WHATEVER NEXT...

Whatever next...

by

Adam McLean

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Foreword

ADAM MCLEAN is the son of a Scottish miner who earned thirty-six shillings for his eight and a half hour, six day week, and who died painfully at fifty-one years from lung disease. The wage was not enough to feed the family so everyone had to earn something. Adam, at ten years was getting a few shillings by working for three hours before school and two hours afterwards, delivering papers and milk.

Adam's first "real job" was working in a garage for Sam Reid, a well-known motor cycle racer and early aviator. He was intrigued with his boss' way of doing business. Sam Reid always told a buyer the drawbacks as well as the virtues of a second-hand car and remained calm, whatever the pressures. After a time Adam asked Sam his secret and was amazed to hear that it was listening each day and all day to the voice of God. Adam tried it too.

His first thought was to tell his boss about the oil

he had stolen from him and to pay for it.

This book is a chronicle of Adam's life thereafter. Its essence, Adam writes, is "listening to that still small voice and the application of absolute moral standards, leading on to the adventure of lifechanging." After 1938 both Adam and Sam gave their full time to this adventure. Adam shows how first in his own family, and later among American Trade Union leaders, his buddies in the US Army, and, after he was seriously wounded, in the military hospital, people turned to him unasked, just as he had turned to Sam.

There is much talk today about the Decade of Evangelism which has been declared by the main churches in Britain. Adam shows that the essence of evangelism is not proselytising, but living in touch with God. Jesus was so much at one with the Father that he never did or said anything which the Father did not tell him to do or say.

Adam is the first to say that he often fails, but the secret of his extraordinary power to reach all classes of people is his determination to listen to God and carry out His instructions. Then people who are prepared come to him and, through their change, become forces themselves on a world scale.

GARTH LEAN

Oxford, January 1992

The following tells
how a very ordinary fellow found
the road he wanted to travel –
all the interest and excitement that
one could wish for –
and sometimes a bit more!

Why I write this

I wrote this particularly for my grandchildren so that they may know something of what has gone before. Others, young and old, may also find it interesting. Several friends have pressed me to write about my times in the USA and in Italy. That I have done – but I shall expand on this, and recount from events and experiences from my seventy-five years, for the following reasons.

Within my lifetime there has surely been the greatest advance in science, in industry, in the production of food, clothing and housing that this old world has ever seen. No honest person could deny that in the "Western World" most people have benefited from the social and economic changes. Yet with human intelligence so advanced that we can send men onto the moon, with all the electronics and practical technical advances in our hands we seem unable to provide one half of the population of the world with the barest essentials for living.

If it is not the lack of intelligence that keeps us

from meeting the needs of the world population, what is it? I believe I have had more than a glimpse of the answer, and that is why I recall and recount stories of people and events that support my conviction.

Harold Wilson, Edward Heath, Yehudi Menuhin and Len Hutton were all born the same year as me. Each of them could write a gripping autobiography on the last seventy-five years, since they are outstanding men in their fields. They are not average. Perhaps the particular interest in my humble effort is that there are millions more like me.

If there was no "me", that is if I hadn't been born, I wouldn't have known there is a world full of people – therefore for the "me" that didn't exist, the world wouldn't exist. Such thinking occupied my mind already when I was still in primary school. I simply could not accept it as a fact that anyone's life was just a chance flicker of flame that would one day go out – end. This questioning of the origin and purpose of life, which started so early in me, and which I cannot remember discussing with anyone until I was an adult, has always remained with me. I suspect most people have privately done the same.

I remember considering the idea that this conscious life perhaps was not only continuing after death but that there was something there of my life before I was born. I asked myself, "Is this life of mine just part of a big Whole?" It was the beginnings of my own personal effort to understand "Who am I?", and my own private determination to know if there is a God. Of course up-bringing, reading and listen-

ing to others contribute to a person's knowledge and faith, but for me, even in those early school days I was determined to work things out for myself.

My parents, who were both convinced Christians, and my mother's absolute certainty, influenced all the family, each of whom attended Sunday School from the age of four; Bible Class into our teens, and for me a continued attachment to the church I knew – increasing as the years went by. I owe my parents so much, but it was from personal experience that my belief in an Almighty God grew and became unshakeable – a God who could guide me daily, and give me a satisfying reason for this life of mine on earth.

The only condition, I discovered, was that I take time to seek His guidance and obey. I know many people would say – "It is only your conscience you follow." Well, OK, have a bash! Listen to it and see where it gets you. The story that follows tells you something of my efforts to listen to the "still, small voice."

Rough going

If there ever was a job getting nowhere – this was it. Up and down, up and down and long times in between standing doing nothing.

As a lift boy in the biggest hotel in Edinburgh I got one free meal a day and a few shillings a month. We were expected to earn from tips. Typically, when the star comedian of the current show at the King's Theatre was a guest at the hotel he gave me two pence for helping him, and taking him up and down many times, my colleague in the next lift asked me – "Did he pay you?" That millionaire comedian may not have known that he had hardly paid me for the work I had done. What I hated most was the scramble for tips; and how hard it was to be pleasant, when taking the starchy senior citizen, who was trying to look respectable, up to the top floor with the "young thing" beside him!

It was not my idea on how I wanted to earn a living and help contribute at home. This was in 1932 when I was sixteen. In Britain there were 2.8

million unemployed (over 13 million in the USA) and I had had to leave the drawing office of the large engineering firm where I had been working when the recession all but closed it. Getting, and holding on to a job was crucial for most young people in those days, even such a poor hotel job, but I longed to have a "proper" job making or building things. Perhaps my discontent was even more due to feeling that a system of payment so dependant on the "generosity" of the rich was one more example of their exploiting the poor. I felt I knew about exploitation from the past.

My father was a coal miner – a "brusher". That means he was part of a team that cleared the rock etc., to get at the coal seams, and cleared away the rubble afterwards. Their "brushes" were drills, cord fuses and gelignite. There were many accidents, and conditions in the pits were, to put it mildly, exceedingly unhealthy. Dad cycled or walked the four and a half miles to the pithead, then another two miles to the coal face under the sea; there, his eight and a half hour working day (actually night) started. For this six day week he was paid thirty-six shillings (about £1.85) which, even with the value of the pound then, was not sufficient to pay for food for the nine mouths of our family. All the family had to earn money somehow, including us children. My younger brother and I worked from 6am until secondary school started at 9am and then after school until 8pm. We delivered newspapers and milk. Dad was very much a DIY man – from necessity, cobbling our boots, cutting our hair, and doing

all the repairs a large family called on him for.

As children we could enjoy Saturday afternoon when Dad would play his flute for us. We enjoyed much less those freezing winter Saturdays down at the shore gathering sea coal, our bare feet turning blue. During the coal strikes I loved taking my spoon and plate for those porridge and milk breakfasts we got at school, but I was aware that the older people in ours and other families around were not eating so well.

For years father suffered the usual miner's illnesses, mostly in his lungs. Each night before going off to the pit he would chop up a stick of black liquorice to help his breathing. There was no cure for that cough. When the surgeon in the Royal Infirmary eventually operated there was nothing he could do. Dad died painfully at 51 years. He was only one of so many who went the same way.

My mother, like her sister Maggie, went to work when she was eleven years old; a twelve hour day at a loom in a weaving mill. My mother was indeed the greatest! She lived to serve her family, was the "budget minister" as everyone handed over all their earnings every week; she shopped, cooked and scrubbed, did all washing by hand, and kept the brasses sparkling. She was on call in our street when some neighbour needed help at a birth, or death, or simply begged a cup of sugar. When mother worked in the weaving factory for twelve hours a day, at the age of eleven, that was exploitation. But then, what should we call the unthinking, unappreciative way we allowed mother to work into the night for us?

Mother's faith in the Almighty was straightforward and child-like, and her church attendance was as regular as she felt her family duties allowed. Although her judgement of people was shrewd and few tradesmen could take advantage of her, I do not think any of our family could remember her holding a grudge against anyone for long. In spite of mother's efforts to pass on her caring manners I fear none of those aforementioned qualities were absorbed by me.

The Industrial Revolution in Britain, which brought riches and comfort to so many, owed a great deal to the mining of the "black diamonds". An honest look at the history of coal mining reveals the cost – the exploitation of children, women and men, in that order – the awful cost to the relationships between worker and employer. It promoted further organised class war.

With that, what some would call "deprived" back-ground, I stood in the lift of the luxury hotel in the depression years of 1932-1933, rebelling against the injustices and on my inability to do anything about them.

Finding a real job

To break from that dull, unproductive lift job I had thought of many things. The pamphlets from the Communist Party on the war against Franco in Spain attracted me. It seemed an exciting thing to do and was presented very well as the fight for the oppressed and exploited workers. The only trouble was that the Communists I knew in my home town of Musselburgh did not impress me as the ones who could build a better world. For one thing they preached atheism, and with some heat. My mother's faith in God, with her habits and disciplines, were more to my way of thinking.

Without saying anything to my family, I tried everywhere to find some job in engineering. It seemed hopeless. Most employers were ready to help, but with all the unemployment around the first thing they would ask was, "Are you now in a job?" As soon as I said "Yes" they insisted I keep it. There really were not many empty places. When I saw an advertisement in a newspaper, "Motor

Mechanic Wanted" I acted, because I knew the garage and the proprietor was one Sam Reid, a racing motor cyclist on the Marine Gardens Speedway. Sam's fame came from his daring riding; once, having been bounced on to the exposed rear wheel, he finished the race with his breeches smoking, to the enthusiastic roars of the crowd. He was the first Scot to beat the Australians in that suicidal sport.

On the Thursday afternoon I was told to come to see Mr Reid on Saturday morning. I immediately went to the hotel manager to tell him I was leaving the next day. The manager said, "You will have to give a month's notice." I asked, "Are you compelled to give me a month's notice to fire me?" He responded, "You won't get your wages!" Even that very reserved Aberdonian manager smiled when I told him that that would be no big thing. He gave me a nice reference.

Sure enough, Sam's first question was, "Are you working?" "No, I left my job yesterday. I can start right away, I have my dungarees."

Next he asked, "Do you drive?" "I have my licence," I answered, which wasn't quite a lie since the day before I had paid five shillings over the counter in the Edinburgh Licencing Office and received a licence to drive any car, tram or track-laying vehicle. I had never been behind a steering wheel in my life. I think Sam looked at my hotel reference, but was more interested in why I wanted to be a mechanic. When I said, "Well, do I get the job?" Sam told me he expected to see more applicants that afternoon. It was a bright sunny day and

I guessed that he would rather be somewhere else, so I went to my bike and said, "If you employ me you won't have to see the rest of them."

I was there in the garage sharp on Monday morning and that good foreman helped me get an old bull-nosed Morris round behind the car lock-ups where I discovered what the gears, clutch and brakes did.

In that small garage with few workers I got everything to do – car-washing and lubrication, driving the breakdown truck, grinding valves and tyre repairs. I loved the work and learned what makes cars go. But what I learned through Sam Reid in those years was for me something much more important than dealing with cars, and in fact altered the course of my life. I write my account of what happened from my point of view, since Sam is most unlikely to claim credit for any good part of it.

It was not so long after I started working in the garage that the first incident happened which made me realise that Sam was a bit different from what I expected of an employer. I was in the yard trying to lift a heavy dynamotor (combination starter and dynamo) into place on that once fine original Talbot car. On my knees, in front of the car, engine exposed, and heaving away, the "dogs" simply would not meet. Sam on his way out, came up behind and with his foot gave a sharp push on the end of the dynamotor. The "dogs" slid into place – and caught my fingers in the flange. I let out some special mechanic's words and he walked off not very pleased with me.

That afternoon at the workbench I had in my hand a distributor and was having a little difficulty adjusting it since my finger nails were blacked and sore from the squashing they had got that morning. I ignored the boss when he came up behind me and peered at my hands. "How did that happen?" he asked. I nigh exploded. I really cannot remember exactly what he said, except that he apologised and spoke of how he had to learn how to do better.

A small incident it was, but the sincerity and the care in the fellow got through and I knew that some of the remarks I had heard in the workshop about Sam having changed his ways were probably true. And I was curious.

Sam not only got along with most people, but the wise way he dealt with his customers impressed me. He was as ready to point out a deficiency on a used car he was trying to sell as the good qualities. When Drew McQueen, a former dirt-track racing colleague, was examining an old Alvis car, I heard Sam tell him the difficuties we had had with the twin universal joints on the drive shaft and of a leak in the radiator. I was sure Sam would get his price for that fine old machine. In the city the "used parts" dealers whose reputation was akin to that of the old horse-traders would refer to him as "Honest Sam"; though perhaps he was unable to change their usual business ethics very much, they were extraordinarily fair in their dealings with him.

As I said, I was curious, and more from my curiosity than any eagerness to alter my ways I asked Sam outright what was this Oxford Group he had

met, which later became Moral Re-Armament, and what could it mean to an ordinary fellow. His answer was short and clear. He said he had not made such a wonderful success of running his own life in his own way and that he had decided to have a go at doing what some friends had suggested: to let God control his life. "How?" I asked. "Well, I start the day by doing just that, why don't you come into work a little earlier tomorrow and see?" I did.

Arriving half an hour early for work, I found him at his desk with a note book at hand. He explained how each morning he sat quietly and asked God to guide him. He noted his thoughts down so he wouldn't forget them (quoting the Chinese proverb "the strongest memory is weaker than the palest ink"). All good sense, no doubt, but when Sam suggested that he and I, then and there, could try listening to these thoughts, it was a new idea to me. Anyway the proof of the pudding is in the eating of it, so I sat quietly with a pencil and an old envelope.

Nothing! So after a bit I called a halt and said to Sam that my line of communication must be broken. He laughed and said maybe my "contact points" were dirty (car language).

"Oh, and how do I clean them?" He then spoke of four absolute moral standards he had matched his life with and which had given him cause for much thought – honesty, purity, unselfishness and love.

"Just think of them as your four spark plugs" he said.

More silence. I only got as far as considering the first absolute standard. I wrote on my paper the word "oil". For a moment I nearly called the whole thing off as it was the kind of thing I did not want to think about, especially with the boss sitting there. I do not remember in detail what came from Sam's meditation but it sounded very sensible. I told him of the oil I had been swiping to keep my motor-bike going.

He said, "I'm glad you told me, how much was it?" I also had to pay for it. There were more than a few other things I had to put right on considering those four moral standards, particularly in relation to my family and my workmates.

It was soon after this that I made up my mind to have a go at letting God run my life. This was not from any great new spiritual experience I had, but rather from a brief conversation with Sam. He was facing me, next to the office window, with the sun streaming in, and was telling about some personal difficulties he had overcome. Now he has always been a very reserved Scot and did not find this easy. I watched a great bead of perspiration run down his neck and thought, "Why does he do it? What makes him care? What makes him bother about me?" I decided he had something in his life that I certainly did not have and meant to find it.

Some things I found more difficult to deal with than others. One night as we listened to the wireless by the fire I tried to break down the false front I had built up between myself and my mother. I started to tell her of the difficulties and defeats I had

known, and hidden; to demolish that pride in me that wanted to have her regard me as her good boy. At first, she resisted, her quiet Highland reserve made it hard to talk about things of the heart and mind.

I knew the truth needed to be faced, so I switched off the wireless and continued. My mother wept, but that night the barrier of years fell away. Mother spoke freely of her past trials and mistakes and of how she missed Dad dreadfully sometimes. We became equal comrades in the same battle.

I often stumbled. A new apprentice was taken on in the garage and he really was the last word as a whiner. He borrowed my tools, often losing them by leaving them on cars. Even after some months he had no tools of his own. Usually late in arriving, and disappearing when the clock said 5.30pm, whatever we were in the middle of doing, made me regard him as a wet. One of his continued complaints was that he had to cycle to work. Since I cycled from twice as far away I thought no one would pay attention to this one. When he came to me and taunted how he had got the extra money and now had more pay than me I was furious. The more I thought about it the worse it got. That Saturday I waited for Sam to come in to work. He did not. By Sunday morning my blood was boiling and all those feelings of class and exploitation were revived. I told my mother of my intention to tell Sam Reid what I thought of him and what he could do with his job and daily inspiration.

Sam was there alone in the office. He listened

to me and let me go on about everything I felt. He even encouraged me to go on, particularly about how we lived. He was surprised to learn that no house in our street had a bath with running water, and probably no home within the square mile where I lived would have one. (Like most miners' families, we kept a zinc-tub stored below a bed to be taken out weekly for use).

Sam apologised for the pay default, saying I should certainly get an increase and that it was entirely his fault. But then he went on and said it was the failing of his class and the thing he wanted to put right in this world. By then the heat inside me had subsided. He spelled out how he meant to live, to give his time and resources to make things different and asked me to join him in this fight. "Resources?" I knew Sam had quite a lot and I had about two pence – not a very equal sacrifice. But that was the pledge we made that day, to fight as a team to put right what was wrong, and take part in the struggle to build a new world, under God.

Some months later, when I was working away from home, I got a note from my mother asking me to come home and have some time with her and my sister Agnes. It was quite an evening session where I learned that my brother-in-law had been giving my sister a terrible time. Gambling debts and onto drink; he had become so difficult to live with that Agnes's doctor had advised her to seek separation.

Mother said to me, "Now tell her. Tell her about Sam Reid and about you." It appeared that mother must have seen some improvement in my

nature! When Agnes asked me what she should do, I remember feeling pretty useless. I told her I did not know exactly what she should do. (Thinking now, that answer might have surprised her, as in the past I *always* knew.)

I did tell her how I had begun with Sam Reid, deciding to let God run my life and about those absolute moral standards. As I walked Agnes up the hill to her home that night she told me how desperate she had been, and how she had thought of suicide. Agnes said she would think about taking time to listen to "that still small voice".

I returned a week or ten days later to find Agnes quite a different person. Her first effort to find God's will brought several thoughts. The main thing was to tell her husband that though she felt his behaviour was very wrong, she had nagged and she needed to share the blame. Adam, her husband, had at first ridiculed her efforts, but only the day before finally sat down with Agnes to make a clean breast of all the mess he was in. It was a mess, starting with gambling losses, borrowing from Peter to pay Paul and then the drink taking over.

For the next years they took on together the task of repaying every debt, Adam doing work in the evenings for people, like painting and wall papering. Like most couples they still had different viewpoints some times but they stuck together happily till Adam died thirty-seven years later. Agnes's strengthened faith has made her look outwards and be a ready help to her neighbours. It all reinforced my own faith.

There were two reasons for my mother asking me to talk over Agnes's situation. One came from that first chat I had had with her when I decided to put things right on these four moral standards. I had told her of places where I had failed to live up to them and that that was the reason I wanted to seek God's guidance. Mother remarked that she probably did all right in teaching us right from wrong, but never knew how to get the family to want to live right and be concerned about other people. The other reason was that mother and I became really close friends after we had become dead honest with each other.

Starting a revolution

To say that I had joined the Oxford Group would not be accurate since there was nothing to join; no listed membership, no initiation procedure or dues. You just get on with it together with your friends, meeting and sharing your experiences and applying at work and elsewhere what in the Scot's kirk should be regarded as basic Christian philosophy.

Someone once described the Oxford Group in a rhyme:

It's not an institution
It's not a point of view
It starts a revolution
By starting one in you.

By 1938, the threat of war meant most of Europe was struggling to rearm. Dr Frank Buchman, the initiator of the Oxford Group, had the thought that what the whole world desperately needed was "moral and spiritual rearmament". He had always held the conviction that changes in people's lives, if thorough and drastic, could affect the life of

nations. His aim was to see a new world in the making – new men, new nations, a new world, as he put it. The idea of "Moral Re-Armament" caught on and became the name as well as the programme of the Oxford Group – sometimes abbreviated to MRA.

This made sense to me. It was a huge undertaking, but I knew that the thing that had changed Sam – and that he had passed on to me – could work for anyone.

Most of my friends who responded to this programme were between the ages of eighteen and thirty years and came from all backgrounds, jobs and careers. The result was that our activities centred around the docks of London and Glasgow, most of the universities, workers and management of the car industry and shipyards and all the places where there were costly conflicts – which, as indicated in the daily newspapers, seemed to be just about everywhere. Since the cost of these conflicts was not only counted in pounds, shillings and pence but in human lives and human relations, our aim was to introduce to all sides the idea of accepting these four moral standards as absolutes and to seek the wisdom of the Almighty.

Not everyone wanted to seek the wisdom of the Almighty. Also, many who claimed they believed in Him were totally convinced He was on *their* side of the dispute. Everyone usually agrees that great change is necessary but blames the other fellow. More and more, I was seeing that when people, like my sister Agnes, started accepting change for them-

selves and not the other person, solutions were found.

In April 1939, with the threat of war looming in Europe and rising concern in the Americas, there came from a group of provincial and city leaders in Canada an invitation asking for a "team" from Scotland. They felt Canada needed Moral Rearmament. They were supported by many other ordinary families from Montreal to Vancouver who arranged public meetings, meetings with the press and radio, breakfast and lunchtime occasions.

Twelve of us decided we could go for three months – so we thought then – it turned out to be a lot longer! We were a varied lot; three shipyard workers, several men at the start of their professional careers, a gifted musician, Sam and myself. George Marjoribanks, a tall East Lothian who studied forestry and theology was the leader, if one could be called leader in such a democratic way of operating.

The old *Duchess of Bedford*, a flat-bottomed lady, smashed into those heavy seas of the first crossing of the year, with the icebergs still in sight. It was April when we left "the tail of the bank" off Greenock, with immigrants for Canada and a noisy interesting group of Cossack dancers who matched our eightsome reel on the deck with their energetic knee-bending dances. There was also a group returning to the USA having been fighting in Spain against Franco. They sang their revolutionary songs. I missed some of the fun on the deck, like a few others, lying in my cabin bunk (steerage class) and

wishing my stomach would stay put. I observed my pale-faced cabin mate quietly reading a book entitled *The Philosophy of Courage* by Philip Leon. The title indicated just what I needed then.

Knowing that we would be met by the press on arrival, we each prepared something. Then we would meet together and share our efforts. Then off again for a rewrite and back again. This is where Marjoribanks showed his leadership. He was firm, and expected that each of us would produce his very best. It was an experience to be repeated for years to come and became part of a disciplined training. We did have time on board to relax and think, and we took it.

A lot of sacrifice had gone into this trip. Post Office workers who contributed their lunch money, housewives, businessmen and mill girls and at least one man who gave much of his savings. I knew what it had cost my mother when she insisted on using the money she had saved to get a headstone for father's grave. She claimed it was a worthy memorial to help get this dozen Scots off on this venture. It was as well we took this time quietly on the *Duchess*, since the following months left very little time free during daylight hours.

From our arrival in Montreal, through Toronto, Ottawa, Calgary, Saskatoon, and other towns, to Vancouver a number of Canadians joined us and did much of the arranging and organizing of the larger events. We met Canadian hospitality everywhere: our hosts included Bernard Hallward, a papermill owner; Cecil Morrison, a nationally-known

baker whose nickname "The Happy Baker" described him fully; Cecil Broadhurst, aeroplane pilot, cowboy, song-writer and playwright; Lady Nanton and her son Paul Nanton. In Canada, three Scots joined us: Loudon Hamilton, in whose rooms in Oxford the Oxford Group began; John Morrison, a Church of Scotland minister and Michael Barrett from Edinburgh.

In travelling sometimes we slept in the sleeper/day rail coach that the Canadian Pacific Railroad had put at our disposal, sometimes in hotels, but more often in the homes of those so generous Canadians. There were the colourful receptions at the headquarters of the Canadian Mounties and when we were part of the reception parade for the King and Queen at Niagara Falls and at the reception at the Governor General's mansion. However, most of the days were taken up in serious discussion with individuals and groups eager to hear more of what we had to say. That Spring and Summer of 1939 made many think. Late nights and very early rising certainly got us quite weary on occasions, but we were mostly young and fit, so kept well. There were also the comical moments.

In Calgary several of us were asked by a radio station to give a live broadcast at very short notice. I remember we were still writing notes on the way up in the lift to the studio. One after another we went forward to the mikes, said our piece, gently dropping our notes aside at armslength as we spoke, avoiding mike noises as instructed. While I spoke I could see at the big window wall a lady with her nose

almost pressed into the window glass, listening intently. Someone is getting the point I thought. As our group left the studio the lady rushed up and said to me, "Wonderful, just wonderful, mind you I did not understand much that you said – but I loved your accent." And I had thought, till then, the Canadians were the ones with the accent!

It was in my very first days in America that I met a friend to whom I owe a great deal. His name was Cleve Hicks. We were waiting outside a hotel room and this somewhat roundish fellow was walking up and down, reading. I asked him what the book was, so he read aloud from it.

"I like that," I said, "it seems just like what we are trying to do. What's the name of the book?" Cleve pretended to be shocked. "It's from the Psalms," he said. "Don't you read the Old Book?" I was a little vexed and retorted, "No – it's full of rape and murder." Cleve laughed and said he would get me a modern translation of the Bible.

Three months later, across on the other side of America, I met Cleve again. He handed me a Moffat's translation of the Bible, inscribed with a warm greeting and with a few wise references. It is beside my bed as I write this.

In May of 1939, Moral Rearmament was launched in America with huge meetings in Madison Square Gardens, New York; Constitution Hall, Washington DC, and in the Hollywood Bowl, Los Angeles. Our Scots team played a part. It was quite an experience for me in Madison Square Garden to look out over the battery of microphones and tell

that audience of 14,000 people, "Moral Rearmament started for me in our garage, when I told the boss about the oil I had swiped..." They seemed to get the point.

In Constitution Hall, Washington DC, the event drew people from the political world, the armed forces, and the diplomatic corps. Harry S Truman, then a little-known Senator from Missouri, read a message from President Franklin Roosevelt.

One of the most spectacular events I am ever likely to see took place at the launching of MRA in the Hollywood Bowl, California. Four great searchlight beams went up into the night sky, representing the four moral standards. These powerful beams were used to advertise film premières in California; and across in Europe Hitler used them for his propaganda meetings; so, it was a bit like what the Salvation Army said about their brass bands: "Why should the devil have all the good tunes?" Thirty thousand people crowded into that amphitheatre. Fifteen thousand had to be turned away. I know the streets for miles were thoroughly blocked, and mayors and dignitaries had to get out of their cars and taxis and elbow their way through the streets to get there.

Speakers from many countries and walks of life gave evidence of Moral Rearmament at work. As usual, Frank Buchman managed to present a very large number of speakers within a relatively short time. They made it clear that this was something for everyone everywhere. The press headlined it the next day, "Preview of a New World Order."

That immense meeting in Hollywood and the interest stirred, could have led to countless gatherings throughout the USA. But world events were moving fast, and Frank Buchman had his doubts.

Truth to tell, I do not remember a lot from some of the following events in California, since I was finding it difficult to concentrate, what with the war threat in Europe, my mother a widow, and not getting much news of how she felt.

With the tense situation, it seemed it might be better for some of us, Scots in particular, to go north up the coast Canada-wards. We drove as far as Seattle, Washington State, and got rooms for a night in a hotel. We asked the girl on the night switchboard to waken us if there was any news during the night.

She did. I think it was about 1am Pacific time when she related Prime Minister Chamberlain's announcement that, since Germany had not ceased its action against Poland, Britain was in a State of War with Germany. There was no sleep for some of us that night, nor could we contemplate driving on into Canada next morning, because the border had been closed immediately. It remained controlled and closed for three days.

Partnership in industry

With the outbreak of war, we sought the advice of the British Consul in Seattle. We were surprised to find out how closely he had followed the work of our team, particularly those involved in industry. He even knew where each of us stayed and that the boys and the girls "didn't fool around". He suggested that the best way for us to aid Britain was to stay in the United States and continue the work we were doing.

In those days Washington State had some militant Communist leadership and they were having a drive to win over the workers and the university students. All the tricks were used. In the cloakroom in the University one day every coat hanging there had a leaflet stuck in it. On one side a picture of a nude under which was announced a lecture on "free love". The other side of the leaflet, for the same occasion, informed of a lecture to be given on Marxist Communism. It was one way to fill the hall. This was the period when Hitler had a non-aggres-

sion pact with Communist Russia. So the Communist Party's policy was to stop America arming and to disrupt the flow of armaments from America to Britain.

The first home in which I stayed in Seattle, was that of Jimmy Duncan who was in charge of the Machinists Trade Union (like our engineers AEU) for the North West of USA. Jimmy came originally from Scotland and was of the old Keir Hardy cast of trade unionism. His fight for a fair day's pay for a fair day's work was a moral one. Jimmy was well known at every national conference for his regular speech against strong drink. Though almost all trade unionists held him in great respect I think he was more successful in achieving his wages and conditions objectives than in curbing that excess of whisky drinking in some of those labour conventions.

Jimmy Duncan told us that one place needing a new spirit was the growing Boeing Aircraft factory. The IAM union in the plant was part of his North West responsibility.

We had met the president of the trade union in Boeing, Garry Cotton, and had become good friends. He was deeply concerned at how things were going in the factory and welcomed all the help he could get from us. He had difficulties both with management and men. As a skilled electrician he felt the work quality was suffering from piling too many men onto one job at the same time. The aircraft was the Flying Fortress which Britain was to get to know better later on.

Boeing Company was building the aircraft for the US government and payment was calculated and paid for on the cost of materials and labour, plus a percentage – hence Garry claimed there was extensive overmanning on the job. Though this overmanning might seem something to benefit both the union work force and management, Garry claimed the "too many cooks" created a bad spirit, slowed down production and risked serious mistakes, especially with the miles of electrical work.

The other, and he believed the more urgent, need was to stop the strong Communist force from controlling the trade union. Garry Cotton had to find a programme for his membership that would outmarch the Communist efforts to disrupt production with confusion and strikes. One of the first things he did was to invite Frank Buchman to address the full union meeting and clarify what MRA was all about. When asked if the workers would all turn up to hear Dr Buchman, Garry replied, "They sure will, otherwise they will be fined $5.00 . That is a rule of our union." Frank spoke along with some others and had an excellent hearing.

To build a team of men in the plant who would apply these moral standards to the work in the union, on the job and in relations with the management, was President Garry Cotton's task. Blyth Ramsay and I got digs nearby him so we could keep in regular touch. We would get up very early to go for breakfast with him before he left for work at 6.30 am. It was our introduction to breakfast of hot

cakes with maple syrup and little sausages. It was his introduction to listening to the "still small voice". The three of us gained – in different ways. We had meetings with some of the union officers, with the editor of the union weekly newspaper, with the small team responsible for the weekly trade union radio broadcast, but the main thing was to get enough fellows from the shop floor who were determined to get a spirit of honesty and teamwork throughout the plant.

Visiting the men in their homes taught us something of the American way of life. It was not only on the workshop floor that changes were needed, and the talks often went long into the night with these young active couples. More than a few found new harmony in their home life.

In the summer of 1940 Dr Buchman gathered his friends from all over America to meet with him on the shores of Lake Tahoe in the Sierra Nevada mountains. It was mainly a time for a re-think, to deepen our personal commitment and to consider together our worthiness as a united team for the job ahead. We met against the sombre background of the Nazi occupation of France, and the decisive Battle of Britain. America, still neutral, was soon to enter the conflict.

It was time well spent. For many of us our aims became clearer, and we emerged as a much more deeply united force. In addition, some excellent productions came from these weeks – for the stage and for publication. The product which struck me as most timely was a handbook called *You Can*

Defend America. A lot of thought had gone into the writing, and re-writing of it; a gifted artist, Reginald Hale, had illustrated it, and the result was a clear expression of what MRA called for in those anxious days. *You Can Defend America* proclaimed a programme for everyone – to build "sound homes, teamwork in industry and a united nation"; and then how to do it – "Change, Unite, Fight".

We took this handbook back to Seattle to help us in our work with our friends in the aircraft industry. The trade union branch in Boeing used *You Can Defend America* to help present their policies to the members, and the editor of the union newspaper used it twice, in full, in his weekly radio broadcasts.

Garry Cotton had spoken to us several times about the very fast growing Lockheed Aircraft Company in Burbank, California. He knew Dale Reed, the president of the independent trade union in the plant and the problems rising from bringing onto the shop floor thousands of workers who had never been in a trade union before or worked in industry. We took his advice and introduction and went down to California.

Blyth and I stayed with a family called Holland who lived in Pasadena. We became very much part of that family, staying with them whenever we were in Southern California. There was the mother Bernice, Leland Jr about to leave High School, Bruce at Junior school and eight year old Marcia. Dad Holland was a hospital superintendant in China and was being held prisoner there. Two years later he

was repatriated and came out on the Swedish Red Cross ship the *Gripsholm.*

Each of the Holland family in the early morning sought guidance from God for the day in a time of quiet. Leland was faced with the same kind of problems as most of us at his age, and often was rather caught up in them. One morning he shared with us a thought that kept coming to his mind. He had accepted a summer job in the Lockheed plant to pay for his coming College fees. This was common practice then. His thought was to dump that plan and take on seriously the job in Lockheed and not aim to go to College. He was well aware of what Blyth and I had in mind for the aircraft industry. Bernice was one hundred per cent for it. From there things moved fast.

Leland joined the union and participated in the meetings. It was not plain sailing, since apart from the difficulties in such a fast growing union, there was that militant Communist group determined to thwart production. No doubt there were those of the extreme right aimimg to do the same, since the German Bund had been strong in the USA. Leland fought for the mike at union meetings to put across what he felt for that union. His efforts did not go unnoticed. When we met with Dale Reed, the president of the union in the Lockheed plant, whom Garry Cotton wanted us to see, Reed was aware of what we stood for.

Dale Reed was convinced that this spirit was essential to keep the plant operating securely. Lockheed's workforce increased from 6,000 em-

ployees to 80,000 in the war years. As in Boeing, the first thing was to build a team, and Leland enlisted men and women from various sections of the plant. After discussing how best to deal with such a fast expanding industry Dale Reed felt it best that the independent union in the plant should become part of the national "machinists" union – the IAM – and be able to get the help of some of the experienced men of that great union. It was a wise move.

Building a team had its tricky moments. Around the dinner table in the Holland home, Leland often said how difficult he found to work with one of his mates called Lynn. "He is such a rough character, and goes about things so differently and awkwardly, yet I hear he is going to be made a charge hand." Having heard this a few times before, his little sister said one evening, "Leland, this morning in my quiet time I got the thought that you are just jealous of Lynn." Leland was not pleased with his young sister and got up and left the room.

Having reconsidered her accusation and his own motives, next day he went and had a talk with Lynn. The result was these two became the strongest help to Dale Reed in the union.

Lynn had come with his wife and three children from the Mojave desert, where they had been exceedingly poor, living in the adobe (mud) hut which he built himself. Habits were hard to change and his wife La Verne found Lynn even more difficult than Leland had. That apology of Leland to Lynn and La Verne's acceptance of seeking God's guidance started that home on a new road.

The P38 was a fast, twin-fuselage interceptor aircraft made by Lockheed. At that point it was the best in the world. There was the need to get a number of them to North Africa, but no time to "ship" them across the Atlantic. Their fuel capacity was inadequate to fly that far, so the idea to fit "belly tanks" seemed sensible (They could be dropped off over the ocean when empty).

Problem! In the crowded plant there was hardly room to turn. Lynn got the idea that everybody could be put to work on the installation of the tanks, if the planes were rolled out onto the airport tarmac. He went to his line boss who laughed at the idea saying one of the engineers would have thought of it if it were any good. He then went to the section manager. "Well," said the section manager, "I don't know, maybe...?" Finally Lynn went to the most senior man he could reach. This man thought, noted that the Lockheed runway wouldn't have enough space, but they could get space on the commercial airport. This was done, and the planes got off to Africa.

Now I know there were others necessary to work out details, but Lynn's morning quiet time and his sticking-to-it spirit so often made things happen. I still have copies of letters that record many examples of bottle-necks being broken on the production line, of an increase of productivity of 25% to 60%, often simply by dealing with cantankerous human nature and giving the men something more than the usual struggle for promotion and selfish gain.

In addition to the visits in the homes and chats over endless cups of coffee, there were regular presentations of a musical revue called, like the handbook of the same name, *You Can Defend America.* There was also an industrial drama, *The Forgotten Factor.* These dramatic performances which came out of our time at Lake Tahoe did much to raise the morale of the men and women in the plant and give them something much bigger than selfish gain to fight for.

The managing director of Lockheed, Albert Gross, had the reputation of being a tough and efficient boss, and considering his difficult undertaking to build war planes at such speed with so many skilled and unskilled men and women, was generally judged to be doing a good job. Licenced by Boeing to build the Flying Fortress bomber, the various Lockheed plants were producing far more of the bombers than Boeing in Seattle. But Mr Gross would not recognise the union in the Lockheed plants, which made the work of Dale Reed difficult.

When Dale Reed studied the handbook *You Can Defend America* he decided that every one of the members of his union in the plant should have a copy and that his branch, Local 727, should buy the copies. His trade union officers agreed. A standing rule in Lockheed was that no distribution of literature could be made in the plant without the permission of management so Dale got an appointment with Mr Gross, who listened to the trade unionist's request to distribute the book to the IAM members

in the plant. The managing director read the handbook, slowly turning over each page. Then he said, "I have two objections to your plan; first I think everyone in the plant should get a copy, and secondly, it is something which should be paid for by the company." He also said the handbook should be inserted in a quality envelope and given by hand to each employee with his or her pay cheque. That was done to 35,000 people.

This was the first action Mr Gross had jointly taken with Dale Reed. Soon afterwards Lockheed management officially recognised the trade union.

Not one day of strike or industrial dispute interrupted production in the Lockheed plant throughout the war years. In a message to Washington DC, Dale Reed stated publicly, "There are planes on the fighting fronts today that would not be there but for the enthusiasm and unselfish leadership the MRA workers have brought into the ranks of Labor." He was not claiming credit for himself but for the others.

In California I got to know a meat packer, Paul Cornelius. In the US that means something different from what it does in Britain. He had a huge abattoir which slaughtered tens of thousands of sheep and cattle each week. He bought the cattle "on the hoof", that is he would look over a whole herd of cattle and bid a price for them, depending on his eye and experience not to make a mistake. While Cornelius was with us in Tahoe, Nevada, he invited a few of us to join him in meeting a "round up". I jumped at the chance so, dressed in my blue

jeans, and cowboy shirt, went off into the mountains to meet the beasts!

I could not have imagined anything so thrilling. Standing on a scrub hillside overlooking a small gully, we could see the gold dust cloud going up into the sky as, horses first, then cattle, came over the far hill. There were thousands. As they came nearer the noise became greater. In fact as they got really near and the earth beneath my feet rumbled, I had a feeling we were not in the right place. My friend, whom I will not name, like me, dived for the nearest tree and stayed there until those wild looking steers had passed. He whispered to me, "Feardie Gowk" (coward). He was not an American.

One Scotsman, the Revd John Morrison from Edinburgh was staying with the Cornelius family. That home was on the verge of breaking up and what happened in those weeks of John's stay was a miraculous change. The family not only enjoyed each other more but found they could pass on their new unity to other families. Paul himself took fresh ideas into his industry.

About that time in the United States there was a nation-wide strike in the meat packers industry, centred mostly around Chicago, but all meatpackers were involved including those in California. The trade union was as one nationally, because the Chicago giants would not give an inch on the wages and conditions dispute. Paul's plant was closed and picketed in the usual way, surrounded by employees with placards.

Paul got up one morning with a new idea in his head and went down to the plant. There, with the pickets was Rube Graham, business agent for the butcher's union. (Business agent is similar to British chairman or president of a union branch.) Paul called Rube to come into the office for a talk. Rube was a bit surprised when Paul did not start off saying how unfair the workers were, but said instead that he wanted to tell Rube about something that had happened in his family. Paul Cornelius then recounted to the trade unionist how his family had found unity by applying the four moral standards and starting always by trying to find out what is right, instead of who is right. Rube listened. This was a different Paul Cornelius.

On the office desk was a large chromed ornamental butcher's cleaver. Paul picked it up and balanced it on its back, sharp side up. "Let's experiment," he said. "We'll take each of that long list of grievances and go over them one by one, considering each on a basis of these moral standards and on the basis of what is right and not who is right. What we can agree on we put on this side of the cleaver and what we cannot find agreement on, goes on the other side of the cleaver."

Each point was considered, discussed and dealt with. After an hour or so there was not one thing on the "no agreement" side.

Rube was clear that there was no real valid reason to continue a strike against that plant, but trade union agreements can not be concluded just like that. Rube Graham said he would have to go to

his membership and put their agreed proposals to them. He did so, and got a unanimous "Yes". The national butchers union also supported Graham's efforts, though Paul Cornelius' attempts to get the big Chicago meatpackers to agree was not so successful. Cornelius' plants restarted and slowly other meatpackers realised that the contract signed by the Cornelius crowd was a good and fair one. When asked what he thought of Paul Cornelius, Rube Graham said, "If I were absent from California, I would trust that man completely to look after our union branch."

Adam McLean working at Sam Reid's garage in the 1930's.
Kenneth Lindsay

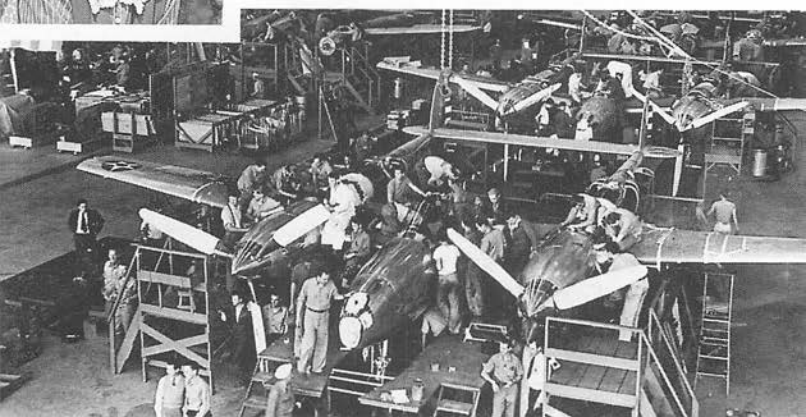
Sam Reid, automobile engineer, racing motor cyclist and airman in the cockpit of his Leopard Moth.
Kenneth Lindsay

A party of kilted Scots on board the Duchess of Bedford at Greenock on Saturday en route fo Canada and the United States on a two months' moral rearmament tour.

From the Greenock Telegraph, May 1939.

Leland Holland, aircraft worker at Lockheed-Vega, with his brother and sister. *Arthur Strong*

Lockheed-Vega plant, Burbank, California which produced the P38 fighter. *Lockheed*



Called into the US Army, Adam McLean and fellow Scot, Henry Macnicol at Mackinac Island, Michigan, with Frank Buchman *(right)*. With them are Lockheed shop stewards, Leland Holland and Lynn Alexander. *Arthur Strong*

An advanced infantry patrol of the US Fifth Army moving through mountainous country north of Florence. *Imperial War Museum*

"When I woke the next day I found my New Testament on my bed with a box containing the Purple Heart medal."

Adam was posted to Rome. A view from St Peters. *Dennis Lupson*

Among the friends he made there was NicandroTulissio *(right)*, the hotel switchboard-operator who had listened in on his telephone calls. *John Caulfeild*

Count and Countess Grizi, who introduced Adam to many of their friends. *New World News*

In war-time America

On the 7th December 1941, with Japan's surprise attack on Pearl Harbour, the United States entered the war. There were never enough full-time MRA workers available to fulfil all the commitments and respond to all the invitations and requests for Moral Rearmament. Now we who were in America from Britain and other countries were needed more than ever. It meant some long-distance travelling from state to state. In time we learned to plan carefully the travel, first costwise, and also to save energy and arrive fresh at our destination. Of course there were the exceptions.

Four men were to go East from Los Angeles to New York by car and it was winter. We decided that since three of us could drive, we would swing south past New Orleans in Louisiana and up around to New York, avoiding the deep snows. We were Blyth, a brother Scot, Terry Blair from Oxford with the accent that says so, Willy Rentzmann from Denmark whose English always sounded a bit Danish,

and me. Terry and I worked until 3 am fitting a heater in our Californian born Ford. We set off at 6 am for the more than three thousand mile drive.

How we enjoyed travelling through New Mexico, stopping only for a picnic lunch. The drill was to have a late meal in a Motel, sleep, up early for a little breakfast, prepare a lunch piece and off again. By the time we got into Texas the new pistons, rings and big end bearings I had fitted were well run in. (Remember I was a mechanic – still am). We began to whistle fast over those dead straight hot concrete roads, very fast. Then there was not the speed limit of today in the US, but when we saw a police car some miles away in the distance, we dropped down to 80 mph. It seemed to have a movie camera on the roof.

The red flasher flagged us down. It was not a movie camera but a machine gun. It was the Texas Rangers patrol watching for people jumping the Mexican border at a time when there was much talk of German Bund, spies etc. One Ranger sauntered over saying, "You are all US citizens?!" More of a statement than a question, the bored way he said it. We said "No". He sprang into life and asked which one wasn't. We said all. So he asked the Dane and Englishman and two Scots to show our papers. None of us had any passports since we'd sent them ahead to have them renewed. He pulled out his side arm and called his colleagues. "You can not go on." "Oh". We looked around at nothing but desert for as far as we could see.

More conferring of the Texas Rangers, three

now. I heard one whisper, "Take them in." Number one Ranger said, "Push over, we are going to Houston," and in he got with his revolver on his lap, sat beside Terry, who was driving. I tried to be bright and asked him was he sure he had a room for us there? No doubt the shakiness of my voice betrayed me. It took a long time to get to the headquarters in Houston, partly because it was far away and also because with that policeman beside him Terry had become the most cautious of drivers.

On arrival the Ranger got out, looked at us, hesitated, then said, "Now you just stay there." We did, rather a long time too. Out came our Ranger with a very unhappy face. "Haven't you got any kind of official papers?" "No." "Well open your trunk and cases." The top one was mine, and there on top of my suit was an envelope I recognised. I showed it to the Ranger who nearly took off. "Why did you not say you had something to do with him?" He grabbed the letter and went into the office.

He was out again in a minute, all smiles and wishing us a good journey. The letter was a kind thank-you note from Senator Bankhead, speaker of the House of Representatives, because I had written him commenting on a nationwide broadcast which he had given on MRA, entitled "The Rise of a New Spirit". It was not the Moral Rearmament part that electrified the Ranger, but that Senator Bankhead was a Texan, and just about the most important one in the state.

A Ranger would not risk offending him.

"You're in the army now"

From coast to coast in the US, Senators, Congressmen, shipyard and industrial managers, CIO and AF of L trade union leaders, the church and education leaders were pressing the authorities to keep the twenty eight overseas full time MRA workers free from military duties for their particular service to the nation. General Hershey, the director of Selective Service, had adequate evidence from these responsible leaders and was quite sure the force of MRA workers should be free to continue to further the war effort and to prepare for the ultimate peace.

However, in the US it is not the President of the country, nor the Washington Selective Service Board, nor the Congress, who decides whether anyone is reserved for a particular reason, however sure they are. It is what might be imagined, a board constituted from an individual's neighbours, who would know his qualities and situation. Well, for us from overseas this local board was in a part of New

York through which we had passed on entry into the US, and none of us were known there, nor lived within hundreds of miles from there. They were not exactly our neighbours. On that board were some people wholly and absolutely against the work of Moral Rearmament. They had the last word, and I, like several friends, were drafted to become what was colloquially referred to as a 'GI' (Government Issue). American soldier.

Five of us, three English and two Scots, went through the "sausage machine" together, that is the physical examinations, the IQ tests and so on. All of us passed into the Infantry of the United States Army. We were all posted to the Presidio of San Francisco, the West Coast Command, for a brief training. Life was quite different. Not only did we all get a deep brown tan, but with the sudden change to regular unhurried meal times, lots of exercise, not a lot of original thinking to do, we filled out a bit.

The basic training we five got was a bit special on the Presidio – since we were the only ones undergoing the instruction on how to march, how to salute, how to shoot, how to dig holes in the ground and fill them up again and a hundred other things that the rookie gets to do. In the middle of that vast parade ground we five would be standing in a row with a corporal showing us how to shoulder arms, present arms, etc. The corporal demonstrates with the heavy MI rifle by throwing it from his right outstretched hand to his left without his feet, head or eyes moving. Private Entwistle, Oxford graduate,

tries it, but he is small and light and the rifle turns him around in half a circle when he catches it. The corporal roars, "Yaah man, where did yuh go to school? Ain't yuh got no edyucation?" The corporal was well educated – in the numbers racket in Chicago.

We learned lots of things, including a new language. The meaning of the words meant nothing to these men, because if they believed the man was a bastard it is probably the last thing they would call him. And when the top sergeant yelled angrily at the company pet dog, "You son of a bitch!" I am sure it did not occur to him that the dog could not be anything else.

One serious thing did occur during our stay on the Presidio. The only bigger American headquarters was the Pentagon in Washington DC, and there were oodles of generals around. After training we were distributed around the headquarters' offices. Henry Macnicol, a fellow Scot, and I were almost next door to each other, each in a small office with two or three others. Henry was with the colonel. In my office one wall was filled with the daily movements of shells, bombs, and every kind of ammunition, going from the State of Florida to the Aleutian Islands. The opposite wall was filled with information on all arms and equipment movements. The third wall was a giant map. The fourth was a large window looking on to the Golden Gate in the Bay of San Francisco. The door was locked and could only be opened from the inside. We had a row of handguns, Tommyguns and knuckle-dusters right handy.

When we dropped a bomb in the Aleutians another was immediately on its way from Florida to replenish the stock.

I describe all this for a reason. One day a soldier came to the office armed with a shot gun. Henry and I were marched down to our barracks after the guardroom sergeant had removed our uniform passes. Our colleagues were stunned. So were we!

Perhaps Henry felt it more than me. He had been a cadet and was a good soldier. We lay on our bunks, his above mine, with a guard on the door. We were very quiet and I think Henry was also praying. Then from out on the parade ground came the sound of our excellent Presidio band playing:

We are not divided, all one body we
Forward into battle, on to victory.

Henry looked down with a smile on his face.

The five of us were evenly distributed to units from San Diego to Washington State. This was as far apart from each other as we could be put in that Western Command.

When I was received by a lieutenent in San Diego, he had already read my records and asked me if I knew any of those other men on the order. I told him yes and how we knew each other. "Well, McLean you can be sure of one thing – this is not the United States Army doing this. I do not know who it is, but it sure is civilian interference of some kind." We had a talk, and next day he told me what he thought I could do, having checked it with his

colonel. He said, "We have an officer in charge of the Special Service Office whose function is to provide three things for our regiment – Current Affairs, that is the state of the war and what important things are happening in the world; why we fight, giving the historic background to our involvement and simply what we are fighting for. You will work on this."

I asked Lt Braun, "Why me?" He replied that it was because he had read my records and because he had got a telephone call from someone in San Francisco saying I should be put in a Rifle Company. "You will stay in this Headquarters Company."

That so-called Local Board 17 in New York had very long arms. Later again, when the manpower of our regiment was being re-allocated to fill in urgent needs elsewhere, I met the same anti element. I was then in a camp in the State of Texas. To be sure, Lt Braun was right about civilian interference and I am equally sure it was an organized force that so feared Moral Rearmament that they went to such lengths to disrupt our work.

After a short stay on the East Coast for infiltration training, I left for North Africa. The troop ship from Virginia to Morocco was the *General Mann*, a fast class that needed no escort other than a plane above to oversee our departure and another at the other end for our arrival at Casablanca. We travelled eastwards to near Oran, mostly in the same rail cattle trucks used for the same purpose in the 1914-1918 war. Not a lot I would say about that travel, nor about camping in the desert. It was not comfort-

able. In our area in a desert camp, quite a number of us got dysentry, which in my case led to a small operation which afterwards made both marching and sitting uncomfortable.

With the water full of little swimmimg things, we were delighted when the American Red Cross arrived with a truck load of coffee, hot and with milk. It was heaven, and the queue for it stretched for half a mile. The next time it came the queue was even longer before the truck stopped. I got my ration, but to my surprise it was only beer. I do not know what kind it was, but I found out it made an excellent lather for shaving.

Hanging around the camp where nobody at all seemed to know anything about anything, Sergeant Sasse and I got a pass to visit Oran. In Oran we discovered all we needed to do to get a rail ticket to go anywhere was to show our orders to the British Tommy who ran the transport set up. Putting on my strongest Musselburgh accent, with me in American uniform, usually helped. We visited Algiers in this way and another time went to Tunis. It was fun dodging the military patrol jeeps and visiting the out-of-bounds Casbah. In Algiers we actually managed to get tickets for the re-opening of the Opera House. It was a Franz Lehar opera. In English, I think it is called *Land of Smiles*, but of course in Algiers it was in French. Not that it made any difference to me, since I seldom can get the words in opera in English. The music was marvellous and besides it was a lot better than lying around in a hot tent doing absolutely nothing.

After a bit of galivanting like this, I think Edward Sasse felt the same as me. It was that morning quiet time with its whisper of wisdom that made me feel I should do something. Sasse would just say his conscience was bothering him. Looking back on things now, I know I went about things in the wrong way. Fortunately the Almighty seems to look after his clowns in the end. Anyway, I accelerated my departure from Africa by suggesting to a very senior officer that the reason we could not get placed was because of all the goldbricks around who were afraid of losing their jobs. "Goldbricks" is the American Army slang for those avoiding work or danger.

"Do you want to live for ever?"

In no time flat I was on my way to Naples. A little while there, then on board a great converted steam yacht with all our equipment for combat. At that time we carried a lot of personal stuff like gas masks, bayonets, knives, rifles and carbines. The first three we were soon to dump on a hill side, about a week later. The Germans carried neither gas masks nor bayonets.

The berths aboard were ranged along the ceilings (sides) of the ship with some storage alongside. One GI found that the big sealed bucket beside him contained pineapple chunks and juice. We imbibed and shared it. We were to land at a beach nearest to Rome and to be prepared for a very warm welcome! Before climbing down the nets to the landing craft I tied one large bucket to my belt, explaining to the watchful sergeant that it was to balance the grenades!

Down the ramp of the landing craft, through the water we splashed our way to the beach. Not a

shell nor a shot. The only excitement was pulling out the overladen GI's who had run into deep shore pools. It was hot, hot. In two minutes, as I untied my bucket, I had suddenly many friends crowding. One bayonet as a can opener, and lo and behold – my bucket was full of strawberry jam. Such are the fortunes of war. However the DUKWs (boat-cum-truck) began to arrive, and when I yelled to the big coloured fellow sitting on the buckets to throw me one, he would not, but he did turn away so I could take one. He was a very honest man!

Later that day some trucks arrived and took us some miles north to billet for the night in farm houses. Silence was called for, and no lights; we were too near the other fellows.

The morning was warm, even in the early light. It was my baptism to real war. We marched along the dry dusty roads in the low hills, then we climbed onto the tanks that caught up with us. Then we were instructed to get off as we would have to go on on foot. When one foot slogger asked why, the tank officer said it was too dangerous for the tanks to go on any further. I looked at the thick steel of the tank and at my thin shirt!

He was right about the nearness of the enemy. I suppose we had not walked, or crept, up into the wooded area for more than forty-five minutes when the storm of firing began. It was single rifle fire, it was blurp guns, it was machine gun fire, it was mortars, and it was noisy!

Ours and theirs made so much din, it turned my thinking head to mush and for the life of me I

could not locate from where all that enemy stuff was coming. The man ahead of me said, "I suppose we'll get used to this" and it was fairly true. And for the "life of us" we did. One thing we did learn in the months to come was when not to duck; to know when the whine of the shell was bringing it near. If you don't learn that, I should think you would die of nervous exhaustion.

We were losing men, and two of ours were on the path 100 yards up ahead badly wounded and yelling for help. All the corpsmen were occupied and there were no litters (stretchers) left. A fellow nearby said, "Come on Scotty, help me with this". He cut branches and in a few minutes, with our two field jackets he had a litter made. We dropped off our ammo belts and arms, put two large crosses of medic tape on our helmets and started up the path. I know the Germans were watching and could have picked us off easily. We were right under their noses. They allowed us to pick up the men and take them back.

The hands of the fellow I had in my arms were gone. He was badly shaken and crying out in pain and fear, damning the fellows who had done this to him. I got onto the radio to the "kitchen area", which was the nearest headquarters, to get medical help but I had some difficulty. The fellow at the other end didn't seem to get the urgency of my message, but at that moment my accent may have become a bit less American and more Army-style language. Anyway the medical help came and slowly I learned to keep my calm.

We lost 40 men that day, dead and wounded, out of a company of 160. We advanced a while. The enemy pulled back a lot. We slept on the ground without digging in at all. For the next months it was generally the same pattern. We fought from dawn to dusk, advancing steadily; the enemy letting off what ammo was right with them as the evening fell, pouring it out in our direction and making a devil of a noise, then retreating back through the night.

There is not a lot more to say about infantry fighting. Of course we knew it had to be done to stop the crazed dictator. We were all convinced it was to preserve democracy and freedom for all people, but one must excuse an infantryman if just occasionally he thought it a funny way to put the world aright, especially when you saw some very young faces lying there. The Americans and Germans looked the same, dead.

Some of our fellows were unique characters and one of the most liked was referred to (when out of hearing) as Bugeyes. I do not think I ever met a finer soldier. We were a group of about forty, moving through wooded hills, and had been halted by a couple of machine guns. Two BAR men (Browning Automatic Rifles) were sent forward to the brow of the hill to deal with them. We heard both the thud thud thud of the BAR and the rattle of the machine guns. Suddenly our two young fellows tumbled into our hollow shaken. Very very shaken. One round had passed between the radio and his tummy just removing the skin. Another had nicked the other's ear and holed his radio. The boys were

just insisting to the lieutenant they could not go up there as it was too exposed. Up came sergeant Bugeyes and kneeled down, "What are you doing here?" he cried, "Do you want to live for ever!" "Come on" and touching them on the shoulder, off he went and they followed.

They quietened the machine guns.

All of "G" Company were strung out along the deep irrigation ditch. We had to cross the large flat field in front of us. It had been a vineyard, but the tremendous artillery barrage now landing on it was making it one vast reddish-gray fountain rising from the ground. One sergeant was signalling with his arm for us to follow the usual drill – each man to run hard, at a few seconds interval, and to drop flat occasionally. My turn was coming near, and looking at the maelstrom ahead I found myself starting to pray for God to keep me safe. Suddenly I thought, what a daft prayer that was. Why save me, more than any of the others? Five more men to go, and I simply prayed that God would keep me in His hands whatever happened. As I dropped for a breath two-thirds through that cordite-smelling red earth I felt almost like a helpful hand holding me.

Having made it to the further ditch, it dawned on me that I had found a much more satisfactory attitude to prayer and living. It fitted better into my understanding of God and His care for everyone. To ask God to fit me for any situation, whatever happens, was a lesson for me and one for which I was to be grateful later.

So many incidents, so much of human nature

revealed amongst men with no inhibitions and with startling honesty. I had to adjust my evaluation of men. There was Tim, our red haired radio man. His language was fantastic, referring to his fiancé in the crudest way. I would have hesitated to leave him with my grandmother. That was how Tim spoke. I got to know him "on the job" and once went with him back into a village where the telephone line he had laid was cut. I carried a rifle to watch over him while he worked, as some snipers were still operating in the village. He told me of his home and of his hopes for when he returned. Mostly he wanted to be needed.

Only a few days after that conversation Tim volunteered to join one man on a night patrol. His reason given was, "It is something that I can do". We heard the shots of the blurp guns that night and found them in the morning. I know a lot of "good" people who would not have taken that risk nor be ready to pay that price.

We were approaching Cecina, and the lieutenant told the new big radio man and one other to go ahead and find a good location for a communication HQ in the village. "Scotty, you better go with them," so off we set on the path through the woods. We heard a loud rumble from behind and remarked how nice it was going to be to have tank support again, when my friend looked behind – "Run" he yelled. Just coming into sight was a German tank.

It is extraordinary how three people who had thought it difficult to walk, carrying all that heavy

radio stuff, could run so fast and far through those jaggy trees. Fear? Yes, it helps a lot, but the man carrying that heavy radio did not even consider dumping it. We found the right place for our HQ in the top floor of a house in the village, with an escape window leading over the roofs.

There were some decisions I was glad *I* did not have to make. We had reached a highish point overlooking Pisa. Our unit was being shelled, and fairly accurately at that. We could see the figure with binoculars on top of the Leaning Tower. The Executive officer was on the radio, complaining bitterly to someone higher up. All were certain that it was a German observer directing his artillery. Pisa had been declared an open city, so there should have been no artillery men there. I fear at that point if it had been left to me, I would have stopped that tower from leaning. I have since climbed up there many times, as millions more have done, and marvelled at that group of edifices in that square.

At one point up in the hills we stopped overnight at a tiny hamlet – really a few houses with an open well in front. We were about a dozen, and since one fellow had one safety razor we all decided to shave. What luxury. While waiting my turn for the blade, I saw a youngster looking out of a door. There was nobody else around, so I took an armful of "C" rations that had caught up with us. These were cans of good meat and stuff. In the dirt-floored room an old lady was at a charcoal fire, the grandchild beside her. With signs, since I did not yet speak Italian, she offered me some "coffee". I saw

the acorns on the small table! I thanked her and gave her the canned rations. She was quite moved and told the child something, who immediately came over and shyly hugged me. I was touched.

We moved on towards the Arno river after my shave. About ten or eleven years later, a young lady came to introduce herself to me at the Moral Rearmament conference in Caux, Switzerland. She told me she was the youngster with her grandmother, staying in that cottage away from the fighting. She remembered the visit and the other American soldiers. She was still shy and much too big to hug me.

Edward Sasse, the staff sergeant whom I met in North Africa, came over to see me from "G" company to which he had been assigned. We had several talks about things he felt mattered. I told him of my own faith, my habit of seeking God's guidance daily. He asked me again how I began. We had walked into someone's summer garden "house", just overlooking the sea. It was only a covered roof over a table and chairs. Edward said he would like to do the same, and give his life to God's care. We prayed. I have since passed down that Italian coast highway and have looked at that little round hut, but I am sorry to have lost touch with Ed.

When we arrived at the Arno river we were so far ahead of our supplies that we had to halt. Our position was taken over by an anti-tank unit and we were pulled off the line for a three day rest. It was grand, right in an olive grove by the sea. Some of our hillbillies discovered what sea urchins are, bad enough on the feet and worse still if you sit on them

without even swim trunks.

I was standing by a fire trying to make a soup from odd things, my combat boots unlaced, very shabby indeed, when someone whispered, "Look-out, the colonel." I turned and the colonel saluted. (It is supposed to be the other way round.) "Hold out your hand, McLean." He sprinkled something onto my hand, then he called his driver who gave me a large packet of tea and a neat, small aluminium stove.

"But McLean, when you speak to your colonel on the radio, you don't tell him to clean his ears." It slowly dawned on me that that first day when I had tried to shake up the medical unit at the HQ on the radio to get litters and corpsmen, it was the colonel I had bawled out. With excitement no doubt my accent had got stronger. Colonel Trechter was later killed in his jeep when it was blown up by a mine.

After three days amongst the olive groves our regiment moved camp to near Florence. Our forces were preparing to attack the well fortified Gothic Line which ran between Florence and Bologna. Our company went on up astride the Futa Pass, starting three days before the official launch of the attack. The idea was to keep to the heights to gain as forward a position as possible, with the least contact with the enemy.

We did avoid a lot of fire by keeping as high as possible. It was so steep on one high climb that the mule skinner lost one of his sure-footed mules. As everyone knows, if you want to advance from one height to the other you have to descend, and that we

had to do one fine day. We stopped down near a burn in a lightly wooded bit for the night, each had now a blanket for the colder nights and chose as soft and safe a spot as possible. Nobody dug a foxhole as the only firing seemed to be German artillery curving away over our heads and targetted well behind us.

Mistake! In the darkness some sharp-eyed German observer knew exactly where we were. At about 1.30 am I was going around waking one or two runners to meet the mules bringing water, ammunition and rations. In the act of shaking awake our new radio man, we received a big German mortar nearly all to ourselves. My friend whom I was trying to waken got a broken back, and I received severe wounds from my left foot to shoulder – fourteen bits of steel. I had just time to call for medics and hand over my morning report to a lieutenant – then I kept slipping away. I do remember the strong voice of my friend Rocky, one of our despatch runners, who himself had got his face slashed with the bomb. He was speaking to fresh corpsmen who were having their first experience of enemy shelling which was increasing fast.

"Pick up Scotty and get going back over!" Then the corpsmen, "We cannot go over that open ground to the mountain." "Pick him up now." Then again the fearful negative: "Pick Scotty up, or you won't ever pick up anyone again," and I heard Rocky rattle a round into his M1 rifle.

A pause, then my litter was lifted and we were on our way over that precipitous mountain. I have

often wondered what Rocky would have done if the medics had not lifted me. It was the hefty tank men who took over from the medics as litter bearers when we came to the steep mountain.

It was bright daylight by the time we got over the mountain to the small road where the ambulance was waiting. I was awake most of the time now and became aware of an argument. The ambulance driver, "You can not take a rifle into an ambulance." Rocky pleading a bit angrily, "I have managed to keep this same rifle with this same number on it from my recruitment." A chaplain, "Look son, it is absolutely forbidden, just throw it down on the ground." Rocky, the crack marksman had quite irregularly hung on to that rifle had to leave it.

Since Rocky is one man to whom I owe a lot, possibly my life, I will relate here how we got to know each other. I had noticed that Rocky carried a New Testament in his left-hand shirt pocket and learned that he came from that part of the United States known as "the Bible belt". But he was a very bitter man. He claimed he had been shipped overseas prematurely as a punishment for catching a venereal disease. He hated the officer back home who had accused him of letting down his unit, but even more he hated his wife whom he blamed for giving him VD.

When he insisted that he had never ever been with any woman other than his wife I told him I believed him. I went on to tell him what the bitterness of class hatred had done to me and how, with Sam Reid, I got rid of it. Rocky lost his

bitterness long before he learned that his wife had gone off with the fellow who had spread the disease.

From a hospital bed

They put me to sleep in Florence to cut off my combat boot, because a whacking lump of iron was sticking out and was imbedded in my left ankle. Most of my shirt and trousers were in small pieces already.

When I woke next day I found my New Testament on my bed with a box containing the Purple Heart medal. This decoration is given to every US combat infantryman wounded in action. Still in a bit of a dwam, I was flown with a bunch of others to the Twelfth General Hospital in Rome. Though crowded, it was an excellent hospital. Those months in that place were as happy a time as any in my life. It was not just because I woke to find myself between clean white sheets instead of sleeping on the ground. There were also very, very nice nurses. No joking – let me tell you of just one.

The surgeon who took out all the pieces of metal from me and sewed me all up again was the best; brisk and busy, but did leave me bound up with

little else I could move but my eyes. A couple of days later the chief nurse, who was a captain, came along with the Italian barber. He looked at the nurse questioningly, swinging his hand over his face and head. The chief nurse nodded, "Yes, the lot."

I piped up. "No, I want to keep my moustache." You see I wanted to get a photograph of it to show to my mother.

The chief nurse murmured, "All off" and moved to the end of the ward. I was not pleased one bit, and whispered to the fellow next bed to me, "Who is that needle nose?" Well, there were an awful lot of soldiers in that big ward and within a day our captain nurse was no longer referred to as Dot (that is, when out of her hearing). I got to feel bad about it.

Rocky from another ward would call by, so the first day that it was allowed, he helped me into a wheelchair. I then chased him off and started down that long ward to the dais where Dot was perched reading. If you ever try to drive a wheel chair using only one hand you will find it tries to keep turning all over the place. I was perspiring profusely by the time I arrived in front of her.

After a moment she looked down at me and said, "What do you want, McLean?" I started right in and told her I wanted to apologise, how I had been annoyed with her visit with the barber and what I had called her. I think she was both displeased and startled. I recall she let me know what the consequencies could be for me. She just looked at me for a bit, then said, "McLean, I can see what caused you

to do it, but what on earth made you come and tell me?" I replied, " God told me." Pause. From that point I do not remember the conversation but she spoke of her own faith and the particular church to which she adhered. I was glad that was over.

Some time later Dot came and told me her fiancé was coming down from Livorno to visit her and would like to meet me. Dot confessed she had borrowed a book from my bedside and showed it to her fiancé. It was a newly published book by Bishop West of Rangoon, giving something of the work of MRA in Asia and contained photographs of some friends of mine that her fiancé had met. Into the ward came the lieutenant and up to my bed. Right to the point he asked questions about my friends whom he had known but, I gather, kept a certain distance from.

"How did you begin?" he asked. I told him about Sam Reid and the oil I had swiped etc. "But how did you actually decide?" So I told him how I committed my life to God and determined to seek His guidance daily. The lieutenant made the same decision.

On one side of my bed was a large coloured man from Ordinance, who also read that book by George West. The Bishop had written of the Karens and the way the race issues needed to be answered inside Burma. " My, that man has got it right!" my neighbour exclaimed one day, "and it would also help a lot in the good old USA."

On the other side of my bed was an American Japanese fellow. His unit was all formed from those

of Japanese extraction, and one of the most courageous and most decorated in the US Army. They were only called on to fight on the European front, naturally. My friend was reading a newspaper, a Scottish one, and called out, "Is this Adam McLean of Musselburgh really you? They say you are in the States and are a draft dodger!"

I would have liked to have been able to tell my friend at that point what my mother's action was when a reporter came to her door and suggested this. She reached behind the door and grabbed the besom (sweeping brush) and brandishing this, chased the reporter out of the close. A neighbour observed and reported this to me some years later.

To accelerate the healing of cut nerves in my left hand and arm, I was given lots of hand and arm exercises which were useful but monotonous. The American Red Cross had a great thing going by supplying the materials for fellows like me to make Christmas cards. This work achieved the same physical improvement, besides having the cards at the end!

Whilst working away one day I found myself getting annoyed by the behaviour of a patient nearby. I knew George a little bit and that he was a declared Christian, so I took the opportunity when we were on our own to tell him I did not think his behaviour matched his declared beliefs. It matters naught here what points I raised with him. It was a bit of brass neck on my part, but I had a hunch that I should do so.

George was not pleased and told me so – in

Army style. Within a day he was around again and we talked of our efforts to live out the life in the army as we ought to. Though this week or two was the only touch I had with George, it was not the last I heard.

Cece Broadhurst, an old friend of mine, wrote me later how he had met a well-known New York minister, who many years ago had been Cece's own minister when they both lived in Canada. This cleryman had blamed the Oxford Group for taking Cece, his most active young member, away from his parish.The minister stopped Cece there in a New York street and said, "I will never oppose your work again, Broadhurst. My son has written me a letter from hospital in Rome, telling me about his meeting with MRA and these four moral standards." I can imagine some of the things George wrote to his Dad that meant so much.

Like I said about my time in the Twelfth General Hospital in Rome, it was one of the happiest times of my life and I shall always remain in debt to the staff. Whilst I was there, there was an occasion when a bus load of soldiers were going to be shown around Rome. Though I wasn't supposed to be eligible or fit to go, the nurses smuggled me onto the bus, a dressing gown over my pyjamas, and I had a visit to ancient Rome, the catacombs, the monuments, St Peters and Vatican City. That time sold me on Rome and I began to look forward to getting out of hospital to get to know the Italy I did not know.

Roman friends and adventures

The Nord Nuova Roma is a little hotel near the big central station in Rome and this is where I was given a single room on leaving hospital. The room was cleaned daily by Italian help, food was served in the dining hall and there were no cleaning or menial tasks that I was called on to do. The hotel was a billet for a company serving the Allied Commission in Rome. My job was a simple clerical one, with a great deal of free time, a kind of convalescence. I suppose one could call it a real soft spot.

The US Army is as good as any and basically fair. What I am about to say now is more than a GI gripe. Though it does not apply throughout the US Army it was very apparent where I was. It is meant to indicate that it takes something more than perfect rules and regulations to govern an army set up – or any other kind of set up for that matter.

The first talk given to the new arrivals in that company was by an officer who said, "You do your work here and that is all I am interested in. Enjoy

yourself any way you like in Rome, it is not my business or interest what you do outside office hours."

No wonder such an attitude was taken. The officer who wanted me to get the alabaster article in exchange for a number of cartons of cigarettes had the same motive as the senior sergeant in the office who asked me to trade Allied Army money for Italian lire, which was, of course, black market. The mail orderly was caught and court martialled for irregularities in which more than a few were involved. I knew now what Lieutenant Buxton, my former unit's most audacious volunteer patrol commander, meant when on returning from a leave in Rome wondered for whom and what he had been fighting. For the fellows returning, or resting from combat, something better than booze, broads and black market needed to be offered. The Red Cross and other agencies did noble work, but the officer who is himself "having a bit on the side" is not likely to give a moral lead.

The US Army did so much for the Italian population in Rome by getting food to it and making as many jobs available as possible to men and women in that over crowded city. It was unfortunate that the reputation of America was besmirched by the moral compromises of some of the army in "that really soft spot".

The first morning in my little room in the hotel I woke early and had a longish time of quiet, hoping to get some idea of how to use my time in Rome other than with that small assignment given me in

the office. I could not seem to get one blooming thought. I noticed that a button was missing from the nice new summer uniform which had been issued to me. That uniform looked fine with all the "fruit salad" on it (medal ribbons). Rather than ask a buddy to help me sew on the button I got the thought to go to the Red Cross in the Pincio Gardens.

There, right enough, was a lady standing beside a small table with cotton reels and stuff. She immediately sewed a button on and whilst she did it remarked it odd for an American soldier to have such a strong Scottish accent. How come?

I explained how I was in the US when war came. "But what took you to the USA?" When I told her she listened carefully and then said, "You know I would like to take you home to meet my mother."

Well, I had been in the army quite a while now and frankly doubted the bit about her mother. But after I got back to the hotel I realised that the only thought I had that morning was to go to the Red Cross to get that button fixed on – so I rang up the telephone number this lady had given me. A fine old Irish-Scots voice answered. She did have a mother! and a very fine one too. And the red haired Countess Katheline Grizi had also a charming husband who became a close friend.

Mother, Mrs Short, right at the phone asked me to come over for a cup of tea. Off I went, and told the whole story of my reason for being in the USA. "Moral Rearmament," Mrs Short declared, "is just exactly what Italy needs now. I want you to meet

friends of mine, Prince and Princess Doria Pamphili, and tell them about it."

One week later, when I arrived at the Grizi house, I found the room full of people. None looked like a princess to me (I am not sure what I expected a princess to look like). My hostess was busy and the room was filled with chatter. As I spoke to the Chargé d'Affaire for the Norwegian Embassy I heard a clearly Scottish accent coming from the other side of the room. I called over to a fine white-haired lady, "When did you leave Glasgow?" The room silenced.

I had found the princess, who immediately invited me to join her on the sofa. She spoke of the visit of the British royal family and her delight in entertaining them when in Italy. I mentioned our Scots occasion when we were guard of honour for their majesties at Niagara Falls. That was the limit of my conversation on royalty, so there was silence.

"Now I really want you to tell me about this Moral Rearmament that Margaret Short spoke of to me, or better, come to my home and meet my husband next week." Princess Doria must have thought I was hesitating, because she said, "I promise you a good cup of tea and scones the like of which you have not tasted since you left Scotland."

Then she added, "And you really ought to meet my husband. He is the Mayor of Rome."

Many times I visited Palazzo Doria, that great palace taking up a whole block of Rome. I recall the Princess' delight at showing off that famous painting of the Pope by Velasquez, which hangs in their

picture gallery. Prince Doria Pamphili had suffered much in the hands of Mussolini, escaping death by eventually reaching the Vatican City. In those first weeks in Rome I met many friends of the Dorias, of the Grizi's and of that dear lovable honest chatterbox Mrs Margaret Short, who started it all. Then there was Count Carlo Lovera di Castiglione, Chamberlain to His Holiness the Pope.

As my friends in the Services from different countries got to know where I was stationed, I began to get visits and lots of phone calls. These came from all ranks and we tended to speak rather freely on the telephone of our own lessons learnt and difficulties.

One afternoon came a knock on my door. It was the young Italian from the switchboard of the hotel. He wanted to speak to me and was a bit shy. First it was to confess that he had been listening in on my calls, which was irregular. But he was exceedingly curious to know what our conversations were all about and those moral standards. Nicandro Tulissio spoke fair English and quickly grasped the idea of seeking the will of God by, as he put it, having a moment of *raccoglimento* (pious meditation), or listening to your conscience. People express things differently sometimes. Nicandro decided on his knees for God to use his life and guide him.

One of the things Nicandro decided to do was to be honest with the officer in charge of the hotel supplies. Now the army in Rome was very generous with the civilians employed; though not highly paid, the workers were allowed to take some food

home for their families. Nicandro had overdone it when he took a bag of sugar home. When the officer pooh poohed his confession, Nic had to explain it was in fact a very large bag! It had to be reported, but when Nicandro told how he had decided to quit dishonesty he was allowed to keep his job. He played a major part in the forming of a force of younger men and women determined to live these moral standards and propagate the discipline of taking time to listen each day for God's guidance. A few years later, when the war was over, he came and worked with us in different countries in Europe.

Another friend I met in those first weeks in Rome was Professor Umberto Calosso. Umberto and his wife Clelia had had to flee Italy from Mussolini and had only been able to return to Rome when the Fascist forces were pushed northwards. He was a dedicated socialist of the old school. I think I first heard of this man in a letter from one of my friends in London, Stephen Foot. Umberto Calosso was known in Rome as a man who had fought against Fascism and had suffered under it. I set out to find him.

Putting on a plain field jacket which hides insignia etc., I went to the address I had. Since it had been occupied previously by a well-known Fascist and requisitioned by the authorities, there was a particularly strict portinaio (caretaker) beside the entrance gate. I waited a while until I saw the portinaio disappear from the watch window then I ducked under it and up the stairway, avoiding lift noises.

So far, so good, until I got to the great studded door of Calosso. I rang the bell and heard the high heels clicking on the marble floor. A female voice, "Chi è?" I answered, "Adam McLean." "C-Ah Ah McLean" and the door flew open and a tall lady stepped forward and embraced me and swept me into the house calling, "Umberto, Umberto, McLean è qui!"

There Umberto Calosso sat at a huge plate of pasta, looking very round and pleased. "And how is Malta? and how is..." I stopped him and said, "Mr Calosso, I am not the man you think I am." He looked up at me with his owl like eyes, "You are not our friend the priest from Malta?" "No, my name is McLean and I am not a priest."

They had mistaken me for a pastor that Umberto knew in Malta, who was a bit like me. "Then how did you get into my house?" "You must ask your wife that. She whirled me in before I had a chance to say much." "Then who are you and why did you come?"

I told Umberto I was a Scot in the US Army and wanted to tell him about the work of Moral Rearmament. He looked long at me, then said, "Ah, Moral Rearmament, the Oxford Group." Then he put his hand in his back pocket and pulled out a little notebook. He then told of his crossing in a ship where the pharmacist told him about about these four moral standards and taking a time of quiet each morning. "I have done that ever since," tapping his notebook.

Now it is true that Umberto's conception of

God was somewhat different from that of most people I know, but what he got from that pharmacist, Will Kneale, certainly stayed with him. Umberto and Clelia were to become two of my closest friends. I often stayed with them in their home and when Umberto and Clelia were away from Rome they would hand me the key of the house and of the larder, so I could have a couple of my friends come and stay with me. Umberto lived out his strongly-held socialist principles.

By now the ideas we stood for were spreading. Nicandro Tulissio spoke to his family and friends of his experience. Count and Countess Grizi did the same to theirs. As the interest and the numbers increased there were discussion groups and meetings on how it could be applied in Italy. When my friends in the various forces from different countries visited me they often could join in and give from their experiences. And there were many.

Officers and men of the British, American, South African and Australian forces who knew me had begun to visit me in Rome. You can imagine how grateful I was for the comradeship of such friends.

Colonel Bob Snider of the US Air Force on a visit to Rome came along to meet a number of young people. The aftermath of war had left many of the young Romans ready to listen to anyone who spoke positively of the future. At that meeting, when a confused Protestant pastor claimed that Roman Catholics could not and would not accept those principles of Moral Rearmament, Colonel

Snider stood up and speaking quietly from the back of the gathering told of his own personal meeting with MRA and how it had strengthened his faith in God.

He spoke of how he started applying absolute moral standards in his own life and found there was a place for everyone, of every class and creed. The young crowd responded and applauded the American pilot. It seemed to me that they wanted to hear more of how to end the divisions that had rent Italy apart, and how to build something new.

There was one particular fellow I first got to know, a Lieutenant Frank Romer, and this is how we met.

I was walking with some difficulty along that central busy street in Rome, Via del Tritone, having just come out of hospital. I was in my US Army uniform of course. Approaching with a brother British officer was a captain who walked with a slight limp. I had heard that one Frank Romer had arrived from convalescence camp having survived standing on a mine.

I pushed through the crowd and said, "Are you Frank Romer?" We were both surprised because we had never met, nor seen a photograph of each other. In the next weeks, as our physical disabilities lessened, we had the chance to meet with the young Italian team in Rome and consider with them what were Italy's greatest needs and how best we all could help.

Frank was excellent with his understanding of what might be called "the Latin temperament". He

had been born in Spain where his father had managed a lead mine. As a youngster his first language was Spanish and he knew the Mediterranean. When the war was over, Frank returned to Italy and we worked together. I recall one story from his army days.

The evening before Captain Romer was to go into action with his tanks, he called his men together. Knowing what goes on inside most men before such a thrust forward, he decided to discuss with the men what he felt the battle was all about. Most knew what they were fighting against, and Frank spelled out what he personally felt they were fighting for– a world with a place for everyone, every colour and race. He spoke of the need for tolerance and listening to the other fellow who might possibly be right sometimes. He just mentioned the moral standards he accepted for himself. They listened and chatted and did not say a lot about Frank's hopes for a future world.

Next day, as Frank arrived to take his tanks forward, the first four leading tanks had painted in large letters in white – absolute honesty, absolute purity, absolute unselfishness and absolute love. Of course the men were teasing Frank, but I wonder what the German Observing Officer made of it when he looked through his long lens – perhaps some new British code?

A brigadier bends regulations

One thing that brightened life considerably in that year was an expedition to Britain. I had a recurring thought to try to visit my widowed mother in Musselburgh in Scotland. I was aware that the US forces were not allowed a furlough from the Mediterranean Area to the European Area, but I wrote to the Headquarters in Caserta just the same.

My letter of application went through channels, through several offices, with each officer adding an "endorsement" pointing out that moving from my Med. Theatre of War to the European Theatre for a furlough was not permitted. The application came back from the General's office, through channels again with all the clearly typed negatives—but, one unofficial pencilled note signed by a Brigadier suggested my asking for "temporary duty" in Musselburgh.

It seemed a daft notion and I have no idea who this Brigadier was, but I just took my original request which had my service wounds and hospital

details on it and sent it right back, through channels, asking for "temporary duty" to my home. Within no time I had a red-rimmed document which allowed me a first priority flight home for rest and recuperation duty. Who ever said the Army hadn't a heart!

Apart from the Dakota bursting a tyre on landing at Marseilles with the wing banging the ground and the replacement plane getting stuck in Orly airport in Paris for two days, I made the flight home. Anyway, two days in Paris was no hardship.

Since I come from Musselburgh, I would say our Scots Capital, Edinburgh, is six miles West of Musselburgh, an ancient town, half fishing and half industry and mining. So half of the young men went into the Army and the other half into the Navy.

As I walked along that tenement street to our close where our house was, the place looked empty and shabby. I was to learn that five of my friends from our small street had lost their lives. This was the street, the town and surroundings I had dreamed of so often in the last six years; always in sunshine of course, and always bright and happy. I was yet to learn of the cost of the war in this land.

My niece came to the door when I knocked and just laughed at my American accent. Typically Scottish, a slightly restrained embrace, her eyes overflowing, my mother began chatting as if I'd been gone only a week instead of nearly seven years. I had been able to send her some dollars each month, which the US Army generously doubled, so mother was able to get by financially. However, in spite of

many friends visiting, mother had felt the war separations of the family like a million other mothers. My younger brother Walter was still serving as a sergeant in India. This she accepted as a necessary sacrifice. She was even more convinced that I should be free to continue with the commitment I had made before the war.

These were precious days we had together, talking mostly about the things that mattered most to us. I saw she had kept all of the small poems I had written to her each birthday since 1939 – all six of them.

Going south on my return to my unit in Rome, I stopped in Cheshire to see the new conference centre for our work at Tirley Garth. That first morning there I woke to hear that the atom bombs dropped on Hiroshima and on Nagasaki in Japan had ended the war. Then came VJ Day. Stopping in London for three days to march in the streets, singing with people I'd never seen before and listening in front of Buckingham Palace to their Majesties, the King and Queen and the Prime Minister, Winston Churchill; one began to feel on a permanent high.

But there was more to it than that. It was long after midnight when scores of our MRA friends, along with neighbours and strangers we had been singing with in the streets, trooped into the large kitchen of one of the London homes. We had a cuppa. The spirit that bound us was more than relief at the war's ending. One young officer voiced it. "The real victory isn't yet won," he said. "Now our

job is just beginning. We must go on fighting for what is right, till God alone controls Britain and the whole world."

Back in Rome every day was full and interesting. People were beginning to look forward and think more of the future. I was a little disappointed and annoyed when most of my unit started on their way back to the USA for discharge. The system was that points were given for campaigns fought and service stars earned. The number of points decided when one was due to leave the service. I had plenty but my records had mysteriously disappeared from the files, so I was told I could not leave with my unit. I suspected that someone was up to mischief and said so.

When I told my friends in Rome that I would be returning to the USA soon, Mr Gerardo Bruni and his wife Angela decided to call together all our friends and have a farewell party. It was a whale of a party, with all of them expressing in their own way what they had learned from "Riarmo Morale" – and what they would do about it. I learned a lot from those warm-hearted Italians. When my hostess embraced me, I was lost in her large bosom. She wept and I cringed with my Scottish reserve. Dumb cluck!

How they had worked hard to do their best food-wise. I know the tea they served had been got on the black market. I also know the ingredients for the "Scots scones" came from Army Stores! I concluded Rome does not change in a day.

I remember thinking afterwards of the differ-

ence between our nations. Considering the four absolute moral standards, we British, who may not always live absolute honesty and purity, seem to understand clearly what they mean. For us, absolute unselfishness and love are less clearly defined. The Italian knows the power and clarity of unselfishness and love; it is when we speak of absolute honesty and absolute purity that eyebrows furrow and a request for clarification comes. This is, of course, only amusing observations of habit for, as two peoples, we have so much to learn from each other and equally need each other. Gerardo Bruni later became a member of Parliament.

Another red-bordered letter arrived for me, this time from the General Staff Headquarters in Washington DC. General George Marshal, Chief of Staff, requested my immediate return to the USA, in the interest of the nation, to be "released from the Army and assigned to continue my work with Moral Rearmament."

Someone in the Rome office suddenly found my lost personal records. A Major from Headquarters took me by jeep to the plane and with my travel priorities I was back in the States and out of the Army before my old Unit got into the US. This was the 6th December, 1945.

A new assignment

When General Marshall assigned us to continue our work with Moral Rearmament I went directly to the West Coast of the US to join Frank Buchman and our team which, with the number of servicemen returning, was increasing in size. It was quite a reunion. Frank Buchman immediately put us all to work with Bill Jaeger, who through the war had led that group of MRA workers credited by Senator Harry S Truman, to "have broken the bottlenecks in industry". He invited some of us leaving the service to join him. In the next three months there was plenty to keep us busy as we travelled Eastwards across the country.

There was also something else that Frank Buchman had much on his heart and that was, now the war was over, how to build the kind of world worthy of the price just paid? How to build on the sacrifices that so many had made? In short, how to turn the world Godwards. It also meant every last one of us had to decide for him or herself "What now?"

All of that group of Scots who had come across the Atlantic seven years previously decided to continue working with Moral Rearmament on a whole-time basis. We accepted the invitation of Frank Buchman to travel with him and the hundred others of his team on the *Queen Mary* over to Europe. My three friends from Greenock were particularly pleased and proud to travel home on that great Clyde-built liner; even though it was a rather rough crossing with the vessel arriving with the bridge bashed from heavy seas.

In Britain and throughout Europe it was clear there was much to do in the way of reconstruction in every field. The United States of America helped enormously with the economic aid of The Marshall Plan. Dropped was the repayment of many millions of pounds which Britain was due to pay for the so-called Lend-Lease arrangement when the US supplied us with ships, guns and military goods. There were still the ruined industries, the ruined cities, broken and divided peoples right across Europe. The burning question was, "What ideas, what ideology was going to unite the people, the groups and nations?"

Joseph Stalin intended to be the man to do it and he went at it with a vengeance. And for those who refused the God-less materialism, what was the alternative? Could we have a part? Frank Buchman thought so, and he never went at things by halves.

Theatre and films had proved to be as effective a means as any of getting across what we had to say. The industrial play *The Forgotten Factor* was the ideal

beginning. Britain needed coal. There was much discontent in the coal fields. Manny Shinwell, the Minister for Fuel and Power, and Ernie Bevin, the Foreign Minister, both called on the country to supply this need. So this is where many of us started.

The Westminster Theatre in London had recently been bought as a memorial to the MRA men and women who had given their lives in the services. The miners and other industrial workers came to the theatre to see the play and spent the week-end in conferences discussing how to apply that "forgotten factor" in their place of work.

I travelled with the play in the provinces, particularly around the coal fields. The mining of that precious black stuff and the family life of those who did it was not new to me, and I enjoyed the comradeship. Evidence of the effectiveness of this campaign you will find in Garth Lean's writings noted in my Appendix. It was while I was in Doncaster helping arrange for the miners' programme there that I was asked to to drive to Switzerland with Dr Morris Martin and Dr Jim Cooper delivering Frank Buchman's car to him in the mountain village of Caux-sur-Montreux.

I have always enjoyed driving through beautiful countryside, and France has a lot of it. I remember that trip for another reason. Dr Martin had been speaking in the car about a Canadian family called Young who were very much part of the MRA force. The father, Norman Young, was one of those daring commandos who landed in Dieppe and lost his life there during World War II.

Morris suggested we go to see his grave. I got us lost in the little country roads so we stopped to ask a young lady who was in charge of an outing of young children. They knew the war cemetery and the three of us were standing around the grave within fifteen minutes.

I did not find it easy there among all those crosses. It was hard to hold back tears, and when the young French teacher with her group of school children came up and gave us wild flowers they had gathered for us to put on the grave, there was no need to hold back anything.

We all stood and prayed together – over those who could not have given more.

Mountain House

Approaching Montreux we could see from the road the former Caux Palace Hotel, just over half way to the top of that tree-clad, 2,045 metre high mountain, the Rochers du Naye. The brightly tiled roof and turrets shone in the sun. Because of the power under the bonnet of the American Buick there was really no difficulty climbing up the very steep and winding road but I was to discover it was a test for the immediate post-war small car drivers to make it to the top without boiling or busted radiators.

I do not think anyone could have dreamed up a more perfect place to withdraw from the hustle and bustle of life to think quietly. The panoramic view over the lake of Geneva, the towns and vineyards stretching out away below and the high permanently snow-capped mountains of the Dents du Midi over the valley towards Italy, all contributed to the feeling of being above it all.

The spacious hotel, originally built for the rich

to enjoy the mountain walks and to meander on the great promenade, proved to be ideal to be moulded in the coming years to the needs of a world conference centre for Moral Rearmament. In time, the big ballroom was converted to a theatre for films, plays or talks. The kitchens were modernized and the best electronic translation equipment installed. Carpets from Scotland, furniture from Sweden, wall murals painted by a leading Finnish painter; this all freely given. Heads of State, Prime Ministers, Cabinet Ministers, industrial moguls, workers and their leaders, people in responsible positions from all walks of life have gathered in Caux and found new ways of doing things. They have come from every continent.

From the earliest days of the Oxford Group the Swiss had responded to the challenge of Frank Buchman to play their part as remakers of the world. The leadership had come from men like Professor Theo Spoerri, Rector of Zurich University, Professor Alfred Carrard, of Applied Industrial Psychology, Robert Hahnloser, Consultant Engineer, Erich Peyer, personnel manager, Philippe Mottu of Bern, with their wives and countless others, young and old, whom I was to get to know. They say the Scots are a stubborn race. If that is a fair description, then I'd say the Swiss are doggedly stubborner! How they went about making Switzerland a world centre for Moral Rearmament and how they overcame the difficult task of conferring and checking their plans with Frank Buchman in the war years is worth recounting. The first thought

on Caux came from one of their many conferences.

In his book, *The Story of Caux*, Philippe Mottu writes that "it was in the Spring of 1942, during a meeting at Macolin, at a time when Switzerland was like a besieged fortress surrounded on all sides by the troops of a victorious Germany, an astonishing thought came to me: If Switzerland survives the war, we must put at Frank Buchman's disposal a place where the people of Europe, now divided by hatred, suffering and bitterness, can come together again. Caux is the place." Mottu did not act on this at the time.

It was not long after Philippe Mottu had entered the service of the Swiss Foreign Office in Bern in 1944 that he and his wife received an invitation from Frank Buchman to a conference on Mackinac Island in Michigan, USA. In the war years one could not just book a plane ticket for the USA from Switzerland! He showed the invitation to the Foreign Minister, M. Pilet-Golaz, who said "Why not?" M. Pilet-Golaz knew Frank Buchman from 1935. However, there were problems.

A few days later Mottu was visited in his home by Adam von Trott, a counsellor in the German Foreign Office. From 1940 Mottu had contacts with the German Resistance in Rome, Switzerland and Berlin, and Adam von Trott was one of them. When Mottu showed the invitation to von Trott the latter encouraged him strongly to accept and promised to find a way for him to get to Portugal. From friends of von Trott Mottu received instructions to go to Stuttgart to meet him there.

Arriving by Swissair at Stuttgart the Mottu's were to find no von Trott at the rendezvous. After a two hour wait, Mottu had a hunch to go to a particular hotel and there they found him. Von Trott had been followed by the Gestapo and had had to take all manner of precautions. Next day the Mottus had a conference with Adam von Trott, Eugen Gerstenmeier and an industrialist Herr Knoll – all resistance leaders. The planned 20th July coup was imminent and the Mottus were to carry the list of those who were to form the new German government to the USA.

Next day Adam von Trott and Clarita, his wife, went with the Mottus to the airport and put them on a plane for Lisbon. That is how Philippe and Helen were able to get to the USA to join Frank Buchman.

Just about a month later, when Philippe was at the Democratic Party Convention in Chicago he read in the newspapers that the attempt against Hitler had failed. History refers to the 20th July briefcase plot of the "Kreisauer circle". The bomb in the briefcase had failed to do its work. Several of Adam von Trott's friends in Berlin were executed immediately. Von Trott was arrested and a week later killed in a very cruel manner by the Gestapo. The hopes to have an immediate end to the war were dashed.

The Mottus went back to Switzerland and continued to build up the force of trained Moral Rearmament workers. In 1945, together with Robert Hahnloser, Lucie Perrenoud, Erich and Emmy

Peyer, the Mottus returned to Mackinac to participate in an international conference, and there decided to find the right centre in Switzerland adequate to house world conferences. They conferred with Frank Buchman.

The place chosen was Caux and the details of the story of how it was acquired, how it was then fitted to the needs of such a conference centre is well told in Philippe Mottu's book, *The Story of Caux.* To buy the buildings in Caux, many hundreds of Swiss from Geneva to St Gallen, from Lugano to Basel gave sacrificially. One friend gave a major part of his personal fortune, another family sold their holiday chalet, a skilled architect came to design the reconstruction and, like the fellow who came to help with garden and kitchen work, stayed for life.

Clarita, Adam von Trott's widow, I met when she came to Caux. There she had a part in the radical change of the French Member of Parliament, Irène Laure. Irène Laure was a leader in the French Resistance and came to Caux very bitter against the Germans. Her son had been tortured by the Nazis. When Irène heard that Germans were in Caux she was determined to leave. Frank Buchman met her in a hallway and asked of her, "Madame Laure, you're a Socialist. How can you expect to rebuild Europe if you reject the German people? What kind of unity do you want for Europe?"

For several days and sleepless nights, Irène Laure fought with herself to face that question. Then when her American friend Denise Hyde asked her to have lunch with a German, Irène

agreed, somewhat grimly. Over lunch she poured out her hate to the German lady at the table. Irène was shattered when the lady humbly apologized for her country's action and then explained how her own husband died. This was Clarita von Trott.

From that time in Caux and the following days there, the course of Irène Laure's life was radically changed. The embittered Socialist French woman discovered "forgiveness to be a stronger force than hatred" and travelled throughout Germany where she spoke to thousands in person and on the radio. In fact, she travelled the world, including Scotland when she stayed with us in Fife. The story of her part in the healing of relations between France and Germany and of her further travels throughout the world are told in a book *For The Love of Tomorrow* by Jacqueline Piguet.

In the first two years of the Caux conferences, about seventy Italian Senators, Deputies and their wives came to Caux. There came delegations from trade unions and from factories, hundreds from Montecatini Chemicals alone. This was largely due to the hard work of a few Italians, one of whom I would like to introduce to you now.

Dr Vittorio Pons, from Piedmont in Italy, I had briefly met on a train journey to New York in 1939. He was then on an exchange study course in the USA. Vittorio was a brilliant scholar, had two Ph D's and was headed for a promising career in journalism when he met "Riarmo Morale". He chose to join us in our work, giving his full time for some years, travelling all over his country which he knew well.

Our first trip together was during that first conference at Caux when Frank Buchman lent us his Buick car to go to Rome. We visited old friends, Nicandro and some of his young mates, Gerardo Bruni MP, Count Carlo Lovera and Umberto Calosso. We made new friends too, amongst them was Dr Bernabei, head of the RAI Italian short wave radio. He was responsible for the Italian Radio broadcasting the speeches of Frank Buchman in five languages, beamed throughout the world.

We met Dr Sih, the Chargé d'Affaire of the new Chinese Embassy in Rome and the man to become the Chinese plenipotentiary at the United Nations. Dr Sih told me of what had convinced him of the work of MRA.

In China he was the government Minister in charge of railways when he met an American called Leonard Allen. Leonard was teaching and earning good American dollars, but to Dr Sih's amazement Len refused to change his money on the black market and accepted the very low official exchange.

"You know, Mr Allen could have had all the women and wine he wanted if he had changed his precious dollars in the way any normal person would," Dr Sih would say. His thinking changed as he got to know Leonard and all he stood for. He and his family were very much part of our Rome team. Vittorio and I returned to Caux for the rest of the conference.

That winter, Frank Buchman moved with a small group to the Southern Tyrol in the North East of Italy. I received an invitation to join him, as did

Robert Hahnloser who was in Bern. I suspected it might be a long stay in Italy and was looking forward to it. Robert and Dora Hahnloser, and Lucy Perrenoud, three of the pioneers of the work in Switzerland, helped me get ready for this move. Adequate clothes were easier available in Switzerland. Lucy spoke excellent Italian and had travelled there. She was to join our MRA force in Italy later. Robert and I left in his car headed for the snow-covered passes.

A schloss in the Tyrol

Arriving at the foot of the steep little road, Robert climbed out of the car into the snow to consider what next. We had driven from Zurich, Switzerland through some wild winter weather to try to get to a castle in the Southern Tyrol, where Frank Buchman was staying. It was dark and though Robert was an excellent Swiss driver who had made good time over the snowy roads, these high banked-up drifts on the hill looked to me like the end of the road.

"Let's go, Adam!" he yelled, and dived into the boot of the car to produce a huge wooden shovel. I thought, "This impossible Swiss mountain goat surely doesn't expect us to..." but he did, and we succeeded. Several times the car stuck with wheels spinning but Robert had me jam burlap bags under the rear wheels, then grab them again running uphill to catch up with the car slowly grinding on and up.

As we sat in the car at the top, recovering, and surveying the whacking big castle in front of us, I thought, "What kind of a fairy tale place has Frank

got us to this time?" High walls around an ancient courtyard, stables and the trappings of ancient times. The sheer high walls of the castle reached up to turreted rooms at the top. The only light on our side of the castle was from the headlamps of the car and it was quiet out here in the snow. I said to Robert that I thought everyone must be in bed and we should go quietly to find a way in.

With the aid of a torch we found a side stairway and got up to a wrought-iron gate. No handle on the gate, so we rang a jangly bell. Gene Teuber came to our call and with a chuckle twiddled a bit of the fancy scroll on the gate and the secret lock opened. He said, "You will learn in time". I commented on the lateness of our arrival and said we would slip quietly to bed so as not to disturb anyone. Teuber laughed and led us through a couple of doors and into a huge hall, brightly lit and full of people.

Frank Buchman was having quite a ball. Marion Anderson, a Hollywood actress, was singing a song about a weatherglass that hung on the wall; and how the couple discovered that to get from "Stormy" to "Fine" you had to go through "Change". Until after midnight the place rang with songs, skits and stories, all in the same vein, from Frank and the dozen friends staying in the castle. Only later was I to learn who that mixed crowd was in the banqueting hall.

The Southern Tyrol, now Italian, had been Austrian until World War I. Nearly all the old families living there spoke German and their habits and culture were Austrian-German. In the old days the local Italian population tended to be just the

domestic help. After Austria lost the war and the Tyrol became Italian, the government insisted that in all offices of the state, from post office to newsvendors selling salt, only the Italian language should be used. With the authorities encouragement, Italian families moved north into the Tyrol. There came increasing confrontation and clash and some violence. Politically the two sides were polarized.

After only a fairly brief time in that divided part of the country, Frank Buchman had in that great room the Italian Prefect of the area and a score of local officials, many of the old Austrian families, priests, politicians and neighbours from around. In fact there was a good representation of both sides of the political-cultural conflict. And they were having a whale of a good time.

In those days together the ground work was laid of a continuous campaign to resolve the cultural and national conflict. It was taken up by courageous members of both sides. One man who early on lent his voice was the top official, the Prefect, who described the work of Moral Rearmament as "La Buona Strada" (The Good Road) and gave the name to a stage production presenting the full scope of our work.

There has been an on-going effort in that marvellous part of Italy to perpetuate the spirit of MRA, and from the Southern Tyrol there is usually representation in the international conferences in Caux each year.

Gene Teuber's family owned this castle in the

Southern Tyrol, now part of Italy. It had been their holiday home, with the main family palace in Austria. Without shifting from their Austrian estate, the Teubers had been in their lifetime Austrian, Czechoslovakian, and Sudetan German with the changing frontiers. Gene, whose full title was Baron Eugene von Teuber, moved off to the USA where he married his attractive American wife Dorothy. They had three boys.

To describe Gene Teuber is so difficult, but if you can imagine an enthusiastic, humorous Puck, well educated in a Jesuit Seminary, speaking six languages fluently (but none accurately), with compassion for, and ready to help, those in difficulty, but who always found the self-righteous hard to tolerate – then you would be less than half way to knowing him. Unpredictable, daring, and Latin in his gestures and in timekeeping, some would say.

In Schloss Gandegg, or Castel Ganda as it was now being called, Gene was both host and servant to Frank. Since he had a couple of Popes in his family background and seemed to be a cousin to all the older families in Italy and Austria, he knew so many people and went visiting some in the Tyrol with Frank. As the best of friends they worked well together and the concept of MRA spread fast. There was the occasional hitch.

Frank and Gene with a couple more had gone to visit a rather influencial family, who had asked Dr Frank Buchman to tell them about Moral Rearmament. Well, apparently Gene got carried away with himself and talked steadily for one and a half hours.

Frank could not get a word in edgeways. I was in the castle when they returned and found Frank very, very displeased – furious, more like. He felt Gene over-stepped himself too often and needed to learn something new. He told Gene to get out for the next week and help those young people dig and clear the snow. "Do not come near our meetings!"

I thought, how dreadful for Gene. But Gene so enjoyed digging snow that after three days of doing more shovelling than anyone else he severely sprained his arm and the arm was put in a sling.

It was our habit there to get together at seven o'clock each morning in Frank's room to consider the day ahead. Gene was still forbidden. As we were sitting around the door sqeaked and opened a little, a head appeared, then Gene said, "Can I come in?" In Gene stepped and Frank seeing the arm in a sling said, "Whatever have you done with your arm?" Quick as a flash, Gene answered, moving his hands, "I was talking too much!"

In 1938, when the Nazi forces invaded Czechoslovalia, they took over the Teuber palace and estate and put Gene's parents in prison. They were kept alive with the help of their former staff. As the Nazis left, the parents got back into their property, only to be put out again when the Russian troops arrived. The old Baron was against any totalitarian lot. Gene decided to get them out into Italy. This could not be done legally.

Quietly arming himself with a few goodies of the West and his American passport, he entered what was Czechoslovakia and found his parents.

There was one man who had been his close friend at school, Jan Masaryk, and he was the Foreign Minister. This Masaryk was the son of the first President of Czechoslovakia and of course, like Gene, he was a devout Roman Catholic. Gene got to see him and asked his help.

Masaryk confided in Gene that his own life was under threat by the Communist regime in his country and that his every move was watched. However, they hatched up a plan whereby Gene could get his parents over the border illegally – using papers from Masaryk to reach a place where local people would help smuggle them across. So Gene, with his nigh eighty-year-old parents, arrived in Castel Ganda.

Not so very long after this it was reported in the news that Jan Masaryk, Foreign Minister of Czechoslovakia, when being questioned by the Russian authorities, "accidentally fell to his death from a high window." No Czechoslovakian believed that story.

For those of us in the castle, being together with all the von Teubers was a joy. The old Baron, always dressed in breeches and leggings, was as genuine as history itself. Gene's mother was an artist who painted romantic pictures for children. There too were Dot Teuber and the three boys, Jerry, John and Tommy.

The castle had a private chapel which was reverently used by family, staff and neighbours. We all attended a baptismal ceremony one day for a woodman's child. It was indeed a simple and touch-

ing ceremony. A few days later when the nice black cat had kittens, the youngest two Teubers thought the kittens should have names so they slipped into the vestry, donned the Cupuchin's robes and took the kittens to the font. There they blessed the kittens with Holy Water.

Dorothy found out and was very upset. She remonstrated, saying how they had defiled the font and that the chapel might have to be blessed or something. Gene got to the Capuchin monk first and had a good laugh with him over the incident but made the boys apologise for their transgressions.

Some months later when together in Rome, Gene and I would often visit Father Boyer, head of studies in the Gregorian University. Father Boyer, a true Jesuit, made it his aim to know who was who and what was going on. He understood the work of Moral Rearmament and advised us on whom we should see on reaching a city in Italy, and whom we would best avoid for a bit. Gene and Father Boyer got along well, telling each other the most awful jokes about the ways and wiles of the Jesuits.

Only once do I remember Father Boyer react coldly to Gene. It was about the way a fifth column or spy, be it Nazi or Communist or any anti-Christ, could infiltrate and do their work. Gene asked our friend if he had run across such a thing in the heart of the church. Father Boyer said "No, certainly never near the Vatican, nor around the Roman church."

It was less than two years later that the headlines

of the newspapers were filled with the case of a priest who had been an undercover Communist for years and was actually on Father Boyer's staff. It was only when the priest was discovered living with a woman outside Rome that the fact he was committed to another ideology came out. Gene Teuber, who loved his church, was ever conscious as to her needs and was alert to all threats of materialism.

Following this time in the Tyrol, we all went south to Rome with Frank.

Italia solatia!

Well, not always sunny. For the next fourteen years I was based mostly in Italy, therefore I also experienced the snow-covered passes and the super yellow pea soup fog of Milan. I did not work alone. For most of my time in Italy there was a small team, though we started with few who could give their whole time to the work.

First it was only Vittorio Pons, then there were many more from other countries who came to help for a time. Nicandro Tulissio, the telephone operator, freed himself from his work to join us. Paolo Marchetti from Milan, Mariella Zipponi from Venice, Adriano Costa from Vicensa and Angelo Pasetto from Milan were among the first from Italy to give up their jobs and "go on the road". All of those comrades have stories to tell of our early efforts together. This ancient land, the cradle of Christianity, was deeply divided and desperately needed a uniting ideology.

What follows is only from my viewpoint and

relates to events and friends with whom I was involved. Wherever Frank Buchman was in the world, he kept in touch with every move. It appeared quite uncanny the way he operated sometimes. Before he left Castel Ganda in the Tyrol for Rome, he said he felt he ought to meet Count Carlo Sforza. Frank had just read Sforza's book *Contemporary Italy* and was very interested in the thinking of this man who was to become Italy's Foreign Minister.

Almost within hours of arriving at Montecitorio, Calosso or some other friend called over Giuseppi Saragat to meet Frank, who then called Pacciardi over to meet Frank, who then as head of the Republican party had Frank meet that party's outstanding member – Sforza. It all seemed so natural and easy.

Our friend Dr Sih arranged for Frank to meet the Chinese Ambassador in the new Embassy. It turned out that Frank Buchman had met this Chinese Ambassador many years before. In Frank's work, spanning so many countries over so many years it was bound to happen. The talk that went deep and sparked an interest years before would blossom and bear fruit in the next encounter. It was not Frank's "methods" I longed to learn but his constancy and the readiness to wait on that whisper of wisdom, that inner prompting.

It would be too difficult for me to relate events chronologically in these following fourteen years in Italy and quite impossible to include all the people I would like to, but let me describe just a few of them.

Colonel Robert Snider, US Air Force. *NWN*

Private First Class Adam McLean, US Infantry. *Dennis Lupson*

Lieutenant Frank Romer, British Armoured Corps. " 'Are you Frank Romer?' We were both surprised because we had never met, nor seen a photograph of each other." (Page 82) *Dennis Lupson*

After demobilisation in 1945 servicemen rejoined Frank Buchman in America to decide "What next". *Arthur Strong*

"Approaching Montreux we could see the famous Caux Palace Hotel, just over halfway to the top of the tree-clad, 2,045-metre high mountain, the Rochers de Naye." *Geoffrey Hill*

Baron Eugene von Teuber of Czecho-Slovakia.
Guggenbühl

Castel Ganda, a home of the von Teuber family in the Southern Tyrol.

Angelo Pasetto, once a writer of marching songs for the Communist leader Signor Palmiro Togliatti, at his desk in the Montecatini chemical plant headquarters, Milan.
Peter Sisam

Right:
Signorina
Teresita Miotti,
leader of the
Socialist Women,
Bologna.
NWN

Above: Count Carlo Lovera di Castiglione, Papal Chamberlain. *NWN*

Carlo Rossi, editor *L'Informatore*, Sesto San Giovanni.
Right: Mayoral reception in the Communist headquarters, Sesto San Giovanni. *Photos: David Channer*

Above: Professor Umberto Calosso, Social Democrat member of parliament with his wife, Clelia. *NWN*
Right: Professor Igino Giordani of the Vatican Museum. *NWN*

Men who make their mark in politics, particularly when their country is in crisis, are usually referred to as statesmen or revolutionaries or by some grandiose description.When Professor Umberto Calosso entered the newly formed post-war parliament, he did so with a huge majority vote which came from his known outspoken belief in socialism. I would find it hard to know what words in the English language could describe this rotund bundle of energy – I suppose it would be more the revolutionary than the statesman, though maybe I am wrong on that. One may judge from the following battle.

In the past in Italy illegitimate children were, to put it mildly, disadvantaged. They could not enter certain professions and the governments had always gone along with this. I expect this was in the hope that it would discourage illegitimacy. Umberto felt deeply for the child suffering when the child could not be responsible for his or her arrival. He led the fight to change this by law and in parliament found his greatest opponents amongst the Christian Democratic party. Now I know Umberto knew his Bible as well as any and more than most of his opponents, so when he roared across the chamber to the other side saying, "In the eyes of the law – don't you know what Jesus Christ was? – in the eyes of the law?" there was a huge outcry. Next day the banner headline was "Calosso says that Jesus Christ was a bastard." That he never did but it was typical of Umberto's politics. The law of the land was changed.

Clelia and Umberto were part of a delegation from Italy to the United States for an MRA conference. It was a varied group including Count Lovera, Chamberlain to the Pope, Hon Fausto Pecorari, Vice-President of Italy's first post-war parliamentary group and a Christian Democrat. They all did well when called on to give their best – but in between times how my Italian team liked to have a real old argument amongst themselves. I often worried unduly.

When we were received by the Mayor of Los Angeles he explained that his biggest problem was car parking. The city was jammed with too many cars and he had considered banning cars from coming into town and making free travel in buses. " Have you any ideas Mr Calosso?" the Mayor asked. "Yes indeed, send some of those cars to us, we have so few." Quietly he added, "I do wish we had your problems, we would welcome them."

We were in Washington DC with three friends and wanted to cross the town. One friend hailed a taxi and Calosso objected. "Why a taxi? You are behaving like capitalists." Umberto always travelled by bus when possible. "It will actually cost us less than a bus since we are five" we told him. Umberto got in – into the front beside the driver. To the driver he asked, "Is this your own car?" "No, no my own car is a Pontiac. This is the firm's rattler which is only for work."

A moment later,"Do you live in town and how are the rents?" Taximan answered, "No, I live out in the country where we have a little woodland and a

couple of fields. You see we like to have the fields for my daughter's pony." Umberto, the honest socialist, began to see how some of the urgent needs there were different from those in Italy.

I kept finding out new things about Umberto the more we worked together. He had spoken of his broadcasting on the BBC radio during the time he was banned from Italy. I was having tea one afternoon with Arnold Lunn, the mountaineer and author. He was talking about his time with British Intelligence during the war. "You know I worked with your friend Calosso?"

I told him I did not even know Calosso was with British Intelligence. Arnold Lunn laughed and recounted the wild and crazy things they had got up to. It was typical of Umberto who, with his puckish humour would tease and challenge everybody about anything, yet he would never talk about that which he regarded as a trusted secret. A pity some in the same service lacked Umberto's standards. I should add that Arnold Lunn did not, and would not talk about the serious work in that service.

Clelia took on the arduous task of trying to improve my Italian, so there were many, many cups of espresso coffee. I learned from her how, when she and Umberto were not getting along so well, a couple in Malta, Jock and May Joughin, had helped resolve their differences. This time of quiet was the key. Even with the difficulty Umberto had with accepting the "orthodox" idea of God, they clung to that regular time of quiet.

Only once, early on, did I clash with Umberto

– on the subject of religion. I arrived to his house and he was playing with their adopted child. He asked her to sing a song she had been singing to him. It was a nasty thing against the church. I told him what I thought of him. He responded by giving me a long list of what certain clerics had done to his country. Well, in time he ceased his anti-clerical attacks.

I well recall a moving moment in his home. Umberto was ill and I was telling him how a little boy who was staying with us claimed he had two hearts – one good and one bad. The child said he found it so easy to listen to the bad one and that was why he was sometimes bad. Umberto called for Clelia. "Tell Clelia about that child who found out how to listen to God. That's what our Marina must learn." Clelia from then saw that their Marina was instructed and brought up in their church.

Umberto and Clelia are now gone, but if you are in Malta you will see a technical college carrying the name Umberto Calosso. I would guess that it has that name because a young Maltese called Dom Mintoff, who was to become Prime Minister of Malta, felt he owed him something.

Professor Igino Giordani I met through Umberto. He was in charge of the Vatican museum. The museum is not the usual kind, though it does contain countless sculptures, paintings and mosaics like other museums do. It is the most important custodian of the historic treasures of the Roman Catholic church. It may be because Calosso and Giordani were both men with a great feeling for

humanity and both were very well read, that these two men were such good friends. They were diametrically opposed to one another politically, with Giordani a Christian Democrat and Calosso a Socialist, sitting across from each other in the Chamber of Deputies (like our House of Commons).

Giordani brought me to his home and introduced Vittorio Pons and me to many of his friends. I think of him amidst his stacks of books, with his wife pleading for him to come to dinner; or outside under the trees in Tivoli, feasting with his extended family; or pouring himself out to help some colleague in Montecitorio, the parliament building. After participating in a conference in Caux, he wrote in the Italian press the best description of the purpose and spirit of Moral Rearmament that I have ever seen.

I should think if you asked today in Rome University who were the finest intellectual authors in Italy's recent history, most professors would count Igino Giordani amongst the first three. Although Giordani was not at all keen on politics, he was trusted by his friends and particularly by Prime Minister de Gasperi. That is why he became a Member of Parliament.

Alcide de Gasperi was an Austrian before the change of frontiers after the first world war; and served as an MPin the Austrian Parliament. When the Southern Tyrol became Italian, he continued in politics. Like Robert Schuman of France and Konrad Adenauer of Germany, he drew inspiration from the European vision and ideas of Don Luigi

Sturzo, the veteran priest, and took on from him the leadership of the Italian Christian Democratic Party. For years during the Second World War, pursued by the Fascists, he found refuge in the Vatican City. There he worked in the museum under Igino Giordani.

These were truly two great men.

As Giordani was preparing to return to Rome from a summer conference in Caux he had the thought that he would like to report to his Prime Minister on his experience there. When he mentioned to Frank Buchman that the Prime Minister was having his two weeks' holiday up in the Alto Adige, Frank immediately offered to lend him his car. So next day we set off in that nice Buick down the Rhone valley, up over the Simplon Pass and into Italy. The drive to the Val Sugano and up the mountain to where Alcide de Gasperi had his small chalet already told something of the man. The house, which I believe was his wife's holiday home, had neither running water nor electricity when he first chose to locate there for his short holiday. It did get more facilities in time, but the man was a mountaineer who loved the Tyrol and held little affection for the Waldorf Astoria or Hilton Hotel kinds of leisure.

Igino Giordani first went to talk with De Gasperi and they were engrossed for a couple of hours. When they were through, we three sat down at a table and the Prime Minister asked me something about Caux or Moral Rearmament. I cannot remember that bit, but I had already thought what to

give the Prime Minister, and produced about twenty or thirty good five inch by seven inch photographs. There were a few of the MRA conference centre, Mountain House, and all the rest were of people in Caux. He looked slowly at every one, commenting as he recognised someone or asking who this person was. On reflection, I *think* it was the best thing for me to do. He had already had two solid hours of news and ideology from Giordani and I know De Gasperi was always interested in people.

The next time we saw De Gasperi was again up at the mountain chalet in the Val Sugana. This time we were three to meet him. Egidio Quaglia, head of the chemical workers trade union in Italy; Ron Mann, a full time worker for Moral Rearmament, and myself. By this time the Prime Minister had learned a great deal about MRA from some of his cabinet like Marazza and Rubinacci, both of whom had served as Minister of Labour in his cabinet and had participated in conferences in Caux. He asked many questions about what was going on at Caux, and who was there.

One of us mentioned Ole Bjørn Kraft, the Foreign Minister of Denmark and NATO chief. "Oh," exclaimed de Gasperi, "I know what interested him in Caux. He told me himself all about the radical change in his playboy son."

The general elections had just taken place in Italy and de Gasperi asked Quaglia what he felt about the results in his town Sesto San Giovanni. Now Sesto was also called the Little Stalingrad and was always a tough political potato. Quaglia, being

a strong Christian Democrat, proudly spoke of his victorious battle, and truly he had done exceedingly well. However he criticised the way the head of the Democratic Socialist Party, Giuseppe Saragat, had fought, saying the man was *insincero.* (In Italian this really means *false*). De Gasperi said with vigour,"No! No! No!" Then quietly he added, "I feel my political opponent may occasionally have his head in the clouds with his ideas, but he is honest and sincere." De Gasperi as Prime Minister had Saragat as Deputy Prime Minister for years.

De Gasperi spoke of the ways he might be able to get to the Caux conferences with some of his cabinet. He never did make it to Caux, though several of his cabinet did.

When it is said that De Gasperi kept Italy from sliding behind the so-called Iron Curtain, I should think any credit should be shared with Giuseppe Saragat and his party, and a great number from the former smaller parties that De Gasperi was able to enlist. De Gasperi has been negatively criticised by the extreme political elements as being too much of a compromiser, but if subjugating some of his immediate political objectives to the long-term ideological needs of his country is compromise – then it is precisely what Italy needed then.

It was this last point that came up when several of us had time with Giuseppe Saragat in Milan. We were aware that the Socialist Party of Saragat was threatening to leave the coalition government led by de Gasperi, over a touchy political issue held dearly by all Socialists. John McGovern, the fiery

Scottish Labour MP was participating in the conference in Caux, so Andrew Mackay and I got him to meet Saragat and his wife in their Milan hotel suite. Both Giuseppe and his wife were, as always, great hosts and gave us a nice tea. When the Italian political situation was discussed John McGovern was completely in agreement with the fairness of Saragat's party viewpoint; but, and it was a but which John stated very clearly – "You may have to think ideologically at this point."

John McGovern underlined what Saragat well knew, that with the Christian Democrats and his own party divided, the biggest party left was the Communist Party and it could take over the government. John went on to note that, unlike when other parties win power in government, seldom do the Communist Party ever leave willingly.

It must have been difficult for Giuseppe Saragat with such sincerely held beliefs but he did go to his party and convinced them of the wisdom of holding on to the coalition. I also recall he got his party to accept the admission of non-Marxists.

Although Giuseppe Saragat was only very briefly in Caux, his son Giovanni spent quite some time there and travelled with our MRA teams in different parts. When I think of how the Fascists had hounded the Saragat family from one country to another it did not seem to have left any sourness in the kindly Mrs Saragat nor in daughter Tina nor son Giovanni. Giuseppe Saragat became President of the Republic of Italy and since Mrs Saragat had died Tina was with her father as first lady.

Turbulent months

Before the days of Fascism there was a Socialist newspaper called *La Stampa.* Three men edited that newspaper; all proclaimed Socialists at that time, one named Palmiro Togliatti, another named Benito Mussolini and the other named Umberto Calosso. Togliatti became the Communist leader and led the largest Communist party in Europe; Mussolini created the Fascist party which destroyed Italy and gave Hitler his Nazi party; Calosso chose the democratic socialist path and proclaimed MRA as the ideology for the poor. What was it that I learned at school about lines diverging from a point? Anyway, the faster and further they went the more distant they got from each other.

I was introduced to Togliatti, by Calosso.

It was at one of those receptions drawing together the ministers of the Italian government and diplomats from various countries. Umberto cheerfully introduced me to Sforza and all of his colleagues in a loud voice saying, "Meet my friend

McLean here, he works for Moral Rearmament."

I could think of better ways to be introduced in such company but no way to shush up my enthusiastic friend. Togliatti, a man who looked like a schoolmaster, said little. He seldom raised his voice and he commanded total support from his party. He recognised me from being in Montecitorio when copies of a magazine on Caux were placed on every MP's desk by the Speaker of the House. I doubt if this Moscow-trained man ever missed anything. He was a member of the old comintern in Moscow during the war, taking the name of Ercole. Only a fool would laugh at the strength of Hercules. One day a man put five bullets into the chest of Togliatti, seriously wounding him.

Vittorio and I were with Onorevole Fabriani, the secretary of the House, in Fabriani's office. We were in the midst of planning some next move but we did not get far. A telephone call came from the Prime Mminister in another part of Montecitorio, saying that some one had shot Togliatti at the side door. The building had to be cleared of everyone immediately, except for MP's. We left the building and joined Roz Lombard and Lucie Perrenoud at the front entrance having decided we would have an early lunch together and see what next. By the time we had walked around the building to Piazza Colonna there were huge excited crowds gathering at every corner. Within half an hour of the shots being fired the news had spread across the city.

We four found a restaurant with tables outside in a quiet street. We all got spaghetti and were

enjoying it, ignoring a rising din coming nearer. Suddenly the proprietor rushed out dropping the great steel shutters that the big shops and restaurants all have. He yelled for us to go quickly, as the mobs were smashing the plate-glass windows. He did not even mention a bill for the spaghetti – so we hurriedly set off for our hotel quite a way off.

No taxis and all public transport was stopped. As we walked we saw the mounted police, the troops and carabiniere in force on every main street. We reached our hotel, the "Nord Nuova Roma" (Yes, the same one as in my army days) in time to see Mr Baglione, the manager, slam down the steel shutters on all windows and doors. We were inside just in time. Mr Baglione shrugged and remarked, "We are all right in here and we have food enough to last us for quite a while!" It was at this point I began to be slightly worried.

For three days we were all locked inside the hotel. Prime Minister de Gasperi had got together with his Deputy, Saragat, and declared a full stop to all main travel and a national stoppage of work – for two days. This was no loss since there were no trains running, nor any industry functioning anyway. Crowds poured into the city in little cars of all kinds, each with its red flag flying. One needs to remember that at this time every third Italian voted Communist. In some parts of the country the barracks of the police were taken over. Perhaps the worst trouble was in Genova, where the Communist leaders took over the town and many people were killed. It seems that the word got around that this was "the prom-

ised moment of national insurrection."

From the roof of our hotel we looked down on the great piazza with the enormous fountain, now renamed Pz Repubblica. All this huge area had been filled with a mass of people for three days, speaker after speaker talking revolution. I think it was probably Vittorio who made the comment, "It is not so long ago that most of those red shirts were black." I really believe what quenched the revolutionary fire in the masses there was that the third day in Rome was just as hot as anyone could bear. By three in the afternoon the crowd was thin and that wonderful institution of the Italian siesta overtook the revolutionaries.

De Gasperi and Saragat constantly visited Togliatti in hospital until he was out of danger. The shooting was done by a deranged person and was not in any way a political action.

Some years later in Genova I had occasion to meet one of the leaders of the Communist Party who led the temporary take-over of the city hall. We were travelling with Douglas Cook and a group of dockworkers from South America, and since this was the man who pretty well controlled all the docks on that coast, we needed to win his help to reach these Italian dockers.

First we told him the aim of Moral Rearmament and about the conferences in Caux. He then spoke of his battle for the workers – how in the Genova docks, for example, it was the workers who owned the forklifts, it was the workers who decided how much could be done in a day and it was the trade

union leaders who disciplined the man who came to work drunk or who was absent without good reason. "We control the docks," he claimed.

Then one of the Brazilian dockers said, "Then Mr Rhum, you must be pleased and satisfied the way things are!" Rhum stood looking at the Brazilian and then told us why he was not. First he spoke of how some of his family had suffered and died under the Fascists, how as a boy he joined the resistance in the mountains and the bitter fighting there – then the determination to live to see all things different.

Then Rhum said, "As you came in you saw the little Topolino car – that's mine. You can see the small house on that hill – that's mine, the same one I was born in. But where are the comrades that fought with me in the mountains? They are in their big Mercedes cars. They have forgotten the revolution and that we need to see all workers everywhere have a square deal."

Rhum was very interested in an idea big enough to include everyone, of any creed or nationality. We invited him to Caux but we knew he would not come. They say he had blood on his hands but friends said to us it was his old comrades he watched, because they knew it all and could control him to some extent. What Rhum did do was to telephone the head trade union man in every dock from Savona to Naples.

We were received and banqueted at every one and got a hearing from the union officers each time. I would hate to have to judge who was worse, the man who, from suffering and bitterness, took

that wrong course of violence to right the wrongs, or those in their privileged positions who just did nothing.

One day there arrived at Caux two very elegantly dressed ladies who brought with them in their baggage, dusters, aprons and cleaning things. They had read in one of those colourful Italian magazines all about Caux. The only thing was, the magazine had made a great thing of the fact that at Caux everyone is welcome to participate in the cooking, serving and house-work.

One lady was Princess Castelbarco and the other, her sister, Countess Cicogna. Both turned out to be valiant fighters and were determined to let it be known in Italy what MRA was all about. Both were responsible for getting leading people from the business and industrial world to come to Caux. They were of very old families and used their opportunities as society hostesses. They came from an era which has all but disappeared – and from many aspects, perhaps just as well. Let me explain my viewpoint.

A Swiss friend, Erich Peyer, and I were invited to spend the night in the Castelbarco home in Varese, on one trip through Italy. It was a palace and a half, approached by a very long drive on each side of which was a double row of giant trees. Everything was in such perfect proportion surrounding the large building that it did not look at all overwhelming. Inside told the story of hundreds of years of family history: the covered carrying chair used by one of the Popes in the family, the art pieces from

many different countries and the portraits of the family. After a pleasant evening with the family, Erich and I went off to bed, ready for an early start before any of the family would be around.

When I woke in the morning I could not find my trousers and was wondering what to do about it at five-thirty in the morning. The valet rushed in apologising for having slept late and wanting to know how hot to run our baths.

"Forget the baths, where are my trousers, Giovanni?" Off he went for them. He had brushed and pressed them the night before.

Giovanni helped us at every turn and came to the door to which he had brought our car. "Please don't tell the prince that I slept late," he pleaded. Erich was curious and asked, "What would he do if we did?" Giovanni indicated the kind of corrective he would receive. We left, leaving our helpful friend a tip and a promise not to tell.

At the time I was disturbed by what Giovanni had said and let Erich know it. I later learned how once Prince Cesare Castelbarco had been to the police in Varese to rescue our delightful Giovanni, got him out of clink and paid his fines. It is exactly what the prince would consider his normal responsibility and no more or less than he would be expected to do for one of his family. It *was* his family as the boy's father had been before him. A kind of paternalism? It may have had its place in Italy of old for this family was amongst those dedicated cultured families who added to the riches of the nation and served the community, but I am glad that age

has passed. I shall never forget the generous hospitality we always received from that family and the readiness with which they all accepted the enormous changes taking place.

Angelo Pasetto ran the bar and the company club for the Montecatini Chemical Company's workers. He had a history. As an active Communist during the Fascist days, he worked with the resistance. As a gifted poet he wrote marching songs for Togliatti and his comrades. He was slender and a little bowed; one could say skinny. When he was caught by the Fascists and put in a wet cell, he decided the only way to stop them getting information from him was to escape. He took off his shirt and put his back against the running wet wall, sure he would catch flu and get to hospital, from where he would escape. All night he shivered there. He said afterwards, "You know I couldn't even get up a sneeze!" But Angelo did escape when they were moving him.

When Andrew Mackay and I met the Pasetto family, we found them one hundred percent Marxist-Communist and with no other faith whatsoever. The mother-in-law was the toughest. The key to the remarkable change in Angelo, which spread to all the family, lay in the inability of his Marxism to solve the fights at home. Angelo said those moral standards were just right, only too difficult to apply and four was too many. The one he found almost impossible became his strength when he was honest with his wife. All his poetic skills, all his quick-witted humour he put to use travelling with an MRA force

across Europe and America. Montecatini Chemical Company were so impressed with Pasetto that they paid his wages whilst he moved with Moral Rearmament.

La Luce de Domani (Light of Tomorrow) was a play written and produced by Angelo. It was born out of Pasetto's conviction that we needed to win and enlist all classes. He felt that the dare and the readiness to sacrifice of many of his old comrades should not be lost and that they should be won to a bigger idea. One particular showing of the play was to be in that magnificent theatre in Milan owned by the press of the city. Andrew Mackay and Pasetto went to invite the director of a subsidiary of Montecatini Chemicals.

The director sat at his desk in a large office and when Pasetto appeared at the door at the other end he leapt up from his desk and looked around anxiously. Mr G confessed later he was dead scared. The last time Pasetto had entered that office was with a machine gun in his hands with several resistance comrades to send Mr G off.

The director was more than a little impressed with the change in Pasetto and accepted to come and see the play. He brought his family and some other business men. The theatre was full. The Castelbarcos and Cicognas saw their friends were there. The play was a drama and with lots of humour, but the players on the stage represented just as much. Pasetto, the former Communist leader, played one leading part. There was Mariella Zipponi from Venice, whose father had worn a black

shirt and only escaped from death by hours with the help of a priest. There was Nanda Quaglia, whose father was the banker in Domodosola and was shot dead by his Communist neighbour because he would not turn over the bank's money to the Communist Party. In fact, all the elements that split Italy were represented on the stage. Just their being there working together was something.

There was one non-Italian in the cast of Pasetto's play. My war-time friend Frank Romer, who had returned to Italy to give his full time to work with us there, was perfect for the part of the employer in Pasetto's play. He had very fluent Italian and understood the humour and body language of the Mediterranean folks.

Another of my fellow workers was an Englishman, Ron Mann, whom I have mentioned from a visit to see Prime Minister de Gasperi. During the war in North Africa, Ron was taken prisoner and sent to North Italy. From that prison he escaped and walked for three months over the mountains to cross the German lines into the British-held area. Ron will tell you he owes a lot to the villagers who helped him, to the Nuns in the convent who helped many and to others who guided him over the snow-covered mountains. After the war Ron came back to Italy. The following happenings can well illustrate what he spent himself doing in Italy.

Sesto San Giovanni is a town north of Milan and the centre of the steel industry, home of the Falk Steel Industries. During the Fascist regime it was controlled by the toughest blackshirts of the coun-

try. All opposition or criticism was crushed by torture or worse, particularly against the local Communists. At the end of the war the pent-up hatred and bitterness was let loose. One Falk steel director was thrown into the furnace alive, another manager was crushed against a wall with a truck. It was not surprising that in the town elections the Communists won by a big majority. In fact Mayor Signor Oldrini got the largest majority of all the civic elections that year. The town became known as the "Little Stalingrad" of Italy. Ron Mann took on, with others, at least to begin to resolve the division and hate. Giuseppe Saragat had also suggested Sesto as the place to go with our plays.

To start off, the musical revue *The Vanishing Island* and a play written and played by Africans called *Freedom* were invited to Sesto to the fine theatre there by the head of the chemical workers trade union and some of his friends. Together these two stage productions were a lively and thought-provoking presentation of what we were out for.

There was a great deal of suspicion and tension around at the opening. The theatre was packed tight and overflowing. The authorities were ready for trouble with forty plain clothes policemen amongst the staff and audience. There was also the beautifully uniformed battery of *carabiniere* across the main entrance. What was expected to happen, I do not know. What did, I do.

In the front row there sat the editor of the local Communist newspaper, Carlo Rossi. Behind him

sat Countess Cicogna and Princess Castelbarco. At the end of the show Rossi stood up and looking around, said, "Impossible, impossible! If people could live this out it would be wonderful, but believe it? It is all impossible!" For the next two showings Rossi was there. In the days following Rossi became so convinced he made up his mind to give regular space each week in his newspaper for MRA news. He made a special eight-page supplement on our work worldwide, which went out with his newspaper. His *Informatore*, as it was called, went to all the embassies and several copies to Moscow. Carlo Rossi himself made up his mind to give all the energy he could to propagate the idea of Moral Rearmament and travelled with us in a number of countries.

The theatre showings stirred people and there was immense interest in the visiting casts. Ron got the idea that the cast who had given so much to the town should be received by the Mayor. Even though the Mayor had attended the showings of the plays, with many of the councillors, he was cautious. He had heard that we aimed to end class war and that employers joined with workers in MRA, so he had to think of his reputation as a Communist.

Ron said, "Then what about your reputation as a Mayor? There you have the whole cast of *Freedom* all of them black Africans and you don't think of receiving them?"

That *did* trouble the Mayor. He then asked how many were in the two casts and the MRA force visiting. When told he said,"Do you know the only

hall big enough to hold that many in Sesto is our Communist Party headquarters!" "Fine," said Ron. So that is where one memorable reception-meeting was held.

The Mayor made a fine speech of welcome, then added a slice of Marxist philosophy mostly supporting the "war of the classes" theme.

Then Ron made the introductions. When he asked Jack Ely, a lawyer from Washington DC to stand up, Jack spoke of why, as a capitalist, he had given his time and money to MRA – one reason was to put right the injustices of the past.

The Mayor interrupted to say, "What does you wife say about giving away your capital?"

Mrs Connie Ely then got up and announced that they got their money from Standard Oil and she was one hundred per cent for the money to be used this way. Connie then introduced their two daughters. The first one said, "Living Moral Rearmament made me go to my father and tell him about the money I had stolen from his wallet. I now live absolute honesty." The other daughter, a young schoolgirl, said, "I have decided to live absolute purity and that is difficult in an American school."

The Mayor's response was, "If all capitalists were like you there would be no need for class war."

Others were introduced, but the Mayor said nothing more. It wasn't thoughts of world revolution that held the Mayor silent. In his home his wife, who was also a well-trained Communist, confided to Ron and a friend that they couldn't handle their son. He was in trouble. Their years of Marxist train-

ing offered no answer for their boy nor for the inadequacy they felt.

Following this reception and because of his final public statement, the Mayor was removed from office for six months by the Communist Party. He returned to office and I am sure he never regretted his words. Indeed throughout Sesto, Mayor Oldrini was respected more than ever.

A young man's fancy

It happens to almost every man at least once; and to some, a lot more often. I mean falling in love. I think from when I was eighteen years old until I got married many years later, I must have fallen deeply in love regularly, about every six months – with someone different each time of course. It was mostly only in my own mind, except for the fellows working with me, who knew the score. Each time I was so sure this was the one girl for me, but when viewed in retrospect have to admit it would have been both immoral and highly illegal to have so many wives!

As a mixed team travelling and working long hours together, we had our disciplines. They say if you don't make a habit of walking along the very edge of a precipice you don't fall over. There was one helpful thing in most areas in those days – you did not get in the press and other media all the muck and crude explicit sex and its perversions thrown at you and it was generally accepted that sex before marriage was wrong. And you know, when

travelling around, keeping everything in the open with the one or two fellows I was working with, we had far more satisfaction and fun together without all the moral compromises. This was all true for me, except for the occasions when I blew it.

The Eternal City, with its splendour in spring and the warm colourful autumn is a fine place to live, but in summer it is very hot. It is so hot that the young ladies don't seem to wear enough clothes. I was alone in Rome and finding it most distracting. I fell for one charming girl completely. She was helping me as a secretary, exactly aware of the work we were engaged on but, like me, allowed some compromise on the standards we had accepted as right. It wasn't long before I felt a proper fraud and knew I was letting down my team badly. It seemed to me that there was too much of the Adam in me and I should quit full time work. I did not want to just walk out, so I rang up Frank Buchman who was in Locarno in Switzerland with a group who were working on a stage production. I drove up the same night, trying to think over what kind of job I should take on that would be best for me.

The following afternoon Frank invited me over to have a cup of tea, chasing off the others at the table with whom he had been working. He listened for a bit while I told him where I felt I had failed and had been compromising on these moral standards. Then, without batting an eyelid, he asked, "Is she going to have a child?"

Wow! I did not expect that. "No, Frank, we never got anything like near that." I did share

honestly and in detail with him where my relationship with the girl had cut that daily touch with God.

Frank Buchman, who could be so blunt, did not blame. He spoke of human failures and how to deal with them. We prayed. I, starting with my deep sense of betrayal and Frank with a great sense of Christ's forgiveness. I agreed to stick around until the next step was clear.

It was only a few days later when an old friend, Bill Bowie in London, a confidant of many British parliamentarians, indicated he would like to visit Rome to meet some members of the new Italian parliament. Frank suggested Bowie should come through Locarno and I would take him to Rome to meet the members I knew.

When the suggestion was made we were about ten together, considering plans and projects. One kindly comrade said, "Oh, it is good that Bill can go back with Adam to keep Adam company." "No! no! no!" roared Frank, his face turning quite red. "Bill Bowie goes to Rome to do the work *he* has to do and Adam will continue to do what *he* is called to do."

Trust does engender faith. It did mine.

And the charming girl from Rome? I observed how Frank kept his eye on her and saw she had a part in all that was going on in our work. I was quite sure she was not meant to marry me but I wondered sometimes if Frank Buchman was leaving space for anything to develop.

Well, the one thing I know is that Buchman really cared.

A young man's destiny

In Italy we often had a number of non-Italian-speaking friends travelling with us and needed the help of multi-lingual translators. This was even more necessary when we had over one hundred Italians participating in the conferences in Switzerland – for dinner tables and small discussion groups. As every foreigner knows, the Swiss are born speaking several languages! Anyway, among the many Swiss ladies who could speak English, French, German and Italian was Elsbeth Spoerry, sister of my hostess in Lugano. We often worked together, but I confess she was not even on my list of possibles.

I recall two things that happened. Umberto Calosso and I were standing at the back of the great hall in Mountain House, Caux, where the excellent chorus were rehearsing. Dr Buchman came passing through and Umberto called him over. "Don't you agree that McLean here should pick one of those very lovely girls and marry her? He could pick

out any one of them and he would have won a prize!" Frank laughed loudly and agreed. I tried not to catch Frank's eye. Naturally it got me to wondering.

There was occasionally a little competition for the help of translators from the British, Germans and French, so we who worked in Italy did our best to win them to the Italian side. When Elsbeth Spoerry had a birthday, we arranged a special table for a party and I wrote a birthday poem to read out to her. (All in the cause of our Italian work of course!)

However, just as the party sat down there arrived in the hall a number of people from Italy and I had to receive them. Elsbeth never got my inspired poem.

It was next morning when I started the day with a time of quiet to consider what the Almighty might have in store for me I got the most astonishing thought: "You will marry Elsbeth Spoerry." Astonishing simply because I had never thought of Elsbeth as a wife. It was a busy day and the following morning when I saw what I had written in my notebook, I scratched it out and tried to forget it. I could easier forget my own name or my breakfast, lunch and dinner.

For the rest of that conference I think I was in a bit of a dwam. Though millions before had had that thrill when they first knew the one they wanted to marry, when elation tingled to the fingertips, for me the experience was unique. In my eyes Elsbeth grew more beautiful, had a more endearing nature,

day by day. I wondered at how I had not been aware of this lovely Swiss lady before. At this point our paths separated as I had to leave for Lugano.

A little later when I told a couple of my friends of my intention to propose to Elsbeth Spoerry I learned she had just left Zurich for somewhere in the USA. After some months of impatient waiting, I wrote to Dr Buchman who was then in New York, told him of what I had in mind and asked him where Elsbeth was.

Frank knew both Elsbeth and me well and, as you can imagine, carried quite a lot of influence on "troop movements". He immediately wrote me a most encouraging letter, gave me her New York address and the same day got her to join him in Florida! Elsbeth told me later she wondered what was happening. Frank had her every day to lunch with all kinds of important people. He would say, "Anything new today? Any news?"

My letter proposing marriage took two weeks to reach her in Florida. She was shaken by it. It was indeed a bolt out of the blue. I could not sit in Milan waiting for an answer, as Ron Mann and I had to go south to see Carlo, a Communist trade union leader who had been in the conference in Caux. Leslie and Mary Fox were in Milan so I arranged that Mary would forward any telegram to me to the post office in Cecina – and not tell anyone else. I did not want anyone else to know that I was engaged, or rejected, before I did.

Mary forwarded the "Yes, for ever yours..." telegram.

Ron and I had been sitting on the beach that morning wondering how best to approach this tough young leader, knowing well that he might give us a hearty kick out of his house. When I picked up the telegram from Elsbeth, Ron said immediately, "This is it. We go now."

When Carlo opened the door he roared, "What the heck are you doing here?" (That is a nice translation.) Ron said, "This fellow just got engaged to be married today and we decided to come and tell you." Carlo roared with laughter and pulled us into the big room where around a large table were sitting many senior ladies. This was the meeting of the Communist ladies of the area.

Carlo told the gathering of my engagement, so we were cheered. Our friend had a quick huddle with his wife, then told us to get lost for a couple of hours and return to celebrate.

These Communists may not have understood, nor agreed with much of Moral Rearmament, but all Italians respect and adore engagements, marriages and births. The ladies of the village turned out a banquet worthy for that of a prince. Ron had a destabilised tummy for two days.

There came one extraordinanry coincidence. At the banquet was Carlo's father-in-law, who had been a blackshirt – an ardent Fascist. He said to Ron and me, "Look, that crowd of Communists must not be the only ones to feast you. Come to dinner with me tonight."

Ron groaned. Of course we went. Climbing a stair, we then entered a little room where there was

a small table and four straw-woven chairs. As we chatted, my foot on one chair idly looking out of the little window, I suddenly recognised the hill with a footpath curving round it to the top. I exclaimed to my ex-Fascist host, "There is the hill where a German sniper gave me a rough few minutes."

I explained how our small unit had had to traverse that hill, running at intervals, just dropping from time to time to bother the sniper. When it came to my turn, I was carrying, tied on to me, a large tin of coffee I had "captured". Halfway up the path as I ran, this huge can slipped and started rolling down off the path. Big decision – the coffee, or risk that blessed sniper! The national thrift in me won and as I leapt after the rolling tin I could hear the crack and thud of the sniper's round hitting the earth.

I got up the hill and round the corner and collapsed onto the dirt road. My colleague Rocky cried from a doorway, "Scotty, you must be scared, your eyes are as big as saucers!"

He was not exaggerating. As I finished telling our host this story, he said, "And do you know where the German sniper was shooting from? From that chair you have got your foot on!"

Elsbeth and I were married in Caux. It was a colourful, international, interracial and interdenominational wedding. It was the start of the 1952 world conference so, along with our relatives and Swiss friends, all the participants of the conference coming from all the continents of the globe were our guests. There were over a thousand.

Elsbeth's eight bridesmaids who were from various countries wore their national costumes and I, of course, my clan dress kilt outfit, silver buckles and all.

Frank Romer was best man and Phoebe Preston maid of honour. These two got married a couple of years later. We were thoroughly "spliced". In the morning the Revd Howard Blake, a Baptist minister from the USA, took the Communion Service; Bishop George West of Rangoon and the Revd Alan Thornhil, both Anglicans, married us, with Dr Frank Buchman, a Lutheran, giving the blessing.

I was in the front hall on the morning of the wedding watching the arrival of the delegations to the conference, industrialists, trade unionists, politicians and educators when three people arrived from Italy, looking very travel-worn; Umberto Calosso, unshaven, but beaming, with his wife Clelia and a gentleman I had never seen before. The Calossos had left Rome for a holiday in a cottage high in the mountains in Piedmont and had only received our wedding invitation the day before. They had to get down to the nearest village on donkeys and managed to find a friend there with a small car. Comrade Umberto cheerfully invited his friend to our wedding so, by driving through the night, they arrived in time for the service and festivities, much to our delight.

The evening before the wedding we were introduced to Chief Affari from the Gold Coast. He wore the African costume of the Gold Coast and gold bracelets around wrists and ankles. Quite an im-

Adam and Elsbeth, Caux, August 1952. *Tom Huston*

A view of Florence, near where the McLeans were lent an apartment in 1954. *J Allan Cash*

German miners welcomed to the village of Fiesole by the Mayor. Hans Hartung, recalling certain tragic events from the war, says, "I do not ask you to forget these things. We do ask to be forgiven." (Page 157) *NWN*

Peter Laurie, staunch Scottish trade unionist and loyal friend.

"Scotty" MacFarlane amuses Frank Buchman with a poem on the occasion of his departure from Caux. *Peter Sisam*

The McLeans with their daughter Elisabeth and her husband David with Catriona and Carole Anne.

pressive figure he was. When he spoke of marriage I remarked that we were keen to collect all the advice we could get. He then said, "Oh, I have only five wives. My father had a hundred. Many wives isn't the problem. It is having all these mothers-in-law!"

A post-script on this last fellow. When he got back to the Gold Coast, in gratitude to Frank Buchman he named his next child "Frank", even though it was a girl. He also got the thought to distribute his own lands widely amongst his family, since this land question had been a long standing difficulty with them.

Elsbeth and I were delighted that my sister Agnes and her husband Adam Dennison were able to be present at our wedding. My mother had got to know Elsbeth from our visit to Scotland after our engagement and would have loved to have been present. She was not fit to travel. She died some months later. When Frank Buchman got the news of her death he sent us the following telegram:

She lives, in all the past
she lives, nor to the last
of seeing her again will I despair.
In dreams I see her now
and on her angel brow
I see it writ, Thou shalt meet me there.

Such care I believe is the cement of family life. This Frank Buchman gave to many couples even though he was not married himself.

Elsbeth and her family

The background and family of my wife Elsbeth were very different from mine. I left day school at fourteen, went to work in an engineering drawing office and continued my education in evening classes. Elsbeth went to University in Zurich, Geneva and Freiburg (Germany) and graduated as a Doctor of Law. However she did not practice law – except I think on me sometimes – which of course is quite a futile thing since I know I am always right!

Herr Heinrich Spörri-Schindler, Elsbeth's great grand-father, founded one of the first mechanical cotton-weaving factories in the Zurcher Oberland in 1851. This became the partnership Spoerry-Schaufelberger, Wald. The four following generations of these two families worked together, the latter being mainly responsible for the commercial side of the firm, the former for its technical development.

It was in these country surroundings of small industrial plants that Elsbeth grew up. Her father

was a just man. He loved his country and served as a colonel in the Swiss Army. Like his forbears he used his initiative to serve the needs of the family and community. Here is one example.

The Swiss textile industry has passed through several crises, like everywhere else. Before World War II many small Swiss factories had to close, which for the Zurich Oberland area was disastrous. For many workers in textiles, especially women, their income came partly from factory work and partly from their small country holding or gardens. The holding was insufficient by itself, yet they couldn't leave it to find work elsewhere. Elsbeth's Dad took a risk when his town lost one seventh of its population through unemployment. To save his own workers he converted one of his factory buildings and installed machinery for chocolate manufacture and trained his employees to make chocolate. Not one of his people lost his or her job or home. This action succeeded in financially supporting the flagging textile industry and, what was most important to Elsbeth's Dad, it checked the unemployment. This was still in the days when the boss knew all his employees and their families personally.

There came a time shortly after starting the chocolate factory, when the chocolate and the textile industries were finding it hard going with strong foreign competition. Again the threat of unemployment came to those beautiful mountain villages.

Elsbeth's father bought another textile-spinning factory in Rapperswil, not to make textile

goods but to have a go at the manufacture of quality artificial leather. The first efforts were not very successful. The plastic coating on the base used did not return fully to its shape after being de-formed. There arrived a refugee from Hungary who was a chemist fleeing the Nazis, just before the clamp down.

Mr Spoerry gave him the job to improve the quality. It was a double success. By using the Spoerry finest quality cotton material in the backing it produced the present day top grade of artificial leather. It was the best in Switzerland, so the Swiss Railways went for it 100%.

That huge contract meant work for all the Rapperswil workers and the Textile factory too. Elsbeth's Dad never had to make a worker redundant.

The Spoerry-Schaufelberger management with its familiar relationship with the workforce might be called paternalistic. This would be true in the best possible sense. In 1882, Elsbeth's grandmother established the first kindergarten of the factory. They were pioneers in social justice. Maybe today's captains of industry could learn something from them?

With the approach and then the arrival of war in Europe, Swiss industry faced many changes with every Swiss man in the army, and liable to immediate call. Some are right away full time soldiers, others have to serve the needs in the army and industry at the same time. Elsbeth was asked by her Dad to interrupt her studies; so she, like her two

brothers and one of her sisters did so and shared her time between family, factory and army needs.

Elsbeth has mixed colours in the Rapperswil plant, trained as an ambulance driver, audited the books and looked after her parents. Her Dad died in 1942 and her Mum within the year.

It was from 1934, when she met the Oxford Group through Helen Mottu, that Elsbeth began to find a new, fresh purpose in her life.

There is no doubt that in meeting MRA and on marrying me, Elsbeth was often to move in very different circles from before. For instance, when we got to know the Biotello family in that turbulent part of Milan around the street "Forze Armate", it took Elsbeth into the poorest of homes she had ever been in.

Rolanda Biotello, in spite of being handicapped by losing a leg, had great influence on her family and neighbourhood – with whatever political or social message she was proclaiming. An aunt, always referred to as La Zia, was interested. La Zia had the reputation of raising one million votes for the Communist Party at the previous election. When Rolanda and Maria Dosio, leader of the rice workers brought a delegation to Caux, La Zia and her alcoholic husband joined the party.

If it was a change of *ambiente* for Elsbeth to work in that deprived area of Milan, then it was an even bigger change for La Zia in Caux, to be in such beautiful surroundings and with many of the class of people she had spent her life fighting. She did not find it an easy time and needed to make up her

mind on her next step. One morning she got up bright and early to walk on the hillside and gather some of those snails she loved to eat. The air cleared her head and on her return she went into the church near Mountain House.

There alone, she asked God's help to lead her and help her lose her hates. From then on La Zia was single-minded and solidly with that group of ladies of Milan who had returned to their faith.

The priest got quite a shock when entering the church later that day to find scores of snails crawling over the walls, inside and out. La Zia had forgotten all about her snails.

It was the "grand old lady of Socialism" in the chair at the meeting of the Socialist women of Bologna. Miss Terisita Miotti of Bologna had earned that title. In front of the podium, which was draped in the huge red flag embellished with the hammer and sickle, two capitalists' daughters, Elsbeth and Phoebe Romer, were addressing the meeting. Speaking in Italian they were stretching their knowledge of that language to the limit! I have often wondered what old man Spoerry, the Swiss industrialist, would have thought about his daughter's action or what Phoebe's father's reaction to the courage of these two campaigners would have been. Teresita Miotti had invited Elsbeth and Phoebe to help her reach every last one of her friends in Bologna.

As a young tobacco worker, Teresita had spoken out strongly in favour of democracy in the early days of Fascism in Bologna and was fired from her

job by the new regime as tobacco was a state-controlled monopoly. Her continued opposition to Fascism barred her from any kind of normal employment in the city and finally landed her in prison. "That prison sentence saved my life," Teresita recalled. "It was during this term that a number of our leading Socialists in Bologna were assassinated." Miss Miotti was under house arrest until Fascism was defeated in 1945 and until then could only earn her living by knitting and working for her supportive neighbours.

It was while attending the conference in Caux that Teresita made some important decisions that affected her future. One of them was to make peace with her church. In the small Catholic church in Caux Teresita went to confession for the first time in many years. Much to her surprise, and relief, the visiting priest who was officiating was from Emilia and spoke in her own dialect.

Before travelling with an MRA team abroad Teresita called on her party leader, Giuseppe Saragat, in Rome for his advice. Saragat gave his full support and encouragement on her ventures.

Later, when Elsbeth and I came to live in Fife, two of our first guests in Aberdour were Teresita and Berti Zeller. They had come to participate in a meeting in Glasgow. In 1978 when the grand old lady was ninety we visited her in her small tenement flat in Bologna. Vigorous and outspoken as ever, she entertained us and our two American travelling companions to a magificent Bolognese dinner in her home. Before we left she went to a drawer and

gave us from it a small contribution to the work at Caux. This was Miotti's Caux fund – saved each month from the pension granted her in recognition of her services to the state.

Florence –
Michelangelo, German Miners and Sunshine

Florence, that city which has borne and nurtured so many of the great artists of this Western civilization, is worthy of a visit – a lengthy visit – to appreciate its riches. Of painters, sculptors, architects and poets there are many, Dante, Giotto, Cellini, Uccello, Galileo, Botticelli and scores of others, but most known of them all must be the *capo-maestro* Michelangelo Buonarotti.

This remarkable man was master of all four of the afore-mentioned arts and crafts. This Florentine's work in Rome and in the Vatican's Sistine Chapel has touched millions. Anyone who can look at La Pieta, Mary with the dead Jesus on her knees, and not be moved by it must be himself partly dead inside. That sculpture, now inside St Peter's Basilica, was completed when Michelangelo was a young man in his twenties. It is the sensitive and delicate manifestation of what Michelangelo felt about the cost of the Cross. It speaks to every mother and to every mother's son.

While travelling through Italy with a group of Brazilian dockers, I took them to see La Pieta and heard a marvellous story from an old priest there. It seems that a haughty Roman dowager was with Michelangelo viewing the sculpture and asked how it was possible for such a young-looking mother to have a thirty-year old son. Michelangelo replied, "Lady, if you were as pure as she was you would look younger too."

The Moses in the church of Saint Peter in Chains in Rome is quite different from La Pieta. Though hewn and carved from the same Carrara marble, it presents a powerful prophet radiating strength. Many have spoken of the skilled hands of Michelangelo but I don't think it was his hands – in fact his hands were probably more like those of a blacksmith than a pianist's. The greatness of Michelangelo was in his head and his heart – God-given gifts from which a dedicated, disciplined life created and executed the paintings and sculptures and that great magnificent dome of St Peter's.

But, back to Florence. On one side of the city there is a road climbing up to a big Piazza and off that road there is a little lane called Erta Canina. It is a charming spot. Erta Canina sounds better in Italian since it translates something like "canine ascent" or "doggie brae". Friends of Ron and Mary Mann lent us a villa there.

From the small balcony we looked over to the church of San Miniato. It is quite unusual in its white and black marble facing and the varying morning and evening light made quite a picture. It

seems a pity I did not take time to have a go at painting that changing view from the balcony. There never seemed to be enough hours in the day.

It was in this house in Erta Canina that our daughter Elisabeth celebrated her first birthday. Elsbeth and I pushed her in her folding pram up the hill to the gardens of fresh tulips and other spring flowers and out to the edge of the large Piazzale Michelangelo.

From this highpoint one has the best view of Florence that I know. Down below is the river Arno with the shop-covered bridge Ponte Vecchio. The whole city with its red roofs, towers and domes stretches out. Clearly central is the dome of the Cathedral and the magnificent Giotto tower nearby. Elisabeth was more interested in plucking the petals off the tulips than appreciating the huge bronze copy of Michelangelo's David which stands in the Piazzale.

Elsbeth and I have stayed in Florence several times, sometimes briefly and sometimes for months. On one longer visit, together with Frank and Phoebe Romer, we were guests of Colonel George and Flaminia Specht in their villa. This spacious villa is situated on the foothills of the road leading to the Futa Pass. Quite a number of our young friends involved in different programs of Moral Rearmament lived around the area so there were meetings, stage plays, discussion groups and visits in homes – which usually meant a seven-day week. Our actions created quite a stir. The interest came from very different walks of life.

Across the valley was another larger villa, "Villa Sparta", home of Queen Helen of Romania, whom one would call the queen mother. Queen Helen had known Frank Buchman and his work for many years because of his association with the Greek royal family. Queen Helen was born Princess Helen of Greece. When her husband, the King of Romania, abdicated her son Michael became King. Michael refused to follow the Communist line when that party took over government and was forced into exile. Now that is all another story for someone else to tell.

King Michael and Queen Anne of Romania had their children in the same Caux school as our daughter Elisabeth. All of that royal family participated in the Caux conferences. Moral Rearmament has meant much to that family and they have fought nobly for it throughout the world.

Though in Villa Sparta Queen Helen lived a quiet life in exile, she had some firm friends in Italy and worked hard to make known the work of her friend Frank Buchman. She was a wonderful hostess and at four o'clock would produce the largest teapot a man ever set eyes on, which of course impressed a certain Scot a lot.

Amongst any group of friends there is always one who stands out different from the rest.One such is Mario Cassi. Mario is an electrician and when Frank Buchman got to know him, he laughingly called him "Sunshine". That name stuck and he has been Sunshine with everyone ever since. No wonder – Mario's round face reflected the sun and

every good thing under it. His indefatigable optimism stood us in good stead when attacks on the work of Moral Rearmament came in Florence – and they did, from some surprising quarters.

Mario with his young wife and family had arranged for one of the plays to be presented in the church hall nearest him. All seemed to be going well, the invitations out and so on, until the afternoon before the performance. It was when the van with stage-set and props arrived that the custodian said there was a change – Mario could not have the hall. We were aware that the aged Archbishop was favourable to our work but there was one active Monsigneur very "anti". We had not reckoned on getting caught like that and I confess I thought a bit less than kindly towards the priest responsible.

After the shock of this action Sunshine remarked, "Somebody knows there's a challenge in Moral Rearmament", then he cheerily said we should let our friends know the score. One of Frank Romer's friends who was a Communist, came up with the answer. The play was given to the public in the Communist Party centre in a large hall, arranged by some workers who were beginning to understand what the work was all about. Naturally we had some opposition from a number of the comrades – but then isn't that the kind of battle we were in Florence for?

Above Florence, on the hillside opposite that of Piazzale Michelangelo, is the old village of Fiesole. Writers have written many things about Fiesole and some have stayed around there in villas amongst the

olive trees. It has been the centre of human drama more than once. On my first visit there I was told of the following tragedy. During World War II, after some of the occupying German soldiers were killed by people unknown, the German authorities took some hostages, just random civilians, and said that unless the culprits came forward the hostages would be shot.

No one admitted to the killing of the German soldiers and the day came for the execution of the civilian hostages. That day, up the main street, there came three Carabiniere (Italian elite police) followed by a group of citizens. The three Carabiniere offered to give their lives in exchange for the hostages and were shot that day. This act did not endear the Germans to the people of Fiesole.

When uniformed coal miners from the Ruhr in Germany came to Italy with a play they had written after their stay in Caux, they were well aware of difficulties they might face. The play *Hoffnung* (Hope) relates the real story of these miners in their struggle to find a better and more satisfying way of life than the materialistic ideologies of left and right. They had been severely exposed to both in the past. When the thought of going to Fiesole first was suggested, Hans Hartung, the author of the play, was hesitant. He had served in the German Army in Italy; though not near Florence he had heard of the Fiesole martyrs.

Hartung went and saw the Mayor of Fiesole, a Communist, and told him exactly why they had come to Italy, how they had to be responsible for the

wrongs of Germany's past. He told the Mayor that these workers had given up some months work, without pay, to try to heal the wounds of the past and build a better society. When Hans Hartung asked if the Mayor would arrange for him to apologise publicly and speak to the people of Fiesole, the Mayor immediately agreed.

There was a hiccup when the area police HQ in Florence got cold feet about Germans speaking in Fiesole, but an irate Mayor of Fiesole won out. It was a moment to remember when the uniformed miners spoke of the past, of the price the three carabinieri had paid, and when one miner said, "I do not ask you to forget these things. We do ask to be forgiven."

Germany never had better ambassadors.

Back to Scotland

There are so, so many people I would like to write about – all people with whom I have worked closely and to whom I feel I owe something. Last night Elsbeth and I spent some time looking over our guest book, one we have had for some years. It contains the names of visitors to our home, some who came for a short stay, others for longer. From the several hundred guests who came from thirty-five different countries there are the most touching messages in French, German, Japanese, Arabic, Italian and English.They circle the globe. We consider having had them with us our richest investment. Apart from the work of Moral Rearmament, with which we are all joined, Elsbeth has had the heavy end of hostessing, with the menus, cooking, shopping, bed-making and laundry. I guess Elsbeth heads the long list of people to whom I am indebted.

At this point in my story, we are both back in Scotland with Elisabeth almost nine years old, get-

ting her first experience of a Scottish school. And me? I am getting briefed by Peter Laurie and his colleagues. I will write more on Peter later.

One day I read in the newspaper that a factory employing thousands of people in central Scotland had 168 strikes or stoppages in the first eighteen months of its existence. The factory had been encouraged to locate in that area to absorb the huge redundances caused by the closure of the shale mines. Next morning I got a hunch that I should go out to the factory. Bill Cockburn, one of the first fellows I met in the Oxford Group, came with me in a borrowed car. Of course when we arrived at the main gate of the factory there was a large sign saying we could not go any further. We sat and considered in quiet. My thought was to speak to the uniformed man in a small office who was there to stop unauthorized persons entering.

Even before I could open my mouth the official said, "No, you can not get in." I had read in the newspaper that the senior shop steward was called John Boyle, and thought he might well be one of a family who had lived in my street when I was a boy. I told the man I was trying to find John Boyle, and why. He again started to say you can not go in, when he exclaimed, "Oh, just now John Boyle went into that office about two blocks away – what a coincidence, I've never seen him in there before!" He called to another fellow guard to go and tell Boyle to come to the gate.

John Boyle came out with the next in command of the trade unions in the plant. I told him why I was

interested in what was happening in the plant and about its difficulties. He was obviously interested in the meetings we had been having with shop stewards in London, officials from the railways and airlines, from docks and shipyards, from the car makers and building trades. I suggested that he might consider whether his troubled plant might like to participate in these week-end conferences. It was when I mentioned that the meetings were down at the Westminster Theatre that I saw the cautioning look on John's face. He understood that it was an action of Moral Rearmament. He said they would have to go and thanked for the information, but passed a card to me as he left. It was his home address and telephone number.

The following evening, in his home, Boyle explained that his partner of the previous day was a militant Marxist and had been causing endless trouble in the union, claiming the war of the classes was the way of the future. We talked of the week-end conferences in London; how the delegations would see one of the MRA stage productions and would meet both trade union men and employers who had experienced real change in industrial relations. There would be hospitality in homes for the delegates for the week-end. They would return to Scotland on Sunday, after a morning meeting where any or all of them could speak.

Boyle made up a list of men whom he thought should be invited to participate. This became the regular pattern each month, reserving a rail coach or two each month. Stuart Smith, one of that dozen

Scots team of 1939, got together the shipyard workers from the Clyde and workers from the other Glasgow industries. This was a programme that occupied a number of us throughout Britain for several years and built up a network of trade unionists who were determined to replace the divisive class war of both sides of industry with an ideology that would unite them to fulfil their true function in the country.

It is of course an on-going action and must always be so. Its success depends on and can be measured in the change in the attitudes of men. The economic and social gain is undoubtedly the by-product of change in men.

Sometimes seemingly small things change men's attitudes. Robert was really a good workman but had got thoroughly browned off and bored with his job on the assembly line. He lifted heavy shafts from one machine and set them up on the next one ready for more machining. At the shop stewards' meeting in London he had a chance to hear from an Indian just where his engines were working and what these engines had done for the Indian peasants in the villages. The Indian kept in touch with Robert and Robert's whole attitude to that assembly line changed.

A friend of his, Jack Anderson, decided to live out the four absolute moral standards and took back to the factory a load of expensive tools that he had "borrowed" and delayed returning! Jack risked his job in doing this as he was a foreman. He was reprimanded, and trusted fully from then on.

In the same factory was a very likeable fellow who came to the London conferences and brought others. On the journey south Jimmy Reid had something on his mind and was not saying. I think he had a beer too many and was feeling guilty. Suddenly he said, "Adam, I wonder if this Moral Rearmament is really my style. I've decided I want to be a Zen Buddhist and I've been studying it."

I did not know what to say and shut up. The problem resolved itself. When Jimmy arrived at the lovely home where he would be a guest that week-end he found six other guests all dressed in saffron robes – six Buddhist monks! Jimmy never mentioned again his Zen Buddhism. One thing Jimmy did after that week-end was to become the night shift shop steward, a responsibility he thought he would never take on.

We have known Henry Macnicol a long time and he is like one of our family. When our daughter Elisabeth was finding it difficult to get along with some of her tougher primary schoolmates, Henry wrote a play which Elisabeth produced with her difficult pals. The producing of the play was such fun and such a success that it not only resolved the youngsters differences, but they performed the play for the whole Primary school the day before they left for Secondary.

Macnicol's journalistic career started early. His first published article, "Bringing Up Children", appeared in the letter columns of the *Edinburgh Evening News*, signed "Mother of seven". He was a schoolboy of fourteen.

With more than half a century of writing behind him, and with his experience of trade unions and management in this and other countries, Macnicol wrote a play called *The Man They Could Not Buy.* This is a play on the life of a remarkable man who saw the exploitation and injustices in industry of his day as a moral problem and needed a moral and spiritual answer. The man's name was Keir Hardie.

Keir had a tragic childhood and it was finding the answer to bitterness in his own life that gave him the freedom and drive which took him to be the first Labour member of the British parliament. It is a very moving story altogether; so much of the dialogue from Keir Hardie himself, dug out from the contemporary records of his speeches.

Invited by a committee of the Provost and Councillors of the then mining town of Lochgelly, Fife, the first full dress stage reading of the play was performed in the new community centre. There was an immediate and warm response from the crowded audience, among which was a trade union official who had brought three of his Labour Party officers from Alloa. My friend Tom, the AEU official, wanted the full stage play to be given at the opening of their new theatre in Alloa. This could not be done in time but the request spurred on the Australian stage director who, with the help of Don Simpson, the professional actor taking the part of Keir Hardie, got the play on the road.

The Man They Could Not Buy has been given on stage throughout Britain in theatres, in trade union

halls, in town halls and even in a cathedral. It travelled in Australia from Sydney, where it was performed in the State Parliament, to the industrial towns and then to Canberra. I could not guess how many thousands of people have seen it. I do know that it has been a very effective and touching way to portray the answer to bitterness and frustation.

Henry Macnicol and I were involved in the making and staging of the play. It is not a play about politics; it is a play about how one politician handled human and industrial relations. For this reason it caught the interest of a group of people running an industrial newspaper whose aims were the same.

The Industrial Pioneer is edited by Ian Maclachlan, a school teacher who gave up his well-paid job to take on this monthly paper. The editorial board are all unpaid volunteers from the shop floor of British Airways, the Post Office, British Aerospace and the science laboratory. It was this group who sponsored and organised one hundred presentations of *The Man they Could Not Buy* throughout the industrial areas of Britain.

Producing a newspaper is one thing these men do but equally important has been the regular industrial conferences organised by their editorial board, held in Birmingham, in Tirley Garth, Cheshire, or Coventry. When considering such a conference somewhere in Scotland, my AEU friend Tom suggested a good venue in Falkirk. Tom was the opening speaker and the conference was repeated the following year with more international industrial men participating.

The respect that some senior management in industry have for the work of this pioneering group was apparent at a week-end conference in Birmingham which I attended. Following the opening welcome by the Deputy Lord Mayor of Birmingham, there were several managers from industry sharing their experiences and experiments on how to improve industrial relations and how to improve the product. One was the manager in charge of S.P. Tyres (Dunlop), another was one of Britain's largest stock steel suppliers and another, over from France, was the head of a Franco-British combine.

There were men from the shop floor speaking and officials from the trade unions. Dick Cosens from the *Pioneer,* in the chair, with humour and good cheer held the speakers strictly to their allotted time, but after a morning and afternoon session it was clear that there was not enough time to hear from many who had worthwhile contributions to make. George Whyte, an officer in the Transport and General Workers Union who travelled with me claimed it was the best example of British industry dedicated equally to provide goods of quality, and with a care for every last man and woman involved in the production of it.

The more I hear from these men in industry, the more it becomes clear that harmony and teamwork only begins from the time when someone listens to the other fellow's point of view. Being wrong occasionally appears to be regarded as a sin, whereas in fact to pretend you are never wrong surely is! It is probably the largest source of conflict.

Looking at the astonishing events, ideological turnabouts in Eastern Europe one witnesses not only leading individuals admitting to having been wrong, but whole governments.

It is the first step to radical change.

Rebels – to revolutionaries

Peter Laurie, Henry Clarke and Dougie

In 1914, when the First World War broke out, Peter Laurie was seventeen years old. He managed to persuade the recruiting authorities that he was a year older and succeeded in enlisting in the Lothians and Border Horse. Peter held back on nothing. After that war and throughout the Second World War Peter worked in the Post Office, rising from sorting clerk to Temporary Executive Officer. In the course of this Post Office work he helped to found the Postal Workers Union – later transferring with his job to the Civil Service Clerical Association of which he was Honorary Secretary until he took early retirement to work full time for Moral Rearmament.

On my arrival back in Scotland after so many years away I was somewhat out of touch with who was who? doing what? where? Peter Laurie took me on.

His knowledge of the Labour movement, and of the trade unions of the area was enormous. He took me to meet the miners and the officials of the

trade unions in the Lothians and in Fife, in the building trades and in the docks of Leith, and of course to the Post Office workers.

From the days in 1930 when Peter Laurie first met Dr Frank Buchman in the meetings in the Oak Hall, just off Princes Street in Edinburgh, he was committed to make his Christian faith more than a personal thing. It was to become for Peter his one consuming passion to bring a moral and spiritual awakening to all sides of industry. In those meetings Frank Buchman had called for "a dynamic experience of God's free Spirit to answer the regional antagonism, economic depression, racial conflict and international strife." And this dynamic experience of God's free Spirit is just what Peter claimed for himself and meant to see permeate through the Labour movement.

In Fife there were then still many coal mines working. Peter and I got to know the leadership in the mines and the local councils. This was an area with a history of the coal-mining days when conditions were such that people of today marvel that anyone could have tolerated them – and an area which gave birth to and nurtured the class war that resulted from such human exploitation. Some wounds take a long time to heal, can inflame and fester again with even a little carelessness or irritation. This was where Peter brought me for my refresher course on the state of industry in Scotland.

Not long after our first excursions in Fife there arrived in Lochgelly a new Church of Scotland

minister with his wife, old friends whom we had got to know in Caux in Switzerland. Finlay and Marjorie Stewart's home became a centre where many in the coal industry, and Provosts and Councillors and housewives found a new purpose in their lives. There were countless meetings and film shows and Lochgelly initiated many actions in the community. Among the many friends of Finlay was one very hardworking miner, a practising Catholic, Jimmy, who felt discouraged to see how the effect of the class war elements so influenced his trade union.

In front of the large coal fire in his living room one day he asked me outright, "What practical thing can I do?"

Well, that week-end there was coming to Glasgow to speak at a meeting a well-known former Communist who had lost his bitterness and won some of his tough colleagues to work with him as a team.

I asked Jimmy to come, but to bring with him two men –"one good friend, and also the most difficult man in your pit".

Jimmy hesitated, then said Okay and fixed our rendezvous for the Saturday morning. I arrived to pick them up in my car to find the good man not there, but the most difficult man with Jimmy, freezing on that icy corner. It was Dougie.

Dougie's reputation as a trouble-maker was wide-spread. He had started more disputes and strikes than any other miner in the pit combine. He had been an active Communist since he left school. It is very difficult sometimes to know what goes on

deep in a man's heart - even in your own sometimes! What exactly captured Dougie in that meeting I do not know, but won he was. The speaker, Les Dennison, a former militant Communist, told of what things he had had to put right at his work, of having to be honest with his wife and apologise to his son whom he had thrown out of his house. About those absolute moral standards, Dougie just said they were "absolute common sense". From then he would join in a time of quiet and listen. What he would share afterwards was indeed more than absolute common sense.

At that stage if anyone had suggested that he was "getting religion", Dougie would have been off like a shot. Dougie became Chairman of his branch of the National Union of Mineworkers. He nailed his colours to the mast in his pit and union and he began to work with his pit manager. He not only fought for what was right in the mining industry but readily joined with anyone if sharing his experience would help. He shared a platform with that Irish patriot Saidie Patterson more than once and they became great friends. Saidie was the recipient of the World Peace Prize for her Christian work in Northern Ireland with all sides. This was the prize given by the Methodist World Churches.

It would be difficult to state how much the work of Dougie was responsible for the well-being of his pit. The manager of the pit was amongst the finest, wisest and successful the Coal Board ever had, – a man who had started down the pit howking coal. Manager Willie Bell would readily tell you what

Dougie might have managed to do had he not met MRA.

Dougie, with his reddish hair, looked and fought like a John Brown, the great American emancipator. He is a fiery man whose emotions sometimes in the past overtook his reason. He has never lost his passion to fight for what is right, but perhaps his effort to express himself in the following verse will indicate what his change consisted of. Dougie no longer worries about his lack of schooling; he just bashes on. However I may have a word or two wrong when I recall what he read to me as he left the Moral Rearmament centre in Tirley Garth:

The love of God warms my breast
My heart to Him does turn
This is the place – a haven of rest
That gave me a quiet mind.

I found a treasure in this house
Which each willing soul can find
Where I can pray and seek His Way
And have again this quiet mind.

I go home today filled with my thoughts
Of the friends I must leave behind
And again I say, thank you Lord
For giving that quiet mind.

We had our moments when Dougie found things difficult. On one occasion, having driven with him from Fife to Tirley Garth and just about to

enter the grounds, he said, "Adam, there is just one thing I hate about Tirley..." I interrupted tiredly, "Oh,what now Dougie?" "Leaving it," he said.

Like many miners, Dougie was informed by the Coal Board doctor that his lungs were too far gone to continue pit work. He did not find it easy at first, especially having to leave the Chairmanship of his trade union. Soon after, his wife's illness became more serious and now he can give that deserving lady all his care.

Henry Clarke, Chairman of the dockworkers' trade union in the port of Leith, was a giant of a man. When his father, also a docker, died in the hold of the ship he was working on, Henry quickly went down in the hold to take his father's card, which in those days gave Henry the right to be a docker. His nickname in the docks was "Stalin", whose features he resembled, but with whose politics he differed – Henry was a Trotsky man and considered himself to the left of Stalin. In those days Leith docks workers were often controlled by the far left, including Communists and Trotskyites.

When Peter Laurie took me to meet Henry, these two men were already close friends. Henry had heard from Peter all about Moral Rearmament, he had arranged for film shows like *Men of Brazil* to be shown for all the dockworkers and a number of other helpful things, but he claimed it left him personally untouched. "Oh, these absolute moral standards are no doubt right, but impossible for ordinary people," he would say.

Peter Laurie, the fit, keen golfer and disci-

plined man died of a thrombosis aged sixty-five years. Billy Lee, Chairman of his branch of the Boilermakers' Trade Union, and a close friend of Peter, arranged to have a memorial gathering in the Boilermakers' Hall and it was packed to the door. Jimmy Hoy, Member of Parliament for Leith, said what he owed to Peter; Tom Oswald, MP for Central Edinburgh, did the same. Men and women from the building trades and from the church did the same. Henry Clarke sat quietly at the back of the hall beside another dock worker. The service had moved him greatly and he said to me, "Peter lived his Christianity". Then he asked me to come to his home that evening.

Henry lived in two tiny rooms with his aged mother. He took me into the sitting room where he recalled Peter Laurie's efforts and then he said he wanted to follow in Peter's way. On his knees Henry asked God to direct his life. I have not tried very hard to understand life after death – perhaps I've missed something there – but that night I did want very much for Peter to know of Henry's decision and what his departure had done for Henry.

The effect of "Stalin's" decision was felt in the docks immediately. There was growing unrest in Leith docks over some agreements and it was beginning to fill the newspapers. Henry felt the unofficial strike call was wrong and the T&G W union headquarters in Glasgow had officially condemned the call.

But Henry had a visit from two officials who said the T&G declared condemnation was one thing but

Henry should pull out the men anyway. Henry did call a meeting of the dock workers outside the dock gates, but he spelled out exactly what he felt was honest and right – to go back to work and negotiate. He said, "You are otherwise breaking the agreements made and your word."

I saw the letter Henry wrote to the two officials in which he declared "as a man of God I intend to be absolutely honest in my job." These men were catching up with the new Stalin!

There were elements in the docks that strongly resented their union chairman's new open and forthright policy and took steps to alter things their way. They "jumped" Clarke one night, roughed him up and left him lying badly bruised by the dockside. Elsbeth and I learned how Henry's pals responded when we visited the home of Alex Bell, an officer of the union. Alex Bell, former Scottish heavyweight boxer, organised a bodyguard of the heftiest dockers who never left Clarke's side around the docks. They kept up their vigil for several weeks until Clarke's chairmanship and new openness was accepted by all.

In the months that followed, Henry had his docks union executive together in our house several times; once to see a film on the docks of Brazil where there had been a real clean-up. It ended in getting the best out of the men and management and in getting men of very different viewpoints working together.

There was just one fellow called Drummond in the Leith docks whom Henry could not stand and

would not trust. He was a man well known in the largest church in Leith. Henry believed a story that Drummond had stolen a box of several gross bicycle bells from a ship.

In the docks there are stories and stories told and retold for different reasons and Henry just didn't feel comfortable with Drummond. Elsbeth and I got to know this fellow and his wife and found they thought Moral Rearmament was the way we all ought to live – especially that fellow Clarke, the chairman of the trade union, with whom Mr Drummond disagreed at every union meeting.

I would say it was a joint effort of Clarke and Drummond to make peace and learn to work together. In fact Drummond was not only accepted on the executive of the branch but when Henry Clarke suddenly died of a heart attack (at forty-nine I think) Drummond became the new Chairman of the branch and was acceptable to all the members.

In some measure Peter Laurie's struggle to answer class war was exemplified in Henry Clarke's change. I had introduced Henry to Sir David Ogilvy, of Winton House in Pencaitland. I had known Sir David since the early days of the Oxford Group and of course he accepted Henry's invitation to meet in his home. We arrived in that dark little street, entered the close and Henry threw open the door laughingly roaring, "Welcome, welcome to my stake in this British Empire!" Well the empire had actually gone by then, just as that house, close and dingy street has gone since. But Sir David was welcome and heard from Henry of the years of

struggle in the docks which had gone on since the days of Ben Tillet.

When Sir David invited Henry to visit *his* home, it turned out to be more than a social call. Henry remarked that he had his union executive on his hands. David asked whether he would bring them along for a Christmas party? Jokingly, Henry said they would all come if they were promised pheasant. (Sir David Ogilvy's estate is known for its pheasant shoot.)

The result was a Christmas party the like of which that old castle had never seen before. In this house which had entertained many distinguished guests, one sees a letter in the hand of Mary Queen of Scots thanking for hospitality. David was still a bachelor at this time, so he enlisted the help of his team to get out the silver from storage, polish the great dining hall and make that place shine for these men and their wives.

The meal was perfect, though it was "family hold back" with the pheasants to make them go around. I wasn't the only one who knew that some of those men had never sung, "O Holy Child of Bethlehem" before, but they sang with gusto.

Best of all was their expression of thanks to their host and their claim that Sir David's care was the answer to class war.

Henry Macnicol and I walked up to that big cemetry in Leith the day Henry (Stalin) Clarke was to be buried. I have never found that sprawling cemetery exactly inspiring but that day you couldn't see a blade of grass or a gravestone.

It was packed with people pouring from every direction. Leith docks management let it be known that half the workforce could slip off to be at the graveside. All the workforce arrived and I think most of the management too. It may sound strange to say a cemetery was alive, but the place was alive that day with the spirit of a man who found his destiny and spent himself.

"No brakes" Scotty

There is one other "Scot" with whom I worked that I must mention, a truly remarkable man and a character if ever there was one. He was George MacFarlane, whom I first met in California in 1939.

Friday the thirteenth of June, nineteen thirteen, George (Scotty) MacFarlane was born in Glasgow. Joe, his brother and co-conspirator in that family of twelve, said it was typical of George to get himself born on Friday the thirteenth. It should have been a warning!

The MacFarlanes emigrated from Glasgow to the USA when Scotty was still a youngster, and with his brother Joe he got into many scrapes – very many. Quite poor, but car crazy, Scotty got together the huge sum of $5 and acquired an old Model T Ford, and he and Joe decided to make it run.

They worked on the car. Since the old tyres had no inner tubes they stuffed the tyres tight with papers and took it out on the road for a run. It went

for quite a bit but the friction set fire to the paper in the tyres and the blaze attracted the police.

No car licence, no car insurance, no driver's licence, so Scotty, who was at the wheel, was "nicked". In New York State then the system for such a young offender was a $5 fine or a night and day in jail.

Both boys were broke so Scotty was taken off to the ancient jail out in the country. The efforts of Joe to cover for Scotty's absence that evening with their parents failed. So next morning, after father MacFarlane went out to the jail and paid the $5 fine for Scotty's release, came the real punishment. It was quick, brief and painful for both Joe and Scotty; Dad had a hard right and left hook.

It was Cleve Hicks, whom I have mentioned previously, who won Scotty's interest in Moral Rearmament and Scotty went for it, hook, line and sinker for the rest of his life. I worked with Scotty first in San Francisco before World War II and regarded him then as *The* extrovert extraordinary – a combination of Harry Lauder, Will Rogers and John Knox. We shared a room in Oakland and crossed that busy Oakland bridge daily, often singing loudly some Scottish song, or Scotty would be rehearsing a new composition. It was OK with the three lanes of traffic filled and whizzing by, but if the traffic stopped and motorists looked over at us I would shut up – but Scotty would open the car windows and sing louder.

To celebrate someone's birthday or to break the ice with some visiting and perhaps cautious politician, or indeed at any time when a bit of "brass

neck" was required, Scotty would stick his Tam-o'-shanter on his head and render his specially-written song for that person.

Eight years ago when Elsbeth and I spent about ten days with Scotty in New York and neighbouring states, he was invited to a surprise birthday party given for one of New York's leading trade union officials. Jim, the birthday man, an old friend of Scotty, is Irish-American and the party was for, and only for, the extended Irish family, about forty of them.

The one Scottish-American was the exception and when he said he could not accept the invitation as he was host to a visiting Scottish couple, the family said, "If they are friends of yours Scotty, bring them along!"

So Elsbeth and I arrived and became part of that chattering, noisy, happy Irish party.

I had been told that some of the family were very sympathetic to the IRA. Of course the conversation got around to what I, as a Scot, thought of the conflict in Northern Ireland. I said I thought as they must all feel, that the deaths of men, women and children was sad and hurtful and not the way. Looking me in the eye Jim, the birthday man, said, "You feel it is the IRA that is wrong, and nobody else." Then I said, "You know, Jim, you believe it is the English that are wrong, and nobody else!" – (Jim's lips tightened and his eyebrows went down.)

"Well Jim, the guilt should be shared widely. It was actually the Scots Presbyterians that went into Northern Ireland and exploited the situation –

doubtless acting as tools of the masters in London. We Scots have contributed to the troubles in Ireland and need to be responsible in helping to bring an answer with you all."

Jim smiled again and added, "We are all learning still."

At this point Scotty was sitting in a corner with his notebook, writing. In ten minutes he had adjusted a favourite composition of his and announced loudly he wanted to say something. After a few words of birthday greetings and thanks for the privileged invitation, he stuck on his Tam-o'-shanter and sang the special birthday song for this successful trade union leader.

Well, perhaps the song exaggerated some of the achievements of the man and was more a vision of what he might become. It made the day for the man and in a few minutes the family were dancing around the great table singing the chorus of Scotty's song.

Before we left one of the ladies had a long personal talk with Elsbeth about things that really matter in family life and has kept in touch since. The strong loyal family spirit of the Irish abroad can contribute to a just and lasting settlement in Ireland if freed from the bitterness of the past. This especially if those on this side of the Atlantic face where we, or our own nation, have failed.

Spontaneous humour was another of Scotty's gifts. About ten years ago Mollie Grogan, Irish wife of the Irish President of the Transport Workers' trade union in Florida, had been invited to a confer-

ence of MRA in Mackinac Island, Michigan.

Mollie arrived thinking at first it was IRA. Scotty and two friends received her in the Grand Hotel and took her into lunch. The dining room was beautiful and as Mollie sat down she commented on how nice the single red rose on the table looked.

Scotty said, "We arranged it specially for you." Then Mollie looking around said, "But Scotty, *every* table has a single red rose."

Immediately Scotty said, "Yes Mollie, we didn't know which table you would choose so we had to have one at every table – and hang the expense!"

That same Mollie with her husband Bill Grogan some years later participated in a world conference in Caux in Switzerland. They decided they would like to go on to Rome to get an audience with the Pope. To make such arrangements for an audience with the Holy Father is supposed to take time – but they say, "Where there's a will there's a way." Besides, it helps if you know somebody.

Count Carlo Lovera di Castiglione in Rome was just that kind of somebody. He was Chamberlain to His Holiness the Pope. We had got to know each other just after my time in the US Army Hospital in Rome. He was active in reforming the Boy Scouts in Italy again, after the long banning during the Fascist regime. (In the same way Princess Oriettina Doria Pamphili was reinstituting the Girl Guides.)

Lovera managed to get a semi-private audience for the Grogans in a week. So off we drove from Canton Vaud to Rome, Bill and Mollie Grogan, Scotty and me.

Some expedition! There were times during that three day drive to Rome when the loud discussion and arguments between this Irish-American couple seemed about to end in blows. Then Bill, Mollie or Scotty would make some remark and there would be guffaws of laughter. Bill Grogan, the very tough trade union leader could be the tender and affectionate husband in a flash. Repentant? – well, a little.

He reminded me of the story an Irishman told me years ago. One called Patrick was having a really difficult time with his wife Mary, always arguing or nagging. His friend says, "Patrick, did you ever think of divorce?""Divorce!" replies Patrick,"divorce, no, no never divorce — Murder often, but never divorce!"

A bit of Grogan's philosophy was "Never let the sun go down on your differences" and "Keep it out in the open". Not a bad attitude to have, I think.

En route to Rome, we kept off the autostradas, passing through the small villages. In one, the long cortege of a funeral with horses plumed in black. The next village was all out in the procession in their Sunday best, with the young girls in lovely white going to their confirmation ceremony.

We walked up to the cloistered square in Assisi and entered the church of Saint Francis. There was a wedding ceremony in process with the bride, groom, priest, guests and three violinists. We stood back and watched. As the ceremony concluded, the couple whispered to the priest. The couple came over and kindly invited us to join in their wedding

celebration. This touched the Grogans.

Seeing the Holy Father was, of course, the highlight of their time in Italy, but meeting the Italian friends, visiting the Vatican, the Catacombs and having the chance to appreciate that beautiful country did much for that couple. And Scotty, who was uncharacteristically quiet for much of the time on the trip, served his friends by handling the baggage and doing all the routine tasks for travel.

As age caught up with Scotty and his eyes were no longer good enough for driving a car, he got around in public transport. He was on his way in a taxi to visit a friend who was ill and actually telling the taxi driver how he was putting his affairs in order, when there was silence behind. The driver looked around and Scotty had died. Died on the beat, as he would have said.

Scotty had given his brother Joe a letter giving him authority to dispose of his assets, which at the time rather amused Joe, who asked, "How do you take responsibility to dispose of nothing?"

In fact Scotty did have a small bank account and Joe decided to use it to have a memorial lunch for his brother so all the wide family and friends could meet and remember him together.

I have heard of all kinds of memorial occasions, from the Irish Wake to the Scottish High Tea, but for George (Scotty) MacFarlane it would have to be unusual. There were for sure the choked tears but more often the hundred or so people gathered there exploded with laughter as one after another recounted the incidents, the accidents and the ten-

acious efforts of Scotty to get them to take some difficult or costly action.

I do not know how many people from all over the world knew Scotty; there were thousands like me – but I do not believe anyone knew all of Scotty. For example it was a surprise and a joy for me to hear for the first half hour of the lunch, brothers, sisters, in-laws (Joe added "out-laws") and so many nieces and nephews, all speaking of how Scotty had given or strengthened their faith. How he ever found time to travel all over the country to care for them is beyond me.

Rajmoham Gandhi from India, the grandson of the Mahatma, was the first of the visiting speakers who spoke of Scotty's tenacity when he felt that Rajmohan should meet someone. He would write to Gandhi in India, then he would leave a message to meet him at the plane, then he would be there at the hotel on his arrival.

Then Archie Mackenzie, a former British Ambassador spoke of when he was the British representative at the United Nations for Economic Affairs. Scotty was helping him pack for a trip and took a dim view of the state of one of his bags. Not befitting an Ambassador Scotty had thought, so off he had gone and come back with a good leather bag.

Archie was just saying how grateful he was for Scotty's care in those days when the voice of Joe piped up,"So that's where my good leather case went to, I often wondered!"

Whether it was his Scots nature or something

else, Scotty did on occasions tend to "share" the belongings of his family and friends.

One after another of the trade union officials spoke of how Scotty had helped them – or hounded them – and all said they owed him a lot. There was Fred Small, six foot three inch black giant, Vice President of the Stevedores' Union, telling how Scotty got him working for MRA in the docks and out to other countries. "And when I lagged, he was there to pick me up again," he said.

Ernie Mitchell, of the Aircraft Workers' Union, said though Scotty had no children of his own he had a bigger family of young and old than any man he knew.

James Trenz, President of his Electrical Union branch spoke of Scotty as "a bridge within the labour movement and a bridge between management and labour. He was a revolutionary to further an ideology which claimed that labour led by God would lead the world – and he made me believe it."

"Look both ways"

In this concluding chapter I consider where we are at now and how we go forward from here. It surely concerns all of us. It is addressed particularly to my grandchildren and their peers since the next century is theirs.

It was sound advice when our headmaster addressed the whole of our Primary school in Musselburgh and expounded the importance of looking both ways and of the possible cost of not doing so. He was, of course, referring to someone about to cross the road.

In this year of 1992, nearing the end of a century that has seen so much costly conflict, so much development and change, it seems timely that we should all do the same. We must live in the present and we must plan for the future, but I am sure we shall make a poor job of both if we do not learn from the past. After all, all our present knowledge and experience comes from the past. I have just been considering what exactly this century has

brought us in the way of radical change, of developments, good and bad.

We have moved "energy-wise" from oats and hay to coal and petroleum. Moving from the horse-drawn to automobile and jet plane means from 5 mph to 500 mph. As a small boy I startled my family when, with a crystal, coil and earphones we heard a voice from London – 2LO. Wireless was new. Now I can hear and see on my TV, in full colour, a whole orchestra as they are playing. With my video recorder one can hear and see that concerto long after the players are dead. Such things, now common-place, were far beyond the dreams of my grandparents; indeed would have sounded as crazy to them as if I had suggested a man would walk on the moon!

One could write pages on the advance in medicine which has saved lives and extended life-expectancy for many – but not all. One can think of the advance in industry and agriculture which can now produce in many countries more than their needs – but alas, not in all. Whether the nuclear energy program and creation of the bomb was advance, might be disputed by some, but the mentality of this century gave birth to them. In this same period there were two world wars costing 53,500,000 dead, and certainly more than twice as many wounded. There have been scores of other wars in which communities and countries just disappeared.

Last year, navies, air-forces, tanks, missile guns and ground troops of many countries demon-

strated the massive killing-power and material destructive power of modern armaments in the Middle East. It is surely clear to everyone alive that there is a limit to what even the most efficient and just authority can do to right the wrongs with the use of force. The burning question is: what else?

Since I was born two powerful ideologies were launched upon this world. Both meant to have dominion over all the peoples and put right the injustices from their point of view. From the left came Communisn – the ideology of class war. From the right came Fascism and National Socialism (Nazi party) – the ideology of the super race. Both failed to bring a fair and just world and it would seem that these ideologies are now in their dying days.

For sure, it was not only the powers who propagated those materialistic philosophies that brought violent confrontation, that made and unmade states. There were also the powerful vested interests of the wealthier countries who "developed" the chemical, timber and oil production of the then poorer countries.

The historian, they say, is a man imbued with the science of hindsight. He will tell you who or what events were responsible for this success and for that failure. Well, I am not a historian. I have learned things from listening to people.

A wise old photographer taught me one lesson worth remembering. If the novice goes out to expose his first film in his camera and gets the unlikely result of thirty-six pleasing pictures, he would be

lucky and delighted – but he may not learn a great deal from his first effort. The more likely result would be a few nice pictures and all the rest lacking from inexact exposure, framing, timing, focusing and the many other things the expert must learn. What the novice must do is to study all his pictures, note what he likes about the good ones and spend a lot of time seeing where he went wrong with the poor ones.

After years with my cameras I can assure you it is in the discerning where I have gone wrong, and putting it right, that have made my best pictures.

Following the advice of the old photographer it is worth the effort to first appreciate what Britain has achieved in the last hundred or so years in a rapidly changing world. You might say, having a look at where we have done well.

I think of one day in a packed theatre in London when Rajmohan Gandhi spoke of Britain's role now, since she was no longer the central force of a great British empire. This man gave a vision of Britain as a powerful moral force for fair play and a peacemaker in the world.

Rajmohan Gandhi writes, "I am proud of my Indian and Asian background, and of our traditions. I am also thankful that Asia did receive the impact of the West. The white man may have had mixed motives in his dealings with Asia. But despite all the flaws, disappointments and tragedies, the peoples of Asia are economically, morally and spiritually better-off because of what they have learned from Europe."

From our country many individuals and groups have gone abroad and served faithfully in other lands, sometimes on their own initiative and sometimes supported by our government. They have provided roads, railways and good administration to enrich other nations.

What I long for us British to see is where we have failed in this century and where our solutions were inadequate and went wrong, falling so far short of that vision for Britain that Rajmohan Gandhi had. I have no doubt that Britain's efforts as a peacemaker were sincere, even when unsuccessful, but her motives, like those of some other Western countries, were often mixed.

What I do believe is that individuals and nations can learn how to find healthy, happy relationships if we honestly recognise what motivated us when things went right, and when things did not. I will mention some things from recent history which suggest the need of a better way of doing things.

When India won her independence from Britain, the powers that be decided to divide the country in two, separating the Moslem population from Hindu population. There followed awful slaughter. In Ireland, responding to the demand for Home Rule, Britain decided to divide the country in two. There has been no peace since. In Cyprus, where for years the Cypriots of Greek and Turkish cultures lived together as neighbours in the same towns and villages – now they must each live in their own part in that completely divided island. This in a country where Britain had such great influence for years. In

South Africa it was not only the Boer (Afrikaner) who was responsible for accepting apartheid (segregation) as a way of life.

It is not any breast-beating act that makes me consider those unsuccessful efforts to resolve real international and inter-racial problems nor even to apportion blame. It is that I am sure history is saying there is a better way and that the answer lies in the hearts of individuals.

During my lifetime we seem to have accepted separation and divorce to be the only solution in domestic life when couples are confronted with deeply-held different points of view or when interests clash. It appears we have too often applied the same "solution" to nations, races and religious groups who, we feel, will not be able to get along together.

You have read the previous chapters. Faced with separation and divorce, when relatives and friends all blamed her husband, my sister Agnes took a courageous step which saved her marriage, and more. She decided to start by putting right the 2% wrong on her side. Madame Irène Laure, the French MP hated the Germans after her son was tortured during World War II. The power that turned her hate for the Germans into a force for Franco-German unity was the same as that which made Henry Clarke, the Trotskyite dockers' leader, able to bring peace to his dispute-ridden docks.

What these men and women did was to deal with the pride, the fear, the greed and selfish ambitions that are at the heart of all divisions. And

they started by dealing with themselves. They drew on that conscience-power that melts the hate, dispels the fear and removes the selfish demands that divide. Many of them began to follow the hunches that came when they listened to the "still small voice".

This, I hope, will be the spirit of the twenty-first century.

Further reading

FRANK BUCHMAN – a Life
Garth Lean. Published by Fount, £3.50
This very complete biography of the founder of the work of Moral Rearmament, covering the eighty-three years of Frank Buchman's life, provides not only an insight into the man and his purpose but also how he went about winning the confidence of people in all walks of life and enlisting them in the work of rearming the world morally.

FOR THE LOVE OF TOMORROW
Jacqueline Piguet. Published by Grosvenor, £2.95
This is the story of Irène Laure, "a rebel against injustice", a nurse active in the French Resistance who suffered the pain of her son being tortured, yet who played an outstanding part in the healing of relationships between France and Germany in the post-war years.

BEYOND VIOLENCE
Agnes Leakey Hofmeyr. Grosvenor, £3.50
Gray Leakey was buried alive on Mount Kenya as a human sacrifice to the gods of Mau Mau. This story is written by his daughter, now living in South Africa. It is a very personal story that gives far more than a glimpse of the answer to the violence in South Africa and beyond.

CAST OUT YOUR NETS
Garth Lean. Published by Grosvenor, £3.50
Subtitled "Sharing your faith with others", Garth Lean's book passes on his personal experience of finding a faith and on the art of winning others.

LISTEN TO THE CHILDREN, £2.95
LISTEN FOR A CHANGE, £2.50
Both of these books, published by Grosvenor and compiled by Annejet Campbell, are written for parents, young and old. They are produced for this age where sound and happy family life is fast becoming the exception, rather than the rule. They are true stories.

FOOTPRINTS
Michael Barrett. Published by Linden Hall, £3.00
Some personal memories.

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