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GOALS
OR RESOURCES

which should shape policy?

ROLAND WILSON

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An address at a luncheon of

'Women of the Hour'

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IT IS A SAD FACT that much, perhaps most, of the thinking of what we hopefully call the free world, is governed by problems rather than answers. What the world needs is a tide of answer-minded men and women.

Recently I was in Canberra, with four hundred young people, mainly from Australia and New Zealand, listening to Mr Paul Hasluck, Australian External Affairs Minister, addressing a Moral Re-Armament Conference. Mr Hasluck gave a masterly talk and ably and sincerely answered a volley of questions. Finally a Melbourne University student asked, 'Mr Minister, what was the most hopeful, constructive event in international diplomacy with which you were associated last year?' The Minister was taken aback. With honesty he replied, 'I cannot answer that question. I have not thought about it.' Then he added, 'I can tell you of two or three major disasters we managed to avert, but I suppose that is not what you meant.'

The Melbourne student and his friends answered their own question. Fifty of them are at this moment in India, invited by Rajmohan Gandhi, grandson of Gandhiji. They took with them their high conviction and the sense of destiny they feel for their nation, expressed in music and drama. Nightly they are kindling audiences of thousands across India. In Poona, two thousand people of the Harijan community pressed in upon them. Five hundred children sat cross-legged on the ground. The leader of these people said, 'These men

and women, who include young and old, will go all over India. They have come to rally the people to obey the guidance of God, to remove poverty and division between rich and poor, between class and class, and to make one world.'

It is a new day when the youth of Australia concentrate on answers and carry those answers to the people of India. They raised the money for their journey. Some sacrificed possessions, prospects and career. Mr Hasluck flew two thousand miles from Canberra to Perth to commission them. He said, 'In Australia and India there is a realisation now that our destinies are linked, that working together we can help change the shape of Asia.'

CHARACTER NOT CASH

Those men and women are from our two kindred nations East of Suez. For some reason, responsible people I talked to in those distant lands regard our association with them as based not on cash but on character. They think of common aims, common ideals, common standards, bought and paid for in two world wars with our common blood. There are factors beyond geography. The links are of the heart as well as of the pocket. The comradeship of generations was not forged by the measure of our resources, but by the grandeur of our goals. To many New Zealanders, Britain is still 'home'. It may be a foolish idea. But our history reveals other instances of glorious folly.

When I was in Australia a distinguished Briton was reported in the Press there as saying that Australia could no longer expect top-level British people to accept State Governorships since so many more important posts were now open to them at home. By contrast, one Australian administrator said to me, 'There is not much cement left in this fragmented world, and the cement the

Commonwealth still provides is vital for humanity.'

I talked with a senior Cabinet Minister in Wellington. For years Britain has bought far the most part of New Zealand's butter. We met on the day on which our butter negotiators were pursuing the toughest line ever with New Zealand's representatives. They were pressing for prices which would either gravely damage the New Zealand farmers or embarrass the New Zealand Government. In circumstances like these it is hard to persuade people in New Zealand that we do not prefer the convenience of trading partners across the North Sea or Channel to the livelihood of our kindred the other side of the earth. I shall not forget the pain in the Minister's voice when he said to me, 'You know, it cannot go on like this.' Then he added, 'Yet our ties are so strong and so deep.'

I sat with a former Colonel of the Maori Battalion who had written the Lament for his people who fell fighting by our side in Crete. I heard New Zealand youth of Moral Re-Armament, including a new generation of Maoris, singing that Lament and pledging their lives to bring an answer to their country.

Self-appointed judges are speaking out in the world's Press about Britain's shortcomings. I suppose in a sense this is a compliment. It shows that people in other lands expect better of us. When, in their view, we fail, it is worthy of comment - on the same principle that a Bishop who suggests he does not believe in God becomes front-page news.

Certainly, every thoughtful man in every continent who has spoken to me about Britain has expected more of us than we expect of ourselves. One of India's elder statesmen, Mr Rajagopalachari, the first Indian Governor-General after Independence, said to me, 'We look at you and your people in the light of your great

history. You yourselves are swamped in the running of your day-to-day affairs.'

Recently, *Time* magazine has shone its kaleidoscopic spotlight on those aspects of life in London with which its reporters seem most familiar. Mr Anthony Lewis, from the more staid *New York Times*, rivalled *Time* in a melancholy account of a Britain which is on the way out. A Swedish journalist in London says that Britain today reminds him of the story about the English Peer who got into a taxi outside his club and told the driver, when he enquired where he wanted to go, not to be 'so damned inquisitive'. What the moral of this story is, I am not sure. A Russian journalist, the London correspondent of *Izvestia*, is more hopeful. He feels we are capable and powerful enough economically and morally to overcome our problems, though it may take years.

An Italian journalist makes a penetrating comment. He feels our country has lost and not yet found a national purpose. A great country, he says, always needs a demanding role to fulfil.

No one who loves Britain can talk with men and women across the world without being torn and troubled by their reactions to much of what we are and do in Britain. Our internal bitterness and class war mystifies people. We seem to have forgotten compassion. The scenes in our parks and streets frankly shock our Commonwealth guests. So do some of our theatres, and so does much of our TV and radio.

We call it the modern 'permissive society'. I sometimes wonder if the exponents of that form of society would not also take a permissive view of a modern Hitler.

It seems that lovers of Britain used to come here in the belief that decency and sound standards would meet them in this ancient, God-fearing land. What shakes our

visitors is not casual indulgence but the philosophy of filth and futility, preached as a progressive way of life.

It may, as some believe, be a conspiracy to develop decadence. But in any event, we the masses permit it, when with a heave of our wills and spirits towards sanity and decency, we could once again set new standards and new targets for the world. Be sure of this, the vast majority of the world would cheer and change with us if we did.

I sat with an Indian Cabinet Minister in his garden in Delhi. We talked about Rajmohan Gandhi's campaign for the moral re-armament of India, and about the revolution in human nature and human motive which a bold nation could live and give to humanity. We talked about the heart-power that can outmatch the hate-power in the world.

Then the Minister spoke of his recent visit to London to seek urgent aid for India. He had conferred in Whitehall, and the reply was that everything had now to be settled in the light of economics, and economics alone. He had been saddened, he said, not by disappointment at being refused what he wanted, but at what he described as 'the changing values of Britain', her reduced horizons and restricted aims. 'Yet', he said, 'she is the nation we naturally turn to as our best friend.'

I said to him, 'Our danger is that we are now allowing our resources to shape the size of our goals.' He instantly exclaimed, 'Our goals must shape our resources. The greatness of a nation depends on the greatness of its goals.'

'PULL TOGETHER AFRICA'

When I was in East Africa I met a Moral Re-Armament force of young Africans from eight nations who were set to give their countries and their continent

fresh aims. They did it in song. They did it in captivating dances of the various lands and peoples. They did it with the massed effect of 140 voices whose theme was that wealth comes from hard work, that unity springs from a change of motive, that corruption can be cured with honesty, and that God's destiny for Africa is that she become the answer continent.

The only resources they started with were a firm intent to run an electric current of new life and purpose through Africa. The goal was big enough, and they found the means to reach it.

A Voice of Kenya Television producer described their production as the finest thing from the heart of Africa they had yet transmitted.

I was with these men and women when they accepted President Kenyatta's invitation to his farm outside Nairobi. The President, who is looked on as the father and friend of all races in Kenya, urged them to take their ideas and 'scatter them all over Africa'. 'Then,' he said, 'Africa will set a pattern and we shall speak with a united voice.'

After the schools and colleges end, these students will go to the Sudan, invited by the Sudan Government. That country desperately needs unity. Meanwhile, they have multiplied and another cast will stay in East Africa to tour the various towns and villages. They call their weapon, *Harambee Africa* - 'Pull Together Africa'. It lifts men above conflicting ideas and offers the millions of Africa fresh dimensions of living which have a simple answer at the heart of them. Instead of thrusting upon Africa one alignment or another, or even non-alignment, it offers her peoples an ideology suited to their genius - that freedom from hate, greed and fear can be the next step forward to independence for them and for the whole human family.

What could and should be Britain's goal?

We have great achievements to record in spite of the merchants of gloom. I do not myself believe that, as someone has said, 'our spiritual home is the last ditch'. Last year we sold £4,723 million of goods abroad. Our overseas investments total £11,000 million - a fabulous figure, amounting to £200 per head of the population. Anyone who travels the world also knows that we retain funds of goodwill and expectancy in many lands, in spite of the efforts of cynics to deny it and the readiness of some gullible people to believe them.

Three million overseas guests will visit our shores this year and spend here about £1 million a day. Last year our exports to the United States rose by twenty-three per cent.

We still have the largest merchant fleet of any nation. And here, may I say that, in spite of all high feelings on either or any side, it is time the nation felt with a new care and consideration for our seamen, so that every honest need be justly and honourably met.

We expect to export £200 million of British-built planes this year, and as an air traveller of 50,000 miles in the last six months alone, I state without hesitation that the VC10 and the Trident strike me as the finest commercial aeroplanes at present in service.

We have a record of inventive and creative genius that surpasses most and is second to none. Only last week-end my wife lunched with the wife of the man who invented the revolution in the production of sheet glass which has been made possible by the Pilkington float process. This new process is expected to be worth several million pounds yearly of foreign exchange.

The Minister of Labour recently called the country to the patriotism which will accept the disciplines the nation needs. He is clear that only love of country can

make sound policies work. Yet there is limited response. What is the missing factor?

Is it that we misjudge the British people? Do we try to draw them with the wrong magnet?

SPECIALISTS IN THE IMPOSSIBLE

In Churchill's far-off days we defended the world's freedom with our lives, and a few squadrons of Hurricanes and Spitfires. But to pay our nation's debts is an aim which lacks the same power to kindle the British heart. Most people reckon to live in debt anyway. Our Hire Purchase total as a country had risen, by 1965, to £1,115 million.

I suggest to you that once our people are fired with the aims that have majesty and glory in them, our resources will soar and the policies of sound and sensible men will succeed.

The spirit of the British nation is not dead. It is drugged. And the drug is the drug of diminution – what Sir Alec Douglas-Home recently described as the cult of mini-Britain. We are fast becoming addicts. We are plagued with the mini-minded, the mini-misers of our role in world affairs.

A Member of Parliament said to me recently that the prevalent talk at Westminster is that we must now decide to become small. Smallness is comfortable. We love comfort. So we persuade ourselves that smallness is our rightful role. We gobble up the drug and call it medicine.

Greatness, shame, sacrifice are intermingled in our history. But petty aims have never preoccupied the British people.

Mistakes have been many but the biggest mistake we could now make would be to decide that our world work is done.

One instant goal, attainable by decision of ourselves and those whose lives we touch, can be to end the present anti-heroic phase of our history. The idea whose time has come is that brave men and women can switch the thinking of whole peoples from problems to answers; that the greatest deception of all time will be upon our generation, if we come to terms with the lie that hunger of body and mind, smallness of aim, hate and division in home, industry and nation, and between nations, are normal and permanent, to be endured rather than cured.

We pay a high price for problems. I would sooner pay the price of producing answers. The cost may be less, the reward is greater. Answer-minded men and women are the supreme need in our production programme. We need to say yes to the role of becoming specialists in the impossible.

I question whether merely to internationalise problems is enough to answer them. It may ease some pressing issue. But the answer to world needs will be launched and established by any nation which decides, at any cost, to make what is right militant. And that principle, practised with revolutionary conviction, must go through every phase of British life, from personal conduct to public policy.

It could be Britain's privilege to re-introduce it, with fearless power and conviction, into the running of the world. It would not be easy. It would challenge the breakfast table as much as the conference table. But it would certainly command the respect and support of the peoples of Asia and Africa, and lift our exports, visible and invisible, to unforeseen record figures. For quality goes with courage, and dishonest as well as honest customers choose the high standards of an honest dealer.

We in Britain pioneered the industrial revolution. Our goal could now be to produce an industrial system in which workers and management normally move together like the fingers of a hand, not just for personal affluence but to provide for the mounting needs of multiplying humanity, and to give men the secret of great living.

Last week-end I was with a man who was twenty-three years in the Communist Party. He heads the Building Trades Workers in a Midlands city. The building of houses is a challenge and a problem all over the world. This man says, 'Moral Re-Armament challenged me to think of all I was doing in the light of world conditions. My wife said, "You are always talking about freedom and unity, but the world's biggest dictator is the one who runs our home".' A fellow trade unionist said to him, 'You want to change social, economic and political structures, but you don't want to change yourself, so you are just a reactionary.' They then talked about absolute moral standards, and what their application could mean to the world. The Communist said, 'I will have a shot at them in my job. It is a great idea.'

'I found,' he said, 'it didn't work. I had first to go down to bedrock and start at home with my wife and family. I had to apologise to my son, Karl (named after Karl Marx), because I chased him out of the house when he was eighteen. My second son also ran away. He said home was hell. Before anything effective could happen in industry I had to put my own house in order.'

Last week-end I saw this man and his son standing side by side and telling their friends of their commitment to the moral re-armament of Britain and the world. In the last two years the bricklayers' teams the father organises have increased their production by thirty per

cent. Individual bricklayers have raised their laying from three hundred to seven hundred and fifty bricks a day. 'We used,' he says, 'to build one house every five days. In our present contract we are actually achieving a rhythm of three houses finished per week. Wages have risen accordingly. Our decision is to build the houses needed in Britain and to carry the answer to Europe and the world.'

To free the world from bitterness and hate could be as great a goal as to save nations from Hitler. We in Britain could tackle it in this generation. A hate-free nation would break every record in its production targets. To use hate as a path to power, as our class-war addicts of Left and Right do, is as criminal as to use slaves as a way to wealth.

Homes and families have been the granite on which we have grown. But family life is everywhere losing its strength. Our national goal could be to restore it. Children the world over could be given not just the three R's, but the four standards of honesty, purity, unselfishness and love.

Honesty was once our national pride. If practised again it would reduce taxes, multiply trade and save governments. Corruption has already opened the door to tyranny in many lands, and the whole bill is not yet paid.

Britain's goal could be to make honesty in business, politics and diplomacy normal. We are to try a number of new taxes. We might also try one year of absolute honesty and see how it worked.

SUPER-MODERN MEN

They say that an Englishman is a self-made man who worships his creator. But at certain moments of our history we have bowed before a Power greater than our-

selves, which seems to preserve us, against odds, for some ever-larger purpose. God today is under fire. Some say He is out of date. Others say He is irrelevant or even dangerous. Yet He goes on working. He still puts His thoughts into the minds of those who listen. For thirty-seven years I have daily known the reality of that experience. God still picks people for big jobs and gives them guts to do them. He still heals hate, liquidates lust and unites the toughest elements when men decide to let Him tell them how to live.

God does not belong to Britain. But Britain may belong to God. And if we give Him the chance He may yet use us for our greatest role in the drama of history. Three hundred years ago, in a time of division and danger, a man of politics and of faith wrote this of us:

Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant Nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks. Methinks I see her as an Eagle mewing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full midday beam, purging and unsealing her long-abused sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance, while the whole noise of timorous and flocking birds, with those also that love the twilight, flutter about amazed at what she means.

Then he added,

I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue, unexercised and unbreathed, that never sallies out and sees her adversary, but slinks out of the race, where that immortal garland is to be run for not without dust and heat.*

Were we to undertake together the challenge of this extraordinary time, the very greatness of our aim would

*John Milton, *Areopagitica*

draw out the great-heartedness, the ingenuity, the creativeness, the energy of our people.

A year ago our only child, a daughter aged eighteen and a half, came to us and told us that she would like to invest her life in the moral re-armament of the world. She and some of her friends from this country are now at work with Rajmohan Gandhi and his force in India. They are part of an expanding army of youth in all five continents who have chosen to dedicate their best ability and their strongest feelings to the noblest tasks.

My wife and I find that the youth only expect one thing of us – that we go further and faster than they do! Many things today tend to divide the generations. The moral re-armament of the world is the normal, natural and revolutionary job for everyone everywhere, and the time has come for the whole human family, under God's orders, to undertake it together.