# NEW WORLD NEWS



## BATTLE LINE

Ring out the Old! Ring in—what kind of New? On that, even wise men cannot agree. Some look for a star in the East. Some turn hopefully—or wistfully—westwards. Others have lost faith in stars of any kind. On two things, however, all are agreed: that the times are out of joint; and that someone else is to blame.

Never has printer's ink flowed so generously in such ungenerous abuse. Never have so many reams of paper been covered with such brilliant judgments and caustic criticisms. The air is a-twang with recrimination. Clever folk, stupid folk, mediocre folk, all join in one harsh, jangling cacophony of blame. Public life resembles a nursery of badly-brought-up children; "It's all your fault!" "It's not, it's yours!" . . . "That belongs to us!" "Not so, it's ours!" . . . "They did it!" . . . or "They didn't do it!" . . . or "They should have done it!" . . .

Is that a true picture of Britain today? Have we no answer to the struggle of class against class? Are we a self-righteous nation only united in blaming other nations for our misfortunes?

If we are realists we shall admit that it is part of the truth—even a large part. Yet at this late hour when our credit is down and our debts are up, and our Pound and Prestige have fallen together, we have still one precious asset, the heritage of a rich Christmas tradition.

The ordinary decencies of common folk in every class, the honesty, generosity and humble-heartedness of all of us at our best, the family affection that has been the glory of our nation, are the fruits of this heritage. But as we live them today they are inadequate for the threat of an atomic age. Our heritage must not only be lived anew, it must be heightened. It must not just be a nostalgic memory of better days, a museum-piece, a survival; still less, a vague aspiration. It must gather the force of an ideology, and stake its claim to the future. It must be made the mainspring of our national life.

Britain need not then, look elsewhere for the inspiration to liberate her best powers again. She need not feel at a disadvantage, facing stronger nations at the world's conference tables. She will have a new motive at the conference table, the breakfast table and the factory bench. She will learn the secret of how to change enemies into friends, how to make friends into effective revolutionaries of a new world order, how to interest everyone in the biggest conception of life that man has yet been given.

Christmas is the time to accept the task of making Christ's ideology real in the life of a nation that still calls itself Christian. It will mean change—and so it should. Christmas without costly change is cheap sentimentality or expensive indulgence. There is only one suitable prayer for us to offer to the Holy Child of Bethlehem this Christmas:

"Cast out our sin and enter in,

Be born in us today."

All the year round the factions, conscious of each other's shortcomings, have shown us ugly facts about Britain as she is. Now at Christmas we can catch the vision of the world as it is meant to be. And then, as we change to make that vision real, we may find that here indeed is the answer to every doubt and the cure for every hate that binds and blinds the millions of the earth.



escape from Christmas, from other men and from themselves.

In the lead, climbing with sure tread, was a young man who seemed to carry his skis on his shoulder as if they were feathers. He came from the neighbouring market town, down the valley. His keen glance picked out the path and weighed the leaden skies. He had made the trip to the ski-hut before with his friends, in the bright winter days, when the sun seemed to clothe the snowy slopes with a garment of golden stars. This time, his heart was filled with boundless resentment, resentment against his father. They had quarrelled over a trifle, and he was going to show his father whose will was the stronger. Never would he give in, never. He was going to wait until his father begged him to return. Christmas or no, he was not going to weaken. He would find his company, never fear, in the ski-hut or elsewhere. The main thing now was to get up there before the storm broke.

But it was already too late. The storm was encircling them.

Behind him came a man without a home. He had lost his possessions, his family, his house and had had to flee his native land. He lived down in the city by the lake and had found a new job, but he had not found new hope. He liked to be alone, high up in the mountains, away from people at Christmas time, so that he could live in the past. Tiredly he climbed, stepping carefully in the tracks of the young man ahead.

The wind blew stronger and stronger, driving the snowflakes like needles into the faces of the climbers. Now the storm had blotted out the path entirely. Night had fallen. The only visible sign of life was a small square of light above them on the hill-side. Sinking at every step deep into the yielding snow, they struggled towards it. Now and then, climbing with difficulty, they lost sight of it in

the fury of the storm. Then it shone out again, beckoning and comforting, like the very gates of heaven.

\* \* \*

At last they stood catching their breath and shaking the snow off their clothes at the door of the cottage. "Do come in and warm yourselves. It is terrible weather out," said the young peasant, stretching out his warm, broad hand in friendly fashion. "We are just celebrating Christmas."

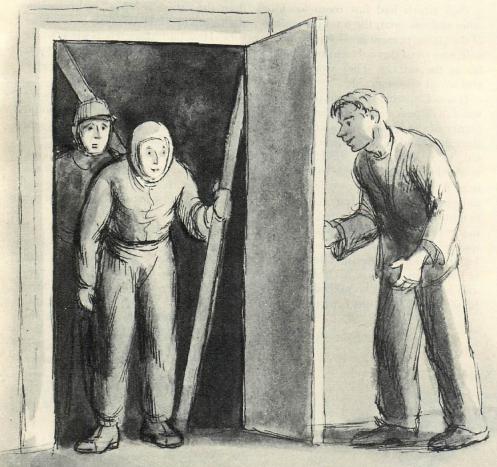
As the climbers stood hesitating at the threshold of the room, a world of light and love met them. There sat the young wife, her child in her arms, on a gaily coloured sofa. As she nodded a welcome to the strangers, each thought she could see into his heart. They sat down on the bench by the fire and gazed at the crib, at the kneeling shepherds, at the Babe in the manger. It was very still in the room, though outside the wind still howled with storm and fury.

The young climber dropped his eyes. The man without a home gazed at the crib motionless as in a dream.

Both were relieved that their hosts did not attempt conversation. Each was left to his own thoughts and the quiet warmth of the room. Meanwhile, the young farmer and his wife, as if they were quite alone, began to talk of the first Christmas scene. "Poor, homeless, that couple must have been—Mary and Joseph. Not even a cottage or a warm corner by the fire did they have.

"Think of it, a cattle stall and a little straw were all they found for a cradle for their first child. What a heartless world the King of Heaven came to then!"

In simple rough speech with long



pauses the peasant couple painted the scene of that first Christmas night as the strangers listened. There were the shepherds, simple folk who had heard the angels in the sky and came at their bidding; and there were the distant travellers, three wise men with their gifts of gold and silver.

A deep disquiet stirred the heart of each of the wanderers. Their eyes were riveted on the crib. They felt themselves there, standing with the shepherds and the sheep in the stable. It was they walking behind the wise men from the Eastern lands bearing their rich treasure, following the star until it shed its silver light over the stall at Bethlehem. There they were themselves, standing before the door, stiff and motionless, unable to move one further step, while all the others knelt down in adoration. What had they to bring the Child of Heaven? Stubborn resentment. Anger. Bitterness. In shame they bowed their heads.

The two men fidgeted uneasily on the bench where they were sitting. There seemed a radiance over the crib, in the faces of the young peasant and his wife. Were they awake or dreaming? Were those actually Mary and Joseph across the table from them? Was that the Christchild? As the wind whistled against the windows with new fury, the man without a country trembled. Could those be angel voices mixed up with the wind? As he met the glance of the young mother, it was full of love and heart began to melt.

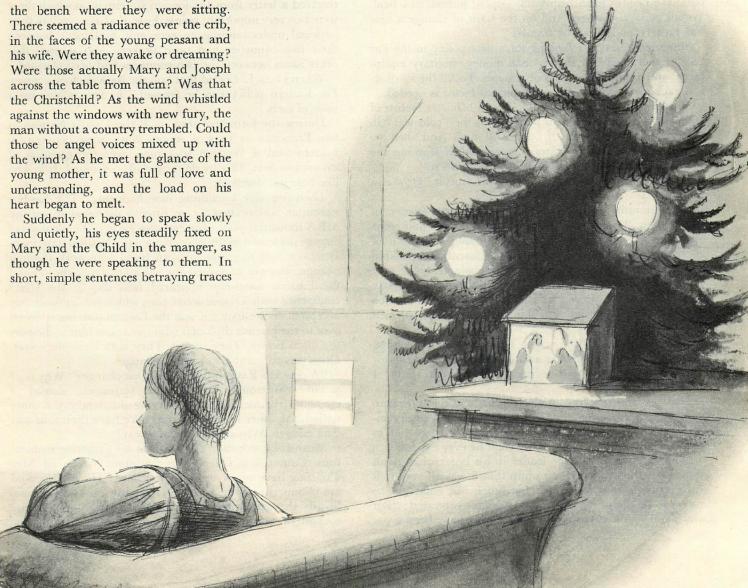
of a foreign accent, he told of his lost happiness, of his pain and suffering. "But You, too, have been homeless," he said with feeling, "homeless and yet the richest of all men, at home everywhere in the world." Humbly he knelt before the crib, as had been the custom of his fathers, and as he arose a clear light shone in his eyes. Who knows, perhaps the Son of God had whispered in his ear that He would give him such love in his heart that he in turn could pass it on to hundreds in the valley, and himself find in hundreds of other people's houses a home.

Softly, the peasant's wife hummed the song of the angels on that first Christmas Eve: "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace." As though he guessed what was going on in the mind and heart of the young climber, her husband reached out and put a hand on his shoulder. "And the angels sing that tonight, too," he said. "Whoever hears it properly cannot help but

go to his neighbour and clear up any quarrel or bitterness." And with a happy heart the young peasant told of his own experience that same day with his neighbour. Suddenly the tears appeared in the eyes of the proud young climber. "They are celebrating Christmas at home, too," he said, "my father and mother and my sisters, but father will be glum and silent because one of the family has gone off in resentment." "Father!" he called out in his heart, and his resentment melted away like snow in the sun.

As the winter storm gradually lessened and the dark clouds began to lift, the two climbers slept the sleep of the just in the hay above the cows in the shed.

Next morning, before the sun had spread the dawn over the mountain peaks, the climbers fitted on their skis and sped in broad curves down to the valley, each to the place he had left, to fulfil what each had promised the King lying in the manger on Christmas Eve.



# FAR EASTERN FERMENT II

BY LEONARD ALLEN

JUST before leaving China to come to Europe, early in September, I stood with Chen Li-fu, veteran Chinese leader, watching the milling mobs along the Canton waterfront. Among the coolies and street hawkers were numbers of refugees fleeing from the doomed city. A nation was collapsing. And yet he gave me this message of hope to take to his friends: "I believe there is still time for America and China, and the other democracies, to work together with moral courage to save this country from disappearing behind the Iron Curtain, and thereby to prevent complete disaster to Asia and the world."

And then he added: "To do so we must move into a new dimension. We need to emerge from the shadows of the past. We need a fresh beginning—open, honest, practical. We all need to change. And on the basis of change a new

Far Eastern policy can be framed."

Statesmen today are looking for a new policy in the Far East. Experience has shown that money, military equipment, and good advice are not enough. To fill the ideological vacuum in Asia today some further factor is needed.

Speaking in Chicago recently, Prime Minister Nehru of India warned the American people that the "cold war" in Asia could not be won "by force alone." And then he added: "If the United States is interested in winning the support of Asia, doles and charity will not do it."

What is the new factor? How can we find it? How can

we apply it?

Some months ago I watched a prominent leader of China going through a great moral struggle. He had come into personal conflict with an outstanding statesman of another country. The two of them were hardly on speaking terms. Great national issues hung in the balance.

One day the two men met informally at lunch. I saw them shake hands. It was pretty icy. But during the lunch the Chinese leader said something which greatly affected the other man.

"Recently I have been seeing how my country, China, needs to change." There was a pause. And then he went on: "And also I have been seeing something else—that I myself need to change."

These words came like an electric shock to the statesman from the other country. For a long time he had been convinced that the Chinese leader needed to change but to hear the Chinese say so was more than he ever expected.

Later, I saw the Chinese leader in his hotel, along with some other friends. We said to him that it was all very well to have made that remark at the lunch but what did he intend to do about it? The Chinese leader protested: "But why should I do anything further? I may have been 2 per

cent. wrong but the other man was 98 per cent. wrong." "Well, why don't you put your 2 per cent. right first?" we asked him.

He hedged at that, but the next day he started to write out in Chinese just where he himself had been wrong, and specifically the steps he intended to take to put things right. It was a terrific struggle for him. It took him over an hour to get it all down on paper.

A few days later he went to call on the other statesman, with whom he had been together at lunch, and gave him an English translation of what he had written. The walls

between those two men melted away.

Some weeks later the Chinese leader told me that he had received a letter from the foreign statesman in which there were two very important points. First, that as a result of their personal understanding an economic bottleneck between their two countries had been broken. And second, that other issues between the two countries had been clarified.

When Chen Li-fu said that "on the basis of change a new Far Eastern policy can be framed," he was talking on a basis of facts.

During the formative sessions of the United Nations at San Francisco in 1945, a serious clash arose between an Eastern and a Western statesman over the question of colonies in Asia. Day by day the clash continued. It looked like hopeless deadlock.

Then one day something new happened. The Eastern statesman was invited by an English diplomat to see the MRA industrial play, The Forgotten Factor. The ideology of change presented in the play gripped the Eastern statesman. If labour and management can build teamwork through change, why not statesmen also? With this thought in mind the Eastern statesman appeared next day at the UNO conference with a constructive plan which was immediately accepted. As he took his seat the Eastern statesman looked over to the English diplomat who had taken him to the play the night before. They smiled. They both knew the secret. Observers called it a miracle of change.

"A new Far Eastern policy based on change?" Why not? The real trouble comes when statesmen, instead of changing themselves, start pointing out where the other nation, the other leader, is wrong. We have tried that way

long enough. Why not try the new way?

Meanwhile, events in the Far East are gathering momentum. Canton has fallen. The victorious armies of Mao Tze-tung have swept up to the border of Hong Kong and are hammering in the direction of Indo-China and Burma. Swiftly the whirlwind is moving towards the smouldering cockpit of South-east Asia. India is restive. The Prime

Minister of Pakistan has been invited to Moscow, close on the heels of Mr. Nehru's visit to Washington.

The awakened masses of Asia are demanding three things today: food, freedom, and a philosophy of nationhood. The militant Marxists promise to meet all three demands. That is why they have set millions on the march.

I have seen the hunger-bloated stomachs of little children on the streets of Calcutta; any answer for India which does not meet that need is inadequate. I have seen students and workers marching in the Far East, under the hammer and sickle, demanding freedom from imperialist domination; any answer which does not meet that requirement squarely will fail.

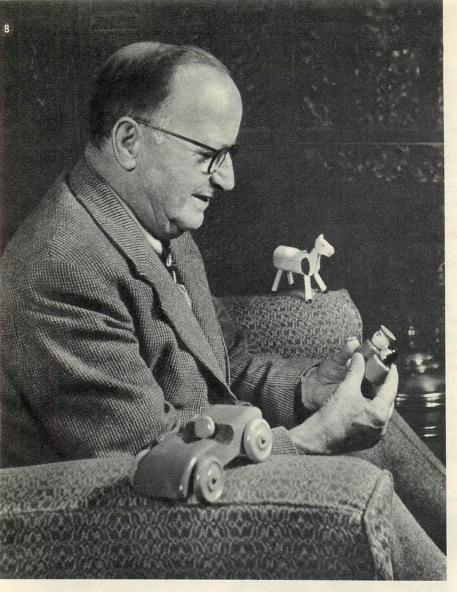
But there is something more: an adequate philosophy of nationhood. In 1946 I sat at Gandhi's feet, along with a great sea of people, during one of his out-door prayer meetings in New Delhi. Many Indian leaders hope that the teachings of the Mahatma will be the answer. In China I have watched the crowds gathered at the magnificent mausoleum of Sun Yat-sen, beyond the walls of Nanking. Many had thought that the philosophy of this Chinese revolutionary would be adequate to stem the onrush of Marxism.

One thing is undeniably true about Asia. As the home of every great religion in the world today, this continent instinctively responds to a moral and spiritual answer. And that is the great hope. Militant materialism in Asia can be halted by a greater ideology which means change for everybody. There is no other way.



Food-Freedom-A philosophy of nationhood. . . . Any answer which does not meet these needs is inadequate





### MEET THE

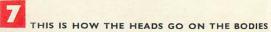
PHOTO STORY BY CYRIL

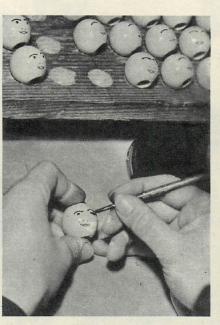
Seaton Corner thought of the toys he had I make them. The business has been built up As a result production has been steadily ri Without being asked to do so the workers d the Christmas rush. Their keenness is reflectly pleasure they give to children. The toys are

HERE IS THE TOYMAKER WITH TONY AND TRUDY, TI



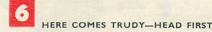
"TRUDY'S CAR IS CUT FROM SOLID WOOD













### **OYMAKER**

AND TERENCE BLAIR

ed for as a child and started a factory to the basis of putting people before profits. and all put their best into their work. ed to come in on Saturdays to help with in the quality of the products and the ng to play their part in the export drive.

OF THE TOYS

"HOW DO YOU MAKE THEM?"





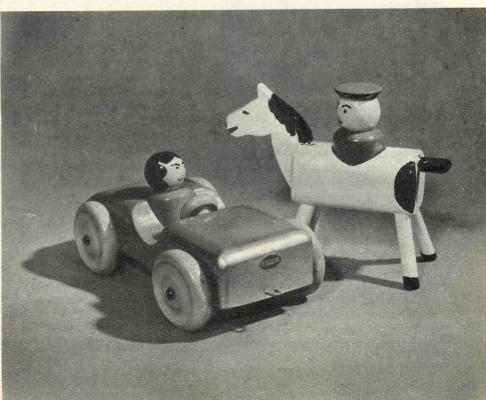
NEXT IT GETS ITS SHINY COAT OF PAINT







AND TONY ON TO HIS HORSE. AREN'T THEY FUN?"



## SUCH MEN ARE RARE

BY JOHN TYNDALE-BISCOE

AR from the cities, in a tiny hut, with a straw mat for a bed, a watch on the wall and a bookshelf the only furniture of his room, an old man held in his thin brown hands the fate of the millions of India. His name was Mahatma Gandhi. The quality of his conviction and life held the minds of India's masses in thrall.

Another man of Gandhi's generation, a close friend of his, also profoundly affected the history of India. His influence was exerted in ways that people are only just beginning to grasp. Like Gandhi, he lived simply, his bedroom a shelter on the top of his Calcutta home. There he spent the early hours of the morning from 5.30 to 9, reading, meditating, and listening to God. He received from God directions which, when put into action, solved many pressing national problems.

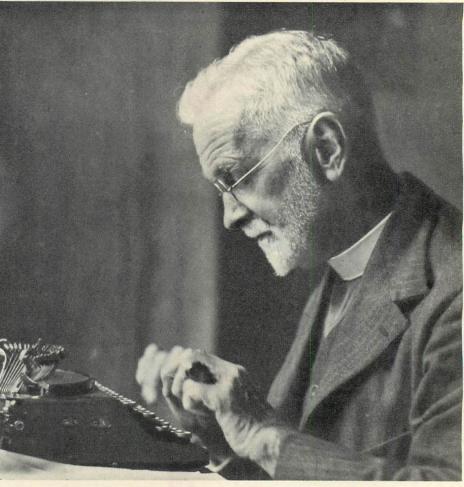
This man was an Englishman—Foss Westcott, son of the great Bishop of Durham and himself Metropolitan of India, Burma and Ceylon, Bishop of Calcutta. Always a hard hitter, he had played for Cambridge at both cricket and football. His doctors pronounced him unfit for service abroad, but that was no deterrent for a son whose father had wished him "a life full of difficulties." He sailed for India in 1889. In 1905 he was appointed Bishop of Chota Nagpur and in 1919 he began his twenty-six years as Metropolitan of India. He died on the 19th October of this year at the age of eighty-six.

#### Most trusted Englishman

Once, in Calcutta, the British civil officer in charge of the city let fly at the Indian Mayor. It was over a question of civil air-raid precautions.

Next day newspapers shouted the incident in the headlines. The Indian population was full of resentment. The City Council refused to take any further part in the defence measures. This was serious because Calcutta was under the imminent threat of a Japanese attack.

The Bishop's house was the one place the British officer and the Indian Mayor could meet. The Metropolitan created the atmosphere in which a solution



could be found and, as he had so often done, he said the right word at the right time. The Englishman said: "I know I have made a mistake," and the Indian, "I am sorry." The papers headlined it: "A happy ending to an unhappy incident." Soon afterwards, when the Council wanted to press a vote of censure on the Englishman, the Mayor said, "No, we will not have that. We are good friends now and we work together."

Once, when Hindu-Moslem tension was at its height, the Vice-Chancellor of Dacca University, who was in difficulties with students' strikes, invited Dr. Westcott to come and help. He went. With him he took two couples, one Hindu and one Moslem. They stayed in Dacca for a fortnight—living all in one house—a demonstration of the Metropolitan's favourite theme, "Unity in diversity." At the end of that time the Vice-Chancellor said: "There is no need to say anything to the students.

You have shown us a miracle." The visit made a lasting impression.

At a time when British-Indian relations were deteriorating disastrously he spoke to the nation through the Press. He took the one sure step towards uniting the two races. It meant risking prestige when prestige was at a premium. What he said was this: "While we may recognise the unselfish spirit in which British administrators have done their work in India, yet there undoubtedly have been faults on the part of the British. These ought to be frankly acknowledged and, where possible, reparation made. Our greatest fault has been the calm assumption of the superiority inherent in the British race."

An Indian replying in India's leading daily wrote: "After the Bishop's statement, I wish to express my sorrow for my past mistrust, to write it off and begin with a clean sheet."

And so began a chain of letters

showing a change of outlook which, if multiplied, could bring peace to the nation and lay the foundations for its defence and freedom.

During these crucial days the Metropolitan was also in close touch with the British Viceroy. Many Viceroys, Reading, Irwin, Willingdon, Linlithgow, had valued his wisdom at a time of rapid changes in India's history. One who counted him as a close personal friend was the great poet Rabindranath Tagore. So did a countless host of others. His twenty-six years as Metropolitan brought him a chain of friendships from the shadow of the snow-clad Himalayas to the palm-fringed beaches of Ceylon -mayors and motor drivers, peasants and professors, captains of industry and coolies. He has been described as "the most trusted Englishman in India."

#### The house for everyone

His palace was a house for everyone. It was gigantic, in Calcutta's most famous thoroughfare. During the war he made it available for the use of troops on leave. For himself, besides his simple shelter on the roof, he had a small room at the top of a narrow stairway. In this he kept a case of his favourite books which included the most up-to-date works on theology, economics and current world affairs. There also he had a large telescope. He knew the stars by name, as he did the fighting planes that flew over his house in time of war.

One morning a visitor found his way up to the Bishop during his quiet early morning period. There he sat, dressed in his usual white cassock with purple sash, absorbed in his reading. "I remember him showing me a list of people for whom he always prayed," wrote the visitor later, "and as his finger moved down the list there would be some gentle reminiscent remark, a smile or a laugh. On would go the finger and then it stopped, and he said: 'And here you are,' with an uplift of his face and the kindliest of smiles."

He could talk intelligently on any subject. He knew all the details of Bills that the British Parliament were passing about India's status. A former British Provincial Governor, reminiscing the other day, said: "I had occasion frequently to consult the Metropolitan. It behoved you to know your files accurately when you went to talk to him. He, himself, always knew his

facts." It was also better to be on time. Often, at the beginning of a meeting, he would pull out his watch and say: "This meeting is fully one minute late."

The Church was fortunate to have this statesman to steer her through the upheaval caused by the dissolution of the legal union between the Church of England and the Church of India, Burma and Ceylon. The adaptation of the church to the new conditions, constitutionally and financially, was an enormous labour which he carried through with vigour and foresight.

Whether for a point of moral principle or for a point at tennis, he was a keen fighter. On his seventy-eighth birthday he played six sets of tennis, one of the "four" being a Davis Cup player. On his seventy-ninth he ran a 50-yard sprint. To his last days as Metropolitan he would often cycle to his appointments in Calcutta, no matter how hot the day. Once he was offered a bed for the night. He tested it with his hands. "I can't sleep on this," he said. "Why not?" queried his host. "It's soft," came the reply. And he had as little use for soft people. At eighty he was asked out to breakfast in Simla, the famous hill station. Because he would not ride in a rickshaw pulled by a human being (the only means of transport there) he walked there and backeight miles of hilly road.

#### Fed a thousand a day

The problems of India were his problems. The sufferings of her people were the sufferings of his people. In the Bengal famine of 1942 he cancelled his tour programme to help in the feeding of the thousands of refugees who came pouring into Calcutta from the famine areas. He organised a kitchen to feed a thousand starving people every day.

It was in 1933 that he met the Oxford Group in Britain. "At seventy," he said, "I began to learn what I should have learnt at seventeen." Perhaps what was more significant was that he, a leader of the church, a lover of tradition, had the courage to say so. Public men might scoff, colleagues deride, but here was the truth that the nations needed and Dr. Westcott expressed his convictions in the Press. Writing in *The Morning Post*, sixteen years ago, he said: "I have been twenty-eight years a bishop of the Church of God, and have kept before

me the promises made at the time of my consecration, but it was at the house party of the Oxford Group movement in Oxford last July that I realised that one might faithfully endeavour to carry out these promises and yet fail in that which is a fundamental duty, namely, to be a life-changer.

"For this supreme duty I saw for myself the need of a more complete surrender of all fears and self-consciousness and a willingness to be guided in all things by the spirit of God.

"I am convinced that this is the challenge which the Oxford Group movement is putting up to the world's leaders today, and I am convinced that they will neglect it at their peril."

It took great courage for a Bishop to admit that there were places where he had failed. It took greater courage to change on those points. But he was prompt to do so. Soon after the house party he spoke to a great gathering in Birmingham. "There is hope for all of you here," he said, "if an Archbishop can change, anybody can change."

#### Seventeen into action

He often recounted how, on the voyage to England, he had had no talks that had affected the lives of his fellow passengers, but that on the way back he had had such talks with seventeen people, all of whom began to listen to God for orders and landed in Bombay ready to go into action themselves.

Because he had faced his own faults and dealt with them, he could admit the faults of his own race. That was how he was able to speak to the nation words that relieved tension at a time of crisis. This, too, gave him great authority when dealing with any fault in others. He would not hesitate to share his own failures and victories if that would bring new life and hope to another. If there was a moral issue at stake, and he felt a leader, whether British or Indian, was making a wrong decision, he expressed his opinions with force-often affecting national situations.

Foss Westcott was one of those rare statesmen who lived above race and class because his consuming passion was to build a world as God wanted it, united and free. He was, as the great Calcutta paper, *The Statesman*, put it on his eightieth birthday, "one of the great figures in the history of British India."

- \* History hinges on the hearts of men
- \* A Nigerian finds an answer
- \* British Editor's "unique experience"
- \* An ideology as old as Britain

## Man in the crow's nest

SHORTLY before he died, Lord Baldwin of Bewdley sat in his room at Astley Hall talking over his life with a friend. They discussed the red streams flowing like blood down from the hills where the ironworks stand which founded the Baldwin fortune. They talked of the grunting of pigs and the tide of blossom which rises through the valleys of Evesham in the spring. They spoke of the General Strike, the formation of the National Government in 1931, of Ramsay MacDonald and Winston Churchill, of Mussolini, Hitler and the Hoare-Laval deal, of the Duke of Windsor and Mr. Attlee.

Then Lord Baldwin, puffing his pipe, remarked: "You know, the mistakes I made were in the handling of individuals. Once I lost my temper. I said something sharp about another man. The word was passed on. It made an enemy who hated me for twenty years. That enmity has damaged Britain." Then he added: "The world still has everything to learn about the handling of the individual."

### \* History hinges on the hearts of men

History still hinges on the hearts of men. The future may be settled by what idea grips and governs the millions of the East. After India won her independence and the states of India and Pakistan were established, the Pakistan Government made it plain that they did not wish to have many official dealings with Communist states.

British and American officials hailed this trend with much delight. At the same time some of them decided that, as the Hindus vastly outnumber the Moslems in the vast sub-continent where India and Pakistan lie, they could afford to concentrate their attentions on Hindu India rather than on Moslem Pakistan.

Invitations were given to the Hindus which the Moslems did not receive. The people of Pakistan are proud—perhaps about as proud as the people of Britain. And today a group of Pakistan's leaders are on their way to Moscow, where they have been promised a regal reception; and Anglo-American officials ask themselves nervously whether Pakistan is turning her back on the Western world.

But at Caux, the centre for the World Assembly of Moral Re-Armament, which was described by the proprietor of one of the leading periodicals of Britain as "the most important news story of 1949," leaders of Pakistan and India had been finding an ideology superior to nationalism—an ideology on which they can unite with all other peoples of the earth because it offers a programme of change to Hindus and Moslems—yes, even to the British.

It is an intensive preoccupation with the need of the

individual and deep care for each person he meets which is largely responsible for the success of Frank Buchman's work through the years.

### \* A Nigerian finds an answer

A short time ago he asked someone to take the winter flowers from his room, carry them to the railway station and give them to a friend of his who was leaving for Africa that day.

This friend comes from Nigeria. He was surrounded by many coloured colleagues who had come to see him off and who were amazed that anyone in this country should send a gift of flowers to him on his departure. They were moved by this sign of affection in a country where few except those battling to win them to a materialistic conception of history had paid much attention to them.

Behind the bunch of flowers lay a story. When Dr. Buchman's friend from Nigeria met the force of Moral Re-Armament, it struck him as the biggest idea he had ever encountered, a world ideology with a part for everyone, everywhere. He said that like millions of West Africans he had longed for the day when they would be free to fight for the emancipation of their brothers in South Africa. But his own attitude had changed when he met at Caux white men whose attitude of superiority to the coloured people of the world had been transformed, and who apologised to him for it. He had spoken honestly to the members of the Transvaal Cabinet, also gathered at Caux, about his bitterness and had told them how his heart had been changed.

He has gone back home as a uniting force in Africa after deeply affecting the outlook of many Europeans and giving them a new understanding of Africa.

It is like the story of U Tin Tut, the Foreign Secretary of Burma, who was assassinated on account of his beliefs. He was at Cambridge. On his return to Burma, he received such treatment from white people that he was dominated by hatred of them. On meeting Dr. Buchman and his friends, for the first time he heard white men honestly admitting their wrongful attitude of superiority and patronage. He was able to shed the bitterness and to start to work with British officials to build a new order in the East. His constructive efforts were cut short by his assassination. But before he flew home to meet his death, he said: "The one light in a dark world is the unfailing light of Moral Re-Armament."

His widow and children were at Caux this year with other distinguished delegates from Burma.

### ★ British Editor's "unique experience"

One evening this winter a leader of the new Burma was dining with Dr. Buchman at his London home. Next day he was to fly to his own country. There were twenty-two people at this dinner, representatives from four continents and eleven nations. Among them was a British newspaperman who had edited one of the soundest provincial papers in England for over twenty years. He had never met Frank Buchman before.

The meal was simple but delicious. The cooking and service were perfect. Then the guests went upstairs. A famous singer from Ceylon sang songs of the animals and customs of his country. A visitor from Japan sang a Japanese lyric.

A former Oxford don gave news that had just reached him from the coalfields of Germany. There, miners who had been for twenty-five years fighting in the Communist party and had found at Caux a superior ideology, had carried it back to the Ruhr and won their elections with greatly increased majorities.

Then in a way which seemed as natural as spring water or fresh air, because it has been normal living for him for so many years, Dr. Buchman sat quietly with his guests and gave God a chance to put into each mind the thought He wished to place there. The Burman spoke of his plans to unite his torn nation. The Japanese, the Swiss, the Danes, the Canadians all had their turn. And the newspaper editor said that he had never had that sort of an evening before but that his mind in the silence had been filled with thoughts of the poetry of peace—that through changed men and only through changed men would come new

nations and a new world.

Outside he told a friend: "That was a unique experience in my life. It is a privilege to meet Buchman. Where he and his friends are is the only place in the world that you find this happening." Then he added: "It is a world ideology."

### \* An ideology as old as Britain

And what a lot of trouble that long, jerky word ideology causes us in Britain. So many people don't like it. They prefer old ways and old words. Ideology is like a piece of barbed wire. It sticks in your gullet. If you swallow it you will never be the same again.

But after all, ideology is as old as Britain. For Christ brought an ideology into the world, though some of us have been trying to contract it into the more comfortable mould of mere theology ever since. The Christ child brought a vision of what the whole earth is meant to be; He painted the shape of a new world order. He asked us to relate every private and public action towards that vision. He offered us the secret of how to rise above the grooves of self-interest and of planning our own lives or our own nation's life. He brought us the source of a passion to death and beyond it for this vision. He gave all men an illumination, a source of direction outside themselves.

He offered the secret and hope of handling individuals by changing human nature—one's own nature, one's own nation and the wide, wide, world.

That is Christian. It is not quite British yet. But it can become so. And then we shall enjoy the finest New Year in all our stormy history.

### Cover Story

Our cover picture shows Christmas morning in the Angst family. It was taken last year. Roland, the eldest, is now five, and the twins are four. They have a little sister Sylvia aged two. Their father's name is Dick and their mother's Ilse.

Dick Angst is a movie cameraman. To make Fight for the Matterhorn he had to climb the mountain four times. Pictures like The White Hell of Pitz

Palu involved ski-ing with a camera held tightly between his knees filming other skiers in a mad whirl of blinding snow. During the filming of SOS Iceberg he saved the life of an assistant who was drowning in the freezing water between the cracked sides of an iceberg.

Recently Dick and his family started on a new adventure. What new experiences it will bring in the coming year they do not know, but Dick wrote on his last birthday: "To find God's plan for my life is the greatest gift that has been given me. Frank Buchman's friendship is also a gift that has meant more than I can say. I am

grateful for tomorrow when my children will be christened. My children are God's children, and tomorrow will mark the new foundation of our family."

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### SURE FOUNDATION

BY SIR PATRICK DOLLAN

Wartime Lord Provost of Glasgow and Editor of the Scottish "Daily Herald"

"THE best is yet to be." Great Britain can give the world a moral lead. She can certainly inspire Europe, if not other continents, with hope and courage for the better days that can be achieved. I have discussed this with leading politicians of all parties during the last year, and have tried to impress on them the urgent need of moral and spiritual recovery as a sure foundation for the social, industrial and economic recovery of our country and of Europe.

Democracy, if it is to endure, must be founded on both economic and spiritual principles. Sir Stafford Cripps, in

a recent speech at Blackburn, said:

"Christianity stresses the value of human personality, and its whole conception of the equality of the brotherhood of man is against elevating any single man or group of men into a position of unchallenged authority to suppress or destroy others.

"Christianity should today be the strongest support for Democracy throughout the world, but it cannot be so unless it takes itself right into the home of the ordinary man or woman and deals with their material problems."

Sir Stafford, in those words, was repeating what he has said frequently in private and in public. He wants a sevenday religion. Christianity must be taken right into the homes of ordinary people to deal with everyday problems. It must also be brought into the workshop, the factory, the shipyard, the farm, the warehouse, the office, the town council, the Houses of Parliament. It is meant for all times and all classes.

There is at least some evidence of a drive towards moral and spiritual recovery in America and other countries as well as in Great Britain.

President Truman, who has never hidden his Christian convictions beneath his sombrero, has appealed to the American people to reorganise their industrial and domestic life in accordance with principles of the Sermon on the Mount. This was indeed a revolutionary appeal by the President; response to it would mean a complete change in industry and commerce and in all our ways of living.

I remember once making a similar appeal to Glasgow Corporation. A group of reformers suggested I should recommend the Town Council to lead the citizens in a crusade to adapt the Sermon on the Mount to the comprehensive activities of the City. This proposal frightened the civic elders (most of whom claimed to be Christians). One and all they opposed the plan as too revolutionary! And so the citizens were allowed to continue in the belief that they could go as they pleased and still be regarded as Christians.

It is possible to be a Christian, even in the twentieth century, if one has faith in God and in the teaching of Christ. A belief in God radically applied to everyday living is the surest basis for world peace and brotherhood.

Even the scientists are beginning to appreciate this truth. At a recent informal conference in East Kilbride, Scotland, two of the most eminent scientists in Britain confessed to me frankly that science, without religion, would lead mankind into dangers far more terrible than those from which the human race has emerged in the last forty years.

Moral Re-Armament, which has so many friends in all parts of the world, teaches that all men can live in brother-hood under the Fatherhood of God. It is not a new religion, but a stimulus for those who have become somnolent. Christianity must be ever youthful and vigilant. It must not be afraid to challenge its opponents. It must be as daring and sacrificial as any other ideology. Moral Re-Armament aims at stimulating and energising Christianity in all its forms. It unifies Christian thought and action.

The son of the Prime Minister of Western Germany, Dr. Konrad Adenauer, who, with eight of his close relatives, attended the Moral Re-Armament Assembly at Caux, Switzerland, said of the proceedings:

"There is probably no other place in the world where

there are so many people of goodwill united."

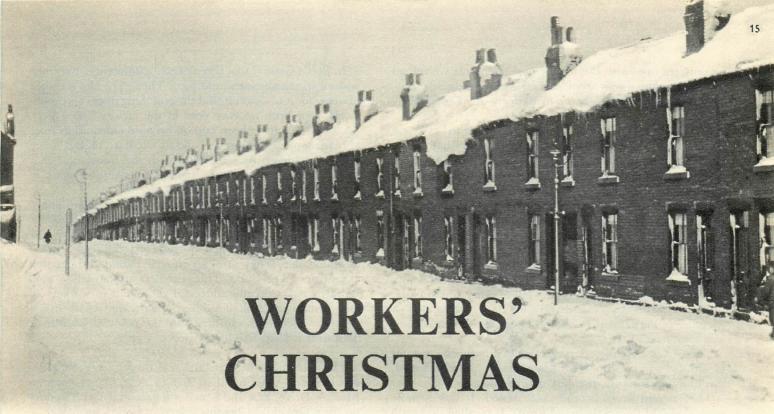
In that sentence he exactly expressed my own impressions of Caux. It was cheerful and encouraging to meet the delegates from fifty or more countries who wanted to find a new way of living for themselves and their fellow men. Irrespective of creed, race or colour, they all wanted to walk in companionship. Here East and West could meet in harmony.

Catholics and other Christians from Germany, whom I met at Caux, impressed me by their evangelical fervour. Some of the Catholic priests came near to being what I imagined early Christians might be. There have been millions of unbelievers in Germany since Hitler forced his way to power, but these priests are undaunted. They are going to teach the Germans what Christianity really means and are confident the answer will be in the affirmative.

We in Britain can help the Germans. If we believe the Christian way is the right way to recovery and reconstruction, then we must try to guide all men to walk in that direction.

My fellow churchman, Father Lombardi of Italy, now preaching to immense audiences in America, is telling all his hearers that Christianity begins with themselves. When they are converted or changed others will follow their example. Father Paul Sladek, the Augustinian who looks after refugees and who has probably the most heartbreaking job in Germany, told me at Caux that he was going to preach the same gospel as Father Lombardi. Father Paul is no pessimist. He believes in God and Christ and, because he believes, his faith will conquer all obstacles.

And so it can be with the rest of us.



### BY DONALD SIMPSON

C

HRISTMAS?" said my barber, snipping vigorously. "Bit of a sameness about it somehow. Same old games, same old carols, same old everything. Get's a bit stale after a bit, don't it?"

By this time he was "taking a little off the top" so I thought it wiser to agree.

But that set me wondering.

I found myself thinking about the Newman family in Stafford, about Bert and Gwen Allen, and about the Carters. For them, like scores of others across the country, Christmas promised to be anything but the "same old everything." For something rich and strange had happened to them during the year.

A while ago I received a letter from Stafford. It came from Frank Newman. He finished up: "Yours thick in the fight." That's typical of Frank. He is a small man with a big sense of fight.

Frank's father was killed in the first World War. His only legacy was some political textbooks which young Frank devoured. Times were difficult. Social inequalities made life hard for the Newmans. Frank became very bitter. He began to fight for his class, and as the years passed, this bitter passion consumed him body and soul. Since 1933 he has been a well-known figure in the Communist Party in the Midlands.

Christmas has never meant much to Frank. He would give his three children a sixpence each and tell them to buy something for themselves, while he went off to the local. Last Christmas he was in bed and very much resented other people enjoying themselves. "I succeeded," he said, "in making everyone as miserable as I could."

This year the Newmans have all been preparing for their first real Christmas. The children are making toys for presents. Madge, Frank's wife, is making table runners. And Frank is the inspiration of it all. An old army cook, Frank himself will be tackling the mince pies for Christmas

Day. What's more, the house is getting re-decorated, and during the past few weeks they've balanced their budget for the first time they can remember.

Best of all, Madge's mother is coming. "You see," explained Frank, "Madge belonged to the class I was fighting against. For the first time in sixteen years we've invited the mother-in-law to spend Christmas with us."

I asked Frank how it all happened.

It seems that a certain miner had spoken at his trade union branch meeting. Frank responded to this man. He had fire and a world vision and knew what he was talking about. But when he spoke about personal change and moral standards, Frank fought back. The miner then said, "Look here, you come and live in my home and we'll see which ideology is the best." That was the beginning of change for Frank. I've heard him say, "Those who think that people can't change will just have to think again."

And that is precisely why he looks forward to Christmas. "Jesus Christ came to make all the world a family," he told me, "I know He can do it, because this year He has made our home into a family."

A few weeks ago a meeting of industrial experts heard Frank Newman speak. They were deeply moved. One of them apologised to Frank for his part in creating the set-up in which Frank had suffered. They are now working to build the new society together.

The wise men will come to Frank this Christmas.

Bert and Gwen Allen are a lively young Birmingham couple in their middle thirties. They are typical "Brummagen Cockneys." There is a fresh breeze about them. Bert is the shop steward convener of a large factory and a well-known figure in his trade union.

"Last Christmas seems such a long way off," said Gwen. "Ever so much has happened this year. We've met so many new people. Last Christmas we had very few friends. I think

we only got one card. But for the past few weeks we've had fourteen people in our front parlour every Wednesday."

"And what do you expect to happen this Christmas?" I asked.

Bert had been deep in thought. He laughed. "I was hoping that it wouldn't be like one Christmas I had in the R.A.F.," he said. "I had got stretched out lovely in front of the fire with a big fat cigar. Me and the boys were going down to the boozer later on. Next thing I knew, in comes the sergeant. 'I want four volunteers-you, you, you and you,' he said. 'Outside right away.' The fourth 'you' was me," says Bert, still rather mournfully. "We were put on to guard a grounded aeroplane from six in the evening till two on Christmas morning. And all the time the boys were passing us singing carols on their way to the boozer."

We all laughed. He went on to tell of other Christmases. Once, as a London taxi-driver, he had had to lock a Member of Parliament in his cab to get him home. "Tight as a lord," says Bert.

There was a pause. Bert was evidently trying to put something into words. "This Christmas," he volunteered, "will be the climax to the best year of our lives."

They looked at each other and smiled. It was a smile more eloquent than a thousand words. It recalled that walk in the woods back in the summer when many things had come to light which they had kept from each other for years; the magic little word "sorry" had at one go melted all sorts of hurts and doubts.

"There's something else," Gwen said. "This will be a memorable Christmas because we know now what we can do for our children. We believe we've got a big job to do. It's to help rebuild the world."

In Bert's factory, too, there's been a difference. Everyone noticed it, management and men. They gave him a couple of weeks for it to wear off. But the real thing doesn't wear off.

"It's not been an easy year in the factory," said Bert. "A lot of men have been laid off because some orders from abroad stopped coming in. I didn't like it at all. But we've got such a good understanding with the bosses now that most of the redundant men have been taken on again in different jobs. That's a miracle if you like."

Bert is one of a great phalanx of shop stewards who have been working out an ideology for Britain. In their industries they are training a new leadership: men who know how to make industry fulfil her function of producing a world of abundance. They are exporting dynamic ideas as well as craftsmen's products. This year Bert and his fellow shop stewards have already addressed thousands of workers all over Britain and in half a dozen other countries.

It was shepherds who first saw the point of Christmas. This time it looks like being shop stewards.

This Christmas will be "the real thing" for the Carters of Liverpool. On Christmas Eve in their shared home in Moscow Drive, Eric and Grace will gaze down with wonder on their tiny child Christine asleep in her Moses basket.

They were married last New Year's Day.

Grace had worked in the Post Office for twenty-three years. Christmas was always a time of rush and bustle. But this year's phrases like "Save for the Future" and "Family Allowances" will mean something much more real. For Christine arrived just a few weeks ago.

Eric works in the docks. He is a big man, kind-hearted and soft-spoken. He used to spend quiet Christmases. Goose

> and plum pudding and family parties were the order of the day. But this time Christmas will come alive.

And there's something else. It's not just that Christine arrived a few weeks ago. It's not just that they were both over forty when they got married. There is a touch of destiny about the whole affair; a charmed path which they tread with wonder and humility. Their life together is part of a much bigger plan and purpose. This Christmas they will not be completely absorbed in their own joy. With a group of other dockers' families they have made up their minds that the docks shall lead Britain in the battle for a new world. This Christmas they will think of the world of tomorrow, Christine's world. And with all the tenderness and warmth that her coming has brought, they will work for the birth of the Christ Child in the hearts and homes of dockland.

When the stars come out in the Eastern sky on Christmas Eve, one very bright star will be shining down on Moscow Drive.



"This Christmas will be 'the real thing'"