



# NEW WORLD NEWS

FOR MORAL RE-ARMAMENT

## Two days in the life of 12 Palace Street

*'The requirements for the new centre called for rather more accommodation than could be contained within the volume of building that we were permitted to construct.'*

THIS British understatement the architects of MRA's new headquarters at 12 Palace Street, London SW 1 described the task of extending outwards and upwards the existing building.

How successful they were is shown by the variety of ways in which the different parts of the building are used.

Over the past ten years nearly £800,000—given sacrificially by people all over Britain and in 50 other countries—has been put into creating this modern theatre and administrative and conference centre.

The move to a new part of London was sealed on 31 January by the announcement that 45 Berkeley Square was being put up for sale—a decision widely reported on TV and radio and in the press. The correspondent of the Calcutta daily *Amrita Bazar Patrika* cabled his paper with news of this consolidation around the Westminster Theatre: 'In the course of time this area will become known as Moral Re-Armament Square just as Gray's Inn Road where the London Times moved about a year ago is named New Printing House Square.' (*The Times* has been published since 1785 in Printing House Square.)

Visionary perhaps, but this comment was given content by the scale of activity there the first weekend of February—a weekend in which more than 1700 people passed through the doors of the centre, two performances of *Give a Dog a Bone* were given, four film showings took place and over 750 meals were served on five different levels of the building. There was a national conference for Moral Re-Armament.

### On with the show

On the Saturday 1074 adults and children saw *Give a Dog a Bone*. The audiences included parties from Ireland, Wales, Liverpool, Sheffield and Bristol

and 200 people from one industry alone. Between performances the cast were shown a film, and after the evening show—the last of this season's run of the pantomime—work went immediately forward on stage to get ready for the next production.

On the Saturday, too, preparations were going ahead in the kitchen for serving lunch to the next day's conference. About seventy people, aged 12

I am most thankful for the large heartedness of this varied group of men and women from Ireland, who have come here for several days to share with us a pattern of answers instead of the pessimism of problems.

My belief is that God, and also MRA, is more concerned with the destiny of Ireland than with the divisions of Ireland. To accept that destiny may be the answer to Irish divisions, and it may also be the answer to English indifference and self-absorption. If my indifference is cured, the other man's extreme measures may not seem necessary to him.

Millions of us here have lived in an assumption of rightness which freezes people in problems, instead of with the sensitive and caring heart which opens the door to answers. Ireland has grievously suffered from this quality in us, and I for one am sorry for it. We are also beginning to see the cost of it in our own lives, and in our families and industries.

Now these men and women have generously come over to stand by our side and battle for an answer which will go out to the world. I ask you to pray for their days here. ♪

**ROLAND WILSON**  
welcoming men and women from Ireland to the conference.

to 75, helped cook and serve lunch for 495 people.

The full auditorium of the Westminster Theatre on the Sunday morning reflected all sides of British life—dozens of trade unionists, numbers of employers, professional men and women, priests, housewives, students. The audience ranged from Jim Beggs, President of the Melbourne Waterside Workers (dockers) to Chief Xolo, Minister of Public Works in Kwazulu, South Africa, from a leader of Black Power to a party in wheelchairs from the Royal Hospital and Home for Incurables.

### Against the tide

Men and women from Northern Ireland and the Republic, Protestant and Catholic, 'united through the crucible of suffering' jolted any sense of indifference and even cynicism as they shared their experiences.

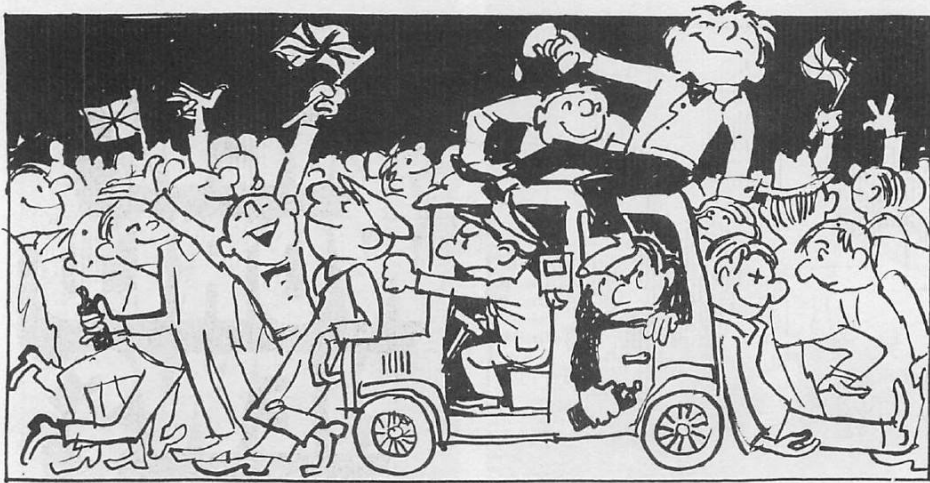
One of the party, a shop steward's convener, told those present, 'When you give your life to God He makes you responsible not only for yourself but for your neighbour. I've learned not to swim with the tide. Now when passions rise God has me under control. God is using me, I'm not using Him.'

The Irish party presented for the first time publicly in Britain their film *Belfast Report* which portrays their convictions and which they recently have shown 38 times in 16 cities in the United States and Canada. A trade unionist from Birmingham, where there has been much bitterness following the recent bomb outrage in the city, commented after seeing the film, 'My heart has been opened to Ireland today.' A senior professional man, referring to 800 years of Ireland's past, said, 'I'm a student of history. This is the first time I have been given hope.'

### Fund for Asian musical

At an afternoon session *The Smile of the Apsara*, featuring the visit to Laos of the musical *Song of Asia*, was shown twice. It is one of three new docu-

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**ON THE NIGHT** the war with Japan ended I found myself celebrating the occasion on the roof of a London taxi at 3 o'clock in the morning. The mist which made navigation along the Mall difficult was in no way helped by my general condition.

For most the activities of this night were to celebrate a special occasion. For myself they were also perhaps typical of my life up till then, where money was plentiful, work was a matter of choice, and privilege was considered one's just deserts.

My family have been landowners in Wales for more than four hundred years. My grandfather represented a Welsh constituency in Parliament. My great grandfather pioneered the early railway system in Mid-Wales and lost a fortune so doing. I myself had the chance of a good education and later served with the Welsh Guards.

When my father died what was left of our 5,000 acre estate after death duties went to my brother, whose tragic death two years later further depleted our family inheritance.

At present I farm a modest 160 acres in Mid-Wales, and have a wonderful family in the form of my wife and two children. I was formerly High Sheriff for my County and more recently have been appointed a Justice of the Peace.

Respectable. Yes. Possibly. But is respectability enough in an age that is wracked by division and scarred by discontent?

In 1948 I found myself in the Rhondda in the home of a leading member of the Communist Party. It was 9 pm when I called to see him and six hours later at 3 am I left.

Imagine the situation. Twenty-one years of age; recently out of the Guards with the background already outlined. Young, eager, with a fair idea of my own importance and that of my family and background; yet full of reasonable ideas regarding equality and a vague wish to establish it. An idealist at heart, but completely clueless about what goes on in the heart and mind of the man I was facing. What had gone into making him the man he was?

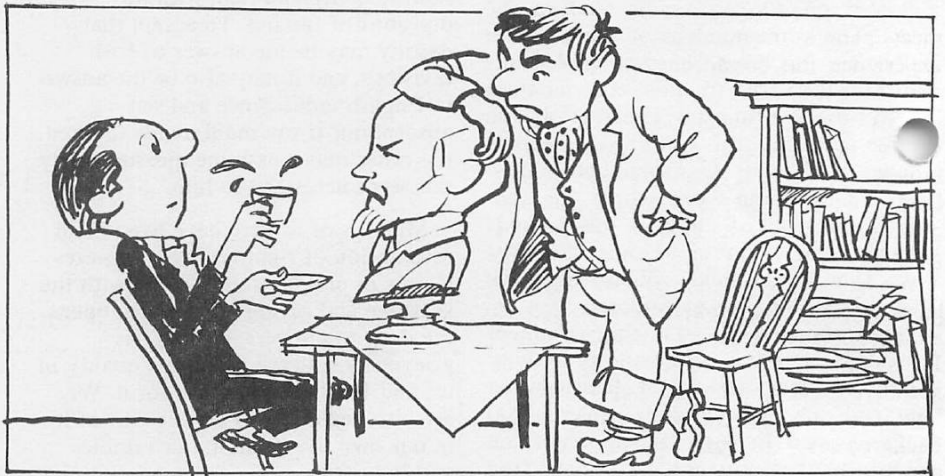
With a thump that gave a further jolt to my starry-eyed approach, George, for

that was his name, removed a bust of Lenin from the kitchen mantelpiece and banged it on the table between us. 'This is the man I believe in,' he began, 'because the Communist Party were the only people who gave me an education.'

Impelled by what appeared to be a sense of injustice he proceeded to describe how from the age of eight he used to attend a Communist night school in Cardiff; his feeling of bitterness created by the inhumanity of the industrial revolution, which had caused tragedy and even death within his own family. Then came the Spanish Civil War, in which he played a significant role both in recruitment and in leadership of the British Battalion.

He then faced me squarely and reinforcing every word with his forefinger said, 'I would like to see people like you and your class put up against a wall and shot.'

I was speechless. That anybody would have dared to say anything like this to me with my background and high ideals was unbelievable. What could I say to



such an expression of feeling which seemed to rise from the very bowels of his being? There was nothing to be said.

At that time I was living in the home of a miner in Merthyr. A family of nine; a marvellous warmhearted family who sensed how ill-at-ease I was and did their best to meet me on it. Humanly we were poles apart; our interest and outlook completely different.

George, for that was also the name of my host, was one of the early pioneers

of the Trades Union Movement in the Valleys, in the days when it was illegal to form a trades union. I shall never forget my astonishment, when George, offering me a bath, ushered me into the boiler house of the nearby Methodist Chapel. I was shown a hip-bath wedged between a boiler and a heap of coke. With a broad impish grin he handed me a towel, soap and a jug of hot water and left me to get on with it. His departing suggestion was that I should undress in the Chapel so that my clothes would not get dirty.

Going to bed and rising in the morning was a work of art. With nine in the family and only two bedrooms and



## 'The only face of ca

by Norman G  
a farmer and former High

Illustrations by Bill

three beds, accommodation was tight. The girls and Margaret, the mother, who slept in one room, had to go through the men's bedroom to gain access to their own, and so went to bed before us. The process was repeated in the morning to the accompaniment of all manner of noises from between the bed-clothes from the male population as the patter of feet could be heard descending the stairs.

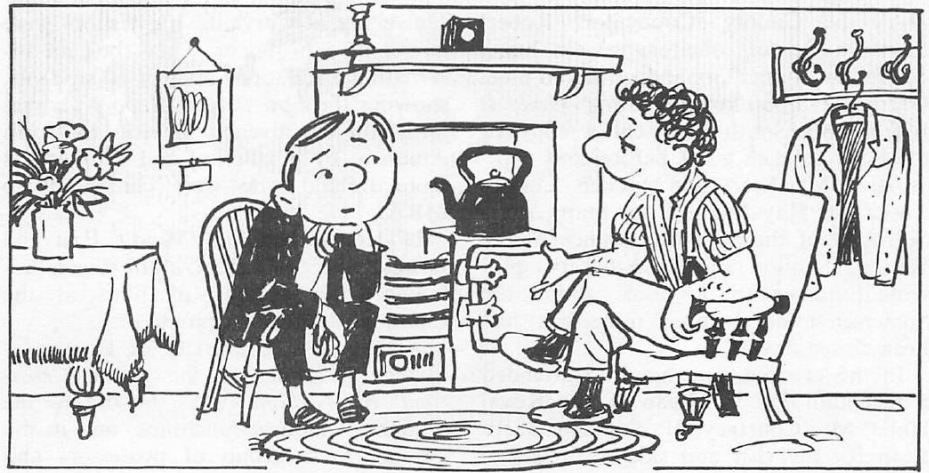
It was winter and the only heater was

a paraffin one which burned all night in our room. The double bed carried two of the sons, a Swedish lad and myself. Dad shared the single with the youngest lad.

What with the chorus of snores, the paraffin heater, and the general movement in bed I hardly slept a wink for the first few nights. One of my tasks was to visit the local fish and chip shop up the street to collect the evening meal for the family.

It was with good intentions and high motives, so I thought, that I had come to the mining valleys. Somehow I wanted to help people find something new in their lives; but to have to share these conditions for a prolonged period was quite another matter. After three days I told a friend that I had had enough. I felt completely out of my depth and that the sooner I got back to the people and conditions I understood the better.

My friend was sympathetic but firm. 'How can you tackle the problems in country if you are not prepared to



bitterness in men like him was preposterous! Anyway it was the first time we had met, so what had it to do with me?!

Shortly before this a friend had helped me to find a new understanding with my father with whom relationships had gone sour and a real bitterness had crept in. 'Suppose your father is 99 per cent wrong and you are only 1 per cent in the wrong,' he said, 'would it not be easier for you to put right your 1 per cent than for him to deal with his 99 per cent.'

When I faced honestly my share of the blame and put it right with him, he responded. From this simple beginning we found a new understanding which grew until his death ten years later and which I shall always value.

It was on this basis that I began to see the reality of what had been said to me by my Communist Party acquaintance. I was also grateful to my host, who in a most delicate manner helped me to see and understand the true cost of the class war as I, and as so many in our nation, had been living it. He told me how he from the other side had found an answer to his bitterness against the way people like myself had lived, and who had advantages which he and his family could never expect.

Governments in vain try to deal with the malaise by promises of material wealth and the better life. Human nature simply does not work like that.

As one brought up in privilege, who in his late teens and early twenties spent

what was to most working men a week's wage in a few nights in the London night clubs, I can tell you that the most well-intentioned government will not satisfy the bottomless pit of greed and worship of the ownership of things, by mere promises of the better life.

They can have no better authority than Mr Khrushchev when as a disillusioned social revolutionary he said, 'The contradictions in the Communist Society have their causes in the inability to make a selfless man.'

Solzhenitsyn in *Cancer Ward* makes the old revolutionary Shulubin re-inforce this admission of the failure of materialism when he says: 'We thought it was enough to change the mode of production and immediately people would change as well. But the hell they did! They did not change a bit.'

The same could be said of the ardent promoters of the 'acceptable face of Capitalism.' The only acceptable face of Capitalism is a revolutionary change in capitalists where the whole motive of living is altered from one of 'get' to 'give'. Where capital is used for the benefit of all and for the exploitation of none.

But before this can happen people like myself and those in positions of power in industry and government must face honestly what our motives and the way we have used our wealth and power have done to other people in terms of the bitterness we have caused. The cost of this bitterness to the economy and the country then needs to be weighed.

## 'acceptable Capitalism'

Green-Price JP  
in Sheriff of Radnorshire

Cameron Johnson

meet people in their own homes and experience the conditions and problems they have to face?'

This was a turning point for me. It was a fair question and demanded an honest response. I was to stay in that home for a further six months, an experience for which I shall always be grateful.

We had many laughs together but also hard words were spoken as we tried to adjust ourselves to each other's thinking. It is one thing occasionally to meet socially; quite another to live cheek-by-jowl for such a time with such varied backgrounds. I still marvel at the patience of George and his family.

It was shortly after this decision to stay on in the mining valleys that I met the Communist of whom I spoke earlier. From that meeting I returned to Merthyr seething with indignation. I could not accept the implication of what had been said. I tried to soothe my state of mind by blaming my recent host's remarks on lack of upbringing and manners. To imply that the way I and my class had lived over the past fifty or so years had helped to foster the



●AVON County Councillor Robert Smith, a Bristol solicitor, gave a lunch for fellow councillors and others to meet Garth Lean, author of *Good God, It Works!* Mr Smith had sent a copy of the book to each guest beforehand.

After Mr Lean had spoken County Councillor Ray Inchley, for many years Secretary of the Somerset Branch of the National Union of Mineworkers, presented him with a book about the Somerset miners whose mine has just been closed down.

In the evening, one hundred attended a reception for Mr Lean in the Royal Hotel. Mrs Courtney, JP, thanked Garth Lean for his visit and said the message of his book was much needed in the crisis Britain faces today.

●THE DOCUMENTARY FILMS *Belfast Report*, *Crossroad of Nations*, and *A Man For All People* were shown recently in Seattle, Washington and Portland, Oregon, by an MRA team from Western Canada.

During a two-day visit to Oregon State

University at Corvallis, the visitors were guests of a professor. They took an International Relations class of 60 students, showing the film *Belfast Report* and relating the effectiveness of visits to North America by Catholics and Protestants from Ireland who were committed to MRA.

Under the headline 'Middle East and Ireland' the *Corvallis Gazette-Times* announced an evening of films at the Campus Methodist Church.

At the rival University of Oregon at Eugene 40 miles to the south, *Crossroad of Nations* was shown in the Students Union at lunchtime, and in the evening to a group of professors and teachers.

At Oregon State University *Tomorrow Will Be Too Late* was screened. It shows Peter Howard speaking at universities in the United States and Canada in 1964. The film ends with the last words of his speech at Oregon State University: 'I know that if the people of this nation or if the people of this campus take on this supreme task, not only their children

but the children's children of the whole earth will rise up and call them blessed.'

●A SPOKESMAN for the Committee for Moral Re-Armament in Ethiopia cabled London last week asking that the first available copy of the film *The Smile of the Apsara* be 'rushed soonest' as 'plasma for a bleeding country'.

A colleague in London who knows Ethiopia well said, 'This film shows experience in Laos in developing a solution to its fratricidal and ideological divisions. It ignites the heart and will to grasp God's way in a parallel situation.'

He launched an appeal for money to buy the film and for books which have also been urgently asked for. The vicar of a South London church, hearing of this, spoke of the request during a service and raised £57 from his congregation towards the film. An air traveller took the copy this week to Addis Ababa.

Contributions for the Ethiopia fund can be sent to the treasurer, J Baynard-Smith, 8 Hernes Road, Oxford.

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mentaries produced in the film studios above the auditorium in the past year.

Peter George, an executive with Barclays Bank, decried his recent visit to India where, in Delhi, he had seen *Song of Asia*. He was convinced that it was needed in Europe this year and he was opening a fund to help raise the money to make it possible. (Cheques can be made payable to P L George SOA Travel Fund and sent to him c/o 12 Palace Street. The account, which is at Barclays Bank 19-21 Moorgate, EC2, has the number 50011797.)

## Planning groups

All over the building groups met to plan action in their industries, professions and communities, whether in the spacious Sanderson Room graced by the Segerstråle mural 'Barbed-wire or reconciliation' or in the multi-purpose restaurant/cinema.

In the library—created in memory of the late Lord Provost of Glasgow, Sir Patrick Dollan, and Lady Dollan—councillors and others involved with civic life were in session. They were arranging a civic conference in May, the further use of colour slides of last year's civic bus party to the World Assembly in Caux, Switzerland and this summer's visit to Caux of a joint civic and parliamentary delegation.

At one end of the foyer the bookshop was besieged while in another part doctors discussed the unrest in their profession. 'Medicine should be kept out of the class war arena,' said one doctor. 'We want to help all our colleagues to

think not just for our rights but for the country as a whole.'

The accents of Gloucestershire, Worcestershire, Cheshire and East Anglia could be heard in the Frank Buchman room as farmers exchanged views. Some of them had been in Rome at the time of the FAO World Food Conference. One farmer left the meeting to go to Brussels to meet men concerned with the agricultural policy of the EEC. Others consulted about a visit to Brazil to work out with senior men there ways of feeding the world more effectively. An invitation from Canadian farmers to be represented at a conference in Banff, Alberta in June was delivered.

## Now is the time

In the Tapestry room, beneath the portraits of Peter Howard and Chief Walking Buffalo, a lively back and forth developed between men of industry, most of them members of the AEUW and the T & GW. A Birmingham convener, Bert Allen, said that it was twenty years since there had been a strike in his factory because he achieved more in the spirit of MRA for his men than he could with industrial unrest. 'The right time to do the right thing is right now,' he said.

Jack Carroll, former leader of the Bristol dockers, said, 'We need to be involved in the world. We must plan to think outward, to think of the starving millions, to think of India, Africa, the Americas.'

These men began to work out plans for future conferences and how to make themselves available to help in other countries. The next step was a dinner—

which took place this week—where senior management from the car industry could meet their opposite numbers in the unions and on the shop floor.

Earlier Jim Beggs, the Australian dockers' leader said that his union's militancy was being directed in a way that was of such benefit to his membership that they now enjoyed the best conditions and wages of any labouring industry in his country. This came about not through confrontation but through negotiation, he said. 'To get justice we used hearts and heads not muscle.'

An advisor to the Engineering Industry Training Board said that the union men he had heard speak were the right kind of spur to management. A leader of the tobacco workers said, 'Listening to them I realised I have taken wrong routes.' Speaking of an industrial action he had led, he said 'If we looked at things differently we'd have done things differently. My feelings were personal so I lost perspective.'

## An end to fragmentation

Commenting on the people who came to the centre over the weekend and the way in which it was used, Roland Wilson said, 'This can be a pattern of what these buildings are meant to do. The world can come here and our decisions will affect the world.'

'MRA is a God-arched plan for the whole of humanity. If it is going to win it requires hearts and minds and wills that have consciously decided to embrace the world. It is the positive answer to the desperate disease of every man concentrated on his own thing which is fragmenting the people of the earth.'