

FOOTPRINTS

Footprints
some personal memories
by
Michael Barrett



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To the memory of
JOHN AND ELISABETH CAULFEILD
who contributed so much to the
building of a new world

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Foreword

by

Wing Commander Edward Howell, OBE, DFC,
BSc, Legion of Merit (US), (RAF RET)

Michael Barrett and I met in London during the war in 1943. He had returned there as an officer of the US Eighth Air Force when it came to England. Under General Doolittle, he had created a team whose task was to promote understanding and teamwork between the Allied Forces and to do everything possible to build morale and teamwork in face of the many occasions for ill-feeling and disunity.

At that time I was serving as a Wing Commander on the Air Staff in Whitehall. I had been a regular officer and pilot for ten years and had commanded a fighter squadron of Hurricanes in the Battle of Crete in 1941. Fighting there on the ground, after losing all our aircraft, I was severely wounded and left for dead, to be picked up by enemy paratroopers and flown, half-dead, as a prisoner of war to Greece. Recovering but still

crippled in Thessalonica, I had a dramatic spiritual awakening which led to an unusual escape into the hills of Northern Greece from where, with the help of the Greek villagers, I was able to get back to Egypt via Turkey and so home to hospital. I was able to return to Staff duties from 1943 on.

Before and during the war, my brother had been working with the programmes of Moral Re-Armament for strengthening morale and increasing teamwork in industry internationally. Their convictions and example had played an important part in my experience in Greece. Michael Barrett, too, and a number of his colleagues in the US Air Force had also had many years' training and experience in Moral Re-Armament. In London we were brought together by our mutual interest in MRA's aims and activities. Joined by many friends in the Services we began to work together to find ways of promoting Allied morale and teamwork.

The results were sometimes dramatically successful, as shown by the stories Michael Barrett tells. General Doolittle and other senior officers have since paid tribute to the work done by him and his team. One of them, a Colonel who worked with me in Joint Planning for D-Day, was made a Commander of the Order of the British Empire for his contribution to Allied unity. Two others received the American Bronze Star.

Invalided after the war, I joined Michael with many other ex-servicemen to try to build new relationships between Germany and Japan and their former enemies. He and I took the first chance to go back to Greece to find and thank my helpers.

Successive Greek governments were most appreciative and helpful and we were able to enlist them in the search for closer European unity. We were able to do the same in Turkey. Looking back to these post-war years, with their so-called "Miracle of Europe", the unexpected early reconciliations with Germany and similarly with Japan, many influences were clearly at work. As Michael Barrett's stories tell, the work of MRA played a significant part. In these present crucial years, perhaps they can be a useful pointer to future progress and peace.

Preface

In these pages I have tried to do what several friends have suggested – to describe some of the adventures I have had, and the people I have met, in a life which has taken me to many parts of the world. As we prepare to enter the twenty-first century, millions wonder what is going to happen. Sometimes when you are walking in a wood, you catch sight of footprints. As you follow them you find yourself led where you are meant to go.

I hope that the stories in this book may indicate some of the ways in which I found footprints – often footprints of friendship – on my journey.

1

An Indian Journey and Highland Holidays

No one forgets his first visit to India. I went with a "Schoolboys' Tour" in 1930, not knowing that this was to be the beginning of many journeys to Asia. There were twenty-seven of us in the party from all over Britain, chosen by the Empire branch of the Dominions Office.

My father came down to London to see me off. We overslept that night, and had to rush to catch the party at the train. But Dad said, "Let's say the Lord's Prayer," and we got down on our knees beside our beds. That surprised me; he had never done that before.

My companions were a congenial group. Some of us have remained friends for life.

One of the highlights of the tour was our visit to Jodhpur, Rajasthan, where we were guests of the Maharajah. Narpat Singh, his uncle, became a life-long friend. He let me drive his Mercedes, which had a cut-out for the exhaust silencer and so we were able to roar around in it. The Rajasthan polo team was one of the best in India, led by the

famous Hanut Singh, a member of the same family.

The Maharajah took us hunting black buck, in a cart drawn by two buffaloes. When we spotted a buck I dropped off the back of the cart while the buck was watching the front. I took a chance with my rifle at quite long range and managed to drop him. Then we went through Rajasthan on its narrow-gauge railway in very hot weather. My companion in our carriage was Arbuthnot, an old Etonian whom I, being the only Scotsman in the party, had found it hard to get to know. He had also shot a buck and, to be sure of getting it home, he decided to "cure" the head right there in the carriage. This he did, despite loud objections from the rest of the train as the smell wafted through the desert.

During the tour we had many opportunities to visit the schools of India, including the famous one where the Maharajahs sent their sons. We also visited settlements where the Harijans (the former "untouchables") lived; and we were taken to lunch at the Ashram founded by Mahatma Gandhi, where our food was served to us on banana leaves. In the Ellora and Ajanta caves, we saw the carvings of early Indian history.

When we got to Delhi, somebody very thoughtfully had arranged for us to ride the horses of the Viceroy's bodyguard. Half of our party, about a dozen, went along to the stables. There we found, in first-class condition and with beautiful saddles, the biggest horses I had ever seen or had to ride. The only trouble was, I was scared stiff.

Most of us were indifferent riders, except for a Yorkshireman, Whittington, who was an expert, mad on hunting. So we set out down a narrow lane leading to the race-course. Whittington soon disappeared from sight. The rest of us were left hanging on, knowing that the race-course would be the test. Unfortunately, two of the horses were not very confident about their riders and did not see the point of continuing, and so they turned round and galloped full tilt back to the stables. The road ended up in the narrow lane between two walls and then turned right to the stables. The horses made it all right, but the riders went straight on, landing in a manure heap.

One day our group was invited to meet Field Marshal Lord Allenby, who recaptured Palestine from the Turks in the first World War. He turned out to be an affable, interesting person. One of our party was a somewhat opinionated individual, who took the opportunity to question Lord Allenby on whether his strategy in the battle for Jerusalem had been the right one. This produced a considerable explosion from the Field Marshal - wholly justified - which disposed of the questioner. Allenby went on to describe his teamwork during the campaign with Lawrence of Arabia. Darjeeling gave us a first taste of the Himalayas. We stayed in St Paul's School, and it was a thrill to wake up in the morning and look out of the window. At a level where you would expect to see distant mountains, in the Himalayas these are only the foothills. What you thought were clouds are the white snow-peaks.

We walked down from Darjeeling and up again to Kalimpong. On the road, coming to meet us, was a striking figure with white hair and beard. This was Dr Graham, who had just started a boys' school for orphans and others in Kalimpong. He was famous in Scotland, and today the Graham schools (now called St Andrews Schools) are known world-wide.

On the tour, we met a holy man, a bearded "sadhu" in a saffron robe. He came to address us and we asked him questions. He spoke about his doctrines and about self-sacrifice. I asked him, "What should I do with my life?" "Live a good life," he said.

The life I had led up to then had been that of an Edinburgh schoolboy, the youngest of my family, with two brothers and a sister. My Dad was a partner in the printing house of T. & A. Constable, Sir Walter Scott's old publishers. Dad was a member of the Queen's Scottish Bodyguard of Archers and stood on duty at the Palace of Holyroodhouse every year until he was over eighty - a tall, erect figure in his dark green uniform and tartan trews, with an eagle feather in the bonnet. Both my father and mother were what we called in Scotland "pillars of the kirk", and we had to go with them to church every week, in our Sunday best. I wore a kilt, a jacket with sharp-cornered buttons and a starched collar which cut into my neck. We used to hope that some dreamed-up injury at rugby on the Saturday would be a good enough excuse for not going to church. It seldom was.

Each summer as a family we went on holiday to Argyll on Scotland's west coast - often renting Duntroon Castle, the home of Sir Ian and Lady Malcolm. Some of the West Highland fishermen there became our good friends, and so did the Malcolm family. We stayed in the castle, while the Malcolms were up at the big house.

The fishermen taught us how to sail and fish, in a dinghy which had a cross-beam from which they stretched bamboo rods. When the dinghy ropes got tangled with the propellor, the mixture of Gaelic and English which followed enlarged our education.

Johnnie Macphail was one of the fishermen who taught us much; and he had a great respect for Lady Malcolm. In the Highlands the old clans were a "classless society", with mutual respect between the chiefs and their people, and we noticed this between the fisher folk and the "gentry".

You enjoy life if you dare to take risks; and the whirlpool at Corrievrechan, near Crinan, is a real danger-point. We used to hear it roaring when the tide came in against the wind. Johnnie Macphail showed us how to hug the shore when the tide was going out.

A local legend tells of a Highland prince who was once put into the whirlpool with only five ropes, to see if he could survive. The ropes of hemp, flax, seaweed and even of chain all broke. The last one, of "maiden's hair", held him fast.

Our dinghy only had a lug-sail and no centre-board. Once I ran her aground. Johnnie Macphail's father, who lived across the bay, had offered us the

use of his bigger boat, which had some ballast and a good jib. So I went across in our small craft to tow back the bigger one. The tow was a bit heavy, and my dinghy grounded on a rock near the little island in the middle of the bay. I managed to float her off before getting into more trouble.

The big boat gave us great fun. We often took my mother out in it. She preferred it to the smaller boat, and used to huddle up under the gunwale on the windward side, crossing over when necessary.

My oldest brother, Maitland, must have rowed over a hundred miles on these holidays, up and down the Sound of Jura.

We went duck-shooting near Loch Crinan, and that is how we became friends of the Malcolm family. They wanted to get the duck heading into the cornfields; but we found our shooting in the bay, lying hidden in the sand or gravel, and this put the ducks off from flying into the cornfield. So Wills, the Malcolms' head keeper - and breeder of a new type of Skye terrier - came and asked whether we would consider joining their party. My brothers and I, in our raggedest, dampest, least respectable clothes, went along and joined the Malcolms' guests, some of whom were clad in beautiful kilts with silver buckles and all.

Lady Malcolm was a daughter of Lily Langtry, the famous Edwardian beauty from Jersey, known as "The Jersey Lily". The family, like ours, consisted of three sons and a daughter. George Malcolm, the oldest son, later helped to save the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders when the regiment was to be disbanded.

The Malcolms sometimes used to bring their guests to see over the castle. We boys used to object – it meant we had to keep our bedrooms tidy.

In the bay there were various boats moored beyond the rocks. One day I was practising with my rifle from a window of the castle when I spotted a boat with a tin can floating to mark its stern anchor. I took a pot-shot at this can, drilled and sank it. I knew that the owner of the boat was the Malcolms' Clerk of Works, a man with a big white beard. So I went up to his place, not knowing whether he would bite me or what. I said, "I'm afraid that I've sunk your stern anchor tin." "Think nothing of it," he replied. After that, he lent me his skiff and I learned to sail her.

Once, later on, I went for a weekend to Duntroon with Sam Reid, who was renowned as a motor-cycling "ace", the first Scot to beat the Australians on the Marine Gardens dirt track in Edinburgh. He finished one race skidding with trousers ablaze past the winning-post. He had a small, single-engined plane and flew me up to Duntroon from Macmerry. As we taxied in, we hit some soft ground. The plane pitched forward on its propellor and broke it. To get a new propellor took about a week. So Sam stayed in the castle in a room on the top floor.

One morning I thought he looked a bit off colour. "Did you sleep all right?" I asked him. "No," he said. "Why not?" "I heard a ghost," he said. "He was playing the bagpipes round the battlements."

Then I remembered that Sam was an islander

from Orkney, and islanders often have the "second sight". Long ago, Duntroon Castle had belonged to the Campbells and there is a story that, when the Campbells were away, the Macleods invaded. The Campbells had left a piper, who mounted the battlements and sounded a warning on his pipes. The Macleods took him and cut off his fingers before beheading him. He is said to be buried under the kitchen floor, and his ghost can be heard piping round the battlements on windy nights.

The Highlands are full of such traditions. Years later, when my wife and I were visiting Dame Flora Macleod in Dunvegan Castle on the Island of Skye, she showed us the "Faery Flag", an old blue banner of unknown date which is preserved there under glass, and she told us stories of its miraculous powers. She was for many years Chief of the Clan Macleod. We stayed in a room in one wing of Dunvegan Castle. My wife slept in the four-poster bed and I in a small adjoining room. About one o'clock in the morning I was awakened by what I thought was a lady speaking to me, although both our doors were shut. "I'm sorry, madam," I said, "I couldn't quite hear what you said." But there was no reply. I prayed, and then went back to sleep.

In the morning, our hostess asked whether we had had a good night's rest, and I told her that I had heard a woman talking to me. "That's very interesting," was all she said. "Some people hear it."

We drove back from Dunvegan to the ferry in sunshine so brilliant that the driver had to pull down the sun-shade (not often used). It was

Christmas Day. So, with Edinburgh schooldays, an Indian adventure, Highland holidays and Celtic legends behind me, I set out for Oxford University.

Oxford – Finding the Path

At Trinity College, Oxford, I lived up a staircase with four others. One was an Irishman, McElderry. Number two was a post-graduate Rhodes Scholar from New Zealand, Jim Dakin, the strongest man I ever met. Once when he got drunk he threw all the furniture out of the window. I heard it crashing into the quadrangle. Then there was a South African Rhodes Scholar, Archibald, who said absolutely nothing and stayed in his room playing Beethoven records on the gramophone. The fourth was a Rhodes Scholar, Frank Adamson, a US Navy man, very good at maths.

On our staircase the custom was to order lunch each day on a slip of paper. Most of us had a hunk of bread with butter and mouse-trap cheese – known as “commons”; so we just put “commons” on the paper. The New Zealander and I thought it would be fun to give the American that well-known British institution, rice pudding, as well. So we wrote “rice pudding” on his paper and

he got it every day for a week until he twigged what was happening.

The real "character" on the staircase, though, was Cadman, the "Scout" who looked after us. A bluff, hearty type with a ruddy complexion, who thought for himself and knew the ways of undergraduates, he was outspoken on the standards of behaviour to be expected of gentlemen. Eventually he became a famous old figure, with forty years' experience at the college. I once got into an argument with him; after a day or two I went to him and apologised, and we became friends for the next twenty years.

In my first year I rowed for the college in the Freshmen's Eights. Then I took up Judo because I admired A.C.A. Wright of Christ Church, captain of the Judo team. Three big men in his college decided to tackle him one day. "We'll sort him out," they said. But he threw them, one after the other, into the fountain, and he was not bothered by them again.

In a Judo match in London I found myself up against a pretty well-proportioned fellow who had lost part of one ear. I was terrified, but then I found out that he was nervous too, and we had a good match. Then came the Cambridge match, in the Oxford gym. It was all over so quickly; I lost my match that time. Then there was a lot of practice, twice a week, till the Cambridge match the next year. Once more it was over very quickly, but this time I drew with my opponent. I learned a lot from the Japanese Judo teachers who helped us in practising, and taught us, "Judo is skill, not strength."

About this time I noticed that McElderry, the Irishman on our stair, had become much more cheerful. He told me he had met some people called the "Oxford Group", and I went with him to meet them in Corpus Christi College. There I met Kit Prescott from Worcester College. He was a big, burly fellow, evidently short-sighted behind his spectacles - one of a family of well-known rugging-playing brothers. He asked me to tea and, over the tea-cups, he put up to me the challenge to face four standards - absolute honesty, purity, unselfishness and love. Then he suggested getting down on my knees and giving my life to Christ.

"How can I?" I said. "I don't believe in Christ."

"Why not?" he asked.

"Well, I've heard about him in church, but that's about all," I said. I had reacted to having to go to church every Sunday.

"That doesn't matter," said Kit. "You can call him 'X' if you like." Kit refused to accept my unbelief. It was, I found later, his usual illogical, insuperable way. So I did what he suggested.

On the way back to college from this encounter with Kit, I remembered one of the men there whom I much disliked. I went to him and apologised. In return he opened his heart and told me he was so unhappy he had been contemplating suicide. It was an eye-opener to me; I had never guessed what was going on inside him. And I think he found it a relief to be able to talk like that.

Looking back, you see that it's not your life, is it? That is true, of course, after you give it back to God. But even if you don't, there are elements

there – elements that make you realise what a sensitive, gifted instrument a human life is. Where, for instance, did Kit get his quality of unstoppableity from – his daring? In Oxford, people seeing him pass in the street would say to each other, “That’s Kit Prescott! He’s just changed so-and-so!”

For me, it was a new beginning in my life. I marvel at the simplicity of it all. All a man has to do is to ask God in his heart what He wants him to do. Of course, after that, life takes on a certain discipline. Following Kit’s suggestions, I began getting up a bit earlier in the morning to have what he called a “quiet time”, listening to my inner voice. I also began to read my New Testament, and found it was not an out-of-date, boring book of children’s stories and moral rules – but, as somebody told me, “a book about men and women who turned the Roman Empire upside down, written by revolutionaries for revolutionaries”. This interested me.

On my way home from Oxford, I realised I should tell my family about the new decisions I had made. I shared a room with my second brother; and I had a struggle to tell him that I had read a letter of his from his fiancée without his knowledge. He was quite put out. I also had decided I must get up for my morning quiet time while he was still asleep. So the first morning I got up, took a blanket and wrapped it round me because the bathroom was rather cold, had my quiet time and read my New Testament. When I went back into the room to get ready for breakfast, my brother opened one eye and said - in a not very loving voice – “What the hell do you think you are doing?”

Now I was committed to go on doing it.

My father blew a bit sky-high when he heard of my decision. He said, "No one would think you were brought up in a Christian home." I can understand his reaction because as boys we used to have to learn a Psalm and recite it every Sunday evening - and get kicked in the shins by Dad if we made a mistake. To him that was Christian training. Much later, Dad told me of the hopes he had had for me. He wanted me to join his club and to become one of the Queen's Bodyguard like him. He was keeping his Archer's uniform for me.

Dad came with me to one of the first Oxford Group house parties, in St Andrews. He didn't care for it very much. He met Loudon Hamilton, who had served in the trenches in the first World War and had won the Military Cross, before going to Oxford. It was in his rooms at Christ Church that the Oxford Group began, when Frank Buchman visited him in 1921.

We invited Loudon for dinner in Edinburgh. I thought, "Now this is the answer to all my problems. Loudon will answer all the questions my father and mother have." But Dad was very critical of Loudon and did not agree with the points he was making. He could not grasp how Loudon supported himself on faith and prayer. I had expected so much from Loudon's experience, and he, perhaps wisely, kept fairly quiet. I found it very painful; in fact, I went upstairs and wept.

Later, Dad was very good to me in London, when I was working there. He would come and visit us and would say to me, "Now, who would

you like to invite for dinner?" He invited all my friends, including a girl called Margaret Carey-Evans, who was to become my wife, though neither of us knew it then.

My mother always understood what I was trying to do, with absolute standards and morning quiet times. I remember giving her a lovely calendar of the Madonna. For me it was symbolic of my decision to give up ideas of a career, engagement, marriage. Mother, of course, wanted me to become a Minister of the Church of Scotland, like her brother-in-law, Professor Alec Macaulay in Glasgow.

Mum served as treasurer of the Highlands and Islands Committee of our church for thirty years. She would go on tours of the islands, packing carefully but leaving her boots in a parcel for us to send, so that she would not be overweight in the little aeroplane flying from island to island. Once a year she would present the accounts to the Annual General Meeting of the Women's Guild in our church. My father would sit at the back of the hall, marvelling that my mother could do this without a note to help her.

I had some pounds in the bank, a legacy from an aunt. One day I drew out that money, packed a suitcase and went round the industrial areas of Scotland to see what was going on. It was good experience to get to know the revolutionary, atheist groups in Fife and particularly among the unemployed. I met everybody I could. I stayed in lodgings in Clydebank with a policeman and his wife. The only coat I had was a long-skirted over-

coat which my father had worn when he was in the mounted police in the war. I discovered afterwards that my landlady thought I belonged to the police, because of this coat. On the Clyde I met the anarchist groups, and went over the *Queen Mary* which was still building.

Then I travelled to South Wales to see the miners, and to get to know the valleys. I can never forget those scores and scores of men, sitting on their hunkers or standing about, unemployed in those mid-thirties, the years of the Great Depression.

My uncle generously offered me a job with his firm in Glasgow. I agonised over this for some time. Finally I wrote to him saying, "I greatly appreciate your offer. But I can't make a decision till God tells me what to do." He wrote back a rather irate letter: "I don't see how this would work. How would you deal with the Russians?"

I thought of going into the Church, and tried to take the entrance exam for New College, the Church of Scotland theological college in Edinburgh, but I did not allow myself time to get through the required Hebrew exam.

My other uncle, my mother's brother in Edinburgh, who was head partner in Howden and Morrison, Chartered Accountants, said I could go there to study and work in the office. So I went there for a year, which was good experience. At the end of the year I got ten pounds' reward.

Then I went off to Oxford to join an educational conference at a house party of the Oxford Group.

In Brown's Hotel, London

After the Oxford Group house party I decided to give up looking for a job in Edinburgh, and I went on to London to help the Group in any way I could. Frank Buchman at this time carried on his work from a suite in Brown's Hotel, London.

Brown's was an unusual hotel, with front doors on two sides, in Dover Street and Albemarle Street. It was possible to slip through the hotel unnoticed – as a character does, in one of John Buchan's novels. The clientele in the 1930s included personalities of all kinds. I once met Rudyard Kipling in the hotel barber-shop.

When I first arrived there, I was given a room in the hotel on the corridor between the two entrances. The only thing I had to be careful about was to get my shoes out of the corridor before the business of the hotel started in the morning. They charged me ten-and-sixpence – 50 pence - a night. Then I went along to breakfast in the diningroom, earlier than most of the guests. John Roots, an American author and journalist, whose father was

Bishop of Hankow in China, was staying there and working with us. He caused a bit of a fuss in that conservative British diningroom by insisting on having prunes along with his cereal.

The suite at Brown's Hotel was rented to Buchman at a nominal charge – a sittingroom, a nice reception room and, at the back of this reception room, a room without a window which became known as "the book room". There was a bed in it and books were stored there. Many people came to Brown's to ask about the Oxford Group, often interested by books they had read about it. When they arrived they were taken to the front room to meet whoever was at home, and then to the reception room or the book room, depending on how many there were. They used to come to one of the two front doors of Brown's, and sit in the guest chair in the hall while White or Vinall, the porters, would come into the room where we were working and say, "There's a visitor."

So we would go out and meet this visitor, try and size up who he was and what he was like, take him into whatever room was free and have a chance to talk with him. It gave us a very wide acquaintance with different people, most of whom were very genuine in their motives for coming. White, the senior porter, was most helpful; he would say who was there and add any comment he thought would help us.

We learned, in talking with people, how to understand what they had been through in their lives, what their troubles were, what they thought about religion. As we talked, we would find our-

selves on a road together with them. Soon signposts would begin to appear: Honestly, where are you at? Honestly, what do you want to do? Honestly, what are your difficulties? And honestly, are you ready to start taking time in quiet in the mornings, to jot down your thoughts and read your Bible and put things right? After all, the answers to such questions can show a person the next steps along the road.

With Frank Buchman, I met a lot of people. While I was working at Brown's Hotel with him I had my first touch with King George of Greece. Frank invited the King to come and have tea, and said to me, "I want you to be answering the phone, so you will meet him." I knew that that particular phone had been disconnected; however, I sat there. Then the porter came in, saying, "King George is here, sir." So Frank said to me, "Bring him in." I went and greeted him, and took him into the reception room to meet Frank. I had a few words with him and then left. This incident was to have a sequel many years later.

The Emperor of Ethiopia, Haile Selassie, was living in Brown's Hotel in the 1930s. He had been driven from his country by Mussolini's invading army. I remember him as a small, erect, bearded figure in a black cape, obviously lonely and sad. We gave him what friendship we could. Many years later his cousin, Asrate Ras Kasa, received my wife and me as his house-guests in Eritrea. Asrate Kasa was later shot by the Dergue.

There was nothing Frank liked more than a party. He would have all these people he had met

come for tea parties in the main reception room. Frank would say, "Now ring up and ask for tea for three." So along came Salvo, an old waiter, bent double with rheumatism, bearing a big silver tray, teapot and hot water, and fresh sandwiches and cakes of various kinds. He would park it, lay a tablecloth on the main round table in the sitting-room, put the tray down on that and go off at his bent-double best.

When I was new to the job and I had seen six people in the room, I would say to Salvo, "Bring tea for six." "No, no," came strong protest from Frank. "We don't have tea for six here. Salvo knows we have tea for three here." As soon as Salvo had gone, Frank would say, "Now, get out the other cups and saucers." These came out of a cupboard where they were kept. Otherwise the tea bill would have been quite out of reach.

The manager of Brown's, Anton Bieri from Switzerland, became a life-long friend of Frank, and so did his wife. Frank would keep them informed about how his work was progressing – by letters if he was away from London. He also kept in touch with the head of the syndicate, Anton Bon, who ran the Dorchester and Brown's and some other hotels.

A mass of mail came to Frank, and so my friend Lawson Wood and I decided to go off and learn "speed-writing" and typing for two hours a day, in the evenings when the pressure of people and work seemed to have slackened off. Lawson is a graduate of Aberdeen University, whose father was President of the British Herring Trade Asso-

ciation. He was one of the hardest workers I ever met. We went down to Miss Figgins, a well-known tutor in speed-writing, and graduated with a speed of 100 words a minute. Two or three times a week we went to a typing college in Holborn and learned to type, to music. Then we had to go and get some food. On a bright day I would go to one of the Lyons Corner Houses and get a nice three-course meal for two shillings and sixpence (15p nowadays).

Frank also took us with him round the country – on one occasion to the West of Scotland, where he had been invited by Mrs Marjorie Holman, a member of the Boot family, to plant a tree at her home in Acharacle. He was going by train, and said to Lawson and me, “Why don’t you bring the car? And you can pick up General Peter Winser on the way.” The General was a big, hearty ex-Army type whose life had been considerably changed. (When his friends offered him a cigar, he used to say, “I’d rather have it in cash.”)

The General had a wooden leg, which he called “George”. We arranged to pick him up at his home in Gloucestershire and drive him north through the night. When we got to his place he was all ready, including “George”. So we put “George” in the front seat with Lawson, I sat in the back with the General and we drove to Acharacle that way. It was the night of the big world title fight between Jack Dempsey and Gene Tunney, and we listened to it as we drove.

Working as Frank’s secretary was not without its difficulties. He always seemed astonished if

letters he dictated were not perfectly typed and ready for the post the moment they had left his mouth, besides expecting you to know to whom he was writing without being told. Once, in a taxi in Cairo, he suddenly said, "We must write So-and-so." He began dictating and continued without let-up through a series of tunnels in complete darkness. I got most of it and contrived to make up the rest.

That incident took place on a visit to Egypt and the Middle East. In Frank's party on that journey were three noble old ladies, Lady Antrim, Lady Minto and Mrs Zigomala – all of them over eighty. Before leaving London I had the job of persuading them to cut down on the quantity of their baggage so that we could travel by air, which they had never done before. I managed to get the number of bags down, I think, from twenty-seven to eighteen. When I mentioned to Lady Minto (a former Vicereine of India) the need to be in time to catch a boat train, she said, "Catch? I'm accustomed to trains waiting for me."

On that journey we went to Jerusalem and then on to Jordan. There we met the legendary General Glubb of the Arab Legion. I learned to respect not only him but his predecessor, Peake Pasha, for their understanding and high regard for the Arabs. Like T.E. Lawrence before them, they won their loyalty. One of the many sacrifices General Glubb made in Jordan was to leave there the grave of his only son.

Back in London, Lady Antrim's luncheons on Thursdays in her Chelsea home were a feature of

our days. "Lady A" was a great-spirited Irish-woman who had been lady-in-waiting to Queen Victoria, Queen Alexandra and Queen Mary. She was said to have come out of a church on a Sunday commenting on the sermon, "If I wasn't a Christian, I'd have taken my stick to that man."

Frank Buchman's care for all sorts of people, one by one, often reminded me of what my parents had told me of the work of Henry Drummond, the nineteenth century Scottish scientist who, in their day, had "turned many of that generation Godwards". Frank acknowledged Drummond's work as a formative influence for his own.

We may have been pretty dumb a lot of the time; but we gained – as does everyone in Moral Re-Armament – an experience of winning people, their confidence and their commitment – not to ourselves or to anything human, but to what God wants them to be and to do.

Launching Moral Re-Armament

By 1938 events in Europe were moving at headlong pace towards war. The need for re-armament was overwhelming. Baldwin's efforts fell woefully short. The Nazis were arming fast. France was putting her hopes in the Maginot Line.

Frank already held his conviction of the urgent need for moral change as a fundamental choice for men and nations. He went with some of us for a few days to have a chance to think, to Freudenstadt in the Black Forest of Germany. There a message reached him from Harry Blomberg, a leader of the steelworkers in Sweden. To reconcile the nations, Blomberg wrote, "we must rearm morally". This gave Frank the word he was looking for – "moral re-armament".

Walking with me in the woods, Frank began to dictate the thoughts that were coming to him. I remember stopping and leaning my notebook up against a tree to write, as he said, "The next great movement in the world will be for moral and spiritual re-armament for all nations."

“Moral Re-Armament” - it could be grounded in the changed lives that were springing up in East Ham in London. Frank had been invited by the trades union men and civic leaders there, and he used the opportunity to launch MRA. The Archbishops responded. The Earl of Athlone, King George VI's uncle, gave the message to the world in a broadcast. So did sportsmen, MPs from all parties, newspapermen and many others.

It is one thing to appeal for moral and spiritual re-armament, but how do you get people to start changing? The Oxford Group were men and women who put it into practice. They provided the motive force. And still its genius lay in not being an “organisation” with members. “You can't join and you can't resign,” Frank used to say. “You either live the life or you don't.” So everyone could have a part.

For example, Frank gave a speech on “One Hundred Million Listening to God”. That thought came to him from “Manny” Strauss, a New York publicity man who moved with him for a time. The development of it was open to anybody. Half the ideas Frank took came flowing in from other people, from any of us. I found myself originating ideas and suggestions. We were all moving in the same stream. It did not matter who got the credit. Frank would take some suggestions and reject some. I was supposed to take them all down in short-hand and type them out. It hardly mattered which were my thoughts, which were Frank's and which were somebody else's.

Harry Addison was the one who gave Frank

the "Three Great Tasks" which confronted this generation: "To keep the peace and make it permanent; to make the work and wealth of the world available for all and for the exploitation of none; and with peace and prosperity as our servants and not our masters, to create a new culture and turn an age of gold into the Golden Age." Harry was the brilliant son of a Northumberland railwayman, who had won his way through Newcastle and Oxford Universities by scholarships.

Bill Sinclair, whose son later became famous in the electronics industry, came up with, "There is enough in the world for everyone's need, but not for everyone's greed." And an American girl gave the thought, "We must listen to God's guidance, or we shall listen to guns."

Some thoughts about Britain and Moral Re-Armament came to me one day when I was visiting Uig, a village on the West Coast of Scotland. I wrote them down and sent them to my friends in London. There, to my surprise, Lord Athlone, Lord Baldwin and other senior men took them up and sent them in a letter to *The Times*. It was the first of a whole series of letters published in that newspaper.

Then, during the summer, I went to join my family for a holiday in Dumfriesshire. A phonecall came from John Roots in London, saying that a group of Labour men were initiating another letter. "Would you please go to the Scots Labour MPs, the Clydesiders, and see if they want to join in?" So I borrowed my mother's car at seven in the morning and got back at eleven at night, having

seen Jimmy Maxton, John McGovern, George Buchanan and David Kirkwood. I never forget my interview with Jimmy Maxton. Far from being the rather explosive, terrifying person I expected, I found him a man with a fascinating turn of mind – certainly radical, but sensible, someone it was easy to be friends with.

With Buchman to America

In May 1939 Frank Buchman returned to his native America to launch Moral Re-Armament there. With him went a number of his friends and fellow-workers from Britain and the other countries of Europe; and I was among them. We crossed the States that summer from coast to coast, with great meetings in Madison Square Garden, New York; Constitution Hall, Washington; and the Hollywood Bowl, Los Angeles. To the Washington meeting President Roosevelt sent a message of encouragement, which was read to the crowded hall by the then Senator Harry Truman. Then, in September, World War II broke out.

These were full months for me, working in close association with Frank. He saw so clearly that America held many of the keys to the future - both to the winning of the war and in the peace which must follow. His aim was to arouse and equip her morally for the task.

For me, and for others of us who were British, it was a hard decision not to return to our country

and join the forces, but to continue to work with Buchman in this task. Our decision laid us open to misunderstanding, though we were supported in it by British authorities in America.

We embarked upon a programme of "Sound Homes, Teamwork in Industry and National Unity". We took part in creating and producing a widely-read handbook called *You Can Defend America*, for which General Pershing, who had commanded the American troops in the first world war, wrote the foreword. We moved with a stage presentation on the same theme, which was seen by a quarter of a million people in over twenty states.

Then one day in 1941, the *New York Times* carried a banner headline over an article calling us "pacifists" and "draft-dodgers", and saying that we British were in America to avoid being called up. The newspapers were being fed lies by enemies of Moral Re-Armament in Britain, and in the New York Draft Board. The battle to correct them affected Frank's health and contributed to the stroke which nearly killed him.

Once, in Washington, I was staying with him in an hotel opposite the White House when the press men came hammering at the front door. We went out by the back door to a Seventh Day Adventist centre in Silver Springs, Maryland, for a chance to be quiet and think.

My mother wrote from Scotland to tell me that she had been accosted by a neighbour in our street, quoting all this from the papers and saying, "I suppose you are ashamed of what Michael is

doing." To which she replied, "On the contrary, we are very proud of what he is doing."

It is a very good thing, being in the fire of persecution. No disciple can ever do without it. At that time Moral Re-Armament was being legally incorporated in America; and we had to write a constitution. A group of us were together seeking God's wisdom on this. I wrote down some thoughts which came to me as if they were dictated. Those thoughts became the "Preamble" to the constitution:

"Riches, reputation or rest have been for none of us the motives of association.

Our learning has been the truth as revealed by the Holy Spirit.

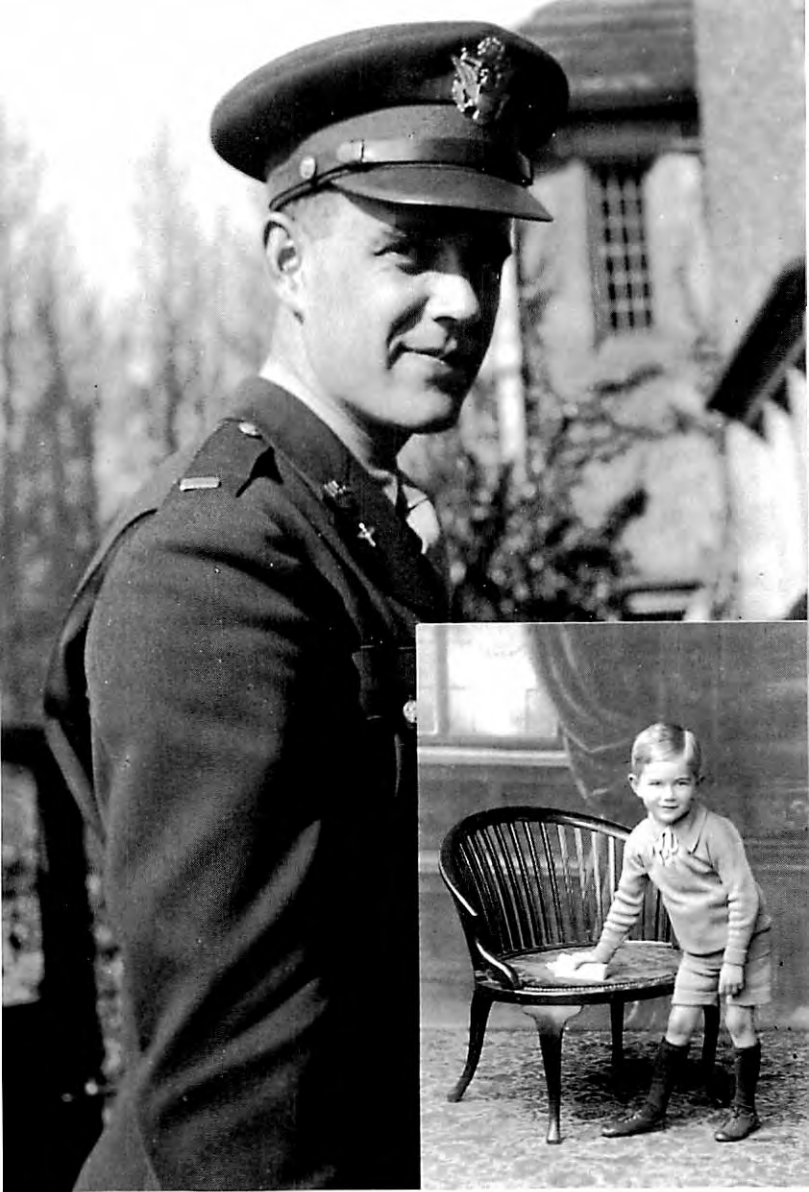
Our security has been the riches of God in Christ Jesus.

Our unity as a world-wide family has been in the leading of the Holy Spirit and our love for one another.

Our joy comes in our common battle for a change of heart, to restore God to leadership.

Our aim has been the establishment of God's Kingdom here on earth in the hearts and wills of men and women everywhere, the building of a hate-free, fear-free, greed-free world.

Our reward has been in the fulfilment of God's Will."



- 1 Lieutenant Barrett, USAF. (*Mary Gaddie*)
- 2 Robert Michael Stewart Barrett, aged four. (*R.S. Webster*)



- 3 Kit Prescott - "a quality of unstopability". (*Hannen Foss*)
4 Oxford - finding the path. (*Margaret Barnes*)

5 At the wheel of the Buick, while working with Frank Buchman. On the right, Lawson Wood. (*Arthur Strong*)



6 With Frank Buchman at Interlaken during the 1938 International Conference for Moral and Spiritual Re-Armament.
(Arthur Strong)



7 With Buchman and Pim Van Doorn of Holland, who was shot by the Nazis while fighting with the Dutch Underground.
(Arthur Strong)





8 Working at Buchman's modest headquarters in Brown's Hotel, London. (*Ronald Procter*)

9 The exiled King George of Greece, whom the author first met at Brown's, receives a posy as he leaves the hotel to take up his throne again. (*Eric Parfit*)



“Riches”? I once had £30 in the bank. I gave it all as a start to raising the money to take 600 people to Denmark. Another time I had the same amount in the bank and wanted to buy a second-hand car. I never got that car; but looking back, I do not understand yet how I paid for my travel in full-time work. During those years I only received two small legacies. My needs, and those of all of us, were always met, though we received no salaries and never asked for money. For me, it is proof that “where God guides, He provides”.

We had come to a quiet place in New York for rest. One day, walking along a corridor, Frank suddenly collapsed. It seemed certain that he was going to die. He had figured so largely in our lives, and now he seemed to be going. The only thing we could do was to pray. So we sat in the corridor outside his room and prayed.

Our emotions were so tender. I remember two friends, Dubie and Elizabeth Morris, came up from New York; and they brought me a gift of a fountain pen. That simple gift made me burst into tears. Bremer Hofmeyr, a South African Rhodes Scholar who was at Oxford with me, took the brunt of the physical work, looking after Frank; and Frank’s secretaries, Enid Mansfield and Ruth Ridgeway, with others did the nursing. Along with Dr Carl Comstock, the local doctor, Dr Paul Campbell from Canada came and cared for Frank medically, day and night. Paul was to be Frank’s personal physician, travelling everywhere with him, for the next twenty years.

Once, when he was very weak, Frank asked

for his wallet and opened it. He counted his money. I think it contained \$23 and a cheque. These he shared with us all.

Then he slowly recovered. Of all those days with him, the first thing I remember was the sense of quiet. You knew that his mind was going like a dynamo. All the time you were waiting to hear what he would say. He was occupied with receiving thoughts, like listening in to a radio. And he was questing what would mean most in your development as you stood there before him. He felt his main function was to pray for God's wisdom on the situation in the world; and that the development of the person standing opposite him was the fundamentally important thing.

During those days, we watched the untiring care and devotion with which Morris Martin, another of his secretaries, served Frank. Morris later married Enid Mansfield, and they carried on with their service of Frank for many years, up to his death in 1961.

All the time, he was sending messages and gifts, including books, to the doctors, nurses and all sorts of people. He would often have the books inscribed "To So-and-so, hospitable to men and ideas". This had always been his way. I had been with him when the great big edition of the Bible, *The Bible Designed to be Read as Literature*, came out. Frank gave a copy to Lady Antrim, and then he gave another to the page-boy in the hotel where he was staying. Who else would have done that? The little chap, with his pill-box cap on one side, went off delighted with this huge volume.

During those years in America, we learned much as we worked together, becoming a united force. As the "Preamble" puts it, "Our unity as a world-wide family has been in the leadership of the Holy Spirit and our love for one another." The worst cause of division is "man-pleasing", when we try to put someone in the place where God alone should be. There have been times when that evil spirit got into us – when, at our meetings, no one would dare to say anything contrary to the ideas being given by those "in leadership". Or, if he did, no one would speak to him afterwards. Nothing kills the spirit so quickly; it kills initiative and creativity.

The Americans who worked with me by Frank's side became my closest friends. I particularly remember the senior couples among them. Here I should like to introduce some of them.

Ray and Elsa Purdy had met Frank at Princeton in the pioneering days which led to the beginning of the Oxford Group. Ray took responsibility for the launching of Moral Re-Armament in the United States in 1939, and later in the battle that arose over the calling-up of MRA full-time workers into the armed forces. He had met Truman, then a Senator, and briefed him and Congressman James Wadsworth of New York, regularly and thoroughly, on the work we were doing.

Ray was a patriot, and wanted those in authority to recognise that America's best defence rests upon the morale and character of her people. Repeatedly he made journeys to Washington, sometimes driving through the night. He was

fighting for us, as British, to be put into the right category.

Sciff and Helen Wishard were another pioneering pair, with Frank from early days. A big, athletic man, Sciff - his full name was Scoville - had a great sense of humour. When I was in Washington working as Frank's secretary, I would become exhausted. Sciff and Helen provided the right shoulder to cry on; their home was home to me.

I met Garrett and Nan Stearly first at Brown's Hotel. I was impressed with Garrett's practical attitude to life, and the way he lived on faith and prayer. Nan was the first person I heard giving a talk on how to have a "quiet time". She did it simply and effectively. At house parties in the 1930s we had training meetings on "principle". One speaker led on "guidance", someone else on "stewardship". Loudon Hamilton's talk on "sin" was very comprehensive.

Ken and Marian Twitchell made their home in Oxford while I was there as a student. It was a centre for people who wanted to change; and they too lived on faith and prayer, without salary or other income. I took a friend to lunch there one day, and he noticed that I contributed for the lunch. It surprised him to learn how the Twitchells lived. As we sat quietly with them, my friend thought of some money he owed and needed to pay back. Years later, he became bursar of an Oxford college, and I asked him if he had ever paid back the money. Sadly, he said he had not.

Ken, who studied at Princeton and Balliol, was a man of grace. His father-in-law was Senator

Alexander Smith of New Jersey. Later, when we were serving in the United States Air Force, Ken would ask us to give him any points of information for the Senator, or any suggestion he might act upon. We told him, for instance, about two jail-birds who were put in charge of our intake of recruits for basic training and how poorly they did their job. He took action.

After the war, I shared a flat with Ken in Paris. He spoke French and was very much at home there – as he was in any country. We travelled together with Rajmohan Gandhi, grandson of the Mahatma, in Vietnam and Thailand. Differences of nationality or language made no difference to Ken. I also observed that he was very good at understanding the British!

Then there were Mrs Laura Wood, a charming, dignified Boston lady, and her son John. John Wood served as an Infantry officer in World War II; and some years later married Denise Hyde, whose mother was French. Denise became a friend and comrade of Irène Laure, the French Resistance heroine, who worked tirelessly after the war to build bridges of understanding and forgiveness between France and Germany.

We British who worked in America during the war years can never be grateful enough for what Jack Ely and his wife Connie did, both for us and for America, during those difficult days. We knew we were always welcome in their beautiful home on Massachusetts Avenue in Washington, DC. It was from this home that five of us, as new "GIs", left to join the US Air Force.

Bob and Marion Anderson created our theatre. They did it with a group of writers, artists and musicians including Cecil Broadhurst, a Canadian cowboy singer and actor; George Fraser, a Scots composer; playwright Alan Thornhill, and Phyllis Konstam of the British stage with her husband "Bunny" Austin, tennis star and writer. Marion had acted with Charles Laughton in the film of *The Barretts of Wimpole Street*.

After the outbreak of war, Frank gathered those of us who were working with him to confer at Lake Tahoe in the Sierra Nevada mountains. It was there that Bob and Marion Anderson and their colleagues produced our first show for the stage, which grew into the musical review, *You Can Defend America*.

They started by building on what little material we had at Tahoe. We were living in a small resort hotel with a chalet at the end of a pier on the lake. The proprietor was "Poppa" Globin, an ex-bootlegger and a great character. We were creating our musical review – it was then a "floor show" – in the chalet, and we had a scene in it about him: "Mr Globin had a store up at Lake Tahoe". As this was sung, we paraded about carrying samples of what he had in his store, culminating in two of our tallest and strongest men – one was Willy Rentzman, a champion javelin-thrower from Denmark – bearing a sheep's carcass on a pole across the stage.

The scenes grew naturally like that. Another time we were creating a scene in a railway station, called "The Brand New World Express". Tommy Gillespie, a journalist and a gifted Scottish comic

actor, was playing the part of an Italian onion-seller. I borrowed a beautiful pair of red Wellington boots from one of the ladies, who was horrified when Tommy appeared with them on.

So the "floor show" developed into a war-time musical review. Ray and Elsa Purdy played leading parts. In an industrial scene, a character called "Miss Trust" ("Mistrust"), by sowing suspicion and class war between management and unions, brought the nation's wheels to a halt. Ray then came striding in, representing America's "Total Defence", sent Miss Trust flying and led the patriotic song, "Let's Get Together", as the wheels began to turn again.

Elsa, with her beautiful singing voice, led audiences in a song called "The Arm Behind the Army". All of us packed the stage behind her. I used to stand in a back row with a Bishop. Both of us were allowed to move our mouths, but were asked not to sing.

With this show, we gave our message to many varied audiences across America for the next two years. Then, in 1943, with some of my British colleagues, I was inducted into the United States Air Force.

Into the Air Force and Back to Europe

After various adventures, five of us landed up just outside Miami at Homestead – five recruits on a base for Troop Carrier Command, probably the biggest in America.

We were a varied lot. There was John Caulfeild, over six feet tall, Oxford educated; Reg Hale, ex-officer in the Royal Sussex Regiment, who had learnt to do everything the British way – he was a very good artist; Duncan Corcoran, a shipyard worker from the Clyde – his father had been a Sergeant in the British Army whose great pride in life was to step with one stride on to a table and stand there to attention; and Stuart Smith, who had been President of the Glasgow University Students' Union.

We all roomed together. With the influx of recruits we were all put in what was like a big factory or hangar with double-decker bunks scattered round. First you went to the barber. "Like a haircut, sir?" Next thing, you saw this blooming

machine going over the top of your head and you came out with your hair cut by a clipper. Then you went for your clothing issue. You got a bag to put it in – an Army shirt or two, Army trousers and boots. Then the Corporal doing the issue gave you a couple of identification tags and when you asked, "What are they for?", he said, "Well, one is for the corpse." So off you went, took off your civilian

clothes and went to bed in those bunks.

There was a Sergeant across the room from us, who was a permanent resident and despised all young recruits. His speciality was dirty stories. When the lights went out he started and went on till about midnight. John



The "West" and West End meet – a cartoon by R.B. Hale

John Caulfeild happened to be in the bunk next to him. Most of us were fuming. The next day John went over and talked to him and made friends with him. After a couple of days something happened. This chap had been in married quarters, but his wife had not come down with him and he had picked up a girl friend. Then he suddenly heard that his wife was coming. What was he to do? By this time

John had made friends with him, and soon he got hold of a different idea of what was right. A day or two later he got rid of his girl friend, his wife arrived and their marriage was reborn. That is the kind of fellow John was.

During the first three months we were instructed by two men who had been in the jailhouse. They were the last people I would have chosen for instructors. However, we finally got out of their grip and started getting trained, still with basic jobs like "policing the grounds". This meant cleaning things up. The Top Sergeant said, "Now, fellows, you come out in the grounds here at 5.30 tomorrow morning and you'll police the grounds." He did not mention that it was pitch dark at that hour. Sure enough, the five of us turned out with a few other luckless characters, and he said, "Now, your job is to go round the barracks and pick up everything that don't grow." There wasn't much to pick up except a few cigarette ends. He said, "Well, you just work at this, and you guys with university educations, stick around and try and learn something." So we did this for a few mornings.

Then we were excused for various other jobs. Reg went to work with the camp newspaper, the *Stars and Stripes*, which he revolutionised and made readable and interesting. His editor – a Sergeant and ex-newspaperman – had been putting in a comic strip which was a bit off-colour, as all those magazines did. Reg happened to leave it out. The editor called him in and said, "Now, Hale, I see you've missed out the comic strip for the past two

weeks." Hale said, "I didn't think it would boost the men's morale much." "Well," he said, "you ought to put it in."

The next week no strip appeared; and Reg looked him straight in the eye and said, "I don't think that it is the right thing for the paper." So eventually the editor gave a wry look and said, "Aw, what the hell!" and did not raise the subject again.

I was sent to appear before Captain Albert Wunder, our Commanding Officer. He was an ex-First World War Captain in the Air Force - a bluff, forthright territorial, accustomed to speaking his mind. I reported to him in my no. 1 uniform. "Well," he said, "your name's Barrett?" I said, "Yes, sir." So he said, "Well, this Sergeant here, Sergeant Kern, is off sick. You'd better put on your fatigues and clean the latrines." So I cleaned the latrines.

Then came the next stage, doing the "rosters" for the chief pilots and assistant pilots being trained in the C47s. We also had to serve at table in the mess. We soon found out that the Officer Candidates had limited time for their food. All they wanted was to come in, get a chair, gulp their food and go; and often they would leave half their food. That was when I first learned what waiters and waitresses experience. It is a bit morale-breaking if nobody speaks to you. Ever since then, I try to be considerate to every person who brings me food, to have a word and see how they are getting along.

This all progressed till the time we got to promotions. One of us went to the "PX" and drew the

one stripe of Private First Class for each of us. Back in our tents, the issue came of sewing on the stripes, a considerable ordeal for some of us. Not for John Caulfeild; he was an expert male seamstress. In no time he had the stripes sewn on perfectly, above the elbow with the "V" on top. Not so with Reg and me. Reg, true to the British tradition, sewed on his stripes upside down, with the "V" at the bottom, and had no idea he'd made any mistake. I thought, "I'll manage this," and I sewed mine on fairly well; it would just pass muster, with the "V" the right way up. The only thing was, I'd sewn it through both sides of the sleeve, so I couldn't get my hand in. Anyway, we progressed from that. We were all Privates First Class.

Then someone heard I'd done some Judo at Oxford. I thought I would try and teach Duncan a little, and we had a few sessions. Then the Sergeant in charge said, "Now, you take a lot of these fellows out there and show them how to do it - how to fall, and how to make others fall, and so on."

So I demonstrated on Duncan without any damage to him or me, and took on one or two others. But there was a Pole there who said, "Oh, that's easy. I'll soon fix you." Now, I have nothing against anybody from Poland, but this chap was a smart aleck and I took him on. There are two ways of doing Judo: one you can do without causing any hurt in the way you make the other person fall. But this chap wanted to make it a bit nasty, and you can do that if you want. The crowd around got a bit fed up with this. His technique was to punch you in

the throat, in the jugular vein, or to get a hold of it. If he got your throat, there wasn't much you could do. So when he'd finished with me I wasn't hurt, but it had not been too comfortable. We just separated, and I went back to join the crowd.

The Polish chap said, "Any of you can take me on and I'll break your hold!" But there was a fellow called Fuller, who used to carry the "guidon" (flag) for our squadron, a very good friend of mine; and he got a bit annoyed with this. He said, "Come on, What's-your-name, I'll take you on!" And what the Pole didn't know was that Fuller had the longest arms in the squadron and had thought out his strategy. He soon found out. Whatever he tried to do, Fuller held him by the throat at arm's length. I saw him beginning to turn red, and then a horrid shade of blue. So I said, "For Heaven's sake, Fuller, drop him!" So he dropped him. That was quite a healthy session.

Then, one by one, we went on to Officers' School, which is another story. John went first. Then Reg and I followed, and Stuart a bit later. Duncan opted to be a Sergeant; when he finished his training, he went up to Washington and more or less ran Washington Airport.

When we all got our commissions, Captain Wunder, our first CO, and his wife gave a chicken dinner for us all. His wife is still a good friend of ours. Soon we were on the move, preparing for embarkation to Europe: first to Laurenberg-Maxton, North Carolina – cold and wet; then to Fort Wayne, Indiana, for a few days; and on to New York and out to Camp Shanks, New Jersey.

Camp Shanks is hardly a tourist resort. It is the muddiest place any of us had ever been in. So the first time we got permission, Bob Lampton, our Intelligence Officer, and I took off for New York. We had a couple of nights' leave, and we went to the home of the Morris family – Eleanor, Elizabeth and Dubie – who were always so hospitable. We had supper with them and found that Artur Rodzinski was conducting the New York Philharmonic Orchestra at Carnegie Hall that night. I said to Bob, "Look, I know Rodzinski. Why don't we go to this concert and I'll get word to him in case we can meet him?"

So we went along to Carnegie Hall and I explained that I knew Dr Rodzinski and wanted to meet him. They gave us a couple of tickets and we went in. At the interval one of the staff came along and said, "Dr Rodzinski is asking for you." In his dressing-room, Artur greeted us most warmly and said, "Come back at the end of the performance." So at the end we went back again, and he and his wife gave us some refreshments. Then, from this eminent height of culture, we took the train back to Camp Shanks and the mud. Two days later we were off on the boat for Europe in a troop convoy. On the way across, I was given a chance to broadcast to all the personnel on the ships carrying us, about life in Britain and how to prepare for settling in.

Sailing up the Clyde to Gourock with the bright moonlight on the Firth, familiar landmarks came into sight. We unloaded at Gourock and went on the train through Glasgow to the Hay-

market Station in Edinburgh. Looking over the house roofs, I thought, "My home is just over there!" I got out on to the platform, strolled about and then packed in again. Down we went to near Northampton, where our first camp was set up. We arrived in the middle of the night and got out. All we saw was the barbed wire encampment, and not a soul to meet us.

Major (later Colonel) Marshall took things in hand and we got our crowd up to the camp. Colonel Donaldson had come over to England with the Air Echelon; but he was nowhere to be seen. There was no one responsible in charge, just pandemonium, with some 4,000 men on our hands.

We tried to get people allocated and settled in. But there had been a party, drinks were everywhere and there were girls in many of the beds. Charles Lusher, the chaplain, and the rest of us did what we could. We got some of the people out who should have been out, and some in who should have been in; and in the chapel, Lusher and I got on our knees and prayed. This was at about one o'clock in the morning. Then order seemed to come somehow. People got into the right camps and the right beds and sobered up. So we settled in.

In our outfit we had Colonel Donaldson from Alabama, Major Marshall, Ken Beach the Adjutant, and Charles Lusher. On our first free weekend, I had asked Charles Lusher and Ken Beach to come with me to Frank Buchman's London home at 45 Berkeley Square. It was then being looked after by his British friends. Then Ken Beach called me and said, "Mike, the Colonel wants to come.

May he come?" I said, "Sure." So we all went up to London.

It was a rattling good time. My old friends, Lawson Wood, Roly Wilson, Ken Belden and others were there. Lawson and Ken were in the uniform of the London Fire Service. The Colonel was very impressed with Roly, and asked him to come to the base where he showed him all over the secret equipment and everything.

On another "leave" to London at this time, I first met the author and playwright Peter Howard. He had just resigned from the *Express* newspapers, where he had been a hard-hitting, widely-read political columnist, and was beginning to give leadership in the work of Moral Re-Armament. My life-long friendship with him and his wife Doë started with visits to their Suffolk farm, where they often welcomed me and my fellow-officers from our USAF base.

Our job was to prepare for D-Day.

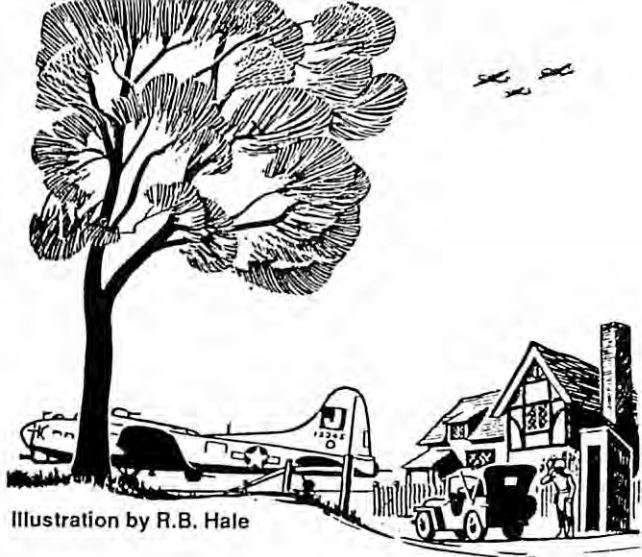


Illustration by R.B. Hale

7 *British-American Teamwork*

In preparing our men for what lay ahead, some of my British friends in Moral Re-Armament were able to play a part. We invited Edward Howell, a Wing Commander in the RAF who had been gravely wounded in the Battle of Crete, to come and describe what it was like to have an airborne invasion, as he had done in Crete and as the Germans were now facing on the continent.

Another friend, Arthur Baker, chief of the Parliamentary staff of *The Times*, came to speak to all our personnel about the procedures in the British House of Commons. Many of them found it fascinating— for instance, to learn that the carpet which runs between the Government and Opposition front benches is just two swords' lengths wide, to

keep them from fighting with each other.

After Arthur's talk, Colonel Donaldson, our Commander at the base, asked us to go down to his billet on the station for refreshments before going to bed. Arthur was staying the night and going back in the morning. After a while, as we talked with the Colonel and some of his staff, a knock came at the door. A Sergeant from Communications was there asking, "Is Lieutenant Barrett here?" I went out and he said, "I have a message for you. Lieutenant Hale is seriously ill in the hospital at Bromsgrove and is not expected to live the night." Reg Hale, my old friend, had crossed the Atlantic at about the same time as I did.

I went back to my barracks and started to pray. I didn't know what else to do. It was dark, and so I just stayed there on my knees by my bunk. About three o'clock in the morning I had a clear sense that that stage was over – either Reg had died or he had turned the corner.

About seven o'clock I went to Headquarters and saw Ken Beach, the Adjutant, when he arrived. I said, "Ken, could I see the Colonel?" He said, "About your friend, do you mean?" I said, "Yes." So he looked in on the Colonel, who had just arrived, and said, "Barrett would like to see you, sir." So I went in.

The Colonel looked at me and said, "I know what you've come about. It's your friend, Hale, isn't it?" I said, "Yes, sir." So he stretched out his hand to the telephone and said, "Get me Operations." Then, "Is that the Duty Officer? Could you have a plane ready in about an hour and put a jeep

in it?" I told him how grateful I was.

When I got out on the tarmac, there was a plane ready. They hoisted a jeep on board and off we went to Birmingham. There we trundled out the jeep and drove off to the Military Hospital.

At the hospital I went into the Emergency Ward, and the doctor said, "I don't know how things will be." But as I walked round the bed, Reg opened his eyes and seemed to be over the bridge.

The doctor who looked after Reg was a brilliant diagnostician, Dr Luxton of Manchester. He had been miraculously prepared for what happened. Like Reg, he had been staying that night at Tirley Garth, the MRA conference centre in the North of England. They were in bedrooms next to each other, and at the very time when Reg was taken ill Luxton was reading about the rare disease, Waterhouse meningitis, which Reg had contracted.

Meanwhile, word of Reg's illness had reached another friend, Colonel Robert Snider, who was working at US Air Force Headquarters. He immediately got in touch with Colonel Vogel, the Chief Medical Officer, to get the right medicines sent to Birmingham. When first informed, Vogel had said, "It can't be Waterhouse meningitis because no man has ever recovered from it." (There had been only three known cases; Reg was the fourth.) So Vogel got the medicines and came up himself. Gradually Reg began to pull round.

Then one morning in my quiet time, I had the thought to prepare a message for the Colonel to give to the men for D-Day. No one knew the date of

D-Day, but it was a message about putting our faith in God and that our strength lay in teamwork within our unit and with all other units.

I went up to see Ken Beach and said, "Look, Ken, I don't know the time-table," (I don't think Ken knew it either), "but I thought perhaps the Colonel would be interested in this." I had written the message on a sheet of paper. Ken looked it over and said, "I think the Colonel will be very interested." So he took this in and the message went on every notice board in the camp. I did not know that the Colonel was to be off at three o'clock that next morning. It was D-Day.

He flew the lead Dakota with the paratroopers in the airborne invasion. That night our pilots dropped the paras, with the other units behind and beside them. One of my British friends, Ken Belden, who had met Colonel Donaldson, wrote a poem for him which expresses something of the spirit of those hours. Part of it read:

Out over Britain,
Out across the burnished silver of the sea,
In endless line the thundering ships of
liberation,
In prearranged formation, fly on the wings of
destiny.
Ships laden with a heavy freight of hope,
Ships laden with the future of mankind,
The wind of their passing has swung wide
The doors of history.

From "We build a City and other verses"

On the second night it was the turn of the gliders. Quite a few had very rough landings, or no landings at all – because if you have a bulldozer in your glider and you hit a stake, the bulldozer just rolls over everybody. Our job was to pack up the belongings of those fellows who did not come back and clear the barracks for others.

I continued to get people down to speak to all the men on the base. We had Lieutenant-General Martell, who developed the tanks in the first world war. We had never had a Lieutenant-General on the base before, and there was quite a fuss to give him the right welcome. Another speaker was Peter Howard, who spoke on what it means to be a farmer in war-time and in the Home Guard. We had many such people down to talk, and the men would come into the hall and find out what it was like, hundreds of them listening in dead silence. Then they would go out and the next lot would come in. We would have six or eight refills a day.

Extraordinary things happened; sometimes they seemed so small, so simple. I had a friend who came to London with me once or twice. He had a very nice girl friend, working in the Dorchester or the Grosvenor Hotel, who was a chiropodist and treated his feet. He said to me one day, "Mike, I've met this awfully nice girl. What do you think?" He had to decide about his wife back in the States. He decided to stick with his wife. In war-time the ordinary fellow went through a lot.

Then we found ourselves in General Doolittle's command, at Eighth Air Force Headquarters in Wycombe Abbey School. Everybody respected

General "Jimmy" Doolittle. Strictly against orders, he used to fly his bomber planes himself, ostensibly to test them, but in reality he flew a few missions – for which he could have been censured. At Wycombe Abbey he operated in underground headquarters in the grounds of the school – a marvellous Command Headquarters, which nobody knew about, well under the earth. He was briefed every afternoon by General Operational Orders on the mission for that night: how many planes to be used and in what direction. We only saw him occasionally.

My new boss was Colonel Brownlee, who came from Texas and was chief of the Information/Orientation division of the Eighth Air Force. One day he said to me, "We want to have some way of getting our message to every man in the Command. Do you know any man who can help with this?" I said, "Yes, sir. Lieutenant Hale is just recovering from illness, but I'm sure he could take it on." So he got Reg down to prepare a leaflet that we could send to every man in our Command. Though he was still very weak, he came into a spare bed in my room, and we managed to get him off duty early each day so that he could recover.

Then the Colonel said, "Now we want someone to write the story of the Eighth Air Force, someone who can put it together. Do you know anyone who can do that?" So I said, "Yes, sir." He asked, "Who is he?" "He is either Private or Corporal Basil Entwistle, sir. He has just been shipped over from the States with a largely Mexican contingent. I think he's working with SHAEF." So the

Colonel said, "Well, we've got to get him out of there."

Basil, an Oxford graduate, had been working with us with *You Can Defend America* in the States and had been inducted into the Infantry in California at the same time as we had joined the Air Force in Florida. We traced and found him, and Brownlee sent an urgent request for Private Entwistle to report to our Headquarters. He arrived with his Infantry shoulder badges and uniform. At our Headquarters, somehow or other, he lost those badges and joined the Eighth Air Force.

Brownlee put him to work right away. So Reg Hale and Basil Entwistle set up shop and began to produce the Air Force edition of *Army Talks*. After a month, the Colonel pinned on Basil his Corporal's stripes. Next month he was a Sergeant, a month later a Staff Sergeant. By the time the magazine was going out all over the Command, he was commissioned in the field as a Lieutenant.

Colonel Brownlee attended Staff conferences with General Doolittle and his Chief of Staff, General Allard. Both Doolittle and Allard had a high opinion of Brownlee, and he kept them informed of what we were trying to do. Teamwork between the British and American Air Forces was a matter of policy, and Doolittle took great interest in our efforts to improve it. I got permission to go and see the RAF about developing co-operation between our two Commands. As luck would have it, Wing Commander Edward Howell, assigned to London after his injuries in the battle of Crete, was there. With his help we got a date with Lord Willoughby

de Broke, who was Chief of Public Relations for the Royal Air Force. He and his staff received us very cordially but were a bit doubtful about what we could do.

Broke asked, "Well, what do you propose?" I said, "We have 250,000 men in the USAF in Britain. They are pretty ignorant about the RAF. It is all new. Would you consider helping us in the following way, sir? Will you give us a bomber with an RAF crew – if possible, from the Commonwealth countries as well as from Britain – and have it tour all our bombing stations, explaining how they operate? Because they are doing the night bombing and we are doing the day bombing. Have them meet our fellows and explain their skills and techniques. And can I have films for our eighty-two bases, to show different phases of life in the RAF and the technical progress being made? In other words, show us your operations.

"Can I also have half a dozen experienced pilots to tour our bombing stations to meet all our squadron personnel? May I also have your help in publishing articles in *Air Force Talks*, which we are starting to publish, and explaining in it the importance of the job the RAF is doing? We will certainly reciprocate in the same way with you."

He liked these ideas and said, "Certainly. It will take us a few weeks to get a bomber off operations, but we'll do it; and if you will reciprocate, we'll greatly appreciate that."

This plan went into operation, and teamwork seemed to develop. For instance, the next issue of our *Air Force Talks* had a cover, which Reg Hale did

brilliantly. The issue was titled "Day and Night", and Reg's illustration was a design – half USAF Star and half the RAF Insignia. We asked the Commander-in-Chief to write the foreword; and conversely, they asked Doolittle to write the foreword for their *Army Talks*. So that made a dent.

Then one of the film companies decided to make a film called *Stairway to the Stars*. This was a joint RAF and USAF venture. I thought it was one of the finest films ever made. We were all invited to the première in Piccadilly Circus, and watched all the big chiefs coming in to see the film.

Then came an interesting development. The USAF was invited to give a concert at the Albert Hall. The band was quite famous, being led by Glenn Miller, who was later killed on a flight to Scandinavia. The concert was publicised and set up for a Saturday in November. On the Friday, Brownlee sent for me and said, "You know the Air Force is giving a concert tomorrow?" I said, "Yes, sir." "Well," he said, "I hear that some Russian General or other would like to come to this. I can't go. You go down and take the Royal Box and look after him." So I said, "Yes, sir."

I went down to London in the staff car and said I was representing General Doolittle and going to look after the Royal Box. One or two officers turned up and the rather nervous Russian officer came. Luckily he spoke some English. He said, "The Commanding General and the Chief of Staff are coming in about ten minutes." I began to sweat, because I did not know what I was supposed to do. I was then a Lieutenant. I noticed that in the next

box there was an RAF officer with four rings on his sleeve – a Group Captain. But I didn't know who the heck he was. Meanwhile the Russian Generals arrived.

I tried to be deferential and gave them the best seats and so on, but I felt a bit awkward. So in the first interval, in some trepidation, I went next door and signalled to the Group Captain that I wished to see him. He came out. I said, "Look, sir, I'm in a bit of a spot. Two Russian Lieutenant-Generals are here and I've got nobody to greet them properly." "Oh, that's all right," he said. "I'll come in and say hello." He came in and saved the situation. He turned out to be Group Captain Sir Louis Greig, Equerry to King George VI.

After the war Sir Louis and Lady Greig came to meet Frank Buchman at 45 Berkeley Square. Their daughter had married a concert pianist, Joe Cooper. This was a bit of a mouthful for Sir Louis to swallow. The story goes that Sir Louis, a keen horseman, was expostulating, "Why, the man doesn't know how many legs a horse has." To which Joe Cooper replied, "Sir Louis doesn't know how many legs a piano has."

As time went by, I noticed that my boss, Brownlee, had begun to get to the office a bit earlier in the morning; and he would tilt himself back in his chair, put his feet on the desk and think. Then he would come up with some idea and say, "Now how about that? That's pretty near what you would call 'guidance'." Guidance or not, he came up with some very valuable ideas.

We had a Second-in-Command of the section

called Major Treadwell, who was a very bright and breezy type and also full of ideas. He said, "We should make something big of these *Air Force Talks*." I think it was he who suggested the design for a leaflet which Reg drew, with a great hand launching the air fleet of the Eighth Air Force, each finger representing Fighter Command, Support Command, Ground Command, Technical Command, and so on. Word came from Command, "We want every man in the Air Force - all 250,000 - to have a copy. We want it made known on every Air Base. We want a film which General Doolittle will make, giving encouragement to every man on every base. Every man must feel he's got an essential part in the effort. And we'll get this out." Men with different ideas like this began to form a team in the USAF and with the RAF.

One day Brownlee said, "Now the General wants a tribute to Wycombe Abbey School for letting us have their premises. What do you suggest?" I said, "The Commanding General, Eighth Air Force, on behalf of the Command wants to thank the Board of Governors of Wycombe Abbey School for their courtesy and generosity in allowing us the use of their premises during the war." We had this inscribed on Appalachian oak. I went to see it the other day, still there in the front hall.

Then the Chief of Staff said to Brownlee, "I hear that the shepherds on the Border hills of Scotland have done a lot for our men - the ones whose planes have been crippled and have had to crash land on their way home. They have rescued some men, and they have recovered the bodies of

others. What do you think we could do?" Brownlee turned to me, "Mike, what do you think we can do with this? I know the General will co-operate in any way."

So I found out some of the facts and discovered from the local press that, for instance, Jock McTaggart had taken his dogs out when he heard a plane in the Cheviot Hills, had gone right up to the back of those hills, in snow, and had been able to locate a bomber that had crashed. It had been shot through the wings and could not get back over the hills. He got a squad of other shepherds and police up there and had brought back the bodies. Their sheepdogs had been invaluable, because they found men who had been thrown clear of the plane.

I suggested that we should make an inscription on parchment: "The Eighth Air Force wants to pay tribute to the Border shepherds and their dogs for their heroic efforts to recover our men and recover the casualties." We could offer to put this up in the schoolhouse and have a little ceremony there, when we would invite these men and their relatives personally. We would have a service and invite the RAF and Eighth Air Force Commanders to take part.

While I was working on this, I thought, "Now, this is a chance to see my Mum and Dad." So I called them and said, "Look, we're having a ceremony at Burnshead on Saturday with some of the locals. Why don't you come down in the car and see what goes on?" So of course they came down in my mother's Rover with the golden cocker span-

iel. I had them stand a little bit clear of the actual ceremony. Colonel Snider came from USAF Headquarters; and to my delight, the RAF and USAF Commands flew up a special B17 to Newcastle and drove on to Burnhead. All this "brass" turned up, together with the local people, the schoolmaster, some of the children and the minister.

We held a very simple ceremony of dedication of the inscription to those who had been killed and to the farmers who had done so much to rescue them. We read it out, the minister gave a prayer and one of the Generals paid tribute to all the people. The Air Force men met as many of them as they could; then they flew off south again. I said, "I've got a job to do now," and joined my Mum and Dad and the dog, and came home to Edinburgh for a night. The tribute still hangs in the schoolhouse.

This event produced such publicity in the American papers that they invited one of the shepherds – and his dog – to America. He showed me articles about the dog and how it had been able to locate an airman whose aunt lived just across the road from the writer of the article, and how it had helped to rescue the bodies of their boys.

It showed me what such small things can do for people. My friends in the Air Force were thrilled; Brownlee was very pleased. The refreshing part was that all these people – Doolittle, Allard, Brownlee – took a personal interest, and it meant something to them.

During these months, Brownlee's equivalent with the USAF in Europe under General Spaatz

was a Regular Army Colonel. He did not like our Eighth Army programme very much; and we did not like theirs much. They were an administrative Headquarters; we were operational. So this Colonel did not do much to help Brownlee.

When our programme was developing in the Eighth Air Force, I went to see Brownlee one morning. He said, "Mike, I've got an idea. It says something in the Bible, doesn't it, about when a guy hits you on the face, you turn the other side for him?" I said, "Yes, sir." "I'll tell you what we'll do," said Brownlee. "We'll turn our whole programme over to the USAF in Europe. We'll write *Eighth Army Talks*, showing what an essential job they are doing. We'll ask General Spaatz to write the foreword. You, Reg," (he turned to Reg Hale), "will take Basil over to Paris, interview these men and ask how we can help them." Colonel Snider was over there; so with him they interviewed all the top men. Basil came back and wrote it up. Reg did the cartoons for it.

Then Brownlee took me to lunch one day in London at a club in South Audley Street. I'll never forget it. As we got to the club, mounting the steps was the USAFE Colonel. Brownlee said, "Here we go!" Catching up with the Colonel, he said, "Colonel, I wanted you to see something we've just done."

He showed him this *Air Force Talks*, all about his Air Force in Paris. He was an old "Bull-Sergeant" type of officer, with a thick neck, who liked his tippie. He was kind of red already, but I could see him flush – all the way up! Brownlee said, "Just

thought you'd like to see it." So that healed something. The Colonel ordered 80,000 copies for USAFE.

At last the war in Europe was ending. Brownlee was going to the Pacific, to do the same job for Spaatz or Doolittle. He said, "Mike, I wish I could take you, but you've got to stay on here." So I was made head of Information/Education for the Eighth Air Force.

Part of our job then was to set up Job Training Schools, to prepare our personnel for civilian life. We undertook this for the Eighth Air Force. We set up sixty Job Training Schools, the highest number of any Air Force.

When the Eighth Air Force Headquarters took over Wycombe Abbey School, the girls and staff had been evacuated. But the headmistress, Miss Crossthaite, stayed on. She was greatly respected and liked, and was included by the Air Force in almost everything, as a guest in any ceremony being conducted.

Some years after the war ended, my boss Brownlee came over to Europe. He and his wife had dinner with my wife and me. I took him out to our old Headquarters at Wycombe Abbey. When I pressed the bell at the school buildings, out came the Deputy Headmistress. She was delighted and took us all round to see our old offices. It was she who handled "American Relations" during the war and particularly afterwards, when the Eighth Air Force gave a new school building for the girls' accommodation, in gratitude for what the school had done.

Remembrance Day Memories

The war was over, and I was still in Britain on 11th November 1945. It was Remembrance Day, the day when we remember those who fell in two world wars. I wrote down some of my own memories. Here they are.

Against the pale gold and blue of a fine November afternoon, Old Glory flies proudly in the fresh breeze that is sweeping in from the sea over the airbase. It is an Eighth Air Force fighter station in Suffolk.

The base itself is quiet. Partly because of the holiday to be observed and partly because so many have already left – left for home after these years of sweating it out with their planes; or left for Germany to sweat out the remainder of their time in occupation. On huge airfields nearby, hosts of fliers and crewmen flit by the deserted runways and through tangled barricades of barbed wire. No longer the screech of tyres as they skiff the tarmac of the runway, or the roar of fearsome



10 USA, July 1939. 30,000 people fill the Hollywood Bowl in response to the call for Moral Re-Armament. (*Los Angeles Times*)

11 USA, September 1939. Following the outbreak of World War II, Buchman and his team confer at Lake Tahoe in the Sierra Nevadas. (*Arthur Strong*)





12 USA, 1942. *You Can Defend America*, a handbook and stage presentation developed at Tahoe, took a programme of "sound homes, teamwork in industry and a united nation" across America. Picture shows a mass audience in Detroit, centre of the automobile industry. (Arthur Strong)

13 New recruits, Hale, Corcoran, Smith and Barrett (right) en route to USAF Basic Training Camp, Homestead, Florida. (John Caulfeild)

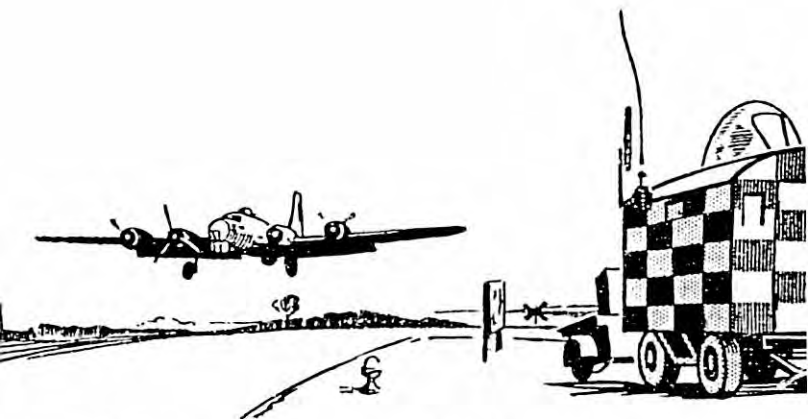




14 Pfc Barrett demonstrates Judo at the Basic Training Camp.

15 With Lt Entwistle and Lt Hale, working on the United States Eighth Air Force Orientation/Information programme in Europe. Inset is the magazine they produced. (*R.N. Haile, FRPS, FIPP*)





16 A Flying Fortress returning from a mission lands in England on one engine - a drawing by Lt Hale, the magazine's artist.

17 "Auld Lang Syne" sung at a Horkey (Harvest Supper) on a Suffolk farm. Eighth Air Force men were among the guests. (*R.N. Haile, FRPS, FIPP*)



power as the fighters race into the sky. Operations are over and memories remain.

What are the highlights of these years? Years of so much daring, so much courage and endurance, years of suffering, of joys and hardships. Each man has his own – here are some of mine.

It seems a long time since I landed in Britain with the Americans. So much crowded into twenty months. We came on a troopship and sailed into the Clyde on a brilliant moon-lit night. There were the familiar cobbled streets, the stern stones and hills of Scotland again. I knew Britain well, from the days before the war. But this was a different Britain: Britain facing the threat of invasion, Britain the aircraft carrier and armament depot for the war in Europe.

We travelled south through crowded towns and green fields, rolling moors and ancient picturesque villages. For the young American troops with me, it was their first sight of Britain. The small carriages, high platforms, shrill whistles of the engines, small goods wagons – all called out expressions of surprise. The initial reaction of classing everything as out-of-date, like the plumbing, was soon succeeded by a slow but genuine admiration of efficiency. At least, I well remember the quick comparison with conditions in the States. But what Britain lost by comparison in material things, her people more than gained by their attitude towards the war. "Back home," the boys said, "people don't know there's a war on. Why, just look at these people." And "these people", and the Americans, too, were busy. We did not know it

then, but troops, supplies and organisation were massing for the supreme effort of D-Day.

We reached our base and settled in. Here was one of the striking contrasts of war. In the peaceful English countryside, vast supplies of equipment and numbers of troops from overseas were conducting the grim business of war. Boys who left a peaceful English village, in a few hours were braving flak and fighters over German soil. Some would return in the evening; some would not. All the boys on the base would sweat out the return of the planes.

I remember my first flight over the English countryside. High over the patchwork-quilted land, I saw how it was that some planes got lost so easily. It was all on so small a scale – so many airfields, so much cloud and mist. And on that first flight we dropped our paratroopers, veterans of Africa and Sicily. Later that evening we could see them trotting home along the country roads back to base.

D-Day came. We did not know it at the time. Some thought it another manoeuvre. We had had so many, life seemed to be an endless succession of them. Guns, barbed wire, practice, security, restrictions. Our CO issued his message to us all. One of these days would be "it".

That night the paratroopers moved in – once again. The hillsides and tents were deserted. Next morning all was bustle and commotion. There they were – cleaning their carbines, preparing equipment, sharpening knives, cutting each other's hair, playing games, writing letters. That evening

General Eisenhower arrived. I walked with him round the camp as he spoke to the boys and shook them by the hand. In twenty minutes he was on his way to the next base. One of the boys gave me a letter to mail. It was his last word to his home. And we were loading the planes. We gathered by the runway to see them mass and to wave our buddies good luck. One by one, close on each other's heels, they were off.

There were days of dull routine, of mud and cold and wet. Long hours of guard duty; home in a Nissan hut, trying to keep warm. I thought I was used to Britain and her climate. But the climate does not go with you when you leave. You've got to stay with it or suffer when you come back to it. It takes time to get adjusted.

We moved eventually to a new headquarters. There in the quiet grounds of an old Abbey and the buildings of a school, we planned and shared in the operations of America's most powerful Air Force. From an English town, sharing too the operations of our friends in the RAF, we saw the final and devastating offensive on German military power.

How I remember these English towns crowded with GIs! These hundreds of camps and airfields, these tearing jeeps and whizzing trucks, the planes, the snowdrops in London. Grosvenor Square and Piccadilly. The day when we took a baseball team over to Harrow. The day we beat a local club at cricket. These trips through the English countryside when there were no signposts; asking for directions you could not understand, except the

assurance that "you couldn't miss it"; the agonising hard seats of a jeep, the stiff wooden boards of a "six-by-six".

The day, too, when we flew back on a glorious summer evening, over the moors, and came down at an RAF airfield to stay overnight. In the morning, we were wakened by an RAF Sergeant with early tea. We really felt we had arrived in Britain then. And breakfast in the mess, with never a word spoken, just the morning papers propped up in front of the places.

Bicycle rides over the country roads, and children's parties when we showed them movies and distributed candy and gum. Each man was an adopted father for the day, and the kids had a ride in, or on, the jeeps.

Then there was another evening with the glider pilots whom I knew well. They packed their equipment and sharpened their knives and we saw them off. One by one, days later, they trickled back; and some did not. Their beds lay empty, and we had to pack up their bags.

And all this time, every man, woman and child in Britain was fighting the war with all they had. Some didn't have much. Rations were short. Their houses were gone. "Duck for breakfast," as one charlady put it, "and duck for dinner and duck for supper." She didn't mean food, either; she meant you had to duck for cover, and catch a bite when you could between the raids; and if your house was still standing you were lucky. Or if you had a bed in the draughty inferno of a tube station, you were lucky, too.

No one complained. That was what struck you those days, after the blitz, when the V1s came and the V2s. People worked together. Everyone gave what they had. The less they had, the more they gave. Neighbours helped one another. They were neighbours too, that was it. A bomb did not mind whether you were in uniform or not, where you came from, how much money you had, whether you believed in God or not. But many found out that they did, especially if the bombs were coming close.

And so, the greatest find of all, during these months of war, was to meet some of the ordinary folk who gave Britain her backbone of spirit to stand the blitz. They were people who asked no reward, who quietly carried on. All their spare time was spent in bulwarking the nation's spirit, in caring for the other person, in creating the spirit of teamwork and sacrifice, of faith in God, of indomitable courage.

It was my privilege to meet some of these people. Some who were old, of great estate, who had walked with Kings and Queens. People like Lady Antrim, confidantes of royalty, in their seventies and eighties, cheerful, buoyant, unafraid. Some who were young, had known little but school and then the services, hardship and danger, but with unquenchable spirit, old before their time, light of heart, untiring in their work. Men and women who had kept at it without a stop, in cellars or going about the streets, fighting the fires, keeping watch, cooking, feeding, serving, guarding, and all the time kindling the true spirit of Britain

that would never die.

Who will forget that memorable day when some of us from America were entertained at the three-century-old Suffolk farmhouse for their traditional "Horkey" or Thanksgiving? It was from that part of Suffolk that the first Pilgrim Fathers left English shores for America; and the custom of Thanksgiving – now so great an institution in America – was being revived here, in twentieth century England, after a lapse of so many years.

The Horkey was held in the barn, festooned with sheaves of wheat and fruit and vegetables from the farm. The tables were lit with candles and there the great company gathered, the workers from the farm with agricultural officials, the landgirls and all the members of the Howard family who owned the farm. Members of Parliament, servicemen, the villagers and neighbours joined to celebrate the "Harvest Home", and ate home-cured ham. We sang the songs that linked the heritage of Britain with America. The people whose home and farm it was and who had spread this spirit through the countryside were of one mind and heart with those in London who had fought for that same spirit throughout the blitz.

Whence came this spirit and this devotion? That was the strange part of it, and why I was so much at home. They said it had all started with Americans – Americans who had come with Frank Buchman to England soon after the first war. They told us that he had brought to them the great truths of Christ which had built, out of the disillusion of the post-war years, the rock-ribbed structure of a

fellowship that would not break and that one day would be the salvation of Britain. And as an American airman I was welcome, as indeed everyone was who would share their work and their faith.

Frank Buchman's London home was where many of them slept and worked. There in the wine-cellars, now used for work and sleep, with the double-decker bunks in the corridors, I "ducked" with the rest of them, and prayed and laughed and sang, and found the Britain that would teach the world how to suffer and win. There I met servicemen from all parts of the world. Wounded men, and men who had escaped from prison. Men who had escaped from worse than prison, and from camps in Europe. Men from the continent who had kept alive the spirit of resistance with no compromise. There I shared their hard-won rations. There I met taxi-drivers, fire-service men and women, labour leaders, industrialists, clergy, housewives, crowned heads, Members of Parliament and hundreds more who came to learn the secret and share the work of these men and women.

Remembrance Day is nearly over. Against the greying sky a Very light soars over the airfield and hangs, as if reluctant to leave the sky and let the Day of Remembrance pass.

Greece and Turkey

After VE Day we were continuing our work in preparation of training schools. I was at a station in Norfolk, when the Commanding Officer brought me a cable signed by General Marshall, the US Chief of Staff, from Washington. It read: "Captain Barrett to be returned to the USA for release from Service and assigned to the work of Moral Re-Armament. Air transport to be provided."

I was in touch with John Caulfeild, Miles Philimore, Reg Hale, Willy Rentzman, Reggie Holme and other friends serving in Europe. I heard that they had received similar word from Washington and were going to the States by Victory ship from Le Havre. This meant that, to join them, I had to get over to Paris and down to the boat. I chose to do so rather than accept the offered "air transport". My Colonel thought this was quite crazy. However, off I went to Paris and we took the train to Le Havre. The train had survived the war, but had "added greatly to its number" – meaning bugs in the railway carriages. I will never forget them. We

got to Le Havre, and found ourselves allocated to tents. It was snowing and, boy, were those tents cold.

The next stage was the Victory ship – one of those built by Kaiser on an assembly line in San Francisco. All sorts of men were on board, including paras from service in Germany – all with their guns and knives. Did we have a picnic! To begin with, the heating system went over the top, and then gave out altogether, and the ship, without a cargo, ran into the father and mother of a storm. We had our hands full with a near riot on board. John Caulfeild, as the senior Captain, took the initiative to put the situation right.

We soon got to know most of the men personally, and any extreme behaviour was quickly brought under control by the thought of the “brig” in the forward hold, which in a storm had a lift and fall of thirty feet.

After separation from service, we flew to Daytona, Ohio, in the middle of an ice storm and then on to Los Angeles in a hospital aeroplane to rejoin Frank Buchman.

He put us straight to work. Alan Thornhill’s play *The Forgotten Factor*, about teamwork in home and industry, was touring the West Coast towns. (President Truman called it “the most important play produced by the war”, and it subsequently played in Britain and many other countries.)

An invitation came for *The Forgotten Factor* from the Command and General Staff School in Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, where senior Air Force Officers were trained.

Frank said to me, "You go ahead and prepare." I had the rank of Captain and had just been demobbed. I felt, "Who am I to go to this senior staff college?" So I said to Frank, "I can't handle this." "Oh," he replied, "you'll be all right." So I went.

There I found a senior British RAF officer, Andrew Combe, who knew MRA. Together we went to see the Commanding Officer, General Gerow. He received us very cordially and called his ADC, Captain Montilla. "You work this out with the Captain here," he said. With Montilla's courtesy and help we got sixty people accommodated, and the presentation of *The Forgotten Factor* arranged. Typically, Frank had taken all this in his stride.

Then we went with him and about a hundred people back to Europe. Our aim, as someone put it, was "to heal the hurts and hates of the war".

That winter, my old RAF friend Edward Howell and I took a car to Appiano in Northern Italy at Frank's invitation, to spend some weeks there. Frank had been invited by the Von Teuber family to stay in their family Castle Ganda in the Tyrol, formerly in Austria. It was freezing cold, inside and outside. The Von Teuber family had been refugees from Austria and Czechoslovakia during the war. Eugene, the son, had lived in America with his wife Dorothy and their three boys, Jerry, Tony and Johnnie. Johnnie, the youngest, was about six years old. We caught him one day in the chapel of the castle, baptising the kittens.

Frank had in mind reconciliation between the Italian – and German-speaking population, who had been under great stress and tended not to meet one another. So some prominent Austrians and Italians came to see him there for a tea party. The Austrian families were very correct; so were the Italians. But there was little communication between them. In Italian social circles, the sofa is kept for the hostess and her relatives – and other guests only by invitation. Frank was invited to sit on the sofa.

One of the Austrians who came had brought a small spaniel. Then in came the cat, whose kittens Johnnie had baptised, and saw the spaniel. Fearing that the dog might attack her kittens, she sprang on to its back. The dog didn't go for this much, and thought that the best thing to do was to disappear under the sofa as fast as possible, or faster, and do a to-and-fro at maximum speed. The cat, of course, did not find this easy. By this time, the dog was shrieking and the cat was hissing and scratching. An Italian General in full uniform saved the situation by diving to the floor to seize the cat and return it to its mistress. He became the hero of the occasion and began to mix freely and make friends. The tea party began a significant process of reconciliation.

John Caulfeild was there, with his wife Elisabeth. She was Swiss, and a superb cook. She had to prepare Frank's breakfast every morning and take it to him at eight o'clock. On the first of April, I got a message to her that Frank wanted his breakfast at 7.30. So she rushed around and carried

the tray up to his room. When I met her at the top of the stairs and said, "April Fool!", she nearly threw the tray at me.

Then the idea came that Edward Howell and I should go back to Greece, to see Edward's friends who had helped him to escape from a German prison there. So we drove down to the south of Italy and flew over to Greece. We stayed at the Grande Bretagne Hotel in Athens. It had been Gestapo and German Army Headquarters in Greece and was back in business for visitors to some extent.

Before we left Castle Ganda, Frank had said, "I'll give you a letter to King Paul of Greece. I know he and Queen Frederica would like to meet you." Then I saw the value of that incident in Brown's Hotel with King Paul's father, years before. Now Frank could give me this letter to deliver to the King, suggesting he might like to meet Edward and me and telling him of Edward's experiences in Crete and Greece.

In Greece we met all kinds of people. There was Sandra Poupoura, the Greek heroine who helped more than a hundred Allied soldiers to escape, before being captured herself by the Italians. As a small, slight, dynamic girl, she had been tortured by the Italians – somebody you'd think would hurt nobody and nobody else would hurt. Sandra was a nurse and had helped to bring Red Cross food to Edward and the other prisoners when they were starving. The Queen awarded her the MBE. She was a bridesmaid at our wedding.

(Sadly, the news reached us as this book was going to press of Sandra Poupoura's death in Greece.)

We also met Madame Zannas, the former head of the Greek Red Cross, who had done much to help the British prisoners of war. We met all kinds of other patriots, including General Papagos, who led the Greek Army in expelling the Italians and facing the Germans; and General Zervas, another war hero, who looked a bit of a brigand as he rode about the hills on his white horse. Philip Stratigos, who had had his arm broken by the Germans, became a friend and comrade to Edward and me in the years that followed.

There still had been no reply to the letter from Frank that we had delivered to the Royal Palace. We kept praying about it. One night Edward had a dream. In the morning he told me, "Mike, I had a dream – I don't really know what it means, but I wrote down this man's name – 'Mikki Melas'. Who is he?" So I said, "I don't know; I know the Consul-General in Istanbul was called Melas." "No, that won't be him." We went and asked the hotel concierge, who knew everyone in Athens, but no, he had never heard of Mikki Melas.

Then Lord Long, from the British Parliament, arrived in Athens to meet the Greek leaders. He said to Edward, "You must meet the King. The story of your escape would fascinate him." But still nothing came from the King.

Then we went to meet General Papagos and his wife. They said, "Protocol demands that you make a request to see the King through your Ambassador." So we went to see him. His wife

knew about MRA in England; he was not quite so interested; but we asked for our names to be submitted. Early next morning came a call from the King's chamberlain. "Where have you been? I've been looking for you all over Greece. We got Frank Buchman's letter. The King and Queen want you to come to tea on Friday."

We prolonged our stay until Friday and funds were getting short. I said to Edward, "We can only take a taxi one way." The taxis without roofs were cheaper than the others, and so we got one without a roof – and arrived at the Palace covered in dust. We stopped in the courtyard and were dusting off our blue suits, when a door opened and out came a man in black jacket and striped trousers. "Good afternoon, gentlemen," he said. "My name is Michael Melas. It is my honour to conduct you to the King and Queen."

We had a very interesting, worthwhile talk about Frank and MRA and Greece, and Edward's war experience; and we met various politicians. One of the Cabinet later sent us over to Crete with the Greek Air Force, so we could represent the RAF at Suda Bay.

As we prepared to go on to Turkey, General George Channer joined us. He had fought in the battle of Kut el Amara in World War I, when the British were defeated and the prisoners were made to walk from Kut to the Black Sea on starvation rations, 500 miles.

In Ankara there was a famous restaurant called Karpitch, where we sat down to lunch with Gen-

eral Channer. He said, "This is where we came on our march, half-starving and pretty much finished. Down the street there was a donkey laden with fresh cherries. We fell upon it and ate as many cherries as we could." He told this to Mr Karpitch; and before lunch was finished a huge basket of fresh cherries arrived for George with the compliments of the proprietor.

We went from Ankara to Istanbul. There General Channer met Ahmed Emin Yalman, editor of *Vatan*, one of the big newspapers in Turkey. He said, "The man you must meet is the Orthodox Patriarch." So we were taken to meet this great big figure of a man, with a huge white beard. Edward told him how he had been left for dead for three days on the battlefield in Crete, how he had been picked up by the Germans and taken to a prisoner of war hospital, and how he had escaped by listening to "the still, small voice", and had got back home via Turkey. I watched the Patriarch, with tears welling up in his eyes. Then he embraced Edward, the General and me. It was like disappearing in a curtain for a shower, as we disappeared into his beard. Then he got out the ceremonial drink of honey and almonds, and we drank that and prayed together.

It was interesting to me that Ahmed Emin Yalman, the Turkish editor, had found such a bond of unity with the Orthodox Patriarch. The Patriarch took us over to the great cathedral of St Sophia in Istanbul. Originally Christian, it became a mosque after the Muslim conquest of 1453, and it is now a museum.

Then Yalman said, "You must meet Fuad Urguplu, the Prime Minister. I'll arrange it." So a little later we got a summons to the Prime Minister's office. We were ushered in before noon, and we had been told that Parliament met at midday. We had a chat about MRA, Frank Buchman and our visit to Turkey and Greece. He was fascinated that General Channer spoke Turkish, having learnt it nearly forty years before when he was a prisoner of war. But I watched the clock, and as we talked I saw the hands coming up to midday. So I said, "Your Excellency, I see it's twelve, and I know your Parliament meets at twelve. We must not keep you." He grinned and said, "Parliament sees me every day. It can wait."

In the days that followed we spoke to Dr Yalman about the MRA world assemblies at Caux in Switzerland, and of the work of reconciliation between people and nations which was happening there. He decided to go and find out for himself. On his return he wrote fourteen articles in *Vatan*, under the heading "Noah's Ark", describing what he had seen.

Some years later Dr Yalman told us of the attempt by a young radical student to assassinate him. While recovering from his gunshot wounds, Yalman wrote to the young man, and then went to see him in prison. Though the young man was hostile to him and full of suspicion, Yalman greeted him like an old friend, secured a scholarship for him and went to endless trouble to get him established in a job. When Yalman died, his would-be

assassin wrote of him, "How many of us are able to conquer the hearts of our enemies, as did Ahmed Emin Yalman?"

During the years since then, Edward Howell has been back many times to Greece and Crete – twice to be filmed, both by New Zealand and by British TV. On one occasion, a German ex-paratroop General joined the party, which included an ex-SAS Officer, Roy Farran. The villagers were not very keen to have the German General as their guest, but he proved to be such a reasonable, friendly chap that they accepted him. They crowded round, and Farran told them, "When I was here, my tank got hit; I rolled into a ditch, bleeding to death. A young girl dashed out of one of these cottages and threw a blanket over me. It saved my life. I wonder if any of you were that age then, and did that for me?" Twenty-three girls put up their hands.

On later visits to Greece, often with Edward Howell, we met many remarkable people. Mr Panayotis Canellopoulos, a Cabinet Minister, became a great friend. Speaking at an assembly for Moral Re-Armament in the Hollywood Bowl in California, he said, "If Communism is 'darkness at noon', then MRA must be 'sunshine at midnight'." He later sent us to the island of Makronessos to see the re-training of Communists.

The Colonels – who took over the government in a coup – were said to have a camera focussed on Canellopoulos' door. So when we wanted to see him we had to do it at night – often on our way to

the airport before leaving. Eventually he was arrested; and we were distressed to see in *The Times* a picture of him being carried off, with one of his shoes lying on the pavement.

We also met Mr Sofoulis, aged over eighty, who became Prime Minister. His Cabinet were much concerned about his health. They told him they had sent for a specialist from Germany to see him. "Very good," he said. "I'll go to meet him at the airport." He added, "I should very much like to send all my Cabinet to the Moral Re-Armament assembly at Caux – but then I'd have to run the country myself."

George Mavros, a senior Member of Parliament, and his wife Helen were good friends and hosts to us. Early on in the Colonels' coup d'état, he was arrested, taken off and dumped on a deserted island. His wife, a small, courageous lady, went to the police station, which was in the charge of a notorious officer called "The Butcher", to plead for her husband's release. My wife and I felt we must do something to help her get her husband freed. We were able to bring the matter to the attention of the British Prime Minister (then Lord Callaghan), the Speaker of the House of Commons, the Speaker of Congress in Washington and others with whom we had personal links. Every one of them responded and took action, and Mavros was released.

Dr Tsatsos, who later became President of Greece, once received us in his office. Outside the window, on a nearby church, was a Cross silhouetted against the clear blue Greek sky. Pointing to

it, he declared, "Who can doubt but that Christ's Kingdom will come."

Getting Engaged to Margaret

I wanted to ask Margaret Carey-Evans to marry me. Was this God's next step for us both? I wrestled with this, not wanting it to be just what I wanted to do. I decided to ask Frank for his advice. He was then in America; so was Margaret. I was in Europe; so I wrote to him.

I was leaving for France and planning to go with Edward Howell to Greece. I got as far as Lille when I received a telegram from Frank saying, "Bring my car to Los Angeles." (I knew it was in Caux in Switzerland.) "Also picture from wall of sittingroom. Also bottle of Plaza hair tonic. Climate delightful. Frank."

This was typical Frank – a complete change of plan for me, then to go on to Caux and get the car and the hair tonic and the picture from his room, drive to London and ship it all across the Atlantic in the *Queen Elizabeth*, then drive another 3,000 miles to Los Angeles. So I did all this.

On my way through Britain, I had a chance to talk with Dad. He had met Margie. I told him I

thought God was telling me to marry her. "But, Dad," I said, "I have no money. What can I do?"

"Mike," he said, "when I asked your mother to marry me, I was with an insurance company, earning just £120 a year. So don't let money – or the lack of it – worry you."

But as we were booking the car onto the *Queen Elizabeth* and fixing up the journey, I was still uncertain. What did God really want? In the difficulty of indecision that morning, I read my Bible – in the Book of Acts, chapter 20, verse 32: "I commend you to God, Who is able to give you your inheritance among all who are dedicated to Him." Of all the girls I knew, Margie was the only one who could be described as having an "inheritance" through her grandfather, Lloyd George. It helped to confirm for me that I was fulfilling His will.

I took my sister and an American girl called Steffie across the Atlantic as fellow-passengers. We drove across America in five days, landing up at the home in St James's Park, Los Angeles, where Frank was staying with some friends, including Margaret.

I went into his room to say "hello". He said, "We're all very pleased to see you. When are you going to get engaged to this girl?" I said, "Well, Frank, I came here to consult you and seek guidance on what is right." "Oh yes, oh yes," was all he said.

So we milled around and all sat down at the lunch table. Frank kept smiling and winking at me – as he thought, discreetly. Margie was there. I did

not know whether she saw it or not. But in the afternoon we went off to the beach, when I proposed to her.

Here is Margaret's account of her part of the story:

I fell in love with Michael in 1947 when we were working together with Frank Buchman and living in the home of the Teuber family at Castle Ganda. That August, while attending the conference at Caux, late one night I received a telegram from my mother, saying that my father was very ill. The next morning I met Dr Buchman and told him. He at once said, "You must go," and turning to Michael who was standing near him, he said, "Mike, see that Margaret gets to North Wales." So it was Mike who got me on to the earliest plane to England.

I arrived at Bangor station early the next morning, to be met by my brother Robin, who told me that Daddy had died of a cerebral haemorrhage. It was a shock to us all, especially to my mother. I stayed with her for the next six months. During those months a new love came between my mother and me.

Then one day I received a telegram inviting me to join Dr Buchman and the force of MRA in Los Angeles. I found it very difficult to decide whether to go. My mother was planning to go to Canada and felt I should stay at home – partly to keep the home open for my two younger brothers. Another pull was that, on my initiative, the Lord Mayor of Cardiff had invited *The Forgotten Factor* to South Wales, and it was coming in a few weeks.

I felt torn between not wanting to displease my mother, not wanting to let Wales down, and responding to the invitation to America. I remember ringing up a friend in London in desperation, asking her what I should do. She said, "No one can tell you what to do. Go away by yourself for a time and ask God what He wants you to do." I took her advice, got into the car and drove to the sea, where I sat for some time until the clamour of voices inside me had calmed down. I wrote down my fears, one by one, and simple answers came. Then a thought formed in my mind, as clearly as a voice speaking to me: "Your family know when you are guided by God. You will not let Wales down. Go across the Atlantic. This is My plan for your life." It was as though Jesus was standing beside me. I became a transformed person - sure and confident of God's promise.

So I sailed to New York and joined Frank in Los Angeles. The longing to see Mike was very deep in my heart, though I thought at that time that he was on his way to Greece.

When in Los Angeles, with the help of a friend, I gave my love for Mike to God, telling Him I would be willing not to marry him if this was what God asked.

A few days later I heard Mike was due in Los Angeles shortly. I was delighted and surprised. We were preparing for an international conference when Mike arrived; and in the middle of a busy day, when I was laying the table, a friend came up to me asking would I go on a picnic. Somewhat startled, I replied, "Oh, you mean you want me to

prepare the picnic for whoever is coming?" "No," he replied, "just come along in the car with me to Frank's house, to pick up the others who are coming." When we arrived there, the only person who got into the car with me was Mike, and he got into the driver's seat.

We drove to Malibu Beach, and there in the sparkling sunlight on the Pacific Coast, with breakers pounding the beach, Mike proposed to me. He said, "I cannot promise you a fixed salary or a permanent home, but we can share in the remaking of the world." I said, "Yes."

Later that evening, when we arrived at the home where we were to have dinner, Frank Buchman was waiting at the gate for us. He linked arms with us and we walked up the driveway together.

When Michael took me to Edinburgh to see his parents, I can see his mother now, coming down the stairs. When she reached the bottom, she took off her lovely sapphire-and-diamond engagement ring, and gave it to Mike to give to me.

To Asia Again

Sometimes I was tempted to ask myself, "Why do I have to stick it out in a place like Delhi in the summer?" This was in 1952, before there was air-conditioning. Margie and I were in a flat in New Delhi which was open to the sun twelve hours a day, with brick parapets. It was mighty hot. We just had a wet straw mat in the window which had to be wetted with a can every now and then, and it was a toss-up whether we wanted the cool air for five minutes or the sweat of working for it. If we wanted to meet Members of Parliament, we had to do so in the early morning while it was still cool. Once I arrived at the door of an MP – he represented the Harijans, the "untouchables" – and found him sitting with his feet in the fridge to try and keep cool.

This particular morning I grew tired of walking. It was getting hot, and I remember saying to myself, "What the hell am I doing here, sweating my guts out, taking information round to Members of Parliament? I can't even afford a taxi or a

car. It's all nonsensical." You have to go through these times. You learn that way.

Of course, the reward came – it was more of a joy than a reward – in our getting to know Devadas Gandhi and his family. Looking back on it, I think all my eight or ten trips to India have been worthwhile just for that friendship. Devadas was the second son of the Mahatma, and he married a daughter of Rajagopalachari, the first Governor-General of independent India, who was Chief Minister of Madras State, a great savant, a literary and political figure. *The Hindustan Times*, of which Devadas was editor, had an office in New Delhi. Outside was a fountain and inscribed on the stone of the fountain was, "Those who drink here will receive one of God's free gifts."

Devadas used to ask me into his office, which had an air conditioner. He let me use it any time I wanted. Then I got to know the family – Rajmohan*, his oldest son, and Tara, his daughter. Margie and I were the only European guests at her wedding.

One day Devadas said, "I want Rajmohan to go over and learn newspaper work in Britain; but I don't want him to go to Fleet Street. Have you any other place you can suggest?"

I knew Jim Coltart, who was then running *The Scotsman* in Edinburgh for Lord Thomson; and

*Rajmohan Gandhi, writer, historian and Member of the Upper House in the Indian Parliament, is today widely known throughout India for his leadership for moral standards in national and private life.

when I got back to Edinburgh, I asked him if he could have Rajmohan for a year. Coltart talked with Dunnett, who was then the editor, and they agreed. So the Gandhi family came over by boat.

I met them at Waterloo Station. Frank had invited them all to stay at 45 Berkeley Square. There was Devadas and his wife, and Rajmohan and Tara, and last of all Gopal, then a wee boy of five. Frank had said, "Take my car and go and meet them." Knowing the Indian way, I was sure that one car would not quite do it. So Frank said, "Well, take two cars. And I'll come. That'll be three cars." So we all tootled off to Waterloo Station and there they were – with some good big bags. They stayed in 45, and then I took them up to Edinburgh.

In preparation for their visit to Edinburgh, we looked for the right place for Rajmohan to stay; he had never been away from home before. We found it with Dr and Mrs Pat Petrie. He had been a doctor in the Yemen and Aden; and his wife Eleanor was also a doctor. They were prepared to have him. Not only that, but Mrs Petrie learned to cook vegetable curry for him. So we took Rajmohan and his parents to the Petries' home. When Mrs Gandhi came into the house and looked around the hall, she said, "I am happy for Rajmohan to come here. I feel God here." The Petries were a great boon, with their two young sons, Jim and Roy, both medical students. Rajmohan Gandhi often speaks today of his stay with the Petries as a turning point in his life.

During that visit to Edinburgh, my parents entertained Devadas and his family to tea. He

made great friends with our cocker spaniel. A week or so later, Devadas gave a tea at the Caledonian Hotel for all those who had entertained him. What struck my parents was the way the Gandhi children served the tea and cakes to everybody.

One sequel to this was that a magazine came out just then, beautifully edited by John Caulfeild and with pictures by Arthur Strong. Arthur had taken a very striking photograph of Devadas greeting Frank, with a smiling Gopal looking up at both of them. I knew that the printing of this picture would be an issue Devadas would want to be consulted about, because it meant a public identification with MRA. He had just been at Caux where he made a speech and said, "If MRA fails, the world fails." So I said to Frank, "What do you think about this?" "Oh," he said, "you'd better take it to Devadas and see what he thinks." So I went over to Devadas' room, and said, "Devadas, this is just going to print. Are you happy about it?" Devadas looked at it and I saw a slight smile approach his lips. Then he looked at me and said, "I don't think it'll do Gopal any harm!" Which was the ideal answer.

Some time later, when Margie and I were staying in Delhi, we heard that Frank was coming there. I called up Devadas to tell him. He said, "Tell me the time of the plane, and I'll send my car to meet him."

When I saw Devadas, I asked him why he always insisted so generously on sending his car

like that. He said that when he had stayed with his father, the Mahatma, in the East End of London, Frank invited them to Brown's Hotel and sent a taxi to bring them. Frank had insisted on paying in advance both the fare and the tip for the journey each way. (Gandhi had no pockets in his dhoti to handle change.) "That's why," said Devadas, "I send my car for him when he comes to Delhi."

With Margie I saw the Himalayas again, this time from Simla, where she had lived as a child. The home where her family lived was now an office, full of typewriters and equipment. We went out to the cemetery there in the hills, and saw graves of British people and others who died serving India. If anybody wants to know the history of modern India, these people are part of it – and the children who are buried there, whose families had no effective drugs to deal with the different illnesses.

On another visit to India, Margie and I went with Dame Flora Macleod of Macleod, on Rajmohan's invitation, to a conference in Panchgani, near Pune. Dame Flora was then over eighty, and on the flight we talked about the need for her to take proper care of her health. On our arrival, the doctor advised her to rest every afternoon. "But, doctor," she protested, "I never rest in the afternoon!" He insisted that at least she must lie down after lunch. When Margie and I happened to pass by her window after lunch, we saw her sitting on her bed studying *The Times*.

Margaret and I were once staying in Pakistan

where Begum Liaquat, the widow of Pakistan's first Prime Minister, was a friend of ours. Suddenly we got a phone call from France, from Robert Carmichael, head of the jute industry of France, who knew many of the Pakistan jute manufacturers. He said, "You're in Pakistan, aren't you?" I said, "Yes." "Well, Begum Liaquat has just been on the phone to me. She thinks that Rajmohan Gandhi should go and meet President Ayub Khan." So I said, "That's very interesting." That was the end of our conversation.

Relations between Pakistan and India at that time were very strained. We knew that Ayub Khan was then in East Pakistan (now Bangladesh), in Dacca. So we went to Dacca, Margaret and I. We landed up at the Hilton Hotel – not where we usually stayed. Ayub Khan was at Government House.

We got in touch with Rajmohan in India and asked him if he would come to Dacca if this meeting could be arranged. He said, "Certainly." So I went to see the head of Police and the head of the Government. I said to the head of the Government that I wished to consult him on a confidential matter. "I have information," I said, "that the President might like to have a very distinguished visitor from India come and see him." He said, "Well, you know the procedure. He can come by air, get out of the plane at the border and walk from there to Dacca." I said, "Yes, I know the procedure. But I have reason to believe that the President would wish this guest received with special honour and be allowed to fly into the airport." "Impos-

sible. Regulations..." So I said, "If I were in your position, sir, I would be very careful how you thwart what the wishes of the President may be." So then I left.

A little later he called me up and said, "By the way, Mr Barrett, there will be no difficulty about the guest." So Rajmohan flew in and the interview took place.

Among our Pakistani friends were General and Mrs Hayauddin. We met them first in London, where he was attending the Staff College. Then a few years later our paths crossed again in Washington DC, where he was military attaché at the Pakistan Embassy. It was Christmastime; and the Hayauddins, learning that Margaret and I had nowhere to stay for Christmas, offered us their home while they themselves would be away. When we arrived there we found a beautifully decorated Christmas tree, which they had put for us in their sittingroom - a gesture of typical Muslim hospitality.

They had a lively eight-year-old son, Amjad. He developed a brain tumour. The General and his wife asked us to be with them as they broke the news to him and told him about the serious operation he must undergo. After they told him, we all had a time of quiet. Then Amjad said to his parents: "You don't have to worry about me. God is with me. Don't be afraid." Margie and I can never forget their faith. Amjad was able to go back to Pakistan and had a wonderful year there before he died.

Margaret and I first visited Thailand on the

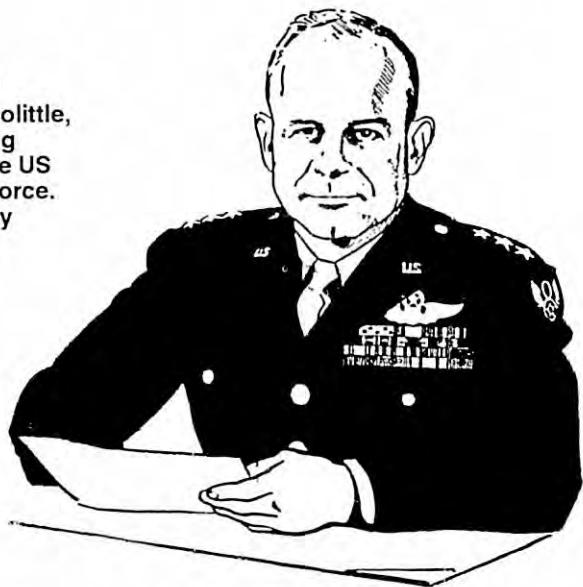
invitation of Archie Mackenzie, then First Secretary at the British Embassy in Bangkok. Later we were invited back with Daw Nyein Tha, a Burmese headmistress, as our companion. Before going, she had the idea of taking two little ivory elephants she had found in Burma as a gift for President Pibulsonggram. History has it that the Burmese had taken away two of the Thais' famous white elephants. Daw Nyein Tha – who was known everywhere as Ma Mi – brought these two ivory elephants as restitution for the live elephants the Burmese had taken. She explained to the President that these elephants had shrunk to a very small size out of sorrow at being away from home. She made great friends with people in Bangkok, particularly with the Prime Minister's wife, Tam Pu Ying.

We had been guests at the wedding of their daughter. The Buddhist hierarchy were also present, and we watched the bride and groom receiving the Lord Abbot's blessing, with their bodies and heads in obeisance, flat on the floor. I was struck with the reverence and dignity of the ceremony.

The Lord Abbot had been to Caux. So in Bangkok we used to go round to the Wat Mahatat monastery once a week for an audience with him. He always welcomed us, sending one of the junior monks ("bhikkus") to get some Coca-Cola for us.

Before leaving, we found ourselves waiting to say goodbye to the Prime Minister, a courtesy visit he would expect. Ma Mi and Margaret and I were talking with him in his office, and told him about

18 General
"Jimmy" Doolittle,
Commanding
Officer of the US
Eighth Air Force.
A drawing by
R.B. Hale.



19 26 December, 1945. "Assigned to the work of Moral Re-Armament", by order of US Chief of Staff General Marshall, the author (centre), Lieutenant Entwistle, Captain Hale (right) and colleagues are met at Los Angeles by Frank Buchman.
(Arthur Strong)



20 Margaret
Carey-Evans, of
Criccieth, North
Wales, grand-
daughter of
David Lloyd
George.
(*Arthur Strong*)



21 6 June, 1948. Michael
Barrett and Margaret
Carey-Evans celebrate
their engagement.
(*Arthur Strong*)





22 John and Elisabeth Caulfeild, on the eve of their marriage. *(New World News)*



23 With Edward Howell visiting Greece. *(Greek Photo Agency)*

24 Rajmohan Gandhi (left) with his maternal grandfather, C. Rajagopalachari, the first Governor-General of independent India. *(David Channer)*





25 Devadas Gandhi, son of the Mahatma, presents his youngest son, Gopal, to Frank Buchman in London. (*Arthur Strong*)

26 Bangkok, 1955. The author introduces Mr Majid Movaghar of Iran, with the Statesmen's Mission to Field Marshal Pibulsonggram, Prime Minister of Thailand. (*R.J. Fleming*)



the "Statesmen's Mission" of MRA, which was then travelling through Asia. This mission included political figures from several countries, and with them went a musical play by Peter Howard, *The Vanishing Island*, and a company of some 200 people. They were presenting, from their own experience as well as from the stage, a challenge to both dictatorship and corruption. We told him it was then in the Philippines and was over-flying Thailand on the way to Pakistan.

At this point we were taken by surprise by the Prime Minister. He raised his arms in horror and said, "What, these people are in the Philippines and they are over-flying Thailand. Can't we have them here?" We were taken aback, and said, "Of course, they can come here; but there didn't seem to be any formal way of getting them here, and there is a minimum of time left now. And as you know, Your Excellency, this is the Buddhist holiday weekend." All the Prime Minister said was, "Why, of course they must come here."

He turned to the Minister of Culture, Dr Vichien, and said, "And you arrange it." We watched Dr Vichien turn as green as made no difference. He knew well that the invitations had to be printed in Thai – there was no printer who spoke English; that they had to be delivered by hand because the post offices were all shut; that no accommodation had been arranged, and none was expected, being a holiday weekend. It was Friday, and we had until Tuesday – during which time everything had to be arranged.

But there was no doubt in the Prime Minister's

mind. He said, "Well, I leave it to you." So we had a council of war and began to make preparations. All kinds of people came forward with offers. The English text of the invitation was presented to the printer, who did his best with English and Thai texts; and every one of the invitations was delivered by motor bicycle. Of course, the theatre followed the Prime Minister's wishes. It was arranged that the Prime Minister would welcome the cast on the evening of the performance.

Everything turned out well. Having some knowledge of the work of MRA from the work of Archie Mackenzie at the British Embassy and from seeing changes in certain individuals in public life in Thailand, the Prime Minister and his wife, and many of their friends and colleagues, knew what to expect. But they were staggered by the artistry, music and majesty of *The Vanishing Island*, and by the truths for their past and future which were evident in it.

The Lord Abbot gladly received the cast and company at Wat Mahatat monastery. Most of them squatted on the floor in what they hoped was the correct Buddhist position. They all did very well. The only one to come to a small catastrophe was Reggie Owen, the senior Hollywood actor; in the middle of the formal welcome, he fell over sideways and had some difficulty in resuming the correct position.

On these visits to the Buddhist world in the early 1950s, all seemed so peaceful and regulated. I used to wonder whether Buddhism had suc-

ceeded in overcoming the revolutionary forces at work. Who would have thought that Thailand, Burma and especially Sri Lanka would become bloody battlefields?

We met the reality of war in Vietnam. I had been there once before; and now, in 1960, South Vietnam was under threat from Communist and other forces invading from the North. Ngo Dinh Diem, the President of South Vietnam, had told Peter Howard that he wanted the ideas of Moral Re-Armament to reach every corner of his country. He wanted to give his people an aim to fight for and a hope for the future. He promised to guarantee the safety of those who came, with armed guards wherever they went. So Margaret and I, with others, accompanied a group of young Japanese there, with their play *The Tiger*. Diem provided aircraft to take us round the country and present the play in the major cities and centres, as well as to both Vietnamese and US servicemen.

We were able to reach places where few visitors were allowed to go. We saw the refugees fleeing from the North to the South. It was very hot. At one town and camp south of Saigon, when the cast of thirty of us bowed to acknowledge the applause, you could hear the sound, like a waterfall on a river bed, of the sweat coming off our foreheads.

We saw the effects of the war on individual people. Two young fellows joined up with our team, who had been refugees in two places already and were now facing an uncertain future. And one lady came to see Margaret and a friend in a room

we had near the coast. One day at sea a cruiser let off a broadside, and she just could not take the sound of gun-fire again. Margaret tried to comfort her and restore some kind of peace to her mind. God gave her that; it was a very vivid hour.

Our experiences in these countries taught us valuable lessons about God, listening to the inner voice, courtesy, respect for other people's traditions, and also an insight into human nature. We learned how you have to win people's confidence, so that they know you respect what they believe. At the back of the streams of different traditions and beliefs runs a mighty river of reality.

Footprints to the Future

When we came back in 1973 to base in Scotland, we were offered the use of a flat in Winton House, the home of Sir David and Lady Ogilvy. Winton, with its unique carved, spiral chimneys, has stood in the centre of its wooded estate in East Lothian since the fifteenth century. David Ogilvy had been at Oxford in Trinity College with me.

One winter morning I was sitting up in bed, having my time of quiet and reading the Bible. In the second chapter of "The Song of Solomon", I read about God's word coming like "a roe deer leaping and skipping" – "Behold, he standeth behind our wall, looking forth at the windows, showing himself through the lattice." At that moment, I looked out of our bedroom window and saw a young roe deer coming towards the house. He stopped and looked up through the lattice before running off. It strengthened my faith that we were in the right place at the right time.

The renewal of family links is one of the most precious things in life. My brother Tony did not

agree with my calling to the work of MRA. Soon after we had made our base in Scotland again, I decided to write to him, to say how much I owed to him: he had got me to take my "Certificate A" in the Officers' Training Corps at school; he had supported my father in sending me on the School-boys' Tour of India, and encouraged him to send me to Oxford. I wrote this to him to his home in Grayshott, Hampshire. His response was immediate – "Let's spend a weekend together with our wives." So we did.

We went to see some of our favourite places, like Crinan and Craignish in Argyllshire. Our relationship was healed.

Later, when he died, we were with his wife when she scattered his ashes, as he had asked, on the sea at Craignish Point.

Another precious gift was to be able to spend her closing years near my mother. Our last memory of her is of a morning when we were due to fly to India. We had spent the night with her in her home in Edinburgh. She was up at 4 o'clock next morning so as not to miss our departure; and she came out to the car to say goodbye, and handed me a cheque to pay for our fares. Both of us sensed that this would be the last time we would be together; and she died while we were in India.

My sister Betty has always been generous and loyal in her support for us and our work.

From Scotland, we have continued to go to other countries. It is fascinating how different pieces of the pattern come together. Sometimes it takes years. Long after our first meeting with King

Michael and Queen Anne of Roumania, we went with them to visit Zimbabwe and South Africa. In Zimbabwe – it was then still Rhodesia – we found my old Oxford friend, Kit Prescott. By then he was over seventy – still moving with the same zest and daring as he did in his Oxford days.

He took us to meet all kinds of people. The liberation struggle which led up to Zimbabwe's independence was still raging. But with Kit we met many leading people, both white and black. One was Bishop Abel Muzorewa, who was leading the United African National Council of Zimbabwe. He talked of the discouragement and difficulties which tempted him to give up the struggle. King Michael brought out of his pocket a poem, which he kept there and found helpful. It was called "Don't Quit". He read it to the African leader, who immediately asked for a copy. In his autobiography, Bishop Muzorewa describes this incident, and how it helped him to keep going.

Later, Margaret and I met General Sir John Acland, who commanded the British forces monitoring the ceasefire that ended the war. As he told us about his experiences, he used the word "miracle". I asked him why. "Many things happened which were beyond human explanation," he said.

He gave an example. On the last night before the deadline by which the guerrillas, the "boys in the bush", were due to come to the assembly points and stop fighting, word reached his headquarters that a big group of some 300 of them had just crossed the river. They would be too late to make the deadline. The Rhodesian Security Forces

decided to take this as a threat and assembled a "fire force" with helicopter gunships. "For Heaven's sake," Acland urged, "these boys are trying to come in to the assembly points. There will be an international outcry if you do this. It could wreck the cease-fire."

The fire-force was ready for take-off. "At that moment," Acland told us, "the Heavens opened, and the father and mother of a tropical storm burst on us. It was such a storm that nothing - tracked vehicles, helicopters, nothing - could move. It lasted till morning. And the boys in the bush came safely in to the assembly point." Acknowledging the power of prayers being offered in Rhodesia during those days, Acland said, "They were like an artillery barrage."

Lord Soames, who was Governor-General during the changeover from Ian Smith to Robert Mugabe, on his arrival home said to the press, "Before I went to Zimbabwe, I was not one of those disposed to believe in miracles. Now I am inclined to revise that opinion."

More recently, Margaret and I have been back in America on the invitation of two more of our old friends there, Jim and Ellie Newton. They both worked by the side of Frank Buchman for many years. Ellie was the first woman in the Oxford Group's "travelling team", while Jim, a brilliant business executive, was a friend of Henry Ford, Thomas Edison, Harvey Firestone and Charles Lindbergh. They took us to Houston, Texas, for a dinner honouring my old Air Force Commander, General Jimmy Doolittle. He was being awarded a

special medal for his contribution to aeronautical research. The American astronauts were there, and we had a chance of meeting them.

What struck us was that they all wanted to be treated as ordinary men, with no sense of achievement or special qualities. To them, we are already living in the Space Age. They look forward to other trips themselves and are quite convinced that within a few years – eight or ten – there will be other inhabited planets. They are studying the question of the kind of population we should put up there; they are thinking of some figure like 18,000 or 20,000 to start with. Each of them has his own qualities. I remember thinking how modest they were, and how down-to-earth - from outer space.

One of them, Russell Schweikart, has written his thoughts: "This planet is a life body and I have vividly realised that we are related to each other as part of this life body, and we have a relationship of mutual dependence. Consequently I have changed my sense of values. I have felt my life has been continued as part of life from past to future, and it is pulled towards the direction of the future by this great current. I had the feeling of an encounter with the future."

In these pages I have not tried to write an autobiography. There are many gaps in my narrative. What I have wanted to do is to set down experiences which have made me believe that "there is Somebody there"; that there is a hand, and a planning mind, behind the current com-

plexities of our modern world; that, in spite of the follies of human nature, there is a sure path for each and every one of us to find and follow; that in the darkness of our difficulties, there are stars to guide us.

Life lived in obedience to such influences is full of adventures, meaning and joy – and brings us into a family and fellowship of friends, somehow similarly engaged all round the world; and we learn to discern a wisdom more sensible and sure, which is available to statesmen as well as to ordinary men and women.

It can lead us into the twenty-first century.

Further Reading

Recently a number of books have been published, describing the "footprints" which have led others. Here is a list of some of them:

SOME SOLDIER, by Douglas Walter £1.50

An "other rank" in Montgomery's North African army tells of tight corners he went into and out of, including getting lost in the desert, and being captured by the Germans: the tale of a man of firm faith and an irrepressible sense of humour.

CLIMBING TURNS, by Group Captain P.S. Foss £3.95

Wing Commander "Laddie" Lucas, the war-time "ace" pilot, writes of this book's "exceptional story ... and the straightforward simplicity of the writing."

SONG O' SIXPENCE, by George F. Stephens £2.00

The author says he is "attempting to write something, not as a theoretical notion but as experience that has come my way; something about another way of looking at things, beyond logic, beyond economics and beyond what we commonly call security." He lights up his story with his own verses and poems.

JEANETTE – A LOVE STORY,

by Geoffrey Gain

£2.75

"One of those books which expand the spirit," writes Russi Lala, Indian author.

PHILADELPHIA REBEL – THE EDUCATION OF A BOURGEOISE, by Clara Jaeger £5.95

From an idyllic life as a child in Philadelphia, through New York's radical literary circles to her marriage to an Englishman whose background of poverty contrasted with hers, – through the pressures of duty and conformity to a rebirth of faith and joy.

FROM MALLEE ROOTS TO NEW HORIZONS, by Sylvia Cust £4.95

How a girl from Australia's "outback" follows a path of faith round the world.

All these books are available from:
Grosvenor Books, 54 Lyford Road, London SW18 3JJ.
Please add 20% for postage and packing.

Also available from:
Stella Pike, Westaven, 90 Shefanger Road,
Diss, Norfolk IP22 3DX.

ELSEWHERE – A PERSONAL EXPERIENCE, by Frank Romer £3.00

His sister, who edited the book, writes, "It portrays vividly and accurately the love, deep faith and self-giving of both Frank and his wife Phoebe."