friends with them as she has long since with her glasses. They lie neglected or lost on her desk, even munched on when mistaken for a cashew nut. She is often in pain and lets one know it, but simultaneously she looks forward to being better. She will not accept the status quo as irremediable. I do my best to comfort and encourage, and expect she will have a return of strength.

In the middle of all these concerns, in 1996, I was struck down by a heart attack, of which I made light, as usual, until it repeated itself and I became an immediate candidate for quadruple bypass surgery. My surgeon was my old friend, Adib Sabbagh, and to him I owe, as I learnt later, my life. The surgery was long and involved two visits to the operating theater in one day, but I not only survived, I feel even better today than when I was laid low. In such matters modern medicine is remarkable.

Evo had left Ora a wealthy woman. I had not realized how wealthy when we married, and cared less. But my careful lifestyle was now to be tested by the larger responsibilities that wealth laid on our marriage. Ora is very generous to causes in which she has a personal interest: the Pio Decimo Center in a poorer part of Tucson, where she built a series of homes for needy families while they seek work; the Symphony; the Opera; Salpointe Catholic High School, to which she contributed the library building; and a string of charities five pages long to which she sends contributions personally or through the Evo-Ora Foundation.

She has an inbuilt recollection of the Depression days and is in many ways as thrifty as I am. She remembers every child, grandchild and great-grandchild on birthdays with a check. She has a sliding scale for graduation gifts at the various stages of their growth and education, and provides generous help for their tuition up to and including graduate school. "It's my best investment," she has often said.

Ora is a striking woman, and a vibrant spirit shines through her eyes. She loves bright colors and wears them like a flag of defiance in the face of advancing years. Though she loves to shop, especially with her friend Sally Drachman, she never flaunts her wealth but feels the responsibility of it.

The only mark of ostentation came to Ora literally by chance. She bought four tickets for the Symphony raffle, of which the grand prize was a Mercedes-Benz 560 sports car. She was the lucky

winner. It was an eye-catching red affair and would have drawn attention even if her son David had not devised the personal registration “ORA 1 IT,” which enabled her friends and family to track her around town. I always had a sensation of excitement when I saw Ora’s little figure slide into this fierce, sleek, eight-cylinder marvel and drive off with a wave of the hand, her golden head just showing over the wheel. It was Beauty and the Beast all over again, but the Beast was tamed and obedient.

My new family received me with generous affection into their midst. They stood by us in difficult days and encouraged us to enjoy the sunny ones. I have come to love them all dearly, and through them experienced the family life which had become distant during the years from my own home.

The DeConcinis hold a dozen degrees from the University of Arizona and the same number from other institutions of learning. In December 1988 the University of Arizona honored Ora with the award of Distinguished Alumna. We gathered in the vast McKale Sports Arena for the ceremony. She stood there, all five feet of her, her head held high, her black gown and academic cap failing to conceal the bright red of her dress and the gold of her hair. I was so proud of her. Among the serried ranks of hooded, begowned professors and scholars, looking like a pack of crows, she stood out like a spunky red bird with a golden crest. We all cheered, as did thousands of new graduates being recognized along with her.

Dennis was duly reelected in 1988 to a third term in the United States Senate, and early in the next year we traveled to Washington to attend his swearing-in. We sat in the Senate Gallery, were entertained in the Senate Dining Room, were whisked around by a young aide from the office, were photographed with President Bush and other notables—all very heady stuff. On the day of the swearing-in, Dennis, a Democrat, was sent for by the Republican president and offered the job of “Drug Czar,” in charge of all drug enforcement and prevention in the United States. This was a recognition of the energetic work Dennis had done in legislation and oversight of enforcement of laws against drugs, especially in Arizona, where drugs flowed in through the hundreds of miles of border. It would have been a thankless job and a difficult political climate for him. Without cabinet rank, it would have been impos-

political rally for him held in a fabulous resort hotel in Phoenix. Half a dozen senators from around the country were present to support Dennis' campaign. Toasts were drunk, speeches made, backs slapped, and then everyone went home. We had experienced the Phoenician Resort, the creation of the financier Charles Keating Jr., who was not present at, nor invited to, the occasion. Dennis' reelection committee paid the bill.

A few months later the savings and loan crisis broke on the nation. It involved hundreds of banks across the country in deep financial trouble due to the collapse of the highly inflated real estate market nationwide. Collateral lost its value, loans were called in, bankruptcies broke out everywhere, and bonds issued to the public lost their backing.

Charles Keating owned one of the institutions most deeply involved. From being considered an extremely wealthy, generous (he gave a million dollars to Mother Theresa) and shrewd financier, he became in the course of a few weeks the black sheep of the industry, the robber of old folks' savings, the crafty manipulator of doubtful deals, the evil face of piratical capitalism.

When ordinary people began to feel the impact of financial losses, there was an outcry. The media suddenly focused on Keating as the symbol of everything that was wrong. It was then noticed that five senators had raised the issue of an allegedly overlong audit of Keating's affairs by the federal bank regulators in San Francisco. Keating had banking or real estate interests in each of the five senators' states, and invoked their help by calling on them to intervene for him as a constituent having a problem with the bureaucracy.

In addition, as the media were now quick to point out, each senator had received substantial contributions to his election campaign from Keating. Under the existing law, there was nothing abnormal or illegal in this; President Bush and other politicians also received considerable contributions from him. But in the growing atmosphere of suspicion of the role of special interests in financing campaigns, a link was drawn between Keating's contributions and the five senators' intervention on his behalf.

This matter came up before the Senate Ethics Committee in November 1989. The proceedings were carried in full on C-SPAN, the public network that covers the affairs of Congress. Nine-thirty

a.m. in Washington was seven-thirty in Tucson, and Ora and I took our breakfast on trays to watch. For us and for many others who knew, supported, and believed in Dennis, it was like some long-drawn out form of torture. We tried to ignore it, but always found ourselves going back to the television. It was inescapable.

At the moment when the senators had heard all the evidence and had retired to confer among themselves, the Gulf War was declared. Congress had more weighty matters with which to deal. The hearing disappeared from the headlines and from the public eye of television.

Dennis did not get off scot-free. He was given the gentlest of reprimands for creating the appearance of impropriety in accepting money from Keating and later acting on his behalf. There were long public discussions about how much time should elapse between a donation and a constituent service, not unlike the medieval arguments about how many angels could stand on the head of a pin. Naturally they were inconclusive. What suffered was Dennis' lifelong reputation for integrity and financial uprightness. A perception had been created, and in the public mind perceptions hold sway.

So much mud had been thrown and so much innuendo believed that in September 1993 Dennis decided not to run for a fourth term. The battle to demonstrate his integrity and his long record of public service had hurt him physically, financially, and domestically. He decided he would not undertake again the chore of fundraising and the reputation-searing fight. He retired at the end of the session but continues to live in Washington and to do constructive work for many causes.

I was learning about politics, finance, and the real world in a new way, first hand, and found the experience a sobering one.

XXVI

Changes

In my ninth decade I made two important changes. The first was the outcome of my peripatetic lifestyle of the past fifty years, the second of an inner process in the grounding of my faith.

My ties to England had been diminished by my years of absence. Most of my days had been spent in or connected with the United States. For many years I had enjoyed the privilege of being a “Resident Alien” with my little Green Card in lieu of a passport. This made me eligible to pay income tax, to draw my Social Security, in fact, to enjoy all the privileges of citizenship, except voting.

On my visits to England, although I felt very much at home, I felt I was only playing the role of an Englishman and was really a rolling stone that gathered very little moss in the United Kingdom. Now that I had an American wife and a quiver-full of step-children and grandchildren, it was time to regularize my status.

I had previously consulted Dennis about the best way to obtain American citizenship. His reply had been to the point, “Marry my mother!” This I had done, for nobler and more romantic reasons. Now I could reap the benefit. I made the necessary applications, passed a test on American history and government with flying colors, and one day early in 1989 was sworn in as an American citizen with a motley group of about seventy others, drawn, in the best American tradition, from about as many countries.

There exists in Arizona a small select Literary Club of about 30 members to which I had been elected. I chose it as a forum in which to speak of my becoming an American. I recalled with enthusiasm my first arrival in 1936, the pearly light over New York Harbor, and the sense of size and of opportunity that possessed me then. I tried to sort out some of the emotions that surround the idea of citizenship and patriotism. Fifty years had passed. I had just returned from a visit to my family in England where I was a Yankee at the Court of Queen Thatcher. As an American citizen I was a little suspect to my family and friends, an aberration—almost, but not quite, an outsider.

What had I done to be confronted with these reactions? For nearly eighty years I had been, as it were, a member of a comfortable old club where silence was the rule and lovable but largely useless old customs prevailed. Now I had, apparently, transferred my membership to a rather shady, noisy hangout of rock stars and drug addicts in the wrong part of town. But I was used to my family's frank comments. Unfailingly they would greet me with, "What a terrible American accent you've developed!" I brushed the remark off as an unthinking reaction to be taken no more seriously than the equally unthinking compliment handed out on this side of the Atlantic, "What a beautiful English accent!"

I had been Her Majesty's dutiful subject; now I am a free citizen. As a human being, I cannot detect much difference in my status—subject or citizen. I retained my British passport for the time being, with its fine words about my being under the personal protection of Her Majesty and her ministers all over the globe. But its protection seemed no more certain than that offered by the vest-pocket sized, unimpressive little U.S. document with which I was now provided.

But these were just externals. Much deeper lay two different value systems, one reflecting the role models with which I had grown up, the other, what I was invited to accept through change of citizenship. I was brought up on the mythologies of men and women who overcame odds, showed no emotion in the face of danger, whose chief facial feature was a stiff upper lip. Gifted amateurs were always to be preferred to plodding professionals. It was a delightful otherworldly ideal, and the breed has not entirely died out.

The new citizen brings to his new status the value system in which he or she was raised, modified, more or less, by experience of life. The emotional sides of a new patriotism, those deeper wells of feeling, are slow to develop, particularly when one becomes a citizen late in life. This raises the disturbing area of symbols. The desecration of the flag is a peculiarly American dilemma. Those from other national backgrounds find it hard to know what all the fuss is about. The British emblazon the Union Jack on shorts, mugs, and chamberpots, and look on veneration of the flag as a little unhealthy, something "not done." Uncalled-for shows of patriotic feeling are something, like religion and sex, which gentlemen do not mention openly; it is too deep for words, embarrassing, shame-making!

Of course the British too have their symbols which stir their emotions as deeply as the flag stirs Americans. The upheaval that the monarchy has suffered in past years has created turmoil in many breasts and the sense that the end of the world cannot be far away. New nations are constantly searching for new symbols of their identity with which to focus emotion and stir patriotism, sometimes with bizarre results that excite only stamp-collectors.

Citizenship is legal status plus emotion. But head and heart do not always run at the same pace. American history was not taught at my school, except insofar as it affected Britain. The creation of the American nation fell into a limbo never penetrated by me, and vaguely referred to as the period of "The Four Georges." My first journey to America in 1936 was, therefore, like a journey to the moon, where fortunately everyone spoke a language not unlike English. It had no real place in space or time. For me, everything happened in Europe; America was a great unknown, a vast blur off on a branch line of history.

Things have improved greatly since then in Britain; American history is faithfully included at the high school level and not always as part of the history of the British Empire. The United States is no longer looked upon as the one that got away. World War II brought home the reality of American power in the world, and, even where resented, it is admitted.

Much has also changed in the United States since I first glimpsed New York Harbor through the golden haze of summer. The rise to superpowerdom, the loss of innocence on the battle-

fields of Vietnam and Watergate, the rise of minority consciousness, the role shifts brought about by feminism and the changing economy—all the concerns which are now our daily diet—have transformed the face and nature of America. On the wider scene, the disappearance of Communism as a force has left foreign policy without clear direction. The rise and fall of empires, globalization, the proliferation of weapons of mass destruction, the prevalence of drugs and violence—these are the themes that come to mind today, not the land of opportunity and the fresher air of freedom of which I spoke so confidently not so long ago.

Yet, as I reflect, I perceive a truly American characteristic, that of exaggeration. Just as nothing is quite so highly colored as it is painted, so nothing is so somber as it is anticipated. Surface manifestations do not always reveal the deeper realities. This is a nation of extremes; even the weather points to this. We have the worst hurricanes, the deepest snows, the hottest summers, the most prodigious rainfalls, the greatest beauty and the most appalling ugliness. We are numbed by the headlines, which shriek to get our attention to extremes and thereby magnify them even more. The future, I am convinced, is neither as dark nor as rosy as the media pundits proclaim it to be.

There was also a second area where change reshaped my life and thinking in these later years. Its culmination was marked by my acceptance into the Catholic Church. This was the result of a long process. In all the years in MRA I had no primary religious loyalty. We were freebooters for God on the high seas of spirituality and loath to come into any harbor. But the impact of several Catholic priests, as I have narrated, whose openness to question and ambiguity intrigued me, began the process. The three sessions of Vatican Council II that I attended stimulated it further. Finally my marriage to Ora gave it focus.

I had long known I was part of a great historical body of faith. Now it was time to take a public step of identification. Father Robert Burns, the intelligent and wise Dominican who had married us, was also head of the Religious Studies department in the College of Humanities at the University of Arizona. He had become a good friend over the years since and on October 3, 1996, in a simple ceremony in our home, before my DeConcini family and some friends, he received me into the Catholic Church.

It struck me as significant that the men who had made the deepest impression on me—Monsignor Georges Roche in Rome, Abbot-Primate Kaelin in Switzerland, and Father Burns in Tucson—never urged me to convert or gave any indication that they thought I should. They left me to the Holy Spirit and the mills of God that grind exceeding slowly, and decisively.

Did my new allegiances make any great differences in my life? Honestly, I must say “No.” Perhaps I was already too set in my ways for great changes. I went with Ora to the Benedictine Convent and found the predictability and seriousness of the Mass a life-giving intrusion of the spiritual into the daily round of the secular. Modern man has too few such opportunities. The practical and the necessary fill increasing areas of what was once more available to the growth of the spirit. “The world is too much with us. Getting and spending we lay waste our powers.” It is hard in the pressure of activity to make time and space for the essential.

So, like Omar Khayyam, I come out by that same door wherein I went. The heart of man is still the battlefield of politics and diplomacy and the wellspring of home and happiness.

My years spent attempting to change minds and hearts may have been naive; they were not stupid. It is still our world’s greatest need, however we do it. But I have become part of this world. I do not stand outside and try to change it. I live in it and try to make it work. I hope we do not destroy it, this remarkable, and I believe, unique world, by our greed. I work with those who are like-minded, and they are many.

* * * * *

One hundred and sixty years ago, when my mother’s ancestors sailed from England to the New World, how little they could imagine what would grow on this fair continent. But they exercised faith and hope and were grateful for what they had. Catharina Mercy Berry wrote to her parents not long after their arrival:

Think not that I love my native home or dear relatives the less. Nay, we rejoice to hear all we can about you. . . .

From this strange land far away, after having left all, with the exception of our dear family, a pain to which you all are strangers, shall we bring up an evil report upon the land wherein we

have received so many mercies . . . No, I desire to speak to the honour of the great Jehovah, who has not only brought us in safety across the mighty ocean but has manifested Himself in a train of events very conspicuously towards us, as a God of providence up to this time. Much as nature might flinch and regret leaving my native shore, yet can I say I am perfectly satisfied, contented and happy.

I might choose different words, but my sentiment would be the same.

XXVII

Mornings With Heiko

If I had my life to live over again, I would have made a rule to read some poetry and listen to some music at least once every week, for perhaps some part of my brain now atrophied would then have kept active through use. . . . The loss of these tastes is a loss of happiness, and may possibly be injurious to the intellect, and more probably to the moral character by enfeebling the emotional part of our nature.

—CHARLES DARWIN, *Life and Letters*

Poor Charles Darwin, after a lifetime of scientific investigation, finding that his mind had “become a machine for grinding out general laws from a large collection of facts” and had “atrophied”! I have always been grateful that I have the Humanities to refresh my thinking, and in the last decade I have found a friend with whom I can share those interests.

Again I owe the inception of this friendship to Richard Kinkade. He asked me if I had met Professor Heiko Oberman. I had not but I had heard of him. A distinguished historian, a Regents Professor of the University, and the author of a number of stimulating books on the late Middle Ages and Reformation. “You should meet him. He is a fine European scholar and you would enjoy him. We are

lucky to have him here in Arizona.”

Not long after, I was seated in the professor’s office. Though one of the busiest men on campus, he was relaxed and welcoming. About half an hour later we had discovered how much we had in common—not only in the Classics and in a love of history and teaching, but something more surprising. I had mentioned my years with MRA, and instead of the usual response, “Oh, what was that?” I received an interested answer.

“Was that the Oxford Group?”

Surprised, I said, “Yes, that’s what it was when I met it.”

“My father was greatly helped by the Oxford Group in Holland before the war. When I went to Oxford after the war I looked for it, but I couldn’t find it, and MRA did not appeal to me.”

This led to further discoveries of common backgrounds and interests. Born in Holland and educated there during and immediately after World War II, he had come to Oxford for graduate studies. He then taught at Harvard. For the seventeen years before he came to Arizona, he had been head of the Humanities department of the University of Tübingen, as well as a visiting professor and distinguished lecturer at a number of other universities.

I was invited back to talk further. We discussed the teaching of history. He is the leading historian of the Reformation, one who has revisited the period from its late medieval roots into the Renaissance era. He has developed a synoptic, ecumenical approach instead of adopting one of the confessionally blinkered views that have dominated studies of the period, and he has opened many new windows into it. I spoke of my own experience of recognizing the nature of historical judgment and we discussed the impact of historical relativism on ethics and morality. Soon we decided to meet for an hour once a week and have done so for the last ten years.

This has been a precious enrichment of my thinking. Heiko considers human contemporary documents to be the best witness to events. He searches for the story of mankind, not in the acts of the mighty alone, though they have their place, but in the reactions of the people. Letters, diaries, polemical writings, the human day-to-day records of life, are the grist to his mill. Exact meanings of words, the nature of historical fact, the limits of reason teased our minds, and to relieve the high ozone of this intellectual atmosphere we also enjoyed political and academic gossip.

We asked ourselves, “What is history?” Heiko reacted strongly against the current, casual usage of the phrase “That’s history!” to describe an event that had just happened, such as a loss at football or at an election. History is not what is past and gone. It is the living web of peoples’ lives and actions that affects us today. We are History’s children and should not trivialize our parent. We approached the question from a similar perspective as our philosophical and theological bents often coincided. Both studies deal with powerful and emotional themes that can humble our modern certainties:

A sunset-touch . . . Someone’s death.
A chorus ending from Euripides . . .

can still silence the contemporary chatter of news that is not the grain of history but its chaff.

We searched for interpretation of the lives of men who have marked their times. What did their contemporaries think of them? Why have they held the attention of centuries? Why do we remember saints and sinners and forget celebrities? Daniel Boorstin’s seminal book *The Image* was a good starting point for discussion of modern politics, and Greek tragedy often a better commentary on events than even the *New York Times*.

We pondered chance events that might have changed the destiny of nations. Had Churchill been killed by the New York taxi into whose path he stumbled in the early 1930s, might Hitler have succeeded in conquering Europe? Or, if Cleopatra’s nose had been half an inch shorter or longer, to use Boorstin’s example borrowed from Pascal, might the Roman Empire have taken a different path under Mark Antony?

The nature of historical fact is always a topic of fascination. In 1995 Heiko had been awarded the Heineken Prize for the most significant biography of the year for his life of Martin Luther, whom he saw from a fresh perspective. We pondered how what we think we know is always colored by what we expect, imagine, and inherit. The world in which we live constantly illuminates and revises the past. To evaluate this is the work and duty of historians. But is history all interpretation? Does the culture in which we live so shape our thinking that we cannot distinguish between fact and interpretation? One morning we discussed a delightful spoof by Alan Sokal, a New York University physicist. Tired of being told that there are

no facts, only cultural interpretations, he wrote a learned, tongue-in-cheek article for a trendy scientific journal, asserting that even mathematical constants like pi are culturally dependent. To his surprise, he was taken seriously and a spate of approving comments from fellow scholars followed his article.²⁴

Naturally, in this regard, the area of Faith was a concern for us both. In religion, interpretation is all-important. The Christ of faith is not the Jesus of history. The search for the Historical Jesus is an unending one, carried on by careful and cautious scholars but it does not add up to the Christ who satisfies the believer. Here we move into the field of psychology and philosophy.

A gifted friend of mine, Van Dusen Wishard, had written a book full of insights. It is a social and cultural evaluation of the Twentieth Century as “the time between two eras.” Heiko discussed this writer’s Jungian assertion of the role of the human psyche in interpretation of the meaning of life. Where Marx asserts that religion is the opiate of the masses—the belief that deadens them against the oppression of the rulers, financial and political—Jung speaks of the universal archetypes that direct and organize our concepts of meaning. He thereby indicates more convincingly where the desire for a God to believe in comes from, while Marx can offer only a materialist explanation of how such a desire can have arisen. Theologians and philosophers have wrestled with this for centuries and we, not surprisingly, did not resolve this in ten years of mornings.

But we talked often of the importance of the meaning of words, the dangers that lie in translation, the battles fought over minutiae which are of enormous importance. The Christian Church had its “iota, which divided Christendom.” The word “is” provides endless scrutiny for politicians and professors. I thought of the professor of theology who announced to his students that they would spend the semester discussing the phrase “God is Love.” “We will spend the first month on the meaning of the word ‘God,’ the second on the meaning of the word ‘is,’ and the third on the meaning of the word ‘Love.’” I thought of my mother’s ancestor Bishop Hooper who was burned before his Gloucester Cathedral for insisting on one interpretation of the word “is”. And my eponymous ancestor, Mary Morris, who suffered the same fate as one of the “Lewes Martyrs” in that bloody mid-sixteenth century for the same reason. *Hoc est Corpus Meum* was the political litmus test of the time, as are abor-

tion and sexual preference in some circles today, and still the meaning of the word “is” bedevils us.

The fact that Heiko had known of MRA and had some experience of the Oxford Group had made an early bond between us. He asked what kind of people I thought had been drawn to MRA, which for him was a less attractive concept. I thought back to the young men who, like me, had grown up in it. We were idealistic, eager for a cause, and for the most part from Christian homes. Cardinal Liénart had been right when he described MRA as a “*coup de fouet*,” “a crack of the whip for sleeping Christians.”

These were the bulk of those who followed Buchman. There were a few colorful sinners whose lives were radically altered, like those who later created Alcoholics Anonymous, and there were those from other cultures who found release and truth for life in the way those in MRA lived. They included the Buddhist monks of Burma, Shinto Japanese, Moslem Ayatollahs, Hindus, who welcomed Buchman and MRA to their countries, even Marxist Communists who saw true community at work and wondered where it had gone from their dreams. It was a motley collection of people who interpreted the Four Standards of MRA in the light of their own cultures and beliefs and worked for change in their environment. We agreed on the effectiveness of this human impact.

Heiko’s historical knowledge filled in the background of many of our conversations and he gently toned down my sweeping generalizations. He recognized the solid structure of belief that had survived great changes in the history of Christendom, but had survived with its extravagancies pruned, its sources purified, and with increasing openness to other cultures. His knowledge of the medieval world was always relevant to our talks and to his search for the precursors of the Reformation in the earlier centuries.

The fabric of history is woven continually from living threads that supply new variations of basic patterns. There is no static Past or Present; there is always breathing, organic process of change. We are today passing through a speeded-up version of history in which exchange of information at the speed of light is demanding judgments that are hardly established before they are modified. It is a testing time for certainties. Only essentials stand fast. Kant’s three questions: “What can I know?” “What ought I to do?” “For what may I hope?” still invite answers that meet the challenge of the times.

Heiko's early studies were not so different from my own. As a young scholar, first in Holland, then at Oxford, and later as a Harvard professor, he had excelled and felt the call to scholarship and the life of the mind. His family background of professors and pastors encouraged this. I, on the other hand, as I have described, had been surrounded by different role models and had put aside learning and teaching. My return to the life of the mind and to teaching was a release and a delight. For Heiko it had been a life-long dedication. He understood my path in life as I appreciated his and so our mornings were enriched.

We discussed the sixties and their impact for good and ill on life today. Were they a watershed or an aberration? What had been their lasting impression on their and later generations? *Up With People* had a song, which ran: "With everything changing, does anything stay the same?" This was a frequent topic of our talks. The song concluded with its solution, a very personal one: "Somewhere there still remains a hope you can cling to, someone who needs you, a love that can lead you every day."

We looked a little further afield in the realms of societal change and morality and realized we were of another generation. I remembered a story from my childhood about the young bees in the hive who were tired of traditional six-sided cells and opted for circular ones, which proved unsuccessful, then triangular ones, then square ones—all of which allowed disease and disaster to enter the hive. Finally in a bold stroke of innovation they reinvented the six-sided cell and congratulated themselves on having been the most brilliant generation of bees that ever lived. As we watched the procession of divorces, AIDS, violence and domestic unhappiness, in the news and among friends, I wondered if the young bees would in time rediscover the perfect architecture of the community. It would not be a return to a past morality, but it would be a proven morality that enriches, not destroys, life.

The Clinton era, which brought into high relief the relation of private and public morality, provided us with a commentary on the belief that private and public lives are all of one piece, and should be governed by the same uncompromising Absolutes of conduct. I had long been uneasy with this. I had seen men in public life who acted solely on this belief lose their positions and thereby their influence for any good in the situation. The rules of the game of life

are not unbending. Buchman with all his absoluteness used also to say, “A buggy needs to have springs, otherwise rough roads will shake it to pieces.”

In this connection our morning discussions often turned to changing attitudes to private morality that had obvious social consequences, such as homosexuality and abortion, and found much to accept in more modern attitudes. Also the danger of single-issue politics, the rejection of reasonable compromise that demonstrated itself in the politics of the day, illuminated our concern for passing events.

One frequent topic was the role of Authority or Tradition. Being brought up British I have always had a strong feeling for Tradition. The wisdom of the elders has always seemed to me to outweigh the experimentation of the young, though as my years have advanced I have sided more and more with youth. But at the same time I have felt with Mark Twain that “habit is habit and not to be flung out of the window by any man, but coaxed downstairs one step at a time.” It is the ballast of the ship of state. Britain may have too much, but the United States has too little and swings more wildly from side to side than a great nation should.

In matters of Faith, tradition has been more ballast and anchor than wind in the sails, making it difficult for the ship to enter new waters. I was drawn to the Catholic Church early on because of its sense of tradition and respect for the wisdom of the elders. I was also happy when Vatican Council II allowed the anchor to be eased up and some fresh direction given to the ship. Heiko looked more to the Reformers and their courage in setting new courses. The shift from Tradition and Obedience to Grace and Freedom, which themselves have become Tradition, is the history of the Western world for the past four hundred years. All of this was of weekly interest to us.

And what of that bulwark of Tradition—Classical Studies? How stands the intensive study of Greek and Latin, of Greek philosophy and Roman history, of the birthplace of democracy and of Law and Government? Does it have a future? I look back on my beginning Latin at seven and Greek at twelve and know there are few today who do or can follow that rigorous medieval path. The demands of what is now considered necessary knowledge have expanded to

overfill the time allotted to normal education today. The physical sciences, mathematics, computers, the business and law curricula, have backed the humanities into an ever-smaller corner, almost smothering the intensive learning of the classical languages. There simply is not the time for it. Will it become the privilege, the hobby, of an elite? Probably. But what shall we lose and what shall we gain?

The Western world and its imagination have been fed for centuries by images derived from the Greek and Latin writers, from the Old and New Testaments. Our images of Courage, Love, Power, Heroism in hard times, Mercy in hard cases, Pity, Generosity, the Seven Virtues and Seven Vices and so on, have been fostered by childhood readings of the Bible, the *Iliad* or the *Antigone* or *Hamlet* or *Othello* or *Horatius at the Bridge* or *Pilgrims' Progress*. Is Godzilla to replace Hercules or Mr. Greatheart? Or in our concept of womanhood will Barbie replace the Madonna, will Miss America replace Esther or Ruth? Will faithful Penelope be so far out of fashion as to be replaced by the latest Hollywood queen? The Bible and the Classics shaped my imagination, with a little Robin Hood and Elisabeth I, Rembrandt and Bach, thrown in. They formed the parameters of my inner life. I am sad that others may not be so lucky in the future.

I do not think the Classics will disappear. There has been one Renaissance. There may well be another, though it may not come alone from the wisdom of the Greeks and Romans. There is now the wider world of Eastern and African culture, present with us and to draw upon. These, too, will contribute to our general consciousness of ideals and behavior as the new millennium unfolds. We need not surrender choice to the omnipresent computer. The cybernetic world is at best a means to knowledge and its communication. It is not an end in itself. If there were nothing to communicate, the swiftest means would not avail. So I am hopeful that we shall never pay off our debt to the first historians, the first dramatists, the first philosophers, the first physicists, the first physicians. It may still be *primum Graius homo* . . . "A Greek got there first!"

Will there still be the intense detailed scholarship in other studies? Heiko is an example of the scholar who has made a decisive period of human history his own down to the slightest details. Not only the broad sweeps beloved of popular historians today, but

also the meticulous underpinning of every conclusion is his work and way. Through deconstruction, reconstruction, and the other intellectual fads of our times, he has held true to evidence and proof that is at the heart of the great tradition of teaching and learning. That will never go out of existence, though from time to time it may go out of fashion.

So my mornings with Heiko have passed and they have been full of enrichment to me. If I have come to any conclusion it is that there are many truths and, as Plato would have agreed, only One Truth, the Idea laid up in the heavens. There is arithmetical truth, a human construct of ironclad accuracy, and the wider scientific truth, which depends on imagination, hypothesis and verification. There is the speculative truth of philosophers which leaves room for reinterpretation of ideas once held as certainties, and there is the truth of the artist which reflects the ever-changing inner vision. And there is a truth of the Spirit which is not subject to measurement and verification by rational calculation, but which retains its inner authority through many vicissitudes.

The One remains, the many change and pass;
 Heaven's light forever shines, Earth's shadows fly;
 Life, like a dome of many-coloured glass,
 Stains the white radiance of Eternity.

There is little richer than the meeting of minds in the pursuit of truth. I have been blessed by my mornings with Heiko and he is in no way responsible for any conclusions that I have drawn. They too will grow and change for "now we see through a glass darkly . . . I know in part but then I shall know even as I am known."

The mind is a marvelous instrument. I don't think the computer will ever rival its power of imagination, or approach its intuitions of beauty and goodness. In a word, it will never take the place of the consciousness that is the human trademark.

Perhaps I should never say never. But in this case I do.

A tragic loss to learning and a profound grief to his family, friends and students, Heiko died as this book was going to press. Mors janua vitae.

XXVIII

First and Last
Things

*And he walked straight in; it was where he had come from
And something told him the way to behave.
He raised his hand and blessed his home;
The truisms flew and perched on his shoulders
And a tall tree sprouted from his father's grave.*

—LOUIS MACNEICE, *The Truisms*

So I am nearing the end of my journey. It has been a long one, a happy one, an unpredictable one. Sometimes I wonder if I have lived my life backwards. My involvement in the world of affairs and big events came in my thirties and forties; my adolescence in my seventies. In my eighties I have felt like a young man, though various intimations of mortality come from my joints and muscles. Possibly I am heading for a second childhood. Who knows?

Am I a dinosaur? An unwieldy relic from a bygone age being left behind by the nimble monkeys in the trees who surround me? Has the technological age into which I have survived rewritten the truisms that shaped me and my generation? Are the monkeys happier though richer? Are they wiser though cleverer?

One look at our troubled passage into the new millennium suggests that not much has changed. We can report our disasters

more swiftly. We can exploit our prejudices more violently. We can divide our wealth more unequally. We can still dream dreams, as I did, but they are mostly of faster computers and healthier bodies, of cures for cancer, of genetic manipulation and a physically repaired humanity. The link between physical well-being and age-old hates and prejudices is still undiscovered. The ways of the Spirit are perhaps less understood than in my father's day, one hundred years ago.

As a young man I wanted to change the world and believed we could. Nothing is impossible to the young, and it is good that it be so. Without this fresh hope in every generation, life would become insupportable, its problems too unwieldy, the future too like the past. I have not given up on dreaming. "Your old men shall see dreams" is still my reason for involving myself with the young, supporting their aspirations and recharging mine from theirs.

I have refused to become a cynic, though my expectations have come to closer terms with the realities of human nature and behavior. I am grateful beyond measure for my path in life, for my families, my many friends and, in the splendid words of the Anglican General Thanksgiving, "for our creation, preservation and all the blessings of this life."

In this my fourth life, the greatest blessing is to have been accompanied on my journey by the love of my wife, Ora, and of my two families. We traveled very different paths to meet. But now our roads run together and we go on, always a little further.

ENVOI

*Two things are beyond our knowing -
The why of our coming, the way of our going,
Of taking up life and life's leave-taking,
A way of heartjoy, a way of aching.*

*Half a step beyond life's frail border
Lies the gate to a different order;
All come hither, but none are knowing
The why of their coming, the way of their going.*

*The arrogant spirit can never tread
Beyond earth's narrow watershed;
Humble heart, with all humans sharing,
Takes that step in each act of caring.*

*Two things are beyond our knowing -
The why of our coming, the way of our going;
But opening the heart to life's joys and aching
Can give us our part in the world's remaking.*

1984

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18. Thirty years later, though my information is largely from MRA literature, it appears that many of these difficulties are being surmounted. MRA still operates its center in Caux, Switzerland, serves as an NGO (Non-Governmental Organization) near the United Nations in New York, and has imaginative programs in many countries. It retains its emphasis on the need for individual change and the absolute standards of Christian living in the modern world, and the availability of the guidance of God. It is trying to come to terms with and find a role in the twenty-first century.
19. Garth Lean, *Frank Buchman: A Life* (London: Constable, 1985). American edition entitled *On the Tail of a Comet* (Helmets & Howard, 1988).
20. The unpublished tribute was given by Day to Buchman associate H. Kenaston Twitchell, and subsequently passed on to the author.
21. Hans von Herwarth, *Against Two Evils* (London: Collins, 1981).
22. Words by Paul and Ralph Colwell, ASCAP; music by Paul and Ralph Colwell and Herbert Allen, ASCAP. Used by permission.
23. Anyone interested in further information and exciting episodes of this search will find my detailed study in *Print Quarterly* (London) vol. iv, no.4, in an article entitled "The Case of the Missing Woodcuts."
24. Edward Rothstein, "Connections," *New York Times*, 7 December 1998.

Acknowledgements

These pages contain the memories of a long life. But memory is a frail reed and there is much that I have forgotten and some that I may have misremembered. This is not unusual. We all see the landscape of life through the slit of our own experience.

'Tis with our judgments as our watches, none

Go just alike, yet each believes his own.

So with this book. Others may remember things differently; and they may be just as sincere as I have tried to be. Good friends have read these pages in manuscript and I am grateful for their generous help. I do not name them for they know who they are and that they have contributed greatly. But it remains my story, warts and all.

On the technical side I owe a great debt to my editor, Alice Chaffee, who has been constant in her corrections and constructive in her suggestions. She enlisted the skilful help of Adine Maron, who prepared the book for printing, while Frank McGee shaped the picture pages and much else, and Helen McGee read proof with infinite care. Jarvis Harriman relieved me of the technicalities of self-publishing. Without these friends nothing would have been achieved.

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Morris Martin was born in London in 1910 to missionary parents. He was educated at Merchant Taylors' School and at Oxford University, where he took a First Class degree in Classics and in 1936 received his Ph.D. Through travels at home and abroad, including Nazi Germany, he learned first hand just how perilous were the times and became aware of the urgent need for a new approach to human affairs.

Leaving academia, Martin linked up with the Oxford Group—later known as Moral Re-Armament—and served as executive assistant to its founder, Frank Buchman. For the next twenty years he took part in nation-changing initiatives on five continents.

In the 1960s Martin returned to the teaching profession, first as academic dean of Mackinac College, then as director of education for *Up With People*, and finally as visiting professor at Princeton University.

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