

NEW WORLD NEWS



**MIDLAND
MINER**
SEE PAGE 11

BATTLE LINE

|||| THE PRESENT SESSION OF THE United States Congress is perhaps the most important one in its history. Vital decisions will be fought out on aid to Europe.

|||| The immediate question is whether enough aid will be given in time, but there is an even more serious issue which faces both America and Europe.

Dollars, and the material aids they can buy, will be of crucial help. But they cannot alone provide the essentials which European countries need in the face of militant materialism. They cannot buy the sustained inner incentive to produce; they cannot forge industrial teamwork, nor national unity; they cannot create sound and mature leadership. Nor can they by themselves heal hates, cure resentments and fears, nor end greed and violence.

|||| Even if the United States could, and would, pour out an unending stream of material resources, Europe's basic problems of disunity and disillusionment would not be solved.

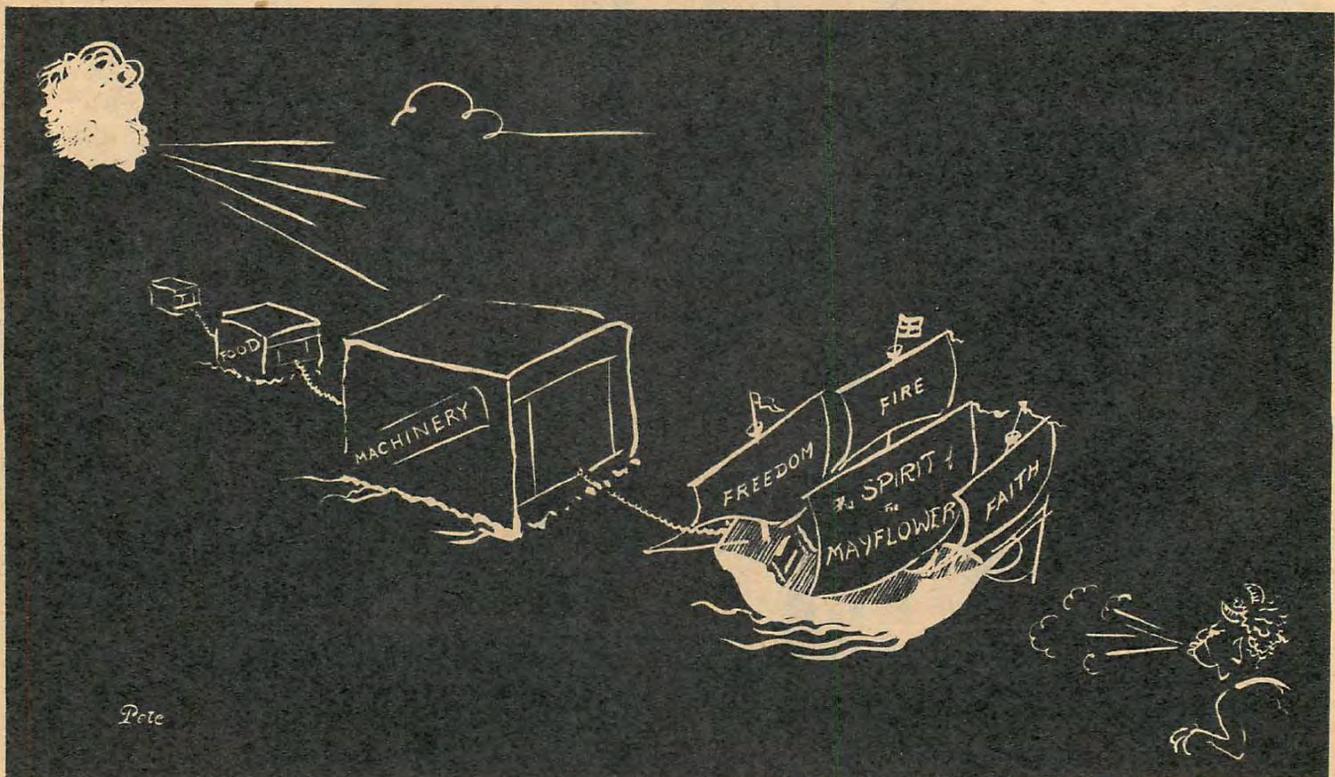
Well fed, well clothed and well housed peoples may still lose their liberty. A full stomach can produce lethargy, just as an empty one can produce apathy. Neither give protection against revolution or dictatorship.

|||| The peoples of Europe and America need something more than the essentials to maintain life. They need something to make life worth living, something which will roll back materialism across the world and unite east and west in a common loyalty.

|||| The peoples of Europe and America need today all the faith and fire of their great men and women of the past—of Washington and Lincoln, of Joan of Arc and Francis of Assisi. The ordinary citizen and the leaders need the secret which sustained them and enabled them to call out the best in their countrymen.

|||| That secret is available today. It is available to all. They gave inspired leadership because they themselves were God-led. They listened to the voice of God and obeyed what they heard.

|||| In this age when we proclaim our democracy it is for each and all of us, rather than for a few outstanding leaders, to make that secret ours. With it we can play our part in bringing to Europe, and the world, the aid which all nations everywhere most desperately need. By refusing it we can sabotage recovery as effectively as those who directly oppose the aid programme.





HOME TRUTHS

BY MARY MEEKINGS

I FELT scared and uneasy this morning as I read the headlines. It was like stepping gingerly across a mined beach. More austerity in Britain. War in Greece. Palestine in the grip of terrorist attacks, which are a daily threat to the life of its ordinary citizens.

It made me long to do something. But what? What can the ordinary homes, the ordinary families do to fight catastrophe? Everything. Because they are not only right at the heart of every crisis, the ones to suffer most from it. They are part of it, too.

A politician begins to lose authority with his party. Only sympathetic friends or discerning enemies know the reason—separation from his wife. Juvenile delinquency figures soar. Behind their precision lies the untidy tragedy of countless unhappy homes.

When I was a child my annual treat was a huge party where there was everything to amuse, from roundabouts to Father Christmas and his reindeer. An especial attraction was a mirror with mysterious magnifying powers. There one stood, a little girl in a party dress. The next moment an unfamiliar giant stared out from the mirror. If a nation's homes borrowed that magic mirror they would get the same shock. One moment there would be the ordinary home with its ups and downs—its casual dishonesties—the quiet word over the counter, the parcel pushed under it. The tricky days with the kids, when mother ends by sending them to the pictures to keep them quiet and persuades father to put his foot down hard when he gets back from the office. The fun and the

flare-ups that make up your home and mine.

And then put that home in front of the mirror and a picture of the country looms out. Black market. Clash between management and labour. The fluctuating story of strikes and their settlement that makes the news day by day.

Every woman knows she can improve her reflection. In fact, she spends a part of every day doing so. If homes started to think along those lines, tomorrow's headlines would be different, too.

Recently I had the chance of visiting families who had discovered this, who believed that the way they lived could do something to answer crisis. What interested me was to see how they worked the thing out, how it affected their outlook on life, from the



"She showed me her practical and space-saving kitchen"

problems of fuel and feeding to those of family friction.

The first belonged to a progress chaser in a large motor factory. When I telephoned his wife, she was interested at once. "Come to see the house and stay to lunch," she said, waving aside my protests about the rations. So an hour or two later she was showing me round her charming and compact home, particularly the kitchen, of whose practical and space-saving planning she is especially proud. "My furniture is all fairly new," she explained, "because I lost my old stuff (which was nicer than this) in the blitz." And she stopped with her hand on the door knob of the living-room to describe how she had felt when she came home for the first time after the bombing and saw the destruction of all the bits of furniture that she and her husband had chosen and cherished through the years. "I remember standing in the middle of this room," she told me, "and I remember the pain I had inside. It was then that I decided that I would try to

live the way that would make it impossible for that kind of catastrophe to happen again.

Warm hearts and warm hearths

"How? Well, I've listened to statesmen telling housewives that our homes are in the front line of the national effort," she continued. "But for me that quickly becomes just a phrase unless I realise it means I must fight every day—fight to keep the house clean and welcoming, and in spite of shortages serve the kind of meals the family want to invite their friends to; fight to overcome the small things that so quickly divide a family, and to create the climate where each of them can be at his best (and that kind of climate comes more from warm hearts than warm hearths!)."

But Mrs. Williams doesn't minimise the difficulties of the housewife today. She herself has had an operation which forces her to go slow. So it was interesting to hear her say she thinks it is the accumulation of

one thing after another that makes a woman feel she can't cope—the odd jobs she never finds time for, the fears about the future, the irritation at the time her husband spends in the garden and the way the hooks never get put on the bathroom door. They all pile up into feelings of fatigue and frustration.

The bathroom hooks

But she is gay and determined. She tackles each problem as it pushes up its head. Take the question of the hooks on the bathroom door, for instance. One day she was brooding a trifle grumpily on this problem when a new angle on it suddenly occurred to her. Why should she expect her husband to take a passionate interest in the hooks on the door when she was not in the least concerned about the jobs in the garden. She decided to be the first to change her attitude. That evening she asked him how things were going in the garden. To her surprise, she was able to make some quite useful suggestions, and when the weekend came she gave him a hand. Now he makes a point each week of asking her what odd jobs need doing about the house and he fits them in as opportunity arises.

Like many families, the Williams have had opportunities for under-the-counter deals. But they are opportunities which have never been taken. Last winter their home was short of coal because two families were living on one ration. It was impossible to get rations for two unless they signed a paper saying they lived entirely separately in separate rooms. This they were not doing. "Don't tell us you were so green as to be honest with the coal people?" some of her friends exclaimed. But she used to answer: "How can I expect the country to be the way I'd like it if I don't stand for something myself?"

My next visit was to the mines. Today when a rise in coal production is headline news and we talk so much about incentives, a miner, for thirty-eight years a worker in the Rhondda Valley, described as the best incentive the kind of home you want to come back to after a hard day's work. "I am one of those people who believe that the quality of my work depends on the quality of my home," he said. "I used to be a domestic dictator. My tactics varied. Sometimes I was a noisy nuisance, and when that failed a silent menace. My wife didn't like that and I didn't like it because she didn't like it. And the same thing happened the other way round. She wanted her way sometimes. Homes that last aren't built that way. Then I decided to apologise and stop dictating. And it's made a difference to my work."

Bill, a coal-face worker in the Midlands, tells the same story. Last year he and his wife separated. She used to pace her room

at nights worrying about the children and the future. Then he went to see a showing of the Moral Re-Armament play, *The Forgotten Factor*. He went home and said to his wife: "We will make a fresh start. We will try this absolute honesty and unselfishness and love. I need them all." They did try it. And it worked.

"I missed my wife"

So he decided to apply "this fresh idea of mutual co-operation" at the coal-face. He represents the union in the mine. He tried it with the manager. And since then they have never failed to settle matters.

Facts like this are interesting. They bring hope into a gloomy picture. People are eager to hear about them. The Minister of Labour in the Indian Government came to Bill's home. He wanted to know if those ideas really had worked. "So," Bill said, "I told him to ask my wife. He asked her. And she said: 'These last ten weeks have

been the happiest of thirteen years of marriage.' And that's the truth itself. Last year I went away for a bit. For the first time I missed my wife. I wanted to get back so much. With this spirit in home and industry we can't lose. When we have contented homes, coal comes up the shaft."

But just as these homes inject strength into national life, so homes weakened by bitterness and moral confusion suck the soundness away from it. "Women and discipline don't mix," was the reason an officer gave for refusing leave before a major advance. He explained he would return to the front line worse equipped for his job if he took leave. Homes can have that effect on their nation. And if they do they are the ideal tool for men who ride to power on the weaknesses of other people. There are forces today which have made the breaking of homes number one point on their programme because they realise that without the firm backbone of a sound home life a nation

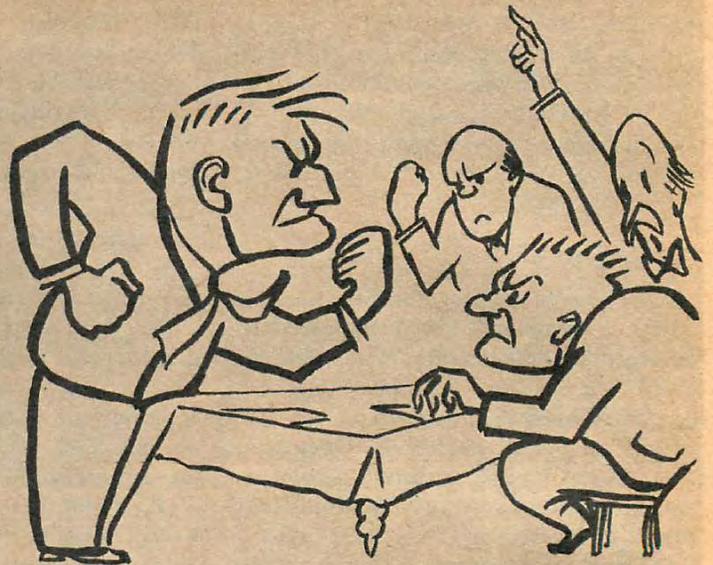
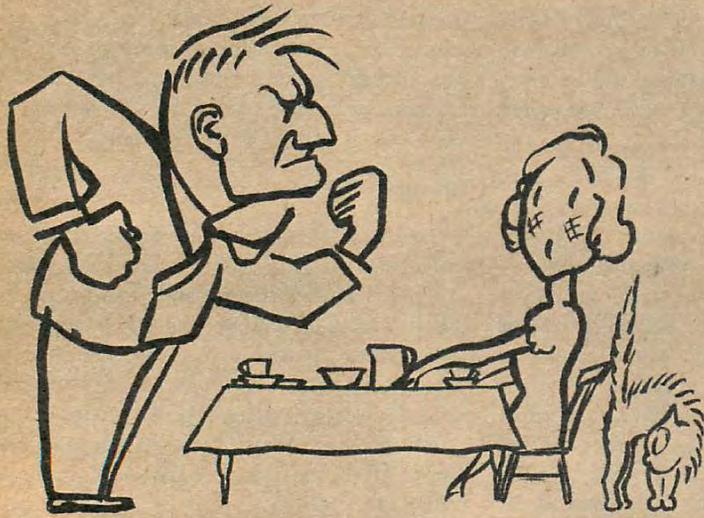
cannot resist alien ideas. Our Welsh friend would be the first to say that homes with dictators astride their hearths do not recognise undemocratic ideas when they see them. He himself was for many years in the materialists' camp with its philosophy of class hatred and class domination.

Breakfast-table secret

To many of us these are frightening and unfamiliar ideas. But it is becoming increasingly easy to give chapter and verse for them. There are many methods used to discredit and debase sound leadership. A typical example is the trade union leader who had tried for years to bring a policy of trust and unity into the union membership, but was constantly being hampered by difficulties at home, difficulties which were capitalised to undermine his leadership by forces who were trying to use the union to get power for themselves. The crisis came when his wife answered the telephone one night to hear a

After a hard day down the pit the miner looks forward to his fireside at home



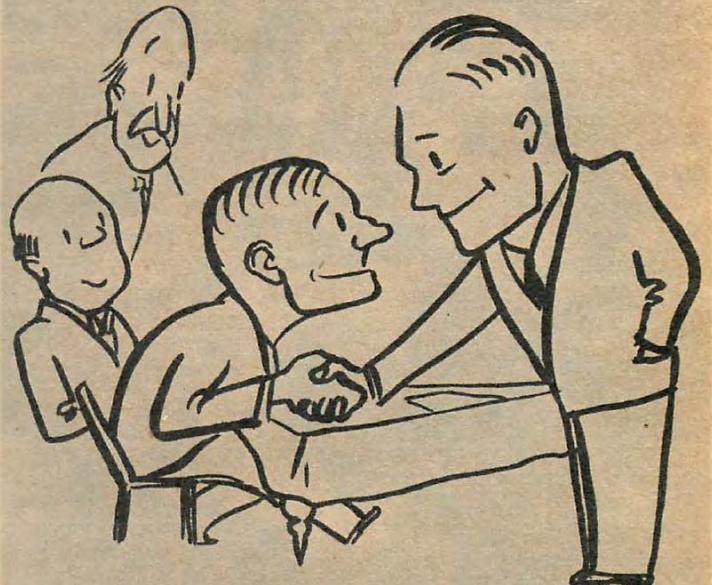
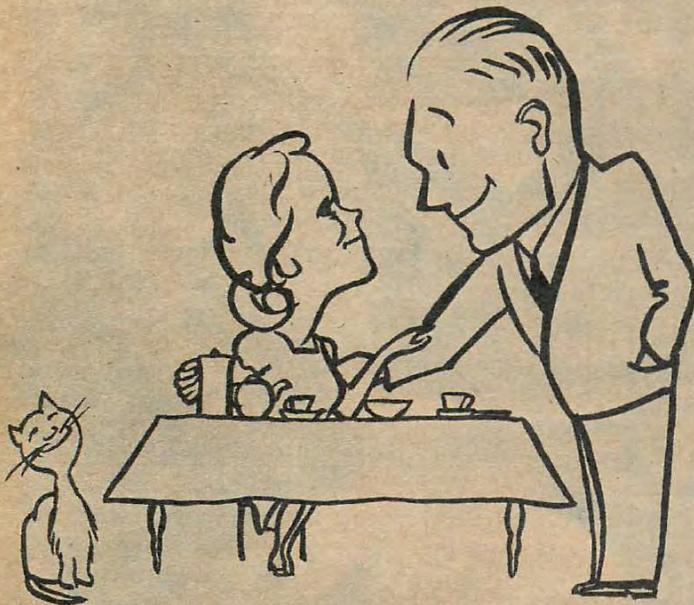


The futility of expecting a spirit of unity at the conference table that did not exist at the breakfast table

voice say: "Who is the red-head your husband is out with to-night?" And then came the click of a slammed-down receiver. Of course, she did not quite believe it. And yet, she asked herself, what did he find in those union meetings to go to night after night? Where did she fit into the picture? And when he came home there was a row. He began to realise the futility of expecting a spirit of unity at the conference table that did not exist at the breakfast table. Now the honesty and trust which he fights for at home are reflected in the union negotiations.

Many a worker's wife has had similar experiences of blackmail. These tactics underline the real danger today. Because economic crisis is a threat which catches at the throat of every family, it may hide the true crisis from them—the moral breakdown behind it. This was what the homes I visited were answering. They showed me that housewives can do more than put all their ingenuity into making the fuel go twice as far, turning the children's clothes, stretching the rations. For they were setting the moral standards of the nation, and bringing back into circulation commodities of honesty and unselfishness which are in short supply.

I thought, too, of the housewife losing her irritation over her husband's neglect of the bathroom hooks, of the miner starting afresh with his wife. By acting on the simple idea of being the first to change, instead of waiting for the other fellow to begin, these families have discovered a solvent for that human friction which may begin at a breakfast table, and end by slowing down a coal-cutting or wrecking a Cabinet. Homes with a secret like this throughout the nation can do more than fight catastrophe. In these days of cynicism, they can be the cradle of a new and sturdy hope for the future.



The honesty and trust which he fights for at home are reflected in the spirit of understanding in the union negotiations

PARLIAMENT OF THE NATIONS

BY DR. O. LEIMGRUBER

Chancellor of the Swiss Confederation

ACCORDING to Leopold Ranke, one of the most important modern historians, the great nations have a calling beyond that of their own national destiny—a supernational calling. The pages of history down through the centuries confirm this thesis. The latest pages, the ink still wet upon them, demonstrate it most conclusively, and also show that these great nations have failed to fulfil their national, as well as their supernational calling. The pages of their history, written with the blood of innumerable victims, of a calling misunderstood and unfulfilled, should have contained a warning to everyone. To the acute observer the failure of a nation's supernational calling is the direct result of its national calling's being deliberately misunderstood. Put organically, that is to say, the attempt to find a solution which is not in accordance with the organism of a nation, and is therefore unhealthy, becomes a point of infection for other nations.

But the harmful effects of a wound are by no means confined to a limited area. A small toxic infection can permeate and destroy the whole organism. Therefore, although we accept a conception of a nation as an organism, as stated by Leopold Ranke, we cannot apply this exclusively to the supernational calling of the great nations alone. On the contrary, the fact that a nation is small may well enable it so fortunately to fulfil its own national calling that it may serve as a model to other nations and win their respect and interest. In addition, the model solution of a national calling may be the only chance for a small nation to hold its own in the midst of large and powerful neighbours.

Without these considerations of principle it is impossible to understand fully the position of Switzerland in the family of nations.

Our country is situated in the heart of Europe, a Europe torn by warring ideologies. Its influence reaches every corner of the cultural and intellectual life of the continent. From Switzerland the Rhine rises to flow north. From Switzerland the waters of the Rhone and Tessine flow west and south towards the Mediterranean, and the Inn pursues its course eastward, sending its



Dr. O. Leimgruber, the Chancellor of the Swiss Confederation (left) with Dr. Frank Buchman in Berne

waters into the Danube and the Black Sea. In like manner Switzerland is obliged, as she has always been, to lie open to Europe and to the world.

It has been, and still remains, the great national and supernational mission of Switzerland to guard and spread democracy in the sense of the early Swiss confederates and to extend this spirit beyond its own frontiers. This is a difficult task for a nation small in size and population, lacking raw materials and minerals, and closely linked to and dependent on the fluctuations of world economy and the fate of its neighbours. It is common experience that a great power is always tempted to oppress a small power, that might tries to compel the spirit, and that matter tries to determine form.

The second world war through which we have just passed and the preceding fateful epoch of the totalitarian state have shown the Swiss people very clearly the dangers which threaten. Many instances have made it clear to us that the poison germs of materialistic ideologies do not halt at national frontiers. The 650th anniversary of the foundation of the Swiss Confederation, the

world's oldest democracy, took place when it was still uncertain who would be the victor. The Swiss nation was resolved to guard its land as a refuge of peace and a bulwark of traditional democratic freedom. The seriousness of the times was specially fitted to awaken in all sections of the population a sense of responsibility without which a small nation would not have been able to guard the unbroken continuity of its political structure through all the internal and external storms of more than six centuries.

Every Swiss knows that at the beginning of the Federal Charter of 1291, and at the beginning of the present Constitution, there stands the name of Almighty God. The terrible events around us have forcefully shown the fate of humanity when nations sink into materialism and the government of God is replaced by idol worship. It can be said today that Switzerland has well fulfilled its national calling of guarding *Christian* democracy in these difficult times. By so doing it has been able to be true to its supernational mission.

This mission has a twofold nature.

In the first place this means its simple and

almost matter of course function as Helvetia Mediatrix—Switzerland, the mediator. In this context we think of the undertaking of the representation of political interests, of the activities of the Swiss-founded International Red Cross, and all its spiritual children, of the Swiss Donation and private welfare organisations, of the reception of never ending streams of refugees, and finally, of the international conferences and congresses of all sorts whose ultimate aim is to serve the well-being and peace of the world.

Six hundred Years of Freedom

In the second place, there is Switzerland's special mode of existence. The fact that 4,000,000 people, of whom 70 per cent. are German-speaking, 20 per cent. French-speaking, and 10 per cent. Italian-speaking, can live together in unity and peace, more or less undisturbed by the storms of the outside world, and undivided by differences of faith, class and race, who have moreover been able to guard their personal and political rights and freedom for more than 600 years, in itself sets an example for the solution of the most urgent problems of the world today. From all parts of the country, irrespective of language and religion, the Swiss take an active part in public life. All have opportunity to share in carrying the burden of responsibility for the well-being of the nation, for its future destiny, for its spirit, as for its legal constitution.

This twofold supernatural will to mediate and to give inspired direction is equally apparent at the conferences of the world-wide movement of Moral Re-Armament, whose European centre is located in Switzerland, in the beautiful village of Caux. That is why this movement has won such great

interest and such whole-hearted sympathy from all friends of true freedom and true peace, in the framework of respect for the rights of fellow citizens. It is the reason for the already significant success of Caux.

There is an atmosphere in Caux which corresponds to the best traditions of our free democratic country, and to the noblest spirit of love for one's neighbour and love for peace. Influential members of former enemy nations have there extended the hand of reconciliation in order to work together in teamwork for the spiritual and material remaking of the world. Twenty-one Parliaments from various continents, possessed by an honest desire for friendly cooperation, sent successive representatives to Caux during the past year. It would be possible and desirable for a gathering of parliamentarians from *all* countries and parties to meet simultaneously for a stay of several days in Caux. This would provide an opportunity for fruitful discussion that would contribute to the cause of peace and mutual understanding between the nations. It would be the beginning of establishing direct and enduring contacts in the interests of future peace.

I wish to say this, not as a casual suggestion, but as a formal motion for the creation of such a "Landsgemeinde" (traditional Swiss community meeting) for the members of parliaments and governments of all nations to meet, not just once, but every year. Similar gatherings of prominent local councillors and leading men and women from the Civil Services of all countries might also be held. On another occasion the leading men from the chief cities of the world might assemble. In each case the aim would be to promote teamwork based on the eternal

principles of a supernatural wisdom for governments, striving after an early return of the nations to lasting peace on the Swiss model. That would mean peace with independence and autonomy, recognising the existence of each nation as a distinct state, and the true freedom of the people within the framework of the moral law.

Over the last forty years and most recently as the President of the International Institute for Administration at Berne last year, I have advocated time and time again the closest teamwork between the leading administrative offices of all countries with a view to reconciling the nations.

Precious Gift for World

Now the time has come to renew these efforts and leave nothing undone that the high and sacred purpose may be achieved. Public administrations, then as now, often do not consider it their task to work for general peace. This is regrettable, even shocking. Anyone with even a limited knowledge of the many-sidedness of the tasks of administration and the extent of the competence of the administrative authorities, knows that the administration exercises the function of a mediator between government and people. In countless instances it exerts direct or indirect influence on the shape of public life, both within and beyond the national frontiers.

Should Caux succeed in bringing about such supernatural and international conferences and relationships on the broadest basis, and in creating teamwork among them all, as it shows every promise of doing, then the movement for Moral Re-Armament will be one of the most precious gifts for a restless and torn world. The purpose of Caux taken up in the service of peace at God's own command will have an unspeakably wide historical and political significance. It envisions peace, not only between the nations, but in the hearts and souls of each individual as well as between individuals, classes, religions and confessions.

A United States Congressional Committee arriving at the Moral Re-Armament World Assembly at Caux





Indian Refugee

By JOHN TYNDALE-BISCOE

INDIA and Pakistan are divided by a deep and wide gulf of communal bitterness and hatred. Whatever the cause, that is the fact. That gulf must be bridged. Only then will the two new Dominions settle down peaceably side by side.

Recently a great step was taken towards harmonious relations between the two Dominions. At a meeting in Lahore it was agreed that property abandoned by refugees should continue to belong to the refugees themselves. "The effect in relieving the anxieties of the better-off refugees," commented the *London Times*, "will be considerable. They will be encouraged to make a fresh start and to shake off one part at least of their burden of communal bitterness."

Rai Bahadur Ishar Das Kapur was one of these refugees. In October he arrived in Delhi empty-handed. The biggest coalmine owner in the Punjab, he had been forced to leave his business, which was in Pakistan. His three large houses had been looted and burnt. The people of his village had fled also. Many of his relations were among them. The train bringing them to India was attacked. Few reached the Indian border alive. It seemed that this rich Hindu and many like him would be embittered for life, and that bitterness might well colour Indian policy for generations to come.

Not many years before Kapur had been travelling by train. A fellow passenger—an Englishman—noticed him. Nobody could help noticing him. Eighteen stone, his

pockets bulged as curiously as his paunch. In them he carried a couple of revolvers. His harsh business deals had earned him many an enemy. In spite of this formidable defence, he hadn't long to live—according to his doctors. His constitution, they said, couldn't stand the enormity of his diet. One minor item of this was a weekly intake of two hundred oranges.

Ishar Das and his companion were soon discussing their family and financial affairs—a normal procedure in India, even after only a few minutes' acquaintance. Ishar Das' grandfather, it appeared, had pioneered in the coal industry. On horseback he had searched the northern provinces till he found

the black seams. Then he, and his son after him, had supplied fuel to the famous Indus Flotilla Company.

"I am a religious man," said this industrialist presently. "That means," said his companion, with a quizzical look, "that you do not give bribes to railway officials." "Well, that I do," replied Ishar Das, thinking of the 10,000 rupees he had paid out last month to keep his wagons moving. And he quickly introduced the less embarrassing subject of his family. He worked hard for them. From morning till night he slaved. He took time off for meals, of course. But these he preferred to spend reading the newspaper rather than talking to his wife.

He was successfully building up a fortune for his children. But his constant fear was that they wouldn't turn out a success. Two of his sons were

causing him anxiety by turning towards communism. That was their reaction to their father's dictatorship in the home.

"Will they make good use of the fortune?" asked the Englishman.

"I've taken care of that," was the reply. "I'm handing the money over to trustees. If my sons behave sensibly they'll get the money. If not, they won't."



"That'll cause resentment, won't it?" "It has already." There was a pause. "Isn't leaving a material fortune to those sons like giving a stick of dynamite to a baby?" suggested the fellow traveller. "Maybe you could build something more lasting, something that will enable your sons to make better use of the money."

The train stopped. The passengers parted. But Ishar Das chewed over the conversation. A month later he came back for more. He visited the Englishman. For the first time in his life this shrewd business man laid all his cards on the table. Then he made some simple but costly decisions :

To cut right down on his diet; to make up with his enemies; to stop worrying about new financial adventures.

The two hundred oranges and much else stopped arriving at his house. On a public occasion he touched the feet of his enemies and asked their forgiveness for the wrongs he had done them. The railway officials suddenly found their unofficial incomes dropping and firms that hadn't had a square deal found their incomes going up. His wife saw more of him and his children said his temper had vastly improved.

Coal shortage Critical

Soon Japan was threatening India's eastern border. War orders quadrupled the quantity of raw products which Ishar Das supplied to a big British firm in Bombay. They asked him to adjust his rates. He had figures of costs prepared to present and took them to Bombay. When he had presented them he experienced a new feeling of uneasiness. In the lunch hour he spoke about it to his son, who was assisting him.

"Those figures were faked," he said. "I'm going to tell them the truth about our costs." The son couldn't imagine what had come over his father, but he watched the results. The firm, getting the true facts, immediately accepted the new figures. "On the old basis we should have battled on for weeks and months and reached the same answer," was Ishar Das' candid comment.

Then came the Rai Bahadur's opportunity to help India in a crisis. Coal supplies were short. In the Punjab the public were uncomfortably aware of the shortage. Cinemas, printing presses and cleaners were shut down through lack of fuel. Coal badly needed for the industries of Calcutta had to be sent the 1,400 miles from Bengal to the Punjab, and too many precious trucks were being used to take it there. The shortage threatened to be a hindrance to the war effort.

The change in Ishar Das was the key to increased production. He had already prepared the way for the formation of a Colliery Owners' Association, by reconciliation with his competitors. He was unanimously elected chairman. His cousin was elected secretary. With this gentleman he had not been on speaking terms for years. But he went up to him. "I did your father a wrong," he said, "a deep wrong. I am really sorry. I will make any amends you think right." It was in this spirit that the Association's business was carried on.

Shortly afterwards there was a meeting in Delhi to devise methods of increasing

free hand under the guidance of God." "I feel I have done right and would do the same again," said Ishar Das. "However, if any member wishes to vote against my continuing in office, I am ready to stand down."

The Committee discussed for a few minutes in his absence, then gave him a unanimous vote of confidence.

The results of Kapur's actions on the Punjab were :

Output up 50 per cent.

The Black Market was eliminated, as all sales of coal were done through the Association and coal could only be bought at the Government ceiling price.

Quick purchases were made possible, as the Association management knew exactly where stocks were available.

Labour began to flow to the mines instead of away from them.

Coal output in the Punjab was raised 50 per cent. above the average for the last three years.

Now Ishar Das is a refugee. The day after his arrival in Delhi last October the Rai Bahadur was thinking about the bitterness his losses had produced in him. "If I am to live, I must have peace of mind," he thought, "until I can be free from bitterness and anger I am of no use to myself or to my family, or to anybody."

He tackled his bitterness against Pakistan as he had tackled the fear he had had of his old enemies. He soon recovered his poise. He began to feel that even good might come out of the loss of his wealth. But he did not suspect how.

The Asian Regional Labour Conference was meeting in Delhi. He was invited to meet some of the delegates. He found himself sitting next a person he would have chosen last to sit next to—a Pakistan delegate. But he found his bitterness had gone. He was able to speak of his losses without rancour. The Muslim was astonished. Here was something new—a man wronged but not wrathful. He invited him to his rooms the following Sunday. They talked for an hour and a half. The Hindu won the Muslim's heart. This man who had suffered loss of all his wealth and many of his near relatives had found the power to cast out hatred and to find unity, even with an enemy.

Ishar Das may or may not be able to supply coal again, but he can bring a new factor into the relationships between India and Pakistan, between Hindu and Muslim. He has what the new India most needs.



Rai Bahadur Ishar Das Kapur

production. Government officials of the Mines Department of the Government of India were meeting colliery owners from all over India.

"In Delhi we agreed to certain things in the interest of Labour," reported Ishar Das afterwards, "production bonuses, wartime dearness allowances and ceiling price of coal to labour. I agreed on behalf of our Association, although I knew the extra cost would be considerable. I felt clearly it was a matter of 'what is right,' and not 'what it costs.'"

Other members of the Association didn't see things in the same light. One took Ishar Das thoroughly to task. The matter was taken up at the next meeting. Why had he not obtained the previous sanction of the Association before committing them? Ishar Das reminded them of the terms on which he accepted chairmanship. This was "a



COAL AND THE CONWAYS

BY KENNETH RUNDELL

THREE-QUARTERS of a mile under the earth a thunderous roar shakes the ground for miles around as the explosive gases ignite and tear away coal and rock in every direction. Every precaution is taken today to minimise the danger of pit explosions, but that is the possibility the miner faces every day as he fights on Britain's major industrial battle front.

Voices in the pit canteen are raised in an angry demonstration as 400 miners crowd around the union secretary with a multitude of complaints about wages, rations and grants from the canteen funds. Whether the explosive material of murmuring and discontent is to be controlled and satisfied or exploited and inflamed to create breakdown and economic chaos, depends on the leadership he gives.

Explosive gas and explosive tempers. Joe Conway, twenty-six years a coal-face miner and branch secretary of the union at the

Homer and Sutherland Pits, has to deal with both. Just elected for the sixth year running, he is typical of these key men in the coal industry who decide whether Britain gets the fuel she needs for 1948. These branch secretaries are the men who by the quality of their leadership either make of coal a pattern of industrial democracy or exploit the difficulties which inevitably occur to make it the breeding ground for bloody revolution.

You can set your watch by the time the door of 74 Campbell Road opens and Joe Conway makes his way out into the chill morning air. Five-ten exactly. He cooks his own breakfast before he leaves and is not home again until he returns for his evening meal about four or five o'clock.

The office of branch secretary is a spare-time job. "I should be happier if the secretary were not paid anything at all," says Conway. "As it is it doesn't make my pay-

packet much larger each week. I get a token salary of £6 a year and a small percentage of the union contributions."

He works at the coal-face himself, as well as representing the men in negotiations with the management. But in order that he may be free to be called away at a moment's notice Joe has accepted a job of secondary importance underground and does not have the opportunity of earning the high wages possible to the men engaged on cutting or filling coal. His average weekly wage is £6.

As we walked down to the pithead together we passed a pile of light steel girders bent in a semi-circular shape. Joe indicated this with a gesture and bent down to point out the way in which they are joined together to form the arched rib structure which supports the roof timbers holding back the mass of coal and rock which press down on them. Conway's work is to make safe the main roads under-

ground with the help of these girders which are the modern counterpart of the old pit props. Wooden props are still used, however, in the corridors which branch off the main roads towards the coal-faces.

It is still dark when, with the early shift, Joe steps into the cage at the pithead around

bring a problem to him or ask his advice talks it over as they discuss the affairs of the day or the "City's" chances at the Saturday afternoon match.

At two-thirty he makes his way back to the cage and is whirled up to the surface. The shirt he had discarded in the sweltering heat

make a world of difference and he is spick-and-span as he comes into the canteen to meet the men who crowd around him with their questions and suggestions.

"There are a hundred and one things we do," he says as he describes the part he plays in the life of the mine. "The biggest problem is to deal with the fellows who come with every sort of difficulty at all times of the day. We get an office at the pit, but I find that the two hours or so a day that I might spend there



(Left) Joe Conway is often called away from his meal to speak with one of the men from the colliery who comes to his home for advice and help

(Right) A recent development in N. Staffordshire is the close co-operation between Branch officials from the twenty-one pits in the area. (Left to right) Albert Bentley, Secretary at Park Hall; Joe Conway, Secretary at Sutherland, and Harry Wordley, Delegate at Sneyd Colliery

are not sufficient to deal with all the people who want to see me. So I am at home to anyone who comes along to 74 Campbell Road. Some chaps come as much as seven or eight miles for advice about compensation or housing difficulties or what have you. It's often a trying job but I try to deal with every problem because I know how much depends on the men's minds being free from worry.

"There is for instance one clause in the contract that you must report any injury, no matter how slight, that you may get in the pit. You can understand that that is necessary as there is always a possibility of a scratch turning septic in the dirt underground. But it is terribly difficult to persuade the men to report right away what they feel is a trivial injury. Yet a large number of the people who come to me and ask for advice are people who are partially disabled through mining injuries which they have reported too late."

Round the Clock Job

By no means the least part of the branch secretary's task is the secretarial work of the branch committee. Conway's pit employing just over 1,800 men, has a branch committee of nine, with a chairman, secretary and a delegate who represents them at the delegate committee. The secretary is responsible for the union contributions every man in the pit makes weekly from his pay. Before a miner is taken on the payroll he has to agree to join the National Union of Mineworkers and subscribe to the branch fund. At the end of the year Joe is up till twelve or one at night balancing the ledgers and making up the union accounts, while his wife, Ruby, knits and occasionally replenishes his ever-present cup of tea.

In addition to his special duties as secretary,

6.20 a.m. The second deepest in the country, Sutherland pit has a single drop of over half a mile. Less than a minute later he has arrived at the bottom of the shaft and he commences his journey, which may be up to a mile and a half, to the coal-face. The seven-and-a-half hour shift is broken by one brief break at "snappin" time when he has his midday meal of sandwiches and water. It is during this break that anyone who wants to

below is a very welcome protection from the cutting wind that blows across the slag heap. Unless you are accustomed to the sight of a miner straight from the coal-face it is impossible to recognise the person who strolls down towards the baths. As like as not the black-faced man you ask whether Conway is likely to come up soon, will turn out to be Joe himself.

Ten minutes in the pithead baths, however,



Joe is also chairman of the sports and social committee and chairman of the welfare fund, trustee of the baths committee, member of the disability advisory committee and of the court of local referees. He is interested in every aspect of the miner's life and feels that their social and cultural activities are just as much his care as are his relations with the management or his negotiations with the disablement committee. As a governor of the Infirmary and member of the local National Savings Committee, he finds himself in touch with many other sides of the life of Stoke-on-Trent.

Pit Problems

There is a tradition of sound union leadership at the Homer and Sutherland pits. As we chat with the canteen manager and the baths attendant, the door opens and the burly figure of "the general" steps into the room, to join Joe and his friends in a cup of tea. Old George Stephenson, who has been sixty-one years a miner, rarely misses his daily visit to the place where he worked for thirty-five years. He started down the pit at the age of twelve doing an eleven-hour shift, from 6 a.m. until 5 p.m., for 1s. 4d. a day. Eighteen months ago he retired from his duties as check-weighman. He was the branch president for four years in the days when it was not binding on a miner to be affiliated to the union. Collecting union subscriptions on pay-day he fought for a membership which would have real bargaining power with the mine owners. He remembers the formation of the North Staffs Miners Union in 1889. Many a time he has given advice and encouragement to his successor. The building of close cooperation between management and men, he sees, is now an urgent priority. "Unionism is all right," says George, "as long as you be men to each other."

Joe Conway nods his agreement as he sips his cup of tea.

"It's the attitude I have to the men and my relationship with the management that really count," he says. "The miner responds to leadership, and it is important that he gets the right ideas. You can lead men anywhere and the trouble has been that they have not always been given the right ideas.

"One of the greatest battles in mining today is to conserve and preserve our present manpower which is gradually diminishing. There are many reasons why our labour force in the mines is not being replenished as quickly as it should. It's a dirty job, of course, and any attempt to glamourise it is off the point. The most unpleasant thing

about life underground is the dust. Nothing we do about it really helps very much. In some pits we spray the coal-face, but often that is dangerous. If you are working on a soft level, too much water causes the ground to break up and then the pit-props tend to become unsafe. Down at the face the dust is so dense that you cannot see further than ten feet away from you. The introduction of machinery is a great advantage, of course, in many ways. It makes more dust, though, as the extra air, needed to clear away the gas, blows the tiny particles of coal and rock back from the face. It is these little bits of coal and rock which cause silicosis and pneumokoniosis, which are both on the increase.

"Working there, you get to know the men's feelings pretty well. I used to adopt 'the worker, right or wrong' and 'the highest price for our labour,' as the principles on which to negotiate. I was that blind that, though I thought I was being honest and unprejudiced, I often merely dug in my heels and fought for my own ideas.

"It takes moral courage to be honest with the men and management. Today I believe the most important thing is to fight for 'what's right,' not 'who's right.'"

Conway is proud of the friendly spirit which exists between management and men at his pit. He has had, however, to fight the usual battles in industry and speaks with a wealth of experience in handling disputes.



Assistant Under-Manager Mr. Alf Simpson calls in the Branch Secretary to discuss some details of the work at the colliery

"When there is a dispute there are always two points of view," he says. "I used to listen to the men's only, but discovered that you cannot get far like that. It will lead you up the garden path. Management and men have got to learn to pull together, and it depends to a great extent on the union secretary's attitude whether they do so or not. One day I came up from the pit and heard a tremendous bawling and shouting in the canteen as I walked towards the baths. Some 400 men were up in arms about what they were being paid for some contract and wanted me to go to the manager and tell him we wanted a higher wage rate than we were getting. Others were angry about a rumour of their rations being reduced. Twenty or thirty were talking at one time.

"That is the sort of situation that sometimes brews up into a strike. It's the point where, in many places, Communists step in and bring the men out. In my experience, no dispute need develop to the stage where an open fight is the only way out. The machinery of conciliation is such that any dispute can be settled if both parties honestly want a solution. It's only when hotheads and troublemakers get control that you get deadlock.

"In this particular instance I talked to the men, found out the facts and took a deputation of them to the manager. The whole affair was settled right away.

"Naturally enough, colliery managers do not like to alter their decisions, any more than the men want to shift their ground, once they have made up their minds. Nevertheless, an agreement that is acceptable to both parties can be found in the spirit of 'what's right.'

"When you get fellows digging in their heels, though, and refusing to budge, whether they are right or not, that is where the trouble starts. It's on that ground that Communism grows. It's on those feelings that the ideas

of class war and class domination are fed.

"There are two ideas that can operate in mining today. The idea of teamwork, which is based on the acceptance of moral standards, or the idea of class interest and moral anarchy. The one is the idea of Moral Re-Armament and the other is the idea of Communism, and as our area president said a short time back, 'When Moral Re-Armament comes in, Communism goes out.'"

It Starts at Home

One of the more recent developments in Joe Conway's trade union life is his close cooperation with his fellow branch secretaries in the other pits in the area. There was a time when he took little notice of what went on outside of Sutherland pit. He now meets regularly with Aaron Colclough of Glebe Colliery, Albert Bentley of Park Hall, and Bill Yates of Victoria. The thing that has brought them together is their common determination to see the soundest elements in trade unionism stand and fight together to answer the infiltration of subversive elements.

"My friendship with those fellows may be of some significance for the future," says Joe. "Mr. Morgan Phillips has called for a closing of the ranks in the Labour movement against Communism. But it is only when you have got a positive idea to fight for and when you are pulling together with a team of others in the same situation that you have something to fight with."

It is often well after five o'clock before Joe comes home from the colliery. As we stroll down the road together he tells me about his family and pauses at a shop on the way to take home a paper. "It may sound far-fetched, but it is my relations with the people I live closest to that determine my effectiveness as the link between the miner and the colliery manager. That's why I ask you to come and visit my

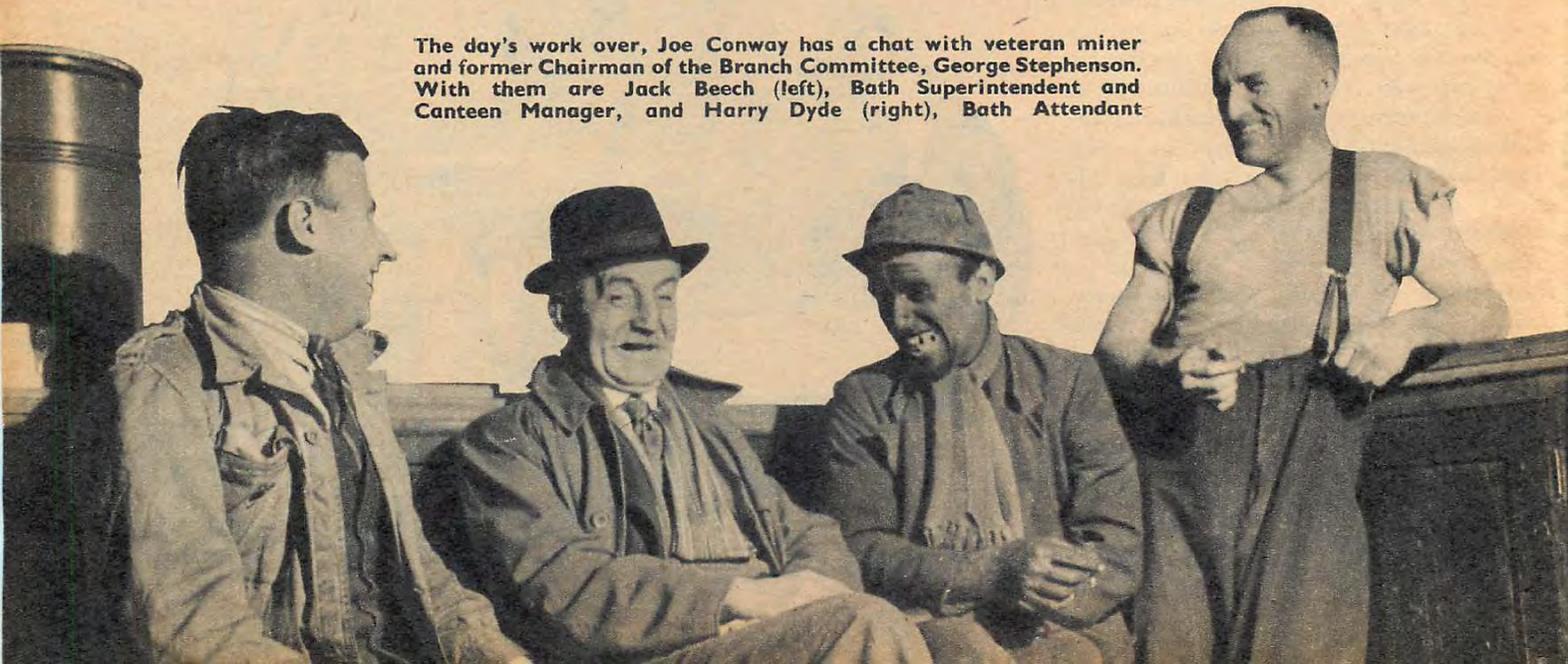
home, because that is where it starts."

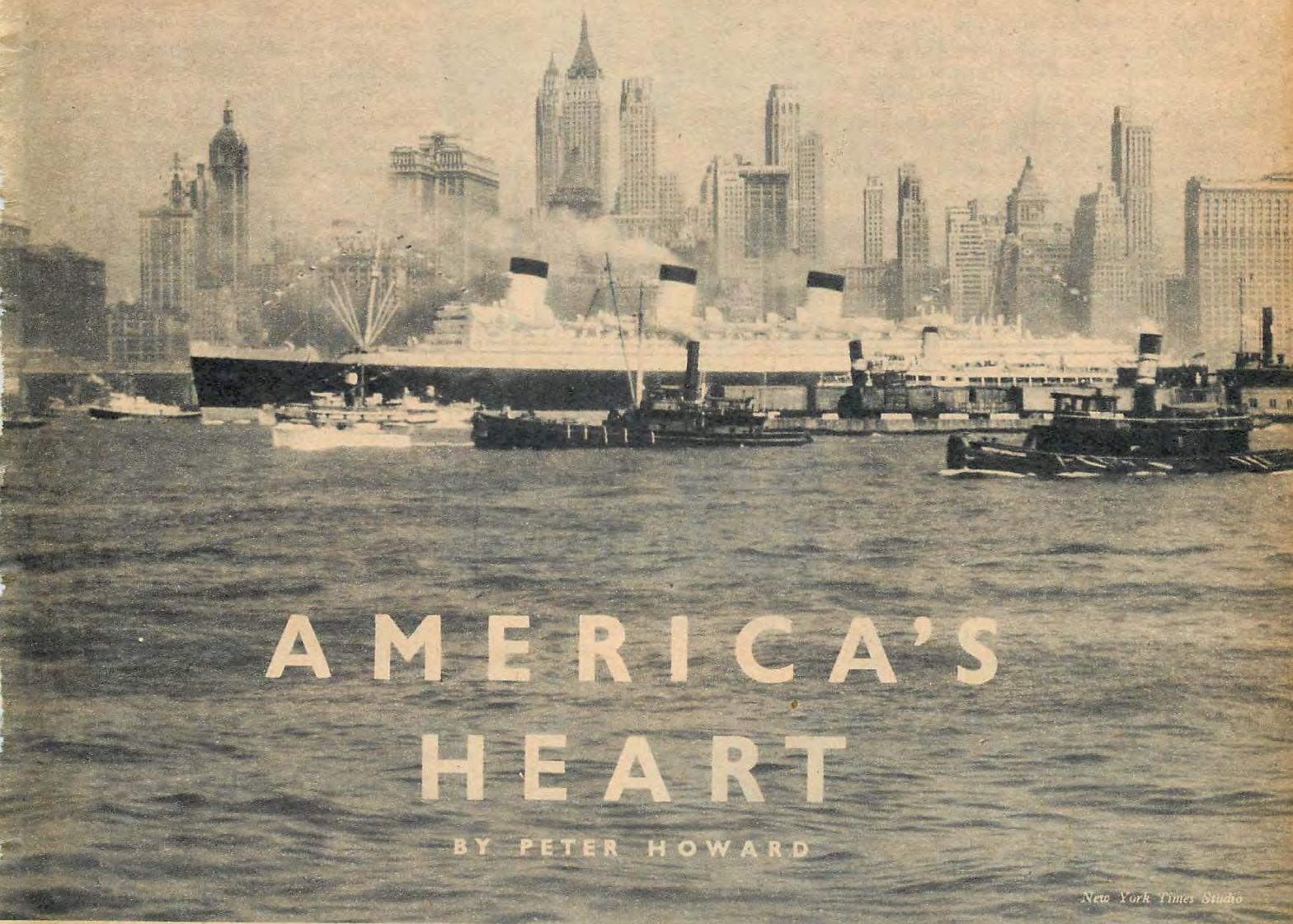
The Conway's is a typical five-roomed house, just like the other sixty or so houses in the row and you push open the front door to meet a typical miner's family. Joe introduces Mrs. Conway, who has his dinner ready for him in the oven. The warmth of her welcome and the twinkle in her eye are reassuring. Cooperation and friendly understanding do much to make the Conway home a place where troubles are met with sympathy and a desire to help. Joe's mother-in-law, busy darning the socks, and his son, occupied with his homework, complete the scene of domestic harmony.

"But two years ago," says Joe, "our home was a miniature dictatorship, and I was the dictator. My boy Irvine was in revolt, and when I came into the house he went out. The way out of deadlock at home I found was being willing to admit where I was wrong and be honest enough to put that right. At home it means that we now spend the evenings as a family together and the same secret applied to my union duties means a higher level of production and a real family spirit at the pit.

"And that is the spirit that I want to see North Staffordshire export to the rest of Europe. It is not a question merely of whether we hit our target at Sutherland pit or maintain the teamwork we now have between the manager and the men. We have been working that out long enough now to see its relevance to the battle for the control of the coal industry that is being waged today. Where sound leadership based on teamwork is developed the subversive ideas, which have crept into unionism in this country as well as a lot of other countries, have no influence. It is a part of the job of those of us who see the issues in this war of ideas to get together and fight for the ideology which will transform mining and make it a pattern for industry."

The day's work over, Joe Conway has a chat with veteran miner and former Chairman of the Branch Committee, George Stephenson. With them are Jack Beech (left), Bath Superintendent and Canteen Manager, and Harry Dyde (right), Bath Attendant





AMERICA'S HEART

BY PETER HOWARD

New York Times Studio

THE men who sailed in the *Mayflower* stepped ashore into a new world. And so do those who sail to America in the *Queen Mary* today. It's not just abundance in the shops where you can buy everything from a helping of stewed terrapin at one pound a plateful to a child's electric train which whistles, shines its headlamps and puffs smoke. It's not the antics of climate or humanity where, when a snow blizzard, with sixteen-foot drifts traps 14,000 motor cars in the streets of New York, the courts fine the owners two pounds each to help pay for the snow ploughs.

The American people in the last twelve months produced more goods than ever before in their history. There is more money in circulation than ever before. Yet somehow, happiness is missing in a nation and people which has thought and lived until now in terms of exclamation marks and has suddenly and painfully increasingly begun to think in terms of question marks. For the ordinary man and the statesman is beginning to understand that the dollar can buy everything except an answer. It cannot buy peace,

it cannot buy freedom for nations. So America, a land of plenty, is paradoxically a hungry nation—hungry for an idea which will fit her for the mantle of world leadership she has begun to wear.

President Truman declared last month: "One of the primary objects of the foreign policy of the United States is the creation of conditions in which we and other nations shall be able to work out a way of life free of coercion . . . We shall not realise our objectives unless we are willing to help the free peoples against the aggressive movements that seek to impose on them totalitarian regimes." This statement represents the true heart of the American nation irrespective of political viewpoint today. But how to do it? How to live it?

These questions have created a ferment in the bloodstream of America. Superficial observers mistake the scum and froth which come to the surface as the true reaction of the people. A British Member of Parliament described the boom in night-club life in New York as "dancing on the edge of a graveyard." Another British politician,

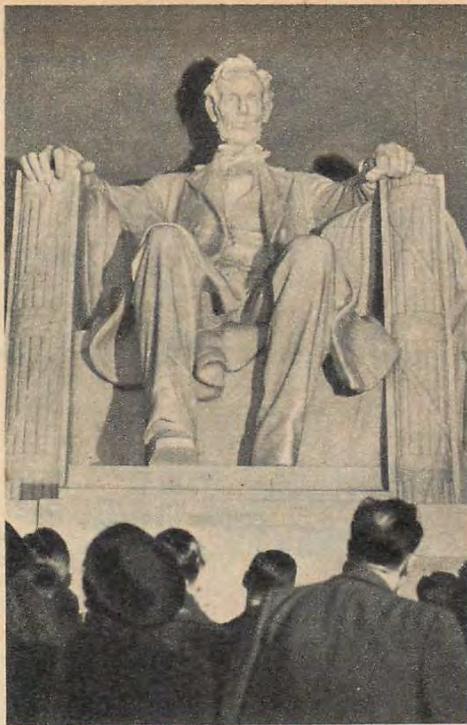
having heard war talk, said: "In 1938 we spoke of the danger of war—the Americans said *we* were mad. In 1948 they speak of the danger of war—and I know *they* are mad." In fact those who dance on the edge of graveyards or gabble war are a small minority. Under the surface, slowly, steadily, the tide of American life is turning to monumental new decisions.

Many attempts have been made to divide America from Britain during these last years. Those ideologically interested in separating the democracies from each other have painted a picture of dollar imperialism in the sinister moguls of Detroit and Pittsburg. They have propogandised to make Britain believe that if you blast open the vaults of Wall Street banks you will find the hard, dull golden heart of America. It's an easy story to tell, as America is in fact the richest, strongest country on earth today. But it is not the true story.

If, amid the bustle in the subway, the crash and roar of the main street, the metallic hustle of this mechanised continent, you stop the ordinary man of America and look inside

his heart you will find a strange, even shy, figure sitting there. It is the man who looks with deep eyes of marble across the capital today—a man who came from awkward, small beginnings, knew debt and failure, laughter and unhappiness, struggle and success—who was so strong he could bend horse shoes in his hands, so tender he wept as he gave the order for war—who cracked bluff jokes in cabinet meetings and who declared God guided his destiny day by day.

Abraham Lincoln spoke of "firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right," declared that the nation could never live "half slave and half free." And the heart of America has begun to recognise that truth about the whole world. America is also quick to recognise and act upon the answer. In the last weeks I have seen vast audiences of Senators and Congressmen on Capitol Hill, farmers from the Middle West, bankers, ex-servicemen, a cross-section of American life, hail the idea of Moral Re-Armament, seen in the revue *The Good Road*, as democracy's world answer. Further, I have seen men whose fathers and grandfathers smashed the covered wagon trail through swamp and



Lincoln Memorial, Washington

Oakland Bridge, San Francisco

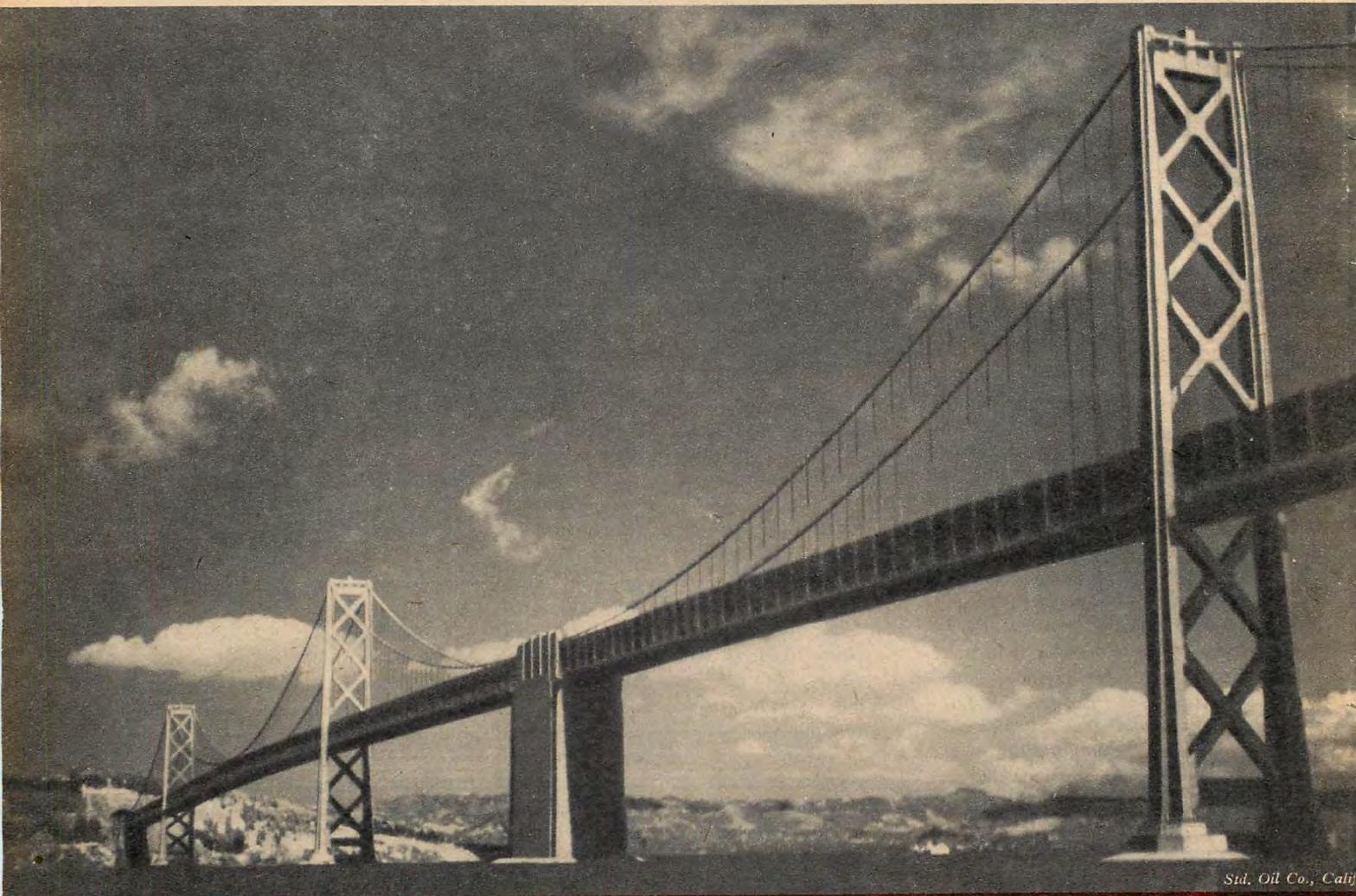
prairie, over mountain ranges and rivers, across a continent, have the guts and humility to start living differently as their contribution to that answer.

Some coal miners from Britain flew to the Assembly for Moral Re-Armament in Richmond and gave details of the record increase in production in their pits. They told some of the leading coal men of America: "The greatest export you ever sent to us from America was *The Forgotten Factor*."

And American statesmen answered: "You miners and people who have come from Europe with change in your heart and Moral Re-Armament as the answer for homelife, industry and nationhood, are the only people America will listen to today."

Such bonds of understanding need to be tightened and strengthened. Bridges of generous appreciation will span clear across the threatening sea of political and economic collapse. They will ensure that the gap of ocean between Britain and America does not become a gap of spirit too.

America's heart is made of blood in a steel sheath. Her heart will change and break through the steely walls of materialism with a beat that will include and shake the world.



Std. Oil Co., Calif.