

Report from New Zealand conference
See inside



A timeless humour – Ivan and Elsie Menzies. For story see above and inside

NEW WORLD NEWS

FOR MORAL RE-ARMAMENT

EARLIER THIS YEAR under the headline, *Any old gold?* we published an article on the unusual commemoration of a golden wedding anniversary.

Ivan and Elsie Menzies, stars of Gilbert and Sullivan when both were with the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company, decided to celebrate their 50 years of married life by making a 'golden gift' to the production fund of the Westminster Theatre, of which they are now Honorary Members.

They wrote to their friends, 'The thought comes that some of our good friends would like to help us in this by having one more look in that "old oak chest" for any forgotten treasure...'

So far the 'forgotten treasure' has produced jewellery, gold sovereigns, watches and a gold snuff box that fetched £140. Four rings were given by a New Zealand family that had been in their possession for over 100 years. Gifts are still coming from all parts of the world. So far the total is over £1,200.

The money raised helped cover the production costs of *GB* and is now being used to launch the now world-famous pantomime *Give a dog a bone*, due to open in its 10th season at the Westminster Theatre on 8 December.

It appears there is no bottom to the 'old oak chest', and as long as that is the case any old gold would be gratefully received and used in producing further plays and shows of MRA at the Westminster Theatre.



Jack Point in *The Yeomen of the Guard*



Aline in *The Sorcerer*

The October edition of *Time and Tide* carried the following story by columnist Tenax:

READING OF ALL the tos and fros, the ons and offs between Richard Burton and Elizabeth Taylor made me think of two show-biz friends of mine who have just celebrated their golden wedding. When I first met them, in the thirties, they were parted and heading for divorce.

Ivan Menzies was the up-and-pushing understudy to Sir Henry Lytton, principal comedian of the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company, and Elsie Griffin was the lovely young principal soprano. One day when they were playing in Leeds, they slipped away to Sheffield and were married secretly in a registry office. Ivan was delighted to have whisked Elsie away under the nose of a mill-owning millionaire.

Just then D'Oyly Carte made Ivan principal comedian for the famous Gilbert and Sullivan roles in his new company. When Ivan told him of the marriage, he transferred Elsie to the new company too.

So the Menzies played lovers on the stage—and off stage, too, for a time. But when the first attraction began wearing thin, artistic temperament began to take over. 'The more applause I got on stage, the more praise I demanded from Elsie backstage', says Ivan. 'Me too,' says Elsie. Soon the only place they could bear talking to each other was on stage. After a tender scene in *Ruddigore*, they would have a ding-dong back home.

When the new company terminated, Ivan decided he wanted wider experience. Elsie sang with the Royal Carl Rosa Grand Opera and on the BBC. 'So long as I was a star in one company and Ivan in another we could weather each other's outbursts and boasts,' Elsie explains.

Then Ivan wanted a child—and soon there was a baby daughter. They settled in London and rubbed along for a bit. Running two careers and a home was not easy. Ivan went off to play Gilbert and Sullivan in Australia. Elsie returned to the stage.

Ivan's tour was a record-breaking two and a half years. Nothing was too good

for him. Money, women, praise came in showers. He bought a coral island on the Great Barrier Reef. 'There I would be the only star and make my own laws, and marriage would not be one of them.'

Elsie decided divorce was the only solution. She joined Ivan's company for the South African tour thinking to get a divorce there, and save their parents pain; but it was too difficult. They agreed that Ivan would provide the evidence back in Britain.

But back in Britain Ivan was invited by a girl to go to a conference at Oxford and there, amazingly, he changed. He began calling a spade a spade. Not temperament, but self-love. Not art, but conceit. Not need of love, but lust. He decided to be different. He travelled to Brighton to tell Elsie there would be no evidence.

She was furious. Her mother threw him out and the flowers he had brought as a reconciliation present were thrown after him.

Ivan went on a return tour in Australia. The management were alarmed at the rumours which preceded him. 'If I'd known you'd gone religious, you would not have got the contract,' said one director. 'Well, take it back any time you like,' said Ivan.

Later that director interrupted Ivan's closing speech from the stage in one city and told the audience, 'This little man has saved our theatres from closing down.' Ivan thought the rest of the cast had also had something to do with it.

The tour was a smash hit—and in more ways than one. Many Australians found new ways to live. Couples were reunited, industrial troubles solved, even cabinets affected.

Elsie got the backwash—and was interested. But what amazed her was receiving those cheques. Ivan had always been haywire on money. Now he sent money regularly.

When he got back to England in 1937, Elsie, to his astonishment, offered him a room in her house. She watched carefully, and gradually they grew together. They started settling points by 'not who's right, but what's right'. It was not easy at first, but it worked. Thirty-five years later they are still together, with their daughter Mahala—and they cannot count the couples reunited through them.

New Zealand in permanent commission

from our New Zealand correspondent

PEOPLE FROM ALL PARTS of New Zealand, from Britain, Holland, India, Australia and Malaysia attended a two-day Moral Re-Armament conference in Hamilton, part of the Maori King country and heart of a rich dairy farming area. They were welcomed in a traditional manner by the Rev Canon W T T Huata on behalf of the Maori Community of Hamilton.

Of his time in Northern Ireland with Moral Re-Armament two years ago Canon Huata said, 'There is one thing worse than the horror of Northern Ireland and that is moral apathy. New Zealand is fast heading towards this state, so *from apathy to action* is one of the main themes of this conference.' This became a reality in peoples lives over the weekend.

Replying to the welcome Roland Wilson from Britain said, 'Can we develop a world team from New Zealand and the Pacific Islands which would be in permanent commission for the healing of the world's hurts and the awakening of the world's hard hearts?'



Canon Wi Huata MC and Mrs Huata read a message from the cast of *Song of Asia*

Readers may like to know that Lennart Segerstråle, whose exhibition in Helsinki we featured last week, has donated greetings cards to forward the work of Moral Re-Armament in Africa. They are a full colour reproduction of his work 'Barbed wire or reconciliation' (6½ x 4¼ in. no text) and would make excellent Christmas cards.

They can be obtained from Grosvenor Books, 54 Lyford Road, London SW18 3JJ (Single copies 5p postage 4p, ten copies 40p postage 7p, fifty copies £1.90p postage 20p).

A cable of greeting was received from the cast of *Song of Asia* in India, with whom the Canon's son, Te Rangi, is travelling. Later \$738 were contributed through the conference towards the expenses of their campaign.

At a gala occasion, with songs and dances from different lands, a high point of the evening was the half-hour presentation of culture by a Maori party from Te Kuiti who perform at the world famed Waitomo Caves. This was followed by a reading of Peter Howard's play, *The Ladder*. Driving back the 53 miles to Te Kuiti, and later in the home of their leader, this party talked until 2 am about the play and apologised to each other for past divisions. One woman spoke of the care she had experienced at the conference. Two days later, having listened to God, she returned to her husband and children from whom she had been separated.

A former British Army Officer asked forgiveness for his attitude of superiority and arrogance to people of a different colour from himself, which had been one reason for his deportation within 24 hours from Kenya where he and his family had settled. His wife spoke of her pride of being an agnostic for 33 years. 'But now', she said, 'I have to admit there is a God.'

A farmer's wife from the Waikato said, 'I speak humbly as a member of a family who for three generations have settled in the Waikato on land which was confiscated from the Maori people. I cannot ask you to forget, but I do ask you to forgive. And I want to say I am very sorry for the mistakes of the past. I believe that we are meant to work together to create the kind of society we all want to see.'

'I have been looking for a purpose for the 50 years of my life and I have found it in MRA. I am with you boots and all', 'I one man as he returned to his city.'

Tan Beng Sooi, a Malaysian student, expressed his appreciation for the hope and the role offered his country in the conception of Asia's true voice being not the blast of bombs, nor the cry of suffering but the Still Small Voice which speaks in every human heart. 'I have been touched by your thought and concern for my continent. I want to have a part with you,' he said.



Tan Beng Sooi, a Malaysian student at Auckland University

I struck gold

by
R A Caughey



DUNEDIN IN NEW ZEALAND, one of the most southern cities in the world, was settled by Scots in the middle of last century.

Two main factors ensured its growth – the pioneering spirit of its founders and the discovery nearby of gold. From around the world men poured into the area in search of fortune.

About a century later I came from Auckland to study law at the University. I lacked the driving passion of those seekers after gold, as my material needs had been amply provided, up to that point, by generous parents. With beginners luck on my arrival in Dunedin I stumbled on a nugget that was to satisfy my inner drive for security in a way the gold seekers would never find. My nugget was an idea.

Born into a family of privilege I had been educated at one of the best secondary schools in the country. When I was seventeen I travelled with my family to Europe. My parents always gave me every support and encouragement. At school I used to pass my exams and play plenty of sport with some success. Yet I was far from happy.

When I arrived at the University I had a Christian faith which was at times a comfort, yet it was powerless to control my inner turmoil. I feared people. My interest in the problems of the world was only academic.

It was a small, humorous theological student who told me of the ideas which were to change my life. He was the college wit, a superb mimic who was a popular guest at supper parties when the universe was expertly dissected.

His belief was that God has a plan for the world and everyone in it and that God communicates this plan to everybody who is willing to accept and follow it. He told me where his own life had been affected. He gave me books containing evidence of how seemingly insoluble situations were transformed by men finding a new spirit.

He caught my interest. I began to sense that this could be what I was looking for, so I decided to try out these ideas. With the aid of my friend, who volunteered to wake me up and see that my feet got quickly to the floor, I began to rise early and open my mind and heart for God's direction. I soon dis-

covered that writing down my thoughts aided clear thinking.

It became apparent that if this experiment was to be given a fair chance to work I must square up to the points in my life which I had known for many years were far from what they should be.

So one day in the solitude of my study, enveloped in a dressing gown which is the traditional garb for studying in Dunedin, I took the plunge and wrote at length. It was not easy and the results would have surprised both friend and foe. After talking things over with my friend I knew I must act.

I went to see a relative of mine, who had been a rival at work and sport since we were six. He had out-shone me at school and I had felt over-shadowed. I told him of the annoyance and jealousy I had had for many years over his greater success. The jealousy which had been a very strong force melted and I found a genuine friendship with him in place of secret criticism.

It also meant ending a relationship with a girl which was not based on a selfless care for her. There were other matters too which had to be rectified.

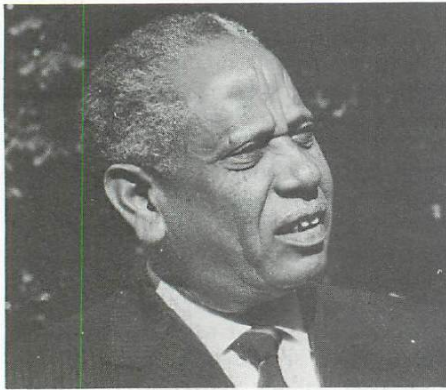
As I began to measure my performance with my ideals I began to see more things that were wrong and I felt hopeless at times that I would ever be *different*. Then one day God did act unmistakably. It was during evening prayers in the chapel attached to my residential college. We were saying the Lord's Prayer which I must have done hundreds of times before. The words *Thy Will be done on earth* suddenly meant something new. I saw clearly that I had been living only to do my own will and that I must now accept a totally new motive and direction – doing God's Will. I remember feeling elated and certain that this was the key. I had found a purpose.

This experience which happened many years ago was a turning point. Often when I have wavered and found things difficult it has brought me back. At home with my wife and children and at the law office with clients and staff I find it is still the same daily challenge to put God's Will first, people next and myself last.

I know from my own experience that, important as education and social conditions are, they never satisfied my deepest longings. I would not wish in any way to detract from the stark need for many millions on the earth to experience freedom from hunger and poverty and the opportunity to be educated, but it would be a betrayal if they were led to believe that these aims would fully satisfy them. I believe that other elements are needed if mankind is to advance – a satisfying faith in God, an aim bigger than personal success and a commitment to mankind.

I am convinced that the power which

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Most important aid

by
Dedjazmatch Ghebreyohannes,
Minister of State, Ethiopia

MORAL RE-ARMAMENT is already powerfully at work in my country and it is spreading. For anyone who thinks, the four absolute moral standards of honesty, purity, unselfishness and love are not just a personal matter for himself and his family. It is a matter for nations, for governments and for the whole future of humanity.

The aim is to change the whole of humanity without any discrimination on the grounds of creed, colour, class or race to make real peace lasting. MRA is already at work amongst leaders and the ordinary people of our countries of Africa to bring change.

As an African I want to say that the governments of Europe and Africa should pay heed and give their support. There is a legacy of hate and suspicion in the continent created by colonialism. MRA is the medicine to cure that bitterness and to unite us all in a common task.

There is need for development and the countries of Europe, especially those which formerly had colonies, should without fear increase their investments in Africa—we need this help. On our side we should open the door without fear and suspicion. As the proverb says, 'Better the devil you know than the angel you don't know.'

The black Africans of the countries of South Africa, Rhodesia, Mozambique and Angola need help to achieve their just rights on a basis of democracy. If the countries of Europe withdraw from Africa and simply watch events with their arms folded, it will be a disaster for them as well as us. The enemies of both our countries will use the situation. Mark my words; they will give arms and guns.

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A BOMB A DAY to get the British away—that was the philosophy of EOKA fighter, Spyros Stephou. As a customs officer in Famagusta he was a successful leader of guerrilla operations in the port. But through his drinking and gambling he became a security risk and was condemned to death by his own people.

In their own words Stephou and his wife tell of escapes from death and of the new life that came to them in *A Story from Cyprus*. Recently a Cyprus Cabinet Minister said to the Stephous, 'But for your work in the villages we would have an island wide civil war'. And the EOKA leader who decided on Stephou's execution is now one of his best friends.

Twenty sets of *A Story from Cyprus* with taped commentary and music and coloured slides by Swiss photographer Danielle Maillefer, have already been ordered and the supply is limited. So those wishing to buy a set should apply soon.

Caughey

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touched my life and countless other ordinary people like myself is the missing factor in the world today. I believe that new men, with new motives and priorities, could usher in a new era for humanity if enough people will decide to do it.

I finish with the words of a Scot, Henry Drummond, who was changing students in Edinburgh about the same time as men were digging for gold near Dunedin. He said, 'If you know anything better, live for it. But if not, in the name of God and humanity, carry out Christ's plan.'

the time will come when you can do nothing but watch bloodshed. The most important form of aid you can give is Moral Re-Armament.

STOP PRESS

Grosvenor Books has a stand for the first time at the Frankfurt Book Fair which opened this week. Publishers of *The Black and White Book* from all over the world are conferring there on plans for future publications. Translation and foreign publishing rights for all MRA Books will be on offer.

VIETNAM: YESTERDAY AND TODAY, published by the Vietnamese Embassy in London, has reprinted from *New World News* (Vol 21 No 45) the article, 'Vietnam is people', by Don and Connie Simpson.

JERSEY EVENING POST carried a report on the Caux conference under the five column headline 'Statesmen, particularly younger ones, must be found and trained for new age'.