



The Chantharasy family attend this month's World Conference at Panchgani, India, Tianshane Chantharasy, Laotian Ambassador to India, said, 'We cannot have peace in one nation while fire rages in a neighbouring one. Here I find greater faith and no fear'.

photo: Rengfelt

NEW WORLD NEWS

FOR MORAL RE-ARMAMENT



ON THE JOB

3

Time and motion study

'WELL, what do you know,' said the foreman. 'I nearly lost three years growth the other night in the senior foreman's office.'

'What's happened this time?' I asked.

'Well,' said the foreman, 'it's like this. The track had started surging instead of running smoothly. Naturally nobody can do a job in conditions like that. The maintenance men repaired it all right but it was obviously running faster than before.'

'It's a funny thing,' mused the foreman, 'the track always does run faster every time it's repaired. Naturally, the men won't stand for it. Next night the shop steward brought in a huge kitchen

timing clock. Armed with this he watched the track and sure enough it was moving too fast. So he goes off to the senior foreman. I happened to be in the office, and as I say, I nearly lost three years of my growth.

'The senior foreman is a man of iron, so I waited for the inevitable explosion. I knew what he would say, "That track is okay. If the men have set it, they have set it right. Get back to your jobs. If you want to make a dispute of it, go ahead, and now get out!"'

'But no. He simply said, "I am sorry. I can't defend that at all, and I'll tell you what I'll do. Instead of going home in the morning at the end of the shift, I'll stay on to the day shift and have it put right. Just give me twenty-four hours." The steward's got a handlebar moustache which practically turned straight down, he was so shocked. He stared at the senior foreman and went out without a word. Of course, he had to reverse all his signals with the men, and so he did and they all went straight back to work.'

'You never can tell what's going to happen when a new spirit starts to spread in the plant.'

ETG

● *STAGE* writes that *Give a Dog a Bone* (which is entering its last week at the Westminster Theatre) is 'a curiously welcome production' because 'it carries messages of Moral Re-Armament notions of simple truth and goodness yet manages to be zestful entertainment'.

The paper goes on, 'Peter Howard's book and lyrics are still fresh and George Fraser's music still tuneful and catchy; the direction by Henry Cass and Bridget Espinosa is racy, taut, telling. Mischief is fun, not just nastiness; the

wit may not be brilliant but is agreeably gentle and decent. The atmosphere of the show is continually alive, its impact strongly direct.'

The *Ilford Recorder* describes the pantomime as 'a barrel of seasonal laughs and music, impregnated with a Christian message.'

By the end of next week 12,000 children will have attended this season's production of *Give a Dog a Bone* in school time as part of 'A day of London Theatre'.

WELSH CAMPAIGN

CROSS ROAD, the multi-media production based on the life and work of Frank Buchman, has begun a tour of university and industrial centres of South Wales.

Handbills and posters on the noticeboards of colleges and colliery lodges, in Rhondda pubs and Newport supermarkets call it 'The show that is relevant to Britain's crisis'. Among those invited to travel with *Cross Road* in South Wales are two German miners from the Ruhr coalfield.

The first showing was in the large Debates Chamber at the University College of Wales, Swansea. The show was invited to this modern, bustling campus by Stephanie Sergeant, a psychology student who is blind. 'We felt we had to give Stephanie all the help we could,' says Harri Roberts, President of the Students' Union. 'Her courage in putting on the play and making all the arrangements is a challenge to all of us.'

From Swansea *Cross Road* moved to the Memorial Hall, Llandaff, attached to Cardiff's ancient Cathedral, dedicated to St David. Groups from Cardiff University and Llandaff Polytechnic were among those planning to attend.

From the capital city of Wales to the Rhondda Valley, the play will be staged tonight (Saturday) in Maes-yr-Haf near Tonypany and on Wednesday, 30 January in Glamorgan Polytechnic at nearby Pontypridd. Meurig Jones, who

WALES continued on page 4

DEAR FRIENDS,

You are about to get married and set up a new home. I married an Englishman fifteen years ago in my native France. Now we have settled in England and I am applying for British nationality. So in a way I feel that, just like yourselves, I am staking my future and that of our family on Britain.

It is a sobering thought to do so in the midst of crisis—when the sons and daughters of these beloved Isles seem to be tearing each other apart with no thought for the unique heritage and the equally unique opportunities which could be destroyed in the process. Yet could it be that Britain's extremity may prove to be God's opportunity? Will the heritage come alive, will the chance be grasped—because we will turn to God in time, and make those simple decisions which may prove so momentous?

A spokesman for the striking miners said recently that 'they wouldn't talk to anyone who didn't bring cash to the discussion table'. It echoes the familiar strains from the other side of the fence—'Does it pay?' It is blunt. It is shocking. But then isn't it the way we have *all* lived, our main motive being 'what's in it for me?' If so, how can we expect the miners to keep digging out the coal that keeps us warm and secures our employment, and then be indignant if they ask, 'What's in it for me?'

How many of us enter marriage thinking of what we can get out of it—love, understanding, standing, security, sex—rather than what we shall have to give in it—love, patience, service, faithfulness, and the best years of our lives?

When two friends of mine got married not very long ago, the vicar said to them, 'You have heard it said that marriage is give and take. Don't you believe it. Marriage is give—and give.' Could it be that becoming British will mean give and give—for better, for worse, with no thought of 'What's in it for me?' Yes, and joyfully. And I'll tell you why. Britain in my eyes stands for something worth giving one's life for. It doesn't alter my love for France—nothing could do that. It doesn't mean every country isn't unique—they are.

But Britain has stood for freedom and justice, and above all for the ordinary man's responsibility in regard to both. She stood for the freedom of others as well as her own, as my generation knows and cannot forget. I remember those long years in occupied Paris, when the one ray of hope was the RAF men flying overhead on their missions. What was in it for them? Perhaps death, perhaps a parachute jump and the long escape route—or a prison camp, or the return to the white cliffs at dawn and another mission. What was in it for us? The Liberation, and an open future.

So much for the heritage. But the present chance surpasses even the best of the past. We could build now between these shores the unselfish society the whole world is longing for. A society beyond exploitation and beyond marxism, beyond affluence and permissiveness, beyond the inevitable contradictions of materialism. To me it means in our home-life three simple decisions:

—*Putting people before things.* An open home rather than a modernised home. Reconciliations between the walls rather than redecoration of the walls. Change of character rather than exchange of appliances.

—*Putting others before self.* Their destiny rather than my self-realisation—which I find, anyway, to be a much more satisfying life.

—*Giving at least my best to everyone,* starting with those closest to me and reaching out in ever widening circles. If I give my best equally to everyone, I live equality and the answer to class differences.

I would like to so live in this country that all of us—the miner, the housewife, the politician—learn again to serve, to enjoy serving, and expect everyone else to enjoy it as well. There would be such a release of individual and national energy that it would trigger off a solution to the energy crisis.

You are both English—so there are certain hurdles you won't have to cross. The other day my husband and I were in London. We parked our car in Waterloo Gardens and strolled around Trafalgar Square—inglorious reminders to a French citizen of two of our most resounding defeats. Yet it reminded me at the same time of a remark Napoleon made to one of his generals during the campaign in Spain, at the time of the retreat to Corunna which thwarted his plans. 'London is the centre of every evil in the world. These Englishmen always stop me from doing what I want.' A French officer remarked, 'I would rather face a hundred hale and hearty German soldiers than ten dying Englishmen.' At the time the Germans were mercenaries. The English were the ordinary people, free, and determined to bring down a tyrant.

Whatever the crisis, could we catch that spirit and bring down the tyranny of materialism?

The prospect takes one's breath away, doesn't it?

Very Englishly yours,

Clair Evau

Lessening a calamity

Report from Ethiopia by Dr David Allbrook

THE FAMINE in northern Ethiopia has touched the hearts of millions inside and outside Africa. It is a famine which is settling over other African nations on the southern edge of the Sahara. Its immediate cause is a five year drought.

Last month I travelled by truck and helicopter through the northern Ethiopian Provinces of Tigre and Wollo. The bare brown terraced hills with solitary stumps of trees outlined against the cloudless sky show how reckless use of wood and land has caused erosion. Torrential rains wash away soil. Sun bakes once fertile watered grainland. A village headman said that when he was a lad the hills backing his village were green with olive trees. Now they are bare and the people ill-fed and poor.

The famine has affected one and a half million of Ethiopia's 24 million

Broken Hill mends a home

by Noelle Kable

THE VALUE OF Australia's mining exports has risen from 8 per cent of the national total in 1964 to 26 per cent in 1973. I went to live in Broken Hill as a bride early in 1965, so I watched that growth all around the country with great interest. It was my husband's conviction that Broken Hill could provide a pattern for industry in the world. He believed that God had called him to give his life to this, and he passed up enticing prospects of overseas experience, promotion and transfers to serve the industry there for nineteen years.

As his wife I stood by his side, and our son was born there. As such he is an 'A' grouper and entitled to a job in the Hill any time he wants in preference to anyone from 'away'. There is a fierce pride among the people who have been there for three and four generations. From the early days of Broken Hill the miners demonstrated their belief in the brotherhood of man and, for instance, subscribed £1,000 for the dockers of Britain who were fighting for the right of a tanner (sixpence) a day. The

people. About half a million are children under nine years old. About half a million are nomadic cattle people living in Ethiopia's lowland semi-desert bordering the Red Sea. The rest are highland peasant farmers. Whilst some good crops have been harvested the more usual sight was mile upon mile of parched fields with only a token crop of the staple grain called tef and millet.

The famine in July to December 1973 has been patchy but widespread. Hunger in a peasant economy creeps up like a leopard. Crops get smaller, and half may have to go to the landlord. Stores become depleted and the household grain is only enough for a few weeks. So the family eats less, gets weaker, and maybe some fall sick. Oxen and cows are sold, and there is no beast left to pull the plough. Grain is bought at an inflated price, with money from mortgaged land. More grain is bought. When that is eaten the family quickly dies. One by one.

Too great a sadness

In one village I saw an orphaned boy of six and a girl of nine being fed by the village prostitute. In the feeding camp where I was giving medical care there were several 'skeleton' children, the only survivors of their families. One boy had no clothes. I gave him my towelling sailing shirt. He was very proud of it. It reached his knees, and his broomstick

legs stuck out from the yellow folds.

Among the handsome, dark-skinned Danakil nomads no one would estimate the death-rate. 'It is shameful for a man's family to die of hunger.' But the cattle they loved were gone and they would sing of them no more. 'The sadness is too great.' But the camels remained and a few goats. No one could tell how many people had died in the last six months.

December and January are months of respite. But everyone knows that famine will come again in a few weeks and will be severe.

The respite is being well used. The Imperial Ethiopian Government, and the Provincial Governments, are using help coming from inside and outside Ethiopia. Grain supplies are building up. Feeding centres are being made more hygienic. Relief workers and Ethiopian students are being recruited. Foreign medical and food aid is being distributed to key centres and feeder roads are being made into remote areas.

At a feeding station I worked at, Ethiopian and farangi (foreign) helpers lived together and learnt to appreciate each other. After breakfast we listened to God and planned the daily work in road building, grain distribution, or feeding and caring for the sick. We learnt the discipline of doing God's work in God's way. We worshipped Jesus together and prayed for help in doing

the job.

In the villages I saw hardened hearts, and steely selfishness melted by caring service undeterred by the vomit, filth and helplessness. It is a fact that faith, hope and love were born, and new lives begun. These were born from sacrifice.

Where leaders care

A village headman said, 'We have been wicked people for many years. We have been bitten by the Serpent. We have been punished, but it was deserved. God has told you people to come, we have heard your news. But we have seen your love. We have decided to put wrong things right, and go God's way and do His will. We are cured from the bite of the Serpent by the blood of Jesus.' I saw a miracle of change beginning in the villages of the Arya-Galla.

Where a leader cares, and people count, the calamity of famine is lessened. The Province of Tigre is baked dry. But grain has been stockpiled, roads have been built and the shock of famine has been cushioned for many. His Highness Ras Mengesha Seyoum, Governor-General of Tigre, is a prince who is also a servant of his people. He said, 'God has a purpose for each one of my people. If I did not believe that, I could not go on.'

Through such leaders, led by God, a new page in history will be written.

docker's leader, Ben Tillett, travelled to 'the Silver City' in 1898 to thank the people, and laid the foundation stone of the Trades Hall on 6th June.

Three hundred names

The men and women of the mining industry are citizens of the world in the widest sense. Technical know-how from Broken Hill has helped establish many of the newer mining fields and men from other countries come to study mining and refining methods in the Hill. It was part of my husband's responsibilities to plan the programmes for these men, some of whom came for months at a time, from Bulgaria, Burma, India, Malaysia, the Philippines, Korea, Nationalist China and Africa. He believed that the care and hospitality those men received could decide the relationship between each country and Australia in the future as these men rose to positions of higher responsibility. We have more than three hundred names in our visitors' book and it made life interesting for us in what might otherwise be considered as an out of the way spot.

My husband met a student at the railway station one day and offered him a ride. The man's immediate unspoken response was round abuse for this white man. However my husband made a point of seeing him every day. As they became

friends the student admitted his despair and my husband suggested that they should listen to the inner voice. This was in keeping with the observances and beliefs of his homeland. Acting upon the thoughts that came however was more difficult. He wrote to his father who was a cabinet minister, and told him that in three years he had not passed one exam and that he was on the point of returning home as a failure, but that he would like to have one more chance, with the help of good friends. Of the twenty students who came with him from that one country he was the only one to return with any qualifications. Women, drink or some form of depravity had rendered these men ineffective for study and for this we Australians should accept responsibility through our Godless way of life.

After my husband's death, this man wrote that he and his wife and family - back in his homeland now - would like to consider themselves our next of kin. Could not this sort of friendship become normal in a world where we all need each other to answer the needs we have seen in places like Ethiopia, the United States of America and also here in Australia?

It is nearly twelve months since my husband's death but I remember his courage and I am convinced of God's love for us all. I live by the spirit of a

poem by Walt Whitman. It could apply to us all, to everyone in Broken Hill, and to anyone connected with industry: *All the past we leave behind. We take up the task eternal And the burden, and the lesson. Conquering, holding, daring, venturing, So we go the unknown ways - Pioneers. O Pioneers!*

SPECIAL ROLE

FATHER BALAGUER SJ, 73-year-old Spanish-born priest working in India, was interviewed in *Himmat*. He said, 'Perhaps Moral Re-Armament may have a special role to play with the young people of this country. MRA calls for total dedication. It is refreshing to see MRA still standing for absolute standards in these days when such standards are whittled down. That shows vision, grit and hope. People engaged in MRA are an inspiration to the young. Some of them have come to educational institutions and spoken to the young, and I know how much the young are moved, not only by what these people say but by the way they live.'

A humbler world

by Rajmohan Gandhi
writing in *Himmat*

A HUMBLER WORLD has entered the New Year.

On continent after continent there is an uncommon lack of cheekiness.

America has been jerked into modesty. Whatever its rights and wrongs, the oil weapon has punctured the self-satisfaction of much of the world. Japan is less self-confident than it has been for two decades. Europe is reflecting on life as it has not done since World War II ended.

The Soviet Union is not insulated from oil shocks. In addition it has seen its idealism drain out. The preservation of power seems increasingly the aim of its rulers; fewer people in the Soviet Union appear to believe that through Communism a society free of exploitation could be built.

South Africa seems less sure of doctrines of racial superiority. A man like Arthur Ashe, black American tennis star, speaks after a visit to South Africa of noticing a breeze of change. In India, our leadership is now careful not to imply that all is either well or under control.

True, the men who blasted the Spanish Premier's body to bits behaved arrogantly. Likewise, the gunmen who perpetrated the Rome airport outrage were not being humble. Yet with the rest of the world they must know that history will associate cowardice rather than bravery with their acts.

By giving the oil tap a turn, slight as it has been, in the right direction, the Arabs have also shown that they understand the value of restraint.

Crisis, in other words, has brought its compensations. 'Have a happy crisis' has been an English writer's version this season of the usual festive greeting. In what must be an unusual editorial *The Daily Telegraph* writes: 'For surely at all times, and especially at Christmas time, we should think more kindly and forgivingly... about those we detest. Looking carefully at them, we can discern in even the most unlikely of them the traits common to all fallen humanity... We may see pride, greed, lust, envy, anger or cruelty displayed in monstrous and exaggerated forms; but those of us who know their own hearts can never see anything wholly unfamiliar.'



When last did we see a major daily of any nation write editorially in this fashion?

Reflection is salutary. For most of us it has perhaps been overdue. But it must lead to resolution. If it does we can wholeheartedly celebrate the present crisis.

Each nation will know, when it reflects, what it needs to resolve.

In Britain and Europe men are increasingly coming round to the view that the basic decisions needed are moral and spiritual. In a remarkably candid letter to *The Times* of London, Mr George Davies, a Branch Secretary of the engineering workers, says, 'The cynical may sneer at the mention of the need of change of heart but such a change may in the end be the only practical politics and the only way to avoid disaster. The way out is not simply through "mini" or major budgets but through changing our greedy, grasping attitudes into "sharing and caring ones". How in all honesty can anyone blame the miners, train drivers or the Arabs when in all truth all they have done is caught the contagion of our greed. The Chancellor in his latest broadcast asked the question "What sort of people are we?" It would be much more meaningful to ask "What sort of person am I?"'

Japan, we are informed, has been hit harder than almost any other affluent nation. It is stated, at the same time, that the Japanese are quite prepared to face a difficult period and to defeat the crisis. This is characteristically impressive. But is this an adequate response on the part of Japan? To stay in the economic race and to win it, is that good enough for this day and age? What about Japan's responsibilities for those less successful and more in need? Is this the time for Japan to reflect and resolve on issues of this kind?

India will have to settle her reaction to the profound events of recent weeks. The rise in the price of petrol is going to create a massive deficit in our balance of payments, a deficit that the 'affluent' world is less likely to be able to cover with grants or loans. Our none-too-dynamic economy will crawl ever more

slowly. To meet their rising expenses workers will want more and more—and the employers, for similar reasons, will only be able to give less and less. We can have a series of explosive confrontations or we can make a sober reappraisal of our country's position, of our strengths and weaknesses and of practical ways of moving forward.

One reads in the press, of course, of the demands, the rejections and the clashes. But one also finds, in conversation with one's compatriots from different backgrounds, a better and a nobler mood. One runs into businessmen who do not merely blame the Government or government policies but who are conscious of the failure of Indian business to do all it could and should have done. One meets workers who are perfectly willing to look at wages and conditions of work from the employers' angle. And one comes across politicians who are aware that devices like nationalisation will not by themselves reduce our poverty. Above all one finds a resourcefulness and a flexibility that inspire trust in our people.

Great changes are not always accompanied by noise. There is, I believe, taking place at the present juncture a major change in our attitude to life and living conditions. More and more of our people have travelled and returned. They know that it is possible on this earth to rid cities of slums and populations of disease. They want cleaner, healthier and more decent surroundings for their families and for their neighbours; and they are increasingly prepared to work and fight towards these goals.

Could it be that we have entered a phase when the hearts of large numbers of our countrymen would be kindled with a passion to put things right? A fire to end the indecency and ugliness of a way of life that permits human degradation? For myself I believe that we are moving into such a period.

WALES *continued from page 1*

has invited *Cross Road* to Glamorgan Polytechnic, was a member of the Welsh delegation to the MRA World Assembly in Caux last summer and is Secretary of the College's Welsh Society.

On Friday and Saturday 1 and 2 February it moves to the new town of Cwmbran in the brand new Congress Theatre. Cwmbran has at its doorstep both the giant Llanwern Steelworks and the coal-mining valleys of Rhymney and Ebbw Vale.

The cast of *Cross Road* will be among those taking part in a public meeting to be held on Tuesday 5 February at the Temple of Peace in Cardiff's Civic Centre. Its title: 'The World in Crisis: The Answer Wales can bring.'