

**'They must be free or die who speak the tongue  
That Shakespeare spake, the faith and morals hold  
That Milton held.'**

ARE THESE WORDS still true? Pray God that they are. But can we be sure? For we British regard freedoms as we regard the air we breathe. We could not live without them, yet we take them for granted. We have enjoyed them so long that we have become almost casual about them.

Because we are being increasingly conditioned to despise and denigrate our past, we are ceasing to remember that they are a priceless heritage, won by the blood and sweat and sacrifice of our forbears, and preserved for us by their vigilance and faithfulness.

It is the people of countries where those freedoms have never been won, or have been ruthlessly suppressed, or are enjoyed by some and denied to others, who look with longing at the precious privileges which we ourselves are prone to neglect.

Yet they are as indispensable to our political, our social, our industrial and our individual lives as the air is to our physical life. Freedom of conscience, freedom of religion, freedom of thought, freedom of expression, freedom of association – without these freedoms we should all be slaves. And two centuries have passed since an English judge pronounced that once a man set foot on *English soil* he ceased to be any man's slave.

### Everybody affected

These freedoms of ours are not merely indispensable. They are universal. They affect everybody. And because they affect everybody, they are in practice inseparable. They stand or fall together. Attack one, and you attack them all. Put one at risk, and all are in danger. Destroy one, and all are doomed.

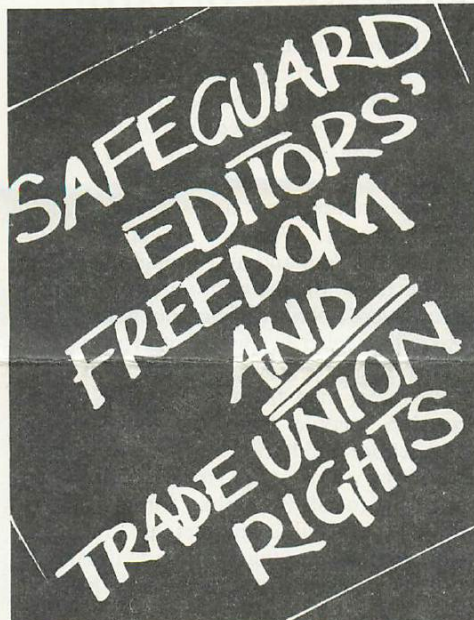
Take, for instance, the freedom of association. Remove that, and the trade unions cease to have any right to exist. The Tolpuddle Martyrs will have struggled and suffered in vain. But it is not only the trade unions that will be under sentence of death. So too will be the political parties, and Parliament, and the churches, and every religious body.

Put the freedom of expression at risk, and the right of the Christian to proclaim and propagate his faith, of the politician to expound his policies, of the teacher to teach the truth as he sees it, of the scientist to put forward his latest hypothesis, however much it may conflict with established theories – all of these will be menaced. For where thought is denied expression, truth is silenced, conscience is enslaved, and totalitarianism triumphs.

### Doubly necessary

At this time in particular, when men

are being sent to labour camps and jails and psychiatric hospitals because they dare to obey their consciences and to say and write what they believe, it is doubly necessary that we in Britain, the heartland of liberty, should be alert to the faintest whisper of a threat to any one of these freedoms, and should rise like one man to defend it. In a country which regards them as the highest of all political values – because they are the guardians of all our moral and spiritual and intellectual values, it must be the first duty of our legislators, whatever their political allegiance, to frame any legislation which touches upon them in



such a way that they are explicitly affirmed and jealously safeguarded. So far as the law can achieve it, they must be guaranteed against the risk that any individual or group may flout or encroach upon them.

### Wilful foolishness

To make this demand is not to impute base motives to any of those who are immediately concerned. It is merely to recognize that human nature is frail, that memories are short, that power tends to corrupt, and that the pledged word of one generation of leaders may be ignored or repudiated by the next. And it would be wilful foolishness to deny that there are men in our midst who are determined to exploit our liberties in order to subvert them, to use our democratic institutions to destroy them,

# NEW WORLD NEWS

FOR MORAL RE-ARMAMENT

and who are hostile to the faith on which all of them are founded.

### Raise alarm

To this issue, surely, Christians, as Christians, cannot be indifferent. Nor can they remain silent. For if they do not raise an alarm today, when they are free to speak, they may find themselves gagged tomorrow, when they may long to shout a protest. Or their protest may be ignored because it has no legal backing. This has too often been the experience of history – including recent history.

As citizens and members of different political parties, Christians may well hold differing views on the rights of trade unions. But as Christians they must surely rally to protect the freedom of editors to do their duty towards the public. For that freedom is essential to the liberty of expression which, for Christians, is an indispensable part of their right to proclaim and propagate their faith.

### False alternatives

Editorial freedom and trade union rights are not incompatible. It is perfectly possible to assert the one without denying the other, to safeguard the one without endangering the other. Both are essential, and both can be preserved. We must not allow ourselves to be bamboozled into thinking that we must accept and choose between false alternatives.

To safeguard beyond a doubt the legitimate freedom of the editor and at the same time to ensure the legitimate rights of the trade unionist – this is the task and responsibility of our legislators, and of the skilled lawyers who assist them in drafting the bills which are put before Parliament. It is a task which should not be beyond their combined wisdom and ingenuity. It is a responsibility which they must not be allowed to evade.

HARRY ADDISON

at a  
glance

## SAME COMMITMENT

An Easter Conference for Moral Re-Armament is to be held at the Sebenta National Institute, Mbabane, Swaziland from 27 March to 1 April.

The young initiators of the conference write in their invitation, 'Last Easter, sixteen of us went from Swaziland to the conference for MRA in Pretoria. We were led by HRH Prince Masitsela, our Minister for Local Administration. There we met people from many parts of Africa and other continents who had committed themselves under God to the building of a hate-free, fear-free, greed-free society. We met men and women who had brought a spirit of reconciliation to their countries when they decided, in the words of the late Dr William Nkomo, "to live at the Cross and move as God guides".'

'We decided to make the same commitment . . . We, the youth of Africa, sometimes complain of corrupt leaders but there is corruption in ourselves. Our aim is to build a leadership in Africa that cannot be bought by money, women or drink - starting with ourselves.'

## IMPRESSIVE BOOK

A German translation of the chapter about William Wilberforce in Garth Lean's book *Brave Men Choose* is being read by members of parliament in Germany and Switzerland. A German Socialist MP writes, 'I was so impressed by it that I immediately ordered copies for friends in the Bonn Parliament.'

The chapter has been translated by Dr Klaus Bockmühl and is published by Brunnen Verlag. Dr Bockmühl writes: 'One of our seminarians read "Wilberforce" and was so impressed that he decided to send it to the 300 parliamentarians and higher officials in Bern. He enlisted the whole seminary and they collected among themselves the necessary SF7700 within 24 hours.'

## WORDS AND MUSIC

The Methodist Drama Committee has published *Ride! Ride!*, the musical based on an incident in the life of John Wesley, with book and lyrics by Alan Thornhill and music by Penelope Thwaites.

The music edition costs £2 and the words only 50p and both can be obtained from the Home Mission Division, 1 Central Buildings, Westminster, SW1H 5NU.

## BEAT THE GLOOM

The *Eastbourne Herald* had a five-column headline 'The beat-the-gloom ladies' over a report about local housewives who have responded to the 'Housewives' Declaration'. The *Worthing Herald* reported response there with the headline, 'Prices up? Be grateful . . .', referring to greater needs in developing countries.

## OVERSEAS INTEREST

The *Church Times* wrote last month: Blandford Press continue to publish, as a distinctive part of their general non-fiction list, books of Christian content and character in the educational field. The seventh book by Garth Lean, *Good God, It Works!*, has just been published and is already resulting in widespread interest, both at home and overseas.

## LIGHTHOUSE OF FAITH

A stormy night between blizzard and gale was the setting for a recent showing in Morvern in the northwest of Scotland of *A Man for All People* and the Edinburgh-made film *What Are You Living For?*

The evening was held at the request of Morvern Woman's Guild of the Church of Scotland and brought together all sections of the community. Among them were men and women whose forbears had lived in the district for generations, incomers working in the local silica sand mine, men from the Forestry Commission, people from the local estates and school children. They were all drawn from an area that must have been familiar to St Columba, for it was on these shores that he set up his first Christian cell on the Scottish mainland.

The audience watched and listened attentively to stories of change and the building of unity. 'With the answer to division,' writes Isobel Graham, 'Morvern could be a lighthouse of faith for the nation.'

## THIRSTY PROGRAMMES

*Water for a Thirsty Land* (£2.40 including VAT, postage and packing), an LP recording of thirteen songs from MRA musicals made last year in the Caux studios, has been broadcast on radio stations in Britain, Sweden, Denmark, West Berlin, France and the United States.

## BLACK AND WHITE

The Mayor of Gravesham, Councillor J Brooker J P, and The Lady Mayoress, attended a play reading of *Britain 2000* at The Gravesend School for Girls last month. In thanking the cast the Mayor referred to the remarkable way in which white and black members of the community were working together so harmoniously.

The play which was presented on the initiative of the Vicar of Chalk, the Rev James Fry, was received enthusiastically by a multi-racial audience. It included leaders of the Sikh community who invited the cast to return and read the play in the Gravesend Sikh Temple.

*Britain 2000*, which was read by West Indian, Indian and English families, is a play about life in Britain as it is and as it could be. It was written by Marie Embleton, a London housewife. It depicts an answer that can come to the national problem of racial integration through a change of attitude in people who find an over-riding aim and resolve antagonism.

Earlier in the month *Britain 2000* was given in Coventry. Don Weight, a 74 year old electronics draughtsman, writes, 'From time to time I have had the desire to help the city and felt that here was a means of reaching the people. The play was very warmly received and the audience was representative of Coventry. One police inspector said afterwards, "I have met with every situation as portrayed in this play and your treatment of them is most interesting. I would like all of Coventry to see it. Perhaps as a start it might be possible for all community relations staff to do so."'

## BIRMINGHAM LEAD

Seven showings of *Cross Road* have just been given in the Birmingham and Coventry area in nine days. An engineer, a surgeon, a commercial artist, an optician and a farm manager introduced the showings.

Freda Farnworth, from Rochdale, who is studying at the Guildhall School of Music and Drama, London, and who took part in *Cross Road*, said, 'The Birmingham bombings and the inspired action of a shop steward the next day in leading his men in a silent march of sympathy compelled me to listen to God and to change.'

People from Norway, Sweden, Switzerland, France, Japan and the United States participated in this visit to the Midlands.

## YOUR ATTENTION, PLEASE

*The Revolutionary Path*, a shortened edition of Frank Buchman's speeches *Remaking the World*, will be published this Easter. It has been prepared by Kenneth Belden.

Requests are constantly received from overseas for copies of the full edition. They come from India, Zambia, and other countries where currency restrictions make the purchase of this authoritative book difficult. Any readers who have copies unused on their shelves in fair condition and would like to donate them for use overseas, please send them to MRA Books 54 Lyford Road, London SW18 3JJ from where they will be despatched.

# When the cows stopped kicking

by Ken Noble

'COWS are sensitive beasts,' Sandy explained. 'If there's something wrong with you they can tell. When I first worked in England and Wales as an animal husbandry expert, lots of cows used to kick me!'

Sandy is a Highlander. He told me that he had been brought up to hate the English and this hatred had been fanned by the history he was taught. He attributes the cow's kicks to this hatred.

I asked him what he had done about this hazard. Unexpectedly, he told me about his time of voluntary service in Papua New Guinea, teaching sons of head hunters modern agricultural methods.

## Nearly a riot

'I arrived by canoe in an area where five of the most difficult tribes had been reconciled through men committed to

Moral Re-Armament. I met the chiefs, who were very keen to build a school. Everything went very well to start with. We cut down jungle plants to make fields; we brought in cattle from Australia and started various projects. But then things began to go wrong. At one point there was nearly a riot. I put all this down to the fact that they were not really civilised and didn't know how to work.

'I was very surprised when two students came to me and apologized because, as they said, they had wanted to cut my head off! I graciously accepted their apology, but two weeks later, two more students came and apologized for the same thing. I asked them why and they said I was self-righteous and superior in all my attitudes.'

'What stopped them carrying out their desire?' I asked.

'They had told their chief of their plans and he had told them to listen to the Good Spirit first. Originally all the head-hunters had listened to Bad Spirits, but the missionaries changed that!'

'Later, I was furious because, due to a dock strike, we ran out of supplies and had to live off sago! I said I was going to headquarters to make a fuss.'

'The next morning, Biruma, a chief who used to train his men to kill, came and said to me, "You are not civilised. Your heart is full of hatred, and bitterness against a lot of people. You are a menace and, no matter how much you try to help people, a divisive force. You ought to go to God and ask for the

names of the people you need to apologize to.'

'I was flabbergasted! How could he think that a saint like me could hate anybody! But as I had a great respect for this man, who had made some brave acts of restitution to the relatives of people he had killed, I thought I would try what he suggested.'

## Mission to Scotland

'The thought came, "You hate the guts of the leader of the mission and you must go and apologize to him publicly." So when I went to headquarters, instead of making a row I apologized.'

Sandy returned to Britain after three years. 'When I left, the Papuans jokingly said that after knowing me they were thinking of sending missionaries to Scotland!'

'Returning home I found English and Welsh people just as hard to work with. And the cows still kicked me! But I remembered Biruma's advice and eventually apologized to certain people in my family. Suddenly I found I didn't hate the English any more, nor the Welsh, the Catholics, the Germans, nor the French. I saw that the traditional hates *in this country could be answered.*

'What is more,' Sandy smiled, 'since then, I've hardly ever been kicked by cows!'

*This article first appeared in January in the Fife Free Press and is one of a series available to weekly newspapers.*

Before he died, Bill W, a co-founder of Alcoholics Anonymous, described the part that the Oxford Group (later Moral Re-Armament) had in the organization's creation. We reproduce extracts from a speech reprinted in a current AA pamphlet.

Bill W begins by describing how Mr R went 'as a court of last resort' to get help from the pioneer of psychiatry, Dr Carl Jung. After a year and a half of treatment this man left, believing himself cured. . . .

# Behind Alcoholics Anonymous

Now he was back, in a state of black despair. He asked Dr Jung what the score was. In substance, Dr Jung said, 'For some time after you came here, I continued to believe that you might be one of those rare cases who could make a recovery. But I must now frankly tell you that I have never seen a single case recover through the psychiatric art where the neurosis is so severe as yours.'

Mr R's depression deepened. He asked: 'Is this really the end of the line for me?'

'Well,' replied the doctor, 'there are some exceptions, a very few. Once in a while, alcoholics have had what are called vital spiritual experiences. Ideas, emotions and attitudes which were once the guiding forces of these men are suddenly cast to one side, and a com-

pletely new set of conceptions and motives begin to dominate them. With many types of neurotics, the methods which I employ are successful, but I have never been successful with an alcoholic of your description.'

'But,' protested the patient, 'I'm a religious man, and I still have faith.' To this Dr Jung replied, 'Ordinary religious faith isn't enough. What I'm talking about is a transforming experience. I can only recommend that you place yourself in the religious atmosphere of your own choice, that you recognize your personal hopelessness, and that you cast yourself upon whatever God you think there is. It is your only way out.'

Science had pronounced Mr R virtually hopeless. Dr Jung's words had struck him at great depth, producing an

immense deflation of his ego. Deflation at depth is today a cornerstone principle of AA.

The patient, Mr R, chose the Oxford Groups of that day as his religious association and atmosphere. Terribly chastened and almost hopeless, he began to be active with them. To his intense joy and astonishment, the obsession to drink presently left him.

## Another ingredient

Returning to America, Mr R came upon an old school friend of mine, a chronic alcoholic. This friend - whom we shall call Ebby - was about to be committed to a state mental hospital. At this juncture another vital ingredient was added to the AA synthesis. Mr R, the alcoholic, began talking to Ebby, also an alcoholic and a kindred sufferer. This made for identification at depth, a second cardinal AA principle. He then introduced Ebby to the Oxford Groups, where my friend promptly sobered up.

My friend Ebby well knew of my plight. In the summer of 1934 my doctor had given me up. He had been obliged to tell me that I was the victim of a neurotic compulsion to drink that no amount of will power, education or treatment could check. He added that I

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was also the victim of a bodily derangement – a physical malfunction that virtually guaranteed brain damage, insanity or death. Here again the god of Science had well deflated me. I was ready for the message that was soon to come from my alcoholic friend Ebby.

He came to my house one day in November, 1934, and sat across the kitchen table from me while I drank. No thanks, he didn't want any liquor, he said. Much surprised, I asked what had got into him. Looking straight at me, he said he had 'got religion'. This was a real crusher, an affront to my scientific training. As politely as possible, I asked what brand of religion he had.

Then he told me of his conversations with Mr R, and how hopeless alcoholism really was, according to Dr Carl Jung. Added to the doctor's verdict, this was the worst possible news. Next Ebby enumerated the principles he had learned from the Oxford Group. Though he thought these good people sometimes too aggressive, he certainly couldn't find any fault with most of their basic teachings. After all, these teachings had sobered him up.

### Six points

In substance, here they are, as my friend applied them to himself in 1934: ●Ebby admitted that he was powerless to manage his own life.

●He became honest with himself as never before; made an 'examination of conscience'.

●He made a rigorous confession of his personal defects and quit living alone with his problems.

●He surveyed his distorted relations with other people, visiting them to make what amends he could.

●He resolved to devote himself to helping others in need, without the usual demand for personal prestige or material gain.

●By meditation, he had sought God's direction for his life and the help to practice these principles of conduct at all times.

This sounded pretty naïve to me. Nevertheless, my friend stuck to the plain tale of what had happened. He related how, practicing these simple precepts, his drinking had accountably stopped. Fear and isolation had left, and he had received a considerable peace of mind. With no hard disciplines nor any great resolves, these changes began to appear the moment he conformed. His release from alcohol seemed to be a by-product. Though sober but months, he felt sure he had a basic answer. Wisely avoiding arguments, he then took his leave. The spark that was to become Alcoholics Anonymous had been struck.

At first, my friend's story generated

mixed emotions; I was drawn and revolted by turns. My solitary drinking went on for some weeks, but I could not forget his visit. By chords of understanding, suffering and simple verity, another alcoholic had bound me to him. I could not break away.

### Consigned to madness

One morning, after my gin, this realization welled up. 'Who are you,' I asked, 'to choose how you are going to get well? Beggars are not choosers. Supposing medicine said carcinoma was your trouble. You would not turn to Pond's Extract. In abject haste you would beg a doctor to kill those hellish cancer cells. If he couldn't stop them, and you thought religious conversion might, your pride would fly away. What difference then,' I reflected, 'between you and the cancer victim? His sick body crumbles. Likewise, your personality crumbles, your obsession consigns you to madness or the undertaker. Are you going to try your friend's formula – or not?'

Of course, I did try. In December, 1934, I appeared at the hospital. Soon free of sedation and alcohol, I felt horribly depressed. Lying there in conflict, I dropped into the blackest depression I had ever known. Momentarily my prideful obstinacy was crushed. I cried out, 'Now I'm ready to do anything – anything to receive what my friend Ebby has.' Though I certainly didn't really expect anything, I did make this frantic appeal: 'If there be a God, will He show Himself!' The result was instant, electric, beyond description. The place seemed to light up, blinding white. I knew only ecstasy and seemed on a mountain. A great wind blew, enveloping and penetrating me. To me, it was not of air, but of Spirit. Blazing, there came a tremendous thought, 'You're a free man.'

My doctor came in to hear my trembling account of this phenomenon. After questioning me carefully, he assured me that I was not mad, that I had perhaps undergone a psychic experience which might solve my problem. Skeptical man of science though he then was, this was most kind and astute. If he had said, 'hallucination,' I might now be dead.

I haven't had a drink of alcohol since 1934.

**The cast of 'Song of Asia' will be arriving at Caux, Switzerland, in mid-March at the beginning of their journey through Europe. A European fund to meet their travelling expenses has been opened with an initial target of £10,000, which it is estimated will cover the bringing of cast and equipment to Europe. Gifts should be sent to Peter L George, 12 Palace Street, London SW1E 5JB. Cheques should be made payable to P L George SOA Travel Fund.**

# Market values

by Walter Farmer

SIX WEEKS after our wedding my wife and I went to Australia with all our worldly wealth, £200. I had no fixed prospect of work and after various adventures we decided to start a business. We rented a shop, empty except for some fixtures, purchase of which left £11 for stock. Obviously what was sold had to be quickly replaced by daily purchases of produce from the markets. We soon learned that since the place had been built two experienced traders had failed there.

Having a good voice I used it in cafés, theatres and at concerts to keep the business going.

### Stop worrying

One evening at closing time the owner of the premises came in, he had timed his visit for a leisurely talk. We were surprised by his query 'What are you here for?' and I was quick to reply 'To make money, of course'. 'And are you making it?' – 'No.'

Then followed his story of a previous way of living doomed to failure until someone at a time of personal crisis started his thinking and feet in a new direction towards God and away from introverted self. He told us of release from personal desire and the dawn of a new way to live. The resulting miracles of change fascinated us and we too began to glimpse the difference there could be between living for ourselves and living to serve others.

'What do we do?' I asked. 'It is very simple,' was the reply, 'Go to market in the morning, buy to the best of your ability, sell at the right price and above all, stop worrying about how much you are going to make, remember every moment, that you are here to serve whoever needs to be served.'

It was a new motive for keeping a shop which was certainly not keeping us. We opened the next day as free and happy as birds, our cares were handed over and a new spirit prevailed. In the following weeks ideas started to flow as our minds expanded in thinking for our customers and those who might be. We had begun to succeed and our business followed suit.

Two years later it was one of the best businesses of its kind in town, and the coveted Vice-Regal Warrant for supplying Government House was proudly displayed in our window.