

# THE WORLD THAT WORKS

By George West, *Bishop of Rangoon*

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## CONTENTS

<i>Chapter</i>	<i>Page</i>
THE WORLD THAT WORKS .. .. .	5
I. THE LAST GARDEN PARTY .. .. .	7
II. OFF THE BURMA ROAD .. .. .	10
III. JUNGLE FOLK .. .. .	14
IV. OUT OF THE JUNGLE .. .. .	19
V. IT WORKS IN THE VILLAGE .. .. .	23
VI. A LEADER AND HIS PEOPLE .. .. .	28
VII. HONESTY ON TWO FEET .. .. .	37
VIII. BURMA—BETWEEN TWO WORLDS .. .. .	43
IX. TOMORROW'S EMPIRE .. .. .	48
X. I SAW AMERICA .. .. .	54
XI. AMERICA AT WORK .. .. .	59
XII. MOTHER "ISM" .. .. .	64
XIII. THE THIRD WAY .. .. .	67
XIV. A SHAFT OF LIGHT .. .. .	71
XV. LIGHT ON LABOUR .. .. .	75
XVI. PEOPLE AND PLANS .. .. .	82
XVII. BRITAIN AT WAR .. .. .	90
XVIII. HERITAGE AND DESTINY .. .. .	96
XIX. IDEAS HAVE LEGS .. .. .	101
CHALLENGE TO WORLD'S LEADERS, by the Most Rev. Foss Westcott, Bishop of Calcutta and Metropolitan of India, Burma and Ceylon .. .. .	106
BATTLE LINE FOR AMERICAN INDUSTRY, by the Hon. Harry S. Truman, now President of the United States	109

## THE WORLD THAT WORKS

IN THE LAST WAR ALL I WANTED WAS TO GET BACK TO bacon in the morning, done crisp, football on Saturday afternoon, home and the fireside.

I still see all these as very legitimate desires, and I hope the fulfilment of them and many more will be at the disposal of Britain's returning millions. But all these things added together and enjoyed by all won't put the world straight, and that uneasy thought is beginning to penetrate a good many minds.

Bombardier in the last war and Bishop in this, I have turned reporter. I report what I have seen. I believe the greatest service I could do my country and other countries is to make as widely known as possible and as swiftly as possible—facts. The facts are people, and the people are a fact.

War and peace have taken me to many lands and many people. In all of them I have seen the world that doesn't work and why it doesn't work. In the past ten years, in every country I have been in, I have also seen the world that does work and why it works.

We came home last time wishful enough in our thinking to believe there would be no more war, at least in our day.

This time there is no such easy optimism. There is a deep, unspoken fear that maybe there is no answer.

I have written this book because I know, for all the confusion and misery of these days, that there is an answer, complete and satisfying, within everybody's grasp.

I have seen it, and putting it to paper I feel like saying, in a spirit of genuine concern and friendliness, "If you knows of a better 'ole, go to it."

## CHAPTER ONE

### THE LAST GARDEN PARTY

I HAVE SEEN A NATION TOTTER. I SAW IT AT A GARDEN PARTY.

It was the largest, most significant social event of the season in Rangoon. Nobody knew it was to be the last. We inched our way to the great gates of Government House. 2,500 guests had been invited. All Rangoon's motor cars seemed to be on the roads filing past the guard at the gates—tough little men in the uniform of the Burma Rifles. We crept by the vast lawns up to the imposing edifice.

Bearded Sikhs of the Household, in turbans and long scarlet coats, moved in quiet dignity. Burmese waiters in gay silks floated between the tables.

Would the guests ever stop coming? What did it feel like for Sir Archibald and Lady Cochrane to shake hands two thousand times?

The military band and the brilliant scene; Indian ladies in their exquisite saris, moving with grace and poise; Burmese, gay and free, the women with their black hair coiled in a high smooth crown, a pretty flower tucked in its folds, and their little white jackets and long skirts of crimson or gold or lovely pale yellow or blue—what freedom!

A cluster of Chinese Generals caught my eye. They had come down the Burma Road from Chungking.

I began to spot one friend after another. I was surprised I knew so many—men in the Legislative Assembly, Burmese and Karen Senators, Indian lawyers, the Chinese Consul General; my neighbour, the Chief Justice of Burma; Sir and Lady Mya Bu, a Burmese High Court judge who had just been knighted; the heads of great British business firms; the Principal from the University—here was the British Empire in Burma.

I was glad to see Hugh Seymour. I had known him at Oxford, where we had both played in the same Freshers' cricket match.

Now he was one of the Burma Defence Department. He has a good mind, a charming personality, and he worked day after day all through the tropical heat, sometimes well into the night. So did his friends. If hard work and careful planning, conscientiousness, loyalty and discipline could save an Empire, here were the men to do it.

The lady next to me observed, "We shouldn't be sitting next to each other." Her twinkle meant that her frock and my purple cassock didn't agree. We were at the high table with Lady Cochrane at the centre.

Lady Cochrane had the grace and dignity of a queen. She was adored by all races. Women flocked to Government House every day, and piles of bandages, garments of all shapes and sizes flowed to the boys in the Libyan Desert. And above all, her husband, Sir Archibald, who had commanded a submarine in the last War—a Scot of sound judgment and a high sense of duty—worked at tremendous pressure.

I saw General McLeod, a tall figure with sandy hair and a kindly eye. I had a word with him, and we arranged to broadcast one day to the Kachin people in the far north. My brother, who was in the army in Burma, told me he had a great opinion of his General. So had the other officers.

Members of the Indian Civil Service had hurried from their offices into their morning coats, and walked dutifully and heatedly in the brilliant sunshine.

Tea over, the colourful crowd moved to and fro on the wide lawns. The European women were not so gay. Lady Cochrane had her children at home in England, where the bombs were falling. So, too, the lady with the near-purple dress. So had most of the others, and they saw little of their hard-worked husbands, and the sun was hot and tempers frayed and the future perhaps blasted. Would there be a pension and a cottage in Devonshire and golf to look forward to after all?

This was the British Empire. All you saw was the dignity and friendliness and the mingling of races and the sense that this was the world that would last for ever.

Where in all this riot of colour and chatter and laughter and music was the problem of Burma, of India? Was it in the rhododendron beds, under the eaves of the house, in the air?

There was U Saw, the Premier. He was soon to be reading with more than interest the Atlantic Charter. Very soon he would be in the air; would arrive in London on the doorstep of 10 Downing Street; would be offering a tactful gift to Mr. Winston Churchill, a box of cigars.

A few days later the B.B.C. announcer would be saying, "U Saw is now leaving Britain. He says he has not got what he came for, but he leaves the country without any bitterness."

Next he would be in Washington, in San Francisco. Then again he would disappear into the clouds only arriving on mother earth to be ushered into a British internment camp, for being on too friendly terms with Tokyo. But today at the garden party that ample, gay, voluble Burmese figure didn't appear to be carrying a care in the world.

I observed an Indian friend of mine in the distance. He was a promising lawyer, and had an exceptionally acute mind. I knew him well, and we could be candid with each other. I said, "What do you feel about this war?" He thought a moment and then said, "Whenever I turn on the radio and hear of one more German victory" (and all the victories in those days were German) "I know with my mind that Nazism is no good for India. You don't need to tell me that. But in my heart I can't help feeling a little pleased."

And watching all this were those impassive faces of the Generals from the other end of the Burma Road. They were watching the forces that were to collapse before the drive that cut China's life-line. How much did they see and understand?

Two people were not invited to the garden party. I remembered them later after I had reached America. One was in the central gaol, perhaps for reasons not unlike U Saw. Under the Japanese he became Dictator of Burma. The other was a little dentist down a side street, and Japanese. He moved into Sir Archibald's house as Governor of Burma.

## CHAPTER TWO

### OFF THE BURMA ROAD

BRITAIN GAVE HER BEST TO BURMA. THE MOST BRILLIANT products of Oxford and Cambridge, the cream of Britain's youth, distinguished often in the athletic field as well as the examination hall, saw a bright career ahead as they sailed up the Hooghly or the Rangoon River. The boy of twenty-three might one day become a Commissioner, a High Court Judge, a Secretary of State, receive a Distinguished Order, possibly a Knighthood, might even become a Governor. Yes, the Indian Civil Service had rich rewards for the capable and diligent, and in the end a comfortable pension and years of honourable retirement in some favoured spot in Britain.

Men went out to appointments in the big firms. Burma had its banks. Money was plentiful, for Burma was rich. I have seen a mule in the far north stumbling along a hill track with a huge boulder strapped to its back. The boulder was jade, and there was plenty more where that came from. It went to Shanghai, and thence to decorate the fashionable ladies of China.

"Tickle the earth and it laughs to harvest." Burma has rich, fertile soil, rain in plenty and a warm sun, and it produces seven million tons of rice—half for export. The Japanese did not want it at that time, so the Burmese, disappointed of freedom, were glutted with rice. With oil and tin, teak and rubber, silver and wolfram, jade and rubies, Burma was the richest of India's provinces and a happy country for big enterprise. The Bombay-Burma Trading Corporation, Steel's, the Burmah Oil Company, the Burma Corporation, the Irrawaddy Flotilla Company developed the country, gave employment, paid high taxes and good dividends.

British people loved Burma. After India's arid plains, Burma was rich and green. After Calcutta's gloom, Rangoon



was gay. The Shwe Dagon Pagoda was one of the delights of the whole earth. Buddhism, which began in India, flourished in Ceylon, spread to China, has found in Burma its true home. Every fifth man you meet in Mandalay is a yellow-robed monk.

In lower Burma I padded through trim and monotonous rubber plantations, and sailing through some waterway I saw rising from the rich delta soil a sea of green rice which by harvest would have turned to gold. Or at night there were soft lights, the nearness of the stars, the fireflies, the crowded river steamers with a freight of laughing people sitting on the deck—a woman combing her hair and others around her talking, smoking, sleeping. Or, by some river bank, while children swam to meet the approaching steamer, jewelled ladies in silks and parasols waited, and Burmese monks, in their saffron robes, were everywhere.

For my first seven years, I lived in Toungoo in Central Burma. Toungoo had schools, a hospital, Government headquarters, police, a bazaar, a gaol and an old city wall. The British had their offices and their club, and, as often as not, were out on tour; the Burmese their monasteries and pagodas; the Indians their stores and temples; and all played football. In summer it was hot, and those who could escape went to the mountains.

Burma is four times the size of Britain.

It has a population of fourteen millions.

All Burma is not Burmese. I found head hunters in the far north, and pygmies in the Andaman Islands, which are part of my diocese. These pygmies are rarely seen, shoot any stranger at sight with a poisoned arrow, while some old woman keeps the home fires burning. I have met in other islands naked men in silk hats, answering to the name of "King of England", "Mr. Robinson" or "Jock MacGregor". They got their hats from shipwrecks, their names from shipwrecked sailors. They lived on coconuts, and sold the copra to Indian traders.

Burma has elephants and peacocks, fish in abundance, and vultures are its scavengers as well as pigs and dogs. •

Sleeping in the open at night, I have seen tiger in the jungle pass within a stone's throw; have shot deer, been stung by scorpions, trodden on a snake and been bitten by mosquitoes at all times. Malaria I have had many times, and once it nearly was the end of me.

Burma is a land of beauty, of plenty, of ample hospitality, of graciousness, of many creeds and races, levels of culture and stages of development. It is a medley of Asia. It is many peoples not yet grown up. It is a nation not yet come to birth.

Who governs Burma? When I first went out in 1921 it was for political convenience a province of the Indian Empire under the Viceroy. Today it has been separated from India. His Excellency the Governor of Burma, the representative of the King-Emperor, is no longer responsible to Simla, but to London. But, as in India, British officials have been becoming fewer and Burmese are mounting higher and higher. Britain was preparing Burma for self-government. You might travel miles and never see an Englishman. Britain has laid the foundations of a democratic political system. Burma had its Burmese Premier and Cabinet.

But for Burmans these developments did not seem nearly quick enough. All through the past twenty years Burma had been becoming a more turbulent country. The first strike on a nation-wide scale was in an unusual field, the schools. Since then we have had riots and bloodshed in Mandalay and Rangoon. We have had strikers from the oil fields on a hunger march to the capital, processions and petitions, continuous agitation, a violent Press, one rebellion, a mounting tide of nationalism.

The Burmese were out for freedom. Not many knew what freedom was, or what they would do with it when they had it. "Freedom from what?" "Freedom for what?" These were not the questions people stopped to ask, much less to answer.

"Do B'ma"—"We Burmans"—was the battle cry of nationalist processions.

There were plums for politicians in this new experiment of democracy. Money flowed and found its way to many receptive

pockets. Power was liquidated into money at express speed. Votes were bought and sold. "Every man has his price." The Mother of Parliaments would hardly have recognized her youngest daughter. A vigorous, unscrupulous vernacular Press kept hot fires burning.

Burmese fought for what they called *freedom*. British gave what they called *democracy*.

The truth is that the Burmese wanted to get rid of the British and the British intended to stay where they were—until they felt the right moment had arrived, and they would say when that moment had come. The British officials continued conscientious and efficient, with a growing contempt for corrupt politicians and fantastic leadership. Robbers pillaged. Highway robbery was a national pastime. The honest Burman kept aloof and deplored violence and discontent. Young men, some of generous hearts and sincere impulses, faced prosecution and imprisonment for their country.

There were, too, thoughtful Burmese scholars and men of character who worked to prepare for the government of Burma by Burmese, but for most people it was all happening far too slowly. As Burmans got hotter and hotter, we British got colder and colder.

Change had come fast in many parts of the world. Russia in one generation had changed from a peasant people to an industrial people. New intoxicating ideas were in the air. The heady wine of nationalism made the sober fare of constitutional development unattractive. Change, not adjustment; freedom, not fealty; independence, not co-operation—these were the watchwords. It was the untried new against the too-familiar old. Yet in all this apparently simple issue of Burmese against British, the division was not between Freedom and Imperialism, but the good in both against the evil in both, sound against unsound elements, selfish against unselfish men in both camps.

And the Burmese were soon enduring a rule under the Japanese which was neither freedom nor democracy.

Now the British are back. What next?

## CHAPTER THREE

### JUNGLE FOLK

BURMA LIKE SO MANY NATIONS OF THE WORLD IS A LAND of minorities.

Minorities were everywhere storm centres in the years between the wars. They precipitated the outbreak in Europe. They may cause clamour at the Peace Table. They have caused riots in Burma.

Burma's minorities are as exclusive as those in European countries—and there are more of them. Each has its special characteristic. The Kachins, as the Japs have found, are great fighters; Indian coolies great workers. India also gives Burma money-lenders, clerks, doctors, lawyers. The British administer the country and run big business. The Chinese trade; Chins, Was and hosts of others live in the mountains; Japanese took people's photographs or extracted their teeth. The Shan States, with their own Sawbwas or native princes, their princesses famed for beauty, their people proud of their freedom, were presented by Tojo to Thailand.

The largest minority of all, early inhabitants of the land, remarkable alike for their qualities and their capacity for concealing them, loyal friends of Britain, no lovers of the Burmese, are the Karens. There are one million and a quarter of them. They live in the tradition of a vivid and romantic past, expressed in a wealth of poems and legends. Like Welsh miners, they have a natural gift of song and break into harmonies like the famous barber-shop songsters of America. They drink spirit which excites their tempers and chew the betel-nut, which discolours their teeth.

They are a deeply shy race, feeling themselves inferior to the Burmese who outnumber them, the Indians who out-think them, and the British who govern them. They are so shy that a man will not tell you his name, and a girl cannot bring herself

to answer "I do" at her wedding. They are lovable and loyal. When they give you their hearts, they never take back the gift.

From 1928 to 1935 I lived in Kappali, a Karen village nestling in the jungle beneath the tall range of mountains that divides Burma from Thailand. It was far from cities, from Europeans and clubs—the nearest white man was seventy miles away. There were tigers in the jungle, monkeys in the trees. It was the idyllic existence of the unspoiled.

Not so idyllic and not so unspoiled!

I lived in a house on stilts. It had no walls and its roof was of leaves. It cost the equivalent of £10 to build—materials and all. I saw sunrise and sunset, hot weather and rains, for seven long years. I got the feel of the countryside. Without clocks and watches hours were out and time had to be reckoned by distance. My house was a betel-chew from Bumble's, two betel-chews from the pond, and a pot-boil from the next hamlet. I discovered Karens had six different ways of saying "can't" and as many for saying "can". The six ways of saying "can't" were in constant use.

It was a lonely life; it was the life I wanted.

I had escaped from clubs, from the official aloofness of the Indian Civil Service, from having to keep pace with moneyed people, and from the intellectual superiority of some of my colleagues. I smoked cheroots, read *The Times* (a month late), and lived the selfishly unselfish life of a man whose desires are few and responsibilities small.

It was a tranquil existence. A sea of vivid green paddy fields swept up to a line of mountains, which stood out deep blue in the evening light. These were the same mountains over which fifteen years later the Japanese were to sweep with their tommy guns mounted on elephants. In the warm weather the baked fields were too hot for the sole of the foot to walk on, and the lightest puff of torrid wind would send the withering leaves fluttering to the ground and tinkle the village pagoda bells. When the rains came all this was flooded. The waters rose, until even the tall trees were covered and we made our

journeys perilously in hollowed-out tree-trunks across the surface of the flood. Every meal was rice, but the variety lay in the curry, chicken, fish or eggs, or perhaps frogs, locusts, grasshoppers and snakes.

But the people. At first the children ran away and the adults sat mum. Then, after months, they began to lift their eyes, but often out of curiosity and usually to get something. One by one they became friendly. They began to accept me.

I had gone there to build up the Church by gathering people into it. I started schools, administered castor oil and passed out iodine, introduced silk cultivation, started the arrowroot industry and improved local weaving, encouraged thrift by co-operative societies. I taught the people to pray, play football, read the newspaper, wash and worship. The Church was to touch their lives at all points.

People came from afar to ask about my "methods", and many read the books I wrote. Our village industries became a pattern which spread from one village to another. The people grew to love me as I did them. Yet in spite of speaking their language, thinking their thoughts, and living their life, there were barriers which I little suspected between us, barriers which prevented the new life that came to individuals from capturing the community.

As the work grew, so opposition arose. For this jungle Eden had its vested interests—betel-nut cultivation, the distilling of native spirits and money-lending. Corruption was woven deep in the fabric of village life. Anything which threatened these practices brought upon itself opposition. Opposition employed intimidation—the pressure of relatives, the smear of neighbours and, it might be, the direct attention of Buddhist monks or Nationalist agitators. It played on fear, and Karens had plenty of that. A man who would stick his neck out for the right was hard to find.

I dimly sensed this moral struggle going on, but I did not realize its true nature or how the battle could be waged. I did not dream that there could be a strategy and an intelligent

programme to match the insidious forces that kept the people divided, or inhibited, defeated. I did not dream that the whole Karen people, the million and a quarter of them, could find a leadership that could lift them and make them an asset to the whole East instead of a liability.

On a Sunday morning or evening there might be wafted over the scented jungle air the familiar words, sung by the faithful to a familiar tune. "Like a mighty army moves the Church of God." But I have often thought since how sad and sorry would be the plight of any army that moved as we did.

We were a loyal, even an eager band. We were expanding into new territory. We were advancing educationally and ecclesiastically as well as morally and spiritually. We advanced in numbers. But we had little clear idea of our major objectives. We only vaguely sensed the movements or purposes of an enemy. We learned how to keep our barracks tidy and our buttons clean, yet in actual fact, like every other Christian congregation in the world, we were engaged in a desperate war for the thinking and living of nations, and we scarcely knew it.

We had no strategy. We were a peace-time army unaware of the tactics and strategy of the enemy.

We had not learned how to bring the maximum spiritual forces to bear in the right way at the right time on the right places and the right people. We followed the Scriptural injunction to care for the poor and needy, for widows and orphans. We were not so ready to do battle for the minds and morals of the thousands captured by alien philosophies and slaves to their own passions. Our weapons were not "mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds."

Evil we knew. Of evil spirits we heard plenty, but we were never aggressive enough to grip the forces of organized evil, and defeat them. We were an army without strategy.

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It happened that in 1935 the Bishopric of Rangoon fell

vacant. My name was proposed for it. I was unwilling for it. An election was held and I was elected.

My plans had not included this swift change of duty. I saw my days of escape were numbered. I had little desire for the many responsibilities of administration which would be mine. I felt unworthy of the opportunities which would be given me. I, who had only dimly perceived the answer to my Karen villages, felt totally unprepared to give spiritual leadership to a nation of fourteen million.

At this moment a great and humble man gave me advice for which I can never be grateful enough. He was the Metropolitan of India, Burma and Ceylon, Dr. Foss Westcott. He had been kind to me on many occasions, though I found his white beard and his wide reputation equally formidable. He urged me to accept the Bishopric. When I refused, he gently probed my motives. He laid his finger on my desire to escape, and I saw it for what it was. He had seen me better than I had myself. I accepted.

I passed at a bound from the obscurity of a remote village in the jungles and from preaching to a handful of betel-chewing, well-meaning, shrewd, illiterate peasants, to a dignified consecration in Calcutta Cathedral, to an Enthronement Service in Rangoon, and, immediately, taking overdue leave, to preaching in St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey.

When I was in Calcutta to be consecrated Bishop, and after the other Bishops had departed, the Metropolitan drew me aside. He told me of things that were evidently close to his heart. News had just come to him from Europe, from England, and from Norway, where remarkable things were happening throughout the North. It was Christianity, he said, in action.

"Why not go and see it while you are in England?"

Why not?

It was easy to promise at a range of eight thousand miles.

I would certainly do so.

The Metropolitan had started more than he knew.



## CHAPTER FOUR

### OUT OF THE JUNGLE

I HAD COME FROM THE JUNGLE. I HAD COME FROM PUSHING through swamps and mountains, from fighting pests and disease and from the weird and unfamiliar, to find in Oxford—the city of dreaming spires, whispering the lost enchantment of the Middle Ages—adventurous Christianity.

At Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford, at a great international assembly, I first saw the Oxford Group in action. I was confronted with something I had never seen before—shock troops of the Church militant, united, taking the offensive on a grand scale.

It puzzled me, attracted me, thrilled me, perplexed me, and kept me sometimes vaguely, sometimes acutely uncomfortable. I didn't altogether like it.

No one lectured or preached at me. I was left free to go my own way. But everything that was said or done seemed to proclaim, like a trumpet call, one startling fact. If he wanted to take his full part in the fight for a different world, George West had got to be different himself.

So far as I could see, it was a question of control. I had long seen my life in terms of a partnership with God. But who was the senior partner? That was the point. By and large, I made the plans. I asked God to bless them. I took the credit—if any. But suppose God's plans were not my plans; His thoughts not my thoughts? There was some authority for believing this might occasionally be so. If so, what followed? A revolution?

Was I going to do anything about it? I thought not. Better be off. Get on with this or that. Be making tracks for Burma, for somewhere. But it was the thought of Burma and of my Karen villages, the crying need of the nation, which made me realize that going away—I am glad I was honest enough to see it—was a bit like running away.

In the last analysis this is a matter of courage, I thought, as I walked up and down the stretch of lawn. I would like to talk it over with somebody—if I dared. There were eminent men present at those gatherings—statesmen, theologians, men in public life from many nations. My old friend the Metropolitan of India was there.

I chose a younger man to talk to. We met under a tree next morning. The next few moments are memorable.

“I see these people have got something,” I began. “But what ‘It’ is and how you get ‘It’, I don’t know. I want ‘It’ for Burma, for the East, but I haven’t got ‘It’—the freedom, the confidence, the light in the eye, the radiance, the spontaneity, the ease and grace.”

These people were warriors. They battled. They battled for the best in each other. They battled for nations. They were out to shake kingdoms. Were these Franciscans come to life?

It was all very breath-taking. Being a Bishop didn’t make it easier.

Some great decision seemed to be called for on my part, something heroic, epoch-making. But what? That was what puzzled me.

“What is the matter that I haven’t got—‘It’?”

“I don’t know,” my friend was saying. “Perhaps you don’t?”

I nodded agreement.

“Do you think God could show you?”

I tried “No.” That hardly seemed possible. I didn’t know where a Bishop would end up theologically if he said that.

I tried “Yes”. I did not know where I should end up at all if I said that. I said “Yes” and was ready to go the whole distance, whatever that might mean. At all events, it was an adventure.

Presently I was writing down my thoughts—all of them. I was not to edit anything. “Smoking” . . . “Metropolitan” . . . “Go to Denmark”.

“Smoking”—what did that mean? Smoking in itself was not

important. My friend seemed a sane sort of person. He would know that. So I said, "Smoking? What do you think that means?"

He replied, "What do *you* think?"

It was at that moment that I saw that for me smoking had become a crucial issue. I had often tried to cut it down; better still, to give it up altogether. To attempt again was just to fail once more. And yet if something else, even a cigar, controlled my life, then God did not.

Christ once said that the path that leads to a new life is a very narrow one. Perhaps that is why even the smoke of a cigar can obscure the way.

I asked God to do what I could not do myself, and from that moment to this have not only never smoked, but what is much more remarkable, have never wanted to. And being free myself, I have known the answer to the things—often much greater things—that can bind a man; yes, and a nation too.

I went down the list of things I had written.

I came to the word "Metropolitan".

I said to my friend, "What does this mean, 'Metropolitan'?"

"Have you had any difficulty with him?" he said.

"No, he is one of the men I admire and respect most.\* As a matter of fact, I think I am rather afraid of him."

"Does that help your work together in the East?" he said.

I thought that over. We were working to bring new freedom, new harmony between man and man and race and race.

"Well, why not go and talk to him about it?"

"What!" I said.

Before long I found myself going up some stairs, walking along a passage (it seemed a long passage), knocking at a door (hoping to hear no answer), hearing a voice say, "Come in". I found myself standing behind the old man's chair. How was I going to get it out?

"There is something I would like to tell you. Do you know that ever since I met you I have always been afraid of you?"

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\* See p. 106.

The effect of these simple words on the Metropolitan was profound. His voice softened more than I had ever heard it.

"I am so sorry," he said. "I seem to produce that effect on many people."

The barriers of age and position, of shyness and reserve seemed to roll away. We talked freely from our hearts. Whole new horizons opened up for the work we faced together in the East.

"Go to Denmark." A few weeks later, after the assembly in Oxford was over, I went. I went as one of a group of several hundred. It was the most recent move in the spiritual advance over the whole Scandinavian North. It was there that I first saw the possibility, not only of individuals, but of entire nations finding in God's direction a new sense of destiny.

It was spiritual strategy—the impact of a trained, mobile force on the politics, the economics, the home life of a nation.

"Scandinavia a miracle-worker among the nations." That was a watchword I heard on many lips. I heard it alike in the Norwegian lilt, the Danish drawl and the musical tone of Sweden. Always it was spoken with conviction by men and women giving their all to bring it about. These Scandinavian pioneers still fight on. In the years to come their vision will yet find its fulfilment.

For me at that time, the experience in Denmark, following the decision in Oxford, sent me back to Burma, not only with new personal courage and conviction, but with a new conception of the job that had to be done. The Church was not there to draw money and men to itself (often at the expense of other denominations), but to give itself, in the spirit of Christ, to the life of the nation. Bishops court, my new home in Rangoon, with its ever-open doors, must be a heart-beat for the whole nation, a place for British and Burmese, Indians and Karens to meet and find a common mind on an entirely new level of unselfish statesmanship, a place where the spirit of God might touch and heal the bleeding wounds of Burma.

## CHAPTER FIVE

### IT WORKS IN THE VILLAGE

A MONTH LATER THE SS. "OXFORDSHIRE" STEAMED UP THE swift current of the muddy Rangoon River. I sighed at the soft beauty of the delta country in the early dawn and the morning sun glinting the gold of the majestic Shwe Dagon Pagoda, pointing its tapering finger to the sky.

The last time I had sailed up the river I was glad to be back, to be greeting old friends, to see and smell familiar sights and scents. It was back to cheroots at half-a-crown a hundred, to faithful servants at hand to do anything uncomplainingly, and those early morning services on Sunday—the row of communicants, the soft singing in harmony, and all the projects I was interested in and the children in school and the teachers. I pictured their smiles of welcome. Yes, it was good to be back!

This time I had different, graver thoughts. We were passing the Syrian Oil Refinery on the east bank of the river. Industrialism was coming to Burma. People on board ship were going to the oilfields up-country. There were bankers travelling, too, civil servants, judges, secretaries of Government. Here was Rangoon—not Burma but an international port exchanging with Singapore and Java, Ceylon, Madras and Calcutta.

Burma lay beyond, in villages. There was Mandalay and a city or two. But beyond were villages along the river banks, in the forest glades, on the slopes of mountains to the far distant frontiers.

So lived half the world.

What was I to make of all this?

Could what I had seen at Oxford work here? Buddhists? Hindus and Muslims? Village people? Civil Servants? And head hunters? Could people like these become different? And what I had seen in Denmark—could that work here? A nation

shaken, awakened to its destiny—could anything like that happen to Burma?

If so, what was my part? Where was I to begin?

At last the gangways were let down. Coolies rushed on deck. Customs officers were deferential to the new Bishop of Rangoon. Old friends streamed on board. And I disembarked this time to take up residence in the house where a succession of six Bishops had already lived.

I was told that Bishops court, my future home, had been the General's house when the British first captured Rangoon from the Burmese. The pool near the gate is where the great Adoniram Judson baptized his first converts. Now I picture there some high Japanese official as he entertained his guests and strummed on my grand piano, enjoyed in the garden the lovely amherstia trees with their graceful scarlet flowers, and possibly played tennis with some pliant Burmese and hobnobbed with whoever occupied the house of my neighbour across the road, Sir Ernest Goodman Roberts, Chief Justice of Burma.

As the car drew up to the house there was the Archdeacon and his daughter and some ten smiling servants to greet me. It was the kind of warm welcome I needed to help me face my new jobs, known and unknown. There would be committees—Diocesan committees of all kinds, Boards of Governors to preside over, University meetings to attend, all kinds of functions to take part in, besides sermons to preach, confirmation to administer, broadcasts to give and speeches to make. I would, no doubt, be a frequent guest at official dinners at Government House. I should have to take my part in the social life of Rangoon. Rangoon I knew had its gymkhana and clubs, its regimental mess, its football and tennis, its dances and racing, its cinemas and concerts. On New Year's Day the Admiral of the East India Squadron came on his flagship.

There would be countless demands on my time. I should have to decide when to say "Yes" and when to say "No". I should have as well to see how to cope with the formidable multitude of administrative detail. At a public dinner the head

of a Government Department said: "I give you one year and you will be tied to your office desk."

Then there was a diocese to administer—hundreds of churches over an area the size of France, and as inaccessible as parts of Paraguay. Mountains could be crossed by pack pony or elephant; rivers travelled by steamer, motor boat or dug-out; rice-fields by bullock cart; forests on foot. The oilfields were best reached by plane. One of General Stilwell's staff told me how he travelled from the southern tip of Burma to its most northern outpost, and now knows what it is to travel by jeep, by foot, by pony two thousand miles in Burma heat. The Andaman Islands—part of my diocese—that string of beautiful jewels in the Indian Ocean, inhabited by one of the world's oldest pigmy races, the only convict settlement in the British Empire and an invaluable port for ships of the British Navy—these islands were two days and nights away by steamer. Burma had fourteen million people and one hundred and fifty languages. So to cover this territory and know his people Burma's Bishop had no lack of ways to travel and languages to speak.

I had come from Kappali, a single village with a hundred Christians and a wooden church and a house of leaves, to a weight of responsibility such as this.

After I had caught up with the accumulated pile of arrears, I was free to follow my heart's desire and to make tracks for the village, for I had the sense that somehow, someday, from the village would come new life for Burma. So I boarded a train, jolted through the night, alighted at early dawn, hired an old bus and took the only road eastward. Two hours later I was on a raft crossing a mighty river, then boarding a second even more dilapidated bus and wheezing through open country—and, now and then, dark jungle. We headed for a range of mountains, the deep blue Daunas, which lay between us and the Thailand border. At an occasional village the old bus startled buffaloes, annoyed dogs, excited interest. At last it turned off the road into a clearing which proved to be on the borders of a village hidden in the trees.

This was the moment for which I had been longing.

Here were Ko Shwe Meh and Hatai Thoo, little Mula who had broken her arm in a fall from a mango tree, Takepau, Takepau's mother, Mawkee, the ex-chicken thief, old Bumble, the cured, inveterate drunkard, all smiles and greetings. And so they came, one after another. It was homecoming.

This was Kappali.

We went straight over to the church.

The builders of Solomon's Temple in Jerusalem could not have been more proud than we were when we had laid the last wooden tile on the roof of our long wooden church. We had felled the trees, dragged them with elephant and buffalo through the forest, sawn them and shaped them, planted the posts, erected the structure, covered the roof.

All had gone well in those seven years. We had won the long and tedious battle for a school for our weaving, and for arrowroot cultivation that had made the arrowroot industry in the West Indies sit up and take notice.

All was well, and yet was it so well? Sometimes we wondered. We sat out under the stars and considered why it was that we were not advancing faster, as fast as we once did. We learned that Mula's father and Thu Dee's father were not on speaking terms, that Mawkee had stopped coming to church, that Sawpaw was deeper in debt, that her mother had been seen going off to sacrifice to the Nats, the evil spirits, and that old Bumble, so they said, was drinking again. All went well, but human nature remained stubborn.

And now once again I was speaking to them in church. I can remember nothing about the service, or of what I said; but this I do remember—the way in which all these, my old friends, looked at me. At the time I did not know what they were looking at or what they were thinking, but the next forty-eight hours were unforgettable. At the close of them I climbed into the old bus, never more tired and never more happy.

I had had hardly time for meals or sleep. One after another



these old friends had come to see me. There was nothing different about that. What was different was the things they said. At last I knew them. They, the most reticent, shy, reserved of peoples, opened their hearts and minds. They did what they had never done, even to each other, even to themselves. It was a revelation. One after another told me just what he had been doing, thinking. It was costly. It was repentance. It was change at work, deep in Karen human nature—the change which could at last make all my social reforms permanent and the new life self-propagating, independent of myself.

The sort of things they said? Some are not to be mentioned. They were things that not even St. Paul could mention in the first chapter of his letter to the Romans. Some might have been anyone's problem: the difficult wife, the impossible neighbour, the passion of youth, the inner defeat through this habit or that, the little bitternesses, prejudices and resentments that turn the social life of a village into a cesspool.

When I became honest with God, men became honest with me.

And all this was only the beginning. It was what Frank Buchman had demonstrated in no less a place than Oxford, as far back as 1921—personal change. I had yet to see how far personal change could lead.

## CHAPTER SIX

### A LEADER AND HIS PEOPLE

AT KAPPALI THE FIRST TO COME AND TALK AFTER THE service in the church was Francis Ah Mya.

I first met Francis in 1921, the year I landed in Burma. It was in a remote hill village and I noticed that whenever I visited the school in that village I found all present but the schoolmaster. He was down by the stream—fishing.

He was not a qualified teacher at all. He was the son of mountain Karens, the most backward and typical of the race—people who could live on a few rupees a month, ate one or two meals a day, chewed betel, could sleep anywhere and were as honest as the day—so unlike the life of cities and plains.

When I went to pioneer in the virgin field of Kappali, where no white man had ever previously lived, Francis the school-teacher came too. By this time he was married to Catherine, had been educated in Rangoon and trained for the ministry in Calcutta—a young man still, and to the mass of his own people unknown.

So Francis was in the church that day when I returned to Kappali. It was when he came to me that I discovered why the people had looked at me so intently. They were wondering what had happened to me. They noticed a difference which they could not understand. Francis wanted to know more about it. I told him. And the miracle that had happened to me in an Oxford College garden happened to him in this bamboo hut on the borders of Thailand.

From that moment there was born in him a burning passion for his people. He saw them ever more clearly. He saw their hatred of the Burmese—that was not difficult—their attachment to the British and their contempt for the Indian. He began to understand the mischief that inferiority did, and saw too how deeply ingrained it was in all his people and how it affected their attitudes, their actions, their place in national life.

He saw with new eyes their drunkenness, debts and divisions. He saw these not as an inevitable morass in which they must forever flounder, but as enemies to be fought to the death. He fought anything that divided his people. Tribes among them were at loggerheads, religion bred sects and there were, too, divisions of the every-day kind everywhere—neighbours' feuds and family quarrels. A Karen might be a Baptist, an Anglican, a Seventh Day Adventist, a Roman Catholic, a Pwo or a Sgaw, a Paku or a Bwai, an Animist or a Buddhist, and be at life-long enmity with a neighbour whose pigs had eaten his paddy, or whose elephant had eaten his bananas.

But Francis saw also that this people of his could change—just as he had changed. I saw Francis begin his impossible task. His million people were scattered over thousands of miles, much of it roadless, trackless, inaccessible country. I saw him face problem after problem, bitter opposition, ridicule and disparagement and one disappointment after another, and I saw, too, the incredible happen. The story is a romance. It is also sober fact. It reached Chungking, interested Mahatma Gandhi, and was told to the Viceroy. It is positive, significant news out of Burma.

Francis saw that he had to do two things. He had to make an effective demonstration in certain villages that Karen human nature could be radically dealt with. He had also to unite the leaders out of all groups and parties in an all-Karen programme.

He began in the villages. Here one obvious trouble was drink. It bred debt, quarrels and crime. Government had made brewing illicit, Buddhism was against alcohol. Christians—the few there were—eschewed it. But drunkenness, as a constant, universal, degrading and devastating practice remained. For many who listened to his message it remained no longer.

Francis fought for people. He had lived on ideas—an ambitious young man. Now he cared enough for people to change them. Man after man, home after home became different. His thinking expanded, and his sights were raised.

Suppose a whole village—the kind of village he had known

in his boyhood where all went and sowed and reaped and worked together—got this new spirit.

The Karen mountains are dotted with hamlets. Many of them were once part of a village, but far back someone had disagreed about something and, not knowing how to find out what particular brand of selfishness was causing the trouble and how to work together, they had just separated and continued apart—an impoverished and exiguous existence. The scattered, divided communities across all these mountains and ravines were a picture in miniature of the world that works hard—but does not work. A world in which families suffer divorce, industries strikes, churches schisms and nations break off diplomatic relations.

Francis pondered these things. Suppose a whole village knew how to unite, the old men who planned the cultivation, the families that worked together. Suppose the village found out how to get along with all the neighbouring villages. Was it possible? It would certainly be new.

He had confidence in what could happen, a fund of horse-sense, the courage of a lion and a constant, burning dare for his people. He made his dream come true.

Ho Chi was the result. Ho Chi is a village far back in the Karen mountains. Probably no Japanese set foot in it. If they had, they would have discovered a lot. The houses are different. The village paths are cleaned. The well covered. New vegetables in the gardens, and new crops in the fields. All these are new because—and this is what delighted Francis—the people themselves are different. They are emancipated. They have discovered how to turn loss into gain, defeat into victory, liabilities into assets. You do not have to be educated to be honest. You do not have to be literate to be inspired. You do not have to be academic to be guided by God.

Soon Francis and his new pioneers were on the road taking the spirit from village to village—good companions adventuring for a new countryside. Their mettle was soon to be tested.

One day they left Kappali early in the morning—old Bumble,

Pretty Flower, "Buffalo" (that was his nick-name), White King, old and young, of different creeds, tribes and families, strangely united, they were off over the hard-baked, cracking earth. Their destination was the great village, five hundred houses, of Kwam Bee, the centre of a vast illicit trade. Sometimes even elephants disappeared and were smuggled over the mountains to Thailand in exchange for opium, and the ramifications of the countryside's underground life were as secret as anything anywhere.

Blithe and free they sallied out to win the enemy's stronghold. When I was living in those parts we had gained hold in the village and secured a wooden hut at the far end to serve as a church. But life went on and buffaloes and bullocks went off, liquor was brewed and if someone slashed someone else with his knife the police never knew about it. The little church soon fell into disrepair.

The troubadours arrived before the sun was high. As they approached a dog or two barked. Otherwise there was little noise. The silence was rather strange. At this time people should be about and busy.

They soon gathered what had happened. They could smell it, and the men were on their backs.

It is not always easy to infect the upright or the seated or the squatting with a new spirit, and as for the drunk and drowsy, well, what was to be done?

They might have discussed and argued. Some might have wished to press on. There were many villages to visit. Some might have wanted to go back—discouraged. Some to stay and see it through.

There was no argument. They withdrew from the village and gathered under the shade of a beautiful jackfruit tree.

They looked for all the world like people intent, listening for orders. After a time each was saying what thoughts had been passing through his mind. One said his thought was that they should re-roof the church. Several had had this thought—"Re-roof the church".

Strange, they had come to repair people, not to re-roof buildings, and they had no dahs, bamboo strips, laths or leaves.

Orders were orders.

They divided out the work, some went to do one thing, some another. The day got hotter. By midday the heat was fierce. One o'clock, two o'clock, three. . . The work was done.

Some bathed, some drank water, all rested.

The village was sobering up. One man noticed something had happened to the roof of the church. Who had done it, and where had they come from? Why had they done it? Word spread through the village.

It was then that the troubadours began to understand what it was all about—why they had been repairing the roof. They asked the people of the village all to turn up that night.

Curiosity was aroused. What could it be? They would certainly come. Even their confidence began to be won. God's way is so simple and so wise.

The village listened to the amazing stories and looked at the people who told them. They had never seen the like, never heard such things. It was so simple and something seemed so right about it all. The visitors looked so confident and happy.

Then things began to happen. Peace-makers, please note. Treaty-framers, please apply.

A man who was known to all as the life-long enemy of old Bad Cock began talking. His tone was different. He seemed to find it rather hard to say. And as for Bad Cock, to whom he was speaking, Bad Cock could not believe his ears. He was saying he had behaved rottenly, treated him badly for a long time. It was too bad. He was sorry, he was very sorry. The other was surprised into speechlessness. But his silence gave consent. They were friends.

Those who knew the story realized they were in the presence of miracles, a miracle of the spirit which melted the hardest resistance.

Presently an old man was speaking. For years he had been

chief of the local gangsters. He was head of the underground organization. For him from now on all that was over.

It was an evening of wonders and victories. It pointed a new day.

Francis saw that all this was not only vital to his community, important to Burma, but had a significance for the East. He was a strategist.

So once again the old, dilapidated bus lumbered over bumps and through pot-holes into the wide open spaces of the cultivated clearing beside Kappali village. Few, if any, buses in Burma had ever carried quite so varied and so distinguished a load of passengers.

Out came old Potolone, a square block of a man, a doctor of medicine, if you please, and what he really does look like—a famous elephant catcher. Then the slim figure of a mild, unobtrusive, unassuming spectacled Chinese. Actually Dr. Liu is a noted Chinese scholar and publicist in search of the most dynamic and creative news for war-time China. A gracious, smiling Burmese woman descended, Ma Nyein Tha—about whom, more later. Leonard Allen, an American professor from Rangoon University, later in charge of the Chinese Government's international section of broadcasting in Chungking. Close-shaven and in saffron robes two ascetic Buddhist monks. And after them, the acknowledged leader of all the Karen peoples, Sir San C. Po. America had given him the degree of Doctor of Medicine. Britain had honoured him with a Knighthood. Burma had made him a Member of the Senate. A fresh-coloured Englishman tumbled out of the bus. He had just come over from India, where he had had an interview with the Viceroy and met many Members of his Council. He had stayed with Gandhi and seen the working part of Congress in action. The last member of the party to emerge from the tired bus was Kappali's original pioneer and now Bishop of Rangoon, namely, myself.

We met Bumble, White King, Pretty Flower, Hmin Sein and the rest. We saw new people. We heard tales one after another.

We heard of the twenty-five men who two days before had sat in the moonlight at the feet of a Karen Government officer—and told him how they had given up all bribery and would gladly co-operate with him in rooting it out of the district. The surprised official had had inward qualms but showed outward approval. "If people don't give bribes, people can't take them," he had said wisely, to gain time. He saw a source of his own revenue diminish as his people practised honesty.

All through the heat of that blistering Good Friday afternoon Francis' visitors heard of signal victories over enemies hitherto unquestioned and unfought in the slow inertia of the East.

The "bus-load" were not only impressed by what they saw but were determined to see to it that the right people were also impressed. India and China, as well as Burma, began to hear news of the rise of this new spirit. Sir Sikander Hyat Khan, the Premier of the Punjab, said on hearing news like this: "The Oxford Group may prove a beacon light to bring us back to the spiritual home from which we have wandered. In fact, I am convinced that this is the only movement which will save both the old and the new worlds from catastrophe."

As I think of Burma's unhappy past and look for some real hope for a brand new country, my thought goes back to Francis' most signal victory of all. It was remarkable in its daring and in its scope. It was something new in Karen history. It was far beyond anything that he himself had ever dreamed.

The annual Karen National Day was approaching. It was their public holiday. They called it New Year's Day. Francis saw that it was the chance to demonstrate something new, not only for his own people but for all the communities of Burma.

Quietly he began to get the various leaders of his people together. On one occasion he used my house for the purpose, and up the broad stairway of Bishopscourt into the large drawing-room there filed together a Pwo from the Delta, a Sgaw from the Karen Mountains, a Buddhist politician from the Thailand border, a Roman Catholic Karen priest, the well-



known national poet—fifty in all. Would Francis ever be able to get them to agree on anything?

He told them stories of what was happening in the villages. He spoke of his dreams and of his plans. He fired them with his own unbounded faith in the unlimited possibilities of his people, with his own determination that they, the shy, backward men of the Delta swamps, the forests and plains and hills, could become an integral part of the people of Burma. They could pass from an isolated minority, ignored by the Indians, protected by the British and despised by the Burmans, to becoming an asset to the nation. They could pass from "How can we best be protected?" to "How can we contribute most?" They could show the answer to a major problem of the Peace Table—the sad and suffering minorities of every land.

Never before have so diverse a set of Karen leaders met in such a way. Never had they talked so long without argument, so keenly with no heat, so freely with no bitterness. They had never before been lifted to such heights in planning for the future of their people. They were seeing for the first time what patriotism was, what leadership could be and what responsibility meant for them. Francis was not out to make himself a great leader. He was out to make his leaders great.

At last the great National Day arrived. It was arranged that, on that day, Karen spokesmen should speak to all their people over the radio; that in city and village people should gather to hear a national message. But the big event was an official banquet in Rangoon itself in the City Hall.

For this event people out of all communities were invited. The Karens were the hosts. British, Burmese, Indians, Chinese—leading men out of these great nations—were their guests.

Francis had to win a long-drawn-out battle of many minds before arrangements were completed and the tables were laid and the places set and the Karen band started its tunes upon the platform of the City Hall. Then they sent a message to the King. They received messages from the Governor and the Premier. The Roman Catholic Bishop was there, a Frenchman.

The Bishop of Rangoon was there. Burma's most distinguished scholar was there, highest in the Civil Service, educated at Cambridge University—U Tin Tut. The heads of the great British firms were there: Mr. (now Sir Harold) Roper, of the Burmah Oil Company, Mr. (now Sir John) Tait, of Steel Brothers, one of the greatest trading firms in the East.

Afterwards I heard one after another say they had never spent such an evening. At one point Karens began filing up on to the platform: a fisherman, a cultivator, another cultivator, a doctor, a soldier, a nurse, an elephant catcher—a cross section of the whole Karen people, men and women out of every creed and class and occupation and tribe, all in their tribal clothes. It was an impressive sight. And, then, last to appear was the venerable, distinguished figure of Sir San C. Po. He welcomed the guests. Here is his message:

“On behalf of the Karen community, I wish to say that I very much regret the aloofness of my community from other communities, in the past and even in the present.

“Now, I want to see my people giving, if not all they have, all that they can possibly give to other communities, particularly to our Burmese fellow-countrymen with whom we have been placed in this dear country which is ours as much as theirs and whose destiny we hold in our hands.”

His eyes were on the four hundred gathered before him, but his thoughts were on all his people in their villages in the jungles of hill and plain. His people had, after all, a destiny.

Hard-bitten men of business, men who had come to the dinner that night out of the mire of politics or the bustle of city life, were deeply touched by that moving scene.

There had been many speakers that evening. U Tin Tut had made a brilliant speech. But one speaker especially touched the hearts of everyone present. He was a young man. He wore a short navy blue jacket and a crimson silk lungyi. He spoke very simply, very shortly, very directly. He was a man on fire. He was conscious of his people's destiny. He was the author of that historic evening. It was Francis Ah Mya.

## CHAPTER SEVEN

### HONESTY ON TWO FEET

BURMA HAS BEEN LIBERATED.

The Japs are out. The British are back in Burma. What next?

The men who freed Burma have known long marches through disease-ridden jungle, acute discomfort in tropical heat, flies and vermin, thirst, utter weariness—and a relentless enemy. It might be wounds. It might be vultures to pick the bones.

For what will a man face all this, and face it gladly?

There is a Burma I would ask no man to preserve; there is a Burma for which I would be proud to fight.

Francis Ah Mya and his people are part of it. There is more. For example there is Ma Nyein Tha. I first met her in 1935, in one of Burma's most beautiful cities where "the old Moulmein Pagoda looks westward 'cross the bay."

She was the youngest High School Headmistress in Burma.

I do not know how far her own people have ever known how distinguished she has become. Little by little I discovered many things.

She had been graciously received at Buckingham Palace by King George V. They talked of India, Burma and a new East. She had stayed with Archbishop Temple, and in workers' homes in East London. Mahatma Gandhi on his mat had listened to her, asked her many questions, begged her to come back. "Ma Nyein Tha, I fell in love with her," he exclaimed when I mentioned her to him in the summer of 1944.

She had spoken to members of the League of Nations at Geneva. She had been officially asked to broadcast to Chungking, and a copy of her talk was placed in the Chinese National Archives. While in America, she had broadcast to the world from Boston and San Francisco. Thirty thousand people had listened to her, among others, in the Hollywood Bowl.

I was talking to her one day when Narvik was in the news. British destroyers had entered the fjord and fought an epic action. Ma Nyein Tha told me that she had been in Narvik.

She brought back to Burma countless memories. She had seen a civilization dying, and she had seen new men and women like the first blades of vivid green grass peeping through the ashes of a blackened hillside. She had seen the answer to an age that had lost its way and was desperately in need of God. She had unbounded faith in what one man, one woman led by God could do. She had returned to do it.

I have seen the rugged old faces of jungle villagers in Burma as they squatted on the floor of a bamboo hut light up and shine while they listened to her. It was the same with the highest in the land.

"When I see myself clearly," she used to say, "I see the other person clearly." She did. Then she saw her nation clearly and taught other people to see themselves and therefore their nation and other nations clearly. It meant costly and transparent honesty with herself and with other people; and she consumed, as in a flame, unreality and sham wherever she went.

She was out to set Burma free from graft, fear and hate.

Once in a great city there was turmoil and might have been violence. She was asked to speak to the leaders.

They were able men, professors, lawyers, politicians. They were tense and indignant. They were soon listening to this charming young woman as a kindergarten class to their teacher.

She had whipped out her little handkerchief and held a corner in each hand.

"When I insist, I find the other person resists," she said, pulling the handkerchief taut, "and there is tension."

As they looked at the "tension" in the handkerchief tension seemed to be leaving them.

"Why do I insist, anyway?" she asked.

They were experienced, educated men. None knew.

"Because *I* want *my* way. Sometimes I get like that. What is the answer?" No-one knew.

"When I don't want *my* way but only the right way, and when the other person does not want *his* way, but only the right way, where is the tension?"

She was letting the handkerchief fall loosely from her two fingers now holding both corners between them. It began to dawn on them that perhaps in the practice of this simple philosophy was the answer to conflict, to division, strikes and war.

Maybe some of them were thinking what Mahatma Gandhi thought when Ma Nyein Tha pulled out her little handkerchief in his mud hut. "Yes," he said, with a twinkle in his eye, "it works very well with the handkerchief. But does it work with people?" Ma Nyein Tha's greatness was that she made it work with people. She taught her people wisdom. She found that anyone, whatever his race or creed, could listen to a Wisdom greater than his own and obey. Simple obedience to a Wisdom superior to her own was the secret of her life.

When she spoke she used all of herself from her eager eyes to her mobile finger tips. Her hands were always in action, to illustrate, to describe.

"When I point one finger at the other person," she would say, pointing her finger at someone, "I point three at myself."

People in that country of conflict got the point—and smiled applause.

While Francis was rising to leadership in his community of a million Karens, Ma Nyein Tha was fast becoming a national figure in the eyes of her eleven million Burmese.

I was on the roof of a house in the centre of Rangoon one evening when Ma Nyein Tha was celebrating her birthday. Her tall and slender friend had recalled the countries Ma Nyein Tha had visited and, with the mention of each, had stuck the appropriate paper flag in the high crown of her jet black hair.

Presently someone drew Ma Nyein Tha aside. He was one of Burma's most respected leaders, an educationalist.

"Would you speak to us on Friday?"

The significance lay in the date. It was the great Burma National Day. It was the day that rocked the country.

“And say what is most in your heart.”

Ma Nyein Tha needed no urging. She saw at once a vista of opportunity stretch out before her, a heaven-sent chance to speak to her people. Her hour had come. And so unexpectedly. She was no nationalist—nor imperialist. She was above party. She had an over-all programme for Burma, a philosophy for a new country and an indomitable spirit.

Everybody seemed to be there in the great City Hall that evening: the Advocate General, the Mayor, Members of the Cabinet, Judges.

I was sitting next to the Premier. He found himself pricking up his ears. A programme was being broadcast to the gathering, and an Indian leader was saying that Indians needed a new attitude to Burmese, that the responsibility for bitterness and riots was theirs unless they came to Burma in the spirit not of how much they could get, but how much they could give.

This interested my Burmese neighbour.

An Englishman was speaking. This was even more surprising on Burma's National Day. He was saying how grateful he was for Burma, for Burmese people, and how he regarded himself in Burma as a guest in a hospitable home.

This was new thinking.

One of Francis' Karen friends was now speaking. “For too long have we sought safety and security and isolation. We must pass from the selfishness of self-protection to making our fullest contribution to the development of all Burma.”

Burma's minorities were becoming assets. The leadership of Francis Ah Mya was bearing fruit.

All this was new. Here was the Burma worth fighting for.

The stage was set for Ma Nyein Tha.

The speech was to be broadcast across the country.

With an easy grace she took her place at the microphone. She had spoken to many audiences in many countries. Now she was speaking to the leaders of her own people. She knew that it was no time for fine oratory. She knew she had to come to grips and do battle with the intangible forces in the hearts

and minds of the people before her. She began in an enquiring mood. She was enlisting her hearers in the search.

"What," she was saying, "is the answer to all this dishonesty anyway?"

She made no reference to the recently issued Report of the Government enquiring into bribery and corruption. Most of them would have had it, some of them would have read some of it, all of them would have put it away somewhere.

How was she going to get her truth home in a way to convince without alienating this elusive audience?

Her manner was disarming. She had an engaging smile and true liberty.

"What is the answer to all this dishonesty? . . ."

Many minds would travel to the latest shady transaction.

"The answer to dishonesty is—an honest man. I would like to see honesty walking about on two feet. Gentlemen, may I remind you, you all have two feet."

Before they could recover she delivered her second blow. She showed a fine anticipatory strategy. She knew the tricks of the mind. Each would be thinking, "I certainly do a bit of it. Who doesn't? But I am nothing like U Maung or Maung Gyi."

Ma Nyein Tha's musical voice continued:

"I am not interested in moderate honesty. Who wants to draw most of their salary? To eat an egg that is moderately good? To live in a house that keeps out most of the rain? To travel in a ship that floats most of the time? . . ."

By the time she had finished not many were left with much faith in moderate honesty.

Ma Nyein Tha, like George Washington before her, was raising a standard to which the wise and honest could repair.

She passed on to her next point. Generally on National Day Burmese people waxed eloquent at Britain's expense. It was new to have a Burmese making her people face themselves. Here was a moral leadership that was setting a new pace for every community, British included.

“The trouble with us is that we are an individualistic people. Look at the word: five ‘i’s and one ‘u.’ Look at the word unity. One ‘u’ and one ‘i’ and the ‘u’ comes first.”

People were looking now thoughtful, now uncomfortable, and every now and then were laughing in spite of themselves.

The speech was printed. The Principal of the University gave it to every student. The Buddhist monks in Rangoon took a copy to every monastery. The head of the Posts and Telegraphs sent his postmen with a copy to every village. While here and there the British sipped their cocktails with a new thoughtfulness and wondered what these things could mean.

Ma Nyein Tha had the answer. She and others like her were the answer.

A wave of honesty and patriotism began to spread through the country.

In Moulmein a pawnshop keeper refused to take a hammer. He believed it to be stolen. People fraudulently travelling jumped out of a train and bought tickets. Police on the Burma Road, north of Mandalay, had been stopping trucks with Lend-Lease goods for China. They were levying their own toll. It is one thing to ship goods from America; it is another to deliver them in Chungking. Now these trucks passed by unmolested. In village and city people were beginning to get back to simple honesty and integrity—a man with his neighbour, employer with employee, one community with another.

It was the rise of a new spirit.

There were Burmese like Ma Nyein Tha, Karens like Francis, British and Indians who were committed to God, to each other and to the moral as well as the material arming of this country.

One day Ma Nyein Tha and her closest friend walked into the office of the head of the Publicity Department. The Director, who was talking to a friend, whispered, “Behold! The two pillars of the State.”



## CHAPTER EIGHT

### BURMA—BETWEEN TWO WORLDS

AT 12.30 ON MONDAY MORNING, JUNE 9TH, 1941, I LEFT home in the city of Rangoon to go and see the General. I never arrived. On the way to the General I met a tree. My car was reduced to a wreck and I woke up three weeks later—in hospital. Eventually I arrived in America. That was November 14th, 1941.

One morning I saw in the American newspapers that the Japanese had crossed the frontier of Burma. That did not alarm me. They were probably after the tin mines in the far south.

I found they had crossed the Dauna Mountains.

I wondered how that could have happened. And on elephants, mounted with tommy guns. The homes of my friends who had turned out so valiant in Kappali must have gone.

That was as far as they would get. The Salween must be where the Imperial forces would make their stand.

Many, many times I had travelled up the Salween from Moulmein to Kappali and often been hours late on the seventy-mile trip in the river steamer on account of the current. That would surely be a formidable natural barrier.

Japanese troops had crossed the Salween!

It was then I sat up and became willing to face facts and see what might happen.

Two days before Christmas, 1941, bombs rained on Rangoon. They did more than kill people. They revealed Rangoon with the lid off. You cannot build character in a crisis. The crisis reveals the character that exists.

The head of a department picked up his telephone. No answer. The operator had disappeared. That evening he returned home disgruntled. He was met by—a stench. No one

had removed the garbage. Next morning he went to the docks. They were piled high with goods—Lend-Lease for China—and no one to move them.

Rangoon abandoned! I wondered about fragile old Tidy, the hairdresser, very poor and of an old English family; about Miss Fairclough, the faithful old Christian who was a permanent invalid in a hospital. No doubt most of my friends had got away. I thought of Bishops court, the beautiful trees, the bougainvillea on the golden pagoda of the monastery next door, of the pictures of my six predecessors in the hall, all the diocesan account books, the bowl of goldfish upstairs. . . .

Tanks had come into action. The British were now fighting in Central Burma. They were fighting around Toungoo. At last Chinese troops had arrived on the scene. I thought of my first wife's grave in Toungoo.

Toungoo fell. . . . Mandalay in ashes. . . . The final exodus had begun.

Even General Stilwell and his party had perilous escapes. The General summed it all up:

"We've taken the hell of a beating!"

Pearl Harbour, Singapore, Burma.

Japan had conducted a brilliantly successful campaign.

Where had we failed?

Not the soldiers. I remember even before I left Rangoon how rapidly things moved. A huge airfield sprang into existence almost overnight outside the city. Other airfields began to dot the countryside. Fresh troops would pass through at night. Troops were being enlisted all the time, and members of the different firms going off for training.

I have talked with officers in Washington who were on General Stilwell's staff. One told me of his foot-by-foot retreat the length of Burma, disputing every crossing, destroying wells, fighting the pests of the jungle by night and other pests by day. British and American soldiers alike fought bravely, suffered terribly, retreated nobly.

And not soldiers alone. Hugh McD. Wilson, whom I left

in charge of the diocese, had distinguished himself in the field artillery in the last war, displayed conspicuous courage and resourcefulness. But his losses were heavy. Edward Turner, principal of the Mission to the Blind of Burma, was attacked by armed robbers and was given up for dead. Forty young children were overcome by the monsoon in the mountains. Only five survived. Of the ten adults with them nine perished. My Archdeacon was cut down by a Japanese officer and died. Missionaries and chaplains gave unstinted and heroic service in all the confusion and panic. They had coolness, courage, and a mastery of the language.

What was done by the members of the American Baptist Mission, men and women alike, would fill a volume. The fortitude and devotion of Adoniram Judson came to life again in the prodigies of Brayton Case, the missionary farmer of splendid physique and magnificent courage; of Dr. Seagrave, who journeyed with General Stilwell and whose nurses were loyal and faithful to the end. All the agencies, churches, schools, hospitals which had served Burma so devotedly in time of peace shared Burma's agony and poured out an even greater sacrifice in these days of war. The Christians of all denominations and communities—Burmese, Karens, Anglo-Burmans and others—were steadfast elements in the country, the most loyal to the Allied cause.

When money spoke, they were deaf; when traitors spoke, they were dumb.

Had the civil authorities failed?

Months before Pearl Harbour I received a request for certain schools to be made available for hospitals, which were to move in case of trouble. We had air-raid precautions, and many blackouts. I believe if the plans of the Defence Authorities were examined they would reflect the most painstaking care and efficiency.

Officials from the Governor downward worked unsparingly. So did their wives.

What was wrong?

We—the ordinary citizens of Burma—never thought it could happen. We knew Singapore was impregnable. To the North were China's millions, behind us were all the resources of India and the fleets of the United Nations on the sea.

If Japan, partly exhausted, partly desperate with the long failure to bring China to her knees, met all this might, her fate was sealed.

We worked hard, played tennis, had dinner parties, listened to the radio, thought and prayed for our folks in blitzed England, sent parcels to the Libyan Desert and speculated as to the length of the war. But we had the complacency of the selfish, the mentality of "It can't happen here."

Government dared not be frank enough to tell people the facts for fear of panic. So when the bombs dropped the panic began.

A line of Indian coolies, with their possessions on their heads and their families in tow, left Rangoon at the bombing. They met on the road hunger and disease. They returned wearily and sadly to the bombed and burning city, only to pass other long lines of Indians seeking the safety which had eluded them.

Of the 70 per cent. that fled the city no doubt many, perhaps most, were wise to go. But too many had the mentality that paralysed Rangoon as a war-time nerve centre. People who had been living for years in the habit of mind which instinctively asks "How does this affect me?" are dominated by the same attitude, only more so, when the bombs drop. There were other people who habitually thought not "How does this affect me?" but "How can I affect it?" These were the men of character in a crisis. They were all too few.

When the bombs fell they did more than blow up buildings. They revealed the cost of national disunity.

I do not know how many, or how much, Burmese actively co-operated with the Japanese. Perhaps not so many. But I do know that Burmese people thought Indian people covetous and crafty. Indian people thought Burmese people unstable and stupid. Both thought the British cold and superior.

Burma was a country, but not a nation. Japan fired her people with an idea before she fired a shot. Burma had no one big idea, but she had one big boss—the Almighty Rupee. The Government Report on Bribery and Corruption stated what most people already knew. I had heard of hospital patients getting a drink of water at night only if they had something with which to grease the palm of the attendant; of people having to buy their way into the presence of an official; of people having not only to buy their jobs, but to pay to keep them, or to pay to be transferred, or to pay not to be transferred. All kinds of bribery leading into all kinds of dishonesty. Did Japan know about these things? Japanese money talked—not Japanese—but a language dear to the Burmese heart. Moral disintegration preceded military defeat. Individuals distinguished themselves in gallantry. Soldiers did heroically, but this was no united nation, fighting for its life. It was communities disintegrating because the spirit of “me first” is not the cement that binds, but the acid that corrodes. These were some of the things that were worth tanks and guns and planes to the Japanese.

The breakdown of a half-baked, half-tried material civilization could not be retrieved by individual gallantry. It was nobody's fault. It was the fault of everybody who preferred self to community, community to nation, and money to both. Integrity, personal and national, was not sufficiently rooted or sufficiently widespread to deny infiltration of ideas, money and then armed men.

On paper Burma could not fall. But Burma had no adequate defence against a nation united by a burning idea and armed with the imagination to do the unexpected.

## CHAPTER NINE

### TOMORROW'S EMPIRE

BRITAIN HAS RULED HER GREAT INDIAN EMPIRE BY PRESTIGE. IN district after district a man with a walking-stick ruled tens of thousands.

The fall of Singapore dealt a deadly blow to British prestige. The gallantry of the white races is not dead; far from it. Today Singapore has been recovered; Burma has been reconquered; but will prestige be recovered in the cities and villages of India, or can Britain find some new and better way? There can be no return to the old Orient.

Alien philosophies, hungry for world conquest, will be making the most of India's present thinking. India may divide or unite the United Nations. With a new inspired philosophy of Empire, Britain can yet win the heart not only of India, but of China, and the gratitude of the whole world. It is Britain's opportunity for greatness.

I was just old enough as a boy in the South African War to wave a flag at the news of Mafeking and to cheer at the Relief of Ladysmith, where an uncle of mine helped to eat his own horse. I tasted some chocolate Queen Victoria had sent to one of her soldiers. The Queen was venerated, the Empire was celestial (almost). We were confident we were on the high road of history.

Twenty years later I put in at Malta, stopped at Suez, landed at Aden, sailed up the Rangoon River, and in various latitudes and longitudes saw flying from some conspicuous building or at a ship's stern, the British flag. I looked on it without palpable enthusiasm, with almost a languid eye. I was part of the phase of the debunking "twenties".

Something had gone awry with my faith in Empire.

The next twenty years I was able to see the British Empire at work. I stayed with Deputy Commissioners. I dined with Sessions' Judges; met successive Governors; saw how Com-

missioners did their work; began to understand what it meant to have integrity in the midst of corruption, conscientiousness in a fickle atmosphere. I saw men with Britain's finest culture giving the best years of their lives, their brains, as well as their training in the most difficult climate under all manner of discouraging conditions.

I can remember how, fresh to the country and wilting under the unaccustomed heat, I was impressed by the way in which the Deputy Commissioner worked in that headquarter city of Toungoo. All the administration of a vast area seemed to revolve around him. He worked all through the heat of the hottest days, dealt with all manner of subjects as well as all kinds of people, had to administer an ever more complicated bureaucratic machine. At the end of a long day he would have to play host at his wife's official dinner party and then be up at dawn to prepare his basketful of files for the multitudinous details of the ensuing day. Without let-up or respite, day after day like this was the kind of service which the Indian Civil Service, both British and Indian, unstintingly gave to the building up of the fabric of Empire. Many a person was to find to his surprise that here were men who could not be brow-beaten, bamboozled or bought.

The Government of Burma, like the Government in the Indian Provinces, did four things exceedingly well. It administered the country efficiently; it gave to Burma the framework of democracy; it increasingly developed its economic resources to the benefit of the country, and it erected a magnificent University, costly in its buildings and costly in the quality of its teaching staff.

An old man on his death-bed, barely conscious, called to his side the first Minister in the land and breathed the words, "How stands the Empire?" He was George V of England. Devotion to the Empire was the breath of his life, and there were many like him.

And yet after all these long years of faithful disinterested service British rule has perhaps never been more deeply

resented in India or more questioned among the democratic countries.

In America I found that India is a prickly question. It is a thorn in the side of the United Nations. Some people think that the British ought to leave India—ought to have left long ago. Perhaps ought never to have gone there. The more strongly they feel about the Four Freedoms, the less happily do they contemplate India.

Other people see in British control India's best security and most disinterested rule and her only chance of avoiding bloodshed and civil war.

Britain remaining; and Britain leaving—is either of these in itself the answer?

Britain can remain and tension grow more acute. Britain can leave and the chaos be indescribable.

The Imperialist does not have an answer that satisfies the Nationalist. The Nationalist does not have an answer which includes the Imperialist.

There is a third way—change. Eliminate the pride of the Imperialist and the resentment of the Nationalist and you have cleared the air for a new thinking for a new India. People see it as a very complicated question. That is usually advanced in favour of preserving the "status quo". It is as complicated and confused as selfishness makes any problem. Confusion comes, not from a multiplicity of languages, but of desires. Conflict comes, not from a variety of skins, but from clash of interests. Disorder comes, not from incomprehensible customs, but from misunderstanding hearts.

Well, what is the trouble?

"Why don't you Burmese people like us?" I once heard an English woman asking a Burmese friend of mine. "Look what we have done for your country. We have given you railways, newspapers, radio, river steamers, justice, hospitals, schools, vaccination, telephone and telegraph, motor cars, and machinery not to mention the movies. Why don't you like us?" she repeated, genuinely puzzled.



I wondered what my Burmese friend would reply to all this.

She smiled. She said, "I am very grateful for all these things. I believe many of my people are." She paused.

"Have you given us your hearts?"

She had seen that the core of the problem of Empire was the creative relationship between people. Britain may or may not have given her heart to the East. One thing is certain, she has not won the heart of the East. Government by prestige may win respect, but it doesn't liberate generous impulses.

A brilliant Indian, friend of Britain, scholar and statesman, has summed the problem up in five words. The British, he says, have done much for India, but in their way of doing it have proved "highly intelligent and immensely insensitive."

Once when there was rioting in the streets of Rangoon I returned home one evening to find a Nationalist agitator holding the floor in my drawing-room. His heated blood gave fluency to his tongue. I wondered how it would be possible to deal with anyone so fiery and voluble. When he paused for breath, I slipped in to take advantage of the break in the flow of his impetuous thoughts.

"I suppose," I said, "that we British people are partly responsible for all that is going on outside now." I mentioned various ways in which I thought we had failed the Burmese. The effect on him was remarkable.

"But look what fools we Burmese are," he was saying. All the heat and the bitterness fell away from him that evening. And it was no mere passing reaction. When I next met him his fiery passion for his people was burning with a steady flame where his country needed him as a pioneer educator in an up-country city.

When my attitude changes, then the other man's changes. It is as normal a reaction as that a smile produces a smile, or a bark a snarl. It is not theoretical ethics or proverbial morals, it is a law of living. Can it become the basis of statesmanship?

One evening when the Burmese Premier, who was also a

whole-hearted Nationalist, had come to dinner I ventured to put this question to him :

“Suppose British people like myself were willing to go and pack their trunks and leave the country tomorrow, what would your attitude be?”

He paused for a moment. He had never considered such a question. It had seemed to him too remote to be possible.

“Well, if British people were really like that, we should want them to stay.”

A leading Nationalist who had met British people with this new attitude recently wrote a remarkable letter:

“Whatever the future of Burma may be there will be room in it for the selfless Briton who comes to give of his best to her. In her path towards Dominion Status she will need the help of Great Britain. Burmans of intelligence give this tribute to Great Britain, ‘If Burma must be under tutelage for a short period before attaining full self-government, she would rather be under British tutelage than any other tutelage, and when we have achieved our freedom, we would prefer to be an equal partner in the British Commonwealth of Nations than an independent country on our own’.”

Britain has many assets. Perhaps her most potential asset is one seldom realized by any nation—the capacity to recognize and acknowledge her past mistakes. This first step to creating a working relationship with Burma and India could disarm criticism and kindle hearts and create the one atmosphere in which lasting settlement can be reached.

King George V began the happy tradition of speaking to his people at Christmas as a father to a great family. And the Empire is a family with the love and the loyalty and the strains and the impatience, with the growing pains and the rifts that family life often brings. A new conception of family life may give us a new philosophy of Empire.

We have almost forgotten what a true family is—the strength of its unity, the “all for one and one for all” spirit, that can be a pattern for nations and Empires.

I began to get a picture of Karen people living for Burmese; Burmese for Indians; all for British and British for all. All personally and communally seeking the real development of the other.

Here is a relationship which leaves no room either for domination or sentimentality. It is not assimilation; it gives a rich incentive that makes the most of all in everybody and gives an adequate purpose for living.

It applies not only to Empires but to the great family of nations. It is the foundation stone of a sound foreign policy in each and every country. It evokes gratitude between neighbours because each lives to make his neighbour free, creative, great.

Is it a dream, or is it the condition of survival?

Is it quixotic, or is it expanding the spirit of family relationship into all relationships?

Every individual living to make the other great; every community, every nation, and then what? Is that the final purpose of all existence? No, not quite.

A woman once went further. She said, "My soul doth magnify the Lord."

Every man, nation, Empire, living to make God great.

This is the final purpose for men and nations.

## CHAPTER TEN

### I SAW AMERICA

IN AMERICA I UNDERSTOOD WHY WE BRITISH ARE SOMETIMES hard to get to know. In the early stages we do not readily expand even to each other. A story is told of two Englishmen crossing the Atlantic. They shared the same cabin, but as they had never been introduced were, of course, unable to speak to each other. The first day was rather tedious. The second began to be strained. The third unbearably oppressive. One of them summoned up his courage and took the plunge. He preceded it by a little cough.

“Travelling?”

I come of British stock and have been more inhibited, monosyllabic, silent, detached than most, but I was loosened up a good deal before coming to the voluble, volatile, warm, generous, speculative, pioneer land of the West.

1942 was my first year in America. I saw Yale play Harvard at football, met Mr. Henry Ford in Detroit, and the wife of General Stilwell in San Francisco. The General himself I saw in Washington.

I saw America. I saw a movie being made in Hollywood. I strolled Daytona Beach. I discovered, to my surprise, that the Rhode Island fowls that had made such an impression in Kappali had never originated from an island at all. For three months I was Acting Bishop of Atlanta, the city of Bobby Jones and “Gone With The Wind.” I talked on the radio to China from Los Angeles and to India and Burma from San Francisco. I talked at luncheons, Rotary, Kiwanis, and to all manner of audiences—doctors, negroes, women’s clubs and labour temples. I broadcast. I spoke in the Commonwealth Club in San Francisco, to both Houses of the Massachusetts Legislature in Boston, and I preached in the great cathedrals of Washington and New York. As I sat in a hotel in

Philadelphia I heard the news of Pearl Harbour and in Washington in the Senate I listened to America's Declaration of War. In the Union League Club in Philadelphia, I was the guest at lunch of men directly responsible for a great share of America's war industry.

I lived with labour leaders in California, stayed in workers' homes and saw how America works in every State I visited. In Detroit a CIO organizer filled his house with friends to meet me. I talked with the men who build the ships and planes and tanks.

All these activities helped me to learn to know and love America.

I stood by the rock where the Pilgrims landed; visited Washington's home and drank deep of America's past.

I saw Poles in Detroit, Jews and Italians in New York, Scandinavians in the mid-West; I saw Carolina's men of the mountains, Redskins from the Dakotas, and in Virginia, Elizabethan England.

What a country!

What efficiency, superficiality, alertness, speed, adroitness!

How generous, lovable and selfish, and how blind and deaf and voluble!

From the Great Lakes and the Grand Canyon, from trim New England towns and California's sprawling cities, from Florida's palm-skirted lakes, from the old cultured leisurely South, from the restless heaving Middle West and the giant might of industrial cities, from historic ports like New Orleans, St. Augustine and Charleston, I learned to spell America. Here and there a brush with the forest where the Redskins lived, where French missionaries once made their home, where Spaniards brought their Moorish culture and their languid grace; the sturdy New England men of Boston, proud of their Puritan stock; the soft burr of old England in the mountains of the South—all these taught me more. And so did those gems, precious gems, like Santa Barbara, Williamsburg and the Island of Mackinac.

The eyes of the world are upon America. The future of the world depends upon the faithfulness of her children. How was she preparing for the mighty tasks that lie ahead?

I saw America at home.

I enjoyed great hospitality. I think of a home where at one meal I innocently mentioned certain pleasant English dishes, to find myself eating Yorkshire pudding for lunch and kippers for breakfast! Often I arrived in a home where I was a complete stranger to find in a few minutes I was no longer a stranger, not even a guest, but a member of the family. And in the American kitchen while my host was washing the dishes and I drying them, I discovered again the village well of India, the place where friends gathered and talked and laughed and lived again the events of the day.

But the American home was passing through a new phase. Father was now in the Army—overseas, mother in war production, while often the children ran wild, even swelled the ranks of juvenile delinquents.

Long before the war materialism had been invading this last great citadel of Christian democracy. War only accelerated the pace and highlighted the peril.

War brought cruel separations to the American home, but so sometimes did selfishness in the days of peace.

Easy payments on the instalment system furnish a home, easy payments on the present divorce system break it up. In both cases there are generally debts to pay.

There will be no victory on the home front without victory in the home.

I saw America at school.

America more than any nation in any age has invested in education. Where medieval Europe built cathedrals, modern America has built colleges and schools. Wherever I went, even in the smallest town, I noticed that fine building, that splendidly equipped auditorium, that magnificent gymnasium. It was the public school. Now I understand why in Burma a village on some far hillside owes its bamboo school to American mission-

aries and how Judson College comes to be America's magnificent contribution in Rangoon's beautiful University.

I saw other sides of America's education. One day a friend took me to see Wellesley College where she lectured. I was in the classroom where once a bright-eyed Chinese girl had been vibrant with eagerness to learn everything. Soon she was to be there again, the wife of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek. China, with Chungking her last stronghold in danger, has been speaking in faultless English prose through Madame Chiang to America. Rarely does a college receive so rich a reward.

I lunched with the President of the University of California, Dr. Robert Sproul. I visited the fine University of Georgia in Athens; and admired the grace of Princeton. One weekend I felt myself to be back in England, when I met at Groton President Roosevelt's old headmaster, Dr. Endicott Peabody, the teacher and friend of so many of America's best over the last half-century. Mr. Crocker, the present headmaster, the masters, the boys and playing fields—and the buildings so dignified and unpretentious and so fitting in their quiet countryside, made me think of Winchester or Marlborough.

I was a guest at the Harvard Commencement in 1943. Here was Harvard in the sunlight of a New England Spring day—the celebrations shorn of their pristine glory—yet Harvard, her men in uniform, Naval and Military, turning from the arts of peace to war. The Honourable Joseph Grew, Washington's ex-Ambassador to Japan, now Under-Secretary of State, eloquently pleading for Americans to see other nations clearly, to see Japan clearly. Did America really know what an implacable enemy she was fighting? I thought of that simple Burmese teacher, Ma Nyein Tha. "When I see myself clearly, I see other people clearly; when a nation sees itself clearly, it sees other nations clearly."

How far has America, with all her vast investment in education, attained to this self-knowledge, which the Greeks considered the beginning of wisdom?

Dr. B. H. Streeter, of Oxford, a name known to scholars and

thinkers in every country, once said, "A nation that has grown up intellectually must grow up morally or perish."

I saw America at worship.

Harry Emerson Fosdick's brilliant preaching still held a multitude of listeners. Over the radio Monsignor Sheen stirred the millions and did not pull his punches. I found the Roman Catholic Church strong and a bulwark against subversive forces. People still go to church in America, and the Bible is still read in the Bible Belt. Dr. Stanley Jones, for whom I once chaired a meeting in Rangoon City Hall, and Dr. Truett, with whom I dined in the same city, were voices in the land. I had the privilege of attending the meetings of the House of Bishops of the Episcopal Church at Jacksonville just after Pearl Harbour, and saw how the Episcopal Church was facing the changing conditions of war-time America.

America still looks to her churches. Leaders in the Army and in civilian life, disturbed at the evidence of slipping standards, call on the clergy to build into the people moral strength and a fighting faith.

As a soldier in the last war I had been moved by the human quality of Donald Hankey's soldier religion, by the idealism of Woodrow Wilson and most of all by Studdert Kennedy, prophet-soldier.

A quarter of a century later men were more confused, civilization further decayed and a whole world dying.



## CHAPTER ELEVEN

### AMERICA AT WORK

AFTER EIGHTEEN MONTHS OF WAR TRAINS WERE MORE crowded, reservations harder to get, and one was liable to arrive hours late. Marketing was not so easy, food shortages at times were noticeable, but only in respect of a second cup of coffee in restaurants and some limit to sugar, meat and butter in most places.

Petrol was another matter. Pleasure-riding was out for the duration and anyone in a car was meant to be "going places." Broadly speaking, there was nothing in America a Greek would call hardship, a Pole abstinence, or an Englishman austerity. America was still a comfortable country to live in, but hard-worked, confused and producing.

More and more men passed into the armed forces. And families that had at some time known division only over the use of the car, or at some episode over the breakfast table, were now divided by oceans and continents.

General MacArthur was a national hero.

General Montgomery had won his desert victories.

Winston Churchill held America's heart.

Some thought the Axis might fold up soon. Others that Japan would "take a hell of a lot of beating," and the war might last seven years.

People were puzzled about India. And hoped it would work out somehow without America defending Imperialism or compromising on the Four Freedoms. And would India make America and Britain scowl at each other, if not over the Peace Table at any rate at the places where informal discussions take place? America was still discreetly silent, and Britain in the intervals between victories hoped that, however urgent India's problem might be, it would wait until Japan was laid to rest and the peace was well won.

I got a sense of America at work.

At early dawn both sons in the home in which I was staying in Los Angeles were off to work at Lockheed. Shipbuilders were creating new records, some of their tankers gliding down the slipways at the end of five days. The president of the Pennsylvania Railroad told me at lunch that the general public would feel recompensed for their wartime discomforts if they could see the rivers of petrol his railway carried for the armed forces.

And all the time America had her own battles to fight. She was winning on every battlefield. And the home front? In that month of June, 1943, four hundred thousand miners went on strike; Congress fumed; the President was rebuffed. The worst racial riots for many a long day broke out in Detroit.

While winning the greatest war in history, was America sitting on the edge of the greatest volcano in history?

While the issue of the war was being decided in the skies and on the fields of Europe and Asia, was another war being won or lost in the plants and factories of America?

I saw armoured cars, steel-helmeted troops armed with rifles and machine-guns patrolling the streets of Detroit. I saw a negro pulling a corpse wrapped in a blanket out of a hearse. Windows in that street had been boarded up. There were soldiers in the parks, sermons in the churches, talk in the homes, and people clearing up the mess.

An inquiry was held.

People let themselves go—some about coloured, some about whites. Everyone has a story. Some have philosophies, some have a pet remedy. Everybody blames somebody. Each has a point of view about something; all agree something must be done; and then—thank goodness—the cinemas are open again.

Twenty-six years ago I had driven my spade into Flanders mud digging a gun-pit. I dug up a baby's shoe, then a kettle.

There had been a house there, once a whole village and now just a morass.

1918 came and it was all tidied up; the corn grew again and breezes blew and homes came back. 1944 may have seen the baby that once lost his shoe working in a factory in Germany to make shells to blast Britain and crush Poles, starve Greeks and keep Europe a prison.

In 1918 we dealt with damage but not the human dynamite that caused the damage. We created more.

Late one evening in one of Detroit's busy streets in the heart of the city I was arrested by a hoarse voice spitting an unprintable word. I saw the flushed face of a fair-haired woman as she shuffled by.

That was only half the picture. By her side swaggered a sturdy negro.

People looked angrily, apprehensively; I was thankful that I had seen troops in jeeps just around the corner.

It's colour today. Tomorrow it may be creed. The next day class. Always and every day there is the fear, the greed and the hate I saw in those two faces. It was hate in the woman, in her voice, in her look, she embodied it. There was lust and pride in the man. There was fear everywhere.

Detroit soon buried its dead, mended its broken windows, raised the curfew, dispensed with the soldiers and got busy again.

There may be reform, remedies, better housing, more education, adequate protection.

But who will remove the fear and the hate?

Who will deal with the greed?

People may not know how to deal with these things. But there are forces which know how to incite, foment, and then to exploit them.

Mandalay once had racial riots. They were put down. A British officer was obliged to give the order to fire on the crowd. Lives were lost. An inquiry was held. Its voluminous evidence was published and the chairman and his committee

were congratulated for their fine work—which it was—and we continued as usual.

Three years later one autumn evening, papers fluttered from the sky on a Burmese village. An old man picked one up. He watched the Japanese planes wing their way over the mountains and then he handed the paper to a grandchild to read. It only contained these two words in Burmese:

“REMEMBER MANDALAY.”

Old bitterness surged. These British! “Burma for the Burmans.” That evening people round the village well talked hotly. Many villages caught the infection. It was the talk of bazaars. Hot hearts, easily inflamed, blazed with the memory of old insults and indignities, real and imagined. Hurt pride added fuel to bitterness and both flamed into hate.

An outside enemy knows how to spread the poison that gives fever to a whole nation and brings it to destruction.

The riots were not the end, but the beginning.

America, too, has her enemy agents, saboteurs, fifth-columnists, professional spies, enemy propagandists, many known to the F.B.I. and now in gaol.

Is that all?

Many a sound labour leader as well as the informed industrialist knows and recognizes other forces. These forces, before the war and since, now in one guise and now in another, ceaselessly, ruthlessly, methodically work and plan to undermine trust, unity wherever they find it in order to destroy the foundations of society and gain control for themselves.

“Detroit is dynamite,” said a national weekly. Detroit may or may not be America, but America everywhere knows the clash of interests, the confusion of minds, the buck-passing and the rampant selfishness that can make a modern industrial city a vast powder magazine.

This selfishness is, of course, always the selfishness of somebody else, big business or the CIO; the Mayor or the City Council; the newspaper editor or the political boss.

What about the piled-up selfishness of tens of thousands of people in thousands of ordinary homes?

A boy and his girl enjoyed lunch—and after! His next shift began at 4 p.m. Just too bad.

“To hell with Uncle Sam,” said the boy impulsively, “let’s go to the cinema.”

One morning a hard-boiled executive scoured the headlines, bit his cigar and muttered, “Wait till the end of the war and these labour guys—we’ll show them.”

“Wait till the war’s over,” snarled an embittered worker to his mate as news went round the plant of yet another “injustice.” “When the war’s over, the real war will begin. There’s only one thing these bosses will understand. That’s lead.”

In one city I know of, juvenile delinquency courts are busier than ever before, while mothers in slacks, high-heeled shoes and fur coats strut the streets.

And underneath it all, known only to a few, is the real battle.

It is the battle between those who exploit all this array of selfishness for their own ends and those who hate it and have the strategy to fight it to the death.

## CHAPTER TWELVE

### MOTHER "ISM"

THE WORLD IS SICK UNTO DEATH. WE ARE PART OF A decaying civilization and we don't know what is the matter. We don't lack advisers, solutions or plans. We do lack a whole new illumination as to what is the basic cause of the rot. I have been seeing it in one word.

Materialism—the disease that rots nations.

Millions are dying of materialism and millions of men are walking about dead and don't know it. It is worse than sleeping sickness. It kills you, and you don't even know you have got it.

Materialism is a wrong attitude towards things. Putting it bluntly—it is greed. It wears the most attractive, alluring disguises. It hoodwinks clever people as easily as stupid. Poor people as easily as rich. There was an apple on a tree in the Garden of Eden, which was a perfectly good apple. Somebody's attitude to it was wrong.

A wrong attitude towards things immediately creates a wrong attitude towards people as fear enters in—fear that I shall not get what I want, or that I shall lose what I have.

The first man wanted that apple. His wrong attitude to the apple cost him his job and his home. He blamed his wife and look what happened to his children.

I have seen what a malignant thing—for all its attractiveness and beauty, in New York, or Calcutta or London—materialism is. A thing of slime and poison.

But though it has the loveliness of a butterfly, it has the propensities of an octopus.

I have seen what it does to people. It divides, dupes, dopes and deadens. One of the richest men I know nags his wife, bullies his staff, bores his friends, fools himself.

There is nothing wrong with a larger home, a faster car, a smarter hat, a brighter film. Not at all. That's where the catch is. There was nothing wrong with the apple. But when my



Ma Nyein Tha was fast becoming a national leader. (Page 39) *Arthur Strong*



*R. N. Haile*

Books bring hope to millions. The blitz Lord Mayor of Bristol gave this one to all civilian casualties from enemy bombing (page 97). From Bristol also came the handbook (*below*) which shows the ordinary fellow what he's fighting for.



*D. N. Lupson*





*Peter Sisam*

Tomorrow's Empire (page 48). An Indian major tells Bishop West,  
"The England I have seen today I would live and die for."

The Bishop  
of Rangoon  
and  
Mrs. West.



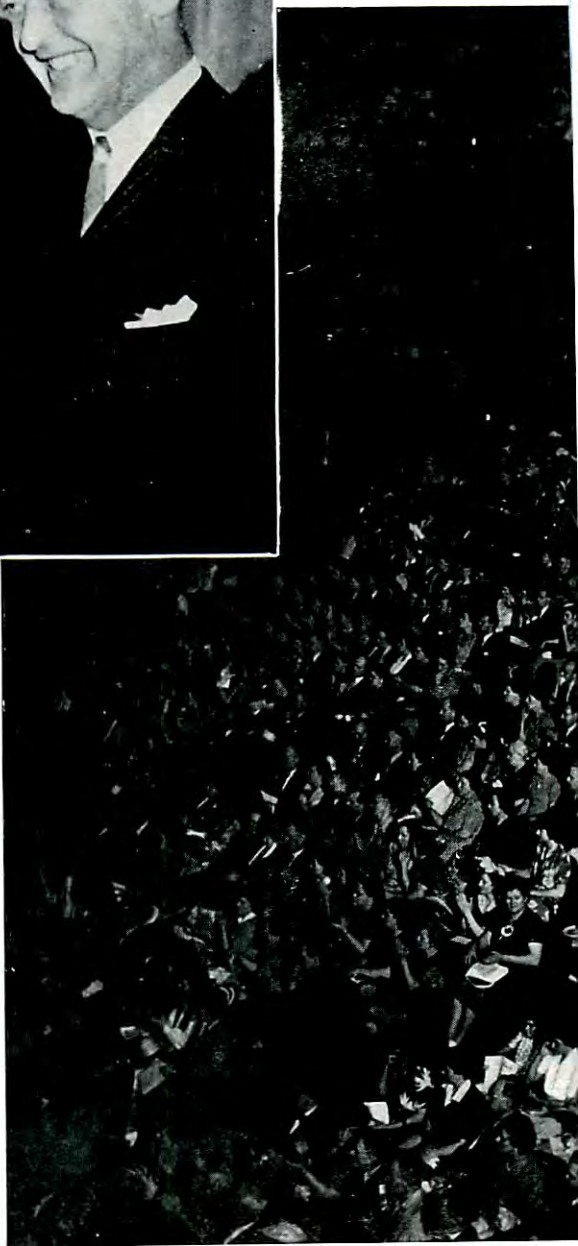
*Arthur Strong*



*Arthur Strong*

Senator, now President Truman, and a Republican friend, Congressman James W. Wadsworth, were the hosts at a Moral Re-Armament play, described as an "industrial drama for national teamwork."

See pages 81, 82 & 109.



"YOU CAN DEFEND AMERICA."

War revue was seen by 250,000 people in 21 States.

*Arthur Strong*





*R. N. Haile*

He rallied the millions—Fredrik Ramm Norwegian patriot and pressman, who gave his life for freedom in a Nazi concentration camp (page 84)



*Peter Sisam*

The fighting heart of Ulster—Tpr. Tom Shillington, killed in action, El Alamein,  
November 3rd, 1942 (page 87).



Pioneer of a world that works—Dr. Frank Buchman.

*W. G. Briggs*

attitude to the thing goes wrong and my desire for it controls and possesses me and that desire affects my actions, then the wanting of these things has shattered nerves, ruined digestions, wrecked homes, divided classes, corrupted politics and started wars. What it does to jungle people on the borders of Thailand, it does to the citizens of Rangoon, Calcutta, Detroit or Manchester.

Materialism has been winning bloodless, painless victories on a world scale and has pretty well captured a whole civilization. What a bag!

One sure sign of a materialistic world is that sooner or later it doesn't work. Materialism creates friction and rivalry, division and chaos. It doesn't create teamwork.

It's not for lack of brains. Sometimes clever men don't get along even with their wives. Brains may spell success, dollars or degrees, power or prestige. They don't necessarily spell teamwork.

In Burma I have seen Indian against British and Burmese against both.

In Cape Town I heard of trouble between Boer and Briton. Canadians tell me of friction between French and British.

I come from Britain. England and Ireland filled the politics of my boyhood, two wars my manhood, and between them I remember a significant domestic event—the General Strike.

In Serbia I guarded prisoners of war—Czech and Slovak, Croat and Serb, all at daggers drawn. I have been in Palestine and seen Jew and Arab. Japanese and Chinese competed for the goodwill of Burma. Burma's smallest tribes have their feuds—often the smallest have the bitterest.

And in every country, political parties have their vendettas. Armchair critics have their points of view. Parents argue, children wrangle, in-laws dispute.

Management and Labour—I hear them spoken of not as natural allies to provide for the nation, but as natural enemies eyeing each other warily in these days of uneasy truce till war stops and *the* war starts.

Here is the world that does not work.

I have not mentioned the all-important factor.

People's attitude to things can change. Their attitude to others can change. Their attitude to everything, even themselves, can change, and the change in people can change a whole material civilization. It can change its direction and make it the flower of history. That is what our age is waiting for so desperately.

Materialism does not have the answer for a world that does not work.

The defeated materialist turns to material revolution. The successful materialist refuses change of any sort. From that clash has sprung the greatest war of history.

There is a third way—the way of change. There is a revolution of the spirit, the Superforce that can change the Haves and Have-nots alike and lift them up, a living sword to slay Materialism, the mother of all the isms.

Any illiterate peasant in Burma who finds the answer to materialism has something for the most polished diplomat in Europe, for the framers of the peace, for the makers of the next civilization.



## CHAPTER THIRTEEN

### THE THIRD WAY

ONE EVENING WHILE WAITING FOR A TRAIN IN WASHINGTON I went to a cinema.

I saw pre-war Germany, in her millions, goose-stepping to some sinister purpose. I saw the hardening features of their leaders' faces. It was Germany going hard and metallic, her leaders reserved and inscrutable. They had a plan.

I saw Russia, her gallant people marching to her defence, her enormous industrial achievements. She, too, had her plan.

The implication seemed to be that I had got to choose. If I hated the one, I must choose the other. If I despised the one, I must approve the other. As far as the film was concerned there did not seem to be any third way.

This is the false issue of our age. Men and nations are being persuaded that there is only one choice before them—between Right and Left. We are always being told to choose between two forms of materialism—neither of which will work.

Britain in India, we are told, must choose between staying and going;

My Karen friends between amalgamation and isolation;

The peace-makers between dismembering the aggressors and letting them off;

The unhappy husband or wife must choose between getting a divorce and going on living in hell; parents between birth control and no control; children between doing what they are told and doing as they please;

Government between cracking down on Labour and coddling it; between favouring management and liquidating it;

Management must decide to be brutal or sentimental;

And the peoples of the world must choose between being oppressed and rising up in bloody revolution.

These are the false issues whispered in the ears of the world.

Instead of being challenged to choose between God and Mammon, we are invited to choose between Mammon and his twin brother.

What is America's alternative to going Left? Going Right?

I have seen riches and power and what they do to a man. I have met great industrialists and seen brains, sheer capacity and a rugged honesty. I have seen, too, the tragic loneliness of the one-track mind, the impervious insensibility of men whose only answer to opposition is to break it or fire it. I know, too, a man who wields immense power with superb efficiency, who is a war-winning asset to the nation, who delivers the goods—a well-informed man and just. But has he the answer for a world going Left? Has he the philosophy for America's millions—the gay pleasure-lovers of yesterday, the tough and hard-bitten of today, the disillusioned of tomorrow, who will be clamouring for a world that works?

Is there a third way?

I am convinced there is. The Founding Fathers of America were also convinced of it when they wrote the Declaration of Independence. Even earlier, when the Mayflower lay in Cape Cod Bay, before setting foot on the soil of America, the Colonists had met together and bound themselves to establish a nation "under the government of God."

That is still the choice before America. If it is not made a practical choice today real American history is coming to an end.

Within sound of the Liberty Bell I saw the American idea made practical again.

I was a guest in Philadelphia and invited to the city's famous Academy of Music. It is one of America's great buildings.

That night it filled up rapidly, tier above tier. People had come to see the Moral Re-armament patriotic revue called "You Can Defend America." Most did not much know what to expect. It was an audience of question marks. They had heard of the men and women who were putting it on, that they were patriots, volunteers who felt they had an answer for the

conflicts and confusions in the life of the nation. But why were they doing it? Could it just be out of love for America?

We of the audience saw immortal truth with flashes of humour that illuminated the depths of human nature, we saw depicted God and the devil fighting for the soul of America. This was drama—but it was more than drama. It was the spirit of Pentecost active in ordinary men. It made real, thrilling, inescapable the great moral foundations of the nation. It was a new and winning way of presenting the fundamentals of Christianity to a cinema-minded age. Truth is one thing. To put truth so that it becomes a burning, life-changing reality is another. Truth as an abstract ball for philosophers to toss to one another is one thing. As a dynamic for changing men and nations at express speed, it is another. And that is what this was.

There was America as it sometimes is over its breakfast cups—squabbling, nagging, frustrated. And the answer? Not Reno, but America as it can be—every man going to face his day happy, confident and free with a laughing, caring family back of him.

There was America with troubles on the production front. There were Management and Labour eyeing each other with suspicion, mistrust. And the answer? Not the liquidation of the employer, the regimentation of the worker, but the third way:

“Every Man, Every Home!

Every Business and Industry!

Capital, Labour, Management, Unions,

Pulling Together for National Unity!

Each man must be sound.”

Finally, there was the nation as its finest spirits have always wanted it to be.

“I see an eagle, striving, rising, soaring;

I see a nation waking, stirring, changing,

Re-armed in spirit, humbly triumphant, a nation united,

Fulfilling the hopes of its founders, the dreams of its people

The plan of its God,

A maker of peace for the nations.”

There on that stage in Philadelphia we saw the real issue confronting America. In the city of William Penn his words come to mind, "Men must be governed by God or they will be ruled by tyrants." Not governed by the Right or by the Left but Government by God. Not Right *versus* Left, but right *versus* wrong.

Would people see it quickly enough?

Japan fired her people with an idea before she fired a shot; so did the Nazis. Where is the Christian philosophy that will set the democratic countries aflame? Where is the force that will conquer the world? There it was in that magnificent building. I saw, as in a flash, that America with an active minority, even a small minority, living this philosophy together, could not only win the war and defeat materialism, but remake the world.

That night men and women went back to their homes in Philadelphia deeply moved. Even in those comparatively untroubled days, they felt in what they had seen something to rouse them to action. Christmas was drawing near. The streets were brightly lit, the shop windows glittered with Christmas finery. This Christmas would be busier than ever.

Yes, "I see a nation waking . . . stirring . . . changing . . ." What a vision! Yes, they would certainly do something about it, sometime. . . .

That was Friday night, December 5th, 1941.

## CHAPTER FOURTEEN

### A SHAFT OF LIGHT

TWO DAYS LATER—PEARL HARBOUR.

The Moral Re-Armament programme for industrial teamwork and national unity, so valuable in peace, became a priority in war. It was asked for sometimes by Governors, sometimes by State Assemblies, sometimes by State Defence Councils, sometimes by industries—Management and Labour together. These volunteers went on the road. In their loaded station-wagons they passed from city to city, from State to State, from Maine to Florida, from Florida to Michigan—a little different from our jolly bus-rides through the jungle, but with the same purpose.

The Legislature saw "You Can Defend America" in Richmond; the Steel Workers' Convention (CIO) in Cleveland; AFL Conventions, State and International; schools and farming communities from Maine to Nevada. A special performance helped to speed up production in Lockheed-Vega Aircraft plant. The revue was presented 185 times. A quarter of a million saw it. It affected homes. It built unity. It inspired patriotism. Ten thousand stormed the auditorium in Orlando, Florida. Said Colonel McKenry at Morrison Field, "I have seldom seen any individual and never a group, in uniform or out of it, that is doing so much for the armed forces."

A Catholic priest in charge of a large industrial parish, after seeing the revue, asked if he could say a few words. "I would like," he said, "to erect a platform in my church and invite these people to put on this performance there. It is such a splendid Christian job they are doing." Said a very intelligent publicist, deeply moved, "This is a new kind of preaching." Another called it "a baptismal inspiration. . . . Here is the Church growing young again."

Whatever city the revue entered, it fell like a shaft of light upon confusion, apathy, bleakness. Newspaper editors, trade union officials, Mayor and City Councillors, the Governor and Senators, business men and Service clubs, soldiers and women's leagues—all manner of people found that something new had burst into their midst.

President Roosevelt heard of it. On March 25th, 1942, he wrote to Dr. Peabody, his old headmaster, "What you write about the revue 'You Can Defend America' interested me very much. We need more things like that to maintain and strengthen the national morale. I am informed that this revue has been organized by a group of volunteer actors on a non-commercial basis. This organization goes from one community to another as arrangements are made for their appearance by some group active in national defence. From all accounts they are making a splendid contribution to patriotism and I hope a large number of communities will have the benefit of witnessing a performance."

One thing above all impressed me about the message. It was not its presentation, although that was brilliant, whether in print, or on the stage, from the platform, pulpit, in a drawing room or factory. It was not the breadth of its objectives—Sound Homes, Teamwork in Industry, a United Nation—or the depth of its challenge to Change, Unite, Fight. All these things impressed me. But the inescapable, incontrovertible, unconquerable fact was this: the people were the message and the message was the people. These citizen volunteers lived what they acted—total commitment in total war for total victory. They were the force. They were compelled by a Superforce.

Long before Pearl Harbour, they had been fighting enemies on the home front: buck-passing, absenteeism, friction and trouble-making, the crass selfishness of human nature, the selfishness that costs thousands of lives and will cost thousands more. I saw that they themselves were free and fearless and disciplined. I saw them change men, inspire multitudes, reach

millions, mend homes, bring teamwork in industry and a new spirit everywhere.

I had often seen efficient men, brave men, lovable men ; but I had never met men like these. They were willing to go anywhere at a moment's notice. They were at home with anyone in any rank of life. They talked with cogency, sanity, passion and humour. They were not interested in being popular. They were deeply interested in the other fellow.

People were puzzled about them. They were not actors by profession. Then how could they give such a powerful, exhilarating, heart-searching show? What was that look in their faces? What was it that seemed to come from the stage and hit you?

I will take you behind the scenes. Here is a pattern of the world that everyone wants. They were not born like this. Each had to learn to love teamwork and to live unity. Every single one had known what jealousy is. To know the twinge when someone else gets the credit you have been waiting for, when a certain person gets thunderous applause—and you don't. The feeling of being left out when you want to be in. Of being put in when you had set your heart on being left out. Of packing your bags when you wanted to rest. Of having to stay behind when you are panting to go on.

They were themselves a family. They were thinking together, writing together, planning together. All this generated power. When one was speaking, acting, singing, what were the others thinking? Not about something else—their own part or what other people were thinking of them, but praying for the speaker, thankful for him, appreciating him and seeing how he might have done it better, where it could be improved. One hundred people building him up instead of one hundred people building up themselves. One hundred people each building the other up instead of each pulling somebody else down. Is that something new in drama? Is it something new in life?

I have known what it is to live surrounded by such candid,

penetrating, fearless, affectionate men and women. You hear the truth. They live to make you different, to reach a stature you never dreamed of. They believe in you, have vision for you. They see you as God's weapon for a new country. They demonstrate Tennyson's "All for each, and each for all." Each lives to make the other free, effective, inspired—great. They are a pattern of the world for which they are fighting.

I want to tell you about them, to tell you what I have seen. It is important that as many people as possible should know as much of the truth as possible, as quickly as possible. The fate of civilization is at stake. It all depends on the ordinary man seeing the issue quickly enough. Usually he does not.

The time lag was several generations before Joan of Arc was understood for what she was. St. Francis? Well, St. Francis was recognized on his deathbed. Wesley? How many at the time realized he had saved England from revolution and changed the course of her history?

It is familiar enough; prophets are stoned, ignored, smeared, put out of business. It has been so in every age.

Need it be so in this age?

It was the same question that I had asked myself when I first met this group in Oxford six years before. I decided then, and all that happened in Burma and throughout the East confirmed my decision, that these men and Frank Buchman their leader were the spearhead of the world-wide Christian attack against materialism in our generation.

So I took my place with these gay troubadours. And during the next months while the Japanese were doing the totally impossible in conquering Asia, I was doing the wholly unexpected in travelling America.



## CHAPTER FIFTEEN

### LIGHT ON LABOUR

“YOU CAN DEFEND AMERICA” DID MANY THINGS IN MANY places. What would happen when it met the mighty force of Labour—one army of America’s great industrial battlefield?

I was born and bred in an atmosphere of Labour. My father was a clergyman. He was in the line of Christian Socialists from Charles Kingsley to William Temple, the late Archbishop of Canterbury. I remember his speaking of Keir Hardie as a modern Amos. Of Hardie’s first entry into the House of Commons, the home of silk hats, with a worker’s cloth cap. And my reading, as a boy, of Eugene Debs and Samuel Gompers. My home was the sort of place where I might meet the local union organizer, or a Member of Parliament, or even a Cabinet Minister.

At Oxford I joined the Fabian Society and heard George Bernard Shaw speak to a crowded hall of undergraduates; and I found myself mixing with the Guild Socialists and Syndicalists of that day. The doctrines seemed to get more revolutionary, the exponents I met—more academic.

Raised in a mining community; I had been used to the miner who, coming home from his shift down the mine, would read his Aristotle and hew out for himself a philosophy as well as coal.

People of these parts sent up sturdy men of their own flesh and blood like Burt and Fenwick to the House of Commons. But at Oxford we sipped green chartreuse, talked Socialism and went to some hall to hear a real fighter, someone like the great-hearted Ben Tillett.

I saw miners black with grime streaming home in the early morning light, or the “knocker-up” long before dawn rousing some sleeper for his next spell down below. I was at school when an explosion in the Whitehaven pit killed hundreds and the maids who served us at table went into mourning.

But it was serving in the ranks of the Royal Artillery that I really learned to love the heart and understand the language of Labour.

I learned to master the language and to discount the adjectives.

Jimmy Bannister used to call me "T'ould Corporal" and told me how he warmed the paws of his whippets with brandy before the race.

Beevers, the policeman, told me how he dealt with chicken thieves.

Geordie Burdess, of Tyneside, once narrated how the police ran him in for flogging horses which—according to Geordie—he was just mildly encouraging.

There were men from the Midlands, miners from the North, shop assistants from the South, policemen from Cornwall, plasterers and plumbers, navvies and machinists and a church organist.

They sweated in the heat, wallowed in mud, were alternately bored and terrified—but what courage, laughter and inconsequential songs!

"We are here because we're here, because we're here, because we're here."

This was Labour in uniform and when the time came they took off their uniform, hugged their wives and looked for work.

Industry today is the battleground on which the war of ideas is being fought. This, too, is a world-wide battle. Coming from India and Burma, I know that here, in the field of industrial relationships, the Western world faces its acid test in the eyes of the East. India might like and might use many of the latest products of Sheffield or Pittsburgh. She was by no means convinced about the system, the standards or the conditions under which these things were produced. India, like other Eastern nations, is at the beginning of her industrial revolution. She is looking for a pattern.

What understanding and help can India—a continent of many races and languages, an Eastern land of poor, illiterate

villages—expect from America and Britain, Western countries with their rich, industrialized educated cities?

Had she not better turn to the north, to her neighbour, Russia? Herself semi-eastern, and like India with many races and languages, a country that in one generation has raised a backward, illiterate peasantry to be a united nation, educated and industrialized, feared and respected throughout the world.

In America I have seen how, in default of the real answer, anyone like myself of goodwill and good intentions is liable to move in sympathy at least towards the extreme Left. Whatever I may have called myself and whatever my status—undergraduate, soldier, priest, missionary, bishop—until God controlled my life I was, without knowing it, a materialist at heart.

Had Moral Re-Armament something for Labour and for Management, and for a world still groaning from an industrial revolution that was more material than moral, more selfish than patriotic and produced inequalities almost as fast as it produced money and made fortunes?

I knew Management had its men of character, Labour its real leaders. Did they have a chance in the maelstrom of confusion and violence, fear and greed?

What had the Government of God to do with the roaring blast furnaces, the shipyards, the clanging hammers, the ever-speeding assembly lines that roll out the iron and steel of America's might to every battlefield?

Six months after Pearl Harbour we were at Cleveland. Here was organized Labour at the Annual Convention of the United Steelworkers of America. Philip Murray, President of the Steelworkers and of the C.I.O., presided. There before him in the 2,000 delegates from the production line were the tough sinews of America. There was struggle. There was the rush to get to the microphone to get in the first words, to get in the last words, to rush through a resolution, to snatch a victory, to get control. The struggle was for power.

Pacing to and fro across the platform, calling on "Bill" or "Joe" to speak, ruling that man out of order, stopping to

whisper an instruction to an official, easing or warming the crowd with his humour, Phil Murray steered his lively crew. He was for freedom of speech. He was not for a free-for-all. He was a master in the art of managing men.

Evening came. The business for that day was over. The delegates had reassembled to see something that would surprise them. They were to see "You Can Defend America."

The revue opened in a blaze of light before an audience that had to be convinced. But, as the first curtain fell, there was thunderous applause. The revue was touching human chords in the great warm heart of Labour.

But here and there, amid the cheers and laughter and deep response were the scowls and muttering of angry men. They whispered, passed notes. They were waiting for their chance—some weak spot in the revue, an unconvincing speaker, some stray remark they could seize on, an unreal scene, a false note anywhere. They were ready to pounce on it and rend it to pieces. That moment never came.

All through the day these extremists had been trying to win the battle for the microphone to capture the convention. Their programme was not Moral Re-armament.

And now enthusiasm mounted. The revue was drawing out the best in the best of that 2,000. Again the curtain fell, and this time there stepped out from between the straight folds a little square-set figure.

Here in this Convention among the picked steelworkers of America I heard in the broad Scottish accents of this young machinist from the Clydeside a new note. It was not oratory. It was simple, direct and to the point. It was spoken with the fire of personal conviction. It had philosophy, programme and a passion. It was a call for change—not in the law, not in a system, not in the other fellow, but "in yourself." Duncan Corcoran, the speaker, was Labour through and through. He wanted all that was best in Labour and all that was best in Management to build a new America.

"A new spirit," he was saying, "can grip the mind and

muscle of every worker, for teamwork and maximum production. That is the message of this revue." Evidently something had gripped his mind and muscle. He was like a bantam-weight, taking on a hall full of heavy-weights and confident of victory.

"One man," Dunc was saying, "went home from this revue so different, that his own dog bit him."

The hall roared with merriment. He darted in to deliver one of his lightning blows.

"Teamwork will come not by chance, but by change. That means change in me—and you." He told them what change was. This was not coddling Labour. This was talking the stuff Labour liked. It was the same courageous simplicity with which Ma Nyein Tha talked to the leaders of her nation in Rangoon.

"The isms are out for change. So are we. But we know where change begins.

"It begins just where you are. It began for me back in the shipyards of Greenock with the fellow working the next machine.

"Friction between men causes more trouble than friction in machines. My mate and I learned that. Labour has got to learn to work together. Management and Labour have got to learn to work together. We must fight for this new spirit. We need men who will burn for their nation.

"Change! Unite! Fight!

"That is the programme."

Dunc slipped back between the curtains. On with the show! It was nearing its climax. It was a dark stage. Shadowy figures were crouching and writhing in the dim light. They were Waste, Fear, Greed, Graft, Hate. They moved to the voice of their master, the Devil, telling them how to destroy America—from within.

"Above all, teach them to hate, hate between race and race, hate between class and class. . . . And I'll blind them, and I'll bind them, and I'll deaden them. And the people will never know until it is too late. Listen, I have a plan. . . ."

And then the final scene: the ordinary American, business executive and labour leader, the farmer, the reporter, stenographer, cook, politician, sportsman, the ordinary American family, awakening to their danger, rising to action. It was over. The curtain was up again. The applause broke out more than ever when the audience recognized a familiar figure standing with the cast on the crowded stage.

It was Phil Murray:

"I doubt if I can add anything to what has already been said during this magnificent evening. 'You Can Defend America', as exemplified by this remarkable cast, has the inspirational value to create that spirit, that kind of unity, for which America is looking.

"On behalf of the Steelworkers, and of course the C.I.O., I desire to express to the members of this cast our whole-hearted and very sincere appreciation for the wonderful production we have had here tonight. May God speed the cast, and bless them and guide them and protect them in what they are doing. I thank you."

Labour was understanding this message.

The President of the American Federation of Labour Union in a great aircraft factory saw what Murray saw: "Wherever the Moral Re-Armament men have had the opportunity to apply this programme, they have delivered the goods. What we need now is to put it into large-scale operation. . . . It will give us a tremendous lift and help us to roll out the bombers faster." William Green, President of the A.F.L. also gave the revue his support.

And what of Management?

Back in Philadelphia, where we had heard the first news of war, the spirit of the revue remained.

Mr. Birchard Taylor, whose family founded the famous Cramp Shipyard and who is their Vice-President and became the first Chairman of the Joint Labour-Management Committee, said, "This work is showing us the way to a new era of industrial statesmanship. These people have an entry with

Labour which Management could never have. They have an entry with Management, shall we say, that Government has not yet achieved. This handful of men have won the hearts of Americans from coast to coast, and have shown themselves to be masters in the art of producing those very qualities of heart and will for which our President has again and again appealed."

And Senator Truman,\* now President of the United States, in his thorough, patient investigation of war industries, has found that the chief difficulty is usually the human factor, that "suspicions, rivalries, apathy, greed lie behind most of the bottlenecks." He said of Duncan Corcoran and his friends, "There is not a single industrial bottleneck I can think of which could not be broken in a matter of weeks if this crowd were given the green light to go full steam ahead."

Dr. John Steelman, Director of the United States Conciliation Service, 1937-44, is of the same opinion. With the experience of handling more than 50,000 wartime industrial disputes behind him, he says, "The spirit the M.R.A. industrial drama depicts and the men working in this spirit are as truly the industrial pioneers of the future as were the technical and organizational giants who built up the present material framework of American industry."

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\* See p. 109.

## CHAPTER SIXTEEN

### PEOPLE AND PLANS

SOON EVERYBODY WILL HAVE A PLAN OR BE IN FAVOUR of a plan, or be against a plan. Beveridge has set the fashion in Britain with the most comprehensive plan yet devised for social security on a national scale.

In 1917 four men in Switzerland planned. The result was the Russian revolution. Japan planned. Then Germany began to plan. And the plan-less have had a hard time catching up. This war will have an unexampled aftermath of indisciplined living. The most nefarious plan I have heard of to-date is the planning of men to profiteer out of post-war indulgence—calculated planning on how to turn defeated derelicts into pounds, shillings and pence.

In a planning world the plan-less are forced to adopt somebody else's plan or go under. The only question is, which plan?

I once saw a remarkable play. It depicted conflict within industry. It is called "The Forgotten Factor." Is it conceivable that in the deadly efficiency of modern industry the biggest factor of all could be overlooked? I thought it possible the forgotten factor in industry might also be the forgotten factor in politics, even in the Councils of the Nations, even at the Peace Table.

The forgotten factor is that God has a plan. People do not always recognize God's plan even when they see it. God's plan was a Person. It always is. There is a story that when Jesus was once asked what His plan was, He pointed to a small group of men.

"And suppose these fail?" He was asked.

"I have no other plan."

His plan was people.

In our day I have seen in many lands how Moral



Re-Armament takes the needs of nations and answers them with men.

Is the world alert to grasp old truth in new forms? Or is it possible that the world even in these up-to-date times might fail to discern the very people that are God's plan for a world that works?

I wonder.

The real significance of Frank Buchman is that he has discovered a world that works, because he has brought to people in every walk of life, in every country, the spirit that makes it work. There have been statesmen before and there have been prophets, but Frank Buchman—and I am now stating my personal conviction—is a world prophet-statesman.

Frank Buchman speaks to the world through the children of a vast spiritual family. He believes they should be a pattern for a world that works. And each year on his birthday, June 4th, that world, as it were, speaks to him. For to this most self-effacing of men, one who has faced criticism and calumny without self-justification or self-defence, who has asked nothing of recognition, or credit or reward for himself, there flows in a wave of affection and loyalty and gratitude from every part of the earth where communication lines are still open.

I was with him on his birthday among the green-clad mountains of the Carolinas, where he was recovering from a severe illness. I watched his eager, alert face, his merry eyes, as he talked on the telephone to friends in Seattle or Detroit. Now he was in touch with Washington, with big issues at stake, hard decisions to make; now he was admiring the birthday cake, baked for him specially each year by a friend whom he calls "The Happy Baker," and who was Bread Administrator for all Canada. I heard him greet a soldier laid up in hospital, and talk to a family of children in New England. I followed him to the hotel kitchen, where he shared his celebrations with the coloured cook whose birthday happened to fall on the same day. And then in the evening, as the mountains

melted in the twilight, and thousands of fire-flies rose like sparks, I sat with him and his friends on the porch and watched a cavalcade of love and laughter, of memories and vision cross his face as he opened his presents and cables and letters.

Here was a cable from Chungking; another from Cabinet Members in Australia; here was the stately prose of a British senior statesman; here the methodical scrawl of a six-year-old child. There were blunt, forthright greetings from dockers or miners. The Labour leader in Detroit whose courage and humour kept 15,000 men at work, while 17 plants around all quit. The shop-steward whose care for his fellow-workers brought a 60 per cent. increase in production. The employer who went out of his way to make it easy for 2,000 strikers to cool down and go back to work, who was prepared to lose an argument if it meant winning the war. Management and men pioneering a world that works in the heart of the working world, fighting for God's plan amid blue-prints and production schedules.

The school teacher in a Nebraska town, the only one of a staff of six who stayed with the families of her farming community in spite of golden offers of high wages in industry. She remembered her father's motto, "Care for the land and feed the nation." She sent a word of cheer to Frank Buchman. There were messages and photos from men in the Services. There were poems that stirred the blood, jingles and ditties that set your eyes or your feet dancing. I saw the rewards of selflessness—memories without number, friendships without price, vision and commitment without limit. I saw the secret of leadership—to live to make the other great.

And then, in a year such as this, there were the messages that did not come. No word from Francis, or Ma Nyein Tha. They would never have missed Frank Buchman's birthday in the old days. Today they belonged to the silent peoples.

No word could come from Fredrik Ramm, one of Norway's leading journalists, Amundsen's companion to the Pole, now in

solitary confinement, under the fury of bombs, in a Nazi prison by the docks of Hamburg. He had first met Frank Buchman in 1934, when at the invitation of President C. J. Hambro he attended a gathering of Norway's leaders to spend a week with the Oxford Group. He had arrived, curious but definitely under protest. He had come to recognize in Frank Buchman a man who could speak to nations—and to Fredrik. Fredrik Ramm had been speaking to Norway through his articles for many a day. Now he began to speak with a new accent. The Danes had reason to appreciate the change. He had bitterly attacked them over the Greenland dispute.

Now on Norway's National Day in 1935, Fredrik addressed three thousand Danes at Odense. Odense is Hans Andersen's birthplace, and the whole thing had the magic of an Andersen fairy story about it. For here was Fredrik declaring that his hatred of their country had been removed and actually calling upon them, on Norway's Day, to sing the Danish National Anthem. There was a moment's hush, and then, without a word of prompting from anyone, those three thousand Danes sprang to their feet and burst into the Norwegian Anthem, so that the walls and roof vibrated with the sound.

Fredrik fought through the years of blindness and appeasement to bring unity and moral stamina to Norway. When invasion came he fought aggression without, softness within. Naturally he was from the first the target of violent attack from materialistic elements of extreme views, from all those who loved foreign ideologies more than their own country. Naturally, also, these elements gathered round Quisling, and when Germany took over they were on the watch for men like Fredrik. Very soon he and other leaders of the Oxford Group went to gaol.

There he is allowed to write one letter every third month. Here is what he says to Eva his wife :

“Hearty thanks for all good thoughts and prayers, which I notice several times a day. The result is that I am as well spiritually as any person could be, even though you know

that I long for you, the boys, Mother, home and everything else all the day. But the wishes and prayers of all my friends make life here easy to live. I must tell you again that the values we have lost. A sad thought, a worry for the future, and I pray and am again free, happy and grateful. I have seen clearly that here in gaol I have just as great a responsibility for my day before God and man as outside, perhaps even more, since here I cannot put the blame on anything or anybody. Here I must stand alone in my cell and receive God's help and only that, and I get it too. Otherwise, the day goes in making paper bags and other sort of work. We are allowed to read, but you know that mostly you and the boys are in my thoughts. I feel as though I had never lived in such fellowship with you as now, and the only thing I ask you and the boys is to forget me as I was, and remember me as I want to be. And I did not know what I had in you, your mother, the family and all before I came here. But most in you. . . . Read Jeremiah 17, 7-8.

"Your happy and grateful,  
FREDRIK."\*

There was no word from Diane de Watteville in fallen France. She and her husband had worked and travelled with Frank Buchman in many countries. She had left America by plane two days before war broke out in Europe. Her family had two houses; a chateau in Alsace, a home in Paris. They lost them both. She had two sons. One was killed, the other taken prisoner. She wrote to a friend in America:

"I cannot tell you how deeply I was moved by your cable. Robert and I were thinking of the wonderful day at Del Monte. It was like a far-off dream, and we really could not believe it was only two years. It might as well be another life. . . .

"I remember our last lunch at the Yerba Buena Club with all those American women, and I would like to speak to them once more and say, 'For goodness sake, are you ready?' Are

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\* Fredrik Ramm contracted double pneumonia and died on November 16th, 1943. Of him the Norwegian Foreign Minister said: "When the truth is told, Ramm will go down to history as one of Norway's greatest heroes."

you in America preparing the great answer, building the pattern of the new world order? The heart sinks when you think of the millions who are suffering, dying and prepared to pass an awful winter. How I wish all this could be spared you!

"People used to love peace because it was comfortable, and now we have to face life and death because life is never comfortable, and an eternal fight. Thank you for your help. Sugar is what we would like most because when I am hungry at night one single piece sends me off to sleep instantly and in winter it keeps me warm."

No word came from Lord Hugh Beresford. The British destroyer in which he served now lies at the bottom of the Aegean Sea, and he lost his life with the ship. The first Sunday in which he was left in command, he wondered what he should do with his men. He gave them some of the thoughts which he had set down early in the morning. "What are the real causes of this war, anyway? Fear, greed, hate. How about banishing these things from our ship? And let us make our ship a pattern of the world for which we are fighting." That was his war-time programme. It could be everybody's. His ship is immortalized in the great film "In Which We Serve."\*

There was no Irish greeting from gay, fighting Tom Shillington. Tom had joined the Army and found himself in the African desert. He regarded it as a time of training.

"God," he wrote to a friend, "has become the centre of my thinking more than ever." Fear went too. "When one has been ruled by fear, as I have been, it is an extraordinary sensation to find fear absent when you want to panic out of sheer habit. Your letter made me think a great deal, as I rode along in the light of the setting sun, high up on top of the turret. This morning I woke at 4.30 a.m. and shut myself down in the turret and wrote my thoughts. The overhead of suffering

\* His captain, Lord Louis Mountbatten, now Commander-in-Chief of Allied operations in South-East Asia, wrote: "It might interest your friends in the Oxford Group to know that Hugh Beresford was one of the few picked up by the 'Kipling,' and that he gave his life trying to save others while one of the 'Kipling's' boats was smashed while rescuing survivors. A worthy end for an officer who had such high principles."

through whole nations mounts daily. For now we must pay the cost of our inadequate Christian living and thinking. What we have gone through here is nothing to what others are suffering. Whatever the future brings . . .”

On the night of November 3rd, 1942, in Libya, Tom left his tank to help the driver who had been hurt. Tom was killed.

On December 12th, 1942, in St. Peter's Church, Battersea, London, five hundred people met to remember him and to pledge themselves to the task for which he gave everything.

Others in Ireland, America, Africa, India, Australia and the Middle East were remembering him with gratitude that day.

Tom lives! In heaven—and also here on earth, in the legacy of his spiritual children. One of them was his friend, Derek, who drove the same tank. Derek had been brought to an experience of Christ through Tom only a few days before their death together. His comrades have since written letters saying they could recognize the change from the joy in Derek's face.

A tribute to Tom was read, received that day from someone in America:

“O the fighting heart of Ulster  
Is aye seeking one fight yet,  
And that the last and toughest,  
With the highest challenge set;  
Now Tom has met the Captain  
Of the armies of the Lord,  
And proudly shows the notches  
On his battle-proven sword.

But the battle he began on earth  
He's fighting with us still,  
To enthrone his great Commander  
In the stubborn human will.  
For the height of human courage  
And God's new world keep their tryst,  
When the strong red hand of Ulster  
Grasps the nail-pierced hand of Christ.”

When the five hundred, led by Mrs. Shillington, Tom's mother, poured out of St. Peter's Church into the streets of Battersea, they looked a conquering army.

The prisoner, the bereaved mother, the captain at the bridge, the soldier in the desert—these have the spirit that knows how to live, and knows how to die—anywhere. When every material security goes, they march on—free and unafraid.

How many planners for a new world demand security, prosperity, all the cushions of materialism, before man can be free, confident, triumphant? "Give us ideal surroundings," they say, "then we will be ideal men." Those who have seen nations fall, those who have lost everything, the millions who have been stripped of material security of every kind, know differently. They know that men who are slaves of circumstances, slaves of their surroundings, slaves of themselves, will never win the Four Freedoms for themselves or for mankind. Freedom, plenty, security, peace will be won only by those who have won the battle for freedom in their own lives.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN  
BRITAIN AT WAR

I WAS IN A BAMBOO HUT AMID GREEN-CLAD MOUNTAINS standing at a home-made altar celebrating Holy Communion. But not in Carolina, not even in America. In Burma. I had returned and reached Imphal, Kohima, meeting the Forgotten Army. But there was still the question, when the country is rid of the Japs, what then?

Back in Simla I found that Burma friends were hard at it. And the word that covered it was Reconstruction.

Some saw that we should also have to repair people. The tangible bridges would have to be built and the intangible forces that make people destroy bridges would have to be dealt with. Pioneers in human relationships were making progress. Leaders of one of Burma's minorities made a brave decision. They announced that their community would ask for no special safeguards in the new Burma, but would rely for future security on the gratitude of the Burmese people. Every leading Burman responded spontaneously. Other communities began to follow suit.

In the middle of it all an unexpected request came from the Governor. Could I go to London? He had heard from Whitehall.

Could I go? Should I go?

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As I came up the Mersey, I remembered returning to England, to Oxford, after the last war. London may have gone loose and delirious, London with the lid off, but at Oxford lectures were never fuller, undergraduates (some of them ex-Majors and Lieutenant-Colonels) never more assiduous. It was out of hell and back to work, back to do something, back to career-making or money-making, back to something sane and sensible. The Guy Fawkes type of frivolity seemed mild



after bombardments, and baiting policemen and driving buses and haunting taverns not as easy a way to fame as once it was. After the first days out of uniform and into civvies, as the post-war years passed, disillusionment dawned and deepened.

This time I saw another England—far grimmer, graver and as determined as ever.

I saw the Home Guard march past. It was their last parade before "standing down." The bands played "Tipperary", and the mood of the London crowds was tired, patient interest. A little drizzle was falling. H.M. the King was there to take the salute. On they came. Not the intrepid parachutists of incomparable D-Day, nor spare young veterans of the sand of Libya. No, just men who had done their job.

When Mr. Churchill had called upon the people of this island to fight in the streets and on the beaches, these were the men who would have done it. They were the men who would fight to the last. Not a yard, not a foot, not an inch would they yield. They would live and die for Britain. And they would do it as a matter of course. No other would have their homes. No foreigner would rule this land. Britain would serve no man. That was not an idea, nor even a resolve. It was just a matter of course. Determination was the note of that quiet, unexultant march.

A day later I saw grief.

A woman darkened the doorway of a London street as I passed. Was she calling me? I passed on. It came again. Was it to me? I turned and found her at my side.

"Father, please bless me."

I stopped. It was still raining. I saw the sorrow in her upturned face.

"What's the trouble, lady?"

"I lost my boy ten days ago, off Beyrout. Will you bless me?"

As we stood together I prayed. I put my hands on her head and blessed her. Again she looked up. This time there was light. We shook hands. A minute ago complete strangers.

now we were lasting friends. Something eternal had been created between us. She went away.

Only this morning I received a letter from an old friend and fellow-fighter for the world that works. I had been with him at Christmas. His heart was with his boys on the battle-fronts, and with his wife who had passed on. It was the happiest Christmas of his life. It was more, it was a preparation for something in store—the something that leaves an ache in the hearts of Britain. This is what he wrote: "Wire today, Tim killed in action. A heavy but not unexpected blow. I feel he is happy and with Ada and Charlie in safe keeping of Jesus."

Then there was the other side of war-time life. The mounting bitterness in many lives where people have nothing with which to face tragedy and loss. Softness—more young girls in the streets and a steep rise in pilfering. And behind it all, a tense industrial situation. 1944 had seen more man-hours lost through strikes than ever before, and all unofficial strikes at that—a hint of the selfish extremists at work on both sides and of forces which will only be seen clearly after the uniting threat of Nazidom is removed.

Yet the dominant impression I have is Britain's determination—in war, in battle, in defeat or victory and in the face of the last enemy, death itself. The British are a mature people. They can take it. Quietly, proudly, unostentatiously. Centuries have seasoned them.

I marvelled at the queues. Sometimes it was at the station for a taxi; sometimes for a tram; sometimes for breakfast in an hotel. Often nobody marshalled the queue. It just formed. No one pushed or jostled. The law of fair play was silently operating. There was one law—not of prestige or power, rank or money, but of right. It was my turn—a right which none disputed, all accepted and were prepared to enforce. This was more than discipline—it was an inner discipline rare in the world. It prevailed over self-interest, impulsiveness, craftiness, "me first" and hosts of things that don't make life easier when many people all want the same thing.

This was Britain. Britain and her Allies were going to win the war. No one doubted it. It might take long. Hopes rose and fell. They were about the duration, not about the result.

England (I am Irish and my wife is a Scot) is a great country and I am proud of her. Today I see her facing something more challenging and testing than Dunkirk, D-Day or the Battle of the African sands. She is uneasy because she is facing intangibles. She is facing not only Peace, but the People at the Peace Table. Not only dealing with the vanquished but fighting for a united mind among the conquerors. She has unprecedented problems on her hands.

The debate on Burma on December 10th in the House of Commons illuminated a fragment of one of them. Burma was evidently not a subject that filled the House. I watched and listened from the Strangers' Gallery. Sometimes I let my mind wander to the land they were discussing—to the jungle, to the dark forests and scarlet trees, the golden rivers flowing through the seas of rich green paddy fields—with the dark blue mountains like islands on the horizon. I thought of the laughing crowds, the joyous abandon of the people of the silken East, the people of the peacock and pagoda and a thousand years of colourful history.

I thought of the peoples of Burma, impoverished, perplexed and bewildered—a prey to all who are out to promote trouble and profit by confusion. The hour of the thief and the armed robber is at hand, and of their grasping accomplices. With bitterness rampant, apprehension and confusion everywhere and desolation stalking the paddy fields, Britain has more to do than build bridges and restore cities. She has to mend hearts and knit minds and spirits and nurse suffering multitudes to nationhood.

The debate continued.

These, I thought, are reasonable men. Evidently they are not deciding much today. Mr. Amery was speaking. Speaker after speaker seemed to have the good of Burma at heart. Whether or not they had the inspired answer, they certainly

had a genuine concern for the suffering peoples of Burma who deserved the best we had to give.

As I talked to our leaders I found that the sincerity of this debate was characteristic of Britain's approach to one after another of her tangled problems. Editors of our great newspapers, Cabinet Ministers and Trade Union leaders whom I met, Bishops and men of business were genuinely concerned for the good of the people. They were able men. They worked hard. They were eager for the truth. They had efficiency, experience, integrity.

But had they hope?

Deep in the heart of Britain's millions was the fear that after the war was over and questions had to be settled—India, Europe, Germany—there might be no answer. Would there be an answer even to Britain's own problems? The Beveridge plan, for all its comprehensiveness and humanity—would it really give the security men hunger for? Other plans?

People wanted the end of the war. They wanted the boys back, an end of bombs and bloodshed, of rationing, of queues and crowded trains and coupons and waiting for weeks for collars from the laundry, but have they hope of any new world coming out of it all? Will it just be the same again? And is it best to forget it all, hope that somehow or other something may in some way turn up?

Determination. Discipline. Dare. This is still at the core of the British people. Is there the hope and the spirit that can build a new world?

Conscientious, efficient, hard-working leaders with no star to guide them flounder in a sea of mounting confusion in which the millions are asked to choose between conflicting negatives, specious alternatives and false antitheses. The best in the best of our leaders recognizes that national and international problems are basically spiritual. Said a gifted publicist to me of India, "I see for the first time it is really a moral problem. India is the quintessence of bitterness."

In their day-to-day work men like these make their decisions

without fear or favour, providing the correct solutions, getting all the sums right, but giving the answer on one plane when the problem is really on another. They are fighting intangibles with tangibles. They are planning houses but not the homes inside them. They are reconstructing countries but not peoples, dealing with things and not persons.

And the people? Many who, it may be, have lost sons or husbands, their peace, security and old pursuits, find their old world crumbling under their feet, with little sense of what they are living for or where they are going. They are easy game for plausible but rotten ideas, and yet they and others like them are ready for leadership inspired by an idea adequate to this age. They dread being sucked back into a world that will not work. They would welcome the simple and clear light that comes from men who know no compromise in their own lives, are conscious of their country's destiny, see how she can serve her age and generation, and know how to call the best out of each of us and unite us against all the false philosophies of malignant materialism. Is there an idea that can inspire such leadership? A compelling force that can forge millions into an army, a faith that demands all and is mighty and cogent enough to remake the world?

I know there is. Here in Britain I have seen it and felt it.

I have seen the Superforce at work.

## CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

### HERITAGE AND DESTINY

I HAVE BEEN DISCOVERING THE HOPE AND THE HEART OF Britain. Britain which for me had been for so long a place, lovely with the winsomeness of the land that rears you, its soil and its scents and its seasons, autumn—spring—Britain is for me fast becoming people.

I was present at the funeral service of Archbishop Temple at Canterbury. I watched Winston Churchill as he sat in the House after making one of his great speeches. I saw Shakespeare's Henry V in technicolour. As I watched it I thought of that lovely summer day in June when all England went on holiday and with the heart of a child rejoiced with the King, George the Fifth, as he drove to Westminster Abbey.

Britain has a heritage. I have seen people determined to preserve it. Britain has a destiny. These same people are determined that she shall find it.

They believe there is a new Britain that we all want, and that God wants, and that the world would love and live for. They know that Britain, for they live it—and they love what they know. They look to see it in their lifetime. Not in the clouds or in dreams, not in Utopia, but in docks, in streets, on pavements, in factories, in newspaper offices and in the House of Commons. Policemen on point duty and porters on platforms, in the Senior Common Room of an Oxford College or in a fishing smack at sea. Here are the people at work to bring in the Britain-to-be.

These people have a programme, and it marches with the force I had seen in America. Britain too needs Sound Homes, Teamwork in Industry, National Unity. Theirs is the programme of Dunc Corcoran in America and Francis in Burma. It is gripping the heart and muscle of the best in Britain.

On Britain's paramount needs I consulted the man whom I

thought best qualified to speak. He has been present at every crucial debate in the House of Commons between the wars. He is the friend and confidant of Britain's war-time leaders.

"Britain," he said, "has three great tasks ahead of her. Anyone who holds the answer to these holds the key to the future; to build a nation in which the returning soldier will be proud to have a part; to provide an alternative to civil war in industry; to fire Britain with an idea to guide her in a world of conflicting isms."

And now, looking back over my time in England, I realize how in three great cities I saw these three very needs of which my friend spoke being met.

I went to Bristol, ancient seaport whence Cabot sailed to discover the new world. S. E. Swann, the old Cambridge rowing Blue, had invited me to preach in good Queen Bess's famous church—"the fairest parish church in all my realm"—St. Mary Redcliffe. As I spoke to a crowded congregation I knew I was talking to people who had shown the world again the true Elizabethan spirit. Bristol's famous Blitz Lord Mayor, Alderman T. H. J. Underdown, told me how the bombs that rocked the city served also to lay bare the toughness of his people. He had found already prepared a force adequate to Bristol's needs. Who will ever know how much Bristol owes to selfless workers who helped to arm the hearts of ordinary folk singled out to bear the strain and tension of the shuddering explosions, and "Will it be our home next?"

In St. Mary's that evening after the service I met a little woman. She came with tears in her eyes. She was the wife of a corporal I had met once in Calcutta. Another of those tragic histories of homes split by the war and grown cold? I thought of the boys I had met in the Fourteenth Army, the boys whose letters from home had ceased or were no longer what they were. I remembered the private—an extreme case perhaps—who said that ten of his twelve mates had broken homes.

Instead, she was telling me a rare story. She had met these people in Bristol, and regained her faith. Her husband had

met the same force, thousands of miles away in India. Now they were more united than ever.

And I asked myself, as I came away, whether a new spirit like this in the homes of Britain's fighting men would not be the start in civvy street that would help most of all.

The second city was Glasgow. Three generals, a colonel of the Black Watch, some coalminers and a bishop—we were an unusual team. And there to meet us at lunch was the industrial might of Scotland. At short notice Sir John Craig, whose firm produces a tenth of Britain's steel, had invited them. The Bishop of Glasgow and Galloway I saw was there, Sir Stephen Piggott, head of the great yard that had given us the *Hood*, the *Queen Elizabeth*, the *Queen Mary* and many another queen of the seas. Men responsible for the steel, coal, ships, products that reach out across the oceans and continents. Here were the sinews of Scotland. Here were the architects of Empire—political and economic.

And here, too, was war. What I had learnt from labour leaders as well as industrialists in Britain was illuminated in one vivid incident. My mind had only to travel through the yards, across the factories and down the mines of this island to see foreshadowed in this awkward episode what we may be up against when the war is over.

As the managing director's car carried us into one of Britain's historic yards we met a tide of men flowing out through the gates. My eye chanced to fall on some chalk marks on a piece of armour plating.

"Demonstration, stop work 2.55 p.m."

Clydeside stopped work. The people who had engineered this had nothing of the spirit or principle of the best of Britain's trade union leaders, past or present. Their aim was different.

What had we to say in such a situation? This. Almost all the yards on Clydeside walked out that day. But there were two that did not. In these two yards there were men trained in industrial teamwork by Moral Re-Armament workers. These fellows put the case square to the men. They showed



that the strike was called through an unsigned circular issued by an underground subversive force. They appealed to sound trade unionism. They demanded a democratic vote. In one yard of 1,200 workers only one voted for the strike. In the other, only three.

And while these fellows talked to the men, the generals and the coalminers talked with the bosses. The true battleline was drawn. Not Management against Labour. But the sound on both sides against the selfish. Scotland's best, Labour and Management, began to see industry as a mighty weapon through which they could remake the world.

Oxford, with all her strange and lovely beauty, was the third city. What was the home of so many causes saying today? In a world gone ideological could the city of ideas give Britain the one great idea that will equip her to remake the world?

All of Oxford's ideas don't get to traction. Many of mine, when an undergraduate, were never meant to. With back to the fire and with the latest brand of pipe in my hand I would be airing my views to an audience which found view-exchanging exercise equally pleasurable.

Some ideas do get to traction. Wycliffe's did—and Wesley's.

In war-time Oxford, a phantom university, her undergraduates taking courses in life and death on foreign fields, I dined with the Vice-Chancellor, spoke in a Senior Common Room, met Sir William Beveridge, discussed India with Britain's leading authority and talked with students.

Amid it all I met men determined that Oxford, home of causes, shall help to enlist Britain in the practical and essential cause of finding her destiny. Men are still going out from Oxford, as I did after that decisive summer of 1935, fired with the magnificent audacity of the Christian idea.

Oxford stands for many things to many people. She is one of the deeply loved cities on the earth. But to me, an Oxford man, and to millions across the earth who have never seen the dreaming spires, she stands first for hope out of Britain, for a renaissance of the Christian idea. Out of her, almost unknown

to herself, in the last decade, have been coming not only a Christian ideology, but men and women fired and ready to give all of themselves to the grandest conception of all time, the remaking of the world. And it all began when an American met and fired a returning soldier in Peckwater Quad in 1921.

The world is eager for it. A European diplomat told me the other day that his country had been asked to choose between the two ideas dominant on the continent. They wanted neither, and they looked to Washington and to London for an alternative. In London he had seen and wanted for his country the Christian democratic idea that had come out of Oxford. An Indian, meeting people caught with the same idea in Oxford, listened eagerly, found himself going through a process he hardly understood at the time, his whole attitude suffering a sea change. He found himself speaking: "I have always been bitter about England and felt myself part of a vanquished race. But the England I have seen today I would live and die for."

For Oxford showed me that Britain's ideology, democracy's ideology, is Christianity. That was the power that inspired her pioneers from Hampden to Keir Hardie, from Wycliffe to Shaftesbury. Without it democracy is impossible and freedom soon degenerates through licence to chaos or dictatorship.

1918. 1945. Wherein lies the difference? This time the skies look blacker than ever. There can be little more to be disillusioned about. Where is the man or the plan to lighten our darkness? Is there any ray of hope discernible anywhere?

There most certainly is. Our chief hope lies in the force trained through the years between the wars. Those men and women at Bristol and Glasgow and Oxford, and countless other places in town and country, are that force. They incarnate the best in our national heritage. They have helped forge the steel of the nation's endurance in the years of war. They can be her inspiration in the post-war days.

In a confused and bitter age these are the men and women with love in their hearts and a sense of destiny.

## CHAPTER NINETEEN

### IDEAS HAVE LEGS

THERE IS ON MY DESK BEFORE ME A BOOK WHOSE BLOOD-RED cover shows the stormy outline of the countries of the world, while speeding across them in powerful dark lettering of black and white are the words "IDEAS HAVE LEGS."\* On these few inches of paper is portrayed the theme of an unique, exhilarating and explosive book.

It is written by a great Christian apologist in a world gone ideological. It is the story of a typical young Briton searching for a philosophy in those inter-war years when the dictators thought democracy was dead, when, in the author's phrase, "Ideas took legs and legs began to march."

People who have ever done anything have first been captured by an idea. People who don't stand a chance are people with no idea. Most people long to be all out for something. For nobody wants to be dead inside when thousands are on the march very much alive. Ideas can be potent and they may be either good or bad. They build themselves into a philosophy and become a national creed, a national faith for which men in the glow of patriotism will die.

Nazis litter the African sands, dot the Italian Alps, the steppes of Russia; Japanese are dumb things, pushed by the tides, bodies in Burmese jungles, rotting in some foreign land—all infected by an idea. Has it killed them and others?

Potent, yes. A V2 dropped from the stratosphere one morning. The earth shuddered and was still.

Forty houses a heap.

I don't know how many people killed.

An idea can set pens moving, tongues wagging, feet

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\* "IDEAS HAVE LEGS" by Peter Howard (Frederick Muller). It would not surprise me if, one day, this book should prove to have had a part in moulding history. For while its rich and adventurous English alone should earn it a place in literature, it contains truths by which nations shall live—or die.

marching, nations rising, nations falling and a world into collapse. An idea travels as swift as sound. It can reach a million minds. It can stir, inflame them, set them ablaze.

What is the big idea that is going to win in the post-war world?

Everybody knows about the war. It would be perilous if they did not. It would be unthinkable. Does everybody know about the war that produces wars, that prevails through wars and continues after?

The War of Ideas. It sounds tame, academic, somebody else's business, unimportant, innocuous. It is none of these things. It is real, virile, exacting, everybody's job and determines the shape of things to come.

"My Race shall rule."

"My Class shall rule."

Both ideas were born in bitterness, nourished in passion and let loose in fury. They became ideologies and national faiths. They became incarnate in living breasts and stalk the world. I suspect them of being strident, insatiable editions of "I want". I recognize them to be of the breed of monsters I have written of and written off as Materialism. But we do not fight, win and conquer Materialism by writing it off. You cannot extirpate it root and branch by force. You can only defeat an idea by a better idea. You can only outmarch it by travelling faster and achieving more.

You can soon see whether an idea is a right idea. Does it unite or divide? Does it cure bitterness—or create it? I have applied this test in one country. It was a certain brand of Nationalism. I am all for that country having its freedom. I am not for its going sour with bitterness. This particular Nationalism has turned sour. It has become curdled bitterness. It doesn't see bitterness as a disease to be cured, but as a force to be used. He who lives in bitterness will poison a people.

I have seen another ism promote impurity and corrupt minds and capture them. I have seen it search the land for rotteness and foulness, and harness these things to its

imperious chariot, promote disorder, achieve chaos and finally secure control. And I have seen the good and the indolent, the blind and the self-assured, the easy-going and indulgent, not only tolerant and aloof, but actually involved as willing tools and allies.

All that has to go.

I turn to the best in every nation's history. The America that I have learnt to love, the America of Washington, Jefferson, Lee, Lincoln and Edison. I think of my own country, of the England that anyone could love, the England of Shakespeare, Milton, Wesley and Nelson.

Each of these, whether in the making of America or the building of Britain, have had one great idea in common. It is the central vein in all and each of them. It lies below their time and circumstance. It is an idea that has shaped them, and through them their age and generation. And I have seen the same idea shaping even in the years of war, even in armies and offices, on ships and in the skies, in farms and in factories, and in every land—reshaping the world.

“God shall rule.”

Here is the one uniting idea. It is also creative. It draws the best from all and fights for the best in all. It embraces all, and excludes only those who prefer themselves to other selves and the tyranny of greed, fear and hate to any other dominion. It is the one idea that can capture both Management and Labour, Boer and Briton, Briton and Indian, Hindu and Muslim—the one great prevailing idea that can change, direct and unite them in a common purpose.

I believe at this point we are on the first page of a new chapter in world history. I never have thought that creeds do not matter, that one religion is as good as another, that all roads meet at the top of the hill, that the answer to many conflicting religions is one credal amalgam. I believe that the genius of true Christianity always has been a refusal to compromise with truth and the maintenance of the highest moral standards. Now I see more—I see for this disintegrating

civilization a principle of unity without compromise in the great simple truth that "any man can listen to God," that the Holy Spirit is the teacher, and the Holy Spirit leads us into all truth. Definite, accurate, adequate information can come from the Mind of God to the minds of men. That in our words is the story of the Bible. That is how the Church of Christ was born. That is how it lives and grows and triumphs down the ages.

When man listens, God speaks; when man obeys, God acts. It is the foundation truth of the new world. It is the place where any man can begin at any moment.

Here, too, we may find the repairing of the Reformation—the uniting of Christendom—not man's way, but God's. When change comes, unity follows. The spirit that unites is of Christ. It is the spirit of selfishness that divides.

The hour has struck for the great offensive of the Church in the total war on selfishness on a world scale. The new world does not begin when pens inscribe signatures on parchment at a Peace Table. The new world begins when God inscribes His will on the hearts of ordinary men, and statesmen.

In all these sad, disillusioned, confused, unhappy years God has not been absentee or idle. God's ways are unexpected, effective, surprising.

The greatest of miracles was a Mother looking on her Babe, as an old man hailed Him "a Light to lighten the peoples." He continues to lighten all peoples. And in these days His peoples have come to the place where they are engaging and battling with the forces of evil on a world front. The fight takes place first on this issue then on that, and the man who picks up his morning paper and casually glances down a column has no notion that he may be reading a story of the greatest of all battles, of a place where the forces of Christ and anti-Christ clash. The enemy, shadowy but real, are organized, relentless, and want world control. The enemy stir up faction, malign, smear, confuse and divide—they deceive the good, use the fears of vested interests, mobilize and marshal to undermine

and destroy the moral standards which are the condition of real progress, of survival itself.

They have potent forces; fear, greed and hate. These they instil and develop and manipulate.

Is it any surprise they should see as implacable foes men and women wholly committed to building a hate-free, fear-free, greed-free world?

Not at all.

Here there is no third way.

The choice is between good and evil, right and wrong, God's way and my way. It is the cosmic struggle in which everybody has a part and a destiny. It is made up of the multitude of decisions made every day on all kinds of issues.

How is Britain deciding? America? India?

As you decide.

There is a way of deciding that fulfils the greatest of prophecies. It is in our hands to do it, to take the nations, kingdoms, empires, economic as well as political, and make them the Kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ.

There are many forms of government, some excellent. But there is only one that works—government by God, personally and nationally acknowledged and obeyed.

## CHALLENGE TO WORLD'S LEADERS

By The Most Rev. FOSS WESTCOTT

*Bishop of Calcutta and Metropolitan of India,  
Burma and Ceylon*

*This statement was printed in "The Morning Post" on  
November 4th, 1933.*

After an experience of three months spent within the glorious fellowship of the Oxford Group, and witnessing the fulfilment of Christ's promise that "he that believeth on Me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do; because I go unto the Father," I feel impelled to give expression to the conviction to which I have been led.

On all hands at the present time we are witnessing the failure of men by their own wisdom to solve world problems, and yet there is a solution in the counsels of God, which He is waiting and longing to communicate to His servants.

As one to whom India and its peoples has become very dear through 44 years of happy intercourse, I look eagerly for the true solution of the problem of her future government. Will English and Indian statesmen alike make that full surrender to God which alone can enable them to receive His divine inspiration?

Is it too much to hope that those who are charged with a duty of solving this difficult problem will get together under conviction that when Christ said "Apart from Me ye can do nothing," He was proclaiming an abiding truth, and that the condition of the solution of every problem is seeing the vision of what the Father is doing and doing that also.

For myself these have been weeks of challenge. I have been 28 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 at Oxford last July that I realized 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 and detailed surrender of all fears and self-consciousness and a willingness to be guided in all things by the Spirit of God.

I am persuaded 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.

*On August 2nd, 1939, a further statement by the Metropolitan of India appeared in "The Statesman," Calcutta.*

Sixteen years ago a movement began in an undergraduate's room in Christ Church, Oxford, which, when seven young men visited South Africa, was given by the newspapers of that country the name of the Oxford Group.

Fourteen months ago, at a meeting of the same Oxford Group in the Town Hall at East Ham, a God-given thought found expression in the term Moral Re-Armament as describing the purpose of this same movement on a somewhat wider basis, which would include men of all races who believed in one God and desired to follow His will.

In 1937, the English Bishops assembled in meeting issued a pastoral letter to the Church. In it occurred this sentence: "Thoughtful men are beginning to feel that something is needed to persuade men to believe that this is God's world and He lives in it." M.R.A. is that "something" which God has raised up for this purpose. It is a new way of reaching the heart of the modern man with the old truths. It makes no profession of teaching what is new, but it does claim to have been able to reach those whom other methods have left untouched.

M.R.A. seeks to translate the theories of the head into the passions of the heart. The terrible danger we are in of using God's great gifts for wrong purposes was voiced by seventeen of England's leading scientists in a message sent to an M.R.A. assembly in America. They said: "The effect of the new

knowledge which is gained by the study of nature depends upon the spirit in which it is received and used. Men of goodwill can make a glorious blessing of it if they act with wisdom and skill: but ill-will and folly can draw from it a curse. Most earnestly, therefore, do we pray as scientists for the success of your forthcoming conference."

M.R.A. is the trumpet call to men of goodwill to enlist in God's army to revolutionize the world. To bring order out of chaos, to eliminate the spirit of greed, hatred and lust, to substitute constructive action by ourselves for destructive criticism of others, for this great purpose the help of all is needed. Mr. Treadaway in the United States House of Representatives ended his speech with these words: "Were we, together with our fellow men, to put anywhere near the knowledge and resourcefulness into moral and spiritual re-armament that we now find ourselves obliged to spend on national defence, the peace of the world would be assured."

## BATTLE LINE FOR AMERICAN INDUSTRY

By the HON. HARRY S. TRUMAN

(now President of the United States)

*The following statement was issued by Senator Truman on the occasion of the performance of the M.R.A. industrial drama for national teamwork, "The Forgotten Factor," given at the request of representatives of Management and Labour at Philadelphia on November 19th, 1943. The audience of more than 1,200 included leading industrialists and 300 elected leaders of over half a million workers in the area.*

It has been the job of the Senate War Investigating Committee, of which I am Chairman, to look into the home front situation and make recommendations. We have listened to many hundreds of witnesses, taken five million words of testimony, obtained the considered views of responsible Americans ranging from the highest government and business officials to tank welders and airplane mechanics. I have personally travelled over 100,000 miles, visited hundreds of cities and war plants from Bangor to San Diego and from Seattle to Miami.

Seeing America from the inside in this way has given me both great pride and deep concern. Pride as an American at the magnitude of the effort put forth by both Management and Labour, and the flood of military and naval equipment for the mightiest armament the world has ever seen. Concern over the spirit of division which exists on the home front—class against class, farm against city, party against party, race against race. The forces of disunity in our national life appear to be stronger today than perhaps at any time in our history. And they are growing stronger.

You men in industry know of the battle for control which is going on in many of our major war plants. Most Management and Labour in the country want to co-operate to win the war

and build a lasting peace. But there are extremists in both camps who don't make the job any too easy. They represent an alien philosophy of conflict and so play into the hands of foreign ideologies.

There are a few leaders of Management still left who, though war has forced them to bargain collectively, are inwardly convinced that Labour will eventually have to be taught its place by the police or the Army. There are Labour leaders who, though paying lip service to co-operation with Management in the interests of the war effort, privately bend every effort to increase their power in preparation for a post-war take-over. Such industrial leadership would, of course, be disowned by all of you here tonight. But it nevertheless exists and constitutes a major problem with which we must reckon.

There is only one answer to this sort of thing. We must start now to draw the true battle line in American industry—between the responsible and constructive forces in both Management and Labour against the small but active minority who believe in a finish fight.

If we can succeed nationally in bringing mutual understanding and teamwork between the right thinking leadership on both sides of the industrial picture, then we will not only increase production. We will save American industry for America and pave the way for the greatest era of peace and plenty we have ever known. If America can win the battle for industrial teamwork, then we will be on the road towards winning the greater battle for national unity. And we can bring victory in this battle as our contribution to the peace table.

The time is ripe for an appeal not to self-interest, but to the hunger for great living that lies deep in every man. What Americans really want is not a promise of getting something for nothing, but a chance to give everything for something great. We want something we can fight for with equal intensity in war or peace—something not confined to combat areas or election campaigns. We want to feel that what we are doing for the war effort is at the same time laying sound foundations for the

future. After our experience in the last war, we are wary of any programme for "making the world safe for democracy" which does not also involve making democracy safe for the world. We feel instinctively that a "new birth of freedom" in the home country is the best reward we can guarantee to those men of America who are fighting for freedom abroad.

I have known this group since June 4th, 1939, when I read a message from the President to the national mass meeting for Moral Re-Armament in Constitution Hall, Washington. I was struck at that time by the clarity with which they saw the dangers threatening America, and the zeal and intelligence with which they set about rousing the country. You in Philadelphia are fortunate to have them for these coming days all to yourselves. I wish "The Forgotten Factor" and the war revue "You Can Defend America" could be seen by workers and executives alike in every war plant in the country. There is not a single industrial bottleneck I can think of which could not be broken in a matter of weeks if this crowd were given the green light to go full steam ahead.

We need this spirit in industry. We need it in the nation. For if America doesn't catch this spirit, we will be lucky to win the war, and certain to lose the peace. With it there is no limit to what we can do for America, and America for the world.

*On May 14th, 1944, Senator Truman was co-chairman with Congressman James W. Wadsworth of a Committee of Invitation who sponsored the Washington première of "The Forgotten Factor" in the National Theatre. General John J. Pershing; Admiral Leahy, President Roosevelt's Chief of Staff; the leaders of both wings of American Labour, William Green (A.F.L.) and Philip Murray (C.I.O.); and Howard S. Coonley, former President of the National Association of Manufacturers, were among the other members of the Committee. 1,700 leaders of official Washington were present, including Cabinet Ministers, nearly a third of the Members of the Senate and House of Representatives, diplomats and high-ranking Army and Navy officers.*