

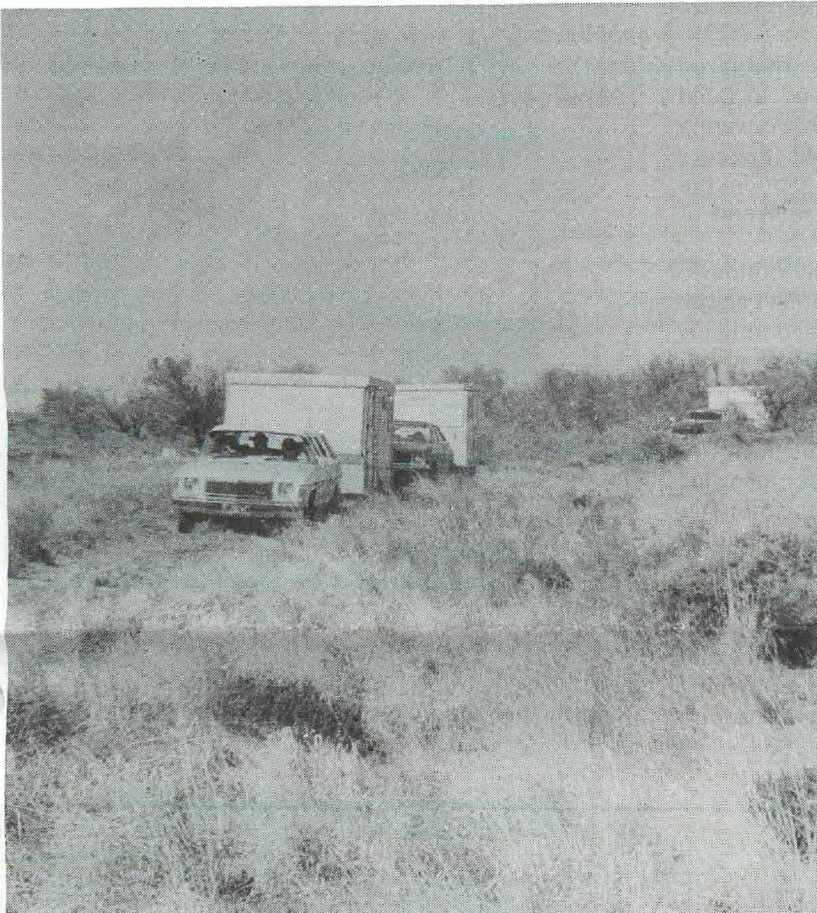
NEW WORLD NEWS

Vol33 No4 23 Feb 1985 20p



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The 'Caravan Cavalcade' heads into the outback from Broken Hill

ON THE ROAD FOR A CARING SOCIETY

by Jean Brown

FROM LISBON TO MOSCOW FOUR TIMES, or from Spitzbergen to Cape Town—that is roughly the distance we clocked up on our six-month, 16,000 kms trek through a small part of rural and outback Australia. On 2 June last year, eight of us—Chinese, Japanese, British and Australian, including our two children aged five years and 18 months—set out with caravans. We experienced frost and floods, storms and sunshine, desert dryness and tropical rainforest. We made the acquaintance of a great variety of human and animal life, and concluded that tarantula spiders, like Australia herself, are big but friendly.

We had a commission, we believe from the Almighty, to offer our support to friends in smaller communities across the country. These friends are working to build up a network of people who, by the selfless quality of their lives and their honest obedience to God, will be the basis of a caring society. We also wanted to express gratitude, as Australian fringe-dwellers, to those who produce the food and minerals that give us life and wealth.

As a group all we had to offer was the message of our own lives. The changes that God had wrought thus far and those being wrought daily as we sorted out our clashes, jealousies, plans, finances, and who did the cooking and washing up. In schools, colleges, churches and down mines, but mostly in kitchens and sitting rooms of people's homes, we shared where God changes us as we learn to listen to Him, and directs



Caravan cavalcade...pages 1-3



Calcutta suburb... page 7

us into becoming a part of the evolutionary process of remaking the world.

We stayed a minimum of two weeks in a place. That gave a chance to meet people more than once, and to build friendships that will be permanent. Although we were a core group of eight to ten adults throughout (the core changed half-way), in all 69 people took part in the 'Caravan Cavalcade', as we called it, for a weekend or longer.

The children had a vital, humanising contribution to make. They usually made friends in the different caravan parks long before we did. They quickly adapted to being bathed in buckets and laundry tubs. They knew all our songs and most of our speeches.

Although we went only to places where we had been invited the programme arranged for us was minimal. This was then a tremendous exercise in just being led—following the few leads we might have, daring to obey the thoughts that God gave us as we sought his guidance morning by morning, offering ourselves to radio and newspaper offices, introducing ourselves to personalities around town. Above all we met the warm and generous heart of Australia, where integrity is still alive and cynicism not so stifling, where there are many already part or ready to be part of a listening and caring network forming the base on which the nation's destiny will be built. ■



The caravan annexe—used as dining room, meeting hall or office—goes up with the help of Mervyn Herd of Perth, Matthias Freitag of Germany, with Peter Baynard-Smith of England doing an inside job.

The network

MONTHS AFTER WE HAD VISITED one outback town, we heard that the two Uniting Church ministers had set aside all engagements for a day in order to spend time together, sorting out their differences in a bid to reconcile two factions among their five parish churches. One of their congregation decided to take a stand for honesty in his company workshop, thus helping a workmate not to steal paint. Elsewhere, an engineer who was applying for a new job because he couldn't get on with his boss, decided to stay and invited his boss back to dinner instead. A young lecturer apologised to a colleague for a face saving lie. A soil conservationist publicly apologised to each of five people in his community for

petty feuds. ('It's about time,' was one response!) A businessman told us he had been giving people only half the truth: 'I have preached reconciliation of man to God, but I have overlooked the reconciliation of man to man.' He is now being used to bring two competing groups together in his church. An Aboriginal couple, responsible for their community, shared all their frustrations with us. The wife said, 'Your visit has brought Jesus back into my life.' Another Aboriginal couple, both health workers, went on their knees to give their lives fully to God. Two Canadian exchange teachers have returned home in an attempt to heal the family problems they had run away from.

With these friends and many more it was never a question of us having the answers; but as we listened to God together the still, small voice always got through.



From Germany, England, Fiji, Hong Kong and Australia, some of the Cavalcade core plan their programme for the day.

MOBILE ECONOMY

BEFORE WE SET OUT we issued, by way of a letter, our one and only request for assistance both financial and in kind. We were loaned and given caravans, cars, sheets, blankets, ropes, heaters, projectors and so on. We set out with \$1,400, spent approximately \$12,000 en route and returned home with \$1,000. This we call 'divine mathematics'. Naturally all of us travelling put in all we could. One of our group sold his car so that he could pay his way. \$3,000 came from people we had never met before in our lives and then there were things like church collections, where we would be handed a bundle of small change, or the 12 cauliflowers given to us by Vietnamese market gardeners, or the boxes of health foods that came from the owner of a health-food store, or the two huge cream cakes and boxes of cookies baked and delivered before 10 am by the elderly wife of a retired farmer. She would have made more and was very apologetic, but she hadn't been feeling too good that day so she only started baking at 7 am.

We were also provided with such essentials for the children as pets. Frogs, cats, a kitten and rocks. All except the last made timely escapes before we had to move on. In Wollongong, on the east coast, our last major stop, one of our cars was involved in an accident, and while no one was hurt the car was written off. This left us with three vans but only two cars to tow them on the last leg of the journey. As we moved around the city we mentioned our misfortune. Three days before we were due to leave, my husband and I went to church. I was tapped on the shoulder by a woman I had met twice briefly, who asked me, 'Would you like a car?' So the last member of our team was an elderly but powerful, yellow station wagon, an outright gift who continues as part of our work. ■

Hangups gone

by Veronica Morris, Fiji



WITH VERY LITTLE FAITH, I was searching for some deeper meaning in life when I first came to Australia 10 months ago. I found myself in a home where the atmosphere was one of such honesty and trust that I soon felt a need to put right my relationship with my father. After a painful incident at home I had nursed much bitterness against him. I wrote to him in Fiji apologising for my part in constructing a wall between us. I also told him of all the things I appreciated about him, which were more than I could say. I had a wonderful

reply—six pages of honesty and apology which I had not expected. I felt he really wanted to start again, and a new bond of trust was built between us.

When that letter came, the Caravan Cavalcade was in Queensland. Through meeting a bishop there it came to me that I was also nursing bitterness against my church. Back home in Fiji I looked to the church for something to boost my faith but I couldn't find it. So with my hangups about the church, I met the bishop feeling critical and negative.

But next morning in my 'quiet time' of listening for direction, I felt I should apologise for my attitude towards him. When I told his secretary why I'd come, the bishop came to the door and invited me in. For an hour we had a good talk which the bishop said had stimulated his thinking. I was able to share my doubts and fears with him, and we prayed together.

A couple of weeks later I attended a special service in Brisbane for healing my past and to commit my life anew to God. ■



All hands make light work, as Anjali Brown helps Ip Shun Yee from Hong Kong scrub up after fried rice.

Magic moments

- Sharing our thoughts as a team huddled around blow heaters while the canvas of our caravan annexe strained in the gale.
- A barbeque at night in the still warm sand of a dry creek bed, the huge river gums around us catching the light of the flames on their multicoloured trunks.
- Stumbling along a dark tunnel, 2,000 feet down in a zinc mine.
- It's 6 pm and, accompanied by shouts of glee, the meat for 20 people appears from one caravan, the vegetables from another, and the rice from another, to arrive roughly together at the designated eating place.
- Singing over 50 choruses at an Aboriginal singalong until past midnight.
- Being interviewed for Father's Day over the radio, set up in a church vestry.
- Removing ticks acquired in a rainforest.
- Listening in to the 'School of the Air' as children, thousands of kilometres apart across a barren wilderness, learn to sing in unison through their short wave radios without being able to hear one another!
- Saying goodbye to new friends with tears and deep affection.

FROM CAVALCADE TO 'CAMPFERENCE'

As a result of the Cavalcade, South Australians organised a 'Campference' to strengthen and expand the network of listening, obedient families. John and Helen Mills were there with their two children. John writes:

IT WAS A WARM SUNDAY AFTERNOON as we drove over the Adelaide hills, blackened tree trunks still showing the effects of severe bushfires two years ago. With our two excited children, we were heading for Wellington, a small township which since 1846 has been a historic crossing point of the River Murray for travellers crossing the continent.

This sunny January we gathered there with some 110 people from Australia, New Zealand and Papua New Guinea for a family-style 'campference'. What is a 'campference', do I hear you say? Ask this of any who were there—from toddlers to teenagers to grandparents—and most likely they would all give different answers.

The invitation said it would be a mixture of recreation, relaxation and a chance to reflect. One of the most important ingredients was time. Time to build new friendships or cement old ones. Time to paddle a canoe, bounce on a trampoline, peddle a BMX bike or catch the wind with a land-yacht. Time to talk over concerns at home, school or work. Time for creativity in the 'workshops' or for enjoyment with singalong evenings. Time, too, to look at the deeper issues of life. Seminar sessions dealt with faith and making 'quiet times' meaningful, relationships and the roots of a caring society. During these occasions we looked at what God was asking of ourselves and our communities. And we explored how to make God's plan effective in the workplace and the world. Pastor Ben Mason, of the Aboriginal Evangelical Fellowship, challenged us with the thought that Australia may never be a military power, but it could become a healing force in the world.

Someone said you can plan a new world on paper but it takes people to make it work. Spontaneous sharing on the final morning gave confirmation and content to this.

University student: 'I've had a great struggle with my faith. The honesty here has been incredible. I've shed tears of joy because I've found something wonderful.'

Young farmer: 'Since being here I've written to the local Council with a cheque for the goods a friend and I destroyed when we broke into the Town Hall on a drunken spree.'

Housewife: 'At times I'm quite a dictator in the home. Taking time to be with the children to find God's way takes longer, but it's what I need to do. Ultimately it saves time.'

High school student: (referring to decisions being like tent pegs): 'I need to slam in the tent peg with a sledge hammer, not just tap it in like I've done last year.'

Father of five: 'I want publicly to ask forgiveness for having caused a lot of pain in the family.'

Trainee teacher: 'I've been like a waterproof teabag—no "flow through". But I came to this conference deciding to give, and God's guidance has started to flow through.'

We left the campference at historic Wellington knowing we had made a crossing, not of the mighty Murray River, but over the streams and swamps that divide us from God and people. A new journey had begun. ■



Knowing the past—Aboriginal Pastor Ben Mason, on the need for healing: 'There can be no thought of national reconciliation without national repentance. The only course for Australia is reconciliation through the Cross.'



Looking at the present—Sri Lanka Bhagwandas, Sri Lanka: 'Different strands, instead become our strength.'



Rachel Caughey from New Zealand and Kathryn Spencer, Victoria

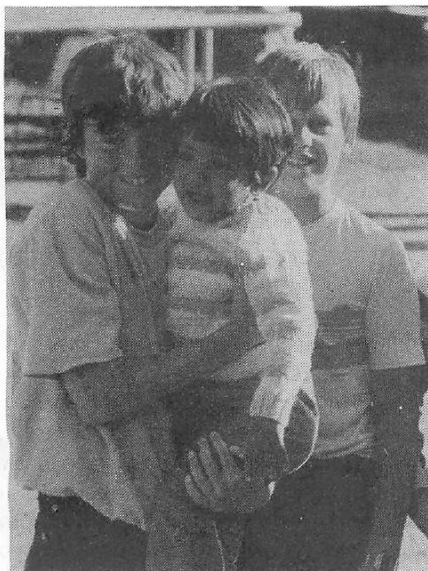


Paul Nuske from Victoria

Photos by Mohan Bhagwandas, Jean and Michael Brown, Alan Weeks



—Mohan and Nivanka in Australians: 'All the bad of conflict, could



Building the future—not so much a matter of identity as of destiny.



from Wollongong



Kalisa Alexeyeff: 'I've found the thing I've been looking for in my life.'

Kevin and Liz Matthews live in Winkie in the South Australian fruit growing area on the River Murray. Kevin is an electrician. After meeting the Caravan Cavalcade at a friend's Bible study, he and Liz invited them to camp in their back yard. At the Campfrence Kevin said:

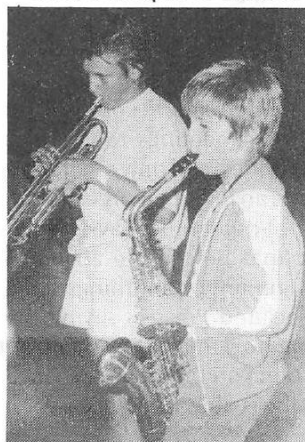
'DAD, AREN'T YOU GOING to have your quiet time this morning?' my nine-year-old son exclaimed as he entered our room one Saturday at 6.15 am. I got up. It was about two months after the Cavalcade had left. I thought I would lie in a bit longer! Over the years I had battled with having quiet times that were really meaningful. Soon after the Cavalcade arrived Rob and Mike asked me if they could have their quiet times with me in the mornings. I reluctantly said yes. The experience was invaluable. The concept of listening and writing down one's thoughts has brought a new depth and strength to my faith.



Kevin and Liz Matthews

Being a former Bible college student I was interested in the theological basis for it. John 16 is one of the key Bible chapters. The Holy Spirit corrects and directs through the conscience. As I continued to listen day by day I found myself clearing up certain loose ends such as an apology to my wife, Liz, for being insensitive to her feelings over the years. There are no secrets in our family now. Liz and I have a spiritual unity we never knew before and find ourselves able to minister together.

Over a couple of weeks I had a growing feeling of being dishonest. I had collected my firewood from a part of the local Aboriginal reserve. I was told by God to apologise and offer to pay for each trailer load taken. Being a 'respected Christian' this was not easy. I received a marvellously forgiving letter back which really humbled me and moved me to tears. The conviction that keeps striking me is 'Not everyone who says, "Lord, Lord" shall enter the Kingdom of Heaven, but those who do the will of my father.'



Michael and Tim Matthews

Liz Matthews added: We are so grateful that the idea of the Cavalcade was put into action, for all the care and fun we shared with them, for all we learnt and are learning. 'Cleanliness is next to Godliness' took on a new meaning. Not just my home, but my relationships and attitudes need cleaning up. God reminded me of wrong feelings I had towards the wife of Kevin's former boss after bad things were said and done 10 years before. I went and apologised to her; she hadn't forgotten. She then apologised to me and we were able to share together honestly some problems we had in common. Next week Kevin met her neighbour who commented how much this lady had changed. My apology had opened a door in her life. ■



TIME FOR AMP

The following talk was given on KBOO Radio in Portland, Oregon, USA by MICHAEL HENDERSON:

IT'S OFFICIAL. It will probably soon be taught in management schools. It has even got an acronym by which to recognise it. Something which I and my friends have been experimenting with for years in secret is now coming into the open and has been given the ultimate accolade in twentieth century America—corporate accolade.

I refer to the habit, honed through centuries of research and application, of commencing each day with an hour in quiet.

There it was staring at me in cold print, an Associated Press dispatch from Bakersfield, California. The Western Region Headquarters of the Continental Telephone Company has set aside a quiet hour from 8 to 9 for its accounting staff to address long-term projects, research, reports or other creative work that requires concentration. This quiet hour, the dispatch goes on, is especially designed for those who work in open plan offices and has been designated AMP—achieving maximum potential.

Back burner

During the hour set aside at the telephone company the accounting staff do not participate in meetings, run errands, or engage in other distracting activities, and only emergency phone calls are accepted. 'It's like an invisible force field we can create to allow us one hour of quiet time,' says the staff manager. One supervisor said that before the advent of AMP he had never had time to get important things done. Another is quoted by the Associated Press as saying that now they made a game of seeing how much they could get done in an hour. 'I had one project on the back burner for several months,' he says, 'and I was able to complete it in seven hours.'

I am sure that when the obvious productivity benefits of a quiet time become more widely known the practice will spread beyond the open plan of the accounting department and the board room of the Continental Telephone Company. Who knows, AMP might become so fashionable that workers would continue it on Saturdays and Sundays at home and through their vacations. The addiction might spread to whole families and we would have quietaholics.

An independent researcher 200 years ago also stumbled on this early morning practice. He is the English statesman and man of letters, Lord Chesterfield. It was he who said, 'Whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well' and 'Never put off till tomorrow what you can do today.' Despite the fact that he also said, 'Advice is seldom welcome, and those who want it the most always like it the

least' let me pass on his endorsement of this quiet hour. It is from a letter to a friend: 'One method more I recommend to you by which I have found great benefit, even in the most dissipated part of my life, that is to rise early, and at the same hour every morning, how latesoever you may have sat up the night before. This secures you an hour or two, at least, of reading and reflection, before the common interruptions of the morning begin; and it will save your constitution, by forcing you to go to bed early, at least one night in three. It will procure you both more time and more taste for your pleasures; and so far from being troublesome to you, that, after you have pursued it a month, it would be troublesome to you to lay it aside.'

Of course the wise Lord carried the Bakersfield concept further. His advice invokes the discipline of early rising—and you don't get paid to do it like the phone people. As a practitioner of many years standing I can attest that it is a worthwhile pursuit. It offers an uninterrupted time of reflection where you clear away the debris of the day before and sort out the priorities of the day ahead. And there is even a further dimension to it. It could be the chance to tap into a bank of wisdom which if acted on can be time-saving, stress-shedding and problem-disentangling. I mean the wisdom of an even wiser Lord of whom Isaiah in the Bible said, 'He awakens me to learn my lesson.' Père Graty, a French priest in the last century, wrote, 'As the sun is always shining so God is constantly speaking. How do you listen to God? The best time is in the morning before all distractions and activities intervene. How can you listen to God, you ask me? This is the answer: you write. Write so that you may better hear that word that is in you and keep his instructions.'

Enthralment

Peter Howard, a great English journalist with whom I worked, put that experience this way, 'As I begin each day by listening to God, it is a time of enthralment and fascination that I would not miss. It is like a great shoal of silver fish flashing through your heart and mind—new ideas for people, fresh approaches to problems, deeper insight into the mood of the times, costly, daily, personal decision that is the price of shifting our nation ahead. I am not much of a fisherman but I try and snatch one or two of those silvery fish as they fly from the mind of God into the mind of men and women and children like ourselves.'

It's a long way from the back burners of Bakersfield to the silver fish of Howard. The quiet time is the common component. If we, too, begin each day with those 60 uninterrupted minutes who knows where that may lead us—perhaps to, what was it, AMP, achieving maximum potential. You can always make a start with 30 minutes. Three hundred years ago St Francis de Sales recommended a half hour, except when you are very busy. Then, he advised, 'a full hour is necessary'.

CALCUTTA EXPERIMENT

LAST MONTH THE PEOPLE of one of Calcutta's poorest suburbs celebrated an anniversary. Naya Basti lies near the city's industrial hub, in the shadow of its pollution. Hindus and Muslims have lived side by side there for generations—and Naya Basti's Muslims, unlike most in the city, are as fiercely Bengali-speaking as their Hindu neighbours. During the last year Naya Basti has seen a remarkable experiment in grassroots action.

It began when a local trade unionist took part in an MRA seminar. 'I came to realise that I owed something to society,' he says. He began to look at the needs of the community and the result was an association, founded at the beginning of 1984, which brings together 60 of the underemployed young men of the locality.

The association's members aim to 'create a model village'. They have set up a night school for children from poor families and raised the gift of a tubewell from a Calcutta Lions' Club. They produce a fortnightly wall paper focussing on local needs, which is written by hand and pinned up in a glass case for everyone to read. As winter set in they distributed blankets, collected from the better off, to the poorest. Health is also on their agenda, with plans for a charitable dispensary; attempts to educate the community about mosquito control and rubbish disposal; and appeals to the Calcutta Metropolitan Development Association to install hygienic latrines. They have also built up the floor level of the local school, using scrap materials donated by a local firm, so that the rains no longer flood in during the monsoon.

School

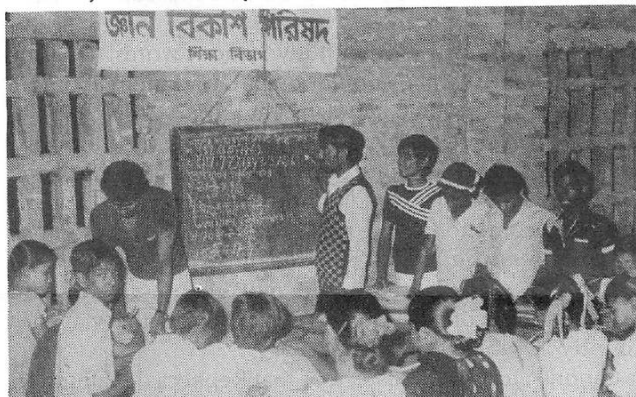
Night falls early in Calcutta and it was already dark when we reached the school, an open-sided building in the grounds of the government-aided day school, its lights glowing warmly in the gloom. Some 200 children attend the school. Many of them already went to the day school, but because there was no one at home to help them with their studies and the teachers gave them little individual attention, they were making slow progress. This situation is not uncommon in West Bengal, where some 60 per cent of children go to school, but only 40 per cent become literate. Some of the Naya Basti children did not even know their alphabet when they came to the night school, in spite of over a year's schooling. Now, its teachers announce proudly, they can read sentences.

The school has 12 volunteer teachers. Of the six I talked to, five were unemployed and one was a tailor—Naya Basti's traditional profession. All were in their twenties or early thirties. Some are students, but most have no higher education. Once a month they visit the home of a lecturer at a Calcutta teachers' college for training. They are proud not only of their pupils' academic progress but also of the fact that they can now concentrate, are interested in their work and come to school clean—in sharp contrast to their earlier behaviour. Some of the children come from families so poor that they cannot afford the 1 rupee (7p) a month charged to cover electricity, chalk and books.

From the school we set out to see the tubewell, walking

by torchlight along the narrow paths between the village's many ponds. Naya Basti is a low-lying swamp area, subject to floods and waterlogging. Mosquitos are a major problem—and the community is working at draining ponds and swamps and building up the paths.

Before the tubewell was installed Naya Basti had to rely on standpipes and pumps. The one we passed only provides water for an hour a day—a pollution hazard as well as a deprivation, as irregular pressure in leaky water pipes can suck filth into the water supply from outside. A tubewell installed by the government ran dry after a year, because it was only 200 feet deep.



A class at the night school

The tubewell installed by the Lions' Club at the association's request draws water from 720 feet. In the summer there are long queues at it, although it was deserted on this winter evening. In the house behind the tubewell, men were at work in one of the community's many cottage industries, stitching children's dungarees.

The association has taken young men off the streets and given them something to do which they feel is worthwhile. 'We used to waste our spare time quarrelling and we neglected our families,' said one of the teachers. 'I wish I had met MRA earlier, before I had wasted so many years. I put right my relationship with my wife—I used to feel superior to her. Now I spend time with my children, I help them with their studies and I eat with my family, which I didn't do before.'

'Before I participated in an MRA seminar I knew I was doing wrong, but I thought saying sorry was a sign of weakness,' said another. 'Now I see it is an act of courage.' A third had stopped going around with a 'bad crowd'.

Naya Basti lies on the lorry route from the petrol terminal at Budge Budge to the city. In the riots which followed Mrs Gandhi's death, Sikh drivers were hauled out of their cabs and beaten up. Several were rescued by young men from the association.

The world sees Calcutta as a problem city—and its suffering is obvious. People live out their lives in the streets as you walk by—cooking their food, washing at the standpipes, sleeping with their families on little platforms of brick on the pavements. The more affluent are full of the difficulties of everyday life—the traffic jams, the power cuts, the erratic phones, the pollution. Yet wherever you go you meet people, like those in Naya Basti, who are doing what they can to improve their conditions. It would be naive to say that such initiatives on their own can answer the city's problems. But, says a newspaper deliverer who started a similar project in another depressed area—'People told me—you're talking about a big project which will never come to reality. I said—let's at least try.'

Mary Lean

A live wire's story

ALEC SMITH, not unused to coming under fire in his native Zimbabwe, has had to withstand some sniping over his book, *Now I call him brother*, which tells of his journey from drug-pedlar to fighter for reconciliation in Zimbabwe. (See review in 'New World News' 8 December, 1984.) However, the *Church Times* carried a rejoinder to David Paton's statement, in his review of 11 January, that he did not find Alec Smith's 'chirpy, non-pious, off-the-cuff American English' authentic.

In the 1 February edition, Judy Symons writes, 'Does he feel that Christianity should only be written about in solemn, pious, studied standard English?'

In another part of her letter Mrs Symons says, 'I for one praise the Lord that "there are in the modern world a good many people with this kind of history—well-to-do prodigal sons who come to their senses..."', and find such testimony unflinchingly encouraging.' She adds that the way in which God used Alec Smith in the movement of Christians working for reconciliation and forgiveness in that war-torn country is 'more thrilling still'.

Canon Paton is also suspicious that Rebecca de Saintonge, who shares the copyright with Alec Smith, may be 'a ghost writer, possibly on the staff of Moral Re-Armament'. He need not have worried. 'My work on this book was paid for entirely by the publishers, Marshall, Morgan and Scott,' writes Rebecca de Saintonge in the *Church Times* of 25 January, adding that ghost writing is one of her jobs as a professional journalist.

John Pollock reviews the book in the *Church of England Newspaper* of 8 February under the headline, 'What happened when Ian Smith's son became a Christian'. Pollock writes that Alec Smith was 'a rebel from boyhood, a drug addict and drop-out when he was older' but after an extraordinary conversion he became 'a real live wire for Christ'. He concludes, 'The story is told in a vivid style: Alec Smith found a lively editor or ghost. The book will awaken and encourage young people especially, and is a strong testimony to the fact that Christ crucified, risen and alive can reach down to the hopeless and remake them, whether poor blacks or rebellious whites, and use them to bring peace.'

Gerard Noel of the *Catholic Herald* found the book 'fascinating'.

Vivien Horler of the *Johannesburg Star* highlights Alec Smith's view that Zimbabwe is succeeding as a non-racial society. She writes, 'Now a chaplain in the Zimbabwean Army, he says he believes the integration of that army was "a miracle". Young blacks, trained only to kill and fresh from a movement that had given them status, had to adjust from living as outlaws to civilian life. Whites, on the other hand, had to realise the men they had regarded as servants were brothers, that the guerillas they had been taught to despise had been fighting for a just cause.... Although many whites left Zimbabwe to join the South African

Defence Force, and some Zipra men became dissidents, Alec Smith says: "We were living in Miracle Alley. That even one soldier could be reconciled with his enemy was amazing, that thousands were reconciled is a wonder."'

A reprint of the book is now ready, the first print having sold out.

'Now I call him Brother' by Alec Smith, published by Marshall, Morgan and Scott. Available from bookshops and from Grosvenor Books, 54 Lyford Road, London SW18 3JJ, paperback price £1.75, with postage £1.95.

Troi'n ôl returns

'DRUGS ON STAGE' was the heading of a front-page story in the *Daily Post*, the main North Wales morning paper, about the visit to Anglesey of the play *Troi'n ôl* (Return Trip) in January.

Writing about the growing drugs problem in his regular column 'Day to day in Wales', Iorwerth Roberts remarked that some people, 'because of their professional commitment, have to sit up and take notice, and several of these are behind a dramatic presentation of the problem that is returning to the North Wales stage next week.' He notes that the production 'played to large audiences at Theatr Seilo last month' and that the performances 'have the backing of Moral Re-Armament in North Wales'.

Of the play by Hugh Steadman Williams and Alan Thornhill he writes, 'It is both simple in its message and complicated in its depiction of the pressures encountered by a "cured" addict as he fights his lonely battle against his craving.... Perhaps this kind of play is needed to help overcome our complacent lack of vigilance.'

The *North Wales Chronicle* headlined its story 'Drug abuse in the limelight at Llangefni'.

Troi'n ôl was invited for a two-night run at Theatr Fach, Llangefni by R Tudur Pritchard, Anglesey's Youth Officer. He is responsible for 40 youth clubs on the island. The great majority of the first night's audience were young people brought by their leaders from eight of these youth clubs.

Beside the two performances at Theatr Fach, an hour-long video was filmed for use in schools and youth club. The filming was done by a newly-formed community video unit in Caernarfon and is being paid for by the Health Education Unit of the Gwynedd Health Authority.

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The 'New World News' Index for Volume 32 is now available. It can be ordered from: the Business Manager, 12 Palace Street, London SW1E 5JF, price £1 including postage.

**NEW
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NEWS**

Published fortnightly for Moral Re-Armament by The Good Road Ltd, 12 Palace Street, London SW1E 5JF, England. Printed by T W Pegg and Sons Ltd. Articles may be reproduced without reference to the editor, acknowledgement welcomed. Price 20p. 10 copies £1.80 plus postage. Special rates for pre-publication bulk orders. Annual subscriptions: British Isles £9.00 (2 copies of each issue £12.50); UK pensioners and students £7.00 (2 copies £10.50); All other countries airmail £12.00. Regional offices and rates: Australia New World News, PO Box 1078J, GPO Melbourne, Vic 3001 \$20.00; Canada Moral Re-Armament, 387 chemin de la Cote Ste Catherine, Montreal, Quebec H2V 2B5 \$25.00; New Zealand New World News, CPO Box 1834, Wellington \$32.50; South Africa Moral Re-Armament, PO Box 10144, Johannesburg, 2000 R20.00; USA Moral Re-Armament Inc, 1030 Fifteenth Street NW, Suite 908, Washington DC 20005 \$20.00. Editorial and business address: 12 Palace Street, London SW1E 5JF. Tel: 01-828 6591.