

NEW WORLD NEWS



SPRING IN
THE VALLEYS
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BATTLE LINE

|||| "World change through world clash" is the motto of the militant ideologies which strive to reshape modern society. Clash—inevitable, necessary, inescapable clash—is to them both the clue to the past and the key to the future. Through world war to world peace, through ever-sharpening division to ultimate unity, through inevitable conflict to a world society in which the very causes of conflict shall be no more—this is the core of their philosophy of history.

|||| Class conflict and race conflict, class war and race war—are these the laws which govern the universe, as they have undoubtedly been among the basic factors which have shaped human history? Do they represent the only road by which men can travel to a new world? Or is there a more fundamental struggle, the recognition of which can provide a deeper understanding of the past, and victory in which can offer a more radical solution for the future?

|||| On these questions the first Easter throws a penetrating light. It is a drama of clash—clash in which every generation has seen something more than a conflict between personalities, something cosmic and eternal. It was not a clash of race or class, not even a conflict between religion and atheism. The men responsible for the tragedy were neither militant materialists, nor open flaunters of the moral code.

|||| The clash which Easter dramatises was a more fundamental one. It was a moral clash—a decisive battle in the eternal conflict between Good and Evil. And the battle was fought first and foremost in the hearts and minds of men and women. The men who sent Jesus to the Cross were men of widely different backgrounds and philosophies of life. But three things they had in common. They hated the searchlight of absolute moral standards turned remorselessly

upon their lives and policies. They rejected a spiritual authority which their conscience told them demanded the utmost allegiance of heart and mind and will. And faced with the challenge to change and the opportunity to change, they refused to accept it.

|||| Change through clash is at the heart of the Easter ideology—a revolutionary change in human nature, through victory in the moral struggle in every heart. This alone can solve the conflict of class and class, race and race, for it alone can remove, in men and in society, the fundamental causes of conflict.

|||| The professed exponents of spiritual power have not always demonstrated the Easter secret of revolutionary change. They have not always fought at every level the eternal battle between Good and Evil, whether in their own lives or the life of society. That is why genuine revolutionaries who are out for a new world have been led to accept the dictum that religion is dope, and to turn to material force as the only hope for a changed society. They have come to view personal faith as the enemy to social change, and the promise of "pie in the sky by and by" as the unsatisfactory alternative to radical revolution in the "nasty now and now."

|||| The ideology of Easter removes these false alternatives. It offers, to quote Dr. Frank Buchman, an experience "valid for a change of heart, for changed social conditions, for true national security, for international understandings." It discloses an unfolding purpose in which, through a common struggle against evil, the ordinary man and the statesman can cooperate in weaving the pattern of a genuinely new order. It reveals the philosophy, the passion, the plan, and above all the power, which can usher in the greatest revolution of all time, whereby the Cross of Christ can transform the world.

MEN OF THE VALLEYS



JAMES COULTER, who is writing a series of articles for the *Melbourne Age*, reports on his visit to the South Wales coalfield

WHEN you walk down High Street, Tonypanydy, you may not notice the khaki-clad soldiers or see the glint of their fixed bayonets.

You may not see eight-year-old boys going down the pit for a twelve-hour shift.

But these scenes do live in the Rhondda today. They live in the mind of every responsible citizen in the South Wales valleys. They have happened in the living memory of most. They are some of the bitter, undeniable facts of the past that have formed the philosophy of the men of industry in South Wales and given them the courage to act upon it.

The fire of these people and the bitterness of their industrial history has made them the spearhead of the British revolutionary movement. At first they fought with the Christian flame of men like Keir Hardie, Labour Member of Parliament for Merthyr, and spurned with him the doctrine of class war. But as the years passed and they became disillusioned with Christ-

ian practice as they saw it around them, many turned to the teachings of Marx. Today, many (who still agree deeply with some of Marx's economic theories) are doubtful in their heart whether his ideology is, in fact, great enough to bring them the happy homes and classless society which they desire.

"Greater than Marx"

It was into this ideological set-up that MRA, with its play, *The Forgotten Factor*, broke when it came to Wales last May. Thirty-five thousand people saw it in Cardiff, the Rhondda and neighbouring valleys. Ideologically alive, they were swift to grasp its significance. "Greater than Marx," said the *South Wales Argus*. "An ideology stronger than Marxism," commented the *Aberdare Leader*, one of the most trusted and independent of the valley papers. And a voice of unique authority, Jack Jones, the author known all over the world as "The Voice of Wales,"

put it to me this way: "Something more revolutionary than any ism has hit South Wales. It is beginning the revolution of the spirit of the community."

I was invited to meet some of the living evidence of this fact which is walking around the valleys today.

Certainly Will was alive enough. Whether he sang with his fine baritone voice or laughed about his recovery from his mining accident, he was animated and vital. A committee man of the biggest NUM lodge in the Rhondda, Will looks the leader he is. "When I met Moral Re-Armament I had been a Marxist for twenty-six years and I investigated this new philosophy with much suspicion, but I am satisfied about it now." He added with a twinkle: "I would not say that mine was the St. Paul type of conversion. What change there's been has come bit by bit." But I found that it has reached proportions sufficient to surprise everyone from parson to pit manager.



Mr. Medicott, President of Aberdare Trades and Labour Council 1948-49



Mr. Howard Williams, engineer. He "came to terms with his mother-in-law"



County Councillor D. J. Lewis heads the Action Committee in Aberdare

So much for one home, but what were the effects of MRA on the life of the community? Among the first I spoke to was W. E. Hopkin, who is Chairman of the T.U.C. Advisory Committee for Wales and National President of the General and Municipal Workers. He said: "I am getting excellent reports from our Branches of how *The Forgotten Factor* is creating the spirit of goodwill in industry, and incidentally making my duties very much easier."

The energetic Lord Mayor of Cardiff, Alderman R. G. Robinson, told me last week: "I am amazed at the penetration of *The Forgotten Factor*. I meet its effect everywhere. One of the Cabinet was telling me only this week of its good effects on British agriculture."

One thing became increasingly clear. The influence of MRA has grown, not diminished, since the cast of *The Forgotten Factor* left the Valleys last July. I have come across many instances, great and small, which helped me to form that evaluation. But although the sum total of this evidence is impressive, it is like looking at an iceberg. What is seen is a mere fraction of the whole. So the incidents here referred to are typical of what is taking place rather than a total of what has happened.

A senior Government official, charged with industrial relations, told me this story. "Recently a serious dispute loomed up which looked like bringing one of the great industries of South Wales to a standstill. The Minister in London sent for me to report as all our efforts were abortive. Then I had guidance from God to settle it all on the basis of *The Forgotten Factor*.

I found that key men in the dispute at every level had seen the play. We settled the whole matter in a few hours. The visit to my Minister was unnecessary."

The story of how a manager had found a new basis of management through one of his miners caused lively interest at a uniquely attended meeting at Newport, at which I was present. Everyone was there, according to my colleague of the Newport paper, from the Chairman of the Conservative Party to the President of the Trades and Labour Council. The Manager was Harold Nash, of South Celyn Colliery, Abercarn, and the miner, Victor Welch, one of the only two coalface workers in South Wales to be secretary of his pit Consultative Committee.



"I used to drive the men and kick them around," said Nash. "But Welch has shown me a better way. MRA is an ideology to be lived twenty-four hours a day."

As they spoke the quality of their new relationship was obvious. Even more obvious was that these were not the sort of men who were interested in a cosy conversion. But they were prepared for costly change to have an answer to give the

world. I found that they were representative of scores of mining men from the South Wales coalfield who had gone abroad to carry the fruits of their new ideology.

Nash told how Welch and he had visited the French coalfields together during the November stoppage. "We walked into the CGT headquarters in Northern France and challenged the leaders to come and meet with us, members of the French Coal Board and workers and employers of other industries at a conference at Le Touquet. They came. It was something new in French industrial history. In the middle of the stoppage it was a miracle. French observers told us it was the beginning of a turn of the tide in France."

To plan the further advance of this ideology in Welsh industry a conference was called at Glan-y-Mor, Barry, which was attended by some 300 delegates from some forty industrial concerns in all parts of South Wales.

One of those who particularly impressed the conference was Mr. Arthur Williams, who spoke from fifty years' experience of the Welsh Steel Industry. He is now Vice-Chairman of the Welsh Tinplate Joint Industrial Council and Managing Director of the Clayton Tinplate Company of Pontardulais.

"If MRA principles are applied a solution can always ultimately be found," he declared. "During the last two years there have been two matters which we thought insoluble, yet they have been solved.

"I attribute this to the fact that some of us have never gone into negotiation without seeking God's direction beforehand. I believe that, whenever managements go



Mr. Arthur Williams—fifty years' experience in the Welsh Steel Industry



Mr. Tyler, from S. Wales's biggest Miners' Lodge is on Merthyr's Action Committee



Mr. Freeman takes the steel sheets which come red hot from the rollers

into negotiation with the men on this basis a satisfactory solution will be found."

The most tricky matter at present up for negotiation in the Welsh tinplate industry is the question of what happens when one or more of a rolling team of six is absent for a shift. Must the five men work the shift? Or can they go home? What adjustments in pay shall be made? And must a good team submit to rearrangements of personnel, and so possibly loss of wages, to help another team to function?

These questions are being worked out at a high level. But whatever the decisions of the high-ups, the personal element will remain. The Barry Conference heard a Llanelly workman tell how such a dispute can be successfully adjusted—a story which prompted the *South Wales Evening Post* to a two-column front page headline.

The worker, Ray Freeman, a firm-chinned, fresh-complexioned man of forty, works in the rolling department of a stamping works. A number of men take steel bars from a furnace and pass them to the senior man of the section who puts them through rollers. Freeman takes the sheets which come red-hot from the rollers, folds them and hands them back for further rolling. This is repeated several times until there may be as many as thirty-two thin sheets in a packet, after which they are cut apart. It is a highly skilled job.

One day last month the senior man was missing, and his job, which carries higher pay, should, by right of seniority, have fallen to Mr. Freeman. A spare man was available who knew the rolling job, but did not know the folding job. The foreman wanted to put him on the rolling machine,

but the seniority rule is highly prized, and the men have always been ready to down tools if it was infringed. Freeman told the assembly: "Here was someone taking my place and I was boiling over. But I was quiet for a moment and decided to let God have control rather than my feelings. Thereby I averted a strike as far as the men I was working with were concerned. I mentioned it to the foreman. He appreciated my action and will probably make me some compensation."

A departmental manager, the general foreman and three union committee men from Britain's largest continuous strip mill at Ebbw Vale, spoke together at the conference. Jointly they gave a picture of growing teamwork. The manager had



been a dictator. But he had changed his attitude and when a trained Marxist came into his department and became the men's representative, he knew a better way than fighting for his own ideas. "I was faced by a superior ideology," the Marxist, Jack Jones, told the conference. "For months I was suspicious but then I changed my attitude. We have become part of a healthy answer in industry instead of part of the

disease. I am no less a fighter for the workers but I now fight for what is right. Anything gained wrongfully will act as a boomerang in the future. Trade Unionism must be based on the spiritual principles on which Keir Hardie put it."

Another of the delegation from Ebbw Vale, showed from his own experience that personal decisions at home can have a great influence on efficiency in industry and the quality of trade union leadership.

A quiet steady worker, but with no special signs of leadership, he had contracted an unhappy marriage on the strength of a quick romance. Before long he sent his wife back to her family. He found an outlet in drinking. Then a fellow steelworker invited him to an MRA meeting. The things he heard kept him awake into the small hours with the result that he overslept the alarm and missed work. He awoke with an insistent thought that he should go and put things right with his wife. "I went down to the wife's place and to me it was like going to the lion's den," he said. "But I felt somebody had gone there beforehand. I said: 'I have a new outlook on life.' I told her about the meeting, and that I was prepared to have her back if she would have me." As they stood there together on the platform it was very obvious that they had made a new start in life.

The effect of this new spirit soon became apparent in his work. He has just been elected vice-chairman of his Union branch.

These men of steel have taken on responsibility for spreading their new industrial philosophy throughout the world of industry. The steel industry has always been

proud of its output and lack of strikes, but having no ideology to give to the less fortunate industries, may be infiltrated itself by undemocratic forces.

On St. David's Day three of these men, from Ebbw Vale, addressed a significant meeting in Swansea, called by the popular Mayor, Sir William Jenkins, and attended by delegates from the principal steel works of West Wales, as well as from many pits in the area. The NUM Lodge Committee of one pit cancelled its own meeting to travel to Swansea to hear them. Among the pits represented were the famous anthracite collieries, whose coal is the most sought after in the world; but in some pits production is so low that the nation is losing large sums on every ton that is raised. It is interesting that twenty-nine of these anthracite pits, many of them fine coal producers, but some among the greatest headaches of the National Coal Board, NUM and Government alike, have asked for *The Forgotten Factor* to be shown in their area, and if you call at the colliery, without (so to speak) having the cast in the trailer outside, there is serious trouble. The anthracite miners and the steelworkers of the west gave the Ebbw Vale men a rousing welcome. Swansea's evening paper commented in a four-column front-page headline:

"Britain can be saved only by its workers."

The production manager of one National

Coal Board area where *The Forgotten Factor* was shown to 15,000 people states that last year production rose by 7 per cent in his area, while it only rose 2 per cent in the whole Welsh coalfield. He expects at least another 7 per cent rise this year.

High on the list of causes he puts better relations between labour and management. Of *The Forgotten Factor* he writes: "It has had a great effect on our relationships which is showing itself in the negotiations between the Board and the Union. The big problem everywhere is to get co-operation at pit level, and this is doing it. There is not the acrimony and bitterness that there was. The Welsh collier is a realist and likes to see things working out practically. Men are quick to sense any change in management."

Action Committees

In the valleys and towns where *The Forgotten Factor* was shown, the work is being carried through by influential and enthusiastic Action Committees.

Merthyr Tydfil, famous steel and coal town, returned Keir Hardie as the first Labour M.P., and was perhaps the hardest hit of all British towns in the depression. Here the Committee of Action includes members of seven trade unions—the National Union of Mineworkers, the Constructional Engineers, the Allied and

Distributive Trades, the Amalgamated Engineering Union, the Clerical Workers, the Woodworkers and the Municipal and General Workers—as well as representatives of management. Firms like Welsh Products, Ltd., where the Managing Director, foremen and workers are on this Committee, have made a name for themselves in the district, and behind every member of the Committee is a vital and interesting story. Sometimes it is a moving personal story of reconciliation. Matthew Edwards, fifty-nine year-old miner, had made things up with his elder brother to whom he had not spoken for eighteen years. Howard Williams, thirty-five, of the Constructional Engineers, had come to terms with his mother-in-law, a veteran member of the Dowlais Labour Party and formerly his dearest enemy.

In Aberdare the Action Committee is headed by County Councillor D. J. Lewis and D. J. Medlicott, President of the Aberdare Trades and Labour Council. Together with three Aberdare councillors, including the incoming Chairman of the U.D.C., they have initiated a series of ideological training meetings, which would embrace every local union and factory.

The aims of these and other action committees are as follows:

(1) To hold regular ideological training meetings for shop stewards, branch officials and councillors.

(2) To inform the community by large public meetings and through the press.

(3) To penetrate homes and unions with MRA literature and especially with the monthly magazine *New World News*.

(4) To demand that MRA become the philosophy of the British press, broadcasting and Government.

Some people may deny that there is such a thing as an irresistible force. Others will claim that we have it in atomic power. But for me I will stake my hopes on the force and power represented by these groups of free men and women who are voluntarily giving everything to bring God's plan to their industries, nation and indeed the world. Are they not the personification of Buchman's challenge: "We, the remakers of the world—is that not the thinking and the willing of the ordinary man?"

Matthew Edwards, 59-year-old miner with his family—"a moving personal story."



LETTER TO THE READER

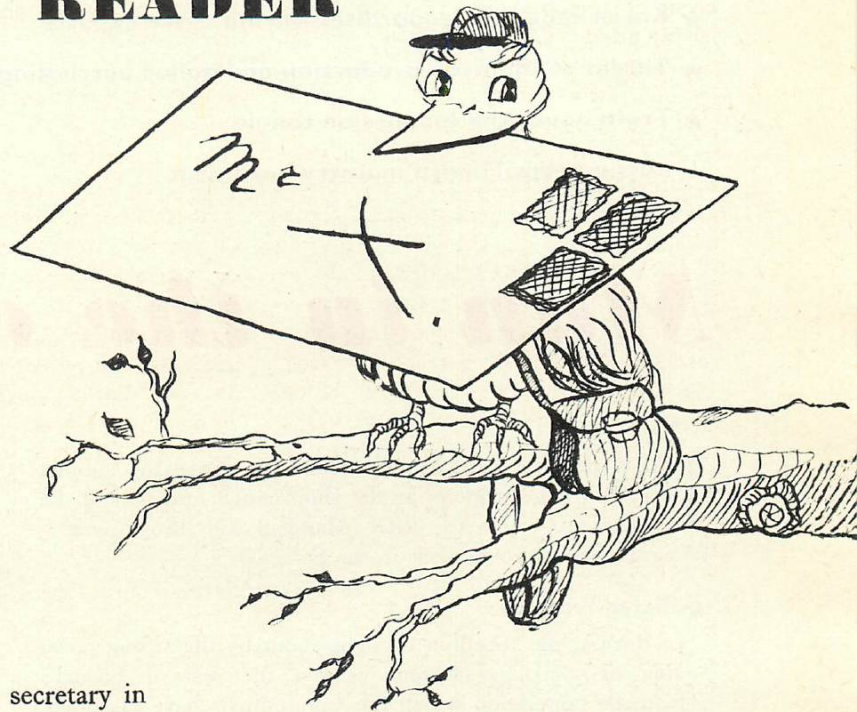
Dear Reader,

The telephone on my desk rang just as we were going to press this month.

A shop steward in one of London's biggest engineering works rang up to tell me what he planned to do with this first large-size issue of *New World News*.

He had just come in from his Friday shift. As the men crowded out of the factory gates he and his wife had sold them last month's paper, with the story of the industrial training going on in this country. Seventy-six men bought it. And he plans to make it 150 this month.

That is how the ideology will get to the millions.



A Branch Secretary writes

Another reader, who is a branch secretary in the Amalgamated Engineers Union, writes as follows:

"When I first started to fight for Moral Re-Armament in industry I realised at times I did not know how to put it over. So I decided to get my workmates reading *New World News*. I made four lists:

1. The people in my department who should take it.
2. The shop stewards who should have it.
3. The men in management.
4. The members of my trade union branch.

"Now I distribute 40 a month. Thirty go into the factory and 10 I keep in hand for people I am meeting day by day.

"I shall now have to find team-mates in the factory to deal with getting it out further."

Housewives are selling it

In Sheffield the wife of one of those who are applying Moral Re-Armament in industry plays her part by selling *New World News* to the other homes in her street.

BOUND VOLUMES of the 1948 numbers of **NEW WORLD NEWS** are now available. They may be obtained price 8s. 6d. from the Circulation Manager **NEW WORLD NEWS**, 4 Hays Mews, London, W.1.

What are you doing?

Write and let me know what are your plans to enlist new subscribers and sell *New World News*

**to your factory,
your local council,
your business friends.**

THE EDITOR.

- ★ Karen rebellion jeopardises Burma's rice exports
- ★ Threat to Malayan production and dollar purchasing power
- ★ Truth about the Indonesian tangle
- ★ Russia keeps Finnish industry hard at it

Man in the crow's nest

FEW people in this country, from the men at the Cabinet table to the workers at the shop bench, understand the extent to which the ERP (Marshall Aid) Programme is being undermined by events in the Far East.

★ Karen rebellion

In Burma, the rebellion brought about by the strong racial feeling of 2,000,000 Karens against the rest of Burma's 17,000,000 population which the Communists have exploited, has already cost 30,000 lives and £18,000,000 of treasure.

Since Burma was promised her independence, slaughter as an instrument of political policy has returned to that land. Aung San, the Prime Minister, was murdered with half his Cabinet by men armed with tommy guns. U Tin Tut, the Foreign Minister, was blown up by a bomb placed in his motor car. And the two Communist factions, the Red Flag (Stalinist) and the White Flag (Trotskyist) have both tried to mobilise the people of Burma in the interests of their own bids for power.

The Karens are a hill people from the uplands of Eastern Burma. Their achievements during the war in resistance to the Japanese occupation were outstanding.

They are not in the main Communists. But their strong national sentiments have led them into conflict with the Burma Government, and by rebelling now they have played into the hands of the Communists.

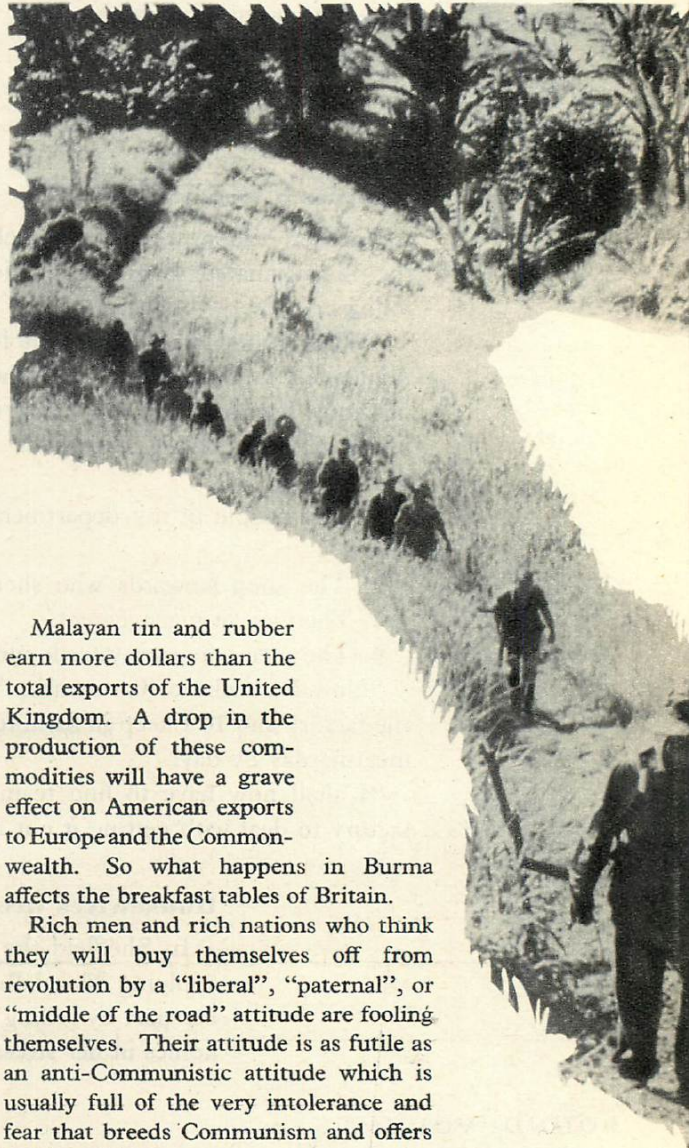
The basis of Burman economy is rice. There is a certain amount of oil and poor quality coal in the country; gold is dredged from most of the rivers of Upper Burma; rubies supreme in quality and quantity come from Mogok and 20-40 feet below the surface of the earth lies amber, harder and heavier than Baltic amber. Teak and rubber, coffee, cotton and tea all grow there.

But rice is the main export of the nation. The Karen rebellion cut off the main rice-growing areas of the country from the ports and so brought the entire national economy of Burma face to face with imminent collapse.

★ Threat to Malayan production

Millions in Ceylon, India and Malaya depend on Burma's rice for their staple food. Before the war 60 per cent. of Burma's exports went to India. This 60 per cent. included 1,500,000 tons of rice, for which in return India sent steel, textiles and manufactured goods.

In Malaya the cutting off of rice supplies from Burma and other countries has already had the effect that workers in the tin and rubber industries have been reduced to half their pre-war rations.



Malayan tin and rubber earn more dollars than the total exports of the United Kingdom. A drop in the production of these commodities will have a grave effect on American exports to Europe and the Commonwealth. So what happens in Burma affects the breakfast tables of Britain.

Rich men and rich nations who think they will buy themselves off from revolution by a "liberal", "paternal", or "middle of the road" attitude are fooling themselves. Their attitude is as futile as an anti-Communist attitude which is usually full of the very intolerance and fear that breeds Communism and offers no alternative.

A sad example of the woolly thinking of many in the world today is the story of a certain rich gentleman. For a long time he has won popularity with some sections of the workers' movement in Malaya by supporting from long distance the Communist cause in China.

Since the Communist disorders began in Malaya he has

been threatened by terrorists who keep on demanding money from him. He calculates he has lost up to 600,000 Malayan dollars. The conclusion he naively draws is that there can be no connection between the Communists in China and the Communists in Malaya.

It is like the farmer who firmly opposed the extermination of foxes whether by hunting, poisoning or shooting because he declared they did much good to his neighbour's poultry in thinning out the weakling birds. Then one night the foxes descended on his farm and killed all the geese who laid his golden eggs. So the farmer's conclusion was that the foxes that killed his geese were a different breed from those who improved his neighbour's poultry.

★ Truth about the Indonesian tangle

Indonesia provides an example of the muddle into which democratic statesmanship falls when it lacks an ideological concept of history. The divisions in Indonesia are exploited by the Communists. Even before the war with Japan ended, Communist jailers were telling the Indonesians in the Japanese jails that Moscow had decided to drive the Dutch from Indonesia.

The day the jails were opened the Communists came forth with pamphlets prepared secretly during their imprisonment urging the Indonesians to rise and drive out the Dutch. Since that time the Communists have succeeded in Indonesia, as in Burma, in exploiting nationalist aspirations and inducing people of idealistic far-sightedness, coupled with ideological blindness, to fight their battles for them.

At the United Nations the Western Democracies support the Indonesian Republican groups against the Dutch. Thus, by their eagerness to avoid alienating the Asiatic world which they fear is slipping into Communism, they guilelessly play the Communist game.

The Dutch are left isolated, estranged from Indonesians and from the Western democracies. The Indonesians declare that

when they win full independence they will cut down or even cut off their exports to Europe and Holland. But American ERP is based on the continuance of Indonesian exports to Holland on which the Dutch have depended for nearly 300 years.

★ Finland's war reparations

Meanwhile the Russians have just announced that they have forgiven the Finns 300,000,000 dollars of fines on war reparations. As Finland's total war reparations to Russia amounted to 300,000,000 dollars, it gives some idea of the scale of the "fines" imposed on her by Russia. In the next two years Finland has to deliver to Russia 4 paper fabricating machines, 1 complete carton factory, 355 steam engines, 922 railroad cars, 300 railroad cranes, 100 electric power stations, 395 locomotives, 2,023 turbines, 23 ocean-going freighters, 19 lake cargo boats, 50 river cargo boats, 2 ocean liners, 65 fishing boats and 2 docks complete with machinery. So Russia is in a position to keep Finnish industry hard at work without immediate benefit to the standard of life of the workers, who may be expected to become bitter under this strain.

Communism finds a fertile field where economic conditions are below standard. The Western democracies believe that improved economic and social conditions are an answer in themselves. But they are wrong. They have to learn the truth that below standard moral conditions are at least as powerful an ally to materialistic revolutionaries as low standard economic conditions.

This is the step forward from an industrial-social to an ideological-moral conception of history. Ideology is resisted even as a word and certainly as a factor in national planning and policy by some of the democracies—and for two reasons.

The democracies know very little about ideology and it is always painful to admit before the world a need to be taught.

Also ideology deals with national character. It is hard to face the fact that the very character of the democratic peoples and the quality of the democracy they live needs to change if it is to be adequate for this age.

Below standard economic conditions need never be answered by resort to materialistic dictatorship when the inspired moral factor is present in the people and their leaders. Britain, for example, needs to secure half the total world trade in manufactures, if there is no expansion beyond the 1938 total of world trade, in order to pay for the imports we bought pre-war with the assistance of earnings on overseas assets that we no longer possess.

When ERP ends, this and many other countries may have to tighten their belts. But a tight belt need not lead to a clenched fist if democracy learns to live and give the incentive of a moral and spiritual ideology to the world.



IT STARTS IN YOUR HOME

BY MARY MEEKINGS

Every woman longs for a land where her children can grow up in peace. But not all of us realise that we have to do something about it. And that it will stay a beautiful far-away dream unless we do. Month by month this feature brings you stories of women from all over the world, young and old, rich and poor, who have discovered what they can do

IN England today our stately old country homes are becoming a thing of the past. Shortage of money or staff have forced their owners to live in part of their homes and shut up the rest, or sell them to be schools or clubs. Many of them are in disrepair, the buildings neglected, the lawns overgrown. This article tells the story of an English country house which is more alive today than it has ever been. Gone is its large staff, but into it pour people of every kind of background from all over the world. And yet, though it is a large home, it is always a family's home.

It is a gracious house, built on generous lines, with grey gables and mullioned windows. Stand on its terrace in springtime and you look over a garden, famed for its rhododendrons and flowering trees, to the red ploughland of Cheshire and the hills of North Wales. Then take a car up the drive and within an hour you are at the heart of Britain's biggest industrial area.

Miss Prestwich's father was an industrialist who moved out to this country home, like many employers of the early 1900's, and settled down with a family of three and a staff of twenty-three to look after them. His daughter had everything she could want. Golf, tennis, hunting, bridge parties and more serious activities filled up the hours for her and yet life still seemed empty.

The idea that changed everything

And then one day she found what she had been looking for. It was like discovering the light switch in a dark room, and suddenly seeing clearly the things you had been groping for.

"I met people who revolutionised my life," she told me, "because they brought me an idea big enough to give everything for. In Moral Re-Armament I caught a glimpse of something that did more than answer the material needs of men. It brought direction and purpose into their lives because it offered them a chance to go into action to save civilisation."

But what was it going to mean to her, this "giving everything"?

"Up to then I'd accepted all the wealth that came my way," she explained, "all the comforts and privileges, without wanting to take any special responsibilities because of them, or make any sacrifices. Now I began to long to use my home for something more than my own pleasure and enjoyment." A picture flashed into her mind, of hundreds of men and women pouring up her drive, not to see the famous gardens but to find, in an idea big enough to live by and die for, the solution to the problems that nagged at their minds and ached in their hearts.

So she filled her house with friends who were working out these ideas too and wanted to give them to the world. Mothers whose families had grown up came and shared their skill and knowledge in home crafts, cooking, bottling, mending linen, giving the touches that made the place more of a home than ever. Students came on vacation, servicemen on leave. All were part of the family, helping in the running of the house, sharing the fun, striking out new ideas of revolutionary teamwork as effective in the factory or in the schoolroom as the scullery.

They were part of the family because she made them so. It meant sacrifice. How much easier it would have been to retire to a cottage or a private wing of the house than to remain as she did at the heart of it and yet share all its privileges freely and fully. Her friends had an equal say in decisions to be made and she invited them to put a shoulder under responsibilities to be carried. She trusted her beautiful furniture to other people's hands and her lovely flowers to other people's arrangement, so that they really felt it was their home as much as hers. She who had been used to pressing a bell to have coal put on the fire, helped peel the potatoes and wash the dishes.

As the war clouds lifted people began to come from all over the world. The bishop from

Burma and his wife, the town clerk from Jamaica, the young Australian pilots who had defended the shores of Britain, leaders of industry from India, a judge from Nigeria, American teenagers—all felt at home, wherever they came from. In February of last year the miners' trade union leaders from the Midlands were invited to hold a conference at her home. "I told these men how I realised that without cotton and coal we should have had no such home as mine," she said, "and that I was grateful to be able to share with industry the good things that industry brought me and my family."

The home the miners come back to

"The friendships that I made at that time with the miners made me realise that one small step made from the heart on management's part meets with an overwhelming response from the men. One man said: 'I never expected to feel at home in a place like this,' and a woman from a small home in London declared that 'when a house like this is shared with me, I don't envy or want it.' We have had the privilege of enter-

taining here miners from all over Britain, and a delegation of thirty from Belgium, France, Holland and Germany."

And what about the lady who has done all this? There is nothing extraordinary about her. She is a small, gentle person, thoughtful for you in all the little ways, and with a shrewd and delightful sense of humour. And yet she is a revolutionary, the real sort that doesn't impose change on others but has the courage to accept it for herself. For she has given everything, her money and her mansion, in the service of the only revolution adequate to remake the world.

"Hundreds of ordinary women who have stayed with her have gone back with a new idea of how they can use their own homes. The idea has spread to villages and towns throughout Britain. All through the months that the Moral Re-Armament play *The Forgotten Factor* was showing in South Wales, miners' families opened their homes to the cast. It is in such generous giving that the greatness of heart of the British housewife finds its real fulfilment.





IN THE LAND OF RHINE AND RUHR A UNIVERSAL RESPONSE TO A SUPERIOR IDEOLOGY

By Reginald Holme, Photographed by Denis Lupson

NEW WAY IN THE RUHR

AS you cross the borders of the Ruhr a tough metallic quality comes into the air. From the smiling easy-going Rhineland you come into a tight triangle covering 400 square miles. Amid the smokestacks and pithead wheels that break the misty horizon, and in the bowels of the earth beneath, are poured out, or dug out, the treasures that make this region the concern of statesmen and the prize of great powers.

Today two struggles are going on in the Ruhr—the struggle of men's muscles, minds and machines for production and control of material resources, and the struggle of ideas for mastery of men's minds and hearts. This struggle is, of course, world-wide, but it is specially sharp in the Ruhr from this region's position in the heart of Europe, and the power its resources give.

These resources are naturally a great potential factor in the war of ideologies today. Coal and steel can be withheld from men or nations who refuse to submit to a materialist dictatorship. The miners, with their rugged qualities and hard conditions of work, make first-rate fighters.

Recently a new factor came into this situation. Its break-through weapon was one that a trained Communist would well understand—the drama. And as it proved, many did understand and act on the new and more potent ideology they saw. The new factor was portrayed to Ruhr leaders when *The Forgotten Factor* industrial drama began its course through the Ruhr in Essen. (See *New World News*, December issue.) It was to be seen by 45,000 people in four months in fifteen cities.

One of the top men of the Ruhr, Dr. Gustav Heinemann, Lord Mayor of Essen, set the keynote when he and Minister-President Karl Arnold, of North Rhine-Westphalia, spoke on the opening night.

"Thirty yards from where you are playing," he said, "is the boundary of the Krupp works, one of the mightiest armament centres of all time. I believe that the ideology you bring can send out from this same place a new message of hope and unity for the nations in place of the misery we brought on others and on ourselves."

From the start there was no question about the miners' response. The "Kumpels" streamed in, clomping through the streets in their rough boots and short, thick jackets, and bringing their wives and families with them.

The "scientific materialism" of Marx

has taken deep roots in the region of Rhine and Ruhr, where he and his 300 agents worked 100 years ago. The materialist interpretation of history, economic determinism, dialectical materialism and the class struggle, all of these have had basic influence in forming the thinking of most Socialists and union leaders and a great mass of workers in Germany.

But many of these Socialists, and Communists, too, are responding today to an ideology more revolutionary than Marx's.

The leaders of 12,000 miners, of whom 35 per cent. are Communists, invited William Jaeger, of Lancashire and East London, England, a stockily-built, dynamic character, to explain the ideology of Moral Re-Armament. "Moral Re-Armament," he said, "is a world ideology that means change for everybody in every class and every nation. It means each person and each nation starting with themselves as the best place to begin building a new world.

"My nation," said Jaeger, amid echoing assent from those present, "has often been at fault. If we had had a superior ideology, and lived it after the first world war, Hitler would have had no chance to arise." There were nods and slow-spreading grins of agreement on many a rock-hewn shop steward's face.

Ideology to unite Labour

"We need a new dimension—the factor of change," continued Jaeger, "and a moral ideology based on absolute moral standards in our world Labour and Socialist movements. Labour is in power in many major nations of the earth and is decisive in others. The question is what idea will rule Labour and what ideology will unite Labour. The tragedy is that we are split—we are disunited. Look at the World Federation of Trade Unions. Look at Australian Labour—600,000 in Communist-dominated unions and another 800,000 in non-Communist unions."

Jaeger's long-time colleague, Duncan Corcoran, a square-rigged shipyard worker with a good Clydeside burr like Philip Murray of the C.I.O. (also a Clydesideman) spoke with him.

A few days before he had been in Stuttgart, in the U.S. zone. Sixty shop stewards of great firms like Siemens, Telefunken, from all over the country, East zone included, met for six hours with the top management to hear about Moral Re-Armament. There followed a reception at which he met three of the Cabinet of Wurtemberg-Baden. Then a couple of

broadcasts and an evening session with employees of the Ministry of Economics, till late in the night.

Men from Munich

"And down in Munich those carrying this work forward are men like Lorenz Hagen, President of the Bavarian Trades Union Congress, with 870,000 workers," said Corcoran, "and Gustav Schiefer, Vice-President of the Bavarian TUC, and Thomas Wimmer, Socialist Lord Mayor of Munich." Cities all over Germany—Berlin, Hamburg, Hanover, Essen, Dusseldorf, Ulm, Geggensburg, Cologne, Stuttgart, Frankfurt—are demanding that the programme of MRA come to them also.

Many Marxists recognised in Moral Re-Armament a more potent ideology than their own basic philosophy. For while MRA does not deny the Marxist claim that a change in the system is necessary, it proclaims a more revolutionary change in human nature to make such a change effective. In the long run, too, it is the quickest way. Reactionary, unchanged human nature will always gum up the wheels of progress. But a new spirit in people, especially in an age of radio, press and film, can go with lightning speed.

Lenin said: "The class war will not be over until the myth of God is removed from the mind of man." Wherever these Marxists have made the scientific approach of an experiment in the reality of God's guidance, amazing results have followed. At the first suggestion that he write Absolute Truth, Absolute Purity, Absolute

Dr. Heinrich Kost, Chairman of the German Coal Board, with one of the cast





A mine manager at home with his family

Unselfishness, and Absolute Love on four sheets of paper and see if some constructive thought should come along the lines of their application in his own life, one Communist started to write, "Keep up the fight—don't get softened up," but had all the same some suggestion where he was not giving his wife liberty, equality and fraternity. Then he wrote: "This time of quiet is a good thing. Do it again."

"Brotherhood" starts at home

One or two men found with a shock that they were Communists in political life but Fascists at home! The brotherhood of man includes the wife and kids, they discovered. At the end of the week the Communist chief of the workers' council of one of the pits said: "The greatest hope of my life is that this idea of Moral Re-Armament can be realised in the world, and I hope it will be in time."

A Marxist-trained trade union leader said, "Anybody who refuses to try this experiment with the four absolute moral standards and the quiet time is a traitor," while a CDU (Christian Democrat) trade unionist said: "This is the beginning of the teamwork between all parties which we have been working for."

A Communist shop steward, who had been in four concentration camps under Hitler, and had been so poor that he had to borrow money to bury his mother, came the first night to the show and thereafter turned up every night, as well as to the training meetings held at the end of the week. He drank it all in like a child seeing a new world for the first time. Many late hours were spent in discussions and arguments. But his heart was won, and at the end of the week, when the team packed up to go, he turned up with a poem: "To the friends of Moral Re-Armament."

"Stop not to ask 'What is my part?'
Take one long look into your heart
And then look up for Heaven's test.
You will be told—but not to rest.
Do not look to left or right
You will miss the growing light—
Nor wait for what the others do.
Is your own heart both clean and true?
If you would carry mankind's load
With yourself must start the road.
Are you at peace? Your song will then
Resounding, reach the hearts of men."

Time would fail me to tell the full story of days in Duisburg, the largest inland port of Europe, where Dr. Hans Böckler, President of the Trades Unions of the British zone, with 3,000,000 organised workers, got up at a Socialist leaders' evening and said: "As one who has been working for more than half a century in the labour and trade union movement, I want to say to you that we are really closely related. We are not only united in what we want to achieve; above all we are united in the way we view the imperfections of men, and seek to overcome them"

Or of the textile centre, Krefeld, where a gathering of top textile men started at 4 p.m., and only broke up with difficulty at 11.30 p.m.

Or of a meeting of mine managers, the type of men whose outlook and attitude is of such concern to the International Ruhr Authority chiefs. This gathering was called by Dr. Heinrich Kost, Chairman of the German Coal Board. Dr. Kost also introduced the play when it opened in his town. He said with conviction what

DR. HANS BÖCKLER,
Chairman of the Trade Union
Congress of the British Zone said:

"If men are to be free from the old and the out-moded, it can only happen as they set themselves a new goal and place in the forefront humanity and moral values. I believe that Moral Re-Armament can bring about a definite improvement for mankind in many areas of life. When men change the structure of society changes, and when the structure of society changes men change. Both go together and both are necessary. The goal which Moral Re-Armament strives to reach is the same as that for which I am fighting as a trade unionist."

chairmen of companies and coal boards are not usually heard to say :

"We must put people first in our business and then build the business up around the people. In this way we can get together as human beings so that something happens not only in business, but in our community and in our Fatherland. It is necessary that division be put aside and that instead of division, unity comes in. That will happen when we have the real desire and intention to change ourselves. If, in addition, we let the forgotten factor of God shine in our works and rule there, then we shall see that not the bookkeeper's pen, nor the adding machine, nor reason alone governs the undertaking, but the hearts of men must beat for each other."

And finally of the visit of *The Forgotten Factor* to the University of Bonn, on the Rhine near Cologne, where the students and professors eagerly thronged the performances and discussions. Hundreds of them began to apply the four absolute standards of honesty, purity, unselfishness

and love, and in times of quiet to find the guidance of God.

Here, also, is the seat of the Parliamentary Council, which has drafted the Constitution for the new German Government. The CDU members saw the *Forgotten Factor* at a Konigswinter Conference for CDU chiefs from all parts of Germany. Dr. Konrad Adenauer, one of Germany's top statesmen, said on that occasion: "Moral Re-Armament appeals in this chaotic age to the best instincts in men. It seeks to make effective again goodness, decency and mutual respect. You will find, when you see the play, that it speaks to your heart. We can be grateful to the men and women of MRA that in this world of destruction they have had the courage to raise the standard of moral values."

The Socialist Party group in the Parliamentary Council also met to hear speakers from Moral Re-Armament, under the chairmanship of Herr Walther Menzel, Minister of Interior of Land North Rhine-Westphalia.

ROAD FROM RUIN

An 80 page photographic record of the coming of the revue *The Good Road to Western Germany*.

How an ideology comes to a nation.

With a foreword by

Minister President Karl Arnold.

Obtainable from:

**Moral Re-Armament, 4 Hays Mews
London, W.1.**

PRICE TWO SHILLINGS

Statesmen toiling to shape a democratic government for Germany, miners of the Ruhr toiling far beneath the ploughed fields and winter wheat, youth at their studies, and housewives at their stoves—all are finding a new hope and a new way.

Trade Union leaders listen



IDEOLOGIES IN HISTORY

BY ROBIN MOWAT

Senior Lecturer in History at the
Royal Naval College, Greenwich

mn. Chinese &c. character indi- mix]
cating the idea of a thing without
its name. **ideograph'ic(al)** n. [IDEA.
ay; **ideog'raphy** n. [IDEA.
-GRAM]
ideol'ogy, n. A set of beliefs by
which men live and for which they
will die. **ideol'ogical** a., **ideol'ogist** n. [IDEA. -LOGY]
ides (idz), n. pl. (Rom. ant.).
Eighth day after nones. [L *Idus*]

id'iot, n. in mind to be
conduct. **id'iot**
[Gk. = private
person, (*idios* own,
id'le. 1. adj. (-
indolent; unocc
vain, purposeless,
protest; i. *slick w*
mour). 2. v.i. &
say this.

IT is becoming increasingly recognised that there is one over-riding necessity if the West is to give a lead towards lasting world reconstruction—it must find an ideology. In fact, if the West does not find an ideology the outcome is likely to be decadence, collapse and eventually another Dark Age—if mankind has not blown itself to bits before that stage is reached.

It is realised that the needed ideology must be of the calibre of Marxism or Nazism, but to be effective it must have a "plus" over and above the other 'isms: it must be the *superior* ideology.

People are apt to be puzzled when they start considering just what this means. What exactly is an ideology, and how does it work? It is at this point that the historian may be able to throw some light on the matter.

In a special sense ours is an ideological age: Western genius and Western technology have had the effect of speeding up and intensifying our way of life, especially in the realm of ideas. The potency of ideas to move masses and to transform nations has been one of the most striking features of the last 100 years.

But even without the printing-press and radio ideologies have made their appearance in history before now. They have appeared at the moment when a new and revolutionary way of life with its

accompany-
ing ideas and
outlook has begun to
expand outwards from its original
growing-points.

The Greeks' ideology

Classical history provides the example of the Greeks, whose way of life began a particularly rapid phase of expansion over Asia during the time of Alexander the Great and his successors: it spread with immense impetus from its growing-points in the tiny city-states scattered among the mountains of Greece. The "Hellenism" represented by Greek cities, philosophy, dramatics and athletics (and by corresponding Greek ideas in every other area of life) appeared as a hateful and alien ideology to the Jews on whom the Seleucid Emperors (Alexander's successors) were vainly trying to enforce it. To the Jews it was a shockingly different way of life from their own, involving a radical change in all their cherished beliefs and customs. By entrenching themselves with such determination in their own traditional way of life the Jews of Palestine were the only people of Western Asia to come through that particular "war of ideas" victoriously—with consequences which were pregnant for history.

When the great days of Hellenism as an ideology were over, it was challenged

in its declining form by something far more potent, the Christianity of the early Church. The Christian way of life, as lived out in Jerusalem after the first Pentecost, was something startlingly new and revolutionary. Before long it burst forth from its original home in the Judean mountains and expanded first over the entire Greek-speaking world, and eventually from one end of the Roman Empire to the other. It was St. Paul who mainly pioneered this expansion among the Gentiles. In so doing he forged Christianity into as potent an ideology as the world has ever seen, and one which was *over-arching*: it blended the highest conceptions and aspirations, both of the Hebrews and the Greeks, and presented them in a form which had a compelling appeal to the masses, whether Greek or Jew, barbarian, Scythian, bond or free.

Mohammed's ideology

To one corner of Western Asia early Christianity never effectively penetrated, the deserts of Arabia, where another ideology grew up, that of Mohammed. Islam was the ideology which accompanied the expansion of a way of life initially lived out by Mohammed and his disciples among the clansmen of Mecca and Medina—an ideology potent enough to create a new civilisation from the shores of the Atlantic to the frontiers of India.

A survey of ideological movements in history enables us to understand more readily the main elements in those ideologies which have been challenging the West, and thereby to recognise what must go into the answering ideology which is the West's most urgent need.

Expansion is the Keynote

(1) *Expansion* is the keynote of an ideology (in the sense in which we have been using the word) : it cannot be anything defensive or protective (anti-Communism, for instance, being negative, can never become an ideology).

(2) An ideology springs out of *experience*, the experience of a way of life which is actually lived out, even if only in restricted circles or places : it is not just a theory evolved by some clever thinker. Even Communism was not just the product of the minds of Marx and Engels. It was the expression of the nineteenth century revolutionary movement which had its home in Central Europe. It was later developed in the light of Lenin's revolutionary activity in Russia.

(3) The *way of life* which an ideology expresses is *all-embracing*. It affects all areas of life, transforming a person's thinking and living, his aims and his ambitions. It influences profoundly his relationships, even his most intimate ones, such as those of marriage and of the family.

"Millions on the move"

(4) The expansive power of an ideology, its dynamism, is due to the *passion* with which it fires its adherents, or which it liberates in its adherents. This passion develops the moment that a person devotes himself to the *aim* for which the ideology stands, and identifies himself with its *way of life*. Lenin's burning resentment at the execution of his brother for his part in an anti-Tsarist conspiracy, only became ideological when it was linked with the Marxist *aim* of bringing about the revolution which would usher in (as he supposed) the classless society based on social justice. Devotion to the aim implies acceptance of the ideology's *way of life* : this leads to far-reaching change in personal life as all areas of living are affected. In the course of this change the passion is liberated which impels a man onwards in the ideological struggle.

(5) It is not merely the personal life which is affected. Nobody can have an ideology on a purely personal basis.

The effect of an ideology, unlike certain religions or philosophies, is to set millions on the move, not just individuals. "*Faith is an idea that changes people—ideology an idea that changes nations.*"

(6) In practice an ideology means identifying oneself with a *force*. Every ideology creates the force which is its instrument for accomplishing its aim. For the early Christians there was the growing organism of the Church, for the Moslems the armies of the Faithful, for the Nazis the Nazi Party and its formations, for the Marxists the Communist Party.

(7) In achieving its aim this force always operates according to a strategic *plan*. Its phases may not be mapped out in advance, or consciously thought through (St. Paul may not have appreciated the strategic nature of the riot in the Temple which set him on the first stage of his journey to preach the Gospel in Rome at the heart of the Empire, and before many rulers and governors on the way). But it is a plan implicit in the philosophy out of which ideology springs.

A new world society

(8) This *philosophy* usually has as its core a certain interpretation of *history*, whereby are explained the processes of life which underlie progress towards whatever is assumed as the eventual aim or destiny for mankind (which is also the aim of the ideology). Thus, St. Paul's philosophy was based on the Jewish view of history, in which God was seen to be working His purpose out through choosing one nation, or those who were its faithful "remnant," to be His instrument in leading the world towards the Kingdom of God. So Marxism is primarily a philosophy of history which attempts to explain the inevitable process of social evolution in scientific terms. It invites men to understand this process and *join in* it, so that they may help mankind more quickly towards its destined end. (St. Paul, too, encouraged his listeners to understand and take part in the plan of God as it was working through history, and so become "fellow-workers with Christ.")

(9) The *aim* of an ideology is always that of establishing a new type of world society—a society which will embrace all men everywhere. So Alexander attempted to spread the Greek way of life over the entire known world of his day; so the Moslems attempted to spread

the idea of universal brotherhood and the carefully organised way of life based on the teachings of the Koran; so St. Paul believed that his own and his fellow-labourers' devotion would play its part in ushering in that "new creation" for which the entire universe "groaneth and travaileth in pain until now." And the aim of Marxism is unmistakably the creation of its own type of world society—the "classless society based on social justice."

A challenge to us

Considering these characteristics of fully developed ideologies, we may begin to have a new conception of what it is of which Western civilisation stands so desperately in need. It is a challenge to us to develop that way of life, the white-hot experience of a quality of living in line with the highest moral standards and best traditions of our civilisation. It is a challenge to *live out our ideology* so completely and continuously, in the home or on the job, that our experience of this quality of life will be developed to the point where it is bound to expand victoriously throughout the world.

It is a challenge to develop something which is *over-arching*, capable of integrating into a superior ideology all that is best in all the creeds of the West and (since Western civilisation has spread over the entire world) all that is best in the creeds of the Orient as well. It is a challenge not merely to gain the vision of a new type of world society, which we may call that of "inspired democracy," but so to believe in its practicability that the *aim* of "remaking the world" is our first waking thought, and the most real conviction we have. It is a challenge not merely to think out a theory of life and of history which is satisfactory as an interpretation, but to live out a philosophy which inspires us to take part in the unfolding plan of creation.

If we succeed in this we will endow the West with the ideology which points to the new world society, the next stage of evolution for mankind. It is to pioneer this next stage in the art of living together which future historians will recognise as the task prescribed by destiny for the bewildered children of the West.

The author of this article has just published a brief study course on "Remaking the World"—"An Approach to Remaking the World," price 1/- MRA, 4, Hays Mews, W. 1.

SOUTH AFRICAN JOURNEY

By Our Commonwealth Correspondent

"As I am, so is my nation" is the idea behind this story

WE stood before Buckingham Palace. It was dark, and it also must have been cold for Albert who had arrived an hour before by air from South Africa. We looked up at the lighted windows and he grinned. A few words with the policeman at the gate and then Albert took his leave of Buckingham Palace.

Inside was the King, who had awarded him the Military Cross in 1942; the Royal Family, for whose safety he was responsible for more than half of their tour in South Africa in 1947. For Major Albert Cilliers, M.C., is Commanding Officer of the Cape Western Area of the South African Railway Police. Tall, sun-tanned, he stood in front of the Palace. It was his first act on arriving in England—this trip to see the home of the Royal Family. A natural thing for many, perhaps, but for Cillier far from natural. In fact, if you had known Cillier during the war you would have thought it unbelievable.

While he was in hospital in the Middle East, a Guards officer hobbled over to his bedside to ask him, the only South African in the ward: "I say, old man, why is it half your country hate us British, while there are others like you that are prepared to fight for King and Country?" Without bothering to inform him that at that time more than 60 per cent. of the South African army were Afrikaans, Albert exploded: "I may be fighting for my country, but I'm damned if I'm fighting for your King."

To find the secret of his changed attitude I went to lunch with Albert. At thirty-five he still has the build of an athlete, which is only as it should be, as before he was twenty he jumped his own height, 6 feet 3 inches. In fact Rugby, squash, swimming, tennis, and cricket have all played their full part in making his 185 pounds solid flesh and bone. He has crinkly hair, and dark brown eyes so direct that it is good they are tempered by frequent grins that are broad enough to match his shoulders.

We lunched at the Guards' Club, and Albert noticed the Boer flag, framed to commemorate its capture in the 1900 war. We found out over coffee how many and how old were the memories stirred by that flag. When the Boer War started, Albert's father was a farmer in the Transvaal. He was a hard-riding, sharpshooting Commando and was in his home for only brief intervals. Once when he was away his wife saw the British uniform for the first time, worn by Kaffir deserters who plundered the home and forced women to wait on them. With the end of the war came the stipulation that each Boer soldier must sign an oath of allegiance to the

Crown as he handed in his rifle. To avoid this final humiliation Cilliers' father spent seven years away from his family, as a policeman in German East Africa.

When he returned, he pocketed his pride and signed the oath, but he fought to see that his children received an Afrikaans education. Albert's secondary schooling was spent half in Afrikaans, and half in English-speaking schools. His father had said to him at the age of twelve: "You must not only know all our people can teach, but you must also master English and their learning so that you can beat them at their own game." A slow smile came over Albert's face as he recalled the difficulties this involved. He passed his Latin examination by learning by heart the entire fifteen chapters of his set books, and also parrot-fashion the corresponding English translation.

"Isn't this bitterness between Boer and Briton rather out of date?" I asked. And I received a smile by way of reply, followed

Cilliers (right) with the author outside Buckingham Palace



by: "Perhaps so, but it still exists as the primary problem of our country." He told me how when on rounds as a policeman he had been refused entry to an English home because he was an Afrikaans. On the other hand, because the khaki uniform he wore was the same colour as that of the British army, he had been stopped at a gate by a Boer farmer who said that he would shoot him rather than let "that accursed uniform on to my property."

"The tank-man from Ireland"

"If it wasn't for what I learned during the war I would feel hopeless about such bitterness," said Cilliers. "I found in the ranks of the 8th Army a handful of men that saw beyond the fight against Nazism. They realised that the security of my country and theirs depended finally on living ourselves the idea of democracy for which we were fighting. They taught me that the way I lived and thought and felt determined the way South Africa would develop as a responsible nation. They used to get together in my tent, and I think that it was in those Britishers that I saw qualities which first began to win me to their race. How well I remember that night of Alamein. Nothing much was left to do but sit and wait and think. Then I walked Tom—Tom Shillington, a tank-man from Ireland. He had a certainty and conviction about the rightness of our cause and a determination to continue the fight beyond the peace to build teamwork in and between the nations. His faith in the future of democracy was a contagious experience for those of us whose thoughts stretched no further than our own self-preservation."

The next day Cilliers found Tom's tank—burnt out and with the gun muzzle across the driver's door, making it impossible for him to escape the flames. Tom had the choice of taking cover or trying to release the driver. He had been killed as he fought to free his crew-mate.

"Tom left me with an itch to come to England to learn more of the spirit he had," Cilliers concluded, "but it was the King and Queen who finished the job Tom started. When I first heard of their coming there was enough prejudice in me to look upon it as a nuisance and probably a dangerous nuisance at that. For I was sure that there would be 'incidents.'

"How wrong I was though, and what a change their coming made to my attitude to the Royal Family, the Commonwealth and other things as well. What they did for me I think they did for the nation. It was an amazing example of what love given from the heart of a family to a nation can achieve."

The Queen thanked him

Many amusing incidents took place during the six weeks Albert accompanied



them. In one place, while the King and Queen were out being shown the city, the English children who had been evacuated to the town during the war were being lined up on the station in order to both greet and meet the King on his return to the train. About a dozen youngsters in all, spotless in white, grew increasingly restive as they waited. At the head of the queue, two ten-year-olds, one a boy and the other a girl began quietly arguing. "It's 'Your Royal Highness!'" insisted the boy. But the reply came back with equal firmness and a little more loudly: "No, it is not. It is 'Your Majesty.'" This battle of words must have been too frustrating, as the little girl emphasised the justness of her claim by dirtying the boy's snow-white shoe by a quick smearing stab of her own foot. When the King returned, instead of being welcomed, he was a silent witness to an intense debate—"His Majesty!"; "His Royal Highness, I say!" But the two main contestants could not be separated to meet the King. They were far too concerned with claim and counter-claim, thrust and counter-thrust.

"At every stop there were tremendous

crowds. Whether the crowd were Bantu, Boer or British, that Family gave them all their hearts. Nor was it just a superficial display." His parting with the Royal Family was evidence of this, when the Queen slipped away from Cabinet Ministers to give her personal thanks to Cilliers for the way that he had looked after them during the tour.

Flight to the Pacific

It was only for a few days that I had the privilege of Albert Cilliers' company in London. Shortly after meeting him he stepped on board a plane for my own country, Australia, to represent South Africa at an Australasian assembly for ideological preparedness.

He goes as a fitting representative of his country. Marked by the bitter effects of the Boer War, he had yet found an answer to them. At a time when many look upon his nation as "isolationist," Albert flew more than half-way round the world to take part in this conference in Australia. So now when the Pacific area is split with class warfare and national strivings, Cilliers is a symbol of the men and women uniting everywhere to live an adequate answer.

WHY DEMOCRACY WAS LOST

BY DR. FEIERABEND

Minister of Agriculture in Czechoslovakia until 1939. Minister of Finance in Czech government in London 1939-45

YOU in the West take your Democracy wholly for granted. You never dream that you might lose it, that you might wake up one day and find you are not free any more. Yet today you are in great danger.

I write from experience. We in Czechoslovakia have lost our freedom. And today, when it is too late, we know why.

Peaceful, prosperous and democratic Czechoslovakia suffered successive onslaughts. Munich first and then the German occupation brought distress and misery which made the people easy prey for corruption and evil influences at the hands of the Nazis. Six years of intimidation left much fear in the hearts of the populace and morale was weakened.

After the liberation the nation was told by President Benes and the Government that its true security was in the hands of the Soviet Union with which Czechoslovakia concluded a treaty of alliance and friendship. By this treaty the U.S.S.R. pledged herself not to interfere in our internal political affairs and guaranteed the external independence of our country. The Communists, who held all important ministries in the first government after the liberation, promised the people a better life with great social and economic reforms.

In fact they gave us not reforms, but a totalitarian regime. A handful have complete control of the State in their hands. They could proclaim according to King Louis XIV's pattern *L'etat c'est nous* (We are the state) but they claim that the Czechoslovak people are the masters of the State and call it "the people's democracy."

I saw the danger immediately after the liberation. I knew the Communists were working and was very pessimistic about the future. I expressed my pessimism by resigning from our Government in January, 1945, before Dr. Benes and my colleagues left for home via Moscow.

I went home direct, and when I got there and saw the moral position of the country I was afraid. But I said to myself: "Now is the time to fight. Everyone who has any Christianity and moral principles left in

his heart has to fight." So we began. But we did not then know the ideology of Frank Buchman. We had nothing to oppose to the ideology of Materialism. Had we had a team in Czechoslovakia at that time who had known how to give this new—this superior—ideology to the people, we could very likely have changed the heart of our nation and saved the situation.

For the Communists' doctrine looks pretty well on paper and in theory and no wonder that many people, in particular the workers, were attracted by it. The democratic political parties had not such an attractive theory which would appeal to people's minds. Materialism invaded the country. And the Communists knew how to exploit every bit of it.

As for us, we concentrated on all kinds of economic and social measures. UNRRA sent foodstuffs and other material goods to alleviate the post-war situation. All efforts were concentrated upon material welfare and spiritual and moral food, which was very badly needed, was simply forgotten. And after two years' struggle I even became an optimist. At the end of 1947

I thought we had won—only to find in some few weeks' time the whole situation was changed.

Democracy's response to the challenge of a materialist ideology indicates that the core of the problem has not been fully understood. People think the future is only political, social or economic. In reality, it is chiefly moral.

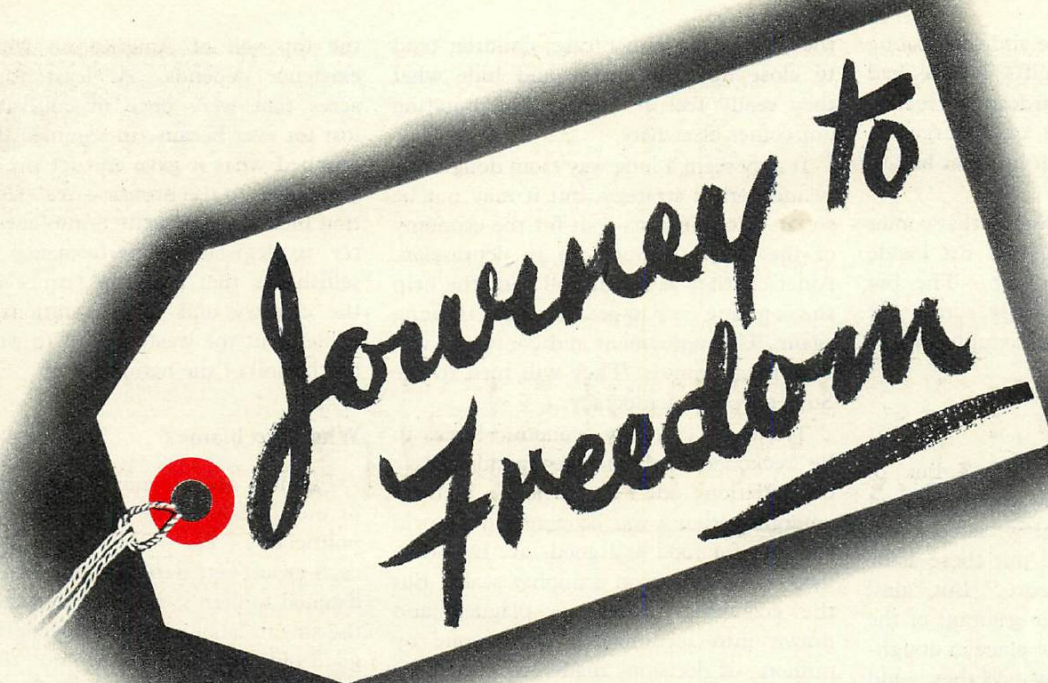
The democracies have not yet fully realised that the Christian moral qualities of the people form the safest guarantee of their regimes and that the lack of these is the best preparation for totalitarianism.

Czechoslovakia has shown it without a doubt. All far-reaching concessions in the economic, social and political sphere were ineffective because the moral sphere which is the most important dynamic and unifying force in each democracy, was neglected.

"Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word which proceeds from the mouth of God." That is being forgotten today and so the world is in difficulty.

Moral Re-Armament with its absolute moral standards is changing people's hearts. It is the best bastion for democracy.





3. ABSOLUTE UNSELFISHNESS BY KENASTON TWITCHELL

A ROW of smiles lit up the doorways of the street as we walked along. A brilliant blue sky, electric in sunshine, framed the village roofs and the snow-draped mountains beyond. The liberty of the air seemed to break through into the faces of the families that came running to meet us.

Frank Buchman was greeting old friends in a European village he had known for years.

There were a few presents to distribute. Gifts to Frank Buchman have a way of disappearing into other people's homes. His needs are few and his friends are legion. And he hates unemployment or waste in man or in things.

The gifts that morning were simple and badly needed. But it was the spirit of the venture that brought the street together like a family. Unselfishness was loosening up icicles of weariness in simple folk who live close to the realities of life.

That afternoon we had coffee in a simple workman's cottage. He had built it himself. It was so tiny that only five of us could get into the living-room, sitting close with the man and his wife around the fire. The child of three rocked his coloured horse beside the table. No matter how interested were the young couple in the conversation, scarcely a

minute would pass without their eyes moving to the child, who carried in his perpetual motion the inheritance of their past and the dreams of their future.

A momentous train journey

"I take care of my husband, my baby, one goat and thirteen chickens," said the young wife, "and it is quite a job."

It became less of a job, and more of a joy as a new idea dawned in her thinking.

Absolute unselfishness warms the hearts of men and women anywhere. But first of all it asks the purpose of a man's life. What is he living for? And for whom?

Frank Buchman reached his conclusions early. On a train to Washington in 1921 the thought burned in his mind: "Resign. Resign." It was a revolutionary idea. He had reached a safe nest of security in the upper rungs of the academic ladder—a lectureship in an institution of higher learning, comfortable quarters, a liberal schedule of appointments, and a secure income. He was

forty-three and could look ahead to a useful and peaceful career. But the pull came in his consciousness of God's greater plan:

He gave up his position and with it all earthly security. It was an act of obedience to what he knew to be the guidance of God. It was also an act of high unselfishness from which countless thousands of men and women across the world have found freedom and the art of living. And those of us who have worked close to him for many years have seen the lifting power of an unselfish life demonstrated in a million ways.

We have seen him give his last penny many times for people in need. But above all we have seen him pour out his caring day in and night out to bring maturity and statesmanship to others. We have seen him spend himself lavishly for the remaking of men and nations.

His giving never weakens, never spoils. He gives truth also out of his hard-won experience of men and nations over many years. There is salt and oil in his giving.

This is an article you will want to read and re-read, and take time to absorb. It continues our series on the ideology of freedom

The firmness of discipline and the healing of affection. The best gifts I have had of him have been the hardest to receive. They cut with the skill of a surgeon's knife to the evil growth in me that had to come out.

Unselfishness is not a quality that comes to me by nature. There is a fist inside me that reaches out to grab. The big "I want" is written glaringly across the modern world. I was not exempted when the writing was done.

The box of doughnuts

Still vivid in my mind is a box of doughnuts a girl friend sent to me at school. I tasted one, and it tasted good. "Ah," thought I, "I will put these aside for my own future pleasure." But, alas, I was not only selfish, but ignorant of the chemical changes that take place in doughnuts left too long. In a few days they could have been mortar shells if they had not been too hard to explode.

The grabbing kind of selfishness is obvious. The more subtle evolutions of the Big Ego are no less destructive. In the setting of materialism that surrounds most lives today the doughnuts turn into houses, bank account, prestige and privilege. The size of these items is not what determines the spirit which fixes on them. Selfishness is the same in all strata and on every street. And the most sophisticated forms of selfishness can be masked by outward acts of apparent unselfishness that never threaten the throne of King Ego inside. If influence or power is my objective, I can run in a wide circle of kind acts without that inner *motive* being threatened at all.

In family life the conflict of wills that are pulled by selfishness comes at close quarters. If you want to feel the tragedy of modern materialism, watch the face of a child of a broken home. Yet many of us parents whose homes are still in one piece know the subtle ways in which selfishness wangles its way. I can be a kind father with affection for my children and at the same time be a dictator in the home.

The daughter of a friend of mine said recently after her father had spoken: "Dad, why is it that you speak as if when you are finished there is nothing left to say?"

My wife adds at this point that she knows what it means to superimpose her will in the most charming way, and always with the sense of its being for the good of

the family. In either case, children tend to close up tight inside and hide what they really feel at home. The bursting out comes elsewhere.

It may seem a long way from doughnuts to ideological strategy, but it may not be so far. Communists wait for the economy of the West to crack up in depression. America, they say, will pull back the help she is giving now to get the world running again. Unemployment and confusion will sour men's minds. They will turn to the Soviet type of democracy.

There are certainly economic forces to be reckoned with in the suicidal cycle of inflation and depression. Nations emerging from a war economy in a world starving for food and goods are bound to face readjustment on a mighty scale. But the economic process is plagued and drawn into accumulated catastrophe by millions of decisions made out of selfishness in individuals and in sections of national life.

If every group grabs the doughnuts and forgets the nation, the days of the early thirties will once again be in our land. Economists write of the new mode of government spending that will cushion a collapsing economy. But selfishness is a virus that must be checked, or transfusions only delay the putrefaction.

Then everyone will have enough

"If everybody cares enough and everybody shares enough, everybody will have enough," says Frank Buchman in *Remaking the World*. But if too few care enough and too many grab enough, then very few will have enough.

We in America may be slow to see the consequences of selfishness in our national life because we have been living more or less on a gold mine and spending it fast. Land, material wealth, timber, oil, are poured out with a profligacy that will astonish and perhaps embitter our grandchildren whom we are stealing from now. But even in America the signs are unmistakably there. The realisation begins to strike home. The fabulous Mesabi Iron Range is almost gone. Our oil comes more and more from the Middle East. Our forests have been violated for generations. Selfishness can destroy America faster than other lands. And even in our heyday of prosperity one-third of our people have been under-nourished and badly housed.

The condition of our land is a glaring example. Selfishness has ridden hard on

the top soil of America on which our existence depends. At least 70,000,000 acres that were once in cultivation are lost for ever because men mined the land, grabbed what it gave and let the top soil flow down to the profitless sea. Conservation measures are written into laws. They try to legislate a performance of unselfishness that makes a farmer care for the country and for generations yet to come. But the waste begins to wear hard on the soil of the nation.

Who is to blame?

Farmers are no more selfish than you or me, or labour, or management, or the politicians. Yet when times are hard, each group gets hard on the other. I have listened to men in management talk about the sins in labour in their nostalgia for the good old days, which were not very good but will stay very old. I have heard labour leaders lay the cause of all evils at the hands of management and show the same blind use of power when it comes their way. My wife and I have listened to husbands blame their wives and wives blame their husbands. Politicians blame the people and the people blame the politicians. Nations undergoing hard times and golfers at the nineteenth hole all have in common the basic cause of their trouble: it lies in circumstances or in somebody else.

The sister of selfishness is blame. The fact is we are all to blame and we can all stop blaming.

There is another waste that selfishness brings to America, and that is the waste of character. Over 4,000,000 new lives were brought to birth in the country last year. With care these lives can overflow with happiness if they are inspired to play their part in the age of greatest potentiality the world has ever known. But unless we change, the idealism of youth is defenceless before the sabotage of materialism.

"You have got to be selfish to get along," is the lie that infiltrates into the mind and the clear-cut edges of moral character become blurred. The overall carelessness that squanders character is appalling. But character is the lifeline of a nation's strength, and if the democracies are to resist the invasion of materialism, absolute unselfishness in personal and national life must become the concern of every citizen.

(To be concluded next month)

THE PLAY'S THE THING

BY KENNETH RUNDALL

In the series on the Seven Pillars of Renaissance the part of Art and Music in a cultural Renaissance has been discussed in earlier articles. Our contributor this month tells the story of a group who are using the Theatre to bring a constructive answer to world conflict today

THE curtain fell. "Where can I get actors like these?"

The head of the National Theatre and President of the National Drama of Finland turned to his friend with this question. "This is the answer to every problem in the world. This is what the theatre ought to be like. How can we make it do this all the time?"

He was speaking of the premiere of *The Forgotten Factor* in Helsinki, Finland's capital city. A few months before, the group of Finnish patriots who produced this play had neither cast, props, cash, stage, stagehands or theatre.

But they had a burning conviction about the part of the Theatre in bringing a democratic ideology to their country. So they went to work.

They sought the cast amongst people who actually lived the part they would have to play. A film producer resigned his job to produce *The Forgotten Factor*. A group of workers felt Finland's need so strongly that they approached their director and put it to him that the firm ought to make it possible to put on *The Forgotten Factor* as a vehicle of the answer.

They asked first for a place where they could learn and practice it. He put at their disposal a summer villa a short distance out in the country where they could all live together. They moved out there, taking their own simple bedding, in the depth of the Finnish winter and in the midst of a severe fuel shortage.

They still had no food and no means of procuring it. But before long people from the city and countryside began to send along supplies to help an effort to

meet the country's most urgent needs. Porridge has for some years now been a staple part of Finland's diet at three meals a day and with potatoes and a few extras they made out, frugally but adequately. Friends came out too, and helped with the housework after their shifts at the factories.

They still had no theatre. But they had decided to use the resources of industry to bring an answer to the nation. A delegation of workers approached the management of their firm and suggested that they should provide the theatre and meet any expenses which might arise in a series of showings for members of the firm and their families. This was done.

Props had next to be found. Furniture is as scarce in Finland as elsewhere in Europe. But wherever the play has been given the furniture has been lent from many homes. The stagehands fetch the

whole suite from someone's house, put it on the stage, and return it when that particular run is finished, or if some call is made on it before then, some other home contributes. The scenery was designed and constructed by the artist who for fifteen years has been head of Finland's Academy of Art.

The conviction of these actors got over to the people who sat in the seats in front of them. A Communist M.P. said afterwards: "If that idea shown on the stage that human nature can be changed, and with effects like that, is true, it is one of the most important things in the world. I don't yet believe it is possible . . . but still. . ."

Up till fourteen days before the Helsinki premiere the cast was still without a man to play the key role of Rankin, the Trade Union leader. "I know the very man," a friend told them. "He has a wife and

These people decided to carry on the chief actor's work to set him free to rehearse



six children and they live in the barracks in a single, tunnel-like room, divided by a beaverboard partition down the middle, half-way up to the ceiling. He was on the candidates' list for the last parliamentary election as a Communist and so far knows nothing about your work. I'll ask him tonight."

When approached, Rinne said he could not play. On leaving the army he had received a gratuity with which he had bought a plot of ground outside the city, and he must dig foundations before the frost came if he was to build in the spring. It was stiff blue clay and would take all his time. His friend said no more on the subject but talked of other things. But he left behind him a copy of the script.

Next day, when Olavi Rinne went out in the afternoon to his plot to work there after his job, he saw a group busily employed digging. He found out that they were, in his own words, "three colonels and one strong colonel's wife, three professors, five lawyers and a number of school teachers." They said that as their ideology meant a classless society

and teamwork, they had decided to help him with the digging to set him free to play. He was dubious whether such white-collared people knew how to tackle blue clay, but when he saw it start coming out he went off to get some more tools to do another job himself, and by Sunday night the digging was completed. He said: "This certainly is a superior ideology. Nobody I ever met before thought of doing such things to help each other."

The experiences of this group in Finland are an interesting example of the way in which the Theatre is once again coming into its own as the vehicle of constructive ideas.

One is sometimes prone to underestimate the effect of the Theatre on national life. Many have decided that its only function is to entertain or amuse. Not so long ago a certain playwright published a number of plays which he said had failed on the stage because they had a message.

Be that as it may, the idea of purpose in the drama was not foreign to the earliest religious festivals of Dionysius,

from which Greek drama drew its inspiration. Nor to the Mystery and Miracle plays of the Middle Ages which brought to the masses the rebirth of faith which stemmed from the spiritual experience of St. Francis. Nor is it foreign to the stage in Russia today where drama must serve the idea of super-class, and the stage must proclaim the effectiveness of a scientific, materialist approach to life.

The tremendous success of *The Forgotten Factor** gives one hope that the theatre may again proclaim the superior ideology of democracy too. Writing of this play two years ago, Mr. Sven Stolpe, a distinguished dramatist from Sweden, said: "This is no matter of just amusing people, or tickling their instincts or merely passing time. It takes us back to the original task of the theatre—to compel people to see their own lives with new eyes and rise from their seats to put their convictions into practice."

* In other articles in this number its effects in South Wales and in the Ruhr are described in greater detail. *The Forgotten Factor* has played in ten countries since its premiere in Washington in 1943. It has just opened a Scandinavian tour in Denmark and last month had its premiere in S. Africa and Australia.

The children take an interest as their father, Olavi Rinne ("Mr. Rankin" on the stage), repairs radios in his workshop at home

