

FREE FLOW of PEOPLE and GOODS to ASIA

PEOPLE from government, industry, agriculture and education will meet at the MRA centre in Caux, Switzerland, to find ways in which Europe can play a part in solving the problems of Asia and the Middle East. They will consider how a free flow of people and goods, men and faith can be developed for the needy millions of Africa, Middle East and Asia.

The conference is from 14 September to 1 October.

The agenda of the conference will include the following themes:

The practical means of feeding the whole of mankind. A radical approach

to the problem of food and population.

How to provide a home for every family.

What kind of cities need to be built to create a worthy framework for human life.

The practical contribution of European industry to a sound economic life for all nations.

Evidence from the docks and other lifelines of the world.

The forgotten factor in world affairs.

Putting God's will and man's need before personal or national gain.

EXHIBITION OPENS IN NEW DELHI

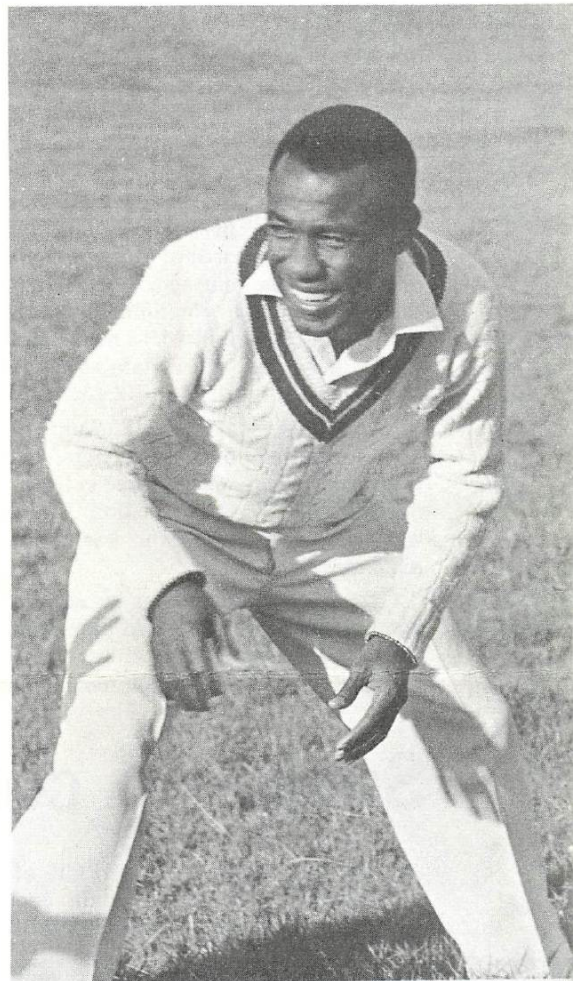
'YOU HAVE TAUGHT ME two things tonight. I'll never be cynical again about my country. God can bring a change even at this hour in India's situation,' said an Indian Government press officer, after seeing a photograph and poster exhibition of the action of *India Arise* in the Middle East and Europe. Some of the posters outline plans of action that the cast of *India Arise*, the MRA musical production, is launching following its six month tour abroad.

TV and press cameramen representing ABC, CBS, UPI-TV, BBC, ITV,

NBC, Visnews, Pix of New York, Palmer and Blackstar Agencies of New York, *The Times of India*, the Indian Ministry of Defence and the Government of India's Press and Information Bureau saw the exhibition organised by Captain and Mrs David Channer.

The exhibition also has been seen by MPs, a Union Cabinet Minister, businessmen and aid experts from foreign countries. The cast of *India Arise* was received by the Ministers of Finance and Education.

R D MATHUR



**CONRAD HUNTE,
Vice-Captain West
Indies cricket XI,
speaks on
'The West Indians
In Britain—
Headache or Hope?'**
See page 3

PETER WOLVEKAMP, a 21-year-old revolutionary, was laid to rest in Dutch soil on Friday, 18 August. He died in the Nestlé Hospital, Lausanne, after the sudden worsening of a chronic disease.

Peter was the son of Mr and Mrs Bert Wolvekamp. He left two brothers and one sister. The day he was born his father was with Dr Frank Buchman in America. Mr Wolvekamp was one of the first group of Europeans to consult with Dr Buchman in 1945 to plan the ideological reconstruction of the post-war world.

Four times in recent months Peter gave his convictions on the radio on the destiny of his people through MRA. He led a force of young Dutch into Britain one year ago. They shared their vision and commitment with civic officials, industrial men and youth in some of Britain's major ports.

Peter once remarked, 'I want to learn to lead without being a boss.' He succeeded. Peter was a medical student, but it was his passion for a world remade that all who knew him remember.

Caux in Switzerland was his second home. His disease prevented him from being vaccinated so that although he yearned to work in India, he could

'TAKE GOD'S WORD WITH YOU'

not leave Europe. He met the world at the conferences at Caux and loved it.

Peter was a sportsman and unyielding competitor although in his last three years he could not participate in the tennis in which he excelled. Yet his parents never once heard him complain at the restrictions his illness placed upon him. His mother remarked upon his freedom from fear of people. He gave Moral Re-Armament to people everywhere and stood firmly and selflessly for his convic-

tions.

Said his parents when Peter committed his life to God for the moral re-armament of the world, 'We knew he no longer belonged to us.' He once said, 'I would like to shake hands with God.' More than the companionship of family and friends he treasured as the central reality of his life the companionship of God.

At the memorial service held in Caux a Kenyan student studying in Zagreb, Yugoslavia, told of seeing Peter as he was being taken by ambulance from Mountain House, Caux, to the Lausanne hospital. Peter had said to him, 'I have been in hospital many times. I think this time I will die.' Then looking at his African friend he said, 'Wherever you go take the word of God with you.' Peter so numbered his days that he applied his heart unto wisdom and lived to the maximum the short hours he was given.

At his farewell service other young Dutch pledged themselves to take on his battle.

Peter lived and lives for the greatest revolution of all time whereby the Cross of Christ will transform the world and the resurrection and the life of Jesus Christ will become the normal life of every cabinet and nation.

PAUL CAMPBELL

Satire on computers staged in France

AN INTERNATIONAL FORCE of 80 people from France, Britain and ten other nations have launched a pro-

gramme of MRA in Loire Atlantique on the French Atlantic coast. They are taking a new musical comedy, *Pitié pour Clementine*, to the towns of the area. One audience, last week in Guerande included men from the St Nazaire shipyard, Europe's largest with ten thousand employees, and the MP for Guerande, Pierre Litoux. The audience particularly responded to scenes in the play inspired by the strike that recently crippled the St Nazaire shipyards for two months and discouraged the establishment of new industrial firms in the area. The performance was set in an open air theatre bordered on two sides by the ramparts, towers and moat of the medieval city. *Presse Ocean* the region's second largest daily newspaper, describing the operation, said, 'With lyrics and songs spiced with humour and verve *Pitié Pour Clementine* is a satire of our age. Desperate about its nonsensical state a nation turns to the calculating wis-

dom of Clementine (computer). Non-conformist Clementine puzzles the whole cabinet by its unexpected insight. It takes 14 songs to unravel the dramatic situation.'

Speaking after the Guerande performance Irène Laure, former MP for Marseilles and former Secretary General of the Socialist Women of France, said, 'It's unthinkable in the twentieth century there should be people dying of hunger, people who continue to live in physical and moral poverty. We must together take on the task of banishing the hate, bitterness, pride and fear which paralyse people.' Jayashri Sonalkar from India greatly struck the audience when she spoke of the part France could play in solving the enormous problems of her country. She had come with 30 members of the cast of *It's Our Country, Jack!* the British musical which during the past year visited 21 ports of Britain.

DAVID PORTEOUS



from left to right: Michel Orphelin, Guy Lejeune, Felix Lisiecki, Clementine the computer, Jean Pierre Chatel
photo: Maillefer

WEST INDIANS IN BRITAIN— HEADACHE OR HOPE?

*An address by CONRAD HUNTE, Vice-Captain of the West Indies Cricket XI,
at the West Indies Students' Centre, London*

CRICKET is our national game and we are at present world champions. In four months' time the MCC will travel out to the West Indies to try and topple our crown. I do not think they will, mind you, but far more important than the result of the series will be the way in which the series is played. It could very much influence the relationship between Britain and our West Indian nations, and the British and our West Indian people here in this country.

Individual talent was ever present in the West Indies cricket team. Sir Frank Worrell inspired team-work and encouraged the selection of the right man for the job on ability, merit and form alone, and pioneered the secret of how to deal with petty rivalry and jealousy in the team itself. All these factors brought out greater individual initiative as well as strengthened our united team spirit that made victory a reality.

Will this coming series, 1967-68, outmatch in spirit and achievement the series of 1960-61 in Australia? It could. It will depend on whether the leadership of both sides, West Indies and MCC, will attack the task with the same approach and spirit and fight that Worrell attacked his in 1960-61.

Cricket is only one aspect of West Indian life. It is an important aspect, but only one aspect. We need leaders who will do for the West Indies in every area of life what Sir Frank did for us in cricket. There are 1.4 million of us from Africa, Asia and the West Indies who live in Britain. Some of us have been here fifteen years, ten years, five years and one year. Some were born here. We are drivers and conductors on buses and trains, nurses, doctors, lawyers, engineers, opticians, barbers, shoemakers, postmen, teachers, housewives and cricketers. Many are students. Most of us work in the

hospitals, factories, post offices, road and rail transport services of Bradford, Leeds, Sheffield, Bolton, Preston, Manchester, Liverpool, Nottingham, Leicester, Birmingham, Coventry and London.

Britain needs us. And we need the British. We need homes for our people, work for them, clothing and education for our children and a chance to play a real and relevant part in the destiny of the country. The British people need these things, too. How can we answer these needs together? I believe we can and we will as we take on a far larger task. That is to provide the needs of the millions of Africa, Asia and Latin America, for food, shelter, work and a satisfying way to live, starting perhaps with India. I believe we could, if we so decided, create here in Britain a multi-racial society, varied in its colour, diverse in its culture, with many languages and one common purpose valid for East and West which would be a pattern for the Common Market countries, the Communist countries and the non-Communist countries of the world.

800,000 West Indians

Of the 1.4 million immigrants in Britain 800,000 are West Indians. Immigration to this country started long before we from the West Indies came. In the 1930's the central Europeans fled to this land from the horrors of Hitler. During the war the Cypriots and the Maltese came. After the war Britain flung wide her doors to immigrants from the Commonwealth countries and in particular the Jamaicans, Barbadians, Indians and Pakistanis. Then a great wave of Commonwealth immigrants came to beat the 1962 Commonwealth Immigrants Act. And now the descendants of the immigrants are coming in numbers that understandably give concern to

the Government and to the people of these islands. Immigration is a matter that concerns all of us. It necessarily brings new situations and new challenges. It is not a matter of the colour of a man's skin, it is the matter of the character of his heart. It need not be a problem of so many more mouths to feed and heads to shelter, but it could be a glorious opportunity of so many more brains to put to work, hearts to care and wills to engage in doing the job that needs to be done in this country and in the world.

The problem is not one of colour, it is one of communication of heart to heart. I was travelling in the train the other day and I got into the compartment with the clear sense that I was going to have a very exciting train journey from King's Cross to Knebworth in Hertfordshire. A group of English men and women obviously tired from their hours at the office came in and immediately went to sleep and I carried on reading my paper. They all got off at Welwyn Garden City and in came a lady obviously from the West Indian islands, and an Englishman. I said hello to both and they said hello. The lady began her knitting and the gentleman started reading. I continued reading my paper. After a short while I realised that if I was going to have an interesting train journey I would have to start and take an interest in those in the carriage. So I said to the lady, 'Where are you from?', 'Jamaica,' 'How long have you been here?', 'Six years', 'Where do you work?', 'In a restaurant in Hitchin' and 'How do the people treat you here?' She looked at the Englishman and smiled and said, 'Not as well as I would like, but you cannot have all your own way.' Interesting comment. Then I said, 'And how are you treating them?' She again looked at the

Englishman and said, 'I would like to treat them better, but they are so far away.' At this point the Englishman said, 'I know what you mean, you mean we all keep ourselves to ourselves and live in our own "compartment" and you cannot get through to us.' She said, 'Yes, that is what I mean.' It was a very interesting conversation. I told them both about Annie Jaeger.

Annie Jaeger was a revolutionary. There is a musical play on her life story called *Annie*, written by Alan Thornhill and currently running at the Westminster Theatre.

Annie Jaeger dealt with the class war and violence of the 1930's, stemming from the hunger and unemployment. She cured the bitterness in people and set them on a new course to create a new pattern of society where everyone cared enough and shared enough so that everyone would have enough. Who will be the modern revolutionaries to tackle the race war and the violence it creates? It is already raging in many parts of the world and could be sparked off here very soon because of the impending unemployment and because of the bitterness and indifference in this country.

I want to see a new type of society come to birth in this country and in every country where people care for each other and share what they have so that all may benefit; where men forgive instead of taking revenge; where men change instead of blaming the other fellow; and where all men are free from hate, fear, greed and selfishness. In this way we can bring freedom of opportunity to every colour and class on earth. White power, red power, yellow power, none of these have created this new type of society. Black power will not create this new type of society either. Power in the hands of black, white, red, brown or yellow men filled with hate and revenge, fear and ambition, will destroy the very things all of mankind want and so many lack—rice, work, shelter, equal opportunities and a satisfying reason for living.

But there is a power available and adequate for answering all men's needs for food, faith, employment, housing and dignity. It is the power of God working through men who are wholly given to Him in the task of revolutionising society. It is the idea of Moral Re-Armament. It is big enough to include everybody and

powerful enough to change everybody.

Hate is not limited to any race, colour or country. Rajmohan Gandhi, chief editor of 'Himmat', Asia's new voice, wrote in 14 July, 1967, 'You cannot help a man, race or nation you hate. Also you cannot hate the man, race or nation you decide to help.' I know that to be true. I used to hate my father because I thought he treated my younger sister better than he treated me. I was jealous of her. When I met MRA seven years ago I decided to change. I apologised to my father for my hate and to my sister for my jealousy. God cured the hate and jealousy. I discovered that my father and my sister needed my help as much as I needed theirs. This united our family and we began to care for one another and to care for our nation and other nations.

The missing factor is that human nature can change. That is the root of the answer. National economies can change. That is the fruit of the answer. World history can be changed. That is the destiny of our age.

Could it be that the role of the West Indians is to bridge the gap between black and white, East and West, rich and poor, have and have-not nations of the world? On New Year's Day, 1967, the West Indies cricket team were engaged in the second Test match against India on the lovely Eden Gardens cricket ground, Calcutta. Suddenly the cricket field became a battlefield with tear gas and riots. The public stands were demolished by fire. A group of demonstrators had carefully planned and skilfully executed the disturbances. They had brought petrol in bottles in their pockets for any eventuality. The fact that there were 20,000 more spectators on the ground than should have been there helped greatly. Black marketeering, corruption, bribery, these were all the underlying aids to this mob rule. The game was called off for the day. My colleagues, frightened by the whole affair, returned to the hotel and there was the danger of the whole match being cancelled. This would mean of course the end of the whole tour. But because I had found an answer to hate and fear in my own heart, I stuck at the heart of the crisis and God used me to save the baggage and the national flags from the fire and then, in negotiation with our team and the Indian Board of Control, to create the climate of trust and care for India in which the right

decision to resume the match on 3rd January was possible. We won the game, but more than that we won the loyalty, the respect and the gratitude of India. Our cricket team built the bridge of human fellowship and loyalty between India and our country, India and the whole Afro-Asian world for future generations.

Britain as home

An increasing number of West Indians who live in Britain are learning to treat Britain as their home. We want to share the responsibilities as well as the benefits of this country with the British. We want to face her present needs—and they are many—and forge together her future destiny. We want for the British children as well as for our own, sound homes, sound families, sound education, sound industries, a sound nation with a sound foreign policy that cares and caters for the whole human family.

I am grateful for the home in London where I live and for other homes in our neighbourhood where more of our compatriots from the West Indies, as well as Indians, Pakistanis, Africans come day by day, week by week, to meet and plan with our British friends how to answer the needs of this nation, and the needs of Asia, Africa, Latin America and the world. I am grateful too for the Westminster Theatre and Arts Centre, where so many of us meet regularly to see the plays and take part in the discussions and the lectures which inspire thought and create ideas of honesty in business, purity in homes and unselfishness and love in our dealings with neighbours and foreigners. We are finding a common basis of cooperation and participation in building a new world through Moral Re-Armament, a new world that is colour blind, because it is character built.

West Indians in Britain with the secret of how to change themselves and how to change others are not a headache, they are a hope. They will learn to serve Britain, to teach Britain the secret of how to serve the world. Britain has already taught the world many things; the rule of law, parliamentary democracy, the trade union movement. For one thing I am particularly grateful, Britain taught the West Indies how to play cricket. Now we have shown her how to win. Together we can show the world how to live. It is what the world expects of Britain.

THE INCOME TAX OFFICIAL in Bristol was confident. 'There is no need to call the Inspector of Taxes. I am in charge. We have dealt with almost every problem. I am sure we can solve yours.'

'And if I tell you I have been fiddling income tax for seven years. . .?' asked Sushil Anand.

The official called for the Inspector without delay.

This was three weeks before the amnesty introduced by the Government for tax dodgers.

'Of course, you know you will have to pay a penalty,' warned the Inspector.

'If I didn't, I would not have come,' replied the Indian business man. 'I know the consequences.'

Income tax officers and accountants are now going through Mr Anand's book to find out what he owes. I

who believed that everyone they met, including those who served their meals, could be radically different in their lives.

Mr Anand saw *India Arise*. He saw it several times. 'I was moved. I felt these people were doing something for India that I should have done ages ago. I should have gone back. I let India down.'

Bitterness against the Indian Government about a scholarship that was so meagre that he had to work as a kitchen porter, labourer, truck loader, even grave digger while studying had helped him decide, like many other Indians, to stay in Britain. His bitterness began to be dwarfed by the vision of what ordinary young Indians were out to do for their country.

He talked with the cast about their ideas for a fundamental change in the character of Indians. They told him about absolute moral standards, hon-

of their faith that God provided where He guided. 'At that moment some voice said to me "can you keep their faith?"', Mr Anand recalls. He did not reduce the price. He decided to pay the full bill of £345 himself and also other bills totalling £70 which had to be met.

Mr Anand's passion for theatre—trained as a producer at the Bristol Old Vic and the University of Bristol—took him to the Westminster Theatre, where he could learn more about MRA. Later when *India Arise* was playing there he decided to commute daily and cook in the theatre's kitchens for the cast.

Already people around were beginning to notice the difference in Mr. Anand. Why had he stopped drinking and smoking, they were asking at the casino.

After one visit to London he de-

THEY MADE A MAN OUT OF ME

may have to sell a house,' he says, 'But I am prepared to.'

This is one episode in a story that began at the end of April this year in Bristol, involved the selling of a strip club and gambling casino in Newport and reached into the President of India's office in New Delhi.

Thirty-six year old Sushil Anand is a man of many trades—a skilled motor mechanic, a trained theatrical producer and a successful restaurateur.

'I am by birth Pakistani, by rights Indian, by naturalisation British,' he says. 'I have divided loyalties but through Moral Re-Armament I feel I could be a person to help unite East and West.'

This was not his attitude when the cast of *India Arise* arrived in Bristol and his firm was engaged to do the catering. His love of India and his head for business combined to produce a good meal for the Indian cast each day and a good deal for Mr Anand on the side. This catering commission also brought him into close touch with Indian men and women

esty, purity, unselfishness and love. 'If I believed in that it would prove very expensive. Gaming can't be considered honest, to strip is not pure,' thought Sushil Anand. So he kept quiet.

He heard how the work of Moral Re-Armament was financed—and made his first contribution, £100, towards a film van for use in India. He bought books.

At the end of the week he came to Peter Howard's play *The Ladder*. It caused him to think about his business and the life he was leading. 'I saw the play and found my life was without objective, without principles, without giving a thought to the people I saw losing their wage packets at the gaming table. I felt somehow I should not be leading this life but be doing something more normal.'

The local men and women who had invited *India Arise* to the city talked to him. They had not yet raised all the money needed to cover the cost of the visit. Could he reduce the bill for the food, they asked. They spoke

decided that a new life must begin at home. He was honest about many things he had kept from his wife. It was not easy for either of them. But they decided together to make a fresh go of their marriage. The children noticed the difference.

'In the past', said Mr Anand, 'I deliberately used people for my benefit. I used everybody to get on. For the first time in my life I wanted to put things right.'

'I knew that by changing I would be losing money, pride and face, and from a personal point of view, I would be leaving a lot of things like drinking, smoking and lustful attachments. But I am glad to tell you that though it seems difficult, things can be overcome one by one.'

This was how the Tax Inspector came into the picture. 'I kept my accounts in such a way that only I knew what was wrong.'

It was what led to parting with the gambling club. On his thirty-sixth birthday at 3.00 a.m. he signed the contract to sell the casino and as soon

as he completed the legal formalities the same morning he travelled to attend an MRA conference in Caux, Switzerland.

And it was how the President of India, Dr Zakir Husain, heard about Mr Anand's decision. Some years back when Dr Husain was Vice-Chancellor of Aligarh University, Mr Anand was his personal guest, invited to help with the drama club. He gave his services but he overcharged the University on his expenses. So Sushil Anand wrote to the President enclosing a postal order for three pounds. The President replied saying that he

had forwarded the money to the University.

Sushil Anand wants today to stand alongside Rajmohan Gandhi and the men of *India Arise* in their battle to build a clean, strong and united India. He has his family commitments, his wife and children, his brothers and their children who depend for their livelihood on him. He believes, however, that the changes that Moral Re-Armament has brought in them and in him will help them more quickly to shoulder their responsibilities and thus free him to work for the moral re-armament of India. He is planning

to go soon for three to six months to help at Panchgani, the new MRA training centre near Bombay, and anywhere else his experience can be used.

He said, 'I felt when the President of India replied saying that he was glad *India Arise* had transformed my life it was like the reincarnation we Hindus hope for. For though I was living as a man I was not really a man. *India Arise* has given me a reason to live. It has united my family. It has made a man out of me, the man God intended me to be. No system will succeed unless people like me can be changed.'

MICHAEL HENDERSON

CARDINAL SPELLMAN SEES *UP WITH PEOPLE*

THE Archdiocese of New York last week sponsored English and Spanish outdoor performances of the MRA musical production *Up with People* in the streets of Lower Manhattan and East Harlem.

Cardinal Spellman's representative, Monsignor Leonard Hunt, introduced one of the performances in a thickly populated section near the Bowery. Five thousand people jammed the wide street to stand for two and a half hours to see the show. Families leaned from apartment windows 20 storeys high on either side of the avenue. Children stopped their street games.

His Eminence Francis Cardinal Spellman said, on seeing *Up with People* at the World Sing-Out Festival

just outside New York, 'What I have seen here is a demonstration that really means something constructive, something for the country and for Almighty God. It is a massive demonstration of patriotism, love of God and an inspiration. God bless you all.'

NBC Television News broadcast shots of another performance given to a largely Negro and Puerto Rican audience of 3,500 people crowded into a concrete play area surrounded by huge apartment buildings. Earlier in the summer rampaging gangs of youth had created disturbances in the nearby New York streets.

Joe Green, a Negro from Baltimore, speaking from the stage during the performance, said, '*Up with People* is out to change the world through a

revolution of character far faster than some folks think they can do it with violence. What we need is not black power, not white power, but heart power. We want to live such a quality of freedom that the whole world will want it.'

A policeman commented, 'This is the first time all races in this neighbourhood have got together without there being a disturbance.' A teenage Negro said, 'I have been on every picket line that has occurred in the city, but you have something here. How could I work with you?'

The cast were fed by the nuns of the district in the church hall. Every penny they had went into providing food. Others of the MRA force ate in the homes of the area.

At South African Gold Mine

THE MANAGEMENT of West Rand Consolidated Mines were hosts to the African MRA production *Vuka Hamba Tshabelela* in Krugersdorp on the Witwatersrand outside Johannesburg this month.

One thousand two hundred African gold mine workers and the mine management crammed the auditorium in the South Compound, where the musical drew storms of applause.

NEW BOOKS FOR PARENTS AND TEACHERS

'Quarrying Character' by Joyce Kneale

'Our Stake in the Future' by Joyce Kneale

'Birthright of Every Child' by Joyce Kneale

'We owe it to our Children' by Dorothy John

Price 1s; 6 for 5s; 50 for 37s 6d, postage extra

MRA, 4 Hays Mews, London W1