VOLUME 4 NUMBER 12 DECEMBER 1948

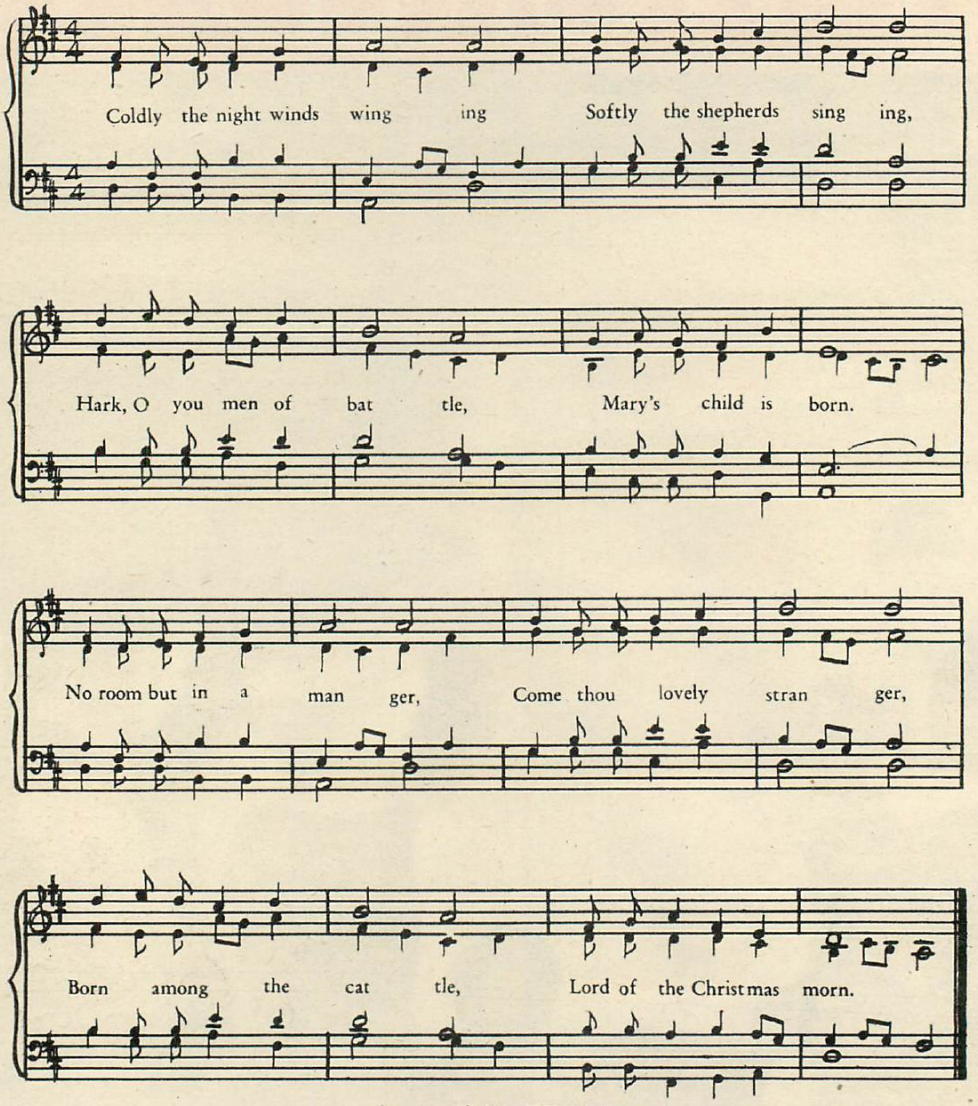
# NEW WORLD NEWS

CHRISTMAS JOURNEY

# WORKERS' CAROL

*Words by* MORRIS H. MARTIN

*Music by* PAUL PETROCOKINO






Fiercely the blast fires burning,
Ceaseless the wheels a-turning,
Have you no room, who labour
On the assembly line?
Mary's Son beside you
Brings His grace to guide you.
Yea, come Thou heavenly Neighbour,
Enter this heart of mine.

Fount of the nations' healing,
Secret of peace revealing,
Through the world's darkness lead us
Till Thy new day we see.
Crown and Cross and Cradle,
Sceptre and Scourge and Stable,
Tears and Triumph speed us
On to Thy victory!

*Border by Arne Tengblad*

# AT HIS MAJESTY'S

## BY JACK JONES, C.B.E.

*Author of "Rhondda Roundabout"*

IN the West End, mid-way through what is undoubtedly its most drab and mediocre season of the century, *The Good Road*, something entirely new in the way of musicals, opened one evening last month before a large and most distinguished audience. Judging from the look on their faces many of them had come in a sceptical mood, believing that what they called "something for nothing" could not prove to be of much entertainment value.

So there came peers and politicians, Members of both Houses, (now divided more than ever on controversial legislation), columnists, society people, prominent Trades Union leaders, editors, ambassadors, film directors and producers who had come to see if by any chance the show had any film possibilities.

As they waited for the curtain to go up the question asked in time past, "What went ye out for to see?" somehow came to mind. What this large and distinguished audience actually did see was the most fresh, original and radiant show of their lives. Time and again their spontaneous applause interrupted the show.

More than a hundred of the most enthusiastic stayed in the Theatre with the cast and talked until after midnight. It was undoubtedly one of the greatest theatrical occasions of the twentieth century. I spoke to many of those who were waiting to have a word with members of the huge cast. I met some people from Wales who had attended a matinée performance of *Oklahoma* before coming to the opening of *The Good Road*, and their opinion for what it is worth was that *The Good Road* had more to it than the trans-Atlantic smash hit of the commercial theatre.

Theatrical and film people, well known to millions on both sides of the Atlantic, were as enthusiastic as any ordinary playgoer. Men of the theatre, such as Jack Hylton who himself has been responsible for many musical shows presented in the West End, and film producers, such as Gabriel Pascal, were in agreement about the merit of *The Good Road*.

Again to take two men who have a detailed knowledge of both

No other way?

sides of the footlights. Tom O'Brien is M.P. for Nottingham but is better known as the General Secretary of the National Association of Theatrical and Kine Employees. He said, after the first night, that the show was technically perfect and expressed a desire to meet the cast and tell them how much he appreciated their artistry. Clive Carey, Director of Opera and Professor of Singing at the Royal College of Music, brings a critical mind to bear on its musical side. He was enthusiastic. "Without a doubt, the greatest musical production I have ever seen," he said.

Personally I was as moved by it as when I first saw it in Hollywood, because it is a show which grows on one and in which one sees something new and more significant in each successive performance.

Magna Carta

Probably that is the reason why many of Hollywood's most famous movie picture stars and some of Broadway's leading stage players have witnessed the show several times, and each time find it a tonic. There is a direct simplicity in its presentation which strongly pulls the audience in general whilst, on the other hand, the cynical few write it off as "naïve" and "artless." Those words, which are the small change of cynics, who have worn them thin by constant use, were also in circulation during the recent American Presidential election. Yet the man written off as "naïve and artless" and anything but clever won the hearts of the American people and the election.

### West End's Richest

I left His Majesty's Theatre feeling that whatever the critics said or did not say about the first night's performance, those who had been privileged to witness it would, by word of mouth, recommend it to all and sundry. So the success of the season in the West End is already assured. As a rather prejudiced provincial I am hoping that those responsible for its presentation will send the show into the provinces to play in the key cities and towns of Britain, where I am convinced it will prove an inspiration to scores of thousands, for it has a "radiance" which nothing else in the British or American theatre now has. It has a message, but is none the worse for that, for its message in no way lessens its entertainment value in which, I repeat, it is richer than any other theatrical offering in the West End of London or on Broadway in New York.

### Since the 'Eighties

I have been a regular playgoer for nearly sixty years and I can perhaps claim to know a good thing when I see it. I have written plays, two of which have been presented in the West End of London, and have written a screen play in which Paul Robeson was starred. I have been, as playgoer and playwright, interested in the Theatre from the 'eighties of the last century when I began going to the three-penny blood-and-thunder portable theatre with my mother. Since then I have been privileged to witness, in cities and towns of two continents, a great variety of theatrical presentations, and now I can say without guile that in *The Good Road*, I have witnessed one of the greatest—and certainly one of the most significant theatrical performances of my time.

# A NIGHT AT THE INN

**BY PETER HOWARD**

*Illustrated by Ernst Lang of Oberammergau*

THE innkeeper was a bully, as well as sly. In his black moods he would kick and savage Momo, the simpleton, and bend him to his will. Back in the bar-parlour among his cronies, he would preen himself as they told him what a good fellow he was to give shelter and work to such a stupid fellow.

But Momo was not stupid. True, only a gabble of wind and sound came from his mouth when he tried to talk and the children laughed and threw stones. True, he was often up before dawn running barefoot against the wind down the village street, so that the villagers turned again to sleep, muttering: "It's only Momo, the idiot."

But Momo could tame the wild horses whom nobody else could handle. The birds looked at him with bright eyes and then went on a-pecking instead of flying away when Momo drew near. And he could put his bare arm into the hive and break off a crust of comb while the bees still murmured in the sunshine and settled in his hair.

Momo lived in the loft above the stables. Each night he would push his way past the oxen, the horses and the donkey which belonged to the innkeeper, spring up the ladder against the side of the wall, through the hole in the ceiling of the stable and crouch with his eyes tight shut in his heap of straw until he fell asleep. Momo never opened his eyes at night because he was afraid of the dark and did not like to see it.

But as he lay waiting for sleep, all the sorrows and longings of the world would go galloping like wild animals through his

heart. Bitterness against his master the innkeeper—that hatred above all else; sadness that children threw stones; a feeling of helplessness and loneliness so sickening that he would tear at the beams of the roof with his strong, calloused hands when he remembered there was nothing he could do about the fears and lusts and hopes that haunted him. And then the image of the innkeeper would come back into his mind, the innkeeper with a stick and the hard toe of his boot, the innkeeper with a curse on his lips for Momo, but smiling next moment at a rich customer, the innkeeper passing his tongue across his lips as he watched some girl go by—and Momo would fall asleep in a red and trembling daze of hatred.

That night a single, bright star shone in the sky like the eye of God Himself, it seemed to Momo, as he took a last look at the world before scampering up the ladder towards his bed. The sounds that he knew so well lulled him towards slumber. The rustle of the beasts in the straw below; the clatter of drinking mugs, and a gale of laughter and cursing each time the inn door opened and some customer began to stagger homewards in the dark; the gentle knocking of Momo's own heart against the walls of bone and muscle which enfolded it.

And suddenly there was an uproar which startled Momo from his bed. The sound of a scuffle, the slam of a door and the stamp of angry feet on cobbles. Then the hated voice of the innkeeper crying in tones loud enough to ring down the centuries: "No room, I tell you. There is no room here."

Momo lay quiet in the straw, his eyes tight shut, his hands clenched with fear. Soon there was a stirring and a whispering down in the stable below, a murmur and a sigh. Momo fell asleep. He dreamed of pain and laughter and the sound of singing in the night.

The first warm finger of the morning sun stretched through the windows of the loft and touched his cheek. He sprang from the straw and looked out on the world. He saw a sight that he would never forget so long as he lived, and would think of as he died. For miles and miles and miles the roads, fields and valleys were full of people. Some were running. Some were walking. Some stumbled and fell and dirtied themselves on their journey. But all were making their way towards the stable.

There were bakers with loaves, farmers with chickens and their wives with baskets of eggs. The children were plucking wild flowers from the hedges and gathering bunches as they came. Old Pierre the fisherman held on his head a skep of fish fresh from his night's haul on the lake—he had not yet shaved, and the hands which held the skep were still tarry from the new ropes he had bought off the innkeeper. His wife trotted at his side scolding him a little as they came.

Under the window of the loft Momo saw strangers—wild hillmen with their sheep, grey and gaunt and dirty from a long journey. There were also three men in cloaks of fur and silk and velvet such as Momo had never seen before. They had boxes which they were opening and spreading on the ground in front of the stable. Momo heard the clink and saw the sullen gleam of precious metal—and when other boxes were opened a

strange, full scent rose up and mingled in Momo's nostrils with the tang of the stable and the musty odour of the thatch.

Every one of the thousands coming towards Momo's stable were carrying gifts of some kind—all that is except the blind man of the village. He came hand in hand with his son and tapping with his stick bringing the gift of himself because that was all he had to bring.

All the crowd were gazing at something which was going on in the stable underneath Momo's loft. Momo could not see what it was—he could only gaze at the glory in those eyes all turned towards that place. And as he gazed a cold hard lump of hate and fear and bitterness which had become so much part of him through the years that he never knew it was there, suddenly burst. His body was wrenched and his heart was free. Tears poured down poor Momo's face, though he knew not why, and the strings of his tongue were loosed. For the first time in his life he was able to talk. He found himself saying over and over again words that he scarcely understood. "Father, forgive me, I know not what I do. Father, forgive me, I know not what I do."

And at that moment the door of the inn flew open. There stood the innkeeper, tousled from his night's carousal, bleary and blinking in the dawn, first of all ready to curse those who were making all the noise, then as he saw the crowd and the gifts, deciding to make himself amiable to customers who might be rich.

But Momo was flying like an arrow down the ladder past the cattle, past some people gazing at the manger, past the shepherds and the kings, elbowing aside the rich men and the lowly, to fling himself at the feet of the innkeeper, those feet which so often had kicked and harried him. And he said: "Master, forgive me for my hate."

And the innkeeper looked towards the stable. And as he looked, the wear and wickedness of the years fell from his back, as it has fallen from millions of backs, century after century. He became at last the humble, loving child of God with a welcome for all and abuse for none that he was born to be. Innkeeper and simpleton, master and man, stood side by side, with their eyes upon the stable.

The early morning sun painted the door and walls as red as blood, and the beams of the stall threw a shadow like a cross over the manger.

Past Momo and the innkeeper up the hill from every country, every class, every race, every party, came the everlasting stream of men and women and children bearing the best they had as their gifts.

IT was amazing how considerate I could be to my parents. The events in my life that might cause them pain I was so careful never to tell them. The odd drink to prove I was tough; the affectionate outing in the car on Saturday nights; the peek over the shoulder of the more clever student in the seat ahead that helped me get through that algebra exam—these would cause such unhappiness if known. And who was I to cause unhappiness to father and mother?

Yet when this thoughtful kindness had been duly performed, I inevitably found that for long hours I had to persuade myself I had done the right thing.

No racing-motor climbing an Alpine road labours harder than a mind racing to prove what it knows to be untrue. No champion fencer is more skilled at letting slip by the point of his opponent's rapier than is the intellect jumping to avoid the truth that hurts.

I know my own tactics so well. As an unpleasant realisation that I have been a fool begins to creep up the back of my mind, I look hastily away to greener pastures. Still more aggressively, if my wife aids the process by suggesting some flaw in my behaviour, do my mind and tongue speed in broken field running toward the goal line of self-justification.

### Words with teeth

Absolute Honesty? Mister, those are words with teeth to them.

A breeze went through my mind and heart the first time I tried it. I argued, kicked and smoked a field of tobacco trying to wriggle away from the appeal it made, the pull I felt inside to reach the freedom honesty brings.

Absolute Honesty? Tell the man I worked for that I had chiselled on my expense accounts? Admit I had slipped over a few white lies on some of my friends? (Their lustre did not impress me at this point.) Let my family know what I was like inside? It looked like a tough assignment.

Then an amazing thing happened. After cooling my heels and warming up my will on the threshold of his office door, I went in to see my boss about the expense accounts. I told him that some respectable items like "stationery" and "travel" were terms I had expanded to include a larger field of personal expenditure. It was not easy.

He looked at me intently. "We know our people dope our expense accounts," he said finally. "What I want to know is why you came in here today."

I told him I was trying a new kind of operation where God gave the orders and absolute standards were called for. To my amazement he began to move into the same runway. I had worked with him for two years and thought I knew him well. I knew him about as well as if he had lived in China and I in Labrador. He was going through hell in his family life and suffered as I had never suffered. We became close friends. Absolute honesty in me had opened the door to another man's life. I was amazed. The showdown I had dreaded—show-up would be a better word—turned out to be the key to real friendship with real people. For I found him fighting the same battles inside himself as I was and each one of us trying to fight them alone.

### After the showdown

Back of what we democratic nations say is what we do and what we are. No nation can speak with authoritative voice in world affairs unless it is backed up by the moral vitamins of absolute honesty at home. We shall look on the tough assignments that absolute honesty demands of each one of us in a different light if we see it as a national necessity, if we know that relative honesty leads to national weakness with all that weakness means in the competitions of an ideological and an atomic age. For if we chisel on honesty today, our children will be loaded with misery tomorrow.

A nation is like a human body. It can stand just so many enemies in its bloodstream. It must have more than so many white and red blood corpuscles to fight hostile bacteria and feed its cells. Dishonesty is like a virus in the national bloodstream.

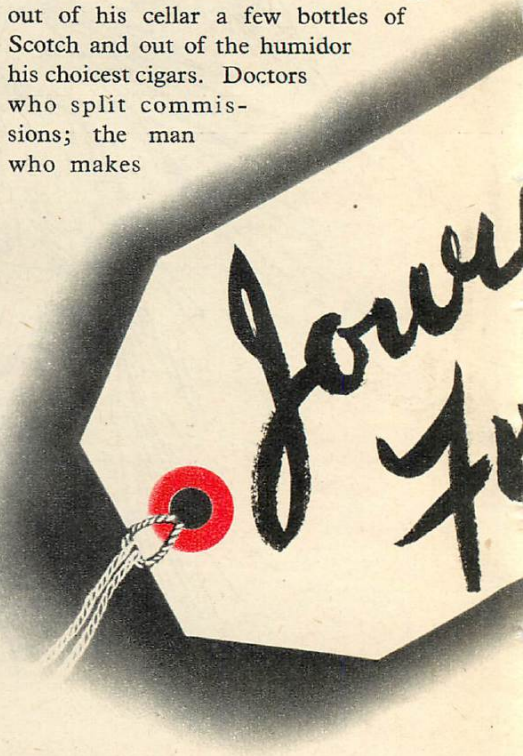
I talked with a Senator of a European country before the war. "When we make out our national budget," he said, "we do it on the understanding that only 10 per cent. of our people will make an honest return on their income-tax estimates."

That country folded up on short order when the Nazis marched in.

But let's not point the finger at other nations. What about our own?

According to F.B.I. reports there is an army of 6,000,000 persons engaged in crime in America. The cost of crime comes down on every man, woman and child at an average of 200 dollars a year. The waste in resources is bad enough. The waste in character is far worse. It is a national shame, for which we are all responsible. And the only difference between this sad army and millions more is that some are caught and some escape notice.

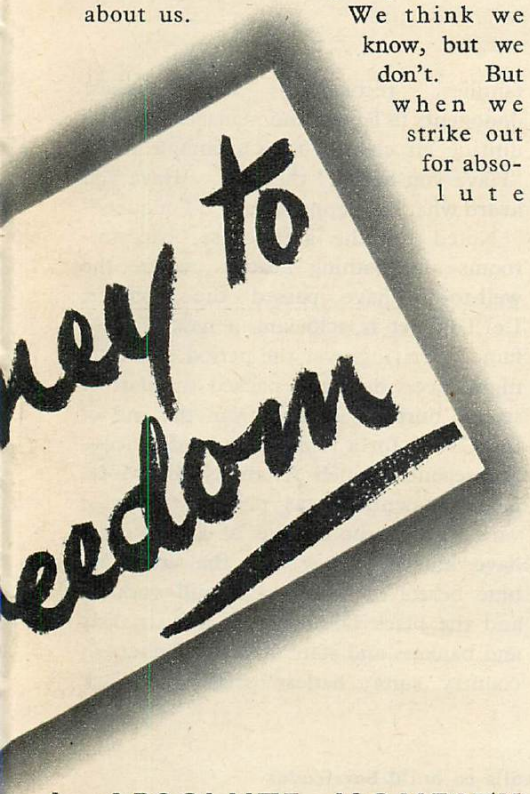
You haven't robbed a bank or committed murder or forged cheques. The cutting of moral corners comes for most of us in more conventional forms. The mother who tells the train conductor her child is half-fare when she is over-age cannot be surprised when the child in turn starts to lie to her. The man who boasts about smuggling past the Customs must not be amazed if his son smuggles out of his cellar a few bottles of Scotch and out of the humidor his choicest cigars. Doctors who split commissions; the man who makes



**Such interest was aroused by Kenast that we have asked him to contribute tions of the moral ideology of freedom this issue. They will deal with the app of honesty, purity, unselfishness an**

his secretary put a lie in a letter; the husband or wife who laughs off the loyalties of married life for the illusion of another romance—these are more common territory for most of us.

Dishonesty, not so normally recognised, but still more prevalent, lies in the masks we wear to dress up our personalities. Most of us have tried to act a part in ourselves, in a crowd of friends and even in our families. I never could get away with it in my family, thank God. I suppose not many fathers and husbands can get by with a false front for long. I have sometimes owned up to a false action in my




# I. ABSOLUTE HONESTY

BY

KENASTON TWITCHELL

**n Twitchell's articles earlier this year a series developing further the implica- .We print the first of these articles in ication of the absolute moral standards l love in personal and national life**

family circle only to find that father's weaknesses, like those of mother and the children, were not news to the rest of the family.

Most of us live in ignorance, not sublime of what is taking place in the minds and hearts of people round about us. We think we know, but we don't. But when we strike out for absolute honesty ourselves, others have a way of telling us the true story of what is going on inside themselves. It is, in fact, a good test of our nearness to this standard whether others volunteer to tell us things about themselves that are hard to say, the sharing of which builds lasting friendship on solid ground.

Absolute honesty requires of us the recognition that our lives are His to use as He wants. Our one sure road to sanity and peace is to give ourselves once for all at the turning point of our lives. From that central experience comes the rebirth of men and nations.

Those who pioneer in absolute honesty may not meet with an immediate cash dividend. Their dividend may come in the inner peace of a free mind. It will certainly come in the solid peace of eternal life.

But absolute honesty pays at once, immediately, in a million, million ways.

Absolute honesty is the foundation stone of sound homes. It means families flooded with the sunshine of trust and understanding.

My wife and I know everything about each other. Everything. Our children and we keep in the wide, open daylight with each other. We say what we mean and we mean what we say. Gone are the barriers of age. Our richer experience is open to them. The direct insights of youth are a major help to us. Our times together are real, salty and ripple with laughter. When the bluff goes out, the fun comes in. We are all disobedient at times to what we know to be right. We all make mistakes. But we own up to them, clear the decks and sail ahead.

"My problem is honesty," says our thirteen-year-old daughter. So is ours. But absolute honesty opens the windows to freedom and to the potent help that parents and children can be to each other.

Absolute honesty means healthy industry.

## Window to freedom

Pioneers of a new kind of industrial revolution in many nations are pushing back the frontiers of the impossible in human relations and in production. Industrialists who know that industry is a weapon in the world war of ideas have gone far beyond the narrow confines of the profit motive, though their businesses are not without profit. They have learned the value of absolute honesty with their employees who have come to feel, as one man put it, "We don't work for the boss; we work with him." Men on both sides of labour-management committees have learned that grievances settle fast when all the cards are on the table. The rising production of coal, key to industrial recovery in many countries, is due in part to miners' leaders and management finding the secret of trust and understanding with each other.

We watch with joy the rising indices of the Marshall Plan countries of Europe. A gigantic experiment is making headway. But as material rearmament without moral rearmament is an invitation to dictatorship, so economic recovery without moral recovery is an invitation to depression. That is perhaps one reason why Paul Hoffman calls Moral Re-Armament "the ideological counterpart of the Marshall Plan" and pledges all the support he can give to its advance.

Absolute honesty means decent politics.

## In a city

There is a housewife in a great American city from whose career the professional politician could well take points. Mildred Powell had no political experience behind her when she decided to run for the Seattle City Council. She knew her city needed a new spirit in government. Her platform was simply integrity in public affairs. Now, after a decade of service during which time she has been re-elected by the largest vote ever accorded to man or woman in the civic election, she has built up a reputation which would be hard to match in any modern city. Seattle trusts the word of Mildred Powell. Not long ago gambling interests tried to hustle through a bill permitting gambling machines to operate in the city. Fortunately the bill had to pass twice. In the two weeks before the second vote Mildred Powell went to the people. In those two weeks such an outcry was raised that when the vote came up the second time, not a single member of the City Council voted for it, although it had been passed at the first meeting.

Democracy in its world struggle needs a world strategy in the economic and political spheres. But above all, democracy needs to live out to the full and proclaim a moral ideology. From the individual to the home, to industry, to politics, to the nation, our greatest weapon is a way of living which brings an answer to the whole of life. Materialism will be threadbare in contrast, and over the years millions now under the spell of materialistic ideologies can be won to a better way provided we live it ourselves. But the victory need not wait for acceptance on the part of all the people. In an ideological age determined minorities set the pace for millions more. A united fighting nucleus in any community will win out through an ideology of absolute moral standards under Divine direction.

In their fight these men and women will know a joy that baffles all description because they will have taken the fight outside themselves into the world. They will meet with bitter opposition. Yet they will take that opposition as a sign that they are on the good road.

# THE FIGHT FOR FRANCE

## BY IRENE LAURE

*Formerly Deputy for Marseilles and General Secretary of the Socialist Women of France*

WITH the United Nations General Assembly meeting in Paris the eyes of the world are on France. What irony that, as the representatives of the democratic nations strive to find a basis for international peace and unity, France should be torn apart by warring political and industrial interests.

The recent wave of strikes in the north of France brought cold and misery into the homes of all the workers of France. The women and children will have to endure this misery for long months yet. In France we have a very difficult struggle to reorganise our whole economy. It is tragic that at such a time men, blinded by a wrong passion, are destroying in a few weeks all that makes up a country's wealth.

Many feel that the recent strikes were justified—a lot of people could not live on what they earned. But I call to mind how serious the situation became last year when the forces of destruction tried to start a civil war in France. In Marseilles 15,000 men and women armed with machine guns, rifles and clubs fought for six hours. Experiences like these, and the suffering I saw everywhere among the women and children made me determined to give my whole life to the workers of France. I have been deeply grieved to see the workers of France taking this road of hate. But during these past months I have found an immense hope that better days are at hand.

In the factories of the industrial north, in little groups within sight of the motionless pithead wheels, in the union offices and board rooms and civic buildings, the word goes from man to man of a new force which is changing relationships in families, reconciling the toughest opponents in labour and management, and uniting all classes on a common front. "Have you heard," they say. "Have you heard what has happened at Le Touquet?"

Noted for the golf-course, baccarat-rooms and bathing beaches, where the well-to-do have passed the summer, Le Touquet is achieving a new kind of fame. Arriving over the period of a fortnight 2,000 delegates packed the narrow streets hurrying to and from the hall of the Casino for a remarkable conference—the second French Assembly for Moral Re-Armament. It was, perhaps, the most varied group the citizens of Le Touquet have known. They saw the crumpled blue berets of miners and mill-workers, and the black homburgs of industrialists and bankers and state officials; farmers in country suits; hatless priests in black

**Throwing up barricades. Strikers in the St. Etienne area tear up rails to build barricades**

*A.P.*

**Breaking down barriers. Madame Laure, facing camera, talks with labour and management leaders at Le Touquet**

cassocks; the khaki uniforms of army officers. There were laughing children in sweaters and baggy breeches, and a great crowd of the ordinary men and women who are the life of France—engineers and lawyers, clerks, teachers, newspapermen. "This is something quite new. It will have tremendous repercussions," wrote the *Voix du Nord*.

To my great joy I have seen brought together management, workers, trade unionists (C.G.T., F.O., C.F.T.C., and independent unions), all denominations, all professions above the level of party divisions. I have seen whole families coming to speak of the hope and new life that the ideology of Moral Re-Armament has brought them.

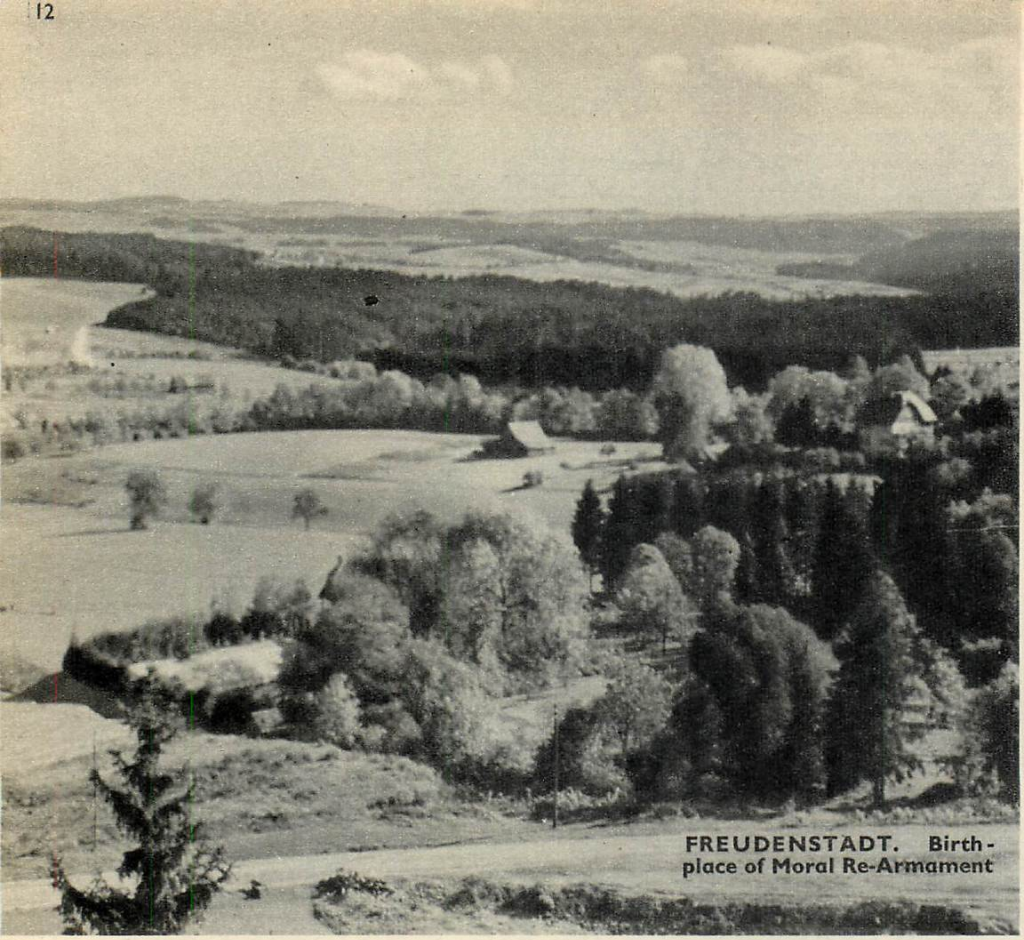
None put this more vividly than Roger Braquier, the young trade-union fighter, with his blue suit and grey woollen sweater, his hollow cheeks and deep-sunk shining eyes. "You have before you a proletarian. To some people maybe that stands for a strange beast. When I was young I almost died of hunger. I slept under bridges and lived on scraps of food that I picked out of dustbins. I wanted to fight, to destroy, to destroy . . ." The Assembly sat motionless as the slight figure at the microphone paused. "I became a Marxist, a revolutionary. Marxism for me was an ideology to which I gave my whole life. But while I fought to bring happiness to others I had not found happiness for myself or my family. I tell you all—Moral Re-Armament is a greater ideology than Marxism—for one simple reason. While I fight as hard as ever for others, MRA has meant that my wife and family are united, and despite our poverty we know real happiness. We have scraped together our last coppers to get here. We are convinced that through this ideology you and we can save France and the world."

Four workers from a factory extracting by-products from coal in the heart of the mining area of the North who had come to the first week-end of the Assembly returned convinced that there was a force hitherto unknown to them in this ideology; and by the radiance of their faces and the conviction in their voices, they persuaded thirty-eight of their comrades to come to the second week-end at Le Touquet. A great number of them spoke, telling us that they were determined to fight for teamwork in industry. For none of them had ever seen a conference like this bringing a new hope of brotherhood among all the workers. Among them were delegates representing all the Trade Union groups and they found a new basis of unity in the family of Moral Re-Armament.

For my part I am convinced that in the present state of France no other solution is possible. I have seen many new ideas before, but none has brought me the deep joy that I feel at this moment, for I can see the coming dawn of the French renaissance. The ideology of Moral Re-Armament brings the answer to all domestic, national and international problems.

Strikes lead only to hate and sorrow. We must find another way. The heart of the workers is beginning to change. The heart of French management is beginning to change. The French have a vigour, a force, when they are convinced, which makes them win through all their revolutions. Le Touquet means hope for France. If France goes under, centuries of civilisation will go under with her. But France will not go under because we are determined she shall not. Just as we did in the Resistance, we are going to fight this battle with our whole heart, with all our faith. By saving France we shall save the world.

# REVOL
# ON THE



FREUDENSTADT. Birthplace of Moral Re-Armament

The Good Road cavalcade

**By GRETA HENNEMANN**
**Correspondent of the *Tagesspiegel*, Berlin**

THE cavalcade which crossed the border from Switzerland into Germany last month brought more than the cast of *The Good Road*, more than 250 people from 25 nations. It brought the vital elements for which defeated, divided Germany hungers. It brought the faith, the hope, the warmth of affection from which a new world can be built.

To those of us Germans who took part in the 1948 World Conference for Moral Re-Armament in Caux, this journey was more than a gesture. It was a political factor, a second step on the road out of our isolation. The first step was Caux where the doors of the world were first opened to us Germans. Over and over again on the journey we found the truth of a statement made by Minister President Maier in Stuttgart: "Since the end of the war no man living has done as much for Germany as Frank Buchman."

The tour with *The Good Road* was rich in pictures and memories.

**ULM.** The ancient Gothic cathedral whose spire still reaches to heaven amid the ruins where *The Good Road* chorus sang its songs for Germany for the first time in Germany—"Everything can be different," and "You can rebuild the homeland, God has a plan for you, stop staring hopelessly at the ruins. . . ." The centuries-old majesty of the cathedral rang with the fresh young voices. It was an unusual note—pure, hopeful, new.

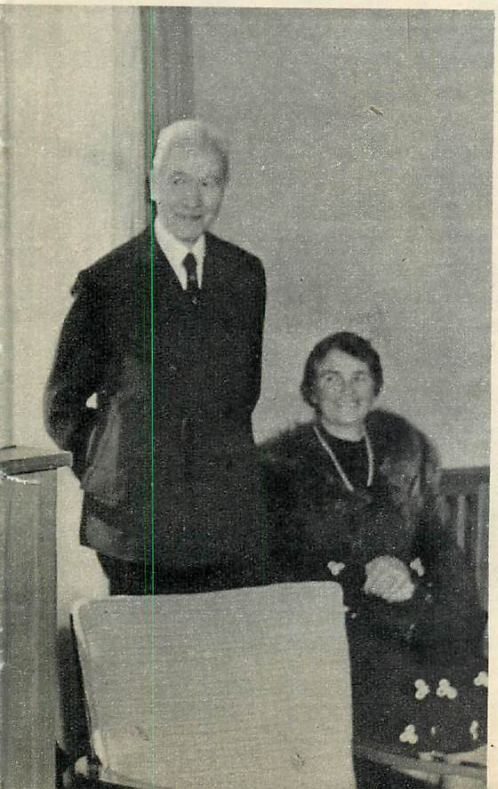
**MUNICH.** I see again the newly rebuilt Gartnerplatz Theatre and the faces of my Munich friends. The change of expression—from astonishment, thought, doubt, to faith and joy. In happier days Munich was once the city of warmth, friendliness and joy of living, a city of artists and festivals, and of sturdy farmers. That evening as I heard "Take the Good Road" sung in German I felt—all the past is still there. It will survive the long nights of bombing, the long queues before the empty shops. The men of Munich are a friendly, jolly lot. If their present melodies are mournful, they still have the music of Haydn, of Mozart, and of Bruckner, men who believed in God, in their blood.

In Caux it had seemed like a miracle to

**"No one has done so much for Germany," said Minister President Maier (seated) welcoming**

# UTION RHINE

Dr. F. N. D. Buchman to Germany at a State reception in Wurttemberg-Baden



ESSEN. Jungle of tangled steel and wire

me to experience the unity of belief and action, and above all the laughter and the happy faces. Now I saw the same thing happening in Germany. People's faces changed. They became open, receptive, dropped their masks.

After the performance I went back-stage with a crowd of my Munich friends and introduced them to Ritva from Finland, Jackie from Detroit, Sven from Norway, Ingrid from Sweden, Ma Nyein Tha from Burma, Mrs. Sohma from Japan.

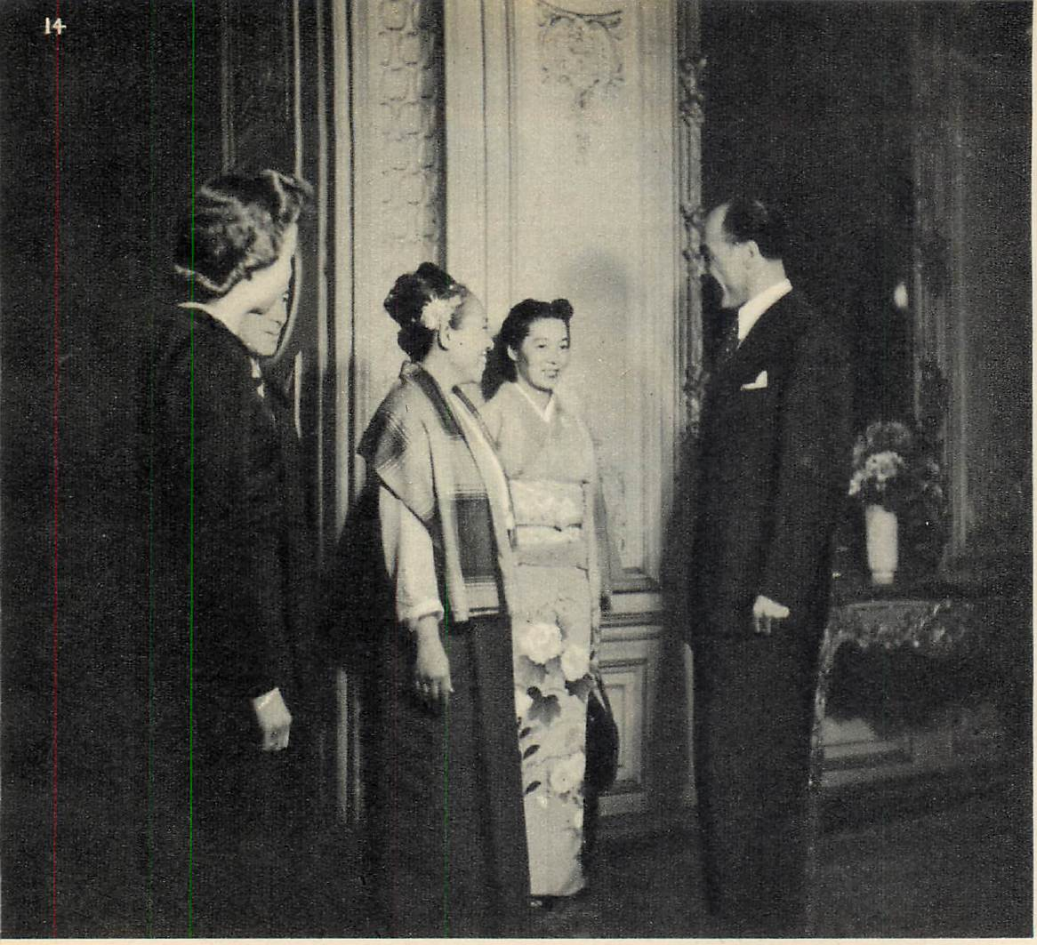
You might imagine my friends would view these strangers as a sensation and objects of curiosity. You would be wrong ! Again and again we saw that the message of *The Good Road* is the same all over the world. It goes from man to man. It appeals to everyone. Everyone responds. It works in Munich just as in Washington, or Paris, Rome or Tokio. It hits personally both the critics and the applauding masses.

One unforgettable scene : Ma Nyein Tha, back-stage, talking, with lively gestures of her eloquent hands, with two Munich stagehands. In the theatre the lights were already being put out. At the entrance steps the cars and buses were starting up. But on the stage the three were still deep in conversation. "When we listen, God speaks. When we obey, God acts. . . ." And word by word, in spite of language difficulties, the idea penetrates and is understood. "Yes, when you look at these people, these young people on the stage tonight, it is clear we have not had actors before like that in this theatre. They are different. Cleaner. Simpler. They do everything in such clean-cut, sensible, friendly fashion that they must be right. Everyone should be like that. My boy should be like that." "And you can be like that too," said my Burmese friend. "Change, and you find the way."

**STUTTGART.** The days had become as warm as summer again. A deep blue sky over the woods with autumn-tinted leaves, on the slopes of the hills which surrounded the city. Receptions, performances in the City Theatre, conferences with journalists, students, trades union men, politicians.

Long after midnight I came back to Korntal, on the outskirts of the city. "Of course you'll soon be able to get to bed," I thought, and quietly opened the door of the home where I was staying.

As I stepped into the room I was amazed



East and West meet on the Good Road. Ma Nyein Tha from Burma and Mrs. Sohma from Japan meet Minister President Karl Arnold of North Rhine-Westphalia

to see it brightly lit. The table was decked as though for a celebration. The eagerly expectant faces of father, mother, son, daughter and the neighbour's family were looking at me. They had waited patiently for my return.

"Tell us about Caux, and about Frank Buchman," they said. "We have been talking the whole evening about this Good Road, the Caux road. Do tell us more"

Gone were the weariness and the fatigue of the long sultry day in Stuttgart. As we rose from the table the horizon was clear with the early light of dawn—above the dark valley-bowl in which Stuttgart lies, and above the thousands of ruined houses.

Dozens of families had been awake like we had this night. The difference between these talks and others was this: they didn't lead to a dead end. They didn't end in resigning ourselves to the worst or in anxious waiting for final catastrophe to break loose. In the talks that followed *The Good Road* an answer was given. The words "Fear not" were a living reality without which man in the Atom Age must crack.

**FREUDENSTADT** in the Black Forest. Ten years ago Frank Buchman strayed here on a visit. Here ten years ago the thought of the need for a world revolution, Moral Re-Armament, came to him and an idea was born.

We sat around Frank Buchman, a seventy-year-old, laughing, good humoured man in the midst of a world family. And around the house in Freudenstadt were the ageless hills and woods, in their autumn colours, the Black Forest at its most beautiful.

On the approaches to Frankfurt we passed the great Rhine-Main Air Base. Silhouettes of big aircraft were dark against the evening sky. "Air-bridge to Berlin," remarked someone, and suddenly Berlin seemed to be close to us. Crisis, danger and dire need lowered at us from the clear night-sky, pin-pointed with stars.

"What we bring, our message, is for Berlin too. Whether we can go there or not, our message is there already—right in the heart of Germany. Ideas have legs and are on the move." So said the girl student who sat at my side.

In my mind's eye I could see the endless heaps of rubble which bear the name of Berlin. I could feel the tension, the boundaries that mark the front lines of warring sectors, the maddest of all front lines that cuts a city in two. I knew that

"Here's my problem." One of thousands who came to find how to get on the Good Road

## AN IDEOLOGICAL INVASION

"More has been done to win the German people to democracy in the last two days than in the previous three years," said a military Government official in the American zone.

"What Dr. Buchman has done for Germany lays a special task upon us and I here publicly take up that responsibility. We Germans want to promise here before him that we shall carry out in our borders the principles of Moral Re-Armament," pledged the Minister President of Wurttemberg-Baden at a state reception in Dr. Buchman's honour.

The Minister President of North Rhine-Westphalia thanked the cast on behalf of the Government. "Your coming has left a lasting and real impression —in factories, workshops, farms and offices. You have come to a destroyed continent to remove hate from the hearts of men and nations. You have succeeded up to now in this tremendous task."

we had to run a race with time. And win it.

Our journey led on by the Rhine banks to Dusseldorf and Essen. Here in the coal-mines and steel-works beats the heart of Germany. It beats—slowly, sick and restlessly—but still, it beats. It went on beating even when the front surged forward through the country of Rhine and Ruhr. In many a coal-mine the work under the earth went on even then. Coal was tougher than war.

But here a destruction more terrible than anywhere else met the eyes of the 250 ambassadors of the Good Road. It was a maze of smashed concrete walls, iron girders and collapsed sheds. They came through Essen, a city which is 90 per cent. destroyed, in which day after day roar the explosions of dismantling for reparation. It is a city which gazes at the clouds with endless weariness in its grey face.

In Essen the Lord Mayor of the city, Dr. Heinemann, spoke of the "grace of nothingness"—die Gnade des Nullpunktes. "Germany must learn the grace that comes to those who have nothing—the grace of nothingness." It was a sentence born out of a spirit that is revolutionising men's thinking. It was spoken in the smashed armament centre of Germany which tomorrow can be the centre for ideological armaments of the mind and spirit of man.

The grace of nothingness means the new type of man, the man who does not rely on material security but is fighting for a world in which God is once more God and man is the brother of his fellow men.

The Land of Rhine and Ruhr, hammered on the anvil of suffering, is being filled with a new thinking which can work miracles. It can become a corner stone in the building of a new world.

ed monthly by New World News, 4 Hays Mews, London, W.1. Phone: Grosvenor 3443.
by Rembrandt Photogravure Limited, Hagden Lane, Watford. *December* 1948.
iption: 7/6 a year, post free, to all countries.
ublished in U.S.A., 833, S. Flower St., Los Angeles, California.

ROAD OF ALL THE NATIONS