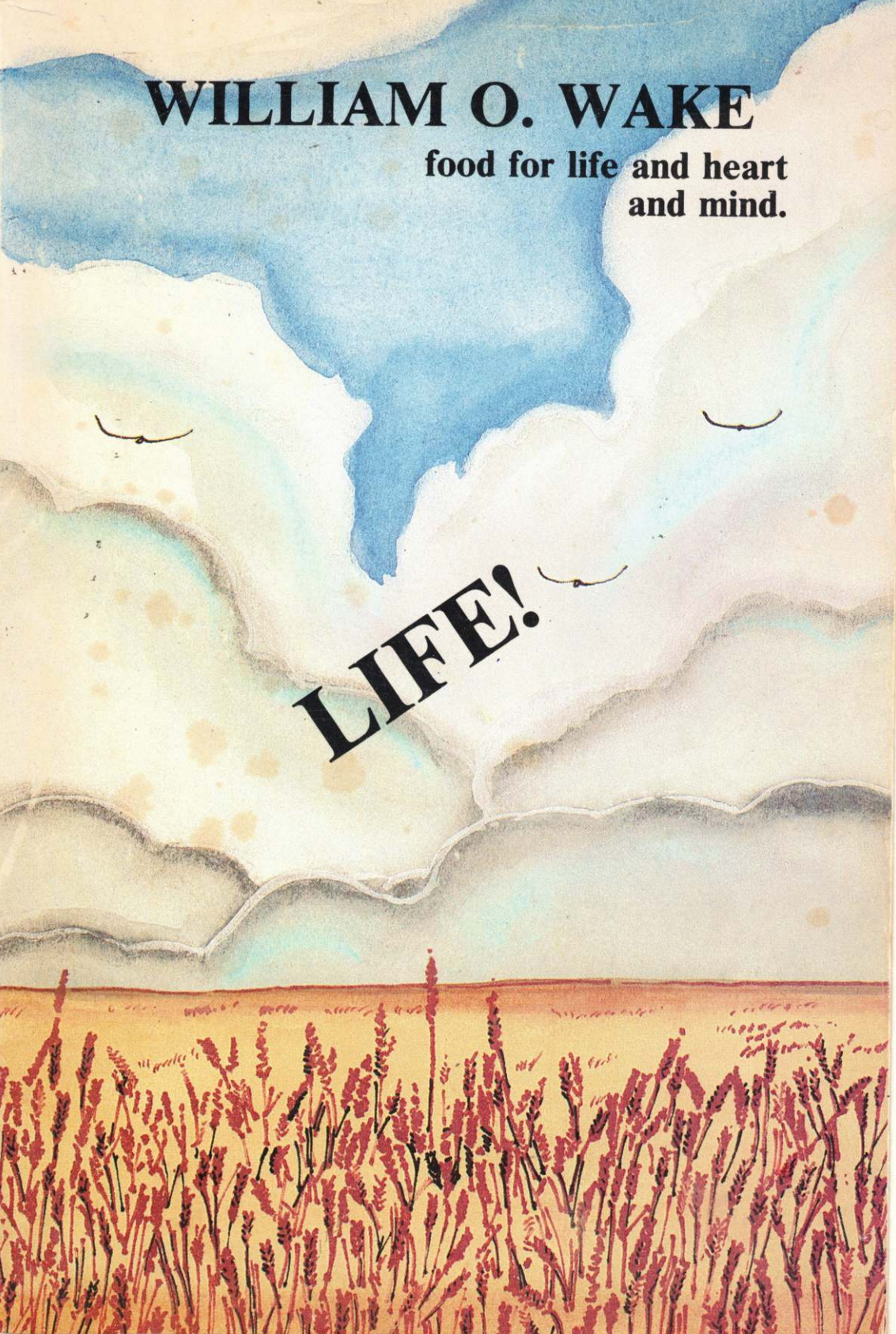


WILLIAM O. WAKE

food for life and heart
and mind.

LIFE!



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Written at
Borden, Saskatchewan, Canada.
In the year 1950.

CONTENTS

A Brief History of the Wake Family	1
Story of My Life	
PART ONE	3
PART TWO.....	63

A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE WAKE FAMILY

The Wake family traces its heritage back to the Saxon Lord or Thane of Brunne or Bourne in Lincolnshire. This man was of the House of Mantes in France. His son was Leofric the Saxon, Lord of Brunne who died in the year 1068. He married Ediva who was descended from Offlac, cup-bearer to King Ethelwulf in the year 870.

From this marriage was born Hereward, surnamed by the Normans "The Outlaw," and by the Saxons "the Watchful" or "The Wake." This was the famous Hereward the Wake who for years opposed the domination of William the Conqueror after the conquest of Britain at the battle of Hastings in 1066.

Hereward married twice, Thurfrida of a noble Flemish family from St. Omer, and Alftiuda, by whom he had a daughter, Thurfrida born in 1068. This daughter was the sole heir of Hereward and took the name Wake. She married Hugh de Evermue, a Norman Knight, founder of Willesford Abbey and by virtue of his marriage, Dominus de Deeping and Bourne.

Their grand-daughter, Adhelhidis, married Baldwin Fitz Gilbert who was descended from the Earl of Clare and of Gloucester and from this marriage was born Emma Wake, who married Hugh Wach or Wake, a name he took from his wife. This man died in 1172.

The grandson of this marriage, Baldwin Wac, born 1183 (died 1213) married Isabel d'Briwere, sister and co-heir of Wm. d'Briwere, Lord Chesterfield.

Hugh Wake, the son of the above couple was called Lord of Chesterfield, and of Deeping, Bourne, etc. He married Joan, daughter and sole heir of Nicholas de Stubeville, Lord of Cottingham in Yorkshire and Baron Lydell of Cumberland.

Their son, Baldwin, Baron of Lydell, Lord of Deeping, Bourne and Cottingham, married Hawise de Quincy, daughter and sole heir of Robert de Quincy, brother to the Earl of Winchester. Baldwin died in 1282 and his wife in 1285. It is from this union that the modern main branch of the family springs. Also from this union was born John Wake who was summoned to Parliament in 1295 as Baron Wake. His daughter was the Margaret Wake who married Edmond of Woodstock, Earl of Kent, who was the son of Edward I King of England. From this marriage was born Joan, known as the fair maid of Kent, who married the famous Black Prince, first Prince of Wales and their son was Richard II King of England who died without issue.

Joan, who died in 1385 also was married to Sir Thomas Holland K.G. who was created Lord Wake of Lydell and Earl of Kent, from whom are

the Earls of Kent summoned to Parliament also as the Barons Wake of Lydell.

It was in the year 1621 that King James I bestowed on Baldwin Wake of Clevedon the title of Baronet which has persisted in the family until this day. Brigadier-General Sir Hereward Wake served in the British Army during the first Great war.

A cousin of Baldwin Wake, Bart, was the William Wake of Dorsetshire from whom descended Dr. William Wake, who became Archbishop of Canterbury in 1716.

The writer of the Short History, traces his descent to Elizabeth Wake, born 1711, a grand-daughter of Sir William Wake, 3rd Baronet, who died in 1697, and his wife Diana.

THE STORY OF MY LIFE

by

William O. Wake

PART ONE

STORY OF MY LIFE

by
William O. Wake

I breathed my first breath about the beginning of the Boer War. On December 18, 1898, I was born in a room above our "Ironmonger's" shop, in the village of Bournbrook, a suburb of the city of Birmingham, England. I was a weakly child, the seventh in a family which finally numbered nine children, six boys and three girls. Never at any time was the whole family together, always one or more members of it being elsewhere. Today, only five members of the original family are left, three brothers and one sister and our parents having passed on.

The family of Wake was an old one, its roots stretching back to Hereward, known as "The Wake," son of Leofric the Saxon who flourished around 990 A.D. Hereward, The Wake, refused to admit defeat for twelve years after William, The Conqueror, defeated King Harold at the battle of Hastings and took over the rule of England himself. Because of the difficulty of finding him off guard, Hereward earned his name, The Wake, which has persisted in the family for close on a thousand years; but he was, eventually, through the treachery of one of his followers, so legend says, surprised in his fastness in the Fens and killed while sleeping.

My grandfather on the paternal side was a well-known antiquary. He was commissioned to draw out the family tree by Brig. General, Sir Hereward Ward, the oldest of the line of direct descent. I have a copy of this document and it shows the varying vicissitudes of the family social standing as their politics agreed with or clashed against those of the times and rulers of their day. One of the ladies of the family named Jane Wake, married Edward, Prince of Wales, the famous "Black Prince." This connection with royalty, however, bore sour fruit during the days of Cromwell, when the Wake family with misguided loyalty, threw their weight and influence on the side of the ill fated Charles I, and when that unfortunate monarch lost his head, they with many other royalists, lost their titles and their lands.

My Grandfather kept a wonderful assortment of articles of historic interest in a big old house in the Lowlands of Derbyshire. He published monthly a handmade catalogue of books, coins, pottery, brasses, etc., which he had collected, representing every period of British history and the earliest of Roman times. A copy of each of these catalogues, done in the beautiful copperplate and illustrated by exquisite pen and ink drawings, now rests in the British Museum.

The love of the antique and the historic which played so large a part in the interests of my paternal grandfather, was translated in his progeny, my

father and my uncles and aunts, into a love of art and literature, except in one notable instance, that of my Uncle John. Uncle John became a soldier, and died a Sergeant-Major after a hot campaign in the Zulu war, thus maintaining the warlike heritage bequeathed from the days of the Conqueror and Cromwell. My Father had a great gift for design and wood carving. He loved nature and poetry, and sometimes wrote a poem which expressed his great sense of creation and of God. One of his sisters, my Aunt Elizabeth, was a writer too, and once produced a novel which, as far as I know, was never published. Her literary career was cut short by her early death at the age of 40. In the case of my Uncle Henry, the creative urge was shown in his love of building exact and beautiful scale model engines of various kinds, and in a passion for astronomy, and clock making which was his trade. He was co-discoverer of a small planet, reporting its position at the same time that an astronomer in France discovered it. His extreme accuracy and the excellency of his many clocks enabled him on one occasion to report to the Astronomer Royal that Greenwich time was two minutes slow, which was proved to be so later when the weather, which had temporarily prevented proper observations being taken, cleared up.

All my relatives on Father's side of the family were members of the Society of Friends, or Quakers as they were commonly called. He had attended private Quaker schools where the aims of education had been specially to inculcate a love of spiritual values and the religious life taught by Friends. Their influence on those of us of a younger generation was gentle, but profound none-the-less. I well remember the quality of the conversation which ensued when a number of us were gathered together in one of the family homes. It rose soaringly above the distractions, cares or amusements of daily life. Poetry, art, science, philosophy were subjects often under discussion; nature, too, was loved, studied and talked about. I well remember how my father used to be fond of telling us children about the flora and fauna, the climate and the geography of strange and exotic places. It was he that first told me about the giant sequoias of California, and of the terrible winter temperatures in far Siberia, and it was from him that I heard first something of astronomy and the natural sciences.

But the great subject of conversation on these occasions was man himself and his purpose for being. This was considered to be all important; all other subjects took their perspective and their proportion and their interest as they contributed to the study of this master subject. Overarching and interpenetrating all the conversation was the profound and simple Quaker faith that man had been made in the image of God and was the temple of His spirit and that his sole reason for being was to reflect it. I shall never cease to be grateful for the depth and assurance of this faith in my elders, in these days of spiritual drifting it has been as an anchor and a direction post to me on many occasions.

My Mother came of even older British roots than the Wake side of the family. Her name was Kelsall and she came of Celtic stock whose people had been driven up the western coast of Britain by the Saxon and Danish

usurpers from overseas. Her parents were farmers, simple folk, tilling their fields and tending their stock in a tiny valley far from the business and the strains of the cities.

She was a tiny woman, weighing not over 100 lbs., but full of energy and good health, and with one of the most practical minds I have ever met in anyone. She had very little formal education beyond reading and writing, but her keen mind, shrewd judgment and practical common sense made the perfect complement to the idealism and the somewhat impractical nature of my Father. She, too, was a Quaker, as her parents had been before her, though her religion was of a less "spiritual" type than Father's and exhibited itself in a cheerful and simple kindness and practical helpfulness to those around her.

There was a small Friend's Meeting a short distance from our home in Bournbrook, and in the same building was a Quaker school to which we went as we grew old enough. Quakers attend their meetings usually twice on Sunday, or "First" day, as we called it, and once on Wednesday or "Fourth" day. This latter habit entailed closing down their businesses, as the meeting was ordinarily held at 10:30 a.m. Every Wednesday, therefore, my parents closed the shop and went to meeting, returning when it was over at 12:00 o'clock. This practice was always a bit mystifying to our customers who could not understand anyone closing his doors against possibly profitable business during the week days, but after a while they came to tolerate it, if not to understand it as part of the strange religion practiced by Quakers, and they learned to accept with quiet resignation the fact that if they wanted to buy at our shop they would need to arrange their buying to fall at other times than Wednesday mornings during those hours.

This little Quaker's meeting was attended by a very few families most of whose members were related to us more or less closely. It was of the old fashioned type known as "Conservative" representing the smallest and most primitive (in the sense of being closest to the original) of the many branches into which modern Quakerism has broken. The meeting house itself was plain in the extreme, being a rectangular building encased in corrugated iron and set in an asphalt coated court yard; inside there were two rows of straight backed wooden benches, divided by an aisle into two sections, on one of which sat the women and in the other the men. Facing the congregation, seated on long benches, sat the overseers and elders. There was no pulpit or altar and no set ritual of service, excepting that the two middle elders, a man and a woman, when they thought the meeting had gone on long enough, solemnly shook hands as a sign that it was over.

The service consisted very largely in silent waiting on the Lord in the time honored custom of the Quakers since George Fox's day. I remember as a small boy with what awe I attended those meetings. The silence was never to be broken excepting by a person who felt "moved by the Spirit." How often have I heard the silence gently disturbed by a preparatory clearing of the throat, give way to the voice of an old and revered Friend, who, after solemnly removing his hat and rising to his feet, would deliver in deeply

serious fashion a discourse on some scriptural passage or great Christian writing. Although the procedure was solemn and the language and diction often archaic, there were many times that I felt a very deep reality of personal experience lay behind the speaker's words. It was on times like these that the first deep thoughts about my life and its purpose began to stir in the depths of me.

The Quaker religion is based on very simple, but profound principles. Its chief tenets are that God sent His Holy Spirit to dwell in man, and that this Spirit can be apprehended, and that man can direct his life by its guidance. This is known as the "inward voice" or "light" and the effect expected by listening to and obeying this voice was a complete change of heart in the individual, and through him and his fellows with a similar experience, the building of the Kingdom of Heaven on earth.

One of the outreaches of the Quaker religion was the setting up of private schools for the young people, whose teachers were convinced of and practiced this faith. This was an attempt to keep the youth from the corruption and moral weakness that it was believed would follow the largely irreligious training they might get in the ordinary public school.

Though originally the early Friends had been an outgoing and positive force wherever they went, the Quakers of my early youth were, with few exceptions of which my Father was one, much on the defensive against the seductive power of this world, and the tendency was always towards a negative attitude towards it. Most of our homes tolerated no pictures on the walls, unless they were family portraits; music was not heard in our rooms. We went to no concerts or theatres, much less the dance. All such were "places of vain diversion." Anyone making a practice of attending them was kindly but firmly dealt with by the overseers and elders, in a spirit of love, but if persisting therein they ran a risk of disownment.

This "casting out devils" policy had a most frustrating effect on those of us who felt no compelling conviction of our own about it, yet were constrained by the traditions and the teachings of the elders to live as in a house "swept and garnished" but into which other devils soon entered. The tragedy was that though we were denied this life, we were not given a better one and lived as spiritual emasculates whose chief characteristic was a timid self-righteousness, tintured with envy of the pagan life we saw around us. Of course there were some rebels, some honestly and openly throwing off restraints for which they felt no inner compulsion, and submitting to "disownment" in consequence, to the mingled pity and admiration of the less assured or the less courageous.

For myself, faced with a discipline which seemed to have the sanction of truth, but for which I had not developed any spiritual purpose, the only choice seemed to be between an inert compliance behind whose front I lived as much as possible the secret life of my desires. I read forbidden novels in solitary places, I stole money to attend "places of vain diversion" when no one could discover it, and I made friends with people whose interests and attainments could only, from my teachers point of view, result in my moral

degradation. In short, the attempt to save me from the evils of this world not only failed singularly in itself, but turned me into a prime hypocrite into the bargain.

Nevertheless, I owe to my people and the Society of Friends an undying gratitude and love. Never have I met a more gentle, honest or simply loving people, whose homes had a peace and serenity which is rarely met with elsewhere, and whose kindness was unfailing, and whose fellowship was always comforting. The very plainness and simplicity of their lives, springing as it did from a deep sense of the spiritual nature of man rendered them singularly free from the drives and stresses of our modern materialism and gave them a peculiar quality of serenity and peace which was to the observer like a green bush in a sandy desert. It is to the teaching I received among them that great credit is due for my later development.

CHAPTER II

My parent's ironmongers shop at 99 High Street, Bournbrook, above which we lived, was one of a long row of shops in the main street of this thriving suburb of Birmingham. It was to me as a child a fascinating place, filled with all manner of interesting things, hammers and nails, pocket knives, fret saws and tools of all kinds, and behind in a shed in the yard, were kegs of paint and putty, stores of wire netting and glass for windows, while upstairs in a rambling old attic above the rooms in which we lived, were kept stocks of china and glass oil lamps, and the glass globes to cover the gas burners which was the common mode of lighting the houses in those days.

As I grew to about the age of 12 years I became able to take part in the shop after school hours as an errand boy. My job was to deliver to certain of our customers in their homes, the purchases which they had made earlier in the shop. It was during this phase of my experience that I discovered the phrase, "Tradesmen's entrance" which was usually some obscure doorway in the back part of the houses I delivered my goods to, and from which I was first made aware of the fact of class division. But this discovery did not seriously bother me at that early stage, as my philosophy had not progressed beyond the stage but where a sixpence or a shilling, as a "tip" for my services, allayed any budding criticism or resentment I might have otherwise felt.

During this "mercantile" part of my career, I got to know many other boys, who, like myself, ran errands for one or other of the shops of the village. Some of them were pretty hard cases from the poorer sections, and they exhibited a worldliness and sophistication, smoking and swearing and talking about their girls which to me, just emerging from the sequestered and cultured life of my Quaker home and school, held a kind of shocked allurements. But though I might be shocked, I was determined not to be inferior, or to take a back seat in the councils of my fellows. Although my strict training kept me from competing in the manly arts of smoking or swearing, I could and did manage to draw some attention to myself by my tales of various (mainly imaginary) love affairs I had taken part in. But my big means of winning admiration and leadership was to exploit a certain facility I had in repeating the stories and the ideas which I had picked up at home and school, to the boys who would often listen in rapt attention to stories of the peoples and the customs of foreign lands which I told them on those occasions when we foregathered to talk. Sometimes my descriptions were more imaginative than accurate, and always I managed to convey the subtle suggestion that the glories and the fascinations of which I told

somehow was reflected in me. At any rate, I became the leader of our street "gang" whose superior wisdom and advice was sought on all points of serious issue facing it. The final accolade came when I gained the much coveted reputation (for a peace loving Quaker, how shocking) bestowed on me as a fighter, a reputation I was careful to avoid the need to test, but which I allowed my followers to propagate.

At this period of my life my father was home from Canada where he and my oldest brothers, Joshua and Arthur, had gone some years earlier. Father, who was never more than slight and delicate, had felt that life in a different climate and in the open might benefit him, and so he, with my brothers, had gone to take up the free "homesteads," 160 acres each, which the government of Canada was giving to induce settlers to fill up the great prairies. Also he had begun to feel the economic burden of feeding so large a family in a land where the small shopkeeper, even supplemented by the furniture making he did, had a hard task to make ends meet. Now, having established a new home on 640 acres of land he had come home determined to sell the "business" as the shop was called and as soon as possible to remove his whole family to the farm "out West."

But this process of selling the business was a lengthy affair and it was two more years before a satisfactory settlement was made. In the meanwhile I was still going to the Quaker school, which had now been removed to more commodious premises in a large three storey private house called "Daylesford House." The principal of this school was a rather extraordinary figure. He had apparently come to the conclusion that the trouble with modern Quakerism was its defection from the exact habits and customs of its earliest exponents and that, therefore, the remedy lay in a return to them, an early example in my experience of that philosophy of formalism which has so squeezed all vitality from many once living organisms and reduced them to organised formulae.

However that may be, this young man, for he could have been little over 20 years old, dressed himself in low buckled shoes, grey stockings, knee britches of grey homespun with seamless and collarless coat to match, white stock and broad brimmed fawn coloured hat, in other words an accurate copy of the dress of William Penn known to many, if not in his own right, at least as the trademark on various items of breakfast food.

He used himself, and insisted on our use of, "the plain language" to which we were all accustomed, the "thee" and "thou" of earlier days. This habit was always considered a test of the young people's "faithfulness" and indeed, we ourselves thought of it as the cross we must carry in order to "bear our testimony" though I, for one, could never quite figure out what I was testifying to or for.

He was a man of strong character and quite fearless, apparently, about being conspicuous, indeed, he seemed to revel in it rather and there may have been some truth in the remark made to him by a dear old Friend. He had asked if this person thought he might be a little conceited, and the old Friend replied, "Thee's up to thy eyes in it, lad, up to thy eyes." But he had

his redeeming qualities; he loved sport and gymnastics and outdoor exercises, and though these bordered in some of their aspects, on "vain diversion" we, his pupils, loved them too, and under the authority of his leadership threw aside all scruple and entered wholeheartedly into their enjoyment. When I met him again years later, he was still dressed the same, but now his clothes were no longer homespun, but were of richest broadcloth. He had become interested in the English Labor Party, and had been nominated for Parliament; he told me that Ramsay McDonald and other Labor notables often visited him and even held conferences at his home. I have no doubt that he would dominate the scene not only in his appearance but in the force with which he would impress his views and his personality on everyone present.

There were other teachers, a young University graduate who taught us the rudiments of science and conducted exciting experiments with bunsen burners, test tubes and chemicals, a young and colourless drawing master, a brusque, militant martinet who was called the mathematics teacher, and whom we all hated for his unreasoning insistence on the strictest discipline, and, finally, there was Mlle. Whilemina Le Frinck, our French teacher who was fresh from Paris and was in constant despair at our accent when we addressed her; "Not Mamselle," she would say, as her eyes rolled wildly, "Madame Wa selle."

The curriculum was a heavy one for children who were mostly under 12 years. It included not only the ordinary subjects of the three "R's," the usual lessons in geography and history, grammar and literature, but we also studied the ancient civilizations of Athens, Greece, Rome and Carthage, and besides French, we began the study of Latin and the beginning of the English language and literature. Drawing, Science and nature were subjects for study at least once every week, while over and above all our desk work the girls were given some instruction in sewing, and we boys initiated into the mysteries and wonders of woodworking. The day's lessons began with a Bible reading. In their appropriate seasons we were taken each week for a swim or for a nature walk, most welcome breaks in the routine of our daily life. On special occasions there were "outings" when we were marshalled into orderly ranks and taken to a museum or art gallery, or, from our point of view, given the much more acceptable gift of a picnic on some local hill or beside a pleasant river.

I shall never forget these school days, which fostered for all of us, brought up as I had been in a protected and peculiar manner, the sense we felt of beings apart from the world, in it, so to speak, but not of it. It has taken the passage of many years to break down in me this sense of "apartness" and to bring a sense of oneness with all men in its place. The life which was bred in our Quaker homes and schools, while personally comfortable, and wholesome, in itself was an ingrowing thing and bore little relation to the great life in the world outside.

CHAPTER III

I had an Aunt, a sister of my Mother, who had married a man who had since become an elder and pillar of the Quaker community. They had set up farming on the fringe of the tiny village of Fritchley, in the beautiful countryside of the Derbyshire lowlands. My first visit to this farm when I was a young child was to have a strange significance in the light of subsequent events, and other and later visits deepened in me those pristine impressions of the wonders and beauties of nature which nothing since has been able to erase.

We went by train, my Mother and I, our clothes packed in a wicker hamper fastened with two leather straps. How well I remember that two hour trip. The smooth, swift glide of the train as it left the village, and after a short stop in the city, a scant three miles on our way, entered the countryside which to me was like entering paradise. With what wonder and delight I first saw that English scene. The green, hedge enclosed fields, the sleepy hamlets nestled at the foot of some low hill, or in the willow-fringed crook of a river arm. The herds and flocks, and the slowly-moving farm cart drawn by some plodding shire. These sights which flashed before my eyes as we sped along, what deep emotions they aroused, or what instincts they touched, I could only experience but was too young to analyse.

We at length reached the end of our journey by rail at a little station ten miles north of Derby. Leaving our bag to be picked up later by the farm cart, we started out by foot, walking through narrow country lanes, enclosed by moss-covered stone walls, up over the hill and down again to the village at its foot, across the "Green" with its surrounding stone cottages, thatched roofed and snug, its "General grocery", the cobbler's shop and Red Lion Inn and, at its far side, the Congregational chapel. Down past the "Sweet shop" where we children were wont to spend our pennies, and along the back lane where stood the ivy covered Quaker Meeting House, which my Father had helped to build a few years before to accommodate the large number of Friends who lived in that area.

At length we came to the farmhouse, set high on a hill. It was called "Barn Close."

The house and the rest of the buildings formed a huge flagstoned square with three heavy gates opening to the road, the fields and the stack-yard.

All the buildings were of Derbyshire limestone, grey and substantial. Inside the great hallway of the house it was dark and cool, with flagstone floors in hall and kitchen. It seemed so exciting and mysterious to me, with the great cream separator at one end of the kitchen, and the great stone sink

with its brass taps and the diamond paned window above it at the other, and in the centre of the far wall, the huge fireplace with its brightly polished and — irons and cheerful blaze. But strangest and most attractive of all were the smells: the aroma of freshly made butter and new brown bread was new and delightful to me, and even now, 48 years later, these smells have power to bring back the memories and the associations of those far off days when I first saw a farm. Then the animals, the cows with their great brown eyes and swinging tails, the pigs in their styes, grunting and squealing amiably, and the chickens and hens, how tremendously fascinating they were to me.

My two girl cousins took me around to see everything, finally introducing me to the horses, Bute and Flower, holding me so that I could stroke their soft, silky noses as they sniffed delicately at my hands. It was this first visit to the farm I am sure, that began to forge in me the deep feeling for the land which I have had ever since.

I well remember later visits when I was older. How I was allowed to go with my cousins through the field gate and across to a far paddock where the young calves were kept, carrying milk for their morning meal. Skimmed milk it was, reinforced with a jelly made of boiled flax to replace the precious cream the hungry separator had removed. How the calves crowded around us, thrusting their eager heads through the rails of the fence three at a time, which was two too many for the pail, and how they had to be restrained and brought into some semblance of order by hearty whacks on their ears with a willow stick which I was allowed to proudly wield.

To go into the darkened milking byres in the cool of the mornings and watch the shirt-sleeved men milking the cows, and then to see the great pails of foaming milk put through the deeply humming separator, and later to sit down with the family for breakfast on bowls of whole-wheat porridge, pre-cooked over night, new laid eggs, fortified with great slices of home-made brown bread covered thickly with fresh yellow butter straight from the churn, and cups of foaming milk, all I could drink. These were experiences which I shall never forget.

One of my happiest memories was to be allowed to take the mid-afternoon lunch to the men in the "High Field," carrying the great stone jug filled with fresh buttermilk, and a basket containing generous chunks of bread and cheese. I would start off, accompanied by the farm dog "Fanny," across the "Ten Acre," the largest field on the farm, up "Blackbird Lane" whose hedges, long untended, had almost met across the roadway, leaving but a single narrow track. Through the stile at the top of the lane and so into "High Field" where the men were busy with their scythes, and the women with their great wooden rakes, making hay in the broiling sunshine. I remember them, as I drew near, coming over to the shade of a large oak tree, and when I arrived, gratefully helping themselves to the food and drink I had brought.

Sometimes there would be one of the great shire horses, ready to pull the cart piled high with hay, and what a thrill it was to me to be allowed to ride on its back, with my feet resting on the shafts of the cart. The men

would say sometimes, as they lifted me down, "We'll make a farmer outen yer yet, lad." Little did I reckon then, what my future or my destiny was to be; I was content to live to the full the life that came along, neither questioning its basis, or taking any thought for it, but like the thirsty earth drinking in the needed rain, or as the flowers open their faces to the sun, so I accepted the joy and the happiness that came my way on those weeks on the farm.

Through all the carefree occupations, and the childish enjoyments and disappointments of my school days at Daylesford House I was dimly aware that things were not easy for my Mother who was carrying on the shop with the help of a young man, who later became my brother-in-law. The rise of the co-operatives and the spread of their consumer's shops became serious competition for the small independent shopkeeper. I experienced the effects of this when Mother could not afford to give us children some of the nice clothes or toys that other children had, or to take us to the seaside like some parents of my school mates took them.

We all waited eagerly for letters from Father and our brothers in Canada, and when they came they were usually full of optimistic and glowing reports of the life and opportunities there, which stirred my imagination and whetted the keen desire that was beginning to grow under the spur of economic difficulties at home, to seek my career and my fortune in a new land.

When Father returned to sell the business and to take us all back with him to the new home in Canada, life suddenly assumed a focus and a definite purpose. At that time the Canadian Government, and the great Canadian Railways, were doing their utmost to induce settlers to take up the fertile land of the Western prairies; wonderful pamphlets, filled with enthusiastic accounts and statistics of the country and its economic possibilities reached our hands and were devoured with avidity. We attended lectures, illustrated with slides, given by settlers who had been brought back to England by government agencies, to tell us of their experiences and their success in the new land. And I dreamed. I dreamed of far stretching acres, all my own and of bountiful crops of wheat, easily grown, and eagerly bought by the food-starved millions, and of the fortune that would soon be mine.

I determined in my heart that I would aim to make \$30,000 as quickly and easily as I could when I reached Canada, and then return to enjoy it in England.

At length the great day arrived, the business was disposed of satisfactorily, our total household goods, including all furniture and bedding was packed in many strong wooden crates, and our passages, booked on the liner VIRGINIA.

CHAPTER IV

It was May, 1913, when, having said our farewells to all our friends and relatives that we were leaving behind us, we boarded the liner, VIRGINIA, a ship of 12,000 tons burden and a speed of 15 knots. She was sunk shortly after, in that war which started in August, 1914, and whose repercussions have by no means ceased in the period since.

At last we were on our way to Canada, that great Dominion, whose fame for me was bound up with the storied romance of Indian and trapper, the lumberman and the homesteader, strange and legendary beings inhabiting the forested wilds or the lonely lakes and rivers, or the immense spaces of her interior.

The year 1913 was the last year of the great inrush of immigrants which began a decade or so before from Britain and Western Europe, into Canada. Our ship was crowded with families and single people, mostly on the sunny side of their 40's, going out, as we were, to make their fortunes. I have often wondered what became of them all. They were to be the flesh and lifeblood, the brain and the heart of a nation that was barely come to the realization that it was a nation, much less to the maturity and qualities of leadership whose need would soon be felt.

But I was ignorant of the significance of the strains and stresses which underlay the world of that day. The war in Tripoli and the Balkan war were far away adventures, terrible maybe, but unconnected with the everyday life which most of us lived. That they were the rumblings and explosions which would break out in less than twelve months into the volcanic catastrophe of World War I, laying bare the hate and the greed in men's hearts, I had no idea. Even the economic forces which were driving us from our native shores seemed to be our private affair and not symptoms, as they were, of a deep-rooted malady from which even the new home which we were seeking could have no power to save us.

Twenty years were to pass before I began to realize the nature of this world-wide and deep-rooted malady. In the meanwhile there was a new life to explore, and a fortune to be made. I was young and eager. Was there not rich and fertile soil for the taking, abundant growth, and hungry markets?

Certainly no one on board the VIRGINIA seemed to have any thought other than for the adventure and excitement of carving out careers and fortunes in a land new, mysterious, and immensely promising. To me, at any rate, it was a journey of pure adventure. I was fourteen years old, and entering on the world I was determined to make serve my interests. Such is the innocent selfishness and buoyant faith of youth.

It was a smooth crossing. We young folks made friends with each other and had a lot of fun together. We imagined that some of us would always keep in touch and be lifelong friends. But we never met again. It was but a long drawn "hail and farewell," and soon our new comrades were forgotten as we parted at the dockside and went our different ways, into new scenes and experiences which fully occupied our thoughts.

The sea journey had taken nine days, and before us was a train trip of another five days. We travelled by "Colonist Train." These trains were strictly utilitarian. Necessities rather than comforts had been uppermost in the minds of their designers. Each car was about seventy feet long by nine wide, completely dwarfing our English coaches. They were divided into five sections, a man's washroom at one end, and a woman's at the other. Next to the man's washroom there was a tiny kitchen with a coal burning stove, a sink and tap, and a cupboard with a kettle and a couple of pans in it. This was for the convenience of the passengers, to help them in the preparation of their meals. The main body of the car consisted of an aisle, with seats for two on either side. These seats had swinging backs so that any two of them could be arranged to face each other, and by a sliding device, their seats could be drawn together, thus making a quite comfortable bed. Above each couple of seats was a platform or berth, folded against the roof of the car, and which at night could be lowered to form another sleeping space. There were no mattresses or any bedding, the passengers having been warned to bring rugs and blankets of their own. At the end of this section, and divided by a swinging door from it, was the smoking room, which in turn opened through another swinging door to the women's washroom and the exit from the car.

We took possession of one of these smoking rooms, our family, and a woman and child with whom we had made friends, and who were going West too. This gave us, in spite of the fact that people were constantly passing through, a good deal more privacy than was afforded in the main section of the car.

The country we passed through varied a great deal, but all of it was green and beautiful with the freshness of late spring. Leaving Montreal, that great and most cosmopolitan of Canadian cities, we traversed the area where long narrow strips of land, divided by trees and wire fences, marked the farms of the French-Canadian habitant. From Quebec we crossed over into Ontario, and for some hundreds of miles ran through the farming country and the cities of that mighty province.

The farms of Ontario held some resemblance to those we had left behind in England; the fields were, in many cases, small and irregular, but in place of the stone wall or the hawthorne hedge, they were often enclosed with a "snake fence," which was not, as might be supposed, composed of a number of reptiles, but was made up of long maple poles built in a zig zag manner by lapping their ends to form a continuous barrier. It was in these fields and along the roadsides that the great and graceful maple tree, whose broad and three pointed leaf is the beautiful emblem of Canada, grew in

profusion. Later we entered the wilds of Northern Ontario, a primeval and untamed wilderness of forest and rock, of rivers and lakes stretching for a thousand miles north of the Great Lakes.

The train was leisurely in its progress, often stopping on some long and lonely siding to let some other more important train go by on the single main line which constituted the railway. On such occasions my mother, who was the soul of industry and cleanliness, would get us out collecting long supple branches to form a whisk broom, with which improvised domestic weapon she made onslaught on the dust which constantly made inroads into the train.

Every once in a while we would enter a desolated region where fires had raged through the forest and left bareness and a few gaunt, blackened remnants of trees, a most depressing sight indeed.

Quite suddenly, almost like the lifting of a window blind, the scene changed. We were out of the forest and rough country. Like coming down a dark and narrow alley into the light and space of a public square was the feeling I experienced as we burst from the narrowing confines of the forest onto the wide expanse of prairie which lay before us.

For a thousand miles or more, this tremendous plain of some of the worlds most fertile farming land, stretched before us, and how my heart throbbed to think that somewhere, in the centre of it I was to build a new life and carve out a home.

Almost immediately we were at Winnipeg, the "gateway to the prairies," capital of Manitoba and the largest city in the West. Here what impressed my youthful mind most was the width of the streets and the funny looking knickerbockers which all the young boys wore. I thought these latter looked quite ridiculous, and felt myself very much superior, dressed as I was in my first pair of long trousers. However, Father thought otherwise, and to my horror insisted on buying me a pair of these sartorial atrocities, and what's more, on my wearing them. Well, I got used to them. It is said that a person can get used to almost anything. It helped, that however much I was conscious and ashamed of my spindly legs, accentuated and emphasized by the billowing knickers superimposed above, everyone else in the vicinity just accepted them as a natural part of the Canadian scene, and so at last did I.

For hundreds of miles, day and night, we crossed the prairies. Endless miles of flat and monotonous terrain, traversed every mile by roads running north, and every two miles by roads running East. Hundreds of thousands of acres of this land was "in crop," the fresh green of the springing grain, wheat and oats and barley, clothing them with beauty and the promise of a bountiful harvest. Small clumps of poplar and willow, which we learned later to call "bluffs," and numerous pools of water, accumulated in the low spots from the melted snows of the past winter, were the only breaks in the clean sweep of the plain. The weather was perfectly clear and warm, the brilliance of the blue sky was enhanced by the very few and very high white clouds which lay against it, and set off the gold and green below.

CHAPTER V

At length we reached the tiny settlement where we were to detrain, and which was destined to be for so many years the centre of our social and economic lives. It boasted two "General Stores" in which might be bought almost anything from nails to tea, or suits to barbed wire. A lumber yard, whose stock of boards lay stacked in huge but orderly piles, exposed to the weather. Two churches, a barber shop, a blacksmith shop, and a few houses. But the most distinctive architectural feature of the settlement lay in the row of great Grain elevators which stood alongside the railway. The total population was in the neighbourhood of one hundred men, women, and children. I believe in later years this total was increased by about a third, to 130, hardly enough to warrant the name of a village, though it was called such.

Our farm stood some miles East of this village and was at that time reached by means of a trail which wound its way around all obstacles, such as sloughs or bluffs, or stony ridges, of which as we neared home there were quite a few.

We travelled by what was known as a "democrat," a four-wheeled, double seated carriage somewhat larger and stronger than a buggy, as the single seated four wheeler was called. It was well sprung, and as it swung along drawn by two fast horses, was a comfortable and, for those days, an almost luxurious mode of travel. Our hand baggage was brought home in the farm wagon, an unsprung and hard riding vehicle designed more for utilitarian purposes than comfort.

I well remember the excitement of being met by our two brothers driving these conveyances and, after loading up, starting on the last lap of our journey, the ten miles to our farm. It was a beautiful day, the country was of a rolling nature and well sprinkled with clumps of poplar and willow, interspersed with fields, freshly wrested from the native prairie and now showing the first green shoots of grain from the spring seeding.

About two-thirds of the distance our way lay over a low hill, and it was from there we had the first glimpse of our future home. My brothers had recently built various structures, granaries, etc., whose white unpainted boards stood out very visibly in the bright afternoon sunshine, and caused me to think the place must be another village.

As we approached the homestead, we could see that several of the neighbours had gathered to meet us, but the sight that caught my eyes was a team of oxen, four great beasts of various colours standing placidly chewing their cuds while waiting to be driven to their work. This team belonged to one of the neighbours and was one of the dozen or so of such teams that

remained in the district, many farmers having by this time procured horses for the farm work — a great technological advance.

There was a great air of important bustle over everyone. The final week of seeding was in full swing, and we soon came to realize that most farmers set a deadline for the end of seeding operations, usually around the 15th of May for wheat, and not later than the 24th for oats and barley.

On our farm there were three four-horse teams at work. My oldest brother had gone into partnership with one of the neighbours. Between them they had bought one of the first gasoline tractors north of the Saskatchewan River. It was a huge thing with one large cylinder and a great flywheel in that area. It weighed about nine tons and pulled 6'-14" plows in the stubble fields. With this tractor they had broken much of the virgin prairie, not only their own farms, but for neighbours for miles around. With the tractor they had also bought a threshing machine and had begun the custom work which was maintained for almost thirty years. Previous to the coming of this gasoline outfit, most of the threshing had been done by steam engines whose power and size quite put it into the shade. I remember hearing that the owner of one large steamer referred to our outfit as "a coffeemill." His machine could, on a good day, thresh up to 3,200 bushels of wheat, while at our best we might be able to turn out about 2,000.

This threshing business every fall was, after the harvest, the great event of the year. We employed six teams and two field pitchers to help with the loading; then there was the engineer, who also sometimes lent a hand, and the separator man, who was my brother. These last two usually were kept busy keeping the outfit in running order. Quite a job, as the engine was more or less in the experimental stage and gave constant trouble with hot bearings and worn gears.

Most of the grain was threshed directly into the portable granaries, placed in strategic spots in the fields; but quite often a number of farmers whom we were to thresh, would cooperate to haul the grain direct to the elevators in town. On these occasions there would often be six or seven farmers come with wagons of various sizes, varying from the "60 bushel box" drawn by two horses or oxen to the "Tank wagon" holding twice as much and drawn by a four-horse tandem team. These farmers could make only the one trip each day and so could take only a percentage of the grain threshed that day. On a good day there would be scores of these wagons on the roads to town hauling from the different outfits, and there was a friendly rivalry between the teamsters in regards to the amount carried, the speed of the trip, and the smartness and pulling qualities of their teams. From our farm we could make a round trip in about eight hours, taking an hour of that in town to unload and to feed the team and ourselves.

The novelty of these first years in the new country was fascinating to me, a young chap just blossoming into manhood. The whole of the prairies was filling up with people from many countries, and backgrounds who had come with eager expectation of carving out a living for themselves and their families, freed from the limiting conditions of older countries in which they

felt they were no longer wanted or needed. The whole mentality of the West at that time was one of adventure and hope, shadowed only slightly by the rumblings of coming war in Europe, or the complaints of the more thoughtful that all was not well on the economic front.

Our homes were scattered far apart and were mostly primitive, shorn of all "modern conveniences," and entirely inadequate to our needs. They were made of materials that ranged from the native poplar trees and the virgin prairie sod, the logs hewn from the riverside or the stones and boulders which glacial rivers in ages past had deposited on the plains, to the makeshift lumber and tarpaper bought by the more wealthy amongst us from the local lumber yard. But there was a wonderful spirit of "neighbouring" in them. Visiting was an institution second only to the daily need to work. The roads were mostly mere trails marked out by the constant passage of settlers over the native grassland, and they wound around bluffs and sloughs in a single-minded determination to reach their destination by the easiest and most feasible route. The common modes of travel, if the distances were not too far, were by foot or on horseback, or by the lowly stoneboat, a sort of surfboard or toboggan drawn by a horse. If the distances were greater, the farm wagon — a four-wheeled, unsprung affair drawn by two oxen or horses; or, if you were really up in the world, the buggy, came into use.

One of the customs which most impressed itself on my mind was the various varieties of "Bees" when neighbours gathered in a co-operative venture to aid one of their number in the building of his house or barn, or the plowing of his fields. In the same way we helped in the building of our first school or the local church. The word would go around that there was to be a bee on a certain day to help one of the neighbours erect a sod barn. As the chosen morning dawned clear and bright, neighbours on foot or with their wagons and teams, armed with axes and shovels, hammers and saws, would make their way to the neighbour's home. The women folk would go along with various prepared foods, pies, etc., ready to feed the men as they grew hungry from their labours.

Usually some preliminary work had been done by the farmer on the place, but on occasions everything had to start from scratch. A sod barn or house was a common sight on the prairie at that time, and they differed little in their construction from each other, the chief difference between them being in their design. First a number of poplar poles about five inches thick would be cut to the desired lengths to make the framework of the walls, often the walls would be placed slightly on a slant into each other so that the outside appearance of the finished house would be faintly pyramidal. The roof rafters, also made of poles, were supported on a much heavier log, often of cotton wood or jack pine which ran across the width of the house forming the ridge pole, which was supported in turn by similarly heavy logs raised vertically at each end. When the framework was ready, the work of encasing it in sods began. First a team was hitched onto a plow and driven to a handy flat piece of native prairie where a number of furrows were

turned. This was a job that required care and skill so that the furrows were of equal thickness and width. When the furrows were plowed, along came the men with their wagons and cutting the furrows into pieces about 14 inches square, loaded them and hauled them to the place where the building stood. There, other men carefully placed them row on row, on the framework of poles, skillfully leaving spaces for doors and windows. The roof was laid more in the manner of wood shingles, the sods lying flat and slightly overlapping each other. Inside, a false wall of beaver board or plaster board was built against a fragile frame of 2 x 4's, and very often covered with a pretty design of wall paper, or kalsomined in the colour of the housewife's choice.

These sod buildings were veritable meeting places for mice, and their outsides, particularly during a wet season, would often be a mass of vegetation as the wood seeds germinated and grew. But inside they had their advantages. They were cool in the heat of summer and warm in the cold of winter, although one of their greatest disadvantages was in the propensities of their roofs to leak during a long wet season.

Many a long winter's evening did we spend in one or other of these early attempts at prairie architecture, often travelling a few miles to get there in 40 degrees below zero weather, either on foot or by some other means, and staying on to the early hours of the morning. We would sit around the big tin heater in the middle of the room talking of all our plans for the future, or playing cards, chess or draughts, at the table as midnight drew near, and then bundled up in all our warm clothing we would go out into the cold night to wend our way home again.

Much of our time in those early winter days was taken up in going to the river side for our year's supply of fire wood, and for the logs and poles for our buildings and preparing them for use, sawing and splitting the firewood and peeling the bark from the logs. Many the day one or two of us, having fed the stock, would start out about 8 a.m. on a winter morning, the temperature perhaps at 20 or 30 below zero, each of us with a bob sleigh drawn by two horses, our sharpened axes carried in sheathes on the sleigh bunks. We often had to go several miles to a suitable stand of poplar or jack pine and the round trip, including cutting and loading the wood, usually took about 5 hours. Generally we took a lunch with us composed of sandwiches and a can of coffee. These were invariably frozen when the time came to consume them and a fire had to be made to thaw them into a state fit to eat. Another main activity during the winter months was the hauling of the wheat to town, that we had not had time to haul earlier. This sometimes was a real test of hardihood during the very cold weather, the long trip to town in windy, below zero temperatures, with trails blown full of powdery snow. It often took three or four hours and you would arrive, chilled to the bone, and occasionally with parts of you frozen. The trip home again, the latter portion of which would likely be in the dark, completed a day of misery that you were most relieved was ended.

CHAPTER VI

I was only 18 when the first great war ended, but even then I was beginning to think seriously about world conditions. The war itself, of course, had come with tremendous impact to those of us who had been brought up to believe that peace and culture and an increasing prosperity provided by an ever advancing scientific knowledge, was the inevitable portion mapped out for this civilization.

It was obvious, even to my callow and naturally sanguine mind, that there was something very wrong. I had known, even before the war, that certain of our farm leaders had talked a lot about what they termed the inequities of the economic system. That they had, in fact, charged that farmers were, as a class, exploited by other classes, particularly "Big Business," and that portion of it which was represented by the Grain Trade.

But it took the calamitous drop in the price of farm products and the general deflation of our economy that went along with it, plus a series of poor crops following the end of the war to bring the problem out of the realm of one of abstract interest down to one of acute personal interest to me.

I became interested more and more in the farm movement, then known as the Grain Grower's Association, and began to attend the meetings that were held in the local school house, more or less regularly once a month, where the farmer's problems were discussed.

For the first time I became conscious of bitterness in my own heart toward other Canadians, and though I was not aware of it at the time, it was then that the seeds of class-war were implanted which later almost led me to Communism.

The \$30,000 dollars which I had set myself to win, and which were to buy a nice home and ultimate retirement in England, began to seem too difficult to attain. Costs of producing our wheat always seemed away out of line with the prices we received for it. Our homes and living standards, considering the fact that we seldom worked less than 12 or 14 hours a day, seem to be making headway in paying the mortgage and other debts we had contracted in order to pay for what machinery and convenience we did have.

The period between the end of the war in 1919, and the year 1923 was one of the worst ever experienced by the farmers of the West. The assessed values of our farms were cut in half, crops almost failed in 1919, and though they improved some during the next two years, prices were so low that many farmers became too discouraged to go on. I remember hearing the rumour that some even committed suicide.

The year 1923 was one of the west's great bumper crops, but many farmers, because of the low prices received for it, claimed it was more ruinous to them than a crop failure.

These years all over the West the farmers were aroused. Our little school house meetings were jammed. The Grain Exchange in Winnipeg was blamed for the low prices, and there were vociferous denunciations of it and the big business that stood behind it.

But the one idea which had begun to infiltrate into the minds of some of our farmers was that the control of marketing should be taken away from the Grain Exchange and the private Line companies and put into the hands of the farmers themselves. When Aaron Sapiro, a great proponent of co-operative marketing, was invited to the prairies by some of our farm leaders to tell us how to go about it, this idea swept like a flash of lightning across the whole of the west.

I remember riding many miles on horseback, visiting the neighbours with "contracts" for them to sign, pledging them to deliver their wheat to the Wheat Pool which was being organized. My brothers and I were wildly enthusiastic for this farmer-controlled method of doing our marketing, and we were bitterly disappointed when some of our neighbours did not quite see eye to eye with us about it.

I can well remember the evangelistic fervor with which I tried to convince these neighbours that signing the contract was not only in their economic interest, but was their moral duty to their fellow farmers and a great step in the progress towards a free world.

But despite the fact that hundreds and thousands of farmers did sign the contract, there were many that did not, and it was with some trepidation that our leaders decided to go ahead without them, it being felt that complete control was necessary for fully effective marketing at paying prices.

The year 1924, a year with about a third the crop yield of the previous year was the first year we marketed our wheat under our own management, and it was a spectacular success, the price we got for our wheat being more than double that of the previous year.

No doubt there were contributing causes, but it is a fact that the next four years of operating under this new system were amongst the very best that the farmers had experienced. I went on a visit to England in the year 1927; after four years of steadily growing prosperity I was convinced, and I so informed my friends in England, that Canada was due for a prolonged period of good times. I was sure that the Wheat Pool had, and would have, a large part in its cause.

When I returned to the West in the year 1928, the harvest promised to be one of the very biggest that we had had, and we were looking forward to high and profitable prices. I remember one of the private grain companies who used to print market advice in the farm papers, urged farmers to hold their grain when it was harvested and not rush it to the market all at once, which has a depressing effect on prices, but to wait for the later market

which they prophesied might pay up to \$2.00 per bushel, an unheard of price since the War.

Indeed, even the more conservative and cautious among us were a bit impatient with our own Pool management when they only made the initial payment on our deliveries the usual 80 cents a bushel.

Then came the year 1929, the New York Stock Exchange crash and the beginning of the world depression that lasted through the thirties. Farm prices collapsed. The Wheat Pool found that the initial price of 80 cents which it had paid for wheat was at least 17 cents a bushel more than it could sell it for on the world market. To add to the problems of the farmers who had received this initial payment, this overpayment had to be repaid, bit by bit, over the next hard years.

The preceding four years of comparative prosperity, and the consequent rebuilding of our hopes had deadened to some extent the underlying bitterness and hostility which so many of us had felt earlier towards our economic set-up and those who defended it; but this tremendous disaster, the full extent of which we did not yet fully understand, aroused it to full strength again, and once more the farm movement was spurred into action.

The ten years from 1930 on were like the valley of the shadow of death for the farmers of Saskatchewan. However bad the world depression was in other parts of Canada or in other countries, there could have been few places that suffered more from its effects. In addition to the general collapse of the financial system which had been the immediate cause of the depression, Saskatchewan farmers were faced with one of the longest and most drastic droughts in modern history, a drought which lasted most of the ten years.

This sudden precipitation into economic reverse was, at first, unbelievable to us. Those of us who had begun to realize that the system of free enterprise called capitalism under which we operated had somehow failed to answer our needs, blamed the failure squarely on it and the so-called "capitalists." Our previous attempts to rectify and adjust this system through the formation of the wheat pools and various other types of co-operatives and self help schemes, were obviously not enough. And yet, despite the growing evidence that the depression was world-wide, and adversely affected capitalists as well as the farmer and the working man, we became determined to extend this fight on the national level by going into politics.

This fight was not easy. The mere maintenance of our farm organizations was a major battle. I can recall the time when the local of the farm body I belonged to, unable to send dues in cash, once sent to the Head Office a supply of butter and dressed chicken to help keep its personnel alive.

But always there were a few fighting souls that kept the battle going. The little crossroad school houses were the scene of tense and serious debate by the local farmers and their wives. The monetary system, Tariffs and Free

Trade, Marketing, Socialism and Capitalism were all discussed and were productive of much earnest concern and talk far into the evenings in many prairie homes after the chores were done for the day.

It is hard now to realize just how terrible the situation was in thousands of farm homes in those days, and just what the background was that stimulated this action in the grassroots farmer. On our farm, which was typical of many, it was like a reversion to the earliest pioneer days, without the hope and enthusiasm, but with all the privations and hardships that went with them. Added to the misery of economic want verging on destitution was the terribly dry and poverty stricken appearance of the country, void of any green thing from one year end to another, and swept with ceaseless winds, whose restless action filled all the air with the drought ridden dust from the arid fields.

This dust became the hallmark of the West. It seeped into our homes, our food, our very beds. It filled the sky with a dense yellow pall. It clogged our roads and filled our fences like drifting snow in a blizzard. Farm machinery and buildings became half buried beneath it, our mouths and nostrils breathed it constantly.

For the drought that accompanied the depression on these mid-western plains was a more desolating thing to a farmer than even financial disaster. The land, on which all his hopes had lain, was disappearing before his eyes, and his cattle starved on the parched pastures. As there was no feed for them in the winter time, by far the greater portion of them had to be sold at prices one-fifth of their value or less.

At one period 87 percent of the people in my area were in need of every necessity for themselves and their cattle, and the Government had to supply food and clothing, and in some cases, fuel and light for them, along with hay and straw for their cattle and seed grain for their land.

It was against this background and in the face of these conditions that the farmers of the west got together with organized labour, whose sufferings were equally great, and formed in 1932 the political party known as the Co-operative Commonwealth Federation, or C.C.F. Once again the evangelistic fervor which had marked the formation of the great wheat pools swept across the West. In every country district there were always a few of the converted, whose active zeal arouse their neighbours and raised the issues in every country school, or around every village store.

In Saskatchewan, where the depression had hit hardest and where, in consequence, the bitterness lay deepest, the battle between the old parties of Liberal and Conservative and the new upstart, raged furiously. The clash between the East, where the parties of the status quo were entrenched and supported, and the West with its passionate new prophets of a new economic order based on a socialistic concept, threatened to tear the country in two. Indeed in the West there was ominous talk of the need of secession from the East. It was only the obvious impossibility of achieving it without the consent of the East which prevented it becoming a live issue with the farm leaders.

The fact that we of the new party finally won an election and even formed a government in one province, though at the time an occasion for great rejoicing in our ranks was soon seen to be inadequate to meet our needs. The greed and the power of big business, and the corruption of politics and government appeared to be unaffected, while the oppressed and depressed state of the farmer on the land and the working man in industry went unrelieved.

Ever since the depression started in 1929, a ferment had been going on in my mind. My reading of history which portrayed the exploitation of man by man down through the ages, and my own experience of economic suffering in the early 1920's plus the current events of world depression, aroused in me an intense indignation that such things should go unchallenged and unchanged. My belief in a just society which alone could nurture that brotherhood of man, so much talked of, but so little seen, based as it was on the teachings of my early youth in a Christian family, formed the root of thinking which tended to get more and more radical.

What I deemed the stupidity and the ignorance of the masses, too concerned as individuals, each with his own petty concerns to take the trouble to study the larger issues or to combine together to bring an answer, began to make me doubt that democracy was really fitted for mankind, or that we could get to the goal we were seeking by means of a parliamentary system. I began to listen to stories about the great Russian experiment with communism and to feel that here, at any rate, were fighters who were willing to face reality, men who faced the exploiting classes with the dread ultimatum, "Give up your ill-gotten power or die." I had known the conventional socialist line on "Our Capitalist enemies" that they controlled the organs of public information and opinion, as well as the political and economic life of our country. Because of this they could and did control the thinking and the voting of the masses. But I was beginning to doubt success would ever attend our efforts to awaken these masses to the true state of affairs, or to inspire them to rise and throw off their shackles by democratic means.

I was on the horns of a dilemma. The socialist method of achieving its ends by means of education and persuasion of the masses, seemed ineffective though democratic, while the Communist method of violent revolution and direct action, though promising to be effective, clashed in my mind with my concept of right human relationships.

I believed passionately in the rightness of brotherhood and peace between all men. As a Quaker, I did not believe in the method of violence in settling the differences between the nations. I believed that reason and persuasion could settle any dispute between men or nations of good will. And yet, here was a condition of society which seemed to give the direct lie to this belief, and I could see no way around it. Could it be possible that Christianity was, for men of this modern age, no more than a beautiful ideal, to be admired but not taken seriously? Was Communism, with its frank facing of the problem its ruthless discarding of democracy as we know

it, with its sentimental good-will, but inflexible self-will, a new revelation of truth?

I could not tell. My mind was in a welter of confusion. The question, "Is there no way to achieve a Christian society except by unchristian means?" plagued me night and day. Personally, I was frustrated and despairing, bitter and short-tempered. I had made many enemies in the course of my political work; my farm and all the material things I had fought to build up were shrunken to half their value and were in danger of being swept away in payment of the debts that had begun to accumulate. I was at the crossroads. Which way I would take, whether the way of hopeless submission to things as they were, or the way of militant fighting with the Communists for a new world order, was only a matter of time. I am convinced that, except for the train of events which I shall begin to describe in the next chapter, I would almost certainly have become a communist.

CHAPTER VII

In the municipality where I lived in the year 1932, after three or four years of ever deepening world depression and ever decreasing yields of farm crops, the psychology of the farmers began to subtly change. The independent outlook and the fighting spirit of earlier days became sapped by the constant frustration and hardship they had to undergo. Even bitterness gave place to apathy. Mere survival became a major aim. No longer was the crusading spirit in evidence, seeking ever new fields to conquer. It is true, we had just formed a new political party, but it was to be many years of almost hopeless battle before it was elected to govern.

The whole of our living and thinking suddenly went down onto a lower level and we became concerned, not with building new houses and barns, or new political systems and economic orders, but in keeping body and soul, machinery and farm in operating order with practically no means to do either.

Interest on our debts, and taxes, were two intolerable burdens to us who had little enough to live on, let alone to meet these obligations. Yet up to that time none of our governments had realized the true state of affairs or made any real attempt to bring a cure. In our own local government the affairs of the municipality were administered much as they had always been. Taxes remained the same and the members of the Council seemed to think that if every one would just grit their teeth and hang on, the economic storm would blow itself out in good time.

When the time came for the municipal elections in the fall, some of us who had a long record of working together in the farm movement for various reforms, aroused ourselves and managed to get four of our number elected to the Council, one as Reeve and the others as Councillors, replacing an equal number of the "reactionaries", as we called them. I was one of this number so elected, and our first act was to reduce taxes. Now began for me six years which contained much hardship, much anxiety, but also the first beginning of real understanding of our social and economic problems, and the first glimmer of an answer to them.

One Sunday afternoon in the summer of 1932, a cousin, my brother and myself were sitting on the burnt and shrivelled patch of earth before the house we called the lawn. We were discussing the depression which by now hung heavily over all the world with not a single gleam of hope anywhere visible. We talked of the early days, of the hopes and the visions of the pioneers — of Canada and the tremendous promise its resources held for men. We spoke of poverty in the midst of plenty and of the starving millions. We agreed that, in a sane world with sane men in control, these

things could not be. One of us said, "What is it that makes us mad? Why, in a world packed full of the things we need for material well-being, must factories lie idle while men rot in unemployment and, in some parts of the world food is destroyed while the starving stand by?"

I do not remember which one of us replied, it does not matter, but someone said, "There have been ten thousand theories propounded as to the cause and cure of our political and economic ills, but none of them seem to be able to deal with the basic problem which the selfishness in the hearts of men." This set us off. We talked of our Christian training and beliefs, and those of the world around us. They had not been too effective in action; why? We looked at one another in silence. Then I said, "You know what? I think we should call our own bluff. If we really believe in God and in Christian teaching, it is up to us to live it out fully, we three here; if we do not think it will work, then let's say so and quit being sentimental fools crying over spilled milk."

A few days after this conversation on our front lawn, I was reading a Montreal newspaper and came across a short article not much more than a brief paragraph which, by its extraordinary content, arrested my complete attention. I think I can pretty well repeat the meaning of it: "In England a new movement is sweeping the country under the leadership of an American, Frank N. D. Buchman. It is known as the Oxford Group and its members say that the trouble with the world is that men have left God out and have tried to run it themselves. They have decided that the cure for the world is to let God run it again, and they have decided to let Him start with running their lives. Many influential people have attested to a new quality of honest living which has come to those who are trying this new philosophy."

It is a remarkable thing but I suppose that at another period in my development this bit of "religious" news might not have attracted my attention, or interested me if it had. That it did so at this time confirms to me the truth which I have proved many times over the years since, that God has a plan and can show us what it is if we are on the lookout for it, and are ready for it. At any rate, this article gripped me by reason of two things. First that I was beginning to believe the same idea anyway, and second that it fitted into the good Quaker training which I had absorbed at my mother's knee and in the little Quaker meeting house of my youth.

I was bothered by one or two things, though. If I let God run my life, it might mean uncomfortable things. Honesty might mean change, even repentance! I didn't like the idea. I wanted the security and the effectiveness of a God-guided life, but I didn't want any interference with my comfort or desires.

However, I began to make inquiries and to learn what I could about this new movement. In the meantime, the idea of God being able to direct my life and those of other men, and through us to direct society appealed tremendously. But I was completely stymied by the inability to figure out how He could guide me. The question of change, too, gave me no end of

speculation. How did a fellow change? Did some mystical spirit fall on him and make him into a saint overnight? And then there was the question of SIN. I did not like thinking about that. After all, I had really tried to do good. I had done more than some I could name, if it came to that. But still I was not quite comfortable about it. I would rather think about the other side, about effective purpose and peace of mind, and the role of leader in building a new world.

Then one day in the following year some Oxford Group people came to our district. There were five of them, for the most part, of the university graduate type — young, cultured and presentable. They had come in answer to an invitation given them to speak to the congregations in three of the local churches. I went to all their meetings. The speakers had a very simple message and they gave it without fanfare or affectation. Though varying in detail, the story of each was the same. It was to the effect that feeling completely defeated in running his own life, or achieving his desires, the speaker had decided to give his life to God and had discovered release, direction and creative purpose. Each speaker claimed that God spoke to him and gave definite and detailed directions for him to follow. Each, furthermore, said that as they followed this direction, their characters and attitudes had begun to change; selfishness was being replaced by caring for others; broken relationships were being healed, and peace had come to his heart. It was very impressive. I was interested, but . . . How do you give your life to God? I was determined to find out, so I had a talk with one of these young men.

He was a tall, dark young man, immaculately dressed. I said to him, "What you folks have told us is very interesting." I did not want to appear too eager or enthusiastic. Above all, I was on guard against becoming emotional or naive. After all, I was 34 and had knocked around a bit and knew something of the score. I would look pretty silly if I fell for some fanatical and half-baked scheme that claimed to have all the answers. "But what I don't understand," I went on, "Is how did you get this way?" It is a funny thing, but despite the knowledge deep down inside of me of the need of an answer, and a growing belief that this young man had this answer in his own life, I found I had to battle a very real fear that he might be able to reveal the same answer to me. Looking back across the thirty years that have passed since that time, I realized that this stemmed from an instinctive fear of the unknown and, particularly, of change. I can never be sufficiently grateful, if I live to be a thousand years old, that somehow a strange hunger and courage urged me on.

We talked for a long time. One thing I remember very well. The young man said, "You've done an awful lot of blaming the other fellow for your troubles and the troubles of the country. You've expected them to behave like Christians. Have you ever demanded as much of yourself?" He told me that a good way to find out whether I was living like a Christian was to take a piece of paper and write down on it the four phrases: Absolute honesty. Absolute purity. Absolute unselfishness. Absolute love. Then to sit quietly

with a pencil in my hand, and let my mind dwell on these phrases in relation to my own life and attitudes and relationships. Then to write down whatever came into my mind. He said if I was at all like him I'd find that there would be lots of places to change on. There was much more. But as I said goodbye, I knew that I'd learned enough to make a good start with an experiment which was to change my life.

The next day my brother and I were splitting firewood on the wood pile and we talked of the meetings that we had attended the day before. We told each other some of the things deep in our hearts that we had never told each other before, and we decided to try this great experiment of letting God tell us how to live and how to farm. For the first time we felt that we were united on the deepest level and that life could have rich meaning yet.

CHAPTER VIII

There were many things to straighten out with the family, little things that seemed too trivial to speak about: selfishness, dishonesty, lack of caring, the pride and arrogance of opinion, and the supreme egotism that I saw in others I would never have faced in myself all in a lump. It was the simple beginnings that made further discoveries possible.

One day I suddenly realized that my preference for certain types of farm work over others sprang from laziness and a love of comfort. I much preferred, for instance, to drive in to town on farm business than to stay at home and clean out the pig pens! The trouble was, I usually was able to conjure up a good reason for getting my own way. I do not know who I managed to fool, but I certainly did not fool God. When I sat quietly in the morning meditating and asked Him honestly about my life, He spoke to me in very plain terms. "You," He said, "are selfish, lazy and dishonest. Get straight." That sounds simple, but I did not find it easy. But I finally conquered my pride and went to the family and told them the truth and apologized for it, and I said I would do my full part in the work in the future.

Another thing got straightened out that had always been a sore point of division between my brothers and me, and that was farm policy. My two brothers were older than I and, generally speaking, more practical in their outlook, while I was given to sudden enthusiasms for new ways of doing things but had no conspicuous ability for carrying them out. The result was often heated argument and, on my part, resentment when I was overruled, as was frequent. In our quiet times together in the morning, God said, "It's not your way or their way, it's My way that you must find and do." This philosophy of "Not who's right, but what's right," became our farm policy and it led into many very significant discoveries and exciting adventures.

At this time in the year 1933 we had entered on the lowest point of our financial and economic troubles and, humanly speaking, there seemed no hope. The banks had withdrawn from the country all credit to the farmers, the local stores found it impossible to give credit indefinitely and with no assurance of repayment; a large percentage of the farmers were having to be fed and clothed by the Provincial Government and, to add to the general sense of hopelessness, was the desert-like condition of the farming land, without rain and swept constantly by high winds which drifted it into the fences and roads without mercy.

Now was the time, if ever, that a farmer might be forgiven if he looked for a little sympathy or felt some pity for himself or, if in his rage and

frustration, he lashed out at the conditions and authorities which he held responsible for his sufferings.

I remember that for myself, in addition to my personal troubles as a farmer, I had done enough reading and studying to be concerned about the consequences to the world of this breakdown in our economy. I knew that hunger and starvation would be increased and that these twin evils would create trouble. What troubled me was the growing conviction that man's wisdom was not equal to the task of straightening out the problems.

Even the new things that I was learning in the Oxford Group seemed inadequate to a solution at first. Even if I did change and fight for change in the country, beginning with myself, what could a very ordinary person like myself do without special influence and with no political power.

But I had committed my life to God's direction in the belief that He had a plan and could and would reveal it to any man who was willing to listen and obey. So at this time I turned to Him for the wisdom that I could not find elsewhere.

One of the things that we had learned from the Oxford Group was the need to take time every morning, usually the first hour after waking, to let God talk to us and show us where we needed change or where we could fulfill His will.

It was during these times that new and strange thoughts began to come to me, not only about myself as a person, but also in regards to my relationship to all men and to our social and economic institutions. But most significantly, these new thoughts had to do with the destiny of agriculture and of myself as a farmer.

One of the first thoughts to occur in my mind was that I had always been on the get. I had come to the country to get \$30,000. It was chiefly because I had been frustrated in this aim that my interest in economics and politics had arisen, not because of a noble desire to serve my country's interests. I saw, too, that one of the main reasons that the wind and drought were able to take so drastic a toll of the soil stemmed from the type of farming I, and thousands like me, had done in our blind concentration on our own interests. We had farmed to make money, only incidentally to meet the need of the world.

I saw, too, that this materialism and the selfishness which it fed on was also the cause of the bitterness and the hostility which I felt for all those whose views or interests appeared to conflict with mine, especially the politicians and the big interests in the East, but also those of my neighbours who at election time failed to support me. I saw further, that the nation was only a multiplication of fellows like me — that as I am so is my nation.

I could not go on with these new convictions without doing something about them. They meant, if they meant anything, drastic change in my motives and in my life.

This change began in very simple ways and in very simple situations. It dealt with the real reasons that lay behind my actions and attitudes. It happened when I became willing that it should, and measured the need for

it by absolute moral standards. Its fruit was in the understanding and the peace of mind it brought to me. Its power lay in the ability to bring to others the same things. It was a supreme confirmation of all that I had been taught as a Christian, and a living experience of Christ's saving power which before had been but an intellectual and emotional belief.

The phrase, "As I am, so is my nation" kept drumming in my head and heart. One night when I was thinking of this, I was swept with a devastating sense of the cost of my selfishness to all the suffering people in the world, and to the Christian way of life which I had always professed to believe in and, indeed, by which I had measured the short-comings of others. I was convicted of a depth of hypocrisy which went far beyond that of those whom I had accused. I wanted to atone desperately, to spend the rest of my life in restoring for the way I had lived, and I asked God to show me how.

God showed me that night that if I would follow everything He told me that I would be used to bring an answer to the world. It seemed an unbelievable promise, but I determined to act on it.

I realized clearly that night that the trouble in the world was the same as the trouble in my own life, that God had been left out as an effective factor and that the cure lay in restoring Him to first place. The thought that made this very clear to me came when I was thinking about the drifting land. It was very simple: "You wanted \$30,000. God wants to feed people." I saw in a flash that I and my wants and desires and needs had been at the centre of my life — had been my God. I had not cared for the land or for the people, as I saw now God had intended me to care for them. Because of this lack of caring, springing from my complete self-centredness and self-love, I had farmed in a way that placed the returns to me beyond other consideration. The result was that the soil had been robbed of its fibre and fertility, and now was threatened with destruction. I saw that I had jeopardized the very lives of people through my selfishness.

"Restore, restore, restore," rang through my thoughts. "Restore to the land the stolen virtue you have pillaged from it."

This was the beginning of a new attitude towards my job as a farmer. A sense of stewardship grew which caused me to think of the land as an instrument to mediate God's love to His people, and I wanted to farm it in a way that would enable it to do its job.

I began to see, too, that even as God had a plan for every farmer, He also had a plan for every farm. On our farm this plan began to unfold as we met in the early mornings to think through together our day under God. Conviction to buy a manure spreader came at a time when to do so meant going without needed clothing and other things to find the finances for it. In like manner came the conviction to quit growing so much wheat and to sow some land down to grass. And again, to increase our herd of cattle. Later came the conviction that we should not let any of the water that fell on the land, whether in the form of snow or rain, run off but that we should endeavor to catch it in various ways. One of these ways was in the provision

of dugouts in the draws, and a pump to put the captured water onto the surrounding land where we could grow alfalfa or other sound crops that would rebuild the soil and provide the people with a stable agriculture.

All these things called for change in us. They were not easy things to do, and naturally we would not have chosen to do them. But they were evidence of the new dynamic which was beginning to work in our lives, the dynamic of putting God's plan and the needs of His people first in all we did as individuals and as farmers.

As time went on, fresh conviction came to me, and I began to dimly understand that there was a mighty destiny for agriculture in the affairs of the world that went far beyond the supplying of the material needs of its people. It was good that a farmer should care for the land so that it could feed its rightful share of today's hungry, and be passed on also to feed future generations with its ability to do so unweakened, but I saw that this would not be enough if we were to have a world of peace and prosperity.

The new conviction came that we had not only to produce food. There was another crop it was our responsibility to produce even more important, and that was character in our sons and a new spirit in our nation. I expressed this conviction in a poem that I wrote at the time and which I copy here because I believe it conveys my thought very well. I call it:

"I AM A FARMER"

I am a farmer, my task to take the fertile soil
and make it ready for the vital seed,
From whose union issues forth life-saving food
To give healthy beauty and the strength for toil.

Oh! Fools that we have been we men that farm;
Oh blind, to see no greatness in our task,
To think our heart's great longing could be met
By less than greatness in both head and arm.

No longer we for selfish pity cry, of other's greed complain.
There yet remains a vision for our eyes,
And we whose lives have long misguided been
Shall rise and build the broken earth again.

And not alone the ravaged earth restore,
But seek healing for men's tortured souls
Of wounds, which lust for greed and power have wrought,
And bring the caring that the world is dying for.

I am a farmer. My task to feed the hungry ones,
And never more to see a baby starve.
I need to be a husbandman of souls,
That character may be reaped in all our sons.

And caring grow that sweeps the self-filled channels clear
Which lie between my bins and hungry mouths,
And shock to life the apathetic dead,
Whose high privilege is lost midst greed and fear.

Ye men of soil, arise! Awake from shallow dreams
Of selfish gain. Rise in your might, a dying world to save.
Face again the glorious cross that caring bears,
And out of chaos prove what true creation means.

As in the convictions that had come to me about personal change, and in the new attitude towards my farm, there was simplicity and directness in these fresh convictions of the need for a new spirit in the nation, and how I should start to produce it in so far as my part lay. It came to me one morning that even as I had robbed the soil of its fertility through my self-seeking, so I had robbed my neighbours of the unity, friendship and caring that I owed them, especially those who had been my political opponents. I went to the chief of them and apologized for the hostility and ill will I had held towards them. I confessed that I had held these attitudes because they had supported policies which, in my opinion, frustrated my selfish desires for material success. That I was convinced that selfishness such as that was divisive and hate-producing and a poor guide to the brotherhood of man. I told them I wanted to be different and to live on a basis of what was right in the light of the highest moral standards and God's guidance, and that I wanted to work with all men of good will to build a world that works on those lines.

In each case this action broke down the barriers that had existed between myself and the neighbour. There began a friendship and a teamwork in the interests of what was right for the country that was little short of miraculous.

It was this kind of positive attitude and action that began to take the place of the old finger pointing and denunciation in which I used to indulge before I met the Oxford Group and, I must say, it seemed to have a much more unifying effect.

In the meanwhile, we who had begun to apply the principles of the Oxford Group in our own situations and lives were tremendously heartened by the news of the spread of the movement all over the world, and we watched with the greatest interest its gradual penetration into every phase of social, industrial and political life, spanning every barrier of race or class or creed or colour, and bringing change, understanding and unity. By 1939, when its world program was first known as Moral Re-Armament, it had become a mighty force and even then was attracting the support of the world's leading men for its practical success in bringing solutions to the problems that were more and more bedevilling the conferences and the councils of the statesmen.

It was the sense of belonging to a force that was in touch with and drew

its inspiration from the creative power behind the universe that gave us in our local situations the courage to go on when the going was not easy. Never for a single moment did I question the rightness of the course I had taken, but I often shrank from the cost of following it. Always I knew the only hope lay in this ideology, and I was tremendously grateful for those in every land who were living it out drastically.

I had met Dr. Frank Buchman, the man who started the Oxford Group, quite early in my experience of it. He had come to Saskatoon, the city nearest my home, in the year 1934, with an international team of 35 people. The stories he and the members of the team told of personal and national change had been a tremendous encouragement. It was at a time when the drought and wind were at their worst and the skies were filled with the drifting soil. I was walking down the main street with Dr. Buchman and he looked up into the sky. "Is this," he said, "one of those sandstorms such as I have read about?" "Yes," I replied, "it comes from the drifting farm lands." He walked on a few steps further, then he said quietly, "It is bad, very bad." Then he added, "But our real problem is moral drift." I have never forgotten that, or the clarity and the directness with which he cut through the material problem to the moral cause behind it. It was this ability to see first things first, this prophetic insight into the underlying truth which I began to covet for myself and for farmers as a whole; and my conviction deepened that my personal destiny was to give my life so that agriculture should not only see, but should take the lead in living out the truth that would make us free.

CHAPTER IX

For about eleven years after I had first experienced "change" I stayed on the farm carrying out the life of a farmer, and facing the situations that arose around me with a conscious attempt to find and do God's will in it all. I had many ups and downs in this. I was often bewildered and discouraged. I still carried deep inside myself the materialistic conception that God's will was a blueprint, and His guidance a plan of behaviour, a sort of master mind directing my life. It was only by painful experience that I learned that God was not so much interested in my behaviour as He was in the state of my heart. I could refrain from conscious sin and fulfill every known duty and still not know the answer to the need in people around me, or find the peace I sought in my own soul. I had to learn that change meant not only a decision to take a new direction, a determination to live my life on a new set of standards that were absolutely honest, pure, unselfish and loving, if I was going to let God run my life, but it would mean a profound revolution in my nature that would make such a life possible. It was not possible, for instance, to love my neighbour as myself, however hard I tried, in the human state I was in. A miracle had to happen in my heart which transformed me so that all the barriers, the self-centredness, the self-love, the self-interest would be swept away and leave me free and disinterested to give my heart to my neighbour. That this miracle could happen and began to happen in me and in others was the most amazing and the most satisfying thing that I had found. It was not long before I realized that this was the one thing that had to happen in the world, the one thing that would solve all the divisions, the hates and the misunderstandings between men and bring unity.

This miracle, I found, was not an airy fairy "mystical" experience, but a most practical necessity in everyday life. It provided the solution, not only to private relationships that were wrong, or personal problems of every kind, but was also the key to bringing solutions to public problems which no agreement or law could solve.

An incident illustrating this occurred shortly after I had been elected to the Municipal Council in my District. This coincided with the worst economic conditions we farmers had experienced up to that time, and as I have indicated earlier, several new members of the Council, including myself, had been elected because of our vocal and angry protests against the laissez faire policies of the old Council. My election also followed very shortly after my first acquaintance with the Oxford Group, and the consequent decision to try to find God's purpose and direction for my life, and for my part in finding the same for my country.

The problem this story is about is that of corruption and dishonesty in

public life. I had often denounced them, but now I was faced with an opportunity to let God tell me what to do about them. Eighty-seven percent of our ratepayers, because of the hard times, were on the relief rolls. To get relief they had to make sworn statements of their needs which satisfied us councillors and then we asked the Government to supply the necessary monies. The fact was that there was a tremendous amount of falsifying of these statements, which was not unsuspected by the councillors, and was winked at by them. This practice was so widespread that it had bred a very definite distrust of these statements in the minds of the Government officials who were entrusted with relief administration. It went to such an extent, indeed, that it had become the practice to arbitrarily reduce the amounts asked for in the relief applications by as much as 30 to 50 percent. This, in turn, had given rise to the practice by the local Council of what was known as "padding the estimates," or over requisitioning by a like amount. The whole atmosphere was one of suspicion, distrust, and criticism in which our task of administering relief was hampered and bogged down.

One day, during a slack period, the members of the Council were discussing with considerable heat a rather more drastic cut in our relief applications than the government had made hitherto. Several radical statements were made to the effect that the government was a corrupt machine in the hands of "the big interests" and that it was because of this that our people needed relief; anything that could be gotten from the government in any way, it was implied, was no more than the people's right and a partial recovery of what they had been defrauded. Suddenly the chairman of the Council, an old political fox, if ever there was one, turned to me and said: "I hear you have been getting interested in this Oxford Group. What do you say is the answer to all this mess?"

I replied, after a moment's deliberation, "I am convinced that if we are to have any real hope of honesty in government or in our taxpayers, it must lie in ourselves becoming honest first." This statement was received with considerable scepticism. "What do you mean, honest?" asked the chairman. "We're as honest as the next man. By gum, this is a world of wolves and if you don't watch out you'll just be a sheep, that's all. If you don't look after No. 1, no one else will. If they want us to be honest, let them be honest first."

I replied, "If our honesty depends on the other fellow's, he can claim that his depends on ours. On that basis we can point the finger at each other, but neither will take the responsibility to start something new. In that case we might as well quit expecting honesty and go flat out for all we can get." "But," I went on to say, "I believe that honesty can start with this council, and I have no idea where it might spread. For myself, I have been thinking that the real reason that I have been letting dishonest relief estimates go to the government was because of the bitterness I had felt towards it in the past; and second, because I wanted to be thought a good fellow by my electors for treating them to all I could get for them."

"Well, what's wrong with those reasons?" another member of the

Council asked. "The government is shot full of rotten corruption, and everything you can get for the taxpayers is away too little, in any case."

We argued for almost an hour on the proposition that the answer to dishonesty lay in more dishonesty; but the simple proposition that the true answer to dishonesty was honesty, and the best place to start was with ourselves, finally persuaded the Council to try it in our business for a month and see what happened.

We went over the current relief applications which we had already passed, again, this time with a fine tooth comb, and we cut them down to what, in our judgment, was the honest figure — a cut of perhaps 35 percent. Then we sat back and waited for the preliminary approval of our estimates. This was to be made by a Government inspector who visited us from time to time for that purpose.

On this day, a new inspector arrived, a very tough individual who quite apparently had been instructed to stand for no nonsense or "chiseling." After sitting down and greeting us, he asked for the total amount of our requisitions. The chairman told him. There was a pause, then the inspector said, "I can only recommend so much," naming a figure about 30 percent less than he had been given. He would listen to no argument or appeal. He was adamant, and without his recommendation there was no chance of our estimates passing the relief board. I asked the chairman to have the Inspector retire while we discussed what to do. After he had left the room the members of the Council turned on me and said: "Well, that's what being honest gets you. You got us into this mess, you had better get us out of it again."

Well, we asked the Inspector to come in again. I must say I felt very much on the spot. But finally I said to the man, "Mr. Smith, I feel sure that the reason for your ruling on our estimates is based on a consideration of our past record." He looked at me silently. I went on: "It is true that in the past we have often given the government requisitions that were not in full accordance with the facts; but today we have decided that that is wrong and we have decided to change. I think you will find that the estimates as we have made them are honest, and I want to say we are sorry that we have given cause in the past for you to judge otherwise."

His mouth fell open, and for a space there was absolute silence. Then he said wonderingly: "Why, Mr. Wake, I believe that you are telling the truth." I replied that there was no need to take my word for it, but that he would be assisted to go out into the country to make a personal check on any of the cases he selected, if he chose.

He became convinced that we were trying to be honest and reported to the Relief Department that such was so. There were three or four positive results of this change on the part of the Council. 1) Trust was built between us and the Government that greatly expedited our negotiations and made for economy. 2) The Cabinet Minister in charge of Relief Administration was quoted in the public press as saying that our Municipal Council was the

most honest in the Province and that if such honesty could be duplicated, government costs would be cut in half and relief greatly reduced.

On another occasion a few years later, there arose a further opportunity to avail ourselves of the guidance of God in a public matter. It was early in the Second World War when the government found it necessary to regulate agricultural production on the farms in accord with national war conditions. There was considerable difference of opinion as to how this might be accomplished best. Farmers and other groups were concerned that their interests should not suffer in the process and the government was given much advice and subjected to much demand from the various bodies involved as to the type of law to be passed.

As my brothers and I sat down one morning to seek together direction from God before going on to the work of the day, the thought came that we were responsible for our government and the laws it made and particularly, at the moment, for the legislation I speak of. We decided to send a message to the Cabinet Minister who was sponsoring it before Parliament, in which we stated that we thought the selfish pressure of economic groups was the bane of our democracy. We pledged ourselves as a group of farmers to ask no special privilege for ourselves or our industry, but to support the government in the task of bringing down legislation that was honest and in the best interests of every industry and of the country as a whole. This message we took around to seventeen of the most substantial farmers in the district and each one signed it with great conviction.

Sometime later when I happened to be in Ottawa, I called on the Minister who received this message and he told me it had so impressed him that he had read it to the Cabinet. He said it had had an influence on the members which strengthened their moral purpose to resist the one-sided pressure that had been brought to bear on them and enabled them to pass a law that was designed in the interests of all. This same Minister told me that corrupt government was bred in the selfish demands of the people as well as the moral inadequacies of its members. At any rate, for me who had so long complained of crooked and bought government, it was a new experience to realize that there is a way to fight for its change when the ordinary citizen is guided by God and absolute moral standards.

The war put a tremendous strain on the Canadian railway system due to the needs of carrying troops and material in addition to the ordinary commerce of the country. Also, during that period we had two of the greatest grain crops in our history so that farmers found it impossible to get all the cars needed to ship their wheat etc., when they wanted them.

In the beginning of this period, it was first come, first served, and these farmers who had been fortunate enough to get their grain threshed early or who, because they owned trucks or were near a railway, had the first call on the available facilities. This resulted in many farmers who were less well situated being unable to sell much if any of their crop until months later.

Of course there was much complaining and bitterness over this, and many of us felt that indeed the situation did not reflect the best spirit. So

once again those farmers who had learned to listen to God for direction had a plan. They drew up what they called "A Call to Action," and got the 30 leading men of the community to sign it. Then they sent it to the local paper where it was published. This "Call" stressed the need for mutual consideration and neighborliness based on our common faith in God and our love of our country. We said that the need of the country was for unity if she were to be strong and able to do her part, and we pledged ourselves to share our special privileges in regard to marketing facilities, with others less fortunate, rather than to take all that greed dictated. This statement made a great impression all across the country. A nearby city daily printed it in full and in an editorial said that it was a voice too little heard, and spoke with the true spirit of the West. It was printed and commented on in newspapers from Nova Scotia to Vancouver Island, and what is more important, it had a real effect towards creating teamwork and neighborliness among the farmers. A few months later the government drew up legislation which gave to each farmer a fair quota of the marketing facilities and so made it impossible for greed to displace justice.

One further example of this kind of thinking and action might be given. It was just after the war. Europe, her industry and her commerce in ruins, flooded by homeless millions and bankrupt, was on the verge of starvation.

Out in western Canada, a section of the farmers had been organized by men of extreme leftist beliefs who, playing on the natural bitternesses aroused by the experience of the "thirties" and the fear of a recurrence of similar conditions, now the pressure of the war was over, had induced some 20,000 of them to go on strike and to withhold their food from the markets in an attempt to gain from the government guarantees that they would be protected. This strike lasted 30 days and was the means of driving a wedge between the farmers on strike and those who had refrained. It resulted in violence and bitterness between the factions when the strikers set up picket lines which other farmers refused to respect. Food was dumped on the roadside and the police were called in to prevent real trouble. Over in France, fellow communists were at the same time organizing bread strikes and one of their talking points in their denunciation of democracy was to describe the Canadian food withholding strike as evidence of the determination of the "capitalists" to exploit those in need.

At this point some of the farmers began to consider the situation from the basis of what, rather than who, was right. They felt a moral finger post was needed and they drew up and published in a great many newspapers what they entitled "A Statement of Principle." At the same time these same farmers instituted a campaign to send food free to Britain under the slogan, "Grow another Hog for Britain." One farmer-owned radio station spent \$1,000 in advertising it and one farmer at his own expense crossed the nation explaining the philosophy behind this action to groups of farmers. This same group of farmers carried the battle for sound thinking into the farm movement and into the deliberations of its organizations, particularly

into the one which had been responsible for heading up the strike, with the result that many people, including some of the leaders, have been won to a more positive way of thinking.

CHAPTER X

When, in 1932, I decided to let my deepest beliefs and convictions guide me, I gave up the objective that had hitherto ruled me, namely to achieve a fortune of \$30,000. At that time, in the depths of world financial depression and the worst drought in Canadian history, our farm had shrunk to less than half its assessed value and we were in debt for over \$10,000, or about one-half the book value of all our holdings. Conditions were so bad, with 87 percent of our people on the relief rolls and a great many of the younger men leaving the district in an attempt to better themselves elsewhere, that it is a veritable miracle that we ourselves did not lose everything. Yet, through following what we felt was right according to absolute moral standards and God's will, our family not only did not go on relief, but by 1940 had more than half paid the debts we owed.

Now this did not happen in any mysterious way or by chance, but was a result of the direction we got every morning as we gathered in the quiet to listen for God's voice. Neither did it happen easily, for the directions we got most often dealt with the need to face chance in ourselves. The basic change needed was the will to obey God rather than to selfishly seek our own self interest. With this change in our hearts we could accept without question guidance that ordinarily we would reject.

As an instance, at an early stage in the drought there came a time one year when the crops were at that critical stage when they would need rain within 10 days to assure a paying yield. This sort of thing was a common experience, and the farmers had accepted it fatalistically, waiting for nature to fulfil her course, whether it meant rain or drought, crop or disaster. But this time, as we gathered in the morning at our home, it came to us to go out and cut our crops right away and make hay from them. It was an extraordinary thought. We had no means of knowing whether it would rain or not, neither were we, as wheat farmers, equipped to make hay out of 450 acres of growing grain. We had never done such an unorthodox thing before and if we were to do it now it would be like Peter walking on the waters. Besides we could not help thinking what fools we should look if we cut our crop like that and the rains did come in time after all.

However, we could not escape the conviction we all felt that the thought came from God and must be obeyed at whatever cost, so we rounded up all the haying equipment we could and cut the whole crop. It did not rain at that time nor during the next ten days, it did not rain for the next five months. If we had left the crop until later the parched plants would have shrivelled to little or nothing and been incapable of yielding even hay. As it was because we obeyed our guidance we were able to put up enough fodder

to save our own herd of cattle and to help two of our neighbours with theirs. This experience was the sort of thing that made it possible for us to weather the economic storm and even to forge ahead slowly under it. The ability to save our cattle at that time was the chief difference between us and most of our neighbours, who, because they lost all their crop, had to sell at ruinous prices practically all their herds.

The way in which God directed our lives so that we were economically cared for meant very much, but our real joy in life came in the new relationships that we found with our friends and neighbours and the team that began to form around in the district. The fight we waged to change ourselves and each other was the most real activity for all of us, and of the most importance in our lives. We met frequently to share the new things we were finding and to get guidance together on how to put them to work in the life of the community, but we were eager to learn from the experiences of the teams in other places and countries, and read everything we could that told about them.

During the previous six years I had read a good deal about what was known as "The International Team," of the Oxford Group. This was the group of people from many lands who were devoting their lives and fortunes with Dr. Frank Buchman to bring change to the world, but I had not met any of its members since that initial meeting when I first saw Frank Buchman in the year 1932. However, in 1938, those of us who were interested felt that we needed a wider fellowship and vision than we were able to find in our own ranks, so we decided to call a series of meetings in our district over a period of ten days to which we would invite not only our neighbours, but several members of the international team also.

It was still a period of great destitution on the prairies. Cash was extremely scarce. None of us had had any training in carrying out such a venture, but we felt its need so acutely that we decided that it was right to move ahead.

We arranged to rent a broken down and long deserted lake resort consisting of about 20 cottages, a dance hall, and a kitchen with outdoor stove attached. The whole thing cost us \$50.00 for ten days.

The farmers' wives set to work and baked pie shells, to be filled later with meat or preserves or fresh fruit, they made crocks of butter, and canned chicken by the dozen, and finally they cut up and canned a whole steer. We got the local store interested in what we were doing and the owner gave us credit until after the meetings were over, for all the groceries that we could not supply ourselves.

We collected bedding, pots and pans and cutlery, and all the many things we should need to run the camp. Then we got together and drew up an invitation to be sent out to our friends. It was a simple folded piece of paper, mimeographed, with the words "Rising Tide Camp" at the head, and it asked our friends to come and learn with us how we could remake the world together by living on the basis of absolute moral standards and obeying the guidance of God. We asked them to bring their own sheets and

blankets, but that we would supply beds, mattresses, and three hearty meals a day, and the cost would be 85 cents per person, per day: Moreover, if they could not pay all their bill in cash, part of it would be accepted in the form of eggs, vegetables and other foodstuffs.

From all over the prairie people came, 100 of them, from points as far apart as 800 miles, and among those who came were five members of the International Team who were in the vicinity at that time. For the next ten days, this derelict resort, beside a lake that has been likened to the sea of Galilee, witnessed a great transforming and uniting experience in the people gathered there, which even today, some 16 years later, wields a profound influence in the lives of those who were there, and through them over the years, has affected thousands in many parts of the world.

I remember that it was at this camp that my brother, Joshua, made a notable remark. That year, in addition to our other troubles, we had a plague of grasshoppers, but my brother told us all that neither frost, or drought, or hail, or rust, or grasshoppers on our farm could equal the calamity of being out of touch with God. Some way this was reported to Frank Buchman, who was at that time conducting a world assembly of the Oxford Group in Interlaken, Switzerland, and he included it in the world broadcast that he made the next day.

CHAPTER XI

There were many instances of great change in our neighbours, but one of the most interesting was that of a man whom I will call Red Parsons. His story has been made the basis for a scene in the musical revue, "The Good Road," which was produced by Moral Re-Armament and shown all over America, Canada, and Europe. With the exception that the names are fictitious the story that follows captures the true essence of Red's experience.

With the invincible punctuality born of many years of habit, Red Parsons rolled uneasily over on his bed and saw by the alarm clock on the chair beside him that it was a quarter to five.

His wife Mary sat up and looked out of the window at the sky. She sighed deeply. Lying back against her pillow again she said, in a toneless voice, "It looks like its going to be another dry day, and hot too. When is it ever going to rain?"

Red drew on his overalls and heavy boots. He said with bitter Facetiousness, "I guess the Lord don't figure it's worth sending rain here. The crop's pretty near dried up anyway." He took an old felt hat from a nail behind the door, and putting it on went into the kitchen.

As he stood there for a moment, a medium height, spare built man in his middle forties, with a few day's growth of graying black beard, his face held an expression of defeat and hopelessness. Picking up a milk pail, upturned on a bench, he looked out of the door at the cloudless sky and then back all around the cheerless kitchen.

"Oh well," he said to himself, "I guess it's no use kicking." Then, aloud to Mary, "I'll bet those cows are on the far side of the pasture, the darn things always are when I'm busy." And he went out, letting the dilapidated screen door bang shut behind him.

He stood outside for a moment moodily surveying his surroundings. The house from which he had just come was a ramshackle affair which he had built himself from logs, and plastered with a mixture of clay and straw. Its lower half had been reinforced with a three foot wall of earth and rocks, in whose cracks a few ragged weeds and an occasional wild flower struggled hardily for life. The upper half of the house was covered with boards, whitewashed with kalsomine, the roof was made from sods cut from the virgin prairie and laid shinglewise on the supporting rafters.

There were a few other buildings, all built of logs, a chicken house, a forge, some granaries, and a broken down old barn, its door hanging drunkenly from its rusty track, its glassless windows looking out on unsightly manure piles.

A short way behind the barn was the stackyard, its fence three loosely strung barbed wires, on willow posts in such a state of rottenness and neglect as to make it difficult to decide which supported the other.

The yard itself was overgrown with a tangle of weeds amongst which lay various discarded pieces of machinery. An old tractor, long past the days of its usefulness and naked of every valuable part, stood there, a mournful sight, young stripling poplars stretching their limbs upwards through its skeleton frame.

The fields, undistinguished from the yard by any other mark than a narrow grass headland, ran haphazardly in lazy crooked shapes away from the house in every direction, their surface broken by "bluffs" of small poplar and willow trees.

Plots of rough, stony ground, or "stone ridges" against whose irregular perimeter the tortured plow had vainly stubbed its blunted nose, added to the general patchwork effect.

Much of the land was unkept and uncared for. Last year's tall brown weeds still hung gaunt and naked stalks over their numerous progeny, fresh sprung in a green mat at their feet. What crop there was struggled with difficult bravery in the ill prepared and weed infested soil.

Over all the scene there settled an indescribably lonely and despairing atmosphere whose very essence seemed to centre in the spirit of the solitary man who stood surveying it.

Red was bitter and defeated in soul. He resented with an intensity he could hardly bear, the long, unrewarded years of toil when he had poured out on the drought and poverty ridden farm all the hope and skill and strength of his life. He hated a society which could stand by and let such a thing happen. He began to hate everyone who seemed to be more prosperous than he, — he even blamed God, who had let him work and suffer without reward, whilst others had accumulated wealth with less than half his effort.

Years ago he had been eager and ambitious. Then it was, in the flush of his youth that he had cleared the brush and the stones from his homestead, working long, heart-breaking hours with his oxen, his axe and his crowbar. He remembered with bitter irony the thrill with which, with his single furrowed walking plow he had broken the first sod.

Those, too, were the days when he had gone out in winter blizzards and sub-zero temperatures to cut the logs for his house and other buildings. He had had a song in his heart in those days. But he had quit fighting, long ago he had quit fighting. To build, to create, they seemed unreal, impossible words to him now, because desire had left him, and the sense of a goal to win. And so the capacity to care for his land, or even for his home or person, had left him. And now they reflected the hate and despair in his heart.

This morning as he walked along the deep worn track towards his pasture, kicking up as he went mute evidence of drought in the fine white alkali dust of the prairie trail, Red's bitterness had taken on special sharpness because yesterday he had had some trouble with one of his

neighbours. He was not particularly fond of any of his neighbours, but Klaus Jonson he hated. Klaus was his closest neighbour and they had never got along well. Right from the earliest days there had been competition between them, and each had been jealous of the other getting any advantage. But now these years of rivalry had flared into open warfare and each was looking for every opportunity to avenge himself on the other for the years of petty injuries and slights he had suffered. Red fumed as he recalled how, only yesterday, Klaus had told him insultingly and threateningly, to get his fence fixed or there would be trouble.

As he thought about it his anger grew, "The filthy goop, I'll fix my fences, will I? I'll fix him, I'll fix him good and proper." He was too angry even to think about the times his cattle had broken through the fence onto Klaus' crops.

He cursed bitterly: "I'm as good a man as Klaus," he said to himself fiercely. "No two-timing stinker like him is going to tell me what to do, or how to keep my fences. Why doesn't he fix his own fences? Mine are as good as his."

A hopeless, helpless feeling swept over him, "Who cares?" he asked, "Who cares?" and black hate took possession of him. "D—n the fence, d—n the cattle, and double d—n that rotten Klaus!"

He came to the gate of his pasture and passed through. Suddenly he heard the sounds of a man, violently angry, shouting at the top of his voice, combined with the excited barking of a dog and the frightened bawling of cattle.

Coming up the middle of his neighbour's wheat field in a cloud of dust were his cattle, pursued by Klaus and his dog. As he watched they crashed through the flimsy wire fence which divided the wheat field from his pasture, and galloped away in panic, not stopping until they reached the far side of the pasture, half a mile away.

His hatred of Klaus boiled over.

"What do you mean?" he shouted furiously, running over to where Klaus stood by the broken fence and shaking his fist, "chasing my cows through the fence like that? They might have torn themselves to pieces."

Klaus, his thickset body leaning slightly forward, the blue eyes of his Scandinavian ancestry, sharp and cold as ice splinters, glared at him. He spoke deliberately. "You keep your fists to yourself, Red Parsons." He added viscously, "and you keep your cattle out of my crop or there'll be more than them torn to pieces."

"You could have driven them around through the gate." said Red, foaming, "By golly, if you are looking for trouble —"

"I'll drive them to hell, next time they get in," snarled Klaus, "I wouldn't care if they tore all their blasted udders off on the fence. You keep them out, that's all."

"It's your own fault, I believe you plant your wheat close to the fence just to get them to break through and cause me trouble," charged Red. "It

serves you right, I don't care if they get in and spoil the whole blamed works."

"You just better keep them out, that's all," said Klaus ominously, "or next time I'll shoot them, and I'm not fooling."

Red completely lost his head, "You'll shoot them, will you, you'll shoot them? Why, you dirty low down dog, I'll show you, Get off my land," he shouted, "get off, or I'll throw you off."

Klaus stood for a moment, fierce anger filling him, then he straightened himself, and controlling his twitching hands, and his desire to smash them into the face before him, he nodded his head slowly.

"Okay, okay," he spoke low and venomously, "I'll get off your land, but Red Parsons, I told you yesterday that I wouldn't stand your shiftless ways any more, and now I mean it. If ever your cattle, or you either, you rat, ever come on my land again, I'll shoot you as sure as I'm telling you," and calling his dog he made off.

Red watched him go, and for a few moments stood trembling with hate and rage, then with a huge effort to be calm, he walked on across the pasture. The quarrel had shaken him deeply. His heart felt emptied of every good thing. He sensed neither the joy nor the promise of beauty in the dawning day, but was instead filled with a desolating sense of failure.

As he neared the far side of the pasture where his frightened cows had gathered, he glanced up and saw coming towards the fence from the other side, one of his neighbours who lived over in that direction. He saw that they would both reach the fence at about the same time. At first he thought he would try to avoid the meeting, but changed his mind, and with an air of "what's it matter?" shrugged his shoulders and walked on.

Red had known this neighbour a long time. His name was Walter Greenway, he had come to settle on the prairies from the old country, even earlier than Red had. They had pioneered together in those early days before the railroad came through, when to get to a neighbour's home, or to the nearest town, one either walked or went by ox team. They had shared the same hopes as they planted their crops, and the same bitter disappointments when the crops failed, or joy when the harvest was bountiful.

Yet somehow, Walter had seemed to come through it all with a spirit unsoured. He had a serenity and steadiness about him which contrasted strongly with Red's own agitated and confused mind. Something stirred in Red's heart. Deep down under the bitterness there was an ache and a hunger which he could feel but found it hard to define. He suddenly felt that he would like to talk to Walter, who was now standing quietly by the fence, and unburden himself of all the heaviness that lay on his mind.

As Red reached him, Walter's face lit up with a warm smile. He was a quiet, smallish man, in his middle fifties, lean and straight. His bright blue eyes were kindly and were surmounted by heavy brown eyebrows, his hair too, was brown, with few traces of gray. His deeply seamed and weatherbeaten face was lightened by intelligence and wore a friendly look

as he said, "Hi, Red, quite a walk after your cows, all the way over here, eh?"

Red grunted. He leaned against a post and kicked idly with his foot at a clump of wax willow. "Hi, Walt," he said, and fell silent.

Walter, with the countryman's instinct when to remain silent, said no more, but waited quietly, strumming absently with his fingers on the barbed wire fence, and gazing lingeringly across the rolling grassland.

The silence lasted so long that a gopher which had thrust its small head questioningly from a hole close to their feet, took courage and sped rapidly across a few yards of prairie to another hole, squeaking the while its high pitched whistle. A cow which had been lying down close by, arose, arching her body bowl-like in a delicious stretch, relaxing, she stood quietly contemplative of the two men.

"I feel like hell!" The explosive sentence burst fiercely from Red's lips, and he struck violently with his fist the wire fence, causing it to twang its whole length like a plucked banjo.

Walter looked at him thoughtfully. He seemed not surprised by Red's outburst. There was a short pause, taut with a sense of unnamed crisis.

"Yes," Walter spoke slowly, "Yes, I know." Then he added, "But you don't have to stay that way unless you want to."

Red bristled, "Yes, It's easy talking, if you had to put up with Klaus Jonson's blamed, ornery ways —"

"Hold on there, Red Parsons," something in Walter's voice stopped Red short, "I said you don't have to stay that way unless you want to, it's up to you." Then he said, as casually almost as if he were announcing the time, "God has a different plan for you."

The very unexpectedness of this remark was like a vivid flash of lightning in a pitch black night, cutting across as it did, the dark and gloomy atmosphere of Red's thinking. Besides, though Walter's voice had been quiet, there had been a quality of assurance in it which held a challenge, and an intangible promise of hope, which helped to steady all Red's confused and turbulent emotions.

A quick stab of something like an old fashioned conviction of sin went through his heart. He thought, "What part has God, or His plan ever played in my life?" He looked away blindly for a moment. He remembered his childhood and his good old mother. He felt strangely uncomfortable and moved.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

Walter smiled with sly humour, "well," he replied, "you know Red, when I feel like hell, it's usually because I'm living rather hellishly."

"Ah," Red was silent then, waiting.

"Perhaps that's your trouble too." Walter went on, glancing at him, "Life becomes one hell of a mess when we leave the God who made it out of the running of it."

"I believe in God," said Red defensively. "But I don't see how He can help me."

"Perhaps you never asked Him," Walter grinned, "or took any notice when He tried."

"Well," said Red, rather shamefacedly, "We aren't exactly on speaking terms."

"My trouble was, I ignored Him," went on Walter, "and boy, was life just one big headache."

"Well, what did you do?" asked Red.

"I got fed up. I'd always blamed someone or something for my troubles, but one day I just got fed up with myself, I'd heard somewhere that if you point your finger at your neighbour there are three more pointing back at you."

"What happened?"

"I decided to do something about the fingers that were pointing at me," replied Walter, "I knew in my heart that there were many things wrong in my life, and that I could do with a bit of a clean up."

"Yes?" urged Red.

"It was simple, I decided to clean up. That was the first step. I told God I was sorry for the way I'd lived, and I asked Him to help me to live straight." He paused, "You know, Red, when I did that, He gave me a clean sheet and a fresh start."

A gleam came into Red's eyes, "Do you mean that God forgot all the past and let you start again?"

"I don't think He forgot," said Walter, "He just forgave, and then He said, 'You just do what I tell you, young fellow, and things will work out alright.' Boy, it was just as simple as that, but it wasn't always easy."

"How do you mean?" Red's eagerness made Walter laugh, as he said, "Well, of course, you may not believe it, but there were a FEW things I'd done, that I was ashamed of, and some of them had caused bad blood between me and some of the neighbours. God told me to go and put these things right. But you know, Red, I'm a proud guy, and I hate to admit I'm wrong, or say sorry to anybody."

"But you did?"

"It was a kind of miracle," nodded Walter, "something happened inside me that made me sorry for the things I'd done, just as soon as I was willing to admit them. After that, something, I think it was the power of God made it easy to go to the neighbours and say I was sorry for the injuries I'd caused them."

Red's head went down. "I don't believe that could happen to me," he said. "I sure haven't lived the way I should."

Walter moved closer to him and laid his hand on his shoulder. "You can change, Red, you just tell God you want to, then go ahead and do what you believe He wants you to do."

Red's lips moved, "God forgive me," he murmured. He raised his eyes and looked up to the sky, and across the pasture, his face working with the force of some hidden conflict deep within his being. Suddenly he came to a decision. "Walt," he said simply, "I'm going to do it, I'm going to tell God I

am sorry for the way I've lived, for the way I've treated my neighbours, and I'm going to ask Him to run my life for me."

He walked away, and collecting his cows, began driving them towards his home. A strange sense that all was going to be well took possession of him. A new hope had risen in his heart. He felt a warmth of spirit flood his being. The thought of his wife, Mary, came to him, and a sorrow gripped him as he thought how his bitterness and self-pity had turned life into ashes for her. She had been a lot braver than he, and had not complained like he had done.

Inwardly he cried, "Oh Mary, Mary, what have I done? I have been utterly selfish."

As he followed the cows across the field, he became aware, as though his eyes had been opened for the first time, of the beauty of the scene around him. At this still early hour of the morning it was cool, though later, as the sun rose higher, it would be very hot. The prairie stretched away like a golden, green ocean to the far horizon, flowing gently over the low undulating surface, and around and beyond the many "bluffs" whose presence formed delightful vistas and gave to the whole a fascinating and mysterious beauty.

He noted the yellow flowers of a pea like vine, and stopped to pick for Mary one or two of the gorgeous red and black tiger lilies which were everywhere. He listened, entranced, as the robin sang its morning orisons, and the meadow lark its haunting melodies.

Even the croak of the frogs in some pool, deep preserved in the shadows of a bluff, or the quack of the wild duck as she sought her nest in the stubble of last years wheat field, he felt to be essential to the beautiful symphony of nature, while the sound of some distant neighbour calling his faithful horses to work, or his cows to the milking, completed in him a new sense of oneness with man and with God.

At length he reached the yard. Driving the cows into the barn and tying them in their stalls he proceeded to milk them. Finishing this task, he carried the foaming pail across the yard to the house. Entering, he found the table laid for breakfast. A few pieces of crockery were placed on the red and white checked table cloth. A loaf of bread, ready for slicing, some butter, a pitcher of milk, awaited the simple meal, as Mary, her black hair coiled neatly around her head, stood at the stove, putting the finishing touches to the eggs and potatoes she was frying.

She glanced up as he came in. Her face held a patient look, as though she had long since decided not to expect more than the simple life of hardship that was her lot.

"Cheer up, old girl." He laughed as he said it, then putting his arm around her, he kissed her.

"Oh, go on, what's come over you?" she asked, and gave him a little push, but a light came to her eyes, and a smile to her lips.

All that day, as Red rode his plow up and down the long and stony furrows, his mind was flooded with new, unaccustomed thoughts. It seemed,

that with something new in his heart, everything was made new. He looked around at the rough, uncared for fields, the weeds and the broken down fences. It began to dawn on him that his farm was run down because his whole thinking had been run down.

He had thought of the farm as something to exploit, something to serve his own private interests only. "Gosh, maybe that's the trouble in the world," he thought, "fellows like me, who think only of themselves, and leave their neighbours and God out of it." The thought came to him that he must restore for the way he had farmed. "Gee, people's lives depend on that bit of earth curling endlessly off the end of the plow-share." And the crops, he suddenly realized how, in the past, all he had been concerned about was how big the yields were, and how high the prices he got for them.

But today he thought of hungry children and desperate men and women, crying out for food, and selling their souls and their liberty for the promise of it.

"They are my neighbours," he cried aloud, "Why! the whole world is my neighbour."

And then he thought about Klaus. "He is my neighbour too," he murmured, and then fell silent. He glanced at the western sky. It was about time to unhitch. All at once, a phrase, learned at his mother's knee, and long since forgotten, came back unexpectedly to his mind. "Let not the sun go down upon your wrath." Hurriedly he drove his team to the yard and put them into the barn, and quickly crossed over to the house.

"Mary!" he called, "Mary!" There was an urgency in his voice. "I'm going over to put things right with Klaus."

A smile came over Mary's face. "Wait," she said, "While I put my bonnet on, and I'll come with you." Then taking up a spice cake she had just removed from the oven, she remarked, with a little laugh, "We'd better take this as a peace offering."

They walked together across the fields, and as they went Red told his wife of the new thing that had come into his life, and she took his hand in hers, and was glad.

Reaching the tiny shack in which Klaus lived alone, Red knocked at the door, Mary standing quietly beside him. The door opened and Klaus' heavy figure was revealed.

Suspicion, changing rapidly to astonishment, gripped him, as he took in the scene before him. He took a few steps backwards into the room. Red, holding the cake in his outstretched hands, and followed closely by Mary, walked through the door after him.

There was a pause. The two men looked at one another. There was something in the atmosphere that made Klaus uneasy. "What do you want?" he asked, in a low voice. Red smiled, and took a step forward, then he spoke, "I've been a bad neighbour to you, Klaus, and I'm sorry for it. I've come to put things right, and to ask you to forgive me," and he turned and set the cake on the table.

Klaus stood for a long time. He looked at Red, and then at Mary. His

face worked, and suddenly, tears came to his eyes and he turned quickly to the stove. He picked up the kettle. "I'll make a cup of tea," he said. "Sit down, Mary, won't you? and you, too, Red."

And they all sat down at the table drinking tea and eating the cake. It seemed the most natural thing in the world to do.

"We could've been neighbouring like this all the time." Red smiled, "If only I had been willing to apologize, and," he added, "fix my fences better."

"That's all right," Klaus rose, with the tea pot in his hand, "I haven't been a very good neighbour to you either; I'll come and help fix the fence in the morning. Have another cup of tea?"

CHAPTER XII

In the early months of 1939, the year following the "House Party" mentioned earlier, I was invited by some of those I had met at that time who were giving all their time to the work of Moral Re-Armament, to travel across Canada with an international team who were showing an MRA film called "Youth Marches On" in the main theatres across the country.

Of course I was very happy to be invited and after making arrangements to be away from my house, I accepted, and went to Winnipeg to join the others.

On this trip I was to experience for the first time, what later became a usual thing, travelling and living on faith with a group of people whose passion was to change themselves and the world. It was a tremendous and challenging experience. I was often fearful and unsure, but the faith that God was in charge and would provide all our needs never quite left me.

The film "Youth Marches On" had been made by a group of young men who had gathered in Regina, Saskatchewan in the year 1937 for what they called, "A New Empire Camp." Later these young men went to England where they joined thousands of others like themselves from all over the Empire to plan together to rebuild the world on sound moral foundations and the guidance of God.

The film, which was finished in England, told the story of these youth and their objective so brilliantly and interestingly that it was named the best short film of the year in Canada.

After each showing of the film the audience would crowd around us to ask questions and keep us talking sometimes for one or two hours. We also received many invitations from members of the audience to visit them in their homes, and as in inviting people to see the film we had included most of the leading citizens, we found ourselves privileged to meet many of them in this way. It was quite an experience for a raw farmer fresh from the country as I was, to take part in visiting the homes of premiers, governors, top business and labor leaders, etc. I was untravelled and almost untaught but the thing that upheld me was the sense that I belonged to a force that went straight to the hearts and minds of those who met it, with tremendous challenge and conviction.

As we went in this way from city to city, there began to dawn in my mind the belief that I was to forever be a part of this force and that the day was coming when I would have to leave the farm and join the little band of whole time MRA workers who were living on faith and giving their all to spread abroad the thing they had found and which they were convinced was the only hope for the world.

Later in this same year of 1939, along with six other farmers from various parts of Canada, I was invited to take part in a great world assembly for MRA to be held in California. To this assembly delegates came from all parts of the world, over 1,200 of them. For the first time I saw a truly international gathering of many races, colours, creeds and classes, and of all ages and both sexes, united as brothers and of one heart and mind in the task of changing themselves and the world from being guided by selfishness to being guided by God.

This assembly shook California. At one meeting, in the famed Hollywood Bowl, over 30,000 people listened to stories of change and miracles of cure to broken homes, personal defeat, divided communities, and national rivalries. Further, they felt and saw in those who spoke the living spirit that made the stories believable and which spoke with immense attractiveness and hope and keenest challenge of how every man everywhere had a part to play in building a new world.

"New Men, New Nations, A New World." This was the slogan and the philosophy that one heard at this assembly. MRA was not another religion, though it challenged every member of every religion to live out the deepest truths his church had taught him. It was what was becoming known as an ideology, the quality of life that results from a man and a nation living out his deepest beliefs. It was a faith that makes a total claim on men and nations to bring everything under the control of God.

This incredible conception of remaking the world, this titanic determination to let God take charge, was brought into the realm of the real and the possible by the astounding results that followed on putting to work the simple idea that if you want the world to change and to be built on firm moral foundations, then the place to start is with oneself. All of us at this assembly had experiences of this change occurring in our own lives, and it was this body of common experience that was the uniting factor that gave force and hope to our message. We knew that we had the answer the world so desperately needed, but we also knew that this answer must go to all men everywhere if the world was to find the unity that alone could enable it to survive.

The threat of war hung heavily over the nations in those summer days of 1939. We prayed desperately that we would be given time to tell all the world our message, and that men would turn to God for wisdom before it was too late. Never for a moment did I question the truth and effectiveness of our experience, nor its meaning as the sole hope of the world for peace. But neither had I realized the full nature of the battle we had engaged in, or of the terrific forces of darkness and evil arrayed against us, in our own and in the world's nature. The California assembly was, at that time the high point of experience for most of us in MRA. It focussed all our convictions and centred all the vision, faith and fight we had on the one supreme objective or remaking the world under God. Yet the days were almost come when many of us would fail in the fight, would indeed become traitors to the faith we had experienced, and I was to be one of the first of these.

Six weeks after returning to the farm from California, and while I was still filled with an immense missionary zeal, Hitler started the second world war, and for me the greatest spiritual crisis of my life. Never for a single moment had I, with my passionate pacifist convictions based on a lifetime of training as a Friend and a 300 year Quaker heritage, expected that any of us who had found a common experience in a change of heart that had taught us the secret of peacemaking and unity, would be able to do anything but stand aside from the war, and I was shocked when I heard that some of the young men of MRA had joined the armed forces and were honoured for their actions by others. I was even more deeply shocked when some of these young men said, that whereas they had formerly been pacifist, the change of heart that had come to them through MRA had made them realise that it was their duty to become fighting men. I was most deeply shocked of all when these facts were published in MRA literature as evidence of the power of the new ideology to bring men under the control of God.

Now began for me a period of the deepest conflict and doubt I have ever undergone. On the one hand all my friends and relatives were Quakers, nurtured as I had been, on the profound belief that all war is wrong and in no case whatever could a true christian take any part in it. On the other hand, in MRA I had found a spirit which had given me the secret of a positive power to make peace in all kinds of conflicts between warring men, and yet which was not pacifist in the way Quakerism seemed to me to be. How could I possibly reconcile the two? It seemed almost as though there were two Gods speaking to me with equal authority, giving exactly opposite directions, and what made it more difficult was the fact that all the weight and tradition of the Quaker heritage and teaching, with its "Peace Testimony" were, in this time of war, emphasised much more in our Quaker homes and meetings than usual. Many of my friends went to jail or "work camp" as conscientious objectors rather than further the war effort in any way, indeed it was unthinkable to those of us who were Quakers that any other course was possible.

I was deeply distressed and puzzled; I could not answer the arguments advanced by my fellow Quakers, or be free of the doubts in my own heart. Surrounded by all the weight of belief and teaching with which I had been imbued all my life, and the stand of those with whom I had been trained from childhood, and, separate from my new friends in MRA, I wavered in my hitherto complete trust in them.

Gradually over the next three years, I entered a spiritual desert, bitterness crept into my heart and a spirit of hopelessness at what I considered the failure of the people in MRA in regards to the war. Above all there was a great sense of loss at the break in unity with the only group that had seemed completely in touch with reality. To make it worse I began to profoundly doubt the effectiveness of "The Society of Friends" in its modern form, with its policy of pacifism, its good works, and its public statements of its peace testimony.

My faith was sapped and I slipped more and more into a cynical mood

wherein I judged both Friends and the people of MRA. I became more and more self-centered and self-righteous, and at the end of three years, I had pretty much gone back to my old, self directed life before meeting MRA 9 years before.

But I was desperately unhappy, I could not forget, or deny, the reality of my experiences when with MRA. Constantly, too, faithful friends who were working with the international team sent me news of the same sort of reality at work, not only in the lives of civilians, but also unmistakably among the soldiers fighting in the trenches. On the other hand I could not escape admitting that power had gone out of my own life and that sin was again dominant.

At last I arrived at the point where I had to find an answer, and clear direction, I could not any longer go on living in doubt and confusion, but must find the decided and satisfied heart without which life could have no meaning.

One day I had a long quiet time and asked the Lord to make clear to my mind and heart just why I was in confusion, and as I sat quietly it was borne in on me with tremendous force, that two things had happened, — that I had gotten away from living by the absolute moral standards, and that I had admitted the unchristlike spirit of self-righteous judgment of both Friends and MRA to occupy my heart. Instead of relying on the simple guidance of God which I had begun to live by after I met MRA, I had relinquished that faith and gone back to a dependence on my own understanding and desires.

I saw that the long years of training and tradition, the weight of the opinions held by all my co-religionists, and the habit of belief in my own heart had caused me to accept blindly an attitude and course of action, that had displaced the living experience I had found in MRA in the few years preceding the war.

I had begun to walk by sight again, and not by the new faith I had found, and it was this retrogression that had thrown me into darkness and into separation from the work of MRA. I began in deep shame to recognize something of the colossal pride and self-will which had ensnared me and made me think that I knew best. I saw too, that my "training" in Christianity had only given me a point of view, and yet when the clash came between that and the life that I had "as experience" in MRA, I had relied on my training rather than my experience because I was a moral coward.

I suddenly felt a very strong conviction that I knew nothing, that indeed, I needed to unlearn a great deal that I had taken for granted, and to let God teach me again as I followed Him in simple obedience. Deep in my heart, I knew that the spirit which had led me out of sin, and through many marvellous experiences of change, the spirit which so wonderfully actuated the people in MRA with results wholly good, could only be the holy spirit of God, and I could safely follow it wherever it might lead me, even into the army. For I knew beyond any doubt now, that it was not a spirit of division

but of reconciliation, and its place and function was to bring peace at the heart of conflict.

A few hundred miles from my home, in the city of Winnipeg, there was gathered at that time a small party of the Canadian full time workers in MRA who were holding some meetings. I determined that I would go there and apologize to them for the way I had judged them and withdrawn from the fight. I made up my mind to tell them, that, even as I self-righteously had condemned them I had become ineffective and divisive, while they had gone on with the glorious task of reconciling men to God and to each other. I decided to ask them to forgive me and to let me come and be one of them forever.

I took with me on this trip just enough money and clothing to last me for a weekend, but after I had said to the group all that was on my mind, there was such a warm hearted response and such a strong and unbreakable sense of divine unity, that when I was invited to stay longer, I felt it very right to accept, telephoning home to tell my people, and to ask them to send me more clothing and funds.

I stayed with this small group for a few days longer in Winnipeg, then we went East together to Niagara Falls where we were joined by some 35 others who, with the group I was with constituted the whole team of full-time Canadian workers of MRA.

While I was with this team, which was for a matter of two months, I began to definitely feel, not only that I was to live in the way I had learned from association with Frank Buchman and his friends, but it was to be my destiny to leave the farm and give all my time to the task they had undertaken, and to fight with them to restore absolute moral standards and the guidance of God to the world.

During the next two years this conviction grew, and my mind and attitudes were gradually prepared for this tremendous step. For I knew that it would be a step, humanly speaking, quite in the dark, and only in the faith that God wanted it could I do it, knowing that I should have nothing to depend on but the provision and the direction God Himself would give me.

However, it was not easy, when the time came, to make the final decision, for during these last two years, 1942-44, the farm prospered in the war time economy, and we were not only able to clear up the last of our indebtedness, but by the time we had sold the harvest of 1944 we had \$10,000 in cash over and above all our debts and expenses. After all the years of deprivation and hardship, it was a tremendous temptation to me to take this money and use it for all the things I had so long dreamed of having in the way of new machinery, buildings etc.

In August, 1944, I went to the summer training quarters for MRA at Mackinac Island, Michigan. There I made a speech before 400 people. This speech was very long and in it I laid bare all the things I had experienced and felt since I had first met Frank Buchman. I closed by telling the audience that it was my deep conviction that I was to be a part of the force

that was giving their full time with Frank in his task of bringing the world under God's control.

When I returned home the decision was made. The whole family backed me in it, which was a tremendous strength then, and still is. The next three and a half months were occupied in getting the affairs of the farm and my own personal needs in order, and making financial arrangements with my two brothers and my partner to take over my interests in the farm. I did not feel that I should sell my interest in the farm but that I should agree to let my partner operate it on the basis of God's guidance, sharing the proceeds as seemed right to both of us. These details finally settled, I packed my bags and was ready to go by 11 a.m. on the morning of the 21st of December, 1944. One hour later I received a telegram from members of the team inviting me to join them and three hours later I left the scene of 32 years of farming activity. And thus, simply and quietly, began for me that tremendous adventure in faith and life, working as a full-time worker in the ranks of Moral Re-Armament.

THE STORY OF MY LIFE

by

William O. Wake

PART TWO

PREFACE

It is now 22 years since that winter day, just four days before Christmas, 1944, that I left my home and family at Borden, Saskatchewan, and commenced my life on the road with MRA. I understood that it was to be a life of faith and selfless commitment to restore God to control in the world once more, and though I felt, in my zeal and deep conviction that God Himself had called me to the task, I had little idea of what it would mean in reality.

I remember telling the family that I would look for no reward, would be distracted by no private plan, would, if necessary dress in rags, or eat crusts, in order that I should find and do God's will. Indeed, I felt I wanted to be literally an instrument, without any will of my own, in order to be used to do what God wanted to do in the world. And, though I was quite unaware of it at the time, there was a strong element of ambition to make my life count for something in the life of the world, God showed me over the years, that it was not so much the things that I did, but the kind of man I became that really mattered, for it is out of the hearts of men that good or evil finds its source.

In all the years that have followed 1944, though many times my purse had less than a dollar in it, and I had no idea where the next one was to come from, the fact is that I never went short of a meal or anything that I really had need of. God only looked after my material needs, but He has directed me into a life which has satisfied my heart beyond anything, even a million dollars, could buy.

I am not going to attempt in what follows to give a detailed or chronological account of that life. For one thing, not having kept a regular diary through those years, I have but fragmentary documentation, beyond copies of certain letters, etc. that I have written during that time, and for another, I am afraid that so much has happened, and I have been to so many places and have met so many thousands of people that it would be quite impossible for me to remember or to record more than a fraction of it all. So my plan is to just ramble on, putting down those memories and those happenings that I do recall, and which seem to have some interest, perhaps, for others.

The outstanding characteristic of these experiences is that they were not individual in the sense of being self-centered and private, but were a highly responsible part of a global struggle made by thousands of people, united in aim and purpose, over a period of up to thirty years and more. We lived and worked in teams, sometimes in two's or three's, sometimes in the hundreds, there was no hierarchy of authority, except that of spiritual fitness, no

orders were given or taken except those that came from God to the individual, or to the team as a whole. And even when, as occasionally happened, a person worked alone, he was in constant touch with his immediate friends, reporting and checking and getting their thought and support in the task he was engaged in.

Because those of us who had given the whole of our lives to this struggle to return God to leadership in the world realized that this included our time, our thinking, our hearts and our money, the immense sums needed, largely, at least in the early years, came from the resources, often total, of our own pockets. And today, though many thousands more have begun to take up the fight, it is by such sacrificial giving that Moral Re-Armament is finance still.

The battle to build men of faith, to answer the disbelief and cynicism in the world, to raise up honesty, to answer dishonesty, to produce straight men in vision and action, to answer the crooked and perverse in our society, to create men who would sacrifice their selfishness for their nations, seemed simple necessity to us, even the basic minimum for survival of civilization in the face of the opposing forces.

It is this battle and the Christian faith which supports it, that has made of MRA the greatest ideological potential of the century, well on its way, as a Russian broadcast said, "to total expansion throughout the world" and inside the framework of its global strategy, that the account that follows is laid.

November, 1965.

CHAPTER I

My first move after leaving home on December 22nd, 1944, was to Edmonton where two of the full time workers of MRA were staying. These were, John Main of Deloraine, Manitoba, and Reg Sheppard of Aurora, Ontario. Both of these men were farmers and we three were to spend many years together visiting the farm leaders and the ordinary farmer all across Canada and the U.S.A.

We stayed over Christmas with another farmer, Bob Muir and his family. Bob with his wife Betty, son Bob Jr. and daughters Wilma and Lily was the first farmer in Alberta to understand and undertake the work of Moral Re-Armament.

From Edmonton we, John, Reg, and I, went to Regina where we attended the Canadian Federation of Agriculture 8th Annual meeting. Here we made the acquaintance of Mr. Herb Hannam, the president of C.F.A., W. J. Parker, president of the Manitoba wheat pool, and other men of that calibre. To these and other men we were able to give our convictions of the true place of agriculture and the farmer in building a society that would not only meet everyones need for food, but also for character. This was one of those farmers' meetings that convinced me that there is still a residue of men of principle whose belief lies in the just and honest actions of righteous men.

While in Regina I also visited Premier T. C. Douglas as he then was. He had, of course, been a great hero of mine in the days when my whole fight had been for his election. I believed that he was meant to give greatly to Canada and I longed for him to grasp the whole meaning and power of MRA. He told me of several cases of people who had voted for him who expected special favours because they had. He said, "unless we can get that true spirit of patriotism in the hearts of men which you are fighting for, we will not be able to achieve a truly socialist state."

I also visited Mr. D. B. Rogers, the Editor of the Regina Leader Post, a man who became a warm and loyal friend down the years, though he and I did not always see eye to eye on all things political. I remember we had a bit of fun when he discovered that I was a man who had helped in the formation of the C.C.F. Being a deep-dyed Liberal himself, he almost gave me up right there! However, we had a great time when we got on to the basis of discussing what's right, rather than Who's right. He was very cordial and warm and urged me to visit him again, and often.

It is amazing how unity begins when men quit pushing their own demands and start looking for the best in a situation for themselves and for

their country, so different from the bitter division and battles that ensue when insistence on points of view and self-interest is the aim.

From Regina we went to Winnipeg and met there with the Minister of Public Works, Mr. Erik Willis and also Mr. Bob Brown the managing director of *The Country Guide*, a monthly farm magazine that circulates throughout the prairies. Both these men expressed great interest in what we could tell them of the world response to the MRA.

About the beginning of February we arrived in Montreal. Here we were to present a famous play of MRA's called "The Forgotten Factor." It had been shown all over the world to more than a million people. It dealt with bringing unity to the ranks of labor and management and had had a great effect wherever it had been shown. It later was to play a great part in the coal fields of Britain and the Ruhr district in Germany, bringing clearer and more positive thinking and greatly increased production amongst the miners.

In Montreal I first visited the home of a very rich man, an owner of a small paper and pulp mill. He was Mr. Bernard Hallward, who had married the daughter of Lord Atholstan, owner of the *Montreal Star*. Mr. Hallward had come in touch with the movement of MRA and it had had a remarkable effect on him. When faced with the standard of absolute honesty and his responsibility for the integrity of the country, he got a whopping conviction about his evasion of custom duties through making false statements. He told us that it cost him \$12,000 to put it right when he decided to become honest!

I was chosen to play a small non-speaking part in the play which was to be presented a few days later, so I was quite excited at the prospect of becoming an actor. We put the play on at His Majesty's Theatre, I think for a week's run, we had full houses at every performance and crowds stayed to talk and buy literature long after the show was over. This was my first experience of the power of the theatre to get over an idea capable of changing men and their communities and I was thrilled by it, though I realized that much more work would need to be done to deepen the effect of the play and make it permanently operative in the life of the nation.

Later that year I went to Mackinac Island, which, since 1942 had become the North American headquarters for Moral Re-Armament.

It is almost impossible to capture the spirit of Mackinac unless you are there, or to describe the almost magical effect it has on people. As I said in a letter written in August, 1945, "It is like nothing else. One can only experience it. There is the most amazing collection of people going and coming all the time from every continent and almost every nation. Colour barriers, racial barriers, social and economic barriers, are of no effect in preventing a marvellous sense of common brotherhood, a common sense of destiny and passionate purpose to build a new world through men who are changed and controlled by God.

"Through it all there breathes a life, a creativeness, and a fellowship that is quite beyond the ordinary experience of men. People who have never

heard about MRA much and who come here, almost without exception are completely captured by the spirit they find here. No matter whether they are young and eager students, bitter and disillusioned labor leaders, or hard headed business men, it has a remarkable effect on them, as though they had just come out of some dark and dismal cavern into the bright sunshine and clean air of a spring day. They had longed for such a quality of life for themselves and for their fellow men but can hardly believe it when they encounter it."

This was the year that the second great war ended and it became possible for the first trickle of civilian travel to begin between the North American continent and Europe, though this had to be confined to really important cases as the ships were crowded with returning soldiers and other military personnel.

A small group of men from Holland, Switzerland, and England, five or six in all, who had been in the forefront of the leadership of the program of MRA in their countries, came this summer of 1945 to Mackinac, the first personal touch there had been between us in almost six years. Included in this group was Peter Howard, even then an almost legendary figure and for the most of us it was our first personal sight of him; Of course we were deeply interested to meet a man who was one of the most brilliant journalists in Britain and perhaps the most highly paid, a man who had attacked and derided MRA, but had dramatically abandoned his career and taken up with all the passion and ability he possessed, the cause he once condemned.

Peter was tall and large boned, but slim and trim, his squarish face was dominated by his piercing, dark eyes, and an expression of puckish humour, but the deepest impression was made by the intensity and passion with which he thought and acted, and the small time allowed to elapse between the two. Perhaps the greatest gift was his ability to read men, to understand the springs of human conduct, including his own, a gift that enabled him to speak to the condition and understanding of youth and older people alike.

I had breakfast with Peter soon after he arrived and it was exciting to both of us to compare notes and to find that God had led us to much the same thinking and experience about our calling as farmers, for after Peter left his job as a journalist, he had taken up farming and had become very successful at it.

The inspirational effect that their visit to Mackinac had on this group from Europe made them determined to do what they could to set up a similar centre in Europe, where the need was tremendous for an answer to the despair, division, hate and hunger produced by the war.

In the meanwhile, the time not having come when the centre at Mackinac was to be occupied the year around, those of use who then constituted the "full time team" that is to say, those who were giving their whole time to travelling together to bring MRA to the world, (about 200

Americans and Canadians) went to California in the fall and lived in and around Los Angeles, in homes and hotels, that winter of 1945-46.

But this time we had developed a play written and acted by the youth amongst us for the students of America. This play, called "Drugstore Revolution," was presented in schools and colleges all over the State of California that winter. While this was going on the main body of the team were holding meetings, showing films, making speeches at clubs and in general impacting the whole city and district with the news and ideas of MRA.

Every once in a while Frank Buchman who was leading the work, would call us together, to report on our activities and to plan together the next steps. One day such a call came and we gathered from all parts of the city and its environs at a small college not far from Covina, California, 30 miles from Los Angeles.

We gathered, some 285 of us, including many of those who lived and worked in the area and fought for MRA, under a large shady tree, where we grouped around Frank. After a time of silence and recollection Frank began to speak, and as I remember, his speech went something like this, "This is a very, very, nine times very great day. We have been a voice crying out in the wilderness. We have been maligned and misunderstood. We have stumbled and we have sinned. We have made many mistakes, but we are over the divide now. Men everywhere are turning to the answer we have found. Our job is to create the force that can change the millions, and quickly. We have to speak to the statesmen and the labor leaders and to the ordinary man. We must grow up to undertake this task." Then he went on to say, "I had guidance from God this morning that a hundred of us must go to England and to Europe, and we must go this month, (April)."

This seemed impossible. Civilian travel had not yet been reinstituted, but the Cunard Line was approached and the request for 100 passages put before them. The immediate reply was, "quite out of the question, at the very most we could possibly arrange passage for four." "But," asked the MRA spokesmen, "what about a miracle happening?" "Oh," replied the steamship people, "in the case of a miracle we might be able to let you have six berths." Well, however it happened, and who is to say that there were not miracles of change in the hearts of the men concerned? One hundred and five people boarded the liner Queen Mary at the end of April and sailed for England.

Those of us who were left behind soon found ourselves very busy. Many of us accompanied those who were going to England, to New York, and from there visited many towns and cities in 24 states across the country. Everywhere, we found people with a growing understanding of the need for a real Christian ideology capable of uniting the world in service to God and Man.

Also we found a growing recognition of the fact that MRA is the spearhead of this ideology, and though it is being attacked more and more,

it is also rallying as never before the sound and responsible elements in every country.

Later I left the one or two Canadians and the main American team and went to Toronto to rejoin the 40 or so Canadian workers who had gathered there to review the activities of the past winter and to plan for the next few weeks before Mackinac would open its doors about June 15. It was decided that six of us should go out to Western Canada, to help the local people there carry the fight on to the highest levels and also, to invite to Mackinac those people whom we felt should be there, or who themselves had conviction to be there.

(If my memory serves me right, it was during these days of early May of the year 1946 that I visited the Parliament at Ottawa and there made the acquaintance of John Diefenbaker and was struck by his solid concern for Canada. He was at that time, I believe, only a private member but was making a real impression on the country and was often quoted in the newspapers.)

The farmers in the west, at that time were in ferment. In Alberta, particularly there was division caused by a proposal made through the more leftist of the two farm ground roots bodies, The Alberta Farmer's Union, that farmers should institute a food-withholding strike. This was opposed by the United Farmers of Alberta and there was much confusion, distrust and debate about it.

The issue had arisen chiefly through an attempt to force the government to guarantee that, now the war was over, the economy would not slip back into the conditions of the 1930's and the farmer have to undergo the suffering he then experienced. There was strong suspicion that Communists were at work behind the scenes. The fear was that these elements were determined to gain control of the whole farm movement, there had already been put forward a proposal to amalgamate the two farm groups into one body, and this did eventually take place a year or two later. In the meanwhile, those of us who were concerned that sound thinking and policies should prevail drew up what we called a statement of principle. We felt very deeply that men of good-will, not only in the farm movement, but everywhere, needed a sign post or searchlight at this critical time of fear and confusion. It was not without a lot of thought and heart searching that we at last produced this statement:

STATEMENT OF PRINCIPLE

Farmers have had a great part in the development of democracy. It has been the men who cared for the soil who have always led in the fight for freedom. We have been aware of the moral values needed to make freedom possible.

We have just fed and helped to arm and man the forces which have held and then defeated the military might which menaced our way of life. Total victory, however, awaits victory in the war of ideas. Now we face our

greatest test. We know that democracy cannot live unless our decisions are made on a basis of not who, but what is right. We must have Moral Re-Armament, an inspired ideology for democracy.

Millions are starving in our world today. It will mean sacrifice for us to bring them through this year of crisis. There are those who would have us forget the needs of people and only remember the opportunity for gain.

WE ACCEPT our responsibility. If everyone cares enough and everyone shares enough, everyone will have enough.

WE EMBRACE this opportunity to build foundations for lasting peace and a decent chance for everyone.

WE WILL MAKE the necessary preparations to get our food to the point of need.

WE BELIEVE our destiny under God is to feed mankind and to develop human character which will make for harmony in the world.

WE GIVE THE LIE to those who would use us to promote the class struggle. Science has made our world a neighbourhood. Our task is to make and keep it a brotherhood.

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With this statement in our hands we visited many of the leading men in the Province, especially those interested in agriculture. Among these men were Mr. MacMillan, Minister of Agriculture, Mr. Longman, Deputy Minister of Agriculture, Mr. J. L. McFall, Secretary of the Alberta Federation of Agriculture, and Mr. Norman Priestly, President of the United Farmers of Alberta Central Co-op.

In each case these men were firm in their statement that this declaration of principle represented the true philosophy of sound farmers. The secretary of the Alberta Livestock Union offered to use it over the radio as an official pronouncement of policy.

We also had an interview with the Premier, Mr. Manning, and he said of the Statement, "It is well conceived and thought out." He expressed the thought that it would be a great gain if responsible farmers would endorse it fully, and said he would be glad to do so himself.

In July, those of us who had been working in the West went to the MRA training centre at Mackinac Island. Here thousands of people came to hear and tell experiences with the new ideology, but by September, and after Labor Day most of them were gone and just two or three hundred of ourselves were left. The thought was expressed that we ought to produce a new weapon for our next advance, but no clear idea as to what it should be had come up, so, one morning we all gathered in the great dining room of Island House and asked God to show us what it should be. After quite a long time of silence several people said their conviction was that God wanted us to produce a musical revue. This surprised me, because I had never associated God in my mind with such an apparently frivolous thing as a musical revue. However a great many people spoke up and said the same thought had come to them and so it was finally agreed that we should create one.

This was the genesis of that wonderful revue which was at first known as "Ideas Have Legs" but which later came to be called "The Good Road." In January of 1947 we held a small training assembly at Niagara Falls and put on one or two of the acts from the revue in the lobby of the General Brock Hotel there. It was at this assembly that I met for the first time Mr. Albert Goss, who was President of the National Farm Grange, the oldest and second largest farm organization in America. In later times I was often to meet and work with his people to help build a sound agriculture and a sound America. Also at Niagara Falls we met for the first time that great Chinese, General Ho Ying Chin, the last Premier of China before the Communists drove Chang Kai Chek and his men out of the mainland. General Ho had been in command of five million troops and it was into his hands the Japanese gave the sword of surrender when they were defeated. This sword is now in the possession of MRA; it having been presented to Frank Buchman by General Ho.

From Niagara Falls most of the team went up to Montreal where we spent the next few months in getting our new play ready to go on the road. Mr. Goss had already invited us to take it to the Annual Convention of the Grange when 20,000 delegates were expected.

John Main and myself had taken off from Mackinac some time earlier. We had accepted an invitation from some of our friends in the American Farm Bureau, the largest farm organization in the U.S.A., to visit the headquarters of the organization in the city of Columbus, Ohio. In the next chapter will be found a letter which he wrote to Frank Buchman describing this visit.

Over in Europe, meanwhile, those who had gone over with Frank Buchman earlier in the year had been having tremendous times in the coal fields of Great Britain where a new spirit of caring for the welfare of the country was desperately needed. The story of the electric response of the miners to the plays and talks of the team and of the increased teamwork between management and labour, resulting in greatly increased production, is an epic one.

In Switzerland another very significant move was afoot. The Swiss members of those Europeans who had visited Mackinac in 1945, and had been convinced of the need for a similar centre to be set up in Europe, had gone to work and the result was that they had acquired a huge, but somewhat decrepit, former luxury hotel at Caux-sur-Montreux. People from all over Europe and Britain had set to work to rehabilitate it so, that by September 1946 Frank and the team were able to occupy it and commence those marvellous training centres for the Statesmen and the ordinary men, which have gone on their ever since.

CHAPTER II

As mentioned earlier, John Main and myself had taken off from Mackinac in November to visit our friends in the American Farm Bureau Federation at its head office in Columbus, Ohio. What follows are extracts from a letter we wrote to Frank Buchman reporting on the trip. This letter was written in July of the year following, some eight months later.

Mackinac Island,

July 8th, 1947.

Dear Frank:

Last November we spent ten days with Carl Hutchinson in Columbus, Ohio. Carl, with his family consisting of Helen, his wife, Polly and Judith, their daughters, were changed at Mackinac in 1945. Carl is the Educational Director of the Ohio State Farm Bureau Federation, and it was through him that we met many of the staff in the head office in Columbus, including most of the departmental heads and distributed freely Peter Howard's book, "Ideas Have Legs" and informed them quite fully about our work. We were around his office for about ten days.

One of the results was that they asked us to write a 2,000 word article on the war of ideas in agriculture for their monthly newspaper which we did. Another result was that we were able to meet some of their educational leaders and make a recorded talk for broadcast on their farm radio station. The subject we were asked to talk on was "Spiritual Values in Rural Life."

This was a very interesting experience, now to both of us and to them. They invited three of their people into the head office to meet us and to make this recording with us. As of course, we had never met before, during the first hour we proceeded to make acquaintance with each other. The three whom we met were farm women who were the best types of farm housewife. They and their husbands loved their land, loved their families and worked together to build a sound home life. Each of them made her own bread and put up her own preserves, and also helped their husbands with the farm work. Each of them expressed herself well and had sound Christian conviction.

As the conversation progressed we began to strike a very warm response in them to the simple stories we had to tell of change. By the time we had had lunch and as the time approached to make the recording, we had found a fellowship on a deep level.

It was at this point as we sat around the table, a microphone was placed before us and we went on with the conversation, but now it was recorded.

It was a marvellous thing to see the way these ladies opened up to each other and began to find in the atmosphere that had been created, a new fellowship and a new sense of direction and teamwork together which they had never known before. As we came away, having presented each of them with a copy of "Ideas Have Legs," they all agreed our time together was one of the greatest experiences of their lives.

In Ohio the Farm Bureau also had under Carl Hutchinson's direction, 1,400 groups of upwards of twenty farm families each, which gather once a month to discuss the farmers place and problems in our national life. We were privileged to visit, with Carl, six of these groups during our stay. The subject under discussion was Family Life in Rural Areas. Here too, we found much goodwill but a rather helpless and hopeless grappling with problems such as the youth leaving the farm, juvenile delinquency, and divorce which violated all their concepts of right or wrong, but for which they were unable to find satisfactory solutions. Here again our training and experience of change expressed in simple stories, in every case have met a tremendous and whole-hearted response.

Before we left those parts, the educational department of the Ohio Farm Bureau asked us to return and meet with their rural life and Church Committee, to discuss the whole program of MRA and how it could best be expressed through their organization.

With the visit of Mr. Albert Goss to the training centre held at Niagara Falls in January, his whole-hearted acceptance of MRA and his invitation to take the Revue to Columbus in the fall, a wide door to American agriculture was opened and as we moved through the State of Michigan from Grand Rapids, Benton Harbor, Lansing and Detroit with the first showings of the Revue, we were enabled to advance a good way as a result.

Winfield G. Armstrong, who is State Master of the Michigan Grange and secretary of the National Grange, with his wife became deeply interested in our work, both of them being on the Committee of Invitation for Benton Harbor and also Lansing for showings of the Revue, both attended showings of the play several times and also came on more than one occasion to dinners. They sent out many personal invitations to farm officials to attend the play, and they provided us with lists of many more, a great many of whom we came to know and become friendly with.

The Michigan State President of the American Farm Bureau Federation, Carl E. Buskirk and his wife were on the Committee of Invitation too, and were equally impressed and won by their contact with the team and the play. Mr. Buskirk contributed a check towards the expenses, saw the play three times, brought many officials of his organization, sent out invitations to many others, and introduced us to some of the top leaders in the state, including Mr. Clark L. Brody, who is the managing director of the Farm Bureau Federation Co-operatives of the State of Michigan which does

thirteen million dollars worth of business a year. He is also National President of the League of Farm Co-operatives. We spent several hours with Mr. Brody, had a very cordial time indeed and met all the heads of his various departments. Some of these men saw the Revue and have said they would like to go to Mackinac to learn more. We drove some two thousand miles throughout the country visiting farm leaders in their homes, had meals with them, and in every case felt we have tapped a great responsive chord which was rooted in the very heart of our democracy.

Mr. Armstrong, and Mr. Buskirk, and also Mr. Brody, are keen and are planning to bring the best of their young farm leadership to Mackinac for special training in the war of ideas. They are convinced that agriculture's mission is not merely to be an anchor to prevent the drift of the nation, but to become a mighty force whose task is to provide the spiritual as well as the physical food which the nation and the world so much need. These instances are just a few of the many that we might tell which show the tremendous response on the agricultural front to Moral Re-Armament.

After the assembly at Niagara Falls in January, 1947, as I recorded earlier, most of us went up to Montreal to get the new Revue into shape. While there I made my first acquaintance with our French-Canadian compatriots and developed a great liking for them.

After a very busy winter, casting and rehearsing the play, and building scenery and sets for it we were ready to go on the road.

If I remember right, our first showing was in Ottawa, when a great many members of Parliament came to see it. The play, which consisted of eight or nine separate scenes built up to a mighty ideological impact. There was much humour and fantasy, much music and some stylized dancing and people not only were vastly entertained by it they were also greatly inspired.

From Ottawa we spent the next few months going through Michigan, ending up at Detroit at the end of June. The requests for seats when we closed after a weeks run in Detroit would have kept us there for several more showings if we could have stayed longer, but we needed to return to Mackinac where thousands more people were already beginning to gather for the summers training there.

About this time I had an invitation to go to our training centre newly set up at Caux. The Food and Agricultural Organization, a committee of the United Nations was to hold one of its annual meetings in nearby Geneva that summer and many of the worlds agricultural leaders would be there. Our conviction was to try to get as many of these men up to Caux as possible and that was why it had been thought I might go and help to do so.

After serious consideration I decided to accept this invitation and many of my friends rallied round so that enough money was raised to pay my expenses for the journey and while over in Europe. One of the team besides myself also had the conviction to go and to take with him the script of the new Revue (which we called "Ideas Have Legs") with the idea of producing it over there. So, on August 12th, 1947, we boarded the Queen Mary at New York and set sail for Europe.

CHAPTER III

Although it was less than a year since the buildings at Caux had been bought, and though they had been in a very run down and neglected condition, people interested in MRA all over Europe and Britain had worked with such dedicated zeal, money had flowed in, and materials and goods had been given on a scale that had resulted in a capacity to operate the centre at full steam.

That summer of 1947, many thousands of people from numerous countries, even from behind the Iron Curtain, came to Caux and found there fresh vision, challenge and hope. Amongst these were over thirty delegates to the F.A.O. who came up from Geneva, the whole of the Mundt committee from the U.S.A., which was investigating the effects of American aid to Europe; The President of Switzerland was there and also the Prime Minister of Denmark. But, in the light of what followed in the future, perhaps the most significant delegation was the hundred and fifty people who came from Germany, including Adenauer and many of the leaders of post war Germany.

Frank Buchman, when he saw the thousands gathering, had said, "Where are the Germans? How can you build a united Europe without the Germans, or a world of peace without a united Europe?" As a result of his vision and passion a dentist in far off Richmond, Virginia, gave his life savings, forty thousand dollars, to make it possible to get the Germans there.

Conditions in Europe at that time so soon after the war, were chaotic, two million farm workers were on strike in Italy, while in France there were hunger riots. The cities and railways of France and Germany were a shambles. As a result of the bombing during the war, the whole economy had almost come to a stop. But even more devastating was the despair and hopelessness of the people under these conditions, especially those of Germany.

It was the open hand extended from Caux, that was the first hope given the Germans, that, in spite of all that had happened, there could yet be a place in the future for them in a world of peace. It was because of their mutual experiences at Caux that an undying friendship developed between Adenauer and Robert Schumann which made it possible for their respective countries to overcome much of their hate and distrust for each other. The so called Schumann Plan could never have been activated without this friendship.

It was at Caux that I met Mme. Irene Laure, a dynamic and passion filled woman from southern France. She was a deputy for Marseilles, the

leader of three million Socialist women, and had been one of the most fierce fighters in the underground resistance movement during the war. She had seen her own son tortured in front of her by the Germans in an attempt to force her to divulge secret information about the resistance leaders, and she had an undying hatred for them. When Mme. Laure saw the Germans at Caux, she was furious and wanted to leave immediately, but Frank Buchman said to her, "You want to see a united and peaceful Europe, but how are you going to get it with all that bitterness and hate in your heart toward Germany?"

She was induced to meet a German lady who had begun to live the ideology of MRA. As they sat down she poured out all the bitterness and hate in a flood to this woman who sat pale and defenceless before her. Then as she paused, shaken with the intensity of her feelings, something happened so unexpected, so deeply moving, it staggered her. For the German woman's eyes filled with tears as she admitted the wrong and the guilt of what she and her people had done, and asked humbly for forgiveness and the chance to restore. Mme. Laure's own eyes filled as she reached out her hand and placing it on the other woman's knee, said, "We will work together to bring an end to all the evil hatred between our countries and help them to build together a united Europe and a world at peace."

This experience changed Mme. Laure's Life. She saw so clearly that there was no difference between the evil in her own hate and bitter filled heart and that of those whom she had condemned. She was deeply convicted and decided to give the rest of her life to work for the basic change in men which would make peace possible. It was because of the reconciling work of this woman that former Chancellor Adenauer said of her that she had done more than any other person to bring about unity between France and Germany. Both Adenauer and Schumann gave to MRA and to the work of people like Mme. Laure high praise, saying that it was their unseen influence behind the scenes that had made it possible for policies such as the Schumann Plan and ultimately the Common Market to come into being.

I left Caux about the middle of October 1947 and travelled back to Canada with a party of young men accompanied by some few older ones. These were the first young European full time MRA workers to visit Mackinac. We travelled by a converted aircraft carrier. We were the only passengers and the accommodations were primitive, but we had a lot of good times together. On a boat which sailed about the same time thirty or forty young women MRA workers left England for the U.S.A. One party landed in Montreal and were welcomed most enthusiastically by the local people who were our friends. As most of the young Europeans, having come through the austerities of the war which had just ended, were rather short of personal belongings, clothes etc., and especially the garb suitable for a North American winter, one of the Montreal men, Mr. Bernard Hallward, very generously paid to have each one adequately equipped with whatever

he needed. His son John, for his part, took all of us to see a performance of Ice Capades, a highly skilled exhibition of skating which was then performing in Montreal.

During the rest of the time between our arrival on the North American continent and Christmas 1947, those of us who had come from Europe joined forces with the American and Canadian full time team in going around the country with the play, "Ideas Have Legs." In this time we played in New York, Boston, Montreal, and Ottawa, ending up in Washington, D.C., where we spent Christmas.

In the beginning of 1948 we all went across the country in a special train, to California and it was shortly after our arrival there that we bought what is now called "The Club." This was a six storey, 75 bedroom, beautiful building in downtown Los Angeles. It had been the property of a group of Los Angeles women and had been known as "The Women's Athletic Club." We had long felt the need of a permanent building of this sort in Southern California and were looking around for one when this one became available. Some of us went down to look it over. It seemed to be just what would suit us and Frank said, "This is it, don't let \$50,000 stand in the way." The catch was that the price being asked for the building was around \$450,000 dollars and the down payment was to be \$10,000, with \$25,000 a month afterwards. And we did not know where the \$10,000 was to come from let alone the rest. However, we had the conviction that God meant us to buy it, and we also believed that where God guides He provides, so we undertook to meet the terms. At this precise moment, one of the women in the team was left a legacy of \$10,000 and she made it available for the down payment. I might say it was and still is, this kind of sacrificial giving that not only paid for the Club, but has enabled MRA to meet all its financial commitment.

During the balance of the spring and summer I travelled widely across the U.S.A. and Canada with the team, putting on plays and holding meetings in cities from California to Maine and in Eastern Canada, but in the fall I went out again to Western Canada where I attended the meeting at which the amalgamation took place of the two farm organizations which represented the right and the left of farm opinion. This was the formation of the Farmer's Union of Alberta.

Several of us who, since our "change" had been very concerned with the direction of farm thinking were deeply concerned that the farmers had been persuaded by the more radical element among them, to actually go on strike and withhold their food from the market for a time, creating great division and bitterness with those who had refused to partake in the strike. So at the convention in the fall of 1948 where this amalgamation took place a number of us got together and worked out a strategy to meet with some of the farm leadership during the convention with a view to help the soundest policies forward. This of course, would mean discussing together not who was right as between left and right wings of the farm movement, but what was right for the farmers and for the nation in the light of their real needs.

During the convention, several of us, either singly or in small groups, met over mealtimes with some of the outstanding men and women who were attending the convention. Later we held two meetings in the Palliser Hotel where the convention was sitting, to which we invited most of the officers and the directors of the newly born F.U.A. The presidents of the mens, the womens, and the junior sections were all in attendance, as well as numerous other officials, some 58 in all. Here we discussed the need to look far beyond the narrow confines of our own divisions and our own interests, or even the interests merely of agriculture in the nation, to a global view of the world need of humanity. The question was raised of the deep hates and hungers in the world and the divisions that have split mankind into hostile camps, and the changes that would need to take place before lasting solutions could be applied. Before we parted we had gone deeply into the need for an inspired democracy composed of people who had decided to put what was right for the world ahead of any personal or national self-interest. The challenge was given, that a real patriot is a man of faith in God, who is willing to sacrifice his own selfishness, and live straight himself, in order to bring an answer to all the selfishness, dishonesty, and corruption in the world around him. There is no doubt, that in spite of the unusual quality of the discussion, these meetings made the deepest impression and carried the greatest conviction with those who were there, of all the rest of the convention meetings.

The sort of thing that took place at this convention, this fight for farmers to take on battle for a sound society based on policies which put men's needs before material gain, had become the normal experience for me by now. It was amazing to me that I, an ordinary farmer whose life hitherto had been negative and bitter, should find myself led by God to explore with the leaders of agriculture and the ordinary farmer, the deep implications for a farmer personally, and for agriculture as a whole, or a radical application of Christian faith and the absolute moral and spiritual standards of the Sermon on the Mount.

At an early date the list of farm leaders with whom we were in constant communication in Canada and the U.S.A. and across the world had grown to 800. These included all the heads of national farm organizations, most of the State and Provincial leaders and hundreds of local officials and private farmers. A few of us changed farmers who were giving all our time to this work were constantly on the road during the late forties and the fifties and to this day, visiting these people in their homes or attending meetings and conventions where we were likely to meet them. But it was not only the people of agriculture that we met, but men in government, in education, in business, in entertainment also. I remember how, on almost every occasion, after we had had the conviction to meet some dignitary, and had set up an interview with him, how fearful I was of the actual confrontation, knowing the man to be interviewed was an important and busy man and wondering how I, a man without place or prestige, could win his interest and his mind to a dynamic idea of change in his own life and the life of the nations.

CHAPTER IV

Early in the year 1949 I attended the convention of the Canadian Federation of Agriculture, a body which represented most of the farm organizations on the national level. The quality of the discussion at this convention, and the resolutions that were passed impressed me greatly for their broad outlook on the needs of the people and the concern to help meet them. I had quite a long talk with Mr. (later, Dr.) H. H. Hannam who was the President of the CFA at that time. I had written down some of my thoughts for the destiny of agriculture which so impressed him that he caused them to be sent out to the whole membership.

It was in February of 1949 also, that I met with Father Gaudet who was rector of St. John's Seminary in Edmonton, Alberta. He was the first Catholic Priest that I had ever become closely acquainted with and he became a great friend of many of us. His enthusiasm for MRA was contagious and at one time he used some of its techniques with many of his colleagues and students. I remember one time when some of us were in Calgary, he phoned and asked if myself and two others would return to Edmonton that night and address his seminarians. We were late starting, and it was several hours of driving time, so that we arrived some thirty minutes after the appointed time. On the drive up we had discussed what was meant by the invitation and had decided that whatever happened we would keep it as informal and casual as possible and above all, not make any speeches. I for one had no idea just what "seminarians" were; I had some kind of a vague idea that they might compose some sort of a disciplinary body concerned with the good Father's association with Moral Re-Armament, and in consequence was preparing for quite a warm discussion. When we arrived outside the college we found Father Gaudet walking up and down the pavement outside. He rushed up to us, beaming with relief and joy, and flung his arms around my neck, saying, "I knew you would come, I knew you would come." Then he led us into the main entrance of the college where we saw a big poster advertising our coming and giving quite a write up on our oratorical powers. There was no time to argue, we were late, and the Father rushed us to the cloak room to leave our outer clothing, and then down the corridors to a large hall. I shall never forget my first sight of that room as we walked in.

There, row on row, were seated scores of young men dressed in clerical garb. In the front row there were several priests, a most formidable sight to one who had never been inside a catholic institution before, or met on such a basis, representatives of the Catholic religion.

At the front of the hall there was a small desk and four chairs. Father

Gaudet led us to these chairs and as we stood, he gave a short introduction of each of us to the audience, in each case emphasizing that we were widely known speakers on behalf of MRA. Then he said we should have prayer, and as everyone in the room knelt he prayed that the occasion should be blessed.

Strangely enough, in spite of the unexpected nature of our situation, I felt no fear or anxiety as to the outcome, but used the time of prayer to ask God to inspire us all through what He gave us to say in the next hour or so. Then Father Gaudet asked me to be the first speaker. I stood up and looked at the desk, which seemed very like a pulpit to me, and I thought, if I go and talk from behind that, they will naturally expect me to preach some sort of sermon. So I went and stood in front of it.

As I paused for a moment, I gazed at the many faces before me, and I suddenly realized that they were filled with a friendly curiosity and interest. I smiled at them, and they smiled right back. Then, all of a sudden I felt completely at home with them and I began to laugh. "You know," I said, "it's very funny, I am a Quaker and you are Catholics, and I think we have some different ways of looking at things, but here I've come to talk to you about something that, I believe, can be the basis for the unity, not only of Quakers and Catholics, but of the whole Christian, and even non-Christian world."

I then proceeded to tell them of my own personal change and how God had directed me into the fight to reconcile man to God and man to man. I have them very personal details of how God had dealt with sin in my life and had shown me that as I was willing to face reality about my own nature, I could gain insight into the needs of others and help them find a cure.

Then one of my friends, Eric O'jala, a representative of the New Zealand Department of Agriculture, who was visiting in Canada, spoke in vivid detail of the world wide work of MRA, illustrating his story with many true stories of change at work in nations and between nations, as men listened to, and obeyed God.

When a high visiting Catholic dignitary, who had been on a tour of the Catholic schools and colleges in North America, came to Father Gaudet's Rectory, he commented on what he called the superior piety of the college, and asked what was the reason for it. Father Gaudet told him that it was because of the high challenge MRA had faced the students with.

Father Gaudet was very interested in the farmers and had great vision for the part they ought to be playing in meeting the needs of mankind. He had felt very keenly about the strike that had been staged by the farmers two years before and was determined to try and bring a new thinking and purpose into farm leadership.

The president of the Farmer's Union of Alberta at that time was a man named Carl Stimpfle, a non-practising Catholic, as Father Gaudet described him. So the good Father worked out a plan and a strategy with which he hoped to regain a lost sheep for the church and at the same time give sound leadership to agriculture. He invited Mr. Stimpfle to the College

to address the student body on the development of the Farm Movement in Canada. He also asked myself and one or two others of like convictions, to be in attendance as well, to take part in the discussion that was to follow Mr. Stimpfle's speech.

This affair took place about the 23rd of April, 1949. It was a most interesting time for all of us who were present. Mr. Stimpfle traced the rise of the farm movement, its struggles for justice, its setbacks and its victories, its internal dissensions, and its need for unity. He spoke with passion and conviction of the jungle world we live in, and of man's exploitation of man, and stated as his firmest belief that farmers must band together in an unbreakable determination to fight for their rights, using whatever weapons seemed to be the most effective. He was very persuasive and quite won the sympathies of many of the students there, who looked at us with the deepest interest as we began to discuss what had been said.

At the end of our time together, Mr. Stimpfle expressed the interest and gratitude he felt. He said he had long felt that something was missing in our farm organizations, our churches, and our living that was badly needed. He responded warmly to the idea that farmers should answer jungle living by a Christian concern to change men and build a society of just and responsible people.

The reports we had of him later indicated that his speeches reflected a great change from their former bitter content, and now challenged farmers to go beyond fighting for their rights, to thinking on a global scale how to meet the needs of men for food, and unity, and peace.

From this time until late in July, I was busily engaged in the task of meeting, informing, inspiring if possible, and enlisting people to go to our training centre for MRA at Mackinac Island, Michigan. The letter that is quoted below will help the reader to understand something of all this activity. It was sent to Dr. Frank Buchman, from the home of Mr. and Mrs. Bob Muir, very great friends of mine.

May 2nd, 1949.

Dear Frank:

I thought that you would be interested to have some of the news from this area of Western Canada, especially with the plans for Mackinac in view.

I am at present staying with Bob Muir and his family on the farm. Bob is progressing favourably though his leg will be in its cast until the end of May. Lily, (Bob's daughter) hopes to have the cast taken off her arm next week. The doctor said that though the arm has not fully knitted yet, she must begin to use it or there is a danger of permanent stiffness.

The past two months have been very much of a strain for the whole family, but their spirit has bourne up under it very wonderfully. They feel the protection of the Lord is very much over them, and their hearts are full of faith and thanksgiving.

There is plenty to do on the farm with Bob laid up and young Bob not fully experienced, but a young cousin, Allan Ward, who is studying agriculture at Vermillion, has volunteered his services for the summer. This will not only be a big help, but may mean a new and vital young fighter will be born.

The farm life is very good for me. I manage to get in quite a bit of exercise. I am building fences at present, and what with digging post holes and peeling fence posts, I am able to work up quite an appetite for food and sleep.

A number of us got together last night and I was very happy to see such a spirit of joyous determination grip us. Many people had conviction about the need to send the best leadership to Mackinac. Every bit of training, it was felt, that they can get there will be needed to prepare them for the years ahead of ideological warfare. Several hundred dollars were raised to help pay Mackinac expenses, and several people plan to go down there shortly to spend a few months carrying the place and the pace.

Some of us reported on our touches with several of the prominent men and women in the farm movement over the previous year and during the last few months. These are the people we are hoping and praying will get to Mackinac this summer. These include the Women's Presidents of the Farm Unions in Alberta and Saskatchewan. Both these ladies have knowledge of MRA and are very favourably disposed towards it. We will be seeing these women again soon and in the meanwhile we are sending them all the information we can on Mackinac so that they can give our invitations considered thought. Recently, when Bob Muir and I were attending a farm meeting in Winnipeg, we had very good talks with several farm leaders, including the President of the Manitoba Egg and Poultry Pool who expressed great interest in our ideas. Another man was a rising young leader named Jim Bentley. He is going to make a mark in the farm movement we feel. He narrowly missed being elected as President of the Farmer's Union of Alberta, being beaten out by Carl Stimpfle.

Mr. George Wright, the President of the United Farmers of Canada, is another good friend of ours. He is trying to apply sound principle in his job. He reads MRA literature and has expressed a desire to go to Mackinac as soon as he can. We are in touch by letter with all these people and have every hope that some of them will be at Mackinac for some period this summer.

There is one more development here in which I feel you will be very interested. Several of the Fathers and a large group of the students at the Roman Catholic College of St. Jean in Edmonton, have changed in the last year. Listening in the quiet time for direction from God has become part of their living, with profound results in the college.

Father Gaudet, who is the Rector of the college, told us an amusing story of the kind of thing that happened in his students when he first told them of his own need for honesty. Several of them stood up and confessed that they had been stealing extra butter from the kitchen and were very

sorry and would refrain from such dereliction in the future. Father Gaudet forgave them freely but he asked them to consider what further steps they should take. At this point one of the leading students, one who had not taken part in the thievery, arose and suggested that, as they were all brothers together, they should all carry each others burdens and do without butter for a whole month as restitution, and this is what they actually did.

Father Superior V. Gaudet, and Father St. Arnaud, with five of these boys will be at Mackinac for two weeks in August for further training. We feel this will mean a great deal for Alberta.

With much gratitude and affection,
Bill Wake.

Amongst those who were giving their full time with the others at Mackinac was a woman who has since become prominent in the field of education, but who was born and brought up on a farm and has a keen and passionate interest in the destiny of the farmers and farming. She is Miss Sara Ensor. The letter that follows is one I sent her in June and also deals with the action being taken to get people to Mackinac.

Edmonton, Alberta

June 9th, 1949.

Dear Sally:

I was certainly pleased to get your letter of June 3rd with all your thinking about the farm front. It is very good and fits in very much with some of the things the rest of us here have been in action about. I am sorry that I have not kept you more closely informed because I know that your heart is much with the farming people and their part in building a new world.

I am not quite up to date with what John Main may have done in regard to actually sending invitations to Ohio and Michigan, though I know he had the conviction with me, that Carl Hutchinson of the Ohio Farm Bureau Educational department and Carl Buskirk, President of the Michigan Farm Bureau, with Winfield G. Armstrong, Master of the Michigan State Grange, amongst others, should receive invitations.

In regards to my own plans, I have been quite busy fighting to get a good representation to Mackinac from Western Canada.

Among these are Mrs. Lowe, the Womens President of the Farmer's Union of Alberta, Mrs. Elsie Hart, Womens President of the Sask. Farmer's Union, and Miss Louise O'Neill, Secretary of the Alberta Livestock Co-operative. Also we have strong hopes that Mr. George Wright, the President of the Sask. Farmer's Union, will act on our invitation to go. In addition we have invited Mr. and Mrs. Jim Bentley (he was nominated for

President of the FUA but lost out to Carl Stimpfle). Outside Alberta, we have invited Mr. John T. Monkhouse, the President of the Manitoba Egg and Poultry Co-op, the Hon. T. L. Kennedy, Minister of Agriculture in Ontario, with whom we have had several lunches, G. S. H. Barton, Deputy Minister of Agriculture in Ottawa, J. A. Marion, President of the Catholic Farmer's Union of Quebec, W. J. Parker, President of the Manitoba Wheat Pool, Mr. E. F. Willis, Minister of Public Works in Manitoba, and W. R. Reek, head of the O.A.C. at Guelph. Several of us have met all these people over the last year and they have become our warm friends.

Your thought expressing the need for a book, "Pitching our ideology to arouse farmers to take the lead in the world battle" seems to me to be on the beam. Last March I was requested by some of the people in England to send some of my own stories to Peter Howard at Hill Farm. The same kind of request came from John McCook Roots, who I understand plans to write a book on the world wide impact of MRA. I have not heard just what has been accomplished yet, but I believe Peter has also made a start on his book. I understand it is along the lines you visualize.

You may have heard that the folks at Hill Farm, (Peter Howard's place) have lately acquired another farm called Abbott's Farm and the thought is that it may be made the centre for a world agricultural work and news service. John Main and myself have received strong invitations from Peter and Doe and the rest of the team there to go over to England this summer and have a hand in working it out.

In view of the need for this kind of thing it may well be that I at least, do go, but the commitment to the situation here must clear first. It is likely that the decision will be made in July and August when many of us will be gathered at Mackinac.

In this connection your own thought re giving more of your own time to the farm front this fall, may be clarified. You would have much to contribute to such a programme.

I have so enjoyed the last few weeks working with my hands on the Muir farm. I have been in sole charge of 1,500 chickens and two cows. I have fenced a meadow, and a garden, and done many chores which accumulated around on any farm. In between these activities, along with one or other members of the family here I have often driven the 20 miles into town to call on civic and farm leaders in their offices or their homes. It has been a great experience to write and to make broadcasts for farm programmes over the radio, which we have done on several occasions.

All in all it has been a rich and rewarding experience for which I am most grateful. The only trouble is that sometimes I get a nostalgic desire to start afresh on a farm stocked with 40 pigs, 5 sows, 150 pullets, on 50 acres with buildings and equipment to match!

As ever sincerely,

Bill Wake.

In late July of this same year, 1949, I arrived at Mackinac and was taken up until late in the fall with the activities there. About 50 people came to the Island as a result of the fight we had made in Western Canada. For most of them it was a profound and fundamental experience, the effects of which have been permanent in their living. Several of them are now giving their full time to the work with no demand other than to give all to bring the world under God's control.

CHAPTER V

When the people who visit Mackinac arrive, it is usually because they have become aroused to the great need in the world for a wisdom and a quality of life that lies beyond the power of their unaided human nature. They have begun to realize that each of them is responsible for the state of society, and, "That as I am so is the Country." They are usually, too, aware that there is great need for moral clean up, not least in themselves. Their own facing of the challenge to change, based on making effective in their lives and attitudes absolute standards of honesty, purity, unselfishness and love, and the seeking from God in the quiet depths of their deepest convictions, the directions He had for them, was greatly strengthened by meeting and talking with all kinds of people who had already embarked on that road, and in consequence of their change, to the personal, community and wider problems that they were faced with.

After men and women had made a genuine commitment to give their whole lives with all their gifts, possessions and talents to the purpose of restoring God to leadership in the whole world, so that all the hungers, hates and hurts of mankind could be healed, many of them were given an opportunity to be included, with some others more experienced, in going out into the country to carry the same fight to a wider field.

Such an opportunity occurred in October, 1949. Thirty-eight of us went down to Benton Harbour in Southern Michigan with the youth play, "Drug Store Revolution" and the films "Days of Decision" and "Out of the Frying Pan." As our weapons. We spent two or three weeks in the area, both on the farms and in the city, meeting as many people as we could, showing the play in the High Schools and the films at various functions. We spoke at Service Clubs and churches and in many, many homes. Wilma Muir, the daughter of my good friends, Bob and Betty Muir from Edmonton, Alberta, who was one of those visiting Mackinac, and I, with one or two others, were in the advance party. The letter that follows written from Benton Harbour to my friend John Muir gives some of the news of this venture.

Benson Harbour,

November 6th, 1949.

Dear John:

We have had a very worthwhile time here, and here goes for that report on the visit of a task force to Benton Harbour with "Drugstore Revolution," which I promised to send you.

The advance party of seven of us came into Benton Harbour the

evening of October 14th, headed by Vernon and Meryl Eriksson. We saw as we drove in, that the ground was red with apples fallen from the trees. The farmers had let them fall to rot because there was no market for them.

We had a warm reception from the local team and were soon billeted in various homes around the district. I was billeted with our old friends, Henry and Myrtle Peters out on their farm. Wilma Muir was sent out there too.

The next day we all met at a large home in the city and began to plan our strategy. The first needs were hospitality for the rest of the team which was to follow us, and for a committee of invitation of the most prominent citizens, to the play.

We immediately found that there was much fruitful ground to build on due to the farm friends you and I and others had made over the years. Then there were other families, like the Saltzmans and the Meskimens who did everything they could, along with the Peters to make a success of our visit.

One of my first concerns was to make sure that Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Armstrong, National treasurer of the Grange, and Mr. Carl Buskirk, President of the Michigan State Farm Bureau, were asked to be on the Committee of Invitation. They were most cordial when I phoned them, and were most keen to have their names included. Unfortunately, Mr. Armstrong told us, that he would be too occupied at the State convention of the Grange, which fell on the same dates as the play was scheduled. He was most disappointed and asked if something couldn't be done about it, finally inviting some of us to go down to Niles, where he lived, and visit him and his wife.

Wilma, Sunny Sanger, who was our chorus director and song writer, Phyllis Limburg, who was a horsewoman, myself and our hosts, the Henry Peters went the following Sunday to call on them. They were most warm and eagerly accepted an invitation to bring their farming friends to the Meskimen home in Benton Harbour to hear the chorus the following Friday night.

They came on the appointed night with ten of their Grange people. In addition we had asked quite a number of the local farm folk to be with us and so it was quite a party. The chorus, under the direction of Sunny Sanger was the centre piece of our evening. We had different ones introduce the various songs that were sung, and as the chorus rendered them with great sensitivity and conviction a thrilling and well rounded picture of MRA as a world force emerged, quite overcoming the audience. As master of ceremonies, I called on various ones to speak. Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong both spoke with much fire and feeling of their faith in MRA and what it had done for them personally and what they felt it could do in the world.

Henry Peters also spoke telling of his most recent experience with obeying God's direction. It had been necessary, he said, to send a truck up to Mackinac (305 miles) for the scenery for the play. Henry had thought himself much too busy with his harvesting to do it himself. But his guidance was persistent that he should. His truck was loaded with apples which he

hoped to sell if he could. However, he unloaded them and started off to Mackinac. He said he not only had a good trip and enjoyed his visit to Mackinac, but the pay off came when he returned and found an order for his apples at a much better price than was offered him earlier.

Earlier that day Wilma Muir and I spoke over the radio on what was known as "The Farm Hour." This was at the request of Mr. John Chase, the programme director. I found this to be the most hectic experience of the whole visit for me. The rest of the team was too busy to help. Sunny was writing a song, and others were fully taken up with arranging hospitality, getting out invitations, etc.

At eleven p.m. that evening before the broadcast was scheduled, I suddenly realized the Lord, and the team, expected me to do it!

I was rarely so scared in my life. Although I had had some experience of speaking on a radio programme with others before, I had never been responsible for a programme. However, I got out my pen and some paper and sat down. I did a little praying too! I said, "God, if this is what you want done, you'd better inspire me, for I haven't the least idea just how to go about this thing."

Three and three-quarter hours later I had a script and went to bed. First thing in the morning I 'phoned Wilma and asked her to have a part in the broadcast with me and arranged to meet her in the studio at the broadcasting station. The two of us went over the script and rewrote parts of it and added a part for Wilma. We finished it a few moments before we went on the air. We, of course, had no time for rehearsal, but Mr. Chase read his part of the script as though it was the thing most on his heart. The team who were listening in a nearby hotel, said it came over like a ton of bricks, meaning, I was assured, that it was a great success.

Do you remember the time last August when we showed some films at the Henry Peter's home to about 25 of the leading farmers of the area? I think we built much better than we then realized. Mr. C. Conrad, the Assistant County Agricultural Agent, with his wife, and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Nye, Counsellor of the Junior Farm Bureau, were two of the couples on whom it made a deep impression. They came on Monday night to see "Drugstore Revolution" at the high school. On Tuesday, Mr. Conrad asked if he could bring his superior, a Mr. Johnston and his associate, Mr. Hill, head of the 4-H clubs, to meet some of the cast for lunch.

Wilma and I had already been invited to lunch at the Nye's, so Ron Mann and Dorothy Ensor went to have lunch with these three, and later reported a very interesting time was had, with MRA being fully explored and much approved by them.

Meanwhile, our lunch with the Nyes went on from noon until 4 p.m. and it was soon plain that they had a very deep interest and wanted to become involved. They are a great couple. They have four young children. We both felt that these folks would be our friends for life. As we rose to come away, he went to his desk and wrote out a cheque for \$50.00. We had not hitherto said anything about finances, but as he handed me the cheque

he asked me where the money came from, which gave us a great opportunity to tell him that it came from people like himself, whose convictions were aroused and who wanted to do something about it.

Many of our farm friends attended the Play and the meetings that followed for further training. Among these friends we felt that there were at least seven couples who were deeply affected by their touch with MRA. We decided that we should have another party especially for them, so we invited them to come to such a party at the Peters on Wednesday evening next. Dorothy Ensor and I had the pleasure of doing this inviting, and as we toured the countryside calling on them in their homes it was wonderful to find them so eager to accept. Not all, we found were as yet fully convinced. One of them, a Mrs. John Handy, we found at her home alone and had a valuable two hours with her. She told us that she had many questions she wanted to ask us, and though she had not yet washed the dinner dishes, she insisted that we sit down and talk with her. It was a thrilling experience to see the clouds of doubt and suspicion give way to a growing understanding and faith as we showed her by stories and from our own personal experience, just what MRA is. She is a real leader in the State and often speaks at public gatherings where opinion is formed. John, her husband is also a very potent member of the community, a discussion leader for the Farm Bureau and other farm organizations of which he is a member. They have four charming children, three boys and a girl. They have a beautiful home in southern Michigan on 250 acres of fertile fruit land.

We finished up the day by spending the evening with the Conrads in their home. A Mrs. Brown, one of their neighbours asked if she could come over too. Mrs. Brown turned out to be the mother of a youth named Ted who had just made a decision to become part of the MRA programme of change. She asked how she could change. She said, "This is just what I need, I guess I'll have a lot of things to learn and a lot of things to unlearn too!" She listened eagerly to all the conversation. The Conrads were eager to learn how they could make MRA effective in their own lives and in the country. It was a rich evening and gave us a great chance to tell of our own experiences of God's guidance and what happened when we obeyed, and to explore through the stories we were able to draw on from around the world, the exciting possibilities of building a new world and a new type of man.

The Wednesday evening party to which we had invited our friends was accompanied by a storm, but fifteen of them turned up. We showed the Frying Pan Film, ("Out of the Frying Pan into the Fight") after which we talked. Vern and Meryl Eriksson spoke matchlessly on what their life with MRA meant to them. This was right down the alley for the people there. They had heard and seen a good bit of what MRA was on a larger canvas, but they needed now to learn something of its more personal and intimate meaning for themselves, and what steps they needed to take to get started on the way of change. So over delicious cider and doughnuts the conversation went on. The Nyes were the last to leave. The next morning a nephew of the Peters called up on the 'phone to tell us how very grateful they were for the

party. He said that they had stayed up all night talking about it and wanted to learn much more.

We are most grateful for Henry and Myrtle Peters. It has been very largely their loyalty and fight that has made the many miracles of these days possible. We have seen once again how the Lord does use ordinary people to do extraordinary things.

After the Benton Harbour expedition was concluded, I returned with a few others to our centre at Mackinac Island. The balance of those who had been in Benton Harbour with us, went on to our new headquarters in Los Angeles. At Mackinac there remained just a small group of about 24 of us. At this time we always closed up the buildings for the winter and left for other parts. I remained to the very end this winter and was the last but one to leave, Harold Sack, a young engineer from Georgia was the last one. He and I had been living and cooking our meals in the last house to be closed, and when he left the day after I had gone, all our properties were safely put away under lock and key for the winter.

I left the Island on November 27th, 1949 and went up to Toronto where I spent a few days before joining an old friend, Reg Sheppard at his home in Aurora, Ontario.

I had hoped very much that some of us would make up a party and go out again to the Canadian prairies but this was not to be for a little while yet. In the meantime I spent a good deal of my energies and thought on visits to farmers and farm leaders in the Province of Ontario.

I always found it one of the most difficult things in my life on the road, to be constantly uprooted from the places and people where it was my natural habit to put down deep tentacles. It seemed strange that I, whose deep ambition before I met MRA, was to keep on the move and constantly to see new faces and places, should find, when this became almost the habit of my life, that it held much pain and heartache. And yet it was not strange, I knew, but the natural outcome of a new orientation in my heart and life, which made people and all things much more precious to me, and their best welfare and development the chief purpose of my being.

Although writing letters was never an easy task for me, yet I found in the correspondence that passed between myself and my friends an opportunity to pour out my love and concern and appreciation, which also helped to satisfy my own need to be at one with them in a common purpose and a common fight. These letters played a large part in nurturing and fostering in each other that change which had begun, in however small a degree, to grow in all our hearts. It was at this time I wrote to a family of my friends out on the Prairies, and looking back now, I see that it was written at least as much for my own encouragement as it was meant for the people mentioned in it.

Mackinac Island, Mich.

November 15th, 1949.

Dear Bill, Win and Reg:

It sure is great to get letters from that home. I am so grateful for you all and am longing for the time when I can be back with you again.

I have been thinking a lot about the team there. What a great fighting heart you have among you. I feel it is a tremendous privilege to know you and to be a part of you. Your capacity to feel grateful for one another and to love one another enough to inspire each to their best, and to spotlight their own sin before pointing a finger at their neighbour, is a great thing.

All of you are on my heart so much. Alex and Margaret, he with his quiet humour, his clear mind and deep conviction, she with her gay and practical nature, and both of them with such love and compassion in their hearts. I shall always be grateful for them. They have helped me in no small measure to become a part of the Edmonton family.

Then there are Alf and Esther, to whom I owe so much and have given so little, and their family. I am so grateful for Phyllis who gave so mightily when she was here and whom I pray for often. And the Muirs, who have meant more to me than I can say. The Surbecks with their fighting hearts and their sensitive spirits, may the Lord always direct them. And Bertha and Libby, loyal and faithful, real "Mothers in Israel" to the team. The Berry sisters, to whom the Lord has given great gifts of heart and mind and loves very dearly, may they pour out that love to a needy and lonely world.

Dean and Beth with their Joan and Donald, how much at home they make one feel, here is bed rock of faith, something always to build on. May honesty always be their practice, and may they wear courage as a radiant garment.

Betty Anne, whose simple and forthright honesty moves me deeply, may the Lord give her all the satisfaction that a life lived for Him holds in store, and make her into the gracious life changer that is her calling. And Jean Twiss, I pray that she will be helped through her dark hour and that the Lord will strengthen her faith in Him. May she trust Him fully with her life. He is testing and tempering her as a mighty weapon in a mighty battle. Let her courage take root in faith and obedience.

There are so many, Bill Duncan with his quiet and gentle spirit and warm heart, and Jean with her serious concern and keen and clear-sighted thought. The Millers and the MacDonalds and every one that is not mentioned here, I love them and pray for them all, and will be forever grateful for the affection and caring that you pour out. The world is in such desperate need of it.

CHAPTER VI

Shortly after the end of the year, Reg Sheppard and I went out to Western Canada, arriving in my own home of Borden about January 6th, 1950. Our plan was to work with the local people who were interested in MRA in the different cities, to extend its influence throughout all the prairies, especially in the field of agriculture. For myself, I had a deep hope that I could spend at least two of the spring months on the home farm, working out with my brothers, and my partner, Corny Penner, some of the deep convictions that I had about the part farmers have in building a sound agriculture with a sound purpose.

Corny Penner, my partner since 1942, had decided with me that our lives and the way we farmed should be dedicated to God's plan rather than our own, and when I had left to give my full time to travelling wherever I needed to go in obedience to God, we had not made any formal agreement as to the way we should share the proceeds of the farm, but decided that we would let God tell us when the appropriate time came, just how we should act. This seemed to me to be the essence of democratic brotherhood, but I realized that its success would depend on the spiritual good health of each of us.

Since I had left farming, Corny worked my land and co-operated with my brothers in their operations and the use of machinery, so that there was, particularly with my brother Joshua, a close working relationship. Later, in 1945, he had married my sister's daughter, Betty Saunders, and the two of them had built a house and were living on a part of the farm. My other brother, John, while he farmed his own land, lived with Joshua and his wife Hannah, on the old farmstead where we had all lived since the early days, and which I still claim, with the others, as my permanent place of residence. I was always eager to get home, though sometimes it was many months and sometimes even years, between my visits, and I was always deeply interested in the spiritual and material welfare of the home folks.

Soon after arriving home I wrote to my friends whom I had taken leave of in Ontario to report on my thinking about the farm, and the following extracts are from that letter.

'We arrived in Borden on the 9th and were met by Joshua with a team and closed sleigh with a heater inside. The temperature was 26 below zero. Joshua said it had been 10 below for over a month. In the circumstances we surely appreciated the warmth of the little tin, wood-burning heater. The trouble with a closed rig is that when it gets dark, as it was on this occasion, there is quite a difficulty to see the road. We learned this rather dramatically on this drive, for we overdrove our turning when about a mile from home

and got lost. However, we finally ran into a fence and figure out our bearings, and got home quite a bit later than we should have done, much to the relief of Hannah, who had been 'phoning the neighbours to ask if they had seen us.

'We are having a very good time with the family, very good talks together about our lives and the way we live, and how we can farm to make an effective contribution to a world that works.

'Last night the whole family, Joshua and Hannah, Corny and Betty, John, and Reg and I, met quietly to share our convictions. It was wonderful to find out how much in harmony we were.

'Since I came home I am more convinced than ever that this farm, and the families on it have something new to give this country. It will of course, depend on the boldest kind of faith in God and absolute dedications to His plan. I believe that this area can be a pattern for the many underprivileged parts of the world. It can, if our commitment is total, and we have a burning faith in God's purpose and plan, provide an answer to the misery and destitution in which subversion flourishes. I believe it can become a triumphant demonstration of the great truth, "that where God guides He provides." I believe too, that in the carrying out of this plan, men in the highest places of the government, agriculture and the rest of the nations leadership, can be enlisted and won, the whole agricultural and national ideology be invigorated.'

About January 20th, Reg and I moved on to Edmonton where we soon were involved in activities with the local team. One very interesting project was a broadcast we made over one of the local radion stations, C.F.R.N. It was on a programme called "This Farming Business" and it dealt realistically with the problems facing agriculture due to increasing production and decreasing purchasing power as illustrated by the collapse of the British market, and how to find a way to distribute food to the hungry and yet maintain security for the producer. Bob Muir and Alfred Ellett, who were facing these problems in a real way, spoke with us, and gave their deep conviction, backed up by many stories of their experience, that God has a plan for all of this and only needs men who listen for and obey that plan to make it come true. Reg and I spoke from our knowledge of the way similar convictions were being worked out on a world front, and that the destiny awaiting agriculture was to lead the way to a world where men found food and purpose, faith and peace as, together they learned to make God's voice the touchstone of all they did.

About February 1st, of this year of 1950 a letter came from an old friend, Eric O'jala, from New Zealand, inviting Reg and I to go to that country to help with a campaign that was being conducted by New Zealanders aided by a few Australians, to make MRA a national issue and a national policy. It seemed a rather far out project for us to consider. I particularly had no money at this time. At any rate the question was left in abeyance for some time, but I was thrilled by the thought of what a great opportunity it would be to help New Zealand gain an ideological clarity

which would enable her to stand firm against and even answer the pressures that were beginning to threaten freedom from the Far East, with a uniting and healing ideology of her own.

During the next few weeks we were much occupied in visiting our friends and holding meetings in some of the homes, for various groups, including some of the students from the University of Alberta and from the R.C. College of which Father Gaudet was the Rector.

These times illustrated the tremendous power for good of the home and family committed to remaking the world under God. Homes can truly be the cement of a nation as they are used to demonstrate and to propagate a life Christ centered and God directed.

On March 12th, 1950 I received a telegram from my friends at the Moral Re-Armament headquarters in Toronto, informing me of a request from the team in New Zealand for a changed farmer to go to that country as part of a group, to join them in a national drive to bring Moral Re-Armament to that country. We would be putting on a famous play called "The Forgotten Factor" and holding meetings in the cities and towns. It would be a venture of faith and could only be undertaken because of a conviction that it was the part God wanted us to do in this global concern for all the nations, and that where He guides, he would provide.

However, I did not find the decision easy to make. My heart was deeply involved, my roots deeply sunk into the lives of the people I was working among, a condition I have always found difficult to break free from and go into fresh and unknown situations. Beside I had very little money, certainly not enough to pay my fare to New Zealand. But after seeking with my friends, direction from God, I felt it was right to accept the invitation and to go as far as I could on my own resources, which were just enough to get me from Edmonton to San Francisco.

When I 'phoned to tell Toronto of my decision to accept the invitation, they told me that a school teacher in New Zealand named Catherine Dalziel had had the conviction that she should pay my one way air fare from San Francisco to Dunedin, N.Z., via Auckland and Wellington. This was tremendous corroboration to me that God was really directing and had a great purpose for which we were the instruments. Our part was to be wholly committed and ready to obey His directions as we found them each day. So, on March 16th, 1950, I started out from Edmonton on a visit "down under" that was to last a full year and be one of the most magical and fruitful experiences of my life.

CHAPTER VII

This chapter will consist mainly of extracts from a series of descriptive letters I wrote from New Zealand and Australia during the year I was in those countries. On occasion I shall add more detail or facts in order to heighten incidents that seem especially significant.

These letters, of which there are 10, commence with one written from New Zealand a day or so after our arrival there. The address used at the end of the letter was our official mailing point while in New Zealand.

c/o "The Forgotten Factor"
Box 1194 G.P.O.
Wellington, New Zealand.
March 21st, 1950.

Dear Friends:

Well, since receiving the wire inviting me to New Zealand, things have happened so fast, so fantastically, capped off by the fact that I am actually here, that I can hardly credit my senses that they are all true.

I was so grateful for the wire of blessing from Frank (Buchman). It gave assurance that he considers this move is right down the beam of world advance. I was so grateful too, for the backing, spiritual and financial, from my brother Joshua when I 'phoned him the news. I felt that he and the rest of my family understood that my visit to them at home, to which I had so long looked forward, was not in God's plan at this time.

I was so very much heartened and warmed by the love of the Edmontonians the night before I left. They gave me a wonderful send off. I can never be too grateful for them all.

I had a very comfortable trip to Vancouver where I was met by Col. Mark Vernon who whisked me off to a tea-shop where we met Sybil Vernon, Elsie Garrett, Gertrude Leaney, and the overseas visitors who were going to New Zealand with me, Ethel Ewin, Kitty Miller and a Scots lad named Neville Cooper. After tea we separated, the ladies going shopping and we men went to pick up my air ticket to San Francisco and to get my vaccination reaction certified at the City Hall by the medical health doctor.

While at the City Hall we met the Mayor, C. E. Thompson who had, along with 14 other Canadian Mayors, signed a message to Frank for his last birthday. Mr. Thompson sent his greetings to his opposite numbers in New Zealand as he wished me "bon voyage."

Next morning we were up bright and early at 5 a.m. and by 7 a.m. were

on the plane flying, for me the first leg of our air journey, the others had come by air from England. This was my first flight in a plane. It was very cloudy and very bumpy for the first hour or so and I did not feel too happy about it. I did not mind the bounce up so much, it was the sudden drops that alarmed me, but I said to myself, "if God really asked me to travel on this plane" and I believed He had, "then it is up to Him, whatever happens," and I quit worrying about it. However, the weather soon cleared and we began to fly very smoothly. It was wonderful to see the country from 16,000 feet up. Everything looked so neat and symmetrical, with the towns and roads, and rivers and the little farms and fields looking just like exact and tiny models of the reality. An excellent breakfast of orange juice, half a grapefruit, 2 boiled eggs, rolls, butter, toast, marmalade and coffee was served to us at our seats. It really was an experience.

We arrived at the San Francisco airport about 10:30 a.m. where I was delighted to find my old friend John Main had come from Los Angeles to see us off. With him were Marie Sanger, known as Sunny and Alice Tooker, who also were to accompany us on our journey. Marie was a musician and had trained several of our chorus groups. Alice had acted in several of our plays and these two were going to New Zealand to help with the production of "The Forgotten Factor" and the musical side of our presentations.

We took off across the Pacific at about 12:30 p.m. in beautiful sunshine. We saw the famed Golden Gate Bridge stretching like a pearl necklace across the harbour and the notorious island prison of Alcatraz far below as we left the beautiful view of the city spread over its seven hills and entered a paradise of brilliantly white clouds through whose frequent breaks we glimpsed the intense blue of the sea 17,500 feet below.

That night we reached Honolulu about 8 p.m. The town was ablaze with neon lights in white, red, green and blue. From the darkened plane, where the stewardess had turned off the lights so that we could see better, it looked like an exquisite jewel. After we touched down we had supper in the "Sky View" Restaurant at the airport, served by native Hawaiians, to the tune of soft Hawaiian music, played on a juke box!

The weather was tropically and rather stiflingly hot but it was so good to have this break after almost eight hours in the plane and we all felt very grateful to God for bringing us safely so far. We all had a strong sense of being in His hands.

We left Honolulu about midnight. The two stewardesses we had had so far had been replaced by two others and these had made our seat sections up into very comfortable beds, something like the berths on a train only roomier. We slept very well in spite of the roar of our DC6's four 2,500 H.P. motors, which seemed to penetrate into our very unconsciousness.

In the morning we were served sumptuous breakfasts in our beds; bacon, two lamb chops, french fries, pineapple slices, orange juice, toast, marmalade and coffee, rolls and butter. What a meal! Just before breakfast we had touched down for refuelling on a tiny atoll called Canton, an elliptic strip of coral with barely room for the airstrip and refuelling station. About

10 a.m. we put down in Fiji for an hour or so. Here we had tea and pineapple chunks, served to us by barefooted natives each of whom had his head covered with a huge ball of fuzzy black hair at least a foot and a half across. The natives were dressed in blue tunics with great red sashes around their middles and white skirts with deep slashes in their hems, very striking I must say.

The countryside from the air was seen to be hilly and covered with dark forest and other vegetation, broken by tiny settlements connected together by an intricate pattern of dirt trails winding through the hills and forest. These settlements were of a brighter green with their patches of garden and other crops, and they were dotted with many earth coloured thatched cottages. The whole country appeared wild and dark and was soaked looking. Small streams ran everywhere, and it was very easy to understand why such places were called the steaming jungle!

At 5:30 p.m. we reached Auckland, New Zealand, having been in the air about 33 hours since leaving Vancouver, it seemed incredible. There at the airport to meet us was our old friend from Scotland, George Wood, with some of the MRA people from Auckland. After clearing customs, a mere formality, we were driven to the home of some people named Jones, where we met more of the local people including Russell Abel, who with his brother Cecil, had taken MRA to the headhunters of Papua with remarkable results. Here also we met Robin Prickett, a well known farmer who had visited Caux, and with Eric O'jala who worked in the Department of Agriculture of the New Zealand Government, had done a great job helping to prepare the people of New Zealand for the play. After a good supper we were all taken to an hotel for the night, as we would need to be on our way early next morning for Dunedin where the next showing of the play was to be held.

We arose around 5 a.m. to begin the last leg of our journey, to Dunedin, 900 miles away in the South Island. We touched down at Wellington, the Capital of New Zealand for a brief time when I tried to 'phone Eric O'jala but could not make the connection in time. I had met Eric when he had visited Canada the year before and was eager to meet him again. We also landed at Christchurch, halfway down the South Island and were met by Dr. J. Porteous, Dick Lester, Joan Whetter and some others who gave us a great welcome and a gorgeous lunch. It was thrilling to feel the warm fellowship and interest of these total strangers. You knew at once that they were a part of the world family and the revolution to remake the world.

We arrived at Dunedin about 2 p.m. and here we were met by more than a dozen of the local team, including an old friend Sylvia Cust who had worked with us in Canada and Mackinac. We were whisked off in a number of cars for a sightseeing drive around this truly lovely and very old country like Scots and Presbyterian City. Later we had tea, at which many others joined us, at a place called "The Savoy Tea Shop."

In the evening we had a reception for the cast of "The Forgotten Factor" which arrived from Christchurch about 5:30 p.m. What a time of

greeting that was. Roly Wilson, Loudon Hamilton and Tom Gillespie were familiar faces to us, but they were quite lost amongst the 40 or 50 others whom we had never met before.

As the evening progressed we six who had just arrived from overseas each gave a report to the team of our convictions and doings and our vision for our time in New Zealand and then we listened with great interest as various speakers told us of the situation in New Zealand.

Yesterday which was March 22nd, we having lost one day when we crossed the International Date Line, I had lunch with some of the team who were working to bring MRA to labour-management relations, and I went calling with one of them, Roy Davies, a chemical engineer from Melbourne, on some of the Fertilizer and Woolen factories in the town. Later I called on the secretary of the New Zealand Federated Farmers, Mr. Calder, and had a long talk with him about the part agriculture should play in building a world that answers all the needs of humanity. He is making a list for me of all the most prominent farm leaders in the country so that I can meet them in the various centres as we move about. He and all his staff and most of the prominent farm families of the area have invitations to the play, which opens here in the largest theatre in town next Monday.

In the evening of this same day some of us accepted an invitation from Miss Anderson, the secretary manager of the local repertory theatre group, to go and see their premiere performance of Maxwell Anderson's play, "Joan of Lorraine." It was a most interesting play and excellently performed to a full house (the same theatre we shall be using). I thought it a very good play to precede "The Forgotten Factor" as it vividly portrayed the same basic challenge of selfless commitment and revolutionary fervour which that play does.

This morning I wakened with a cold in the head and a very sore throat and so decided to stay in bed until I felt better. Sunny Sanger and myself were to have a record together this morning based on the story of the song, "The Whole World is my Neighbour" which Sunny and Jessie Allan had written and which had been sung around the world as part of the play "The Good Road." It told the story I have told earlier in this narrative about the reconciliation of the two neighbours, Red and Klaus.

However, due to my cold we had to postpone making this record which had been planned to be used in the farm radio broadcast of the local station, and as part of a series made by our people on Moral Re-Armament.

Wellington, N.Z.,

April 7th, 1950.

My last letter dealt with events up until March 24. That evening I went out to the farm home of John and Annette Porteous. John has a dairy herd which he operates some 23 miles south from Dunedin. I awoke next morning in a most lovely countryside, a valley known as the plains of the

Taieri. All surrounding this valley which is some 20 by 6 miles in area, are hills rising to three thousand feet with heavy growth of trees growing in their many ravines. Still being wobbly from my cold, Annette brought my breakfast to me in bed, where I stayed until noon.

John and Annette are a charming young couple. They have three children, David, a sturdy boy of about four years, Helen, who is somewhat delicate looking, is three, and then there is the baby, Allan, a healthy happy lad.

The farm contains about 135 acres and runs 65 head of Freisen cattle, 45 of which are milking. This particular farm cost about \$65.00 an acre, which is cheaper than farm land in the more central part of the plain.

You can imagine what interesting times we had around the fire in the kitchen when the day's work was finished, comparing notes on the farming methods of New Zealand and Canada. Though there are parts of New Zealand that are semi-arid, particularly in the central parts of the South Island, on the whole the climate is very like a slightly warmer and wetter English climate and the kind of farming carried on in New Zealand is very similar to that of English farming. Mutton, beef, wool and dairy products are the chief exports. The stock grazes all the year round on the green and hedge enclosed fields, their diet being supplemented in the winter time, mainly with hay and turnips. The cows are milked by machine in small and scrupulously clean "parlors" and then turned out to grass again.

They have petrol rationing here and it is quite severe, John receives only 12 gallons a month for his Oldsmobile. He has to be very careful in its use, especially now as he plays a part in the "mob" scene of "The Forgotten Factor" and needs to drive into town for rehearsals.

On March 27th we gave our first performance of the play in Dunedin. It was given in His Majesty's Theatre. I went in with John in time to meet with the cast in the "Green Room" before the show. It was a thrilling time for me to be associated with a team of people who though relatively inexperienced in putting on plays seemed to be as committed, passionate and effective as any I had worked with. Before the curtain went up we heard reports of the days activities. All the team had been in action. The Chorus had visited a large freezing factory where a stage had been erected for them right in the middle of the works. Others had visited the Clergy, while still others had made contact with the press and radio stations of the city. (I was informed incidentally, that it had been arranged at the biggest radio station for Sunny and I to make a broadcast the next day.)

Then the curtain went up. The chorus, dressed very beautifully in specially designed, pastel coloured dresses, embroidered with the national symbol of New Zealand and Australia sang with great spirit "Oh, How do you do?" "The Good Road" and a song written specially for New Zealand. The play went off very well. The acting was excellent, and the set was most impressive. The house was S.R.O. The audience, which included a long list of the most influential citizens of Dunedin, was sensitively responsive and

deeply moved by the play. The Lord Mayor, Sir Donald Cameron, made a speech which was very warm and sincere in its evaluation of MRA.

The next morning, the 28th of March, Sunny and I went to the radio station to make a broadcast. We had had no time to prepare together, but as I knew Sunny wanted to tell about the song, "The Whole World is my Neighbour" I had written a scrip overnight with that in mind. However, the studio director and the announcer had decided that they wanted a story dealing with Canadian agriculture, so we scrapped the script I had prepared and proceeded to "ad lib" through question and answer method for some 15 minutes. One of the questions was, "What effect had MRA on Canadian agriculture?" In reply I was able to tell the story of the farm strike on the prairies, "The Statement of Principle" and the "Give another pig to Britain" campaign, as well as the fight in the farmers convention.

Meanwhile others of the team spoke to a meeting of some 400 teachers, arousing great interest, and application for tickets to the play. In the afternoon Michael Thwaites of the University of Melbourne gave us a lecture on the war of ideas going on in the universities and we realized the tremendous importance and need for education to contain a sound moral and ideological basis if we were to build a society that would be able to answer men's deepest needs.

At the show that evening hundreds of people crowded to meet the cast after their performance. Amongst those I met was Mr. Stuart Cameron, a past president of the Rotary Club, and the manager of a big fertilizer company. Later I spent 90 minutes with him in his office. He was to prove very much our friend.

The rest of the team was similarly occupied and made many friends. One of the results of this evening's contacts was that some of us met the next day with the Junior Chamber of Commerce to tell what is happening, as a result of MRA, all around the world. The University, too, was agog, calling for speakers and many more tickets than the two hundred already allotted to it. Later quite a programme of meetings was arranged with the faculty and students. This is significant because the city of Dunedin is the educational centre of New Zealand and is also very important in the Australian world too.

Another event of interest was an invitation for all of us to lunch with the Women's Traveller's Club, an organization of about 250 public spirited women: Here the Chorus sang and Roly Wilson, Loudon Hamilton, Alice Tooker and myself spoke.

CHAPTER VIII

The show was being very well received, the house being crowded every night. By the third night we were booked solidly for the balance of our stay and decided to extend the performance an extra night to accommodate the overflow.

Everyone was talking about the play. There was a critical industrial dispute going on similar to the one portrayed in "The Forgotten Factor," and the Minister of Labor had been saying some hard things which seemed to have only made matters worse. The local paper, "The Otago Times," ran a cartoon one day during our run showing Mister Sullivan, the Minister, pummeling management and labor while using angry language. In one corner of the cartoon was a drawing of a theatre marquee on which the words "The Forgotten Factor" was posted. Underneath, the caption read, "That is not in the script, Mr. Sullivan." This same paper ran an editorial the same day in which "The Forgotten Factor" was described as a forceful play and the answer to the needs of industry.

On April 1st, members of The Travellers Club drove us all around the harbour and City of Dunedin, giving us lunch at a tea shop on the beach with the great rollers of the Pacific breaking almost at our feet. It is very interesting to note the old world nature of the life here and the customs differing from our own. Many of the houses are enclosed within hawthorn hedges or stone walls, exactly as in Derbyshire and other parts of Britain. Every house has its bit of green lawn and a profusion of flowers which are much loved in New Zealand and grown with great art and care. About 70 percent of the buildings are roofed over with corrugated iron, painted red or green. The roads are narrow and winding, and except for a few main ones with hardtop, are rough gravel tracks.

Drinking tea and eating sweet pastries and biscuits is a well entrenched institution here, and everyone gathers at "Cuppa" time, (mid-morning and afternoon) to partake of these delicacies and enjoy a little break from work. In the hotels it is even the custom to bring tea and biscuits with the morning paper to you while still in bed at 7:00 a.m. — surely a high mark of civilization!

On the next day we started on a three day trip to the lakes and mountains on the south western part of New Zealand. We travelled by bus, the expenses of the trip being covered by a citizens' committee. The scenery was magnificent and quite unspoiled. I was astonished by the number and size of the mountains in these southern Alps, over 20 peaks rising to ten thousand feet or more. The lakes were very beautiful and the atmosphere clear and bright yet at the same time bathed in an ethereal glow of blue. The

tourist industry is hardly begun to develop yet and so we were very fortunate to have, almost to ourselves, this wonderful country with its beauty unexcelled anywhere.

But even more engrossing was the opportunity we had together to get to know each other more intimately and to discover the common heart beat and caring which is at the centre of this fellowship. I feel so grateful that the Lord does speak to us all and as we listen and obey, brings us into a unity and love for one another that is our greatest weapon as it is our greatest reward. The fears that some of us might have had of coming to a strange land and amongst strange people have been completely dispelled.

We returned from our trip on the 4th and I went again to the Porteous farm to spend Easter. There I was joined by two of the Australians, Iris Uren, a trained nurse who was giving her time in helping behind stage with props, etc. and organizing the hospitality on stage for the hundreds of people who flooded on after the play was over, to meet the cast. The other Australian was Dick Lester who is our stage manager. We three shall be returning to Dunedin for a meeting, with some of the people who, having seen the play, are keen to hear more of its meaning for themselves and its implications for New Zealand. Others of the team have gone to prepare the way for the play to go to Wellington, the capital city, while another group have gone for some follow-up meetings with youth in Christchurch. Tomorrow night we of the Porteous household are having some of the leading farm folk in who have seen the play and want to meet some of us to talk about it.

Wellington, New Zealand.

April 23, 1950.

Dear Friends:

Well, here is another installment of news to cover the period from my last letter of April 6th.

The meeting at the John Porteous home the farmers was most stimulating. There were several local officials of the Federated Farmers present who showed great interest and asked many intelligent questions about MRA. These farmers are very open and positive. They responded very much to the thought that change for society will take up the challenge.

On Easter Monday several car loads of the national and overseas team came out to the farm and we had a simply grand time together climbing up Mt. Maungatua, lolling in the sun and talking together, finishing up with a game of cricket and a gorgeous tea. In the evening after our visitors had departed, quite a group of farmers came in and we spent a long time explaining the meaning of MRA to them. It is amazing how hungry these people are for some real answers and some real faith and how deeply

interested they were in stories of change which held relevance for men and nations.

On April 11th I went to Dunedin to help prepare a meeting for some of the interested people of the city. The meeting was to be at the home of Lady Sidey who usually acts as official hostess when the Governor or Royalty visit the city, and she had invited all the people who were her friends to come and meet us. Most of them had seen the play.

After talking over the plans for this meeting, I accepted an invitation to spend the night with a Mr. and Mrs. Barham whom I had stayed with before and become very friendly with. They wanted me to meet a relation of theirs who is a missionary and a member of Parliament from Southern Rhodesia. He is on a lecture tour of New Zealand. He and his wife are deeply interested in the natives of Africa and he told us a story, illustrated with slides and movies, of the work he and his wife are doing to educate and develop them along agricultural lines. He is being mentioned as the possible next Minister of Agriculture. His name is R. S. Garfield Todd. He is called the greatest missionary to come out of Africa. We had a very good talk. He had not met anyone interested in MRA before, and knew little about it. He became deeply interested and said he felt it was the missing factor in his experience. He took several books along so that he could learn more about it.

On the 12th the party at Lady Sidey's came off with flying colors. Over 45 of the leading people of the city came, and, though there were only eight of us, I think they got a picture of the real world that they had not previously had. Loudon Hamilton who was in great power, took the chair and through the use of us as speakers, and with colored slides, he wove a clear picture of the real issues and problems which reside in human nature and how through change they could and were being resolved and the needs of men met. There was a deep challenge to everyone in the simple logic of the presentation, and one man, Mr. Stuart Cameron, manager of a big fertilizer company and a past president of Rotary, stood up and said, "Men stood by and watched while Christ was derided and crucified, are we going to do the same now?"

The next day we entrained for Christchurch to join the rest of the team there and to stay one day to see the city before going on together to Wellington for a time of team training. I was taken to the home of Catherine Dalziel, the lady who had paid my airfare to New Zealand. She is a very dedicated and loyal fighter for her people, and though her health is not good she has a fighting spirit.

A young woman who is giving her full time to the work, Joan Whetter, drove Ethel Ewins, our soloist from Australia, Michael Thwaiter, the poet and lecturer in English at Melbourne University, and myself around the town and above it on what is called "The Summit Road" from which a very fine view can be had. Afterwards we had tea in the Botanical Garden Tea House, where we were joined by Iris Uren, an Australian nurse who also is

giving her full time to MRA. In the evening we boarded a boat which was to take us to Wellington, an all night trip.

In Wellington we were met by various members of the team who had preceeded us, and by Eric O'jala and Stephen Miles, who is in the diplomatic service. It was pouring with rain but everything was well organized and we were each quickly whisked off to our respective hosts for breakfast. I was the guest in the home of Donald and Joan Hendrie. He is the agricultural advisor to the British High Commissioner. They are a charming Scotch couple — only one year out from the old country.

After lunch Donald drove me around the city for an hour, finally depositing me at the home of Mick and Olive Lennon, where we were to have a meeting.

Wellington is built on the side of a very hilly series of cliffs enclosing one of the finest harbours in the world.

The only flat places are on reclaimed land close to the sea. The roads climbing the hills are narrow and very winding, in fact, on one occasion we had to reverse the car in order to turn a corner!

At the team meeting we gave our news of Dunedin, Christchurch and Wellington and heard the first reports from George Wood, Bill Coffey, Robin and Enid Prickett and Beatrice Burnside who have been in Auckland and, with local help, have begun to prepare the city for the coming of the play. They have opened many homes and got a working committee going consisting of some of the top people of the city.

Roly Wilson and Tom Gillespie went up to address a special meeting called by the Mayor at which this committee was formed, 40 in number, with an executive and six sub-committees: 15 of this committee are Presidents of either local or national bodies. The Junior Chamber of Commerce is to provide 80 ushers for the theatre, to cover four of the nights. It is proposed to invite different Cabinet Ministers up from Wellington to speak at the opening of the play at each of the eleven showings.

The play has been seen by 16,500 so far, but we expect this will be more than equalled at the Auckland showings. Many organizations have co-operated in sending out invitations, one I was particularly interested in being that sent by the Secretary of National Federated Farmers to over 650 of its membership who lived in the Auckland area. Other invitations sent out included those by the Presidents of the Federation of Labor, The Chamber of Commerce, and the Manufacturer's Association. Also, the Secretaries of the National Party and of the Labor Party sent invitations to big lists of their people.

So far our tour of the Dominion has bought over 65 perss items; we have been given civic receptions in each of the cities we have entered, we have made many broadcasts in each city, and have spoken and sung to Rotary Clubs, Factories, Colleges and Schools, a Teachers' Convention, the Clergy and even a Political gathering. Thousands have had to be turned away for lack of seats of the play. Over half of the members of the Cabinet have seen the play so far and others will see it in Auckland; 30 members of

the Diplomatic Corps. from overseas, including some from Canada, U.S.A. and Britain have attended.

On the labor side 150 Watersiders, and 500 from the Railway shops saw the play in Dunedin. The Watersiders are a very crucial element in the war of ideas here, as they are led by an influential left wing headed by a Communist. Their union was expelled from the National Federation of Labor which created a split in the ranks at the Convention last week, when about one quarter of the union membership walked out in sympathy with the Watersiders, and are starting their own union. We have invited many of the leaders in this dispute to meet with us in small gatherings in private homes and we are looking forward for something new and hopeful to develop on the strife torn labor front soon.

On the agricultural front, Robin Prickett and myself have had some interesting times. In Wellington we called on the Editor of "Straight Furrow," the official organ of National Federated Farmers. After a very good talk he asked us to prepare an article for his paper. This man, Mr. Reg Ferris, put us in touch with Mr. Harry Blyde, the vice-president of the N.F.F. On a subsequent trip to Auckland we stayed overnight in his home and got to know him a bit. He farms 135 acres and milks 83 cows. During the war and after he had been the driving force behind the aid for Britain campaign here, which had had a great unifying influence at the time, but since that ended he told us he had lost heart and had given up hope of men becoming Christian in their actions. He became very interested in all we could tell him of the world-wide sweep of MRA. Our impression was that this man could give real leadership in New Zealand if he began to live a sound ideology.

Here, farm leaders recognize the need for more production if world needs are to be met, but they are not awake to their responsibility for the divisive ideas which control the transport and dock workers. Indeed they are very hostile to these workers and so are unable to answer the Communist drive to control the flow of food from the land to the markets. There is not as yet any apparent infiltration by communism into the farm ranks themselves, but in accord with its world-wide strategy the real attack has been made in the docks and transport areas with such success, as is expressed in the remark made by one farmers, "What's the use of producing if you can't export?" Aiding the subversive forces in produces bottlenecks in the whole transport industry, are inadequate facilities in the harbours which give a basis for legitimate grievances of the workers. There are also shortages of rail cars, etc., and, besides, Britain sometimes runs short of storage space and deliveries have had to be slowed down on that account. In our conversation with Mr. Blyde we explored together how to produce the truly patriotic leadership of men of faith and commitment that could bring a spirit of teamwork in the task of meeting the needs of humanity.

From Wellington, Robin and I started out on April 21st for his home at "Spot Hill," north of Masterton. We were en route to Auckland where we planned an assembly to run from April 27th until May 10th. Robin (who, by

the way, is the son of the Captain of the ship on which the famous Ivergordon Mutiny took place) and his wife, Enid, run a sheep ranch of 360 acres. They also have a few good cows and have set a production target of 10,000 pounds of butterfat per year by 1954. A young fellow from Australia, named Bill Whiteside, and Catherine Dalziel's sister, Mary, (Catherine is the lady who paid my fare to New Zealand) are giving their full time to help make the farm an ideological weapon. Many people go there to get training in MRA. We had a very good visit. I climbed the steep hillsides on which the farm rests and watched Robin work his sheep with two well trained dogs. Later, around the big long burning fireside, we sat in the huge sitting room and discussed farming and the farmer's part in remaking the world. It was very good to know that here are some more committed farm folk, and I was struck with the necessity to keep in touch with one another so that we can help each other in the fight.

From "Spot Hill" we continued north by truck to Auckland, making the visit midway, which I mentioned earlier, with Mr. Harry Blyde. We arrived in Auckland late on Saturday the 22nd, where we are domiciled in the home of Bob and Marion Field, with Enid, Robin's wife, and Beatrice Burnside, a full-time worker from Melbourne.

Yesterday we had a meeting with the Mayor and Council of Auckland in the Council Chambers of morning tea. Loudon Hamilton introduced us. Some of us spoke and we all took a bow. The chorus sang with fine spirit. The place was crowded, not only with us, but by many other guests the Mayor and Council had invited in to meet us.

One of the couples I met was the Mackeys, who turned out to be cousins of an old friend of mine in Edmonton, Alice Tye. They were so pleased to meet someone who could tell them about her. Mr. Mackey, who is a very sincere and warm-hearted Christian, with white hair and van Dyke beard, turns out to be the treasurer of our Auckland Committee, and a very effective fighter with us.

After the reception some of us got on the beat around the city calling on various organizations. Robin and I visited a big freezing works, which are like our meat packing plants in Canada. We got in touch with the labor union leader, Bob Stewart, while others called on the manager and office staff.

We also got in touch with the Secretary of the Auckland section of The Federated Farmers and made an appointment for next Friday. He told us of an executive meeting he is to attend tomorrow and asked for two dozen tickets for the play for the executive.

Today we are to meet Mr. Perry, the national President of Federated Farmers. We shall invite him to address the team on New Zealand agriculture. We hope, too, that he will consent to introduce the play on a convenient night. He is on one national committee and quite friendly.

Well, I think this brings us up to date. We are looking forward, all poised and eager for the opening night of the play the day after tomorrow. The house is booked solid and we have a great sense that the Lord has been

hard at work in many hearts. My next report will tell of the advance in this Auckland area.

Sincerely,

c/o Robin Prickett
Spot Hill Farm
Rangituman, Masterton, N.Z.
May 17, 1950.

My last report brought us up to the beginning of the campaign with the play "The Forgotten Factor" in the City of Auckland. Previous to the opening on April 27th, our days had been very full indeed. In fact, many of us were almost rushed off our feet with all the things we had to do and people to see. But the opening night proved to be a great win. After the play was over we met some of the most interesting people, who stayed to talk for over an hour. Amongst these were the President and Secretary of the Auckland Section of the Federated Farmers, with their wives and several Directors. Mr. Scott—Davison, the President, was most enthusiastic and wants to plan with us our next steps. Mr. Rodger, the Secretary, invited the Pricketts and myself to his home where we had a very stimulating evening with him and his wife. We talked about the possibility of the farmers of New Zealand, who have been moved by MRA, giving practical support by sending food to Caux. Mr. Rodger thought it would not be difficult to secure a contribution of four tons of butter fat for a start.

The suggestion was made that some of the leading farmers might send out a letter to the rank and file and try to get some action going along these lines.

Later, I went to live at the home of a Mrs. Smith, who was the Secretary of the local farm women's organization, the "Women's Division of the F.F." as it is called. She had become very interested in the ideas of the play which she had seen twice. Through her agency some of us were asked to speak at one of their farm meetings and a great interest was aroused.

The team were in great demand to speak at various meetings or over the radio, and putting on the play became almost a minor part of our total activities. In all some 25 broadcasts have been made so far in this area. Kitty Miller and myself broadcast on the work of MRA in Canada. In three days I gave four talks on the part of the farmer in remaking the world to such bodies as the Farm Women, The League of Mothers, The English Speaking Union, and with others at the biggest freezing works in the city. And so it went with all of us.

The youth, led by Neville Cooper, made great strides at the Colleges and the University and these places are seeking with interest as a result. About twenty of us went up to the University one evening at the invitation of the Student Council, and had a great time with the students in informal discussions over cups of tea after several of us had spoken and the chorus

sung earlier. We found most of these students unspoiled and untouched as yet by the bitter and negative attitudes so rampant on some American campuses today. We hope it will be possible to send a contingent of them to Caux for further training in the war of ideas.

In spite of the pace we were hitting, we managed to keep our training for the team going and had many good sessions together. One I particularly remember contained a report on the "Peace" meetings being held by the "Red Dean" in Australia, to one of which over 8,000 people went, and where the theme was "Prosperity, Freedom and Peace." At this meeting the Dean was reported to have made the statement that Russia is the only country in the world today that is working for peace. The same kind of meetings are going on here. Gordon Ashman, one of our members, told of one such he attended which was chaired by a Communist. The audience contained not only a number of Watersiders (dock workers) who are considered leftists, but large numbers of more conservative elements, church people, etc. At this meeting there was a demonstration by a large group of youth demanding the right to freedom and peace and denouncing war. Gordon said the violence and hate these young folk expressed in this negative way was strikingly in contrast to the positive and responsible way the youth of MRA approached the problem of life.

One of the most significant features of our whole time here has been the touches we have had with the waterfront and with the men on both sides of the split in the ranks of labor that took place at the annual conference of the Federation of Labor recently. At that time a large number of leftist orientated unions with a total membership of some 88,000 set up a separate body called the Trades Union Council. Both the president and the secretary of the T.U.C. came to the show with large numbers of their men. One of them said that if the "Forgotten Factor" had come to them before the split it might never have taken place. Bob Freeland, the secretary of the National Harbour Board employee's union, spoke from the stage after one of our performances. He said with great conviction and feeling that the whole meaning of the message of MRA must begin in his own life and he was determined that it should be so. He said that a great reconciling factor must come into the lives of men in both labor and management and that it must start with him. It was a very moving moment and greatly impressed those who were present.

Several meetings were had with the Waterfront workers right on the docks which were attended in large numbers by partisans of both unions. One of these meetings came about through the invitation of the secretary of the T.U.C. Mr. Alex Drennan, formerly secretary of the Communist Party. He had been deeply impressed by the ideas MRA through his touch with us and wanted his men to meet the cast and chorus of the play. He gave, as chairman of the meeting, a very warm welcome to us and evaluated the meaning and significance of MRA on a high level. The men gave absorbed interest to what the team had to offer. It was largely as a result of this and

similar meetings that we decided to put on an additional performance of the play in order to cope with the great demand for tickets.

I think of you all so very often and am eager for every letter I receive from you. God has been very good to me and has given me many friends here also, some of them on the deepest level for life. It is wonderful to think that we have the answer to the divisions between men in this constantly expanding world family.

Sincerely,

Box 1194 G.P.O.

Wellington, N.Z.

Dear Folks:

My last letter was dated May 17th, and it is now June 12th. The pace has been very different since we finished the showings of "The Forgotten Factor." About 30 of the team were invited to spend a few weeks on the Athol William's farm, or rather sheep station, and it has been a most fruitful time of evaluation of our work and an opportunity to experience much change individually and together. We all felt so grateful for it and the way we were made to feel our oneness as a family.

While we have been here we have written a report on our New Zealand campaign, this report is now in the process of being printed and prepared for distribution. We hope to send it out with a covering letter from the national committee of invitation to many of those who saw "The Forgotten Factor," also sending with it the first number of the Caux Information Service.

Two other objectives that we are shooting for are to get a delegation of top leadership from New Zealand to Caux, and to raise a contribution of butter from the farmers here as a symbol of the ideological use of food . . . feeding the bodies of those who are fighting for the hearts of statesmen and the life of the world. The attaining of these objectives will call for real teamwork and give us many opportunities to make personal contacts without which life changing, which is absolutely essential, cannot happen. As a beginning we have sent off four of the younger members of our team to Caux. They are Dick Babbage, a New Zealander, John Sadler, Lindsay Cartwright, and Joan Miers, all of Australia.

This is a wonderful home, it is set in beautiful grounds, green lawns and graceful trees abound. Of these latter the great gum trees and large oaks stand out.

The house is large as you may imagine, all 30 of us sleeping beneath its ample roof. It has truly been a miniature Mackinac, all the work of the house being done by "teams." The day starts with tea in our rooms at 6:00 a.m., then our time of quiet, followed by breakfast at 8:00 a.m. Afterwards dishwashing, sweeping, bedmaking and the preparation of the vegetables,

etc. for the mid-day meal, and then perhaps a meeting at 11:00 a.m., certainly one after tea at 4:00 p.m. when we have training times or different ones of us tell our life stories. Throughout the day we work on the report or write essays such as, "What is the destiny of New Zealand?" or find time to reduce the backlog of correspondence which everyone has hanging over their heads. In all of these activities we are getting closer to each other and helping one another in thinking out how we can best change and how we can truly help our world to change too. Christ has become very real to us and we begin to see clearly that MRA is not us, or what we do, but is the power of God at work changing the world through men who are obedient to Him.

We have had some interesting evenings while here with some of the local farmers. The battle is always to rise above the personal and self-interested to the global and relative and it is amazing to realize how blind we can be if we do not think ideologically. This is a wonderful country, richly blessed by nature with fertile land and a most beneficent climate. Her wealth is founded on these factors. Over 90 percent of her production and export being agricultural. The farmers here are amongst the most favoured in the world, their production per man is claimed to be near or at the top in the world, and their trade arrangements with Britain which contracts for 93 percent of their exports have given them a sense of security and well being that is unrivalled.

New Zealand in the past has been built up by men of education and sterling character, men who felt a sense of stewardship for the development of their land and their nation, and yet these same men, as their prosperity and security grew, became complacent and self-satisfied, unable to pass to their sons the vision and the pioneering qualities which should have been their heritage.

The growth of the Labor Movement, culminating in the Labor Government of the past 14 years, has highlighted this failure, for today, instead of being a unifying force, the organized farmers are ranged almost solidly against labor while their sympathies are 100 percent for the National Party. The subversive leadership in sections of the labor movement, particularly on the Waterfront and amongst the Transport workers, resulting in strikes and slow downs, has been made possible by the abdication of the best farmers from taking ultimate responsibility along with the best men in Labor in fighting for what is right and best for their nation. The need here is for both farm and labor leadership to find an ideology which will unite them in creating a New Zealand which can be the herald of a new world in the Pacific.

We were all thrilled to hear the great news of the Whitsun gathering at Gelsenkirchen and of the conferring by the French Government of the knighthood on Frank. We spent the day ourselves being drawn closely together by the Holy Spirit. We felt somehow, something of the outpouring which was experienced at Pentecost.

The recent happenings such as the new approach to unity between

France and Germany shown in the proposal for economic co-operation, and the recognition of MRA through Chancellor Adenauer's official invitation to Frank to be the chief speaker at Gelsenkirchen and with the French honoring him as they have convinces us of the power of God at work through it all, giving sound cause to hope that a miracle of European unity may yet come in time to change the course of the world's history.

On May 30th, I gave a couple of talks to the team, telling my life story and linking it to a world ideology for agriculture. We are hoping to write this out in a form that can be used by others. One of the girls, Joan Whetter, has very kindly offered to do the necessary stenographic work, so perhaps it will get done.

I have learned many things on this trip to New Zealand. Chiefly, I think, is the recognition of my passion to be thought right and a demand for approval. I have begun to face these sins realistically and am aware more clearly than ever their deadly effect in holding me back from taking responsibility for fear of making mistakes. I am learning to stick my neck out and even to admit I make mistakes! I have learned that a sense of inadequacy coupled and engendered by an overriding desire to never be wrong in the eyes of others make me demanding and dependent on others. My guidance is to trust the Lord and carry the total responsibility that is my rightful share. I am grateful for seeing these things. They open my eyes to the fact, "That as I am, so is my nation," and make me want to fight for change on that level.

We have been living very much on faith these days. Our finances have been very low, but there has always been enough for everyone's need as we each shared what we had. When guidance came to send four of our number to Caux and to remove the remainder of the team to Wellington, miracles began to happen. One lad who had hitherto exhibited every symptom of self-interest, suddenly changed and said he wanted to give his life to help remake the world. He said his guidance was to give all his savings, \$1,800.00, to make the trip to Caux possible. Another young person, a girl, gave \$900.00. Others gave the proceeds of sales of treasured possessions, a saxophone, a motor bike, a cow to keep the team going. This sort of giving goes far beyond mere contribution, it is the investment and commitment of one's total life. How desperately the world needs it. I give thanks daily that Jesus Christ still lives in the hearts of men and women who open them to Him.

Sincerely,

The next letter was sent from the same address and dated July 23rd, 1950. It follows:

It is more than a month since my last news letter was written, so I think I had better get busy on another one.

I have been so grateful for all the letters I have received from my friends

in Canada, the U.S.A. and England — all of which have been eagerly shared by my team mates.

Since leaving the Athol William's farm at Te Aute, most of the team that is still left in the country settled in Wellington where they have been very busy meeting in homes and clubrooms, etc., with the many people who want to learn more about MRA since they saw the play or heard the broadcasts or read the articles that have been numerous about it.

I did not accompany the team to Wellington, but spent a few weeks doing some writing at "Spot Hill" — Robin and Enid Prickett's home. Right now, July 23rd, I am in Christchurch on my way to Dunedin and the John Porteous farm home. John and Annette, his wife, wrote me a short time ago telling me that six branches of the Federated Farmers and Women's Division wanted to hold a combined meeting to hear more about the worldwide work of MRA and conveying an invitation to me to address them. Last week we held a meeting of the New Zealand team and discussed this invitation and other matters. It was generally agreed that I go ahead, and work with John and Annette in setting up the meeting with others of the team joining us later. I shall likely be reporting further when the meeting actually takes place.

We in this country have been very deeply interested in the Korean situation. Australia and New Zealand are very significantly placed in regards both to the military danger to themselves and to the responsibilities they have to provide some sort of a positive answer to the conflict.

We feel pretty strongly that the time is ripe for an ideological offensive to be mounted throughout the South Pacific. This tour of New Zealand may well be the first beach head in that offensive. The impact that has been made here on one very critical sector of labour, the Waterside Unions, has been highlighted by an address given by Mr. Bob Freeland, the Dominion Secretary of the Harbour Board Employee's Union. He spoke of labour-management attempts in the past to find a basis for unity. In his own words, "Just when this industrial relations group has reached an impasse and a crisis, along came "The Forgotten Factor" and provided the spiritual content which we had failed to find along material lines. It was the key principles of MRA which made our success possible. The play left a tremendous impression on labour and we have felt we must export what we have learned to other centers." A Management-Labour committee has been set up in Auckland. It has drawn up a seven point "Charter for Industrial Unity," based on mutual trust and together fighting for "what" rather than "who" is right. Bob is spending a lot of time travelling around the various union centers and management offices telling what has been going on in Auckland.

Roly Wilson of England, who has been at the heart and backbone of our work here, is accompanying the first Australian delegation to the MRA training center at Caux in Switzerland. A few from New Zealand, including Bob Freeland, will be going also. The Australian delegation include the ex-ministers of Agriculture and of Transport and the Secretary of the

Parliamentary Country Party. The Victoria Government has voted \$8,000 for their expenses.

The night before Roly Wilson left us we had a small meeting for some of the New Zealanders who came from all over the Dominion to meet with us over a weekend and to bid farewell to Roly. It was a great time. Roly shared richly of his experience and his wisdom. These are some of the things he said: "God's will is the focus of the Lord's strategy and Caux is at the center of it. If we live and think and work with that as priority, everything else will fall into place. Keep your thinking global and on the level of the impossible, not what you can do, but what needs to be done. Face change in yourself and cherish people, live for their growth and help them to develop beyond their own vision for themselves. Don't 'build a team,' sit down with people and find out what is on their hearts and help them to achieve their deepest convictions. Such caring makes people want to be around. We don't need to do a lot ourselves for our own sakes, but we do need to live to make the other fellow great and to be the midwives of our nation's rebirth. Don't share all your negative feelings, unchanged people do that, face them and take them to God and ask Him what is at the root of them in your own heart. You will likely find that you are more concerned with your own place than you are with God's plan." Roly went on to say, MRA is not the activity that springs from an unsatisfied heart. It is the victory with Christ in the daily battle. It is the guidance of God in my motives. It is absolute moral standards as my measure of conduct. It is change and not blame. It is the battle between your own success motive and Christ's redemptive love for all men.

At the end he said, "My rights end with giving. God's will needs to be at the very center of our wills. Has God got your will? Or do you still have escapist avenues of thinking which no one knows about?"

Those of us who have come to this country from Canada and the U.S.A. find it very interesting though we have found a few things hard to become accustomed to — not the least being the internal temperatures of many of the homes which frequently range between 45 to 55 degrees F. It would be a warm house indeed if you couldn't see your breath!

The mentality of the people appears to be very British, and the country is very conscious of its part in the Empire, though very much aware of the supreme importance of the U.S.A. in world affairs. The newspapers are British in style and appearance, having their outside pages covered with hundreds of advertisements in tiny, unillustrated typeprint. The editorials are thoughtful and perceptive and the news coverage is very good and quite comprehensive even on a world level. Such topics as the Schumann Plan, the political situations in Britain, France, Germany and the U.S.A. receive almost as much space and comment as does the Korean situation and the Cold War in South East Asia, or, I might add, the tour of this country by the British Rugby team!

There is real hope in the development of men like Mr. K. Holyoake, the Minister of Agriculture, and Mr. Doidge, the Minister of External Affairs,

who said recently that the work of changing men was more important in bringing an answer to the Cold War than the atom bomb. Both these men realize the supreme importances of bringing a new spirit to the nation, which will unite her in service to the world. And it lies too with the men in labour and on the farms who are determined to put people before things and right before self-interest.

Sincerely,

CHAPTER IX

John and Annette Porteous who operate a small dairy farm on the Taieri Plains some 26 miles from the City of Dunedin in the South Island, are a wonderful couple to live with — so warm and open and direct. They have three small children and another one is expected in a few days.

Since I came here over a month ago we have been very busy visiting individual farmers in their homes or having various ones in to the Porteous home. We have held several meetings also. The largest of these was the combined meeting of the Federated Farmers and Women's Division that I mentioned earlier and which was said to be the largest farmers meeting held in these parts.

As a result there are many people, including a large proportion of younger people, single and married, who have shown such a deep interest that we have decided to give them the opportunity to take part in a Caux or Mackinac type training. This would consist of a presentation over a period of six meetings, of the whole spectrum of change from the personal to the rebuilding of a nation and the world.

Rodney McLeod, a young Scot, who came here from Caux is coming to help us work out this ideological course. We are looking forward to it immensely, and expect it to be at least as helpful to ourselves as those for whom it will be given. I am writing this on September 6th, 1950, and it is certainly a critical stage in the history of the world. There does not seem to be any time to spare in which to bring an answer. The news constantly coming out of Caux and Mackinac is most inspiring. Its significance lies in its power to change men. God grant men will recognize it in time. There is a tendency here to see Communism as the prime problem and the success of the U.N. forces in Korea as the only hope. But, I believe there will be a miracle that will yet blast men's hearts and minds open to the truth and that MRA will become not merely a voice crying in the wilderness as some think, but shall be accepted as the great triumphant beginnings of a new world built on a new type of man able to live at peace and bring a glorious renaissance to all humanity.

I think all of us in the team now left in New Zealand, about 25, have grown much through the last months. Living on faith has tested us all and made our understanding of ideology more meaningful. Insecurity and loneliness have been at times the portion of all. Fear too, has sometimes caused us to drive or blame one another, but these things God has shown us are rotted in self-will and self-love and the cure is found when we change and draw near to Christ and to one another in love.

I have not really gotten used to being so far away from my own country

even though I love this country too, and always shall. I am beginning to understand something of what others have done in giving years of their lives to bring the answer to other countries than their own, as for instance, the Britishers who spent many years in America and the team which left Canada and the U.S.A. for Europe four years ago for a few months, which has been there ever since. These things give me a great sense of all the world being one in the eyes of God and that all of us are His children and that home is wherever God guides us to be.

Sincerely,

The following letter is of interest because besides being a brief summary of our work in New Zealand to the time of its writing, it also gives a brief description of the training sessions mentioned in the foregoing letter.

Box 1194, G.P.O.

Wellington, New Zealand

Nov. 5th, 1950

It is high time I got another letter off to you. The setting off of fireworks throughout the town reminds me that once again "Guy Fawkes Day" has come around and that this is November, and I have missed a whole month longer than usual in sending news to you.

The spring is well advanced here and the countryside is at its most lush and beautiful stage. The great variety of trees, the stately eucalyptus or "gum" tree, the huge Kauri pine, the manuka and the graceful lombardy poplars, with a great many more, including the sturdy British oak, give the whole country a rich and beautiful aspect.

The cities, built as they are on hilly country overlooking the sea, sprawl higgeldy-piggeldy over the landscape, up on the hilltops and down in the valleys between. Their various sectors being connected by roads climbing heroically up precipitous slopes or else lazily traversing winding zig-zag ways.

The view from some of the homes perched high above the rest of the town is superb and ample reward for the trouble of reaching them.

Christmas is not many weeks away and it will be very different from those we remember at home. Here it will arrive in the middle of the summer holidays, the fruit canning season and hay-making time, the time of sea bathing and hot, dusty auto rides along country lanes and the time of picnics. Instead of turkey and plum pudding, hot mince pies, rich cake and sauces, I am told we shall regale ourselves on fruits and salads, ice cream and lemonade and other delicacies more suited to our situation. But, I am sure it will be for us all, both in the north or in the south, a feeding time of the spirit and a great drawing together in faith and fellowship.

We have come to the end of another phase of our work in this country. The first phase was the proclaiming of an ideology through the tour of "The Forgotten Factor" when more than 32,000 people were reminded of the basic values underlying an inspired democracy when we began to uncover the cross-currents of the varying conflicts and tensions in the nation's life and to raise up a new type of response in thoughtful people.

In this phase we met and talked with these people and began with them to build a vision of a commitment to a national destiny by which all could be inspired and united.

Later we divided ourselves into four groups and began those training courses in various centers which I spoke of earlier. In accordance with this plan, nine of us, including Sunny Sanger, Alice Tooker and myself, with one New Zealander and several Australians came down to Dunedin and last night we gave our first training to a crowd of about forty.

The point we covered last night was the first of the four projected. It was, "What is an Ideology?" We started by giving a bird's eye view of the world we live in, with special reference to the conflicts in Korea, Indo-China, Malaya, and the situations in Germany and Africa. Then Rod McLeod showed the ideological nature of these conflicts and went on to show that ideas were the controlling and directing force today. He said that in the Feudal Age, brute force was the controlling factor, in the Industrial Age it was the power of production, but that now we had arrived at the Ideological Age. He then went on to ask, "What makes an idea so powerful?" and defined an ideology as having a passion, a philosophy and a plan, a set of ideas by which men live and for which they are prepared to die. He showed how Nazism, Communism and Christianity were ideologies, but that Capitalism or Socialism were not. The rest of the time was taken up in an examination of Nazism and Communism, what they had sprung from, their methods, aims and power.

Next Monday we move on to consider the ideology of Christianity with special reference to its implications for men through the ages and in other lessons we shall examine MRA as Christian ideology action.

Our objective in these training sessions is to raise and equip a committed force which will take on New Zealand and make her a base of an inspired democracy which can be exported to all the world.

We are aiming, after this training program in the four centers is over to hold an assembly, possibly in Auckland, for the whole of Australasia. Some 78 persons have visited training sessions as Caux from these parts, this year and many of them will have much to contribute to such an assembly.

I am at present staying with Lt. Col. C. A. Bowie and his family. He was personal aide to General Freyburg who was the C.C. of the New Zealand forces and is now Governor General of New Zealand.

I met Charles, as he insists he be called, just after he had first seen "The Forgotten Factor." Since then we have at his invitation held several meetings at his home with some 40 of his friends. Charlie and his wife are

deeply interested in finding for themselves and their country that faith and life which can effectively answer their need.

Sincerely,

The last letter of the series written from New Zealand was dated December 13th, 1950, follows here.

This time I am thinking especially about you all and of where you will be at Christmas. I want for each of you that that time will be a rich and blest occasion.

We in the travelling team have become much separated for the holidays. Nine of the Australians are returning home this week and with those who had already gone it means the majority of the team are no longer here. In fact there are only nine of the original 41 of us left — even we shall not be together again as a group until we meet early in the New Year for an Australasian Assembly in Auckland.

Some of the things that I feel I have learned during the eight months that I have been here have highlighted the need for personal change. I have found that absolute honesty is not only an ethical principle, but is the key to unlock the way to purity, unselfishness and love. It reveals the false motives, the warped attitudes, the pride which spawns inferiority, fear, frustration and loneliness and which blocks completely the attractive and creative power of Christ from flowing through my life to others.

It is amazing how one takes oneself for granted, and accepts as inevitable the uninspired living and thinking which it is so easy to settle into.

I decided recently that I constantly need to throw overboard old conceptions about myself and of my need and ability to change. One of the results has been a welcome release from self-effort with all its strain and self-righteousness. It has deepened my sense that the grace of God is a gift which no amount of "good" living earns, but is the reality which alone makes life meaningful.

I think too, that I am learning to become more simple and childlike in faith and trust in God. Guidance does not have to be a product of mighty striving but naturally is given where the heart is open to receive and eagerly willing to obey.

As I sit here I can see from my window a most beautiful landscape of rolling, grass covered hills, with clumps of tall trees reaching high into the cloudless sky, and I am thinking of the great, world-wide family of MRA with deep affection in my heart for you all, and I give thanks to God for the beauty of the earth and the love of His people and for His gift of guidance and change to men.

With much affection,

CHAPTER X

One of the interesting experiences I had occurred in early May, 1950. Alice Tooker, one of the team and director of the play, had been asked to speak to the English Speaking Union and I had been invited to attend the dinner given by the Union at which Alice was to speak. As I was to be the speaker at the next meeting, the President asked me to sit at the head table with him and other officers and guests.

Seated on my right was a charming and very pleasant young lady who was introduced to me as the current "Miss New Zealand." She told me her name was Mary Woodward and that she had just returned from a world trip where she had tried to represent the best of New Zealand to the lands and peoples she visited.

I was impressed by the quality and character of this girl and the evident seriousness with which she had accepted her role as an opportunity to serve her own loved country. As we talked over the meal she enquired what I was doing in New Zealand and showed very deep interest in my replies. When she heard there would be a performance of "The Forgotten Factor" she asked if it would be possible for her and her fiance to come and see it.

As it happened every seat had been taken, but I told her certainly to come and I was sure we would be able to get her and her friend in some way.

Sometimes, even though every seat may be reversed, a few people fail to turn up and their seats become available five minutes after the curtain goes up. The night of the show the house filled up rapidly and there was a big crowd outside the theatre hoping to get in. I went to the main door and saw Miss Woodward and her friend on the outskirts of the crowd. When she saw me she waved and I beckoned and pushed through the crowd to where they were standing and then led them back and into the theatre. As we stood in an aisle of the balcony watching the opening scene of the play, I discovered two choice unoccupied seats in the very front center of the balcony and told Miss Woodward and her friend to sit there until the rightful occupants turned up. But, no one turned up and they both sat through the play to the end.

After the play, I introduced this young couple to Alice Tooker and Sunny Sanger with the result they all became very close friends and Mary Woodward stayed in very close association with us during the rest of our stay in her country. And if it had been possible she would have gone back with Alice to America to help in the work of MRA there.

In early January, 1951, we held a National Assembly at Auckland. Representatives came from all the main centers, about 100 in all, most of

them younger married couples. The emphasis has been on building sound family life as the cement of National unity and the rich harvest of our year's work has been this building of a solid group of people committed to the task of bringing New Zealand under the government of God.

Those of us who came from overseas who still remain in New Zealand agree that we should stay on for an indefinite period. This decision became clear to me personally over the last few days of the conference, and I am glad of this clarity because I was eager to return home and somewhat confused about it until this decision was made.

Australia has also been on my mind and it may well be that there is something I must do there before I come back to America. At any rate my conviction is to stay on at present working with this new national team to produce a pattern of sound statesmanship for the whole South Pacific area.

Shortly after I had made this decision I received invitations to visit Australia and also to return to America in the near future. In the meanwhile, I continued the work I was doing with the New Zealand team.

A few of us were staying together after the conference at the farm home of Robert and Marion Field when I received a letter dated about January 20th, 1951, from the Rev. Harold Taylor, whom we had met in Dunedin many months earlier. He told me of a farmer, one of his congregation, a man named Alpheus Hayes, who was the superintendent of Presbyterian Sunday Schools. This man had seen our play and it had made some impression on him. He had been asked by his church to give a report on MRA at an Annual Conference but felt he needed to learn more before doing so. After talking it over with Rev. Taylor, he decided to invite me to his home to discuss it and the Reverend warned me to expect this invitation soon and to give it very serious and positive consideration.

Well, the invitation came in due course. Mr. Hayes asked me to visit him at his home 800 miles away near Omaru in the South Island.

In the meanwhile tentative arrangements had been made to book passages for Tom Gillespie and myself on a cargo boat due to leave Sydney sometime in February and my funds were very low. In fact, I was \$160 short of enough to pay my fare.

So my first thought was to go by train to conserve my cash, but the team insisted I fly to conserve my energy, at least as far as Wellington. And so I did, picking up a friend there, Roderick McDowall, a brilliant and committed young Scot to accompany me. We took the overnight boat to Christchurch and then to Omaru by train where we were met by Mr. Alpheus Hayes, who drove us in his big black Mercury car 40 miles to his farm.

On the journey Mr. Hayes told us he was the third generation of the family to live on the farm which held about 3,000 acres and ran about 4,000 sheep and some cattle and 600 acres of cultivated land. He said there were four families besides his own living in homes on the farm and working for

him. Labour conditions on his farm were considered by the authorities to be the best in New Zealand. Mr. Hayes was a thin featured rather direct and brusque man of 48, capable and decisive and evidently deeply interested and successful in his work. My impression was, "He is like a hard boiled American business man, I wonder what interests him about MRA."

The farmstead was an impressive sight as we drove up. It nestled among the low foothills of a range of hills rising to some 3,000 feet above it. The numerous homes, warehouses and other buildings were dominated by the main farm house which was the home of Alpheus and Myrtle Hayes and their family.

This home was set in a sea of green lawn and beautiful flower beds and inside it was very well appointed and comfortable with wall to wall carpeting and central heat.

Mrs. Hayes was a bright, vivacious woman some 13 years younger than her husband. She set a fine candlelight supper for us, including her youngest daughter who was 8 years old. The Hayes had twin daughters, also and a son, who were away at boarding school.

As we chattered it soon became evident that Mrs. Hayes was rather in the dark about who we were or why we had been invited to her home. It developed she had seen "The Forgotten Factor" with her husband some ten months before and it had impressed her and she gradually began to show a deeper interest in our conversation. However, we advanced no further than getting to know something about each other's lives and activities this first evening.

The next day or so was spent in talk about the work and principles of Moral Re-Armament in which Alpheus Hayes particularly showed much interest. After two days Roderick McDowall left us to return to Wellington, but I stayed on convinced that the purpose of my visit had not yet been fulfilled.

That evening Myrtle Hayes went out to a movie leaving Alpheus and I together.

By this time I was aware that all was not well between Mr. and Mrs. Hayes and was very concerned that God would be with us as we talked that evening. As we talked about "change" and as I told something of my own story and the final commitment of the running of my life to God, Alpheus, who up until then had maintained a fairly objective and academic attitude in the whole discussion, suddenly opened his heart and began to tell me of his deep dismay and unhappiness regarding his marriage which was breaking up in hate and mutual recrimination. He knew, he said, that there was great wrong somewhere, "I know God wants us to love and be at peace together," he exclaimed, "But, it seems hopeless." I asked him if he really wanted God to help him and if he would consent to "listen to God" and do what He told him. He said, "Yes, with all my heart."

During the next hour or so Alpheus learned to be honest with himself and God and saw clearly how from the very first he had thought of his wife as a means of serving his ambition, his prestige, his comfort and his desires

and in consequence had left her lonely, unsatisfied and unhappy. The greatest shock to him was to realize that, with all his Christian training, belief and activity, he had really worshipped himself all his life and not the God of his profession. He prayed earnestly for forgiveness, and asked humbly for God's direction. It was wonderful to see the realization dawning in him that the God to whom he had hitherto only given lip service was through Christ becoming a living force and friend in his heart, with a plan and purpose and power to bring about not only unity in his family and home, but through them to play a part in bringing cure to humanity. Just before we parted for the night he made a simple commitment of his life to God's will and direction for it. I knew as I observed the new joy and peace which was expressed in his face, that a new and mighty event had happened which would bring new life to New Zealand and the world, and I thanked God in my heart.

The next morning as we sat at breakfast Alpheus made some attempt to break down the barrier between himself and his wife, but without notable success, though I am sure she sensed there was something different about him. He said, addressing her and pointing at me, "You know, I can talk to this man and I can tell him everything." Her reply came quickly and sharp, "Well, I would't, I wouldn't even tell you."

Well, that seemed to bring the subject to an end. Alpheus had to leave and attend to his farm affairs and nothing much was said during the rest of the day until evening.

After supper that evening I had the thought to go into the kitchen and help with the dishes. It was the first time I had had the opportunity to have an uninterrupted conversation with Mrs. Hayes. We talked of the farming conditions in New Zealand and in Canada, of the different economic and political policies in those countries and in Britain and America, we talked of our homes and our families but at no time did we touch on the personal crisis which Alpheus had broached the night before.

After the dishes were dried and put away I went to another room intending to write some letters, but had not got very far with them when Mrs. Hayes came in and commenced to talk. There is no need to repeat the conversation, suffice it to say that Mrs. Hayes had the same experience of reality and made the same commitment of her life to God as her husband had done the night before.

It was heart warming the next morning to see the way this couple changed toward each other, the asking of one another's forgiveness, the plans to work together to do God's will and above all their desire to pass on what they had found to others. During the two remaining days of my visit they had into their home four or five couples of their close friends and neighbours to tell them of their new experience. I learned later that within six weeks after I left 26 people had also committed their own lives as the Hayes had done.

When the time came for me to leave, Alpheus asked me how I financed my living and travel and I told him I lived in the faith that where God

guides He provides and I had never found it to fail yet. He then said, "You know, we have long been planning a trip around the world, but being in the Sterling area we find it difficult to obtain enough U.S. funds to cover our expenses in that country and Canada." Then he proposed to give me a hundred pounds and that I should replace them with their equivalent in U.S. dollars when they came to America.

At first I thought, "This is wonderful, it covers my needs and more than covers them. God surely is good and in such unexpected ways." But, I had sensed a diffidence in Alpheus when he made the proposal and was not quite at ease although after some consideration I agreed to it.

Later he came to me and said he wanted to apologize for making the proposal as his conviction was that he should give me a hundred pounds without any conditions and would I accept it? I was quite overcome by this generosity and the fresh evidence of God's provision. "Pressed down, filled up, and running over." For this amount was much more than my necessities called for and actually enabled me to help Tom Gillespie with his finances when the time came for us to leave for America.

CHAPTER XI

On February 21, 1951, I went from Wellington, by flying boat to Australia after eleven wonderful months in New Zealand, and for the next three weeks or so I was privileged to see something of this ambitious and active country.

Tom Gillespie and I were booked to go to Vancouver, Canada, on the passenger carrying cargo steamer "The Lakemba" which we finally boarded in Sydney on March 16. In the meanwhile, besides seeing with Tom some of the leaders of labour and management, I was given the opportunity to drive into the farming and dairy areas of the eastern part of Australia as well as to visit the great cities of Sydney and Melbourne. In a letter written at the time to some friends in New Zealand I say:

"It is wonderful to have this unexpected opportunity to see this great country. I went by train from Sydney to Melbourne shortly after arriving here and saw a good bit of the country then. It reminded me of a composite of my native prairie, parts of the desert country of southern California and the pictures I have seen of the South African veldt. I was amazed to see so little evidence of human habitation or even of cattle or other livestock."

In Sydney particularly one felt as though he could be in Detroit, Pittsburgh or Chicago, and I felt the spirit and aggressive life there was much more like that of the U.S. than like that Britain or Europe, and certainly differed from the rather cloistered and cultured City of Dunedin and other places in New Zealand.

One or two letters that I wrote in the days just preceding leaving Australia will give some more of my life and impressions of that country which I was so grateful to be able to see at last.

11 Parsley Road

Vaucluse, N.S.W. Australia

March 12, 1951.

This will probably be my last letter to you all before returning to Canada. I have allowed a long time to elapse since my last general letter, not because of having nothing to report, but rather perhaps, because there has been so much doing that anything that can be skipped often gets skipped, and letter writing often suffers in consequence.

It is almost two months since Frank and the team in the U.S.A. felt some of us should return to America as soon as we could. Sunny Sanger flew back very soon afterwards, but the rest of us will be returning very

shortly. Alice Tooker and Kitty Miller are flying on March 15, while Tom Gillespie and myself are going by cargo-passenger boat the next day. We men expect to reach Vancouver about April 16. It will be great to meet all the gang again and to get into the heart of the battle there with them, though it will not be at all easy to leave these parts and all the many dear friends we have made over these last 12 months. At present our plans are to go straight on down to Los Angeles from Vancouver. I flew from New Zealand to Sydney on February 22, so that I have had time to see something of this country and its people. I travelled down to Melbourne by train and flew back again. While in Melbourne I was driven out to the farming country a bit and ate a picnic lunch under an apple tree on a large orchard. Sydney and Melbourne are much like American cities, very different from New Zealand cities which are much more English.

Cathie Good and myself are living at the home of the lady who played Mrs. Wilson in "The Forgotten Factor," Beryl Mayor. Cathie, you may remember, stayed with the Porteous family with me when we were on the Taieri Plains. Tom is living a short distance away, at the home of Cathie's married sister, Janet. The last weeks in New Zealand were every thrilling culminating in a national assembly in Auckland, to which came the most fighting families from each of the centers throughout the country. At this assembly a national team was born, based on the solid rock of personal change and the unity of husband and wife, and with a determination to fight as a united team to make New Zealand a force in the remaking of the world. I had a very good hour and a quarter with the Hon. Walter Nash, the leader of the opposition, just before coming away. I discovered he had lived for years in the street next to the one I was born in, and we knew many of the same people. It was very interesting to talk about the fight the labour party has made in this country for the welfare state, and to compare it with the fight the farm organizations have made in Western Canada. We agreed that the missing factor was the guidance of God. The situation in this country's labour situation is very desperate. The communist control is very real and powerful. Tom and I called on the two labour men who are fighting most for a sound control, and it was pitiful to see how hopeless is their battle without their having an ideology. They are outwitted, derided, ridiculed, threatened and out maneuvered, and worn down physically and mentally all the time. The people in MRA are the only ones that are giving them hope. Even their own party and the anti-Communist governments do not support them. We had a great talk on the needs, and left them a copy of Peter's new book which they were very eager to read. This country is working at about 60 percent capacity owing to slow downs and strikes. The average working week, with overtime is 31 hours. The general atmosphere is one of apathy, except where pleasure is concerned. "I couldn't care less" is a favourite saying, and accurately reflects the spirit of the people as a whole. The most important interests in the minds of the people are sport and gambling, drinking and a good time. The country, it is said, could be taken over by the communists through a telephone call. Well, it is against this that

we have to plan our strategy. It is certain that the U.S.A. has a tremendous lead to give, and we must fight there to see that she gives the right one. Washington changed could do more for Canberra and the whole situation here than anything we can do with the inadequate force at our disposal on the spot.

In the meanwhile, the team here can do a major job of keeping the lines of communication open from the world impact of MRA to the leaders here. Peter's book will be the main weapon, plus weekly news letters and the steady fight to develop and change the strategic people to the place where they will be prepared to go for further training to Caux or Mackinac.

All this brings you all my warmest greetings and great expectations that I shall be seeing you ere long.

Sincerely,

11 Parsley Road

Vaucluse Road, N.S.W. Australia

March 13, 1951.

Here is one of those little notes that I promised to drop you from time to time. They are very poor substitutes for what I should very much like to do, and that is to sit on your beautiful lawn and 'gabble away' for an afternoon. I so much enjoyed the last time I had that opportunity.

I am so grateful for knowing you a bit, and Dr. Good. It means that I understand Cathie so much more I feel, and enlarges the joy of life together. I often like to think that it is through our caring for our friends that we really learn to live, so I must thank you very much for your outgoing spirit towards me on so short an acquaintance.

I am enjoying my stay in this country a lot, although it has been a bit unsettling to have our sailing date postponed from time to time. Doreen Walters, Cathie and I went one day to the zoo especially to see the Australian section, which I found very interesting, though most of the animals were much wiser than we and were sleeping out of sight. The temperature was 100.6F. in the shade that day. In the evening we went to see Danny Kaye in "The Inspector General," and over dinner later, decided that it was rather a disappointment.

One day Tom Gillespie and myself went to the Blue Mountains on the invitation of a friend of Beryl Mayor's and so saw something of the beauties of this part of the world. Our hosts were Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Butcher, and they are very interested in MRA. He is a retired tea planter from India. We had a wonderful time with them planning how to inform the country about MRA, particularly through the spread of Peter Howard's new book and through the news service.

Another day Tom and I visited Gus Alford, and Pat Cain, two of the soundest labour leaders in the country, I am told. These men are fighting a

very courageous but lonely battle for sound leadership, and are beginning to look to MRA for the ideas and strength to win. We left them a copy of Peter's book. These men need all the backing and friendship that the team can give them, and must find a fighting faith, for without an ideology they are foredoomed to failure.

It has been a tremendous privilege to have this visit to Australia. I had thought that it would not happen. It has been so heart warming to meet again all those 'Aussies' with whom I worked and for whom I feel such a deep caring, and to meet new friends like yourself and the Spicers and some of the people here. I think especially I have been grateful to meet Cathie again. I think she is one of the truly great women in this world, and at the same time a very human one. You must be very proud of her. Parting from all my friends is going to be very hard, but I know that God has a plan through it all which will be utterly satisfying, and so I do not want to be possessive, but to trust Him to use everything in His plan for the world and also for me.

Well, I will draw this note to a close with the warmest wishes for your health and happiness. You will be welcoming Cathie back on Saturday, I suppose. She leaves here the day we are expecting to sail.

With affectionate regards to yourself and Dr. Good.

CHAPTER XII

We left Australia March 16, on board the S.S. LAKEMBA bound for Vancouver via Fiji and Honolulu with a cargo of wool.

It was a slow trip, 36 days from Sydney to Vancouver, three of them in port en route. There were 90 passengers on board, and we made some very good friends during the voyage. Tom and I enjoyed the trip immensely.

After nine days of rather rough sailing we reached the port of Suva in Fiji where we spent two and a half days. It was very noticeable here how fast and energetic the native dockworkers were compared to those of Sydney and the ports of New Zealand where a subversive ideology was at work and slow downs and strikes were current.

We received much mail in Honolulu from our friends in Canada, the U.S.A., New Zealand and Australia. One was from our friend, Ralph Beal of Minneapolis, enclosing a substantial check and giving us introductions to many of the prominent businessmen, but due to the fact we only stayed a half of a day we were too busy reading our mail to do much visiting.

Excepting for the color of people's faces and the tropical nature of the vegetation, the City of Honolulu was little different to Santa Barbara in California. There was no mistaking the great influence the U.S.A. had had.

Amongst our mail was word of a big MRA assembly to be held in June on Mackinac Island, and I immediately had the thought that the Hayes should be invited to it from New Zealand.

However, being at sea, I had to wait until we reached Vancouver before I could do anything about it. Then I wrote to various responsible friends in America and to the team in New Zealand giving my conviction that I should cable the Hayes an invitation to come to the assembly and stay on for a few months in the U.S.A.

All the replies were prompt and positive and so I sent off the cable of invitation and sat back to await the results. In the meanwhile, the letters which I received in Vancouver contained quite a few contributions of cash from various ones of my friends and I was able to put \$300 in the bank to be kept for the Hayes use should they run short of dollars while in America.

One letter I received in Vancouver came from Reg Sheppard asking me to join him in Trail, British Columbia, where he had been asked by the Personnel Manager of the Consolidated Mining and Smelting Company to give a talk to a group of men from the management and labour sides of the company.

I flew to Trail and joined Reg at a lunch given by the Company where I

told of the fight going on in the New Zealand and Australian docks and how MRA had affected the issues.

Reg and I got word about this time that an old and valued friend, Kurt Surbeck, was dying in Edmonton, so we hurried east and were just in time to see him a few moments before he died. We were so glad to be with his wife and three children at this time. Doris, the wife, was magnificent in faith and courage and the funeral was a very moving and triumphant time.

At the time of Kurt's death on April 28, Bob and Betty Muir's son, Bob, was married to a girl named Alberta MacLean. Reg and I were able to attend the wedding, which was the only one so far in the Muir family.

During the next month, Reg and I moved from Edmonton east through the prairies en route to Mackinac. We had interviews with several of the prominent men of the area, Joe Phelps, the President of the Saskatchewan Farmer's Union, Mr. I. Nollett, the Minister of Agriculture and Premier T. Douglas of the same province with other men of the same calibre. A letter which I wrote to Frank Buchman about this time tells something more of this period.

Borden, Saskatchewan

May 17, 1951.

Dear Frank:

Since Reg Sheppard met me in Vancouver upon my arrival from New Zealand, we have been quite busy seeing some of the people in Western Canada in positions of leadership and informing them about the Mackinac assembly.

We accepted an invitation to speak at a banquet given in Trail, B.C., by Mr. P. F. McIntyre, Manager of the Personnel Division, The Consolidated Mining and Smelting Company, to members of his department and others, on April 25. It was a good time, and especially significant in the face of the battle that is going on between the labour unions there for control. At present the Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers' Union, which is Communist dominated, has the bargaining rights with the company. Reg is returning to Trail tomorrow to see what can be done to get a strong delegation to Mackinac.

We arrived in Edmonton in time to be with Kurt Surbeck just a few moments before he died on April 28. We were very glad to be there at that time and to be able to render what assistance was necessary for Doris and the children through the days following until the funeral. It was a triumphant time. Reg has written an account of the whole time, a copy of which I am enclosing.

April 28 was also the occasion of the wedding of Bob and Betty Muir's son, Bob Jr., to Alberta McLean. It was a great time for the family, though we thought Betty looked pretty worn by all the work and excitement. She is

under the doctor's care, suffering from heart trouble and spends several hours of each day in bed.

On May 6, we met at the home of Ivon and Rita Beare in Regina, with the Mayor and his wife (Garnet Menzies), Mr. McGilleveray, President of the Trustee's Association of Saskatchewan, Mr. and Mrs. H. Jansen, the Director of Curricula, and Mr. and Mrs. Beach, the President of the Larger School Units. The Beach's son, Ace, is a Rhodes scholar who has become part of the team at Oxford. This was a very good time. Reg showed slides of Mackinac and Caux, and we told of the world impact of MRA.

On May 7, we went to Saskatoon where we were met by my brother, Joshua, and his wife, Hannah. It was so good to see them again, as I had not seen them since several months before I left for New Zealand in March of 1950. Joshua, Reg and I called on Mr. Joe Phelps, the President of the Saskatchewan Farmer's Union, and invited him to attend the assembly at Mackinac. From Saskatoon we drove home where we spent a few days on the farm and visiting the neighbours — a great joy to me.

We again visited Regina, on May 11, when we had a very good luncheon with Hon. I. C. Nollett, the Saskatchewan Minister of Agriculture, and gave him an invitation to the assembly. There is a hope that he may accept. We then had an interview with Mr. J. Wesson, the President of the Wheat Pool in Saskatchewan, which we also felt was valuable, and we suggested that his organization send a representative to Mackinac. At 3:00 p.m. the same day we had a half hour with the Premier, T. C. Douglas, who was most friendly. He promised to do what he could to send an official representative of his government. Also we made tentative plans for a dinner and evening together, when I could tell him something of the experiences we had with MRA in New Zealand, in which as a Socialist, he is interested as the home of the Welfare State.

In Saskatoon on May 12, we had a gathering in the home of Ruth Murray, a girl who has remained a loyal, but lone, fighter over the years. There were 18 present, including the only woman Alderman on the City Council, a Mrs. Walker, a Professor Ward and his wife from the University of Saskatchewan, and the President of the Export-Import Company trading through the Port of Churchill with Britain. One felt that there was real life growing in Saskatoon, which is the city where I first met you. While there we also called on Victor Sifton, the editor of the "Saskatoon Star" and discovered he had spent a day at Caux with his wife and was quite positive. In all our interviews we made the assembly at Mackinac the main beam and left with each of our friends the Washington Report and other literature.

Reg and I expect to be in Mackinac May 29.

Sincerely,

CHAPTER XIII

I arrived at Mackinac on May 29, 1951, and two days later met the Hayes at the airport near there. Thus for them began a visit which lasted seven months and took them across America, into Canada ultimately to England and Europe before they returned home.

The assembly opened on June 1, and ran for ten days with over 1,600 visitors present. It continued in session on a smaller scale for the next month or two. One of the outstanding delegations which came was from the airlines in the U.S.A. There were 359 people in this delegation, and it was one of the great features of the assembly. Later, as a result of the great change in some of the key men on both the management and the airlines pilots association, a strike was averted and efficiency increased to such an extent that these men produced a book and also a film called "An Idea Takes Wings," which told an astonishing story of an ideology at work producing unity and a common purpose of patriotic service among the National, Eastern and Pan American airlines.

At the end of June a trainload of us left Mackinac and went to the West Coast arriving at "The Club," our headquarters in Los Angeles, in the first days of July.

In Los Angeles we held an assembly for the reconstruction of the Pacific relations and in conjunction with it we presented several of our plays to the thousands of the public who flooded us with demands for tickets and addressed hundreds of meetings all over the area, and conducted training classes in MRA at "The Club." It was a very busy and vital time. A little of its flavour may be gathered from the following letters written at the time to my friends Mick and Olive Lennon in New Zealand and to others later.

833 South Flower Street,

Los Angeles, California.

July 11, 1951.

Dear Mick and Olive:

It is great to hear of the meeting you are to have on the 16th in Auckland, we shall certainly be thinking of you all at that time. I believe Tom G. and Bill C. are sending you certain of their thinking about it.

These are momentous days and this assembly which we are holding here for the reconstruction of Pacific relations is of the utmost significance, especially when it is viewed against the background of what is going on in Korea at this present time.

Many of the Japanese are still here, as well as Malayan, Chinese, Burmese, Ceylonese, and of course those from several countries of Europe. About 500 in all are meeting twice a day to discuss the answer MRA has for world unity, starting with the Pacific delegates here, and their countries.

This series of meetings is getting a good press. I am enclosing a clipping from one of the morning editions which will give you some idea of the best of it.

The Hayes are doing well, accepting much change and growth. Frank had them in to dinner one evening, and again had them to tea with a few others. He said, "You must come to the West with me; you must speak to the people." Next day he asked them to come to the set up meeting, and there told them he wanted them to speak to the morning meeting. This was before we left Mackinac for the West and Los Angeles. They spoke very well, though Myrtle was intensely nervous for the first few minutes. Alpheus told of New Zealand's high standard of social welfare, and yet how it had failed to solve the tensions and divisions in the country, and then went on to say that on his farm he had the record of having the best working conditions of any farm in the Dominion, and yet there had been division and criticism between the various ones living there, until MRA came along and provided the answer. Myrtle told some very effective stories of how this answer was applied, and together they affirmed their conviction that what had worked in their own experience and on their farm, could work in the nation, and said that the rest of their lives were going to be dedicated to fighting for New Zealand to become a pattern of unity for the Pacific.

After they were finished Frank waved us all to our feet and there was a long and enthusiastic ovation for them. Myrtle was in tears, she was so overcome. She had been so nervous at the beginning that she just stood and trembled for two minutes. Frank was wonderful. He leaned towards her and said, "You can do it. Oh, yes, fine, fine, just take your time." Then after it was all over and we had sat down again, he looked towards the Hayes and said, "That was courage, that was the Cross, that's what we all need." And then he leaned back, and just sat and talked. He said, "I have enjoyed living every moment of it. That's reality, that's what church is for."

The Hayes are meeting with many people and learning many things about their own change and how to fight for others. It has been most interesting to see them getting very real illumination about their own basic sins and needs, and the reason of their past disunity and frustration, and to see them beginning to take a new and very real interest in each other again. Yesterday they went with Tom Gillespie to see the New Zealand commissioner here. I have not heard how they got on. Tonight they will be attending a dinner for the top men of this area to meet Frank (at \$7.50 a plate!) and to hear the latest news about MRA.

At one of our meetings for the team only, Frank dealt straight from the shoulder about halfhearted fighting, which he called moral compromise. He said only a real facing of reality about ourselves and a complete abandonment to God's plan would be adequate for the task before us. He

told of the news that had come in that day of the jailing of Frederick Vanderbilt Field for contempt of court, (refusing to reveal who had supplied bail for some missing communists). Field used to be the secretary of the Pacific Relations Association, and now was in jail as a communist fellow traveller. The Hon. Mrs. B. H. Oom from Malaya, said that she was very shocked by this revelation, as she had known the Fields and had thought them very sincere. She said that she had felt convicted of her own lack of the sacrificial fight for the right cause that the Fields were now showing for the wrong one, and said that she was going to change and give her whole life to bringing unity in the Pacific, and would start by fighting for it to start with the Japanese delegates who are here. Frank discovered that most of the Japanese hadn't Bibles, and so he said that he would give one to each of them. He said, "You may say, Oh, but we are not Christians," then you don't have to be Christians to read the Bible. But don't tell me that a fellow can go all the way in his life without the Bible."

Well, all the very best to all of you there,

833 South Flower Street

Los Angeles, California,

August 24, 1951.

Dear _____

Just a little of the news which I thought you would be interested in from this area.

We are in the middle of our Hollywood showings of "Jotham Valley" at the Carthay Circle Theatre, which was given to us for two weeks by Charles Souras of Fox Theatres. Mr. Souras is one of the largest film distributors in the world. These showings are attracting very deep interest in the film colony. Many of the leading personalities of stage and screen have attended including June Allison, Robert Scott, Edgar Bergen, Joan Crawford, Dick Powell, Kay Kayser, Dore Scharey, Wm. Laskey, Jr., and other equally prominent folk.

Dick Powell said, "The way this is rolling is tremendous, I had no conception of its power. I think it is the thing the whole industry can really rally behind."

June Allison said, "It is much better than 'Guys and Dolls'," (the top stage show now current in Los Angeles), and to Kayser, "You must get this to everyone in Hollywood."

To which Kay Kayser replied, "What we've got to do, and what I want you to worry about, is how to get this on to film and spread all over."

Another man, a producer, said, "In all other shows there is usually one song that stands out, and it is about the only thing you remember. But here every song is a standout, and I found myself humming them all."

One of our boys, only recently changed, was waiting for a passing motorist to give him a ride into town. Suddenly a man pulled across from the center of the road, crossing two lines of traffic to do so, and asked Dave Evans to get in his car. As he did so, a policeman came up and proceeded to write the driver a ticket. Dave said to the policeman, "Oh, please don't give this man a ticket. He was doing me a favor." And went on to tell both of them why he needed to get downtown, which was to plan with the team for the show. The policeman looked queerly at both of them for a while, then suddenly stuck out his hand and quoted a line from the play in paraphrase, "Well, if you can do a good turn, I guess I can too."

Kay Kayser told us, "You've no idea how this thing is affecting Hollywood. Many actors are refusing to accept lousy scripts anymore."

Oh, I forgot, the man who picked Dave Evans up, turned out to be the president of Harrison-Frank, a large clothing and textile company. He is a close friend of the Warner Brothers of film fame, and other influential people who are in a position to do great things to spread MRA, and so it was a very guided 'hitch-hike' especially as Dave found out that his son-in-law was a communist and a great worry on that account to this man. Dave gave a copy of "The World Rebuilt" and invited him to the show.

Another interesting incident concerns a local mayor (Cameron of Lynchburg) who, ten days ago wanted to throw some of our boys out of his house. He was finally induced to come to the show last night, and after the play said, "This makes me think of all the wrong things I have ever done. I have many apologies to make."

Yesterday we had ten members of the Japanese Diet in to dinner and to see the show afterwards. They will be at San Francisco for the signing of the peace treaty, so it was a good touch. One of them, who had been causing the U.S. State Department much concern because of his teaching that Japan could only be controlled by a strong police force plus thought control, is now having guidance. In connection with the peace treaty only the rather one sided government party in Japan will be on the official delegation, but due to the work of MRA there will be ten unofficial members present who represent the opposition parties, including Mrs. Kato and Mrs. Tanado, who are flying from Caux for the occasion. These ten, though of separate segments of the left, have through MRA found a unity which can do much for the whole delegation.

We have first-class openings into the conference itself. Mr. Kissick, who is the Secretary General of the United Nations is a good friend of ours, through the work of Senator Wiley. At the last peace conference in San Francisco Alger Hiss, who was convicted of lying over his communist affiliations, held the position. The State Department itself is friendly, and it will not be too much to expect that we will be able to do something for the conference itself.

This battle is getting hotter and hotter. We have had some good times together lately and learning from each other those fundamental, yet simple, truths on which this life is based. Stuard Smith said this morning, "Being in

MRA is not doing a good job in a very worthy movement, but living every moment by the revolutionary spirit of Jesus Christ." Someone else said, "This life is the basic thing of spiritual experience, and the outreach of world battle. The two are inseparable." Ray Purdy said in a letter, "I am finding every day we need three things — order, foresight and responsibility. We need an openhearted participation by all in the plans when they are formed as well as when they are carried out." This hits many of us, who are willing to do anything to help carry out plans, but do not supply the initiative and imagination to form them.

We read a letter from Peter Howard at this morning's meeting, in which he said, "What we need is the violent denunciation of sin and the rugged and resolute fight against it which Frank makes."

I have thought about the fight for peace in the world, and it is coming more clearly than ever than Frank is right when he says that unity is the grace of rebirth. Our great need is for the basic integrity in our own personal lives which is the mark of peace with God. The double minded can never find or give peace. I find that if I am divided between self-will and God's will, I react to men and situations, and can find peace with neither. It is only when I bring my life to the foot of the Cross and let the selfishness in my heart be crucified that there can be the resurrection and life which has been promised. How to bring this simple truth to the statesmen and the treaty signers is our responsibility. On this basis peace can be real and permanent. The more one thinks of the first commandment, the more one sees its fundamental truth. The solution to all our problems is that purity in our hearts that gambles the whole of life on faith and obedience to God. Our job as a team is to let nothing else motivate us, and then nothing can stand before us.

I believe that we must place even more stress on that quality of life changing which brings the knife edge of Christ's spirit to the innermost roots of our natures, so that nothing remains of it to motivate and bedevil our actions and attitudes. With that experience we shall not react to the failures of others when they affect us, but will respond to the deep needs behind them, because our hearts have become opened by love.

We are all praying very hard these days for the needs of the work to be met. I am sure the shortage we are experiencing is very much connected with our own need for change. When we are filled with a single-minded passion to remake the world by caring for people to change we are provided with all our needs. It is when our passion is impure that we have trouble to change others. I want you all to pray for us and me in particular that we be not fooled and misled by false and subtle motives based on self-will, and that we shall each be given that personal integrity which unites the team into the mighty force under God it is raised to be.

Well, I will say 'au revoir' for now. Warmest greetings to all my friends.

En route from L.A. to Chicago

September 12, 1951.

Dear Mick and Olive:

I am with the Hayes on board one of America's crack steamliners on the way East. We expect to visit a little of the middle West and in Canada around Toronto and Ottawa before the Hayes move on to New York and England.

The peace conference is over. A treaty has been signed but peace is certainly not achieved. From the diplomatic and military points of view, the conference proved a victory for the West, but the rift between Russia and the West is wider than ever.

Many of the team had the opportunity of being in the conference although only 300 tickets were available to the public for each session. The Hayes and myself were able to attend some of the sessions. It was an historic experience. Alpheus met Sir Carl Berendson and gave him an invitation to the play. I sat in the row behind Acheson and Dulles.

Besides the play itself there were many opportunities of getting in touch with the delegates and putting them in touch with one another. Hundreds of contracts were made when we were able to introduce to the delegates trained in MRA other delegates, thus, as Ken Twitchell said, "building the structure of God's new diplomacy."

One such opportunity was the State-Civic reception given to the delegates last Saturday. Schumann was there and he and Frank formed the real reception committee as they stood and talked together. Most of the delegates met them both. Our crowd had quite a delegation there, including the Hayes. Schumann is very responsive to MRA and we feel his attitude is symbolic of what that of the world's statesmen will be very soon. General Gareis (of Germany) told us of the conversation he had with Schumann. Replying to a remark of Schumann's to the effect that the whole previous history of treaty making over the last 25 years had only proved that we had talked peace but had not made it, he said, "I want to fight and pray for Germany and France to be real friends, building together an unbreakable peace." Schumann said, referring to MRA, "I think this is the only road. It is the right road."

Frank left for Ottawa last night to open the new home that Canada has given him there. The big three foreign ministers will be in the city at that time with other ministers from the West. Schumann and Kraft (of Denmark) have set aside an evening for dinner with Frank. It is amazing how the Holy Spirit works, when Frank planned to go to Ottawa he had no idea the Ministers were to be there to plan for the West.

Frank's guidance for Canada is "Canada aflame." He says this new home is to be the spiritual capital of a nation. At a meeting a day or so ago, Frank said, "I believe God has tremendous things in store for us. He has called us to be super revolutionaries in this next year. Some of you are doing

supreme work — some are not. We need to rise to the global above the personal. Lay your sins at the foot of the Cross. We are not met here as ordinary citizens, but as Christ's emissaries."

The Commonwealth Club, one of the biggest business clubs in San Francisco, gave a dinner for Senator Wiley a few days ago to which about a dozen of us were invited. Peter Howard was with us, and when the Senator saw him he called him to the head table and said, "Say, Peter, isn't this publication day for your new book?" When Peter said it was, he went on, "Have you got a copy for me?" Peter said, "No, but I will get you one." Said Wiley, "Yes, get me one right away. I want it right here." So, though we were in the middle of dinner, George Marjoribanks dashed off to our office a half mile across the city and brought a copy. The Senator, who was through dinner by this time, immediately started to read it, quite oblivious of the hundreds of people watching him. When he was introduced, he rose with "The World Rebuilt" raised above his head, and said, "I see a very good friend of mine sitting before me, (pointing to Peter). He is Peter Howard, a great worker for MRA and one of Europe's finest journalists. This book of his has just been published today, and it is a book every man in this room, and in this nation, should read. It contains the things I am going to talk about." Then he went on to say, "We all want to see the world rebuilt, but MRA demonstrates it. They have done a great job." He described in considerable (detail) the work in Europe, and finished with saying, "This is a time for greatness. This is an era of clashing ideologies. The sparks of this clash are to be seen in Korea, Iran, in Malaya, in the peace conference here, but basically in the minds of men everywhere." Then he quoted from the book, the prayer of St. Francis and said, "that's the answer. Not dynamic words, but a dynamic force in the heart."

The Hayes spoke briefly to the team before we left. Frank said to them, "We have been glad to have you with us. We like you, and we shall meet again. You will be revolutionaries. I shall get some firecrackers out of Japan to help you become revolutionaries." Then he asked Alpheus how much he was going to help the team in New Zealand financially which caused Alpheus to examine his basic motives afresh. It was quite a shock to him, but a very good one. The fight goes on for their change and unity and it is a winning one.

Sincerely,

CHAPTER XIV

Now I would like to change the rather diary like style I seem to have gotten into with this narrative to a more reminiscent, though perhaps more rambling, account of various happenings during my travels of the next sixteen years which will bring me up to the present year of 1966.

Just before the signing of the Japanese-American Peace Treaty in San Francisco, mentioned in the last chapter, Frank Buchman accosted me as I was walking through the big drawing room at "The Club." This was on a Thursday and the treaty was to be signed on the following Saturday. He said to me, "Are you getting the Hayes up to San Francisco tomorrow?" Actually we had been planning to accompany a large part of the team who were taking some of our plays to put on in San Francisco during the peace conference. This was to be on Monday, so I told Frank that I hadn't thought of inviting the Hayes to go any earlier. "Why?" he said, "They must be at the signing of the treaty. It is very important for their country." I don't recall how all the arrangements were made or how we found hospitality and finance but we went to San Francisco and the Hayes were at the signing of the treaty, the only ones there from New Zealand, I was told, besides the various diplomats and officials concerned.

Later in one of our meetings together, Frank told this story and ended triumphantly, "I felt they should be at the signing and they were at the signing because we obeyed God's guidance about it." Then he went on to tell us that the time had come when the Hayes felt they should move on to Europe and to visit our Swiss headquarters in Caux-sur-Montreux. Adding, "They want to see something of this mighty country and to meet some of the farming people and others who are friends, and so we are sending someone ahead to prepare the way and another man to accompany them on the way."

Thus it happened that I had the great job of travelling with the Hayes across the heartland of the United States meeting and talking with many important officials and scores of ordinary folk on the way. At the end they boarded a plane in New York and took off for Europe. I think each of us found it a hard parting for we had found that depth of caring for each other that was capable of forging permanent fellowship and unity, and which no passage of time or period of separation could ever erase.

I returned to my home after the Hayes left, arriving there about the end of September, 1951. As I cross the prairie and gazed at the sunset and brown of the harvest fields my heart filled with a strange emotion and sense of belonging. I thought, "This is my own country. This is where I want to stay and fight and work and build afresh. This is so right, to come home and let

my roots sink deep again into the land I love so that new spiritual conviction may be born in my heart. We farmers have a colossal and epic fight before us to bring the answer in time. We must resist in ourselves and others the immaturity of small thinking and living. We have to fight for the biggest things, for unity, for responsibility, for honesty and sound direction. We need vision and we need voices. We must not cease our struggle until our industry and our nation grow to their full stature as leaders of the nations."

For the next year and a half I travelled in Western Canada sometimes with others, sometimes alone. Always my objective was to live at the spearhead of the moves God wanted Canada to make. My conviction was that Canada, and her farmers particularly, could give the vision and the commitment, be a pattern of a God led people with the answer for men's needs everywhere. I saw clearly that if we were to heal division, feed the hungry and build a world of peace and justice that objective would have to become our passion and take precedence over any lesser aims.

I was constantly faced in my own heart with my immature and materialistic nature with its stupidly self-centered demands, and I realized keenly that the battle to change others could only succeed if the battle for maturity was first won there. I was deeply grateful that through MRA I had found that the true meaning of Christian living lay not only in a personal and comforting faith, but in relating such a faith to a revolutionary and persistent and all out fight to bring all the world under the governance of God.

And so these days I was constantly meeting and talking to men as God gave me direction and conviction. My one objective was to awaken statesmen, businessmen, educators and ordinary farmers to the tremendous and hope filled task we could undertake together if we would accept God's standards and God's purpose for our own lives.

There was a steady fight to get the best men we could to visit Mackinac or our other training center in Caux, and the news of the world advance of MRA was used as strategically as possible to inform, inspire and enlist them. This fight was never easy for me unless my heart was completely committed to it and free of all selfish concerns. I recalled frequently Dr. Buchman's saying, "If you want to be effective, forget yourself and go all out." One day after meeting with some discouragement or other and while my faith was still suffering, I wrote the following prayer:

Oh may my dim and wearied eyes
 Reflect Thy word to me.
And see beyond the darkening skies
 The shining dawn to be.
And may my spent and laggard feet
 Which climb the stubborn hill
Nor cease or slow their faltering beat
 But answer to Thy will.

Oh let Thy light come swiftly down
To cleave the dark and death
Remove the thorn and place the crown
Bring healing in Thy breath.

Oh free my spirit and my will
From self ambitious fight
And grant the strength and grace to fill
My darkness with Thy light.

As I sat silently God said, "Why don't you believe Me? I have promised to guide you and provide for you. All you have to do is obey and trust me. Why should you be discouraged? It is not your plan, it is mine."

I thought to myself, "How simple it is and how silly I am." And I got up with a free heart, and started fighting again.

CHAPTER XV

By the very personal and individual nature of what has gone before one who reads this might miss the tremendous scope and impact of the mighty movement in which its action lay like a small chip afloat on a great river. In the deeply disturbing phase of history through which the world is passing today when faith and a sense of direction have gone and all the old authorities are questioned and flouted, the work that Dr. Frank Buchman started so many years ago can be assessed now as a mighty intervention by the spirit and wisdom of God into the consciousness and conscience of men, brining meaning and purpose and sanity to their lives and hope for the future of the world.

Each of those who had been privileged to have a part, however small or obscure, with Dr. Buchman in his work, felt themselves to be a vital instrument in this great work of the Holy Spirit, and each could tell their own marvellous stories of change and action which went to make up together the miracle working impact of Moral Re-Armament across the world.

I did not have a great deal of personal contact with Dr. Buchman, but the little I did convinced and confirmed me in the belief that he was in the line of descent from the prophets and men God had raised up through the ages at times of crisis to call the world to the right path.

Because as a farmer I had had experience with horses and, as on the Island of Mackinac there being no automobiles, we used quite a few horses for our transportation needs, I took on the oversight of these horses and the man who drove them and in consequence I usually was called on to drive Dr. Buchman and certain of his friends on their various outings around the Island and visiting their friends.

On these occasions it was wonderful to observe the interest and care for people which Dr. Buchman showed. He greeted everyone we passed very cheerfully, and when towards the last year of his life, his eyesight grew dim, he used to ask me to tell him the identity of any we were about to meet so that he could call out to them by name.

There was a couple, the only negro couple who lived on the Island, for whom he had a great friendship. I remember one time when we drove to their home, Mark, the husband, came to the carriage to shake hands. Dr. Frank just held on to his hand with his own right hand while he placed his other hand on his shoulder. Looking Mark in the face he told him that God had a mighty purpose and plan for him if he would "change" turn in obedience to God's will. Then he said, "Mark, I speak to you like this because I love you."

One day he asked me to pick him and a friend up and take them for a drive. This friend was a great admirer of "Frank" and MRA and had made generous contributions to the work, including the gift of several pairs of horses. On this trip of over an hour the chief topic of conversation was the mutual interest shared by them both in horses! As we came to the end of the trip Frank said to me privately, "You must take this man to a horse show, we must win him to be an effective revolutionary." Frank was a great believer in starting with a man where his interests lay and then going on from there!

Although a great many of Frank's guests on these drives included nationally and internationally known people, government leaders, business tycoons, society, educational, labour and church leaders of the highest level, I believe one of the things he most loved was to visit an old and lame Indian who lived in a wretched shack in the middle of the Island. He had become acquainted with this man, who was known as Eagle Eye, in a rather unusual manner. As he was stepping from the ferry on to the dock, after a prolonged visit in Europe, Eagle Eye, who was "half seas over" and not particularly presentable, pushed his way through the milling hundreds of those who had come to welcome Frank and seizing him by the hand to the dismay of those immediately around, launched into a somewhat maudlin speech of welcome of his own. At first there was some attempt to steer him gently away, but Frank held him by the hand and listened quietly as Eagle Eye said, "I believe you are God's man. I believe in what you are doing. I tell everyone, you are the greatest man in the world." Frank said, "Thank you. Thank you. Fine, fine." Then as Eagle Eye, satisfied, limped away, he said to someone, "Find out his name and who he is and bring him to dinner to-night."

That evening Eagle Eye sat on Frank's right hand at the head table and was treated as the most honoured guest present. For the remaining years of Frank's life this Indian was much in his thoughts.

He used to frequently call at his house when on a drive, and often invited him to a meal or a meeting. And he never forgot him at Christmas time.

One time when Frank was in Europe we got word from him to pack the best Christmas hamper we could and take it to Eagle Eye. I had the job of getting this hamper to his home. It was late on Christmas eve, four below zero and very dark as I drove my team and sleigh with bells jingling the three or more miles of the journey. On arriving I found Eagle Eye had retired and the house was in darkness. I pounded on the door a long while and finally it opened to reveal Eagle Eye dressed in an old fashioned night gown which reached right down to his feet. When he realized the reason for my call he was overcome by emotion to think that he, an outcast among men as he felt, should be remembered in such a way by his old friend Frank.

On the occasion of Dr. Paul Campbell's wedding to Miss Annejet Philips, Frank had me drive him to the homes of many of his friends so that

he could personally invite them to the wedding and reception. It was about noon when we arrived at Eagle Eye's house. When Eagle Eye opened the door to greet us a great wave of cooking smells wafted out. Frank said, as he shook hands, "What an enticing smell. What is it?" And when Eagle Eye replied, he went on, "It almost persuades me to ask you to invite us to dinner." Of course at this Eagle Eye, it could be seen was a bit taken aback, but took it in stride and with a warm smile said, "Of course, do come in for dinner." For a moment I thought Frank was going to alight from the carriage and accept the invitation and I was resigning myself to staying with the horses, dinnerless, as there was no place to stable them at Eagle Eye's place. However, Frank said, "I'd like to have dinner with you, but I think it must be at another time. I really came to invite you to have dinner with me. A great friend of mine is being married tomorrow and I want you to be my guest at the wedding."

The next day Frank was somewhat indisposed and did not appear at the evening reception following the wedding. Two or three of us were sitting with Eagle Eye at a small table next to where the wedding couple were sitting when a message came from Frank to bring Eagle Eye to visit with him as soon as the meal was over. And so for the next hour or two, while songs and speeches were in progress below, these two so different men spent the time together in a fellowship that perhaps was a turning point in the life of both.

There are many amazing stories told of the way Frank cared for individuals even while in the midst of carrying an immense and global work in his heart and mind. He knew, more keenly than most of us, the supreme importance of spiritual fitness in each of us if our task of changing the world was to succeed, and his ability to read our condition and sense our needs seemed at times uncanny. There was an episode in my own experience which I still marvel at and which I shall never forget. I had been going through a very low period when I had grown self indulgent and careless although I had kept up an appearance of piety. One day in midst of this condition, Frank, who was not well at the time, was leading a meeting with such passionate conviction and a sense of great urgency for every one of us to be totally committed with no thought of self in the fight that I was greatly convicted of my self-centered state.

The next morning, after a rather sleepless night, I prayed asking God to forgive me and to help me to again be His obedient servant, and I received a strong assurance that so long as I trusted and obeyed Him such would be the case, and that He would give me a sign to prove it. As I sat for a while before going for breakfast, I felt peace and purpose again enter my heart. Just then there was a knock on the door and as I opened it I saw a young man carrying a brass bowl full of flowers. He said, "Frank wants you to have these flowers." He set them down on my dressing table. I thought he was joking. I knew Frank sent flowers often to one or other of his guests, but I was not in the category and I had never had flowers from him before. But,

the young man said, "No, I'm not joking. Frank asked me to bring you these flowers first thing before breakfast. I don't know why."

So I told the young man what had been going on in my mind and that these flowers, I was sure, was the sign God had promised.

That day saw the beginning of a new lease of freedom in my heart and people again became of huge interest to me. I tried to talk to Frank and to thank him, but I could not find an opportunity when he was not occupied with other people. That evening after supper, when I returned to my room, there on the dressing table beside the bowl of flowers was a big cake with a card enscribed with a four line jingle as follows: "Here's to my friend, William Wake, who drives his horses 'round the lake. Of all I know he takes the cake," and it was signed "Loyally, Frank."

I was staggered. I could not conceive why Frank should do these things. Was it another of the signs?

The next morning about 4:30 my phone rang and there on the other end was a man who was giving all his energies to care for the lawns and nurseries we had as his contribution to MRA. He told me he had been talking to Frank the night before and before they parted Frank had said, "First thing when you get up, will you please phone Bill Wake and give him my love."

But this was not the end, for a few days later I got a message from Frank asking me to play host in his stead at the head table where he was in the habit of entertaining daily through the period of the conference, some 30 guests. This bowled me over completely. I felt the Lord had been at work and was bent on convincing me of His purpose through these various and totally unlikely happenings. I did not know what was in Frank's mind, but I was determined to find an opportunity to share the experience I had found in them with him and to thank him for his part, but in spite of many attempts this opportunity did not come until the day some time later when Frank decided to leave for another part of the country. As usual on these occasions I was called on to drive him to the dock where he would embark for his trip from the Island across the Straits of Mackinac. It was during this drive that I began to tell Frank of the whole experience of the last week and to express my gratitude to the Lord and to him. But he stopped me before I had well began, and said simply, "I am very grateful for you. Let us drive on." And so that was that. I never did learn how much Frank knew of my side of the story, but these experiences convinced me once again that he was a God-guided man with a marvellous insight into the hearts of men and a tremendous and compassionate power to meet their deepest needs.

CHAPTER XVI

When Dr. Buchman first travelled across Canada with a team in 1932, he had visited Banff in the Rocky Mountains of Alberta and there he had met Chief Walking Buffalo for the first time. It was at a ceremony performed by the representatives of many Indian tribes gathered there, that the Chief and Frank Buchman became blood brothers. Twenty-six years later the Chief came with some of his tribesmen to visit Dr. Buchman at the recently built headquarters of MRA at Mackinac Island, and this marked the beginning of the mighty work among the Indians that MRA has played ever since.

Since those early days, this chieftain of the Stony Tribe has travelled over 100,000 miles with the people who worked with Frank and has become a well known world figure honoured by many of the world's great. I have often visited him on his reserve at Morley, Alberta. He was about 86 when he first came to Mackinac and yet as long as I have known him he has lived alone, tending his own cattle, cutting his firewood, and cooking his own meals in the log cabin set all alone in a far corner of the reserve, which he had built himself and which was his home for so long. Although he moved with a slow and stately dignity, he was solidly and powerfully built and in his youth had been somewhat of a man of violence. He told me that once he had lost his temper and nearly killed a man and this experience of his own uncontrollable temper when roused, and the great physical strength he had, scared him and made him decide never again to quarrel with any man if he could help it, a decision which he said he had been able to mostly keep.

He was a very simple and direct man, well educated in what he called God's University, of the natural environment in which he passed his days. The story that follows is based on an actual happening and is typical of him.

"The white savages" muttered the chief as we passed through the immigration barrier, "setting up what is not nature's way and stopping brothers from travelling as free as the wind as God intended."

But his blue eyes twinkled and a smile like the sunrise coursed slowly across the deeply seamed creases and wrinkles 92 years had carved into his brown, wise face. "Good-bye, brother," he said to the rather astonished official who was in charge, "We'll change things someday, won't we?"

I smiled placatingly at the man as I hurried after the thick, squat, straight as a ruler, old chief. He was a striking figure of a man, with an air that projected dignity and a warm compassion, and yet remained simple and almost child like.

He was dressed in a roomy brown suit whose unbuttoned coat revealed

a brilliant scarlet coloured waistcoat, adorned with large brass buttons. Around his throat there was drawn a leather bolo tie ornamented with a silver and enamel broach representing a bucking horse. On his head he wore a fawn sombrero, the famed ten gallon hat of his native Alberta. Around the brim of this hat he had placed a broad ribbon embroidered with multi-coloured beads in an intricate design, and in the ribbon he had stuck an eagle's feather. In his right hand he carried a staff, a round pole of some one and one-half inches in diameter and about six feet long. This staff was bound from top to bottom with strips or thongs of deerskin. Over the deerskin, placed about a foot apart were two rings of tiny deer hooves hanging from leather laces. Surmounting all was a pair of delicate deer horns with their two six inch prongs pointing to the sky. This staff not only aided the chief as he supported himself on it, but as he talked he frequently emphasized his points by shaking it vigorously, which caused the deer hooves to emit a loud rattle.

The chief that morning had left the log house which he had built himself on his reservation, and where he lived alone hidden in the foothills of the Rockies. He was on his way to the funeral of a close and deeply valued friend, Dr. Frank Buchman, the founder of Moral Re-Armament. Arriving at the New York airport near midnight we had a few minutes to wait, and I went off to make a phone call. When I came back I saw a small group of people surrounding the chief. There was a policeman, a couple of taxi drivers, two or three redcaps, and several tourists, all completely absorbed in him.

I edged up as close as I could to hear and see what was going on. There was the chief, all 5'6" of him, holding his staff and standing as straight as the noblest man who ever walked the prairies. Quite evidently his appearance had aroused the curiosity of the passers by and they had gathered around to satisfy it. He had told them who he was, "Chief Walking Buffalo," of the Stony Tribe, and where he was from, Alberta, Canada, and he had told them of the purpose of his journey, to go to the funeral of his friend, Frank Buchman. At this point I heard him say, "Dr. Buchman started MRA." There was a slightly bewildered pause, then came the question, "What's MRA?" The old chief's head slowly swung from side to side, and turning he looked at each one in the circle. Then giving a slight shake of his staff he began to speak in a deep, slow and somewhat husky voice. "The whole world is in darkness," he said, "and in the darkness men bump their heads together and we get pained headaches." Everyone was listening intently, one of the passengers pushed in a little closer. The chief's eyes flashed and his voice rose, "We need a light, we need a light so we can see each other. There are standards of darkness," he went on, "absolute hatred, absolute jealousy, absolute bitterness, and absolute prideness, these come from the dark and from the father of darkness, and they lead us into the dark." He paused, and every eye was fixed on him. "I lived," he continued in a lowered but still penetrating voice, "by these standards for many years, they led me into many wrong ways, I was a man of anger and

resentment, I hated and fought against those who got in my way. I hated the white man, yes, but I hated many of my brown brothers too." "I was a real sinner," he added thoughtfully. "But then," he said, "I met Frank Buchman and he told me about some other standards." He stopped, and again shaking his staff, he asked, "Do you want to hear about them?" There were mute nods of affirmation. "Go on," said a redcap. "Well, there is Absolute honesty, Absolute purity, Absolute unselfishness, and Absolute love. These come from light and the God of light and they lead us into the light." At this, he stretched out his staff, and turning slowly around, pointed at each one gathered there. "But we must decide which of these standards we will choose to live by, you, and you, and you, and I . . . It is our decision which will make the world to be, whether it shall be in darkness, or whether it shall be in light."

Then as he caught my eye he said, "I have just been telling my friends what is Moral Re-Armament." I could see that the group was deeply impressed and I overheard one taxi driver say to the policeman, "You know, he makes sense, the old man makes sense. He's right you know." As the chief prepared to leave he went to each man and shook him by the hand. His parting words were, "It's up to us all to choose right, the whole world depends on it."

CHAPTER XVII

I was close to the Stony Reserve when Frank died in 1961, and a couple of us went out there to tell the Chief about it. When we reached Morley we were fortunate to find the Chief at home, he so often may be found out on the range riding his horse. He had just laid out to dry on the table about a gallon of Saskatoon berries which he had picked. He asked us to sit down and then sat down between us. Tears came to his eyes when we told him of his blood brother's passing. He said, "I was just looking at his picture and wondering about him. Now he has gone to where his soul came from. Well, when I look at his age and at my age, I know we are near to our graves. But God is with us. I know that we are not alone. Walking Buffalo is not alone, God is in me. Only the human has a soul and if he lives as God says his soul will go back to its home."

After a moment he went on, "I do want to think not too much of the world with its bombs and atomic wars. My brother is no longer troubled, no more worry or sorrow. He knows God and knows he has done a good work to save the world and men's souls." Then he mused, "a short life. I oft' times think that. I look back to the days when our first daughter was born. I was very sick. I thought I was dying. All at once I saw something above my head moving, it was an old man who had long ago died." He said to me, "My nephew you are welcome." I asked no questions, I knew God had sent that man for me. But I said, "I'll come later, I'll come after a while." That is more than seventy years ago, but it is a day in God's eyes. Since then I lived God's life and used His breath, but not as I should have lived. But when I met Frank Buchman I knew I had to be a leader even though I was a sinner. I had to help Frank, my blood brother, to change the world and teach men how to live. It was that that made me, everywhere I go, tell men about MRA."

He told of his friends, Henry Stilfox, a radio announcer, telling about the world journeys the Chief had made, and he said, "Things like that make men think and want to see me, even though I live alone, God sends men to me. I need more literature for them. We need men to take Frank's place. We must carry on his fight. That is the only way. Yes, the world has lost one of the true prophets of God. I tell men, why do you only talk of the old prophets? You need to talk of the prophets of today. But many say there are no prophets, even as they say there is no God."

"When our parents die we still have to go on. Who gives us that understanding? God. The whole world is an orphan, as I felt when you told me the news. When our Father dies then we have to do something. We and the world must think and make a leader, but it still will be God. Through

God's guidance is the only hope. God is the only healer. God is the only good teacher. God is the one who comforts us as He takes our brother. Frank has taught us and shown us God's ways. He is one of the great spirits of understanding and knowledge. The whole world needs to learn. We must go on and we will go on." After pausing a while, and wiping the tears from his eyes, he said, "If it is possible I would like to be with him when he is buried, I would like to be there, but if it is too difficult, I will carry on the fight here."

As the story told a little earlier describes, the Chief did get to Dr. Buchman's funeral held in Allentown, Pa. He visited Frank's boyhood home in Allentown and sat in one corner where dozens of the great and near great shook his hand and greeted him.

Many of his Indian friends sent the following telegram to the family. "We have lost one of our great Chiefs. God has taken his faithful servant, 'White Swan', our blood brother, he has gone to his home. We must carry on as he has done in the past. If we are going to save our country and our people we must all work harder for God. Frank has left us a faith which we must never forget. Thank God for the faith Frank has given. He has shown the way. We must all have his spirit. There is no need for sadness. We will live as he has lived, to save our nation. We shall never quit."

CHAPTER XVIII

From the year 1954 until the present time, an extensive programme of building has gone on at our training center at Mackinac, and for much of the time since 1960 I have taken some part in the work entailed. This has meant staying on the Island during the winters on occasion as well as much of the summers. Yet in spite of these operations we managed to keep the center going as a conference and assembly place for much of the time.

I remember one time we had a large number of delegates from the United Nations to visit us over the Christmas holidays. It is not easy to assess the effects of this visit on the minds of the visitors, but it was plain to see that all of them were deeply and favourably impressed by what they saw and experienced there. My own contribution consisted of making a speech to the delegates telling something of my experiences before and after meeting Frank Buchman, and of my convictions about the part every one of us could play in making the United Nations effective. Also I had the privilege of taking seven ambassadors, from seven different countries for a sleigh ride, and they were as excited and joy-filled as any group of children might have been as we swung along in a bright red sleigh drawn by two beautiful and bell adorned horses. For most of them it was a new and interesting experience, and for some of them it was their first sight of winter in the snow.

There was a constant battle to keep the life we lived at Mackinac relevant to our commitment to change men and nations, starting with ourselves. Every nail we drove, every meal we served, every effort and every thought was directed to the development of people to their fullest stature. The fight was for a society, not reduced to a common level of mediocre equality, but raised to the greatest potential for every individual, and equality of caring for everyone insured that everyone had an equal chance to grow. I remember that some times the perception of this came rather dramatically to those whose former experience had been very different. One day some friends of mine of socialist leanings, and myself were asked if we would help to wash some dishes. Well, that was alright, and according to good socialist theory, but when it was found that the folks whose dishes we were washing were from the privileged and titled aristocracy, and further more, that the dishes were very fragile and expensive and demanded the very greatest care in handling, there were a few muttered comments from my friends about the outrageous exploitation by these privileged people, of the lower classes, which we represented! I did not say much in rebuttal, but the next day we were all thrilled to be the guests of the same host of the night before, and to the amazement of my friends, those who served us and

washed our dishes were the same ones who had been the guests we had served. Class barriers, that night collapsed, and we began to realize something of a true classless society.

I remember how thrilled we all were when King Michael and Queen Anne of Roumania came for an extended visit. They had been dethroned and exiled from their native land by the Russians after the defeat of the German armies, but Dr. Buchman set the pace in giving them the status and respect due to the royalty they really were. Both of them at times gave addresses from the platform telling of their experiences during the war and of their convictions about MRA. They were a charming young couple and I enjoyed taking them and some of their friends on drives around the beautiful Island of Mackinac. One day we drove all round the Island so that the King who was something of an amateur ornithologist, could take photographs of the many birds that thronged the shores. Nearly always, as on this occasion, Queen Anne preferred to sit up on the box beside me, rather than in the carriage proper. She loved horses and had a very quick eye for distinguishing the better horse of the two that drew us along, but only on one occasion could I induce her to take the reins. She told me a lot about the dangers and intrigues of their situation in Roumania while still nominal rulers there, and of their escape. She said her husband, the King, had written a book about it that had kept her up all night reading and she urged me to read it too.

When this couple were to leave the Island a large number of people went down to the dockside to see them off, while they and Dr. Buchman rode in the carriage I drove down to the boat. When we arrived there the King and Queen alighted and the King turned towards me and, bowing slightly before the box on which I was perched, said warmly, "Thank you, and good-bye." Then the Queen also said "good-bye" and the three of them went towards the boat, but suddenly the Queen stopped and looked back towards me where I was still holding the reins; then she literally ran back with her hands outstretched, and reaching up to me shook my hand strongly while exclaiming, "Good-bye, Billy!"

In view of the tremendous racial and colour problems facing the western world today, particularly in the U.S.A., the story of Richard Brown and his wife Drexel has great significance. Richard was a professor at a small college in West Virginia. He had read an article in "Look" one of America's great illustrated magazines, about the world work of MRA and in which there was an invitation to the public to attend an assembly at Mackinac Island that summer. Deeply impressed, he wanted to accept this invitation, but being a negro he first wrote to us to see if the invitation would apply to him, receiving a warm assurance that it certainly did, he arrived one very rainy day at the Island along with a boat load of white people. A welcoming committee was in a building on the dockside allocating the visitors to their rooms in the hotel we had engaged for the sessions. This hotel is the world famous "Grand" with "the longest porch in the world" and "the short-season" and in consequence, one of the highest

rates. Though, for this occasion, we had been given a very reasonable rate in view of taking over the whole of the hotel. As I moved through the milling throng of visitors and those who were welcoming them, I noticed sitting by himself on a bench at one side of the room, this pleasant looking, but apparently rather unhappy and withdrawn negro, and I went over and introduced myself to him, and found out who he was and why he had come. "But," he said, "I have decided to catch the next boat out of here." I asked him why. He said, "Well, I have been listening, and I hear that we are to live in the Grand Hotel. Well, I can't afford those kind of prices for more than three or four days, and besides the last time I was there I worked as a servant, and I sure was made to feel like one too. I don't expect that they would receive me as a guest now." At this point I had the strongest conviction that this man was meant to be at the assembly, and indeed he was meant to be associated with the rest of us for life. I said to him, "You must stay, I believe God sent you," and then I went to my friends who were allocating the rooms and made sure he was given very comfortable quarters at the hotel. Later I introduced him to Frank Buchman, and explained that Richard felt he could only afford to stay at most, four days, at which Frank said, "Oh, but I want you to stay for all the assembly. You must stay as my guest." And so he did, and was deeply changed by the spirit of fellowship and love that he experienced with us all through those days.

At the end of the assembly, and after most of our guests were gone, it was felt that we needed a period together of learning and growth ourselves, but I felt so strongly that not only should Richard be invited to stay on, but that his wife Drexel should be invited to join us along with him that I went to Frank Buchman and expressed this conviction, and he promptly said, "Why of course, you get them here." Drexel came, and this was the beginning of not only a deep and lasting friendship with them on my part, but was the first real opening into the negro world of America by MRA. For this pair have proved and are daily providing, by their daily lives and attitudes, and have taught thousands of white and coloured folk, that the real issue is not colour but is character.

CHAPTER XIX

One of the larger functions of our work at Mackinac was the making of films and documentaries, for TV and Movies, and to enable us to do this we had built in the early sixties one of the largest, and at that time the most sophisticated, film production studio in America. Of course, MRA has, before, and since that time, made many films in many parts of the world, but my own part in this film making was confined to that done on Mackinac Island. Many bits of these films had to be made on location in different parts of the Island, and my job was to get the cast, technicians, and all their equipment to the correct site, and to bring them back after the shooting was over. On occasion this meant moving up to 300 people and involved some 30 twelve seater carriages, most of which had to be hired from the Island carriage tours people. As an actor, though I quite often helped make up the numbers in a crowd scene, my chief claim to fame is the privilege I was given of being the driver of the carriage in one sequence, in which rode the stars of that famous picture *The Crowning Experience*, Muriel Smith and Anne Buckles. This couple had come to visit us at about the same time, though I think quite unknown to each other at that time, and both had since decided to throw in their lives with us in the fight for a new world. Anne was a brilliant young actress who had starred in such Broadway plays as, "*The Pyjama Game*" and "*Mr. McThing*." Muriel Smith was one of the great negro Mezzo-sopranos, who had made an international reputation for herself on Broadway and at the Covent Garden Theatre in London, England.

Though the film, "*The Crowning Experience*" had multi-racial casting, it did not deal with the superficial issues of race and colour, but with the deeply human and universal issues of character, the ending of bitterness, and the divisions that find their source in the selfish hearts of men.

The relationship which developed between these two ladies from the southern United States, with their great talents, natural ambitions, and artistic temperaments, and of different races, was a miracle which proved the theme of the film of which they were stars. In fact, as someone said, to watch them, in their daily lives as well as the life they portrayed on the film, was a crowning experience for all those who believe in a truly human brotherhood.

Most of the films that were made by MRA had previously been presented as plays, and this was the case with "*The Crowning Experience*." After its premiere on Mackinac Island, it went to Atlanta, Georgia, in the heart of the deep south.

I shall not soon forget that first performance of the play in the Atlanta

Municipal Auditorium. There were some 4,500 people who came, of both colours, and by some tacit acceptance of a deeply entrenched custom, segregated themselves into the two colour groups. Everywhere, police armed with revolvers patrolled the lobbies and aisles of the theatre, and before the curtain went up, there was a tense and rather ominous atmosphere over the whole audience. Later, we were told by the man with whom we had a contract for further performance in his theatre, he, at this point seriously considered cancelling the contract because he feared racial riots might ensue during, or following the play.

But, after seeing the play, and observing how deeply touched were the hearts of all the people there, including the police! He said, "My theatre is available to you for as long as you want it, and what's more, everybody is welcome and they can all come through the front door." This was in reference to the custom which let the white customers come in thru the front, red carpeted lobby, and only allowed the coloured folk in thru the back alley. We stayed in this theatre for five months, and the crowds did all come in through the front door, and the crowds gathered around the cast after the play were often composed of people of both races. The mayor said, years later, that Atlanta has never been the same since the coming of the play.

CHAPTER XX

This chapter contains the story of my trip to Quebec with some friends in MRA. It is the last chapter of my book and is put in here in the hopes of bringing enjoyment to my readers. It is written in diary form much as I put it down at the time.

Geoff Bocock and Bob Muir from Alberta and myself from Saskatchewan arrived in Quebec City on October 24, 1964, after motoring five days across Canada from Edmonton.

We met a young Quebecois student, Marsel LeBlanc, who invited us to visit his home and people who lived on a farm at Aston Junction, County of Nicolet. On Sunday, October 25 we three and Marcel accompanied by a Frenchman from Paris called Charles Dangery drove 80 miles to the LeBlanc home. Besides Gerard and Therese LeBlanc there were 12 of their 14 children at home. Although we arrived without warning an hour or so before lunch, we were welcomed with open joy and taken right to the heart of the family. They insisted we stay the night too! Gerard is a bright, jolly, fun loving man. He reads little but loves his land and hard work. He has for 22 years farmed about 100 acres and is at present carrying some 45 cows, 23 of whom he milks. In addition he feeds, under contract with a feed company, 80 pigs. To make ends meet during all these years he has also worked 8 hours per day at his trade as a carpenter.

Therese, his wife, who speaks a few words of English is an ex-teacher and very voluble and warm hearted. She told us she believes a woman's place is in making a home for her man and the family. She keeps the farm books, an excellent cost accounting system instituted by the government, but does no farm work outside, though the older children have some chores to do after school. She loved to talk and gave us a lot of information and philosophied at length about their way of life in rural Quebec. She bakes all their bread, some 40 loaves a week! She said she had only once since her marriage bought any new clothing and that was for her daughter Yvonne on her wedding day at 19. She said, "We are given many used clothes and I make them over for the children," then she added, "in the country people help one another. Poor people understand and care about each other's needs." She told us their income had steadily increased and now was \$4,000 a year. She spoke of their large family with beaming pride. I never saw her cross or under strain with them and they for their part evidently loved and respected their parents. She expressed the view that boarding schools were not the best place for children because she felt they tended to undermine the wholesome home influence. She said, "Big families teach more of real value than books do, in them children learn to sacrifice and to care for and help

one another." Speaking of Quebec's relations with the rest of Canada, she and her husband said they felt Quebec had not had their share in Federal privileges and affairs or in the development of business and industry but they said, "It has been her own neglect and apathy which are largely to blame. We are short of engineers and men with scientific and technical training because our ambition in the past has been to educate for status and this meant first, a priest then a doctor, lawyer or teacher."

There is an excellent Government loan service available to younger and competent farmers who need to expand. Thirty-nine years at 2½ percent interest, with some of the loan cancelled after a few years of meeting its terms. Gerard with the aid of one of these loans had bought 120 acres of land adjoining his own farm. This was one of many such farms that had been abandoned because they were too small and difficult to sustain a family. The average farm in this area sells for \$20.00 per acre but Gerard got this one for about \$6.00. He hopes now with this addition to devote all his time to farming and make a better living for his family.

As we spoke frankly together, naturally the subject of Separatism came up. These people want none of it, but they do say there are things to put right and a large part of the population have sympathy towards the attempt to do something about them and that unless something is done reasonably soon then there could be real trouble. Hate always has a real cause and every excuse is enlisted to bolster it.

On October 27 we met in Quebec City with M. Real Martineau, Secrétaire Le Conseil Des Recherches Agricoles of the Quebec Dept. of Agriculture. He was most interested in our visit and asked the purpose of it. We told him we wanted to meet the people of Quebec and the maritimes particularly those who were producing, processing or distributing food. We told him we felt that all these have a common vocation and we wanted to learn together how we can feed the world and unite men. We spoke of the need of each other in this task and how we needed to put right what is wrong and all which divides us. He suggested we meet with M. Jean Paul Lettre, who works in the short course and vocational training field of the Quebec Dept. of Agriculture, and made a date for us for the next morning.

So, on October 28 we met this gentleman in his office and found him very responsive. He told us top men in the department were extremely interested in how to feed the hungry of the world. Technically they know it can be done, but feel human stupidity an almost insurmountable barrier to its achievement. He arranged for us to have lunch with him and Mr. R. Martineau and also invited Dr. Mercier the deputy Minister of Agriculture and Dr. Ronald Poirier, Dean of the Faculty of Agriculture at Laval University to be at lunch with us. Unfortunately Dr. Mercier was unable to be present but the rest of us had a most interesting and stimulating time. Our discussion centered on the need for a new dimension of living and thinking, of a new type of man whose purpose in personal, social, political and economic policies would be to do what needs to be done to meet the

physical, mental and moral needs of humanity. Dr. Poirier invited us to go to Laval University and meet with him again along with some of his colleagues.

This same evening we drove to Chicoutimi and were met there by Iraaie Villeneuve, a prominent labor leader and M. Lavoie both of whom we had met at a conference in Edmonton, Alberta and M. Fortin, local organizer for de L'UCC. (The Union of Catholic Farmers.) After an excellent dinner at an hotel we went out to M. et Mme Jean, a young and bright farm couple, in whose home Charles and I stayed overnight. Although this couple spoke no English we managed to communicate through Charles who is an excellent interpreter. This couple had a spotless and adequately furnished home and appeared to be cheerful and quite prosperous. They milked about 25 or 30 cows.

The next day we drove to St. Bruno near the S.E. shore of Lac St. Jean where we visited the first Co-operative Abbatoir I have seen. The President, M. Joseph Boriehard who is also vice-president of the Catholic Farmers Union (de L'UCC) met us in his board room with M. Xavier Fortin his Vice-President, Thomas Louis Tremblay gerant, Jean Joseph Savard, Secretaire and Clovis Tremblay, Agronome. Several of these men spoke English. A very valuable exchange of information and opinion took place and we learned some of the causes of dissatisfaction, mainly economic in Quebec. Such things as costs of feed, the uneconomic size of farms which average some 140 acres and the load of debt most farmers appear to carry were prominent in the discussion.

At lunch time they took us downtown for lunch where the talk went on. We spoke of the need for a new spirit in the country and for men who would live to build what is needed, rising above the petty and the self-centeredness of a merely private self interest. We toured the plant guided by M. Bouchard. It does over \$10 million business in a year. As we said good-bye M. Tremblay, the manager said, "This has been most valuable. The whole level of our thought and vision has been raised beyond the narrow confines of our usual interest."

The next day we visited La Societe Co-operative Agricole de Chicoutimi and were received by Hidola Rochefort, the Secretaire-gerant. This Co-operative has some 450 members in its produce section and processes some 80,000 lbs. of milk daily. Cheese, butter and milk powder for commercial use, with animal feed made from skim milk and whey its chief products. In its retail sale of groceries, drygoods and hardware, there is an annual turnover of \$600,000.

On October 30 we visited the farm of an old man, M. Villeneuve, a cousin of Isaic Villeneuve who with his two sons operates a 100 acre farm with 30 milk cows. It was very hilly and wet and they were digging a long drainage ditch some five feet deep by hand, an enormous task. We asked M. Villeneuve how old the snake fences were and he replied simply, "I am too young to know." He is 75 years old.

This day too, we met our first Separatist, Jean Gagnon. He was

separated from his wife and living with another woman. The next day, October 31, he invited us to meet with several other Separatists who belonged to R.I.N. including the regional leader, M. Marc Girard. The others were, M. Gerard Claveau, M. de'Hamil and M. Gauthier a Professor of English. For over an hour we listened to a brilliant, documented and impassioned exposition of the impossibility of Quebec putting up any longer with the present situation in Canada which these French Canadians feel is entirely dominated by English mentality, ways of thought and policies. "We must be our own men" was a phrase they kept repeating. "We'll never get along while we are tied together. Only when we can negotiate as free men will it be possible to agree. We French Canadians have a heritage of 300 years here. Canada is Canada is precisely because of Quebec. If any part of Canada goes to the U.S.A. it will be the English Canadians, because there is no Canada to them. There is a hanging on to Colonialism and Colonial symbols, but there is no real love of Canada as the French Canadians love Quebec." We had a good opportunity to practice listening with open minds and hearts and felt a growing willingness in them to meet us halfway as we spoke of the need for unity in the world and Canada's opportunity to lead the world forward if French and English Canadians could make it their task to equip her for that opportunity. One of them said to us, "with this deep and thoughtful idea you have brought here, maybe we may yet avoid separating but you will have to move quickly with your idea. There is no time to lose." Two of the men including the leader bought copies of *Design for Dedication*.

On November 1 we had an hour with Police de Care of Jonquire who told us of four teachers in the district who work constantly in the High Schools raising militant opposition in the students to authority and support for Separatism. These teachers who are being watched by the R.C.M.P. are foreign — 2 Belgians and 2 Algerians and are known to be using the cause of Separatism to further world communism's aims. M. de Care suggested we bring the caravan to the largest of the local schools and begin to sow an answering idea. He told us there were some 15 dissident groups of which the main are R.I.N., A.L.Q., and F.L.Q. the last two are militant revolutionaries.

We visited St. Felicien on November 2 calling on Johnny Bergeron at St. Prime on the way. Johnny won the 1964 gold medal for outstanding farm in the region. His farm comprises 500 acres. He milks 125 cows, sells 1,000 pigs per year and raises 200 dozen eggs per day. The secret of his success he told us lies in the fact his four grown sons still work with him, a situation which he called unique in Quebec farming. With four houses and the many barns and buildings grouped together the place looked like a small village.

In St. Felicien we lunched with the Mayor, M. Alford Hamel, of the large Hamel Trucking Co. which operates interprovincially. He told us the Separatists were to hold their first public meeting that night at a town called Alma. He said he was sending men to the meeting to ask questions which

were designed to reveal the sinister influences behind Separatism. He himself was at Mackinac this summer and is convinced of the urgent need to bring an answer to what is going on. He sent a bright young farmer, M. La Prise, a young farmer with six children to drive us around the district. We visited several farmers who seemed on the whole more prosperous than those we had met around Nicolet County.

We stayed in homes the two days of our stay in St. Felicien. I with the LaPrise parents. M. Boudrault and M. Jeam Paul Dery were the other's hosts.

On November 3 we visited the Experimental Station at Normandin and an Indian (Algonquin tribe) family at Pont Bleu whose daughter had been at Mackinac. We were interviewed by Lac Coix du Lac St. Jean, whose Editor, Louis Marie Tremblay had recently attacked in his newspaper Pierre Bourgault, Chef du R.I.N.

November 4 we visited the town of Dolbeau at the northern end of the lake. We met M. et Mme. Brassard. He is the Concierge at the Lac St. Jean Secondary School for Boys and a real spark-plug. Their daughter was at Mackinac. We planned with them the coming of the caravan to the town. Geoff and I stayed overnight with a young plumber and his wife and six children. His name was Gilles Veilleux of 908 St. Therese, Colbeau. We had a very good talk about the answer the world needs. He had seen El Condor and been very impressed by it and the cast.

During this day we also visited the Trappist Monastery at Village des Peres where they make cheese and chocolate. (Le Monastire de N.D. de Inistassini.) Here we met a very interesting man, Brother St. Laurent, who was in charge of the poultry (over 2,500). He had heard of El Condor and was warm and friendly.

November 5 we visited the Dolbeau Mill division of the St. Lawrence Co-op, Ltd., a large paper and pulp factory which amongst many other products turns out 440 tons of newsprint a day. We met and were guided through the mill by Alex Ross, Safety Supervisor. We also met in Alex's office, M. Beechman, both good men. Afterwards we started through pouring rain, back to Chicoutimi. On the way we called at St. Felicien where Charles and Marcel called on the Cure and Principal of a school and a group of Marist brothers who were planning several engagements for the caravan in the days ahead.

November 6: The caravan which had arrived in Chicoutimi the day before met at M. and Mme. Fortin's home where we joined them and reported on our travels. We wrote and prepared a short statement in French and English to hand to the Press at our interviews. It went as follows:

We are three farmers from Alberta and Saskatchewan who believe everyone engaged in the production of food has a vocation.

We have come to Quebec to meet her people and to learn how we together can feed the world and unite men.

If we can do our part to bridge the indifference and ignorance towards the real interests of each other, which so many of us, on the Prairies at least,

have had, we can begin to deal with the selfishness, the fears, and the bitterness which bedevil us.

With such moral re-armament we can unite to put right what is wrong and do our share in making Canada a nation with such a quality of life in her people that we shall not rest until every mouth is the world is filled and every hate is healed.

W. O. Wake

Robert A. Muir

W. G. Bocock

Saturday, November 7 we held a press interview with M. Charles Julien Gauvin, Editor of Progres — Dimanche, Chicoutimi. In the evening we visited M. Marc Girard the R.I.N. leader in his drugstore. He told us he was reading Design for Dedication but was not too impressed by the first two chapters. He asked many questions, ie: Has MRA a secretariat? How is Mackinac organized? How does the chain of command work? What power does Peter Howard have? Who gives you directives? etc. etc. He seems very intrigued, but he is very bitter and cynical. Later in the evening we had a meeting with the caravan and all its friends in the basement at Isaac Villeneuve's home. A tremendously spirit-filled time.

Sunday, November 8: Geoff wrote a story on the LeBlanc family. We dined with Howard and Molly Boyd and Dot Keddie at a restaurant in Chicoutimi. Met in the afternoon to plan for a meeting in the Labour Hall called by "Rock Bourgeron." The younger crowd played football and rehearsed their songs with some of the local youth. Had supper with Bob Lowery and Chas. Danguy to discuss a visit to Quebec City and the Eastern Townships. In the evening we held a good meeting in the crowded and too hot labour hall, showed Ghandi and Conference films. We all spoke also. Jean Gagnon was there for about half the meeting but had to leave on account of the heat.

Monday, November 9 we drove back to Dolbeau for the appearance of the caravan at the Boys Assembly in St. Jean Secondary School and for a follow up meeting in the evening. We were swamped with eager questioners. Stayed overnight. Bob and I at the home of M. Gerard Mailloux, Village Familex, C.P. 399, Dolbeau. Among those I met were Brother Raymond Hamelin, the Principal, and Bertrand and Daniel Dube, young, bright students who took Geoff home with them and another student Antoine Savard.

Tuesday, November 10 we drove to Quebec. Visited Laval University at the invitation of Dr. Roland Poirier, Dean of the Faculty of Agriculture. Unfortunately Dr. Poirier was ill in bed and so we were received by Dr. Leopold Bourque who conducted us through the various buildings and departments of the faculty. We met several of the heads of these departments and were fascinated by the research being done on food from

its primitive sources to its final effects on the consumer. Dr. Bourque like Dr. Poirier showed considerable interest in our mission and of the need for a new type of man if we were to feed mankind for total health.

In the evening we visited Father Roy at the Secular Institute of Pius X, 42 St. Famille, Quebec 4 P.Q. Fr Henri Roy invited us to supper with his students whose aim in life is to live a Christ centered answer in their daily lives and occupations to the sin and evil of the world around them. At our table was Paul Demers, the Secretary-General who gave us much information on the Separatist movement which he said was being used as a front be a most dangerous revolution about to erupt with the objective of taking over the whole St. Lawrence Valley and making it a second Cuba and stifling the heart of American Industry. He had a great sense of the need to change men.

On November 11 we visited the ecole D'Agriculture at Ste. Croix, Lotiniere a small Catholic institution with excellent facilities for some 75 students. We dined with the Principal and the other Freres and had a most warm reception for the news and ideas we brought. As we left after a very stimulating time we were urged to revisit them when we could.

In the afternoon we had two hours with Dr. Ernest Mercier, the deputy Minister of Agriculture in Quebec. A very good talk and he bought a copy of Design for Dedication.

On Thursday, November 12 we visited for two hours with M. G. Hamel, President of the Quebec region of de L'U.C.C. (Catholic Farmers). He seemed a tough minded fighter for what he believes is necessary. He said, "I don't hope to use a gun but I want my adversaries to smell the powder." We talked about the farmers of Quebec, their needs and the exploitation they are subject to including their own apathy, ignorance and sometimes plain incompetence. It sounded like out in parts of the West. Then we had a good talk about the answer, what the youth were doing at the Mackinac Conference, etc. We left him with the Alberta Sun supplement and the full page, "Which Way for Canada."

On Friday, November 13 we had 2 hour interviews with three Quebec papers: Le Soleil — Editor J. Claude Rivard; L'Action — Editor, B. Bastien; Quebec Chronicle Telegram — Editor, M. Seale — Reporter, Stephen Hindler. Quite warm interest in each case. In the evening we drove to Aston Junction and stayed overnight again with the LeBlanc family. I called Payson Sherman and promised to let him know when we got closer. Geoff bought a camera.

On Saturday, November 14 Geoff took pictures of the LeBlanc family. Drove to Nicolet to see a remarkable R.C. Church. Not feeling well. The others called on the agricultural school here and discussed the coming of the caravan. El Condor made a real impact on Nicolet. Went on the Frelighsburg where we left Bob visiting with his sister, Mrs. Alex Tait. The rest of us stayed in Cowansville overnight.

Sunday, November 15: Visited Mr. Glendon Brown M.P. who had been to Mackinaw. His constituency was Broome County which years ago was

represented by McMaster, an honest man. The Glendon home is made of stone, and standing in swiss like surroundings, was 140 years old. The district is being developed as a ski resort which will prove its economic salvation.

In the afternoon after lunch at a new restaurant owned by some charming Polish Americans we visited a Benedictine Monastery at St. Benoit du Lac near Knowlton. Afterwards we drove on to Sherbrooke and had supper and the evening with Payson Sherman and Phil Robins. Phoned Bob and arranged to pick him up in Grandby the next day. Stayed at the Au vague Royal Motel.

On Monday, November 16 we drove to Grandby and picked up Bob and visited the great dairy Co-op there known as Co-operative Agricole de Grandby. M. R. P. Sabourin, the Secretary received us very graciously and conducted us over this very modern plant which we were informed is part of the largest co-operative of its kind in Canada. It processes 650 million pounds of milk per year. This milk is picked up by 297 trucks from 7,500 farms located in 28 counties of Quebec. We had an interview with the Grandby local paper *Le Voix L'Est*. Bought rubbers. Down to \$2.00. Snow and rain. Returned to Sherbrooke for the night.

On Tuesday, November 17 we were in Sherbrooke. We visited Posaire Coture Pres. of Sherbrooke U.C.C. He told us of an organization called Jeunesse Catholic Rurales U.C.F.R. in Montreal. He knew of El Condor though he said his wife knew more. He told us there were no farmer Separatists but there were things like feed grain prices that need adjustment. He said, "The Chinese and Russians could buy Western grain cheaper than we do in the East." Phil Robins took us to lunch at his Club. It was a good time. After lunch we gave an interview for the newspaper, "*Le Tribune*." Made dates to visit Bishops College and the Experimental Farm at Lennoxville, three miles away, tomorrow. Called Phil Robins to inquire after his wife who is undergoing tests at the hospital. Payson Sherman visited us at our motel for several hours talk. He left us \$200.00 to help with expenses.

On Wednesday, November 18 Dr. Cameron took us over the Experimental Farm at Lennoxville. They are conducting research in the fields of dairy, and beef cattle, sheep, pigs and forage crops. They have 1,200 acres. The ground was white with snow but we saw a tractor at work plowing.

Next we had a very good talk with Dr. Glass, the Principal of Bishops College, a small University. He was interested in our trip and its purpose calling it a noble one.

In the afternoon we called on the Sherbrooke Record. Mr. Saunders, Publisher, Mr. Hugh Dougherty, Editor. We had a long and fruitful discussion lasting two hours and a very warm response. In the evening we spent an hour with the President of the Sherbrooke Labor Union, who seemed unduly optimistic re-Separatism. Its importance as a force in

Quebec. In the last part of the evening we drove on to Grandby and stayed the night at the Pee Wee Motel.

Thursday, November 19 we drove to Montreal after breakfast and had an excellent time with the President and two other officers of the Union of Catholic Farmers at their Provincial headquarters. We talked at length on the need for a complete change of outlook, purpose and action in the modern world based on a new type of character in men. They decided to buy Design for Dedication.

M. Lionel Sonel, President.

M. Roger Perreault, Economist.

M. Camio Moreau, Legal Dept.

We called on our MRA office and wrote letters. Had a bad cold. Bob went to his uncles, Marcel to friends, Charles, Geoff and I stayed at Bob and Delia McGregoir's.

On Friday, November 20 we were in Montreal. I was in bed with a bad cold all day and spent the day reading. The open secret of MRA by Thornton Duerberry.

November 21: We are still in Montreal and I am still in bed. The others visited a large vegetable farm and packing plant, some 30 miles south of the city. They met with Bernard and John Hallward.

On Sunday, November 22 Charles and Geoff went off to Chicoutimi by train to be with the caravan at a meeting on Monday night. I phoned Paul Campbell to tell him of our moves and our thought to tour the Maritimes. Nat and Pamela Gray and Roberta McGregor visited us briefly.

On Monday, November 23 I wrote these notes.

On Tuesday, November 24 I completed these notes.

Thursday, November 26: McGregor's left with Geoff, Bob and Charles for Thetford Mines, Marcel stayed behind. Arrived at Mr. and Mrs. Hector Arsenault's, friends of Geoff's. Hector used to be the banker at St. Albert, Alberta, but now runs the Montreal Bank in Thetford Mines.

They gave us supper and we told them some stories of change. We were shown some beautiful slides they had made of their many travels.

Bob and Charles stayed overnight with them, while Geoff who had a cold and myself who was recovering from one stayed at a rooming house next door. Raining steadily during the evening.

Friday, November 27: Thetford Mines (Motel): Visited the British Canadian, one of the 8 companies operating Asbestos Mines here, some eleven altogether. The total business is 100 million dollars per year, 21 million dollars worth of supplies used, 50 percent of world's production, 7,500 employees, some 20,000 tons of rock processed daily: about 2 percent of it asbestos. A very interesting operation. Open quarry, crushing and suction, repeated until the fibres are all separated from the rock. The

crushed rock is piled literally in mountains hundreds of feet high. The first mine was started here in 1870.

Had breakfast with the others at the Arsenaults. In the afternoon we drove around the countryside for awhile and then had an excellent interview with Mr. Klaude Poulin, Editor de Progres, Thetford Mines. He had met El Condor force. He had many books of MRA on hand and had given much space in his newspaper. We spent an hour or so at the home of Payson and Peggy Sherman in Scotstown and then drove on to spend the night in a hotel in Cookshire.

November 28: Cookshire Motel: Visited Omer Dionne, potatoe and Hereford cattle grower, uncle of M. Klaude Poulin. Impressive place, 1,200 acres; 600 in crop. A man Bruce Bradley would feel at home with. Five hundred bags of potatoes a day, 2 sons and 2 hired men. Stoneface sandy soil with plenty of moisture.

Drove to Ottawa and reported to team at Park Rd. Hallward and Campbell and about 15 others. Bob and I stayed overnight with the Keenes.

CONCLUSION

All the world has had the opportunity to learn of the great impact of MRA in the last ten years. Dozens of books have been written describing its principles and telling stories of its effectiveness. Its plays, of which there are many, have captured the hearts and minds of millions in many countries of the world. Its famed choruses composed of people from many nations, have sung in twenty languages, on stages from Broadway to Bombay. Statesmen of many countries have begun to apply its principles in their country's relations with other countries, while labour leaders and industrial bosses alike have found in it a means of reconciliation. Today it has become more and more in the fore as the one clear answer to the materialism of our age and to the ideologies and 'isms that spring from it. It has fierce and ruthless enemies. The Kremlin architects a world wide attack on it, recognizing that it is capturing the minds of men with the ideas of change and unity and has rendered obsolete the class struggle on which the ideology of communism is based. The vested interests of the right, too, whether it be in organized labour, big business, or organized religion, are still somewhat critical of a movement that calls for change on the basis of absolute moral standards.

But the battle line has been drawn, and it is increasingly being recognized that the real issues lie, not between right and left, or East and West, but in the question whether men shall be guided by the voice of materialism or by the voice of God, by communism or by the ideas of MRA, and the evidence of the struggle is piling up in the enslavement of men and nations in the toils of the class war on the one hand, and in the reconciling power of MRA at work uniting men and classes and races, on the other.

The story of this epic battle is too vast, and its bare outlines, let alone the myriad details, far too immense to be brought within the scope of this account. Someday a genius commensurate to the task may undertake it. If adequately done, it would be the greatest story ever told since the writing of the Bible. My task has been much easier, simply to sell something of the experience through which I myself have gone, before and since meeting MRA, from which the reader may deduce in a specific life the elements which have made of MRA not an intellectual concept merely, but possibly one of the greatest demonstration of the divine force poured out in the world's history.

The battle to build faith, to answer the disbelief and cynicism in the world, to raise up honesty, to answer dishonesty, to produce straight men in wisdom and action, to answer the crooked and perverse in our society, to create men who would sacrifice their selfishness for their nations good, seemed simple necessity to me, even the basic minimum for survival of civilization in the face of the opposing forces.

W. O. Wake