NEW WORLD NEWS

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INCENTIVE FOR INDUSTRY

Page 13

BATTLE LINE

THERE ARE MILLIONS OF PEOPLE across the world who have now become alarmed about Communism. As a result, there is a rapid spread of anti-Communism. The world is being torn in half and the dreaded word "war" is again on everyone's lips.

Anti-Communism can only lead to fatal cleavage. What the world needs is the *answer to Communism*. Anyone who fails to understand this difference fails to understand the age in which we live.

Statesmen battle to arrest the disease. They do not think in terms of a cure. They expect the amputation of one limb after another in the hope that the rest of the body can be saved. They recommend drastic measures to arm one part of the world against the rest.

Anti-Communism will never provide an answer. It is either merely pathetic when it means trying to oppose an ideology with good will or indignant talk. Or it is fiercely fanatic when it becomes another warring ideology.

The world needs an answer which will cure the injustices and miseries which drive men to Communism; an answer which will fulfil men's longings which lure them to Communism; an answer which will dispel the apathy and complacency which leave the way open to Communism. This answer exists. It is Moral Re-Armament. It offers the hope of new men and a new world.

Moral Re-Armament is not just another warring ideology. It is the answer to all materialist ideologies because it gives the sure hope of a change in human nature, fundamental in character and world-wide in scope. It is truly revolutionary because it cures the underlying cause of all revolutions—man's selfishness. Communism and anti-Communism both stop short of making selfish men unselfish. Their methods are to accept human nature, to exploit it, or to regiment it. The results make the cure they offer more terrible than the disease they treat.

Materialist ideologies are bound by their nature to divide the world and to attack each other. They promise power for one group at the expense of another. Moral Re-Armament is for everyone everywhere. It offers change to Communist and anti-Communist alike. It offers everyone the chance to be a remaker of the world. It accepts no ultimate cleavage in the world except that between those who fight *for* a change in human nature and those who fight *against* it; between those who accept God's direction and those who reject it.

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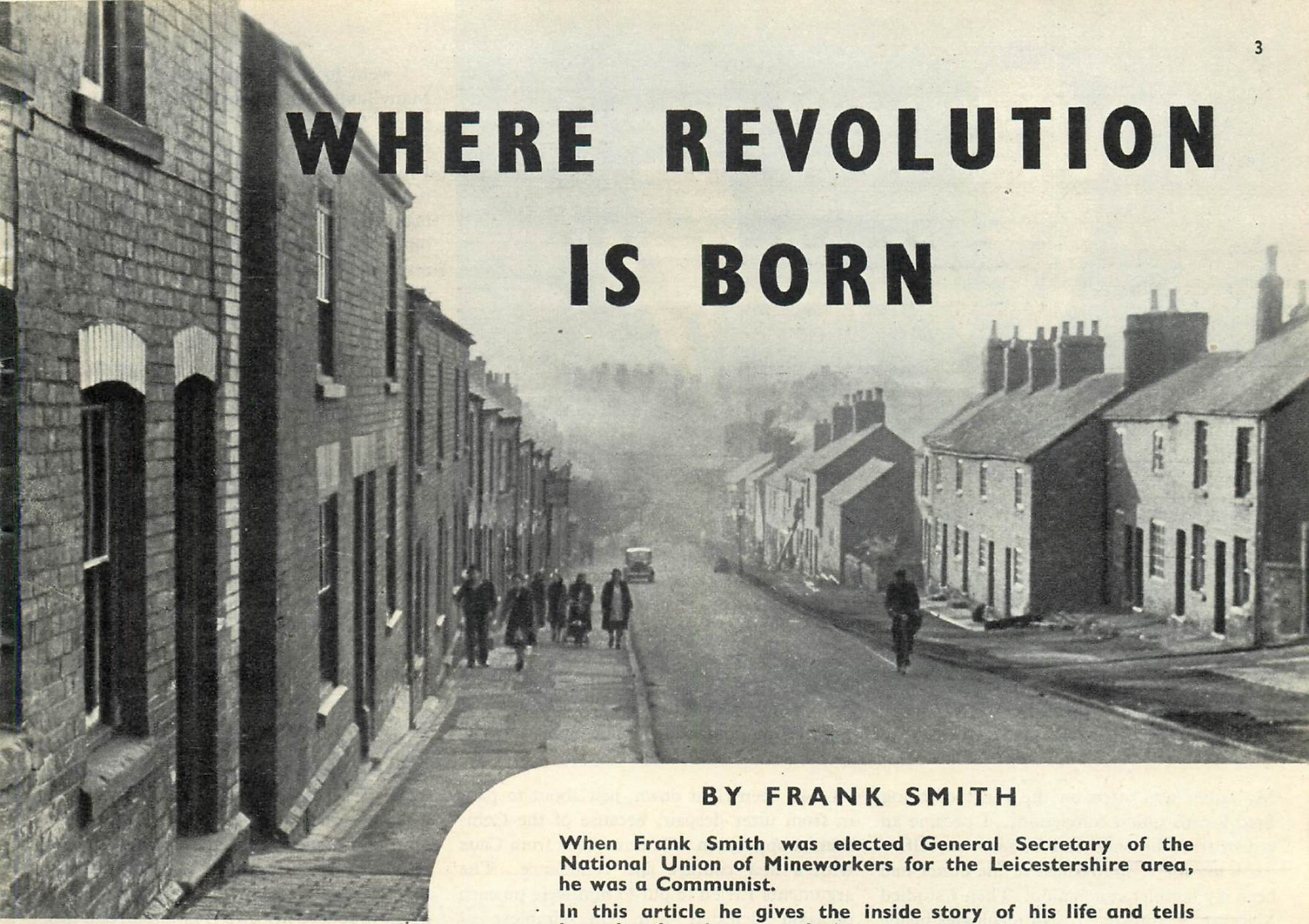
WHERE REVOLUTION IS BORN



Frank Smith's home street in Whitwick

BY FRANK SMITH

When Frank Smith was elected General Secretary of the National Union of Mineworkers for the Leicestershire area, he was a Communist.

In this article he gives the inside story of his life and tells how he found a revolutionary alternative to class war.

I AM a man of action. That is why I joined the Communist Party. They said to me: "The ruling class, which has made you bitter, needs eliminating altogether." So I became district secretary, and within fourteen days had enlisted seventy-seven members, including my wife. Britain's mining industry was ripe for change.

I started work at Whitwick Colliery at fourteen, with my father and grandfather. What a job! I love pit work. I could have done it till I died. I revelled in the adventure of wrestling with nature, with cavernous holes in the roof, when a fall crushed everything like matchboxes—when you had fixed that up you felt like the man who built the Mersey Tunnel. Then the thrill of being "cock"—first man to complete your "stint"; I was "cock" month after month.

But there was another side to it, too—coming home from the pit through the fields so I wouldn't be seen, stinking and wet up to the waist after working in water . . . then sitting after a day's work, your fingers bleeding, your eyes smarting, your body aching so much you couldn't rest. After a meal I'd fall asleep. Then I'd wake up wanting to knock hell out of somebody. The wife was the nearest, so I'd quarrel with her. Then, fed up, I'd go out to the pub till ten o'clock.

I had married Gladys at twenty-one. She was a smasher! I was earning two pounds a week, and she was a mill girl getting twenty-six shillings a week. If I was five minutes late coming home from the pit, she'd be at the door worrying for fear something had happened to me. Hers was a lonely life. She would often come to the pub to find me, and sit with me. She didn't enjoy it, but there was nothing else to do. Sunday was the same. There wasn't much happiness, but at least we were together.

Chaotic conditions

She became very bitter, and blamed the conditions I worked in and the treatment from the management for the way I acted at home. I believed I was the one that mattered; I gave the orders. She did as I said, or else. She resented this and told me so; and so we would quarrel. But that didn't change me. I was nasty; and she feared me. One week we were madly in love; the next we would be down in the dumps. For a fortnight at a time we would not talk; we would live by deaf and dumb signs.

At the age of sixty-four my grandfather was sacked for being "redundant"—the victim of an efficiency drive. He got no compensation. My father said, "I'll never forgive the manager as long as I live." Then he, too, had an accident in the pit. A man up the street, six foot four inches tall, was compelled to work in a narrow seam. He committed suicide.

In the 1926 strike my dad was "out" for thirty-two weeks. I saw what it did to the miners. They were torn between duty to their mates and love for their families, with their Trade Union leaders telling them to stick out, and the kids at home crying for food. We fed from a soup-kitchen behind the butcher's shop. At night I saw the whole street of miners, armed with their pit-tools, going off to poach in the woods for food. It was steal or starve.

All these things made me bitter. I set out to find some solution to the chaotic conditions in which we were immersed; some solution that would bring speedy relief to the miners and retribution upon those who, I felt, had caused the conditions.

My grandfather had been one of the first members of the Coalville Miners' Association.

"My first convert to Communism was to be my colleague, the Union Area Agent" (right)

My father was often on the verge of being fired for his union convictions. I became an ardent trade unionist and Socialist myself.

All my life the bitterness of the miner had been my familiar companion. Then I studied Marxism, Leninism. I read ideologies inside out. Day after day I studied dialectical materialism.

The root trouble, I thought, was the inhuman attitude of management and their utter lack of consideration. Their rule threatened us daily with unemployment and starvation. What happened to us was our own misfortune. Communism, to my mind, had the only single answer, completely eliminating the class that ruled us.

Training in Marxism

So I took training in Marxism and in the tactics of infiltration. I rejoined the Labour Party so that I would be eligible for election to the County Council. Still working in close cooperation with the Communists, I became General Secretary of the National Union of Mineworkers for the Leicestershire area, where there are 8,000 miners. I took office with the specific intention of turning the whole Council Communist.

My first convert was to be my colleague, the area agent. He was one of the old Socialist school, a leading member of the local Labour Party, a man of integrity and sincerity. But all he said bounced off me. Then he went to the Moral Re-Armament World Assembly at Caux in the summer of 1946. When he returned he was a new man. He had been right down, just about to pack in from utter despair, because of the Communist opposition. He came back from Caux with a new courage and confidence. The arguments I tried to put to him were on each occasion defeated with the simplest of answers. He made me think deeply.

With the nationalisation of the mines we arrived on the threshold of the Utopia for which I had fought. Labour had come to power. The threat of unemployment had lost its venom, and the national need for coal had brought a new understanding of the miners' vital role. Many of our demands were being met because of sheer necessity. Yet while I was glad, and still am, that nationalisation has been achieved, it disappointed me to see dispute after dispute, indicating that there were more basic ills in the industry that had not been cured.

Often I cast my mind's eye wearily into the future, and could see nothing but strife ahead—an everlasting battle so long as greed remained the incentive. My dream Utopia was still as far from realisation as ever.

Into this gloom came a ray of hope. I came across a book, *Ideas Have Legs*, by Peter Howard. This interested me so much that I went to London, to see the play, *The Forgotten Factor*. But I was sceptical; my materialist training had encased my heart in a crust of toughness. I felt I would have to make many more investigations; and I did so, asking the bluntest and most awkward questions I could think of. They were answered very simply.

I went to the Assembly at Caux in 1947. Many hundreds of people of all nations were there. The simplicity with which the spirit of brotherhood was achieved amazed me. I met and dined with people of international renown, I heard evidence of the solution to many industrial problems. Here was a different approach, and one that did not result in someone always being at a disadvantage and consequently embittered.

As I went to bed that night, I walked out on to the balcony of my room and looked over the Lake of Geneva. I thought about what I had heard and seen, and of the spirit of the place.

Explosion in my conscience

As a Communist I had never felt really satisfied. I think it was because I still believed there was a God, though I had only prayed to Him when I had an extraordinarily bad cold, or wanted to win at the dogs. It was Communism or God, and I chose God that night.

Something had already begun to happen to me. I can only call it an explosion in my conscience. I knew in my own heart of hearts that I had not been honest with myself. The explosion became a searing flame I could not stifle. I realised that I had a lot to do to make up to my wife, Gladys.

In all my mental struggles and busy union activities, my home had sadly suffered, and so had she. I gambled and drank like the devil, to relieve my own frustration; and then I would vent my feelings in bitter barbs at Gladys. Sometimes I would come home hungry from work and in order to hurt her would push aside the meal she had scraped together so carefully. We came perilously near separating.

Today I think life has become a little better for her. I am more susceptible to a plea to wash up the dishes, for instance ! My little daughter, Lynda, who is five, now tells me she loves me; before, she used to run away and wait until Daddy had gone back to work. Home life for me has more charm than it has ever had in my fourteen years of married life.

In my union work, I no longer fear what people think of me. It used to worry me when I was addressing the miners, to think : " If they knew what I am really like, they would not listen to me."

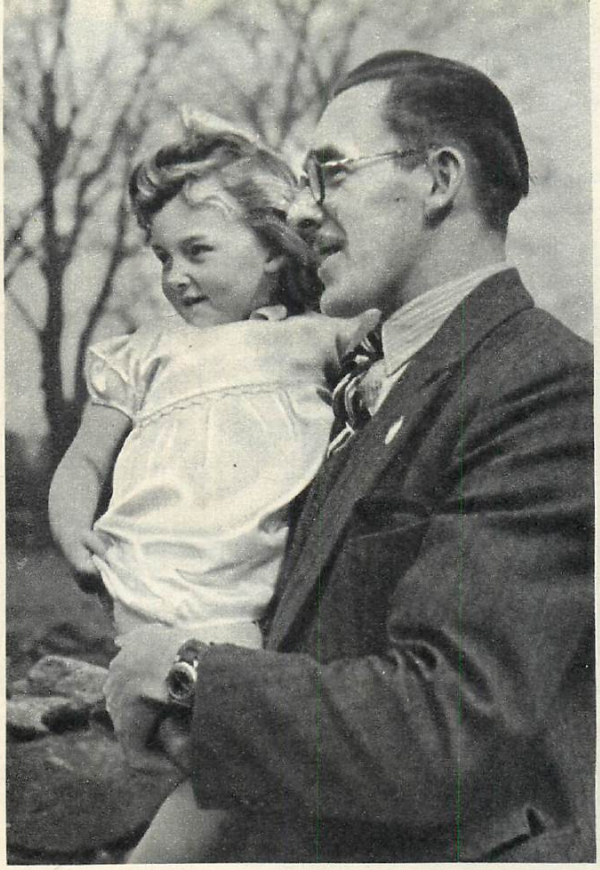
Always a fight

Trade Unionism is always a fight; but we'll get there quicker when we fight without bitterness. In the unions there are subversive elements that are disrupting any sane policy. Different sections are fighting the other sections because of their particular " ism " or brand of thought.

On our own council there was a man who

was elected to office because he was a fighter. He always fought for the men, whether they were right or wrong. He was out to beat " the gaffers " at their own game. But his bitterness made him a thorn in the flesh for the Union, too. He was a terror. Every time a constructive suggestion was put forward he'd just kick it to hell. We even thought of siding with the management to get him sacked.

He was one of the 1,500 who saw *The Forgotten Factor* when we brought it to our coalfield last winter. " For years I've been searching for this," he said. " Somewhere in the back of my mind I've known this was the thing to fight for. I have been an atheist. I was termed a Communist. This has diverted me back to the Christian way of life." In the last six months that man has got more for his men than in all his previous life, not because he threatens, but because he's honest. The pit management used to say, " That man's a swine, we can do nothing with him." Now they respect him, and meet him on the right level.



"Lynda used to run away until Daddy had gone to work"

The one revolution that works

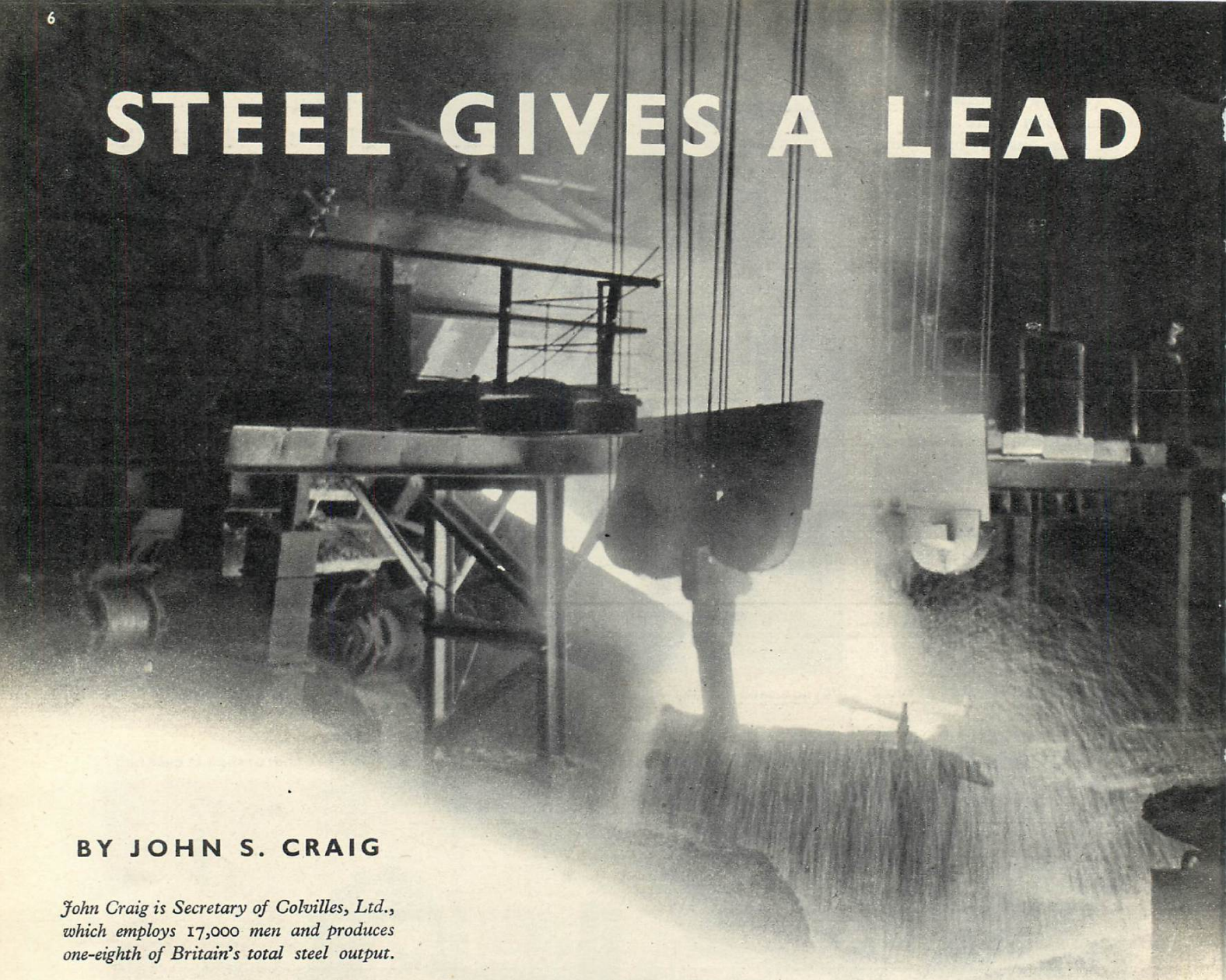
This answer goes to the root of the problem because it means the abandonment of avarice as a motive, and the birth of true cooperation. Then strikes will be unnecessary; and with this deeper understanding between management and men comes the classless society that is sincerely lived from the heart.

Every " ism " ever thought of appeals only to one section of the community; they are based on the desire to satisfy the cravings of one particular sector. Only the ideology of Moral Re-Armament deals with the whole of a community. It alone can unite the human race. It is the one revolution that works—because it changes human nature.

With this spirit, industry can be the grave of tyranny and the cradle of democracy. Before us are the gates of freedom from ourselves. We are the people with the key to open them.

"I married Gladys at 21. She was a smasher! We came near separating: but home life today has more charm than it ever had "

STEEL GIVES A LEAD



BY JOHN S. CRAIG

John Craig is Secretary of Colvilles, Ltd., which employs 17,000 men and produces one-eighth of Britain's total steel output.

TO say that you work in the Steel Industry is to draw upon yourself a barrage of questions about nationalisation and targets. For Steel has now become the centre of the stage both economically and politically. Steel is the national bottleneck—we cannot produce in this country all we need to build the ships that will carry our exports and bring home our food, and to restore the railways to their pre-war standards of safety and comfort. Cars for export, new plant to keep Britain abreast of modern technical developments, all demand steel. Britain could use more than 16,000,000 tons of steel ingots. We have the plant to produce this year little more than 14,000,000 tons. No wonder the Economic Survey for 1948 says: "Steel more than anything else, apart from dollars, will be the limiting factor in 1948." What of the industry that holds this unenviable position?

Strangely enough, it is almost impossible to describe the industry in terms of steel. "Steel" can mean the mighty plates that go to make the *Queen Elizabeth* or the watch spring finer than human hair. But it is easier to talk of the industry in terms of the men in it. The labour force numbers over 400,000. They are hard-working men—for years they have worked the night shift because the furnaces must be kept going, and the mills must follow so as to roll the steel while it is still hot, and so save fuel. The unions have always been interested in production, and were among the earliest pioneers of payment by result. More recently they have accepted, in fact, took the leading part in negotiating, an agreement for a continuous working week, which means that steel is now being made every hour of every day.

On their side, management have been pioneering industrial self-government. In the early 'thirties they formed the British Iron and Steel Federation and undertook to refer all development of their plants to the scrutiny of representatives of the industry as a whole. Prices came under national agreements which were controlled by a Government body. So the idea of control in the national interests is not new to the steel industry.

Labour-management relations have been excellent. There has been no major stoppage due to a strike or lock-out in the last forty years. There is nothing extraordinary in the negotiating machinery; it works because both sets of men are determined it shall. There is no shortage of disputes, but both sides feel it is better for everyone if the wheels are kept turning while the disputes are settled amicably round the table.

So much for the past, but what of the future? There are signs that the men of steel are not going to be content to rest on their achievements. There is a continuous search for technical improvements, for new ways of making steel and for new steels to make. More important, there is evidence of a search for new ways to maintain and improve the good record of labour-manage-

ment relations. Managements, with their inside knowledge of the trend of industrial demand, have tried to inform all those in the industry of the critical state of the nation's economy. Richard Thomas and Baldwin's distributed 25,000 copies of the Economic Survey for 1947 to their workers, and followed it up with Crisis Campaigns to bring home the significance of the situation. Dorman Long published a special booklet for the workers, telling of the achievements of the year in the form of charts and diagrams. These are but two examples, and they are not alone.

Management's lead

The management of the industry has shown itself well aware of its responsibility to provide leadership and it is not afraid to try new methods. It is crucial not only for the steel industry, but for the country as a whole, to know whether the leadership given by management in the future will prove adequate for the needs of the hour. If the needs of the hour will be satisfied by the production of more steel, then the answer is "yes."

But will *more steel* alone answer all Britain's needs? In Czechoslovakia they have good steel works. They had a model of enlightened management in the boot industry, built by Bata. Not only was the technique of production good, but the provision for the welfare of the workers was outstanding. But all this excellence was not good enough to forestall the disruption of the country by class warfare, or the rise to power of dictatorship. Boots and steel are neutral in the struggle between freedom and dictatorship; but the men who make and use them are not. There lies the test of management's leadership.

Management has an even greater task to perform than the work of organising and running industry. The place of industry in the life of the nations has changed; today it is being used by power-seeking forces as the means of gaining the control which they have failed to win in parliaments. Management will give inadequate leadership if it does not make these issues clear to everyone, and take the initiative in demonstrating the positive alternative to Communism. It must discard practices based on the assumption, now out of date, that management has the right to dictate. Instead, it must now accept the duty to *lead*, with all that such a duty involves in thinking for men as individuals and not as hands.

A radical change of attitude must come to management if it is to provide such leadership. This conviction became firmly rooted in my mind by an experience I had when I was head of a department. We were faced with the need for further reorganisation. The previous reorganisation had been carried out by two assistants and myself, and I took the lion's share of the planning. We gave lectures to explain the new methods involved, and had discussions, but even that did not make the change-over easy. This time I was determined to see how all the men could help create the plan, instead of just carrying it out.

I called a conference of section chiefs and said: "In the past I have expounded theories and expected you to put them into practice. The time has come to alter all that." And I went on to explain that unless we all built up the plan together, it could not be the best.

That series of conferences was certainly different. The men challenged constructively the reasoning of the scheme, and when I admitted there was an error, one man said: "When Mr. Craig is willing to admit he's wrong, we're getting somewhere." That simple admission cleared the way for the welding of us all into a team, and we produced a scheme that satisfied us all.

That experience taught me that management's chief responsibility is to draw out the satisfying creative qualities in the individual through his job. Such leadership answers the frustration on which Communism feeds. It goes further—it creates the framework in which free men can work together and give their best to the country. This is the answer to dictatorship.

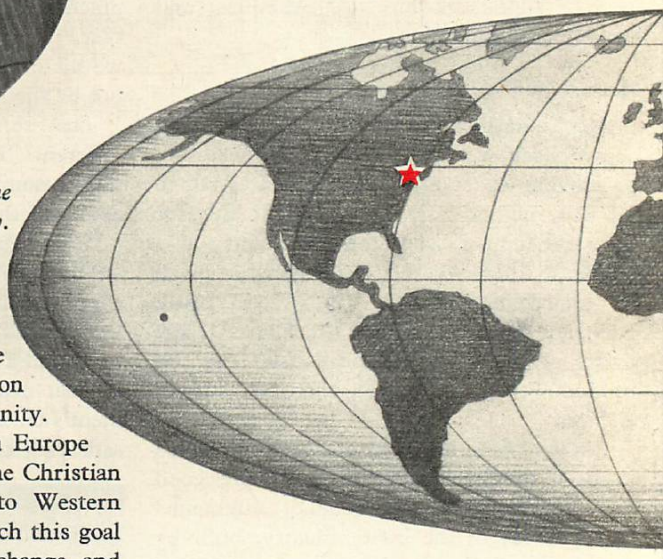
Bulwark of freedom

Today in many industries, bitterness, resentment and mistrust clog the wheels of production. They are the legacy of selfish materialism, of which no part of industry has a monopoly. We in management have to admit our share. To do so will evoke a deeper response from labour and will help build a truly united force of men and management proof against any efforts of divisive propaganda. This is the new leadership.

The steel industry is well placed to give that lead, and to supply the spokesmen for the inspired ideas that will make men fight passionately for our free democracy. Following such a lead, industry will not only meet the production needs of the country, but will be its bulwark in the fight for freedom. If we live and work for freedom, we won't need to die for it.

VOICE DEMO

MANY statesmen are warning the world of t them are proclaiming any answer. Four men i India and Germany, spoke recently of a wo



DR. EILIV SKARD

Dean of Letters at Oslo University, addressed a national assembly in Stockholm's City Hall.

★ WORLD happenings these last few weeks have thrown the democratic peoples closer together. Every true democrat asks himself: "What am I to do?" Our time is characterised by a world-embracing ideological battle. Some say it is a battle between democracy and dictatorship, but really it is a battle between organised materialism existing in all classes and all parties, and that democracy which is the highest political expression of Christian civilisation of the Western world.

For us who have had to live under totalitarian governments, the issue is clear. We are all in this fight. We need true democratic conviction. Ideological democracy is not a comfortable form of government; it is a complete way of life. I am successful in life if I can change people to be real democrats. I must ask myself: "Will democracy be strong in our countries if all feel as I do?"

Across frontiers today enemies are coldly calculating: "Would it pay to take this country or that?" There are certainly budding dictators going around in our midst looking for points to attack. People like that know well where Sweden's weak points are, where in different countries there is moral corruption they can build on. They are delighted that taxation creates dissatisfaction, that divorce creates broken homes and loose propaganda creates confusion in people and hinders democracy.

In this ideological battle, what weapons shall we use? Moral Re-Armament is a force of people available for honest democratic statesmen. It gives the ideology of teamwork, human, really experienced, deeply personal. Can democracy take the offensive? It is certain that nations should begin by giving a good example. It would be unworthy of our nation not to begin with itself.

DR. ERWIN STEIN

is Minister of Education for the State of Hesse, Central Germany.

★ IN the light of the warning signals from Prague and Helsinki the world knows better than ever that Europe cannot live without a free Germany, based on the Christian faith and true humanity. And Germany can only live in a Europe that is consciously dedicated to the Christian principles that gave greatness to Western civilisation The only way to reach this goal is for us and our nations to change and become different.

We Germans for many years took the wrong road and were untrue to our best selves. We experienced the Nazi terror. We knew what devilish power was. We can be a warning to other nations to make the choice between freedom through a God-filled democracy or dictatorship under Godless materialism. Our present fate gives us the special chance to fulfil our real destiny. We can live in obedience to God's plan and put God in the centre of our national life.

Moral Re-Armament gave me back faith in humanity and in my own nation. It gives me the strength to fight for my nation to get on its feet, morally and economically. This fight for a new social order and a world at peace gives me the courage to ask my French friends for forgiveness and the overcoming of all resentments. Together with France, we Germans want to bridge the great gulf in Western Europe.

In the war of ideas now raging we belong together in a common destiny. This common destiny must include all men of goodwill who care for the future of their nation and ours. As French and Germans it is our task to fight together for a Christian commonwealth of nations and a new world order. Unless we give everything we have to achieve this, we are handing ourselves and our nations over to the rule of tyrants.

No attempt to get Europe on its feet will succeed if it tries to solve social, economic or political problems with human wisdom or with force alone—without finding God's plan. Unless we make moral progress to keep up with our technical progress, the age of the apocalypse will break upon us. For the sake of our children we must not shrink from the toughness of the task.

SIR RAMASWAMI MUDALIAR

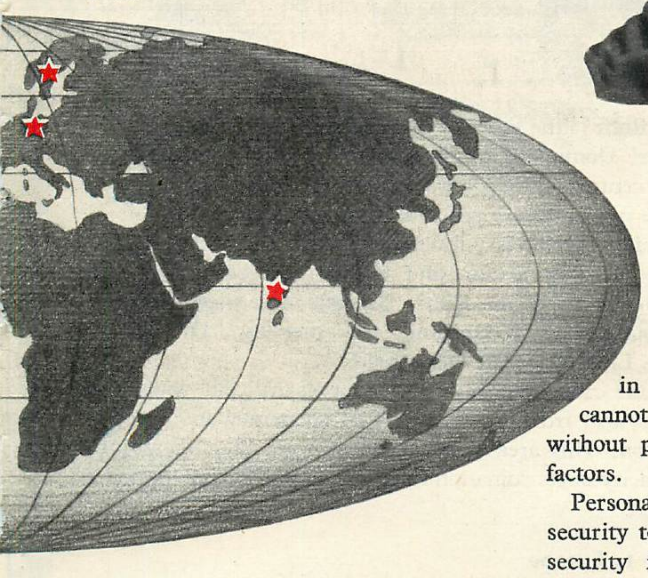
is Prime Minister of Mysore and leader of India's delegation to the U.N. Conference on Freedom of Information meeting in Geneva.

★ THE last World War is only just finished. The material and human ruins are still there. Yet after two years people are talking of another war. What has happened to the world, that they have so soon forgotten? The solution must be found elsewhere than in the atom bomb.

We have to find a way of getting rid of the mistrust between nation and nation, and particularly between race and race. We must reconcile people of different religions. These things are needed in the world and in my country. We cannot get back to the highlands and uplands of cordiality we thought we had reached after the first World War unless we turn to Moral Re-Armament and the guidance of God. The great problems

ES OF CRACY

danger which threatens democracy. Few of public life, from Scandinavia, the United States, force equipped to meet the needs of the hour



A. R. K. MACKENZIE

member of the British delegation to the United Nations, broadcast in the Philadelphia Bulletin Forum.

that face us at international conferences and in the world can only be solved through the spirit of Moral Re-Armament.

Mahatma Gandhi listened for that inner voice of guidance. He brought about a revolution in the mentality of my country. But one man cannot completely revolutionise the thought of a whole nation. That is why we have experienced such tragedies, because one man, even so great a man as he, was not enough. It takes a team to spread the right ideology. A number of Indian leaders have come in contact with Moral Re-Armament. Those who have been at Caux in these last two summers have come back enthusiastic and active for this world force.

★ TODAY events are forcing us to recognise that we live in an ideological era and that we cannot solve even the economic problems without paying attention to the ideological factors.

Personally, I believe that a nation's first security today is ideological security. When security is mentioned, our minds fly to military considerations. And I am certainly not denying the importance of them. But some other countries have realised that a nation's first security today is ideological.

Consider the Soviet Union. What was their first answer to the Marshall Plan? It was the formation of the Cominform. It was an ideological answer. I cannot commit my government to the statement I am about to make, but I believe that the Soviet Union is as far ahead of the democracies in ideological development as the democracies may be ahead of her in atomic development. And the joker is this; that it is ideas which decide whether, when and how bombs are ever used.

A truth that we have been slow to recognise is that democracy's ideology is a moral ideology. I had a foreign minister tell me not so long ago that it was impossible for his country to develop an ideology because it would bedevil their trade relations. His trouble was that he was thinking that democracy's ideology was an economic ideology.

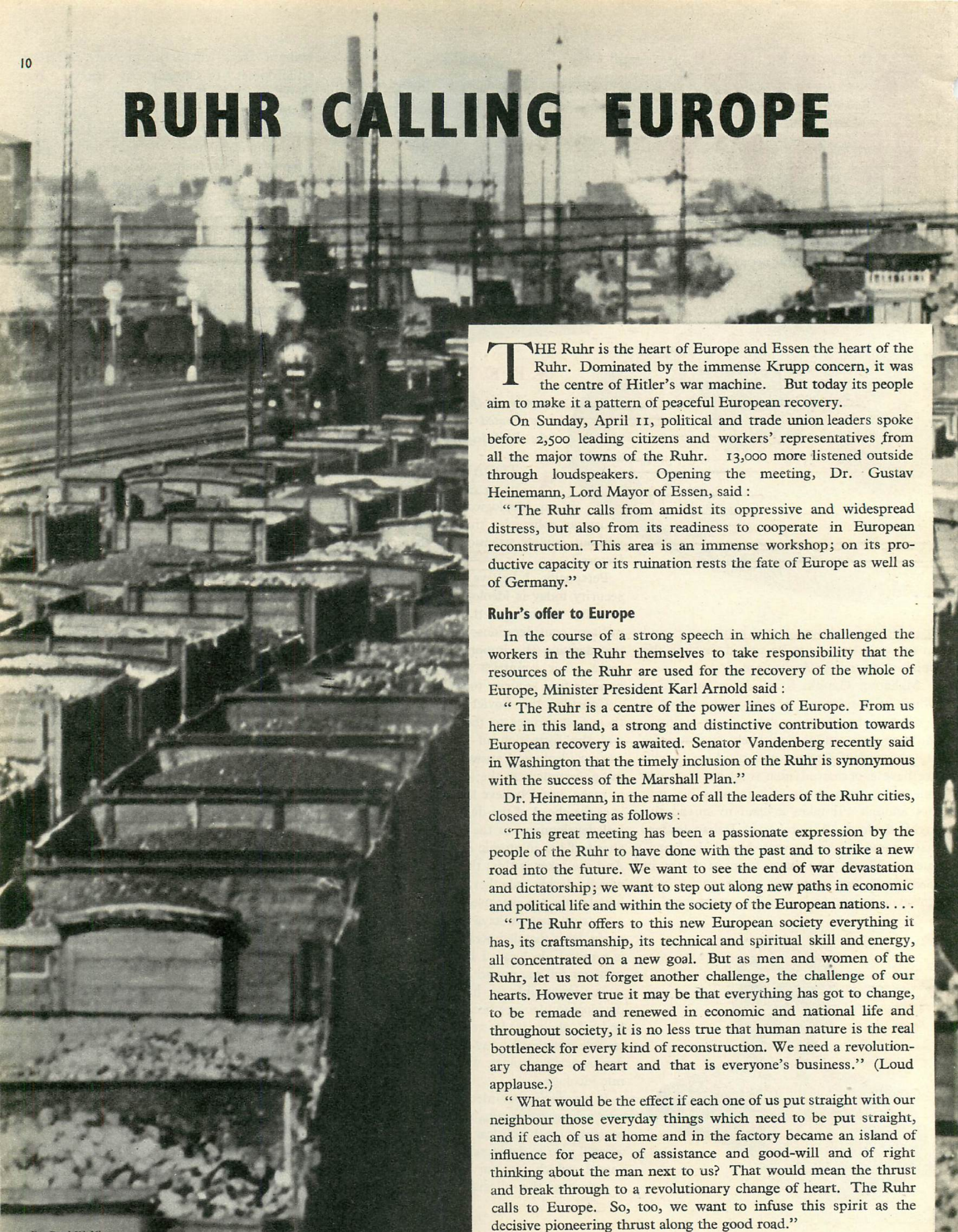
If we clarify our ideology we will give a long range consistency to our economic and political policies and we will give to democracy a dynamic appeal which is our best chance of winning the allegiance of those twilight areas where the pressure of other philosophies is already so strong. We spend many millions on atomic development but we have still to gear our thinking and planning for adequate ideological development. Almost the only world figure I know in the democracies who has consistently fought to clarify those issues over the past ten years—and whose speeches show it—is Dr. Frank Buchman, who is a native of this state of Pennsylvania. And I personally would say that the work of Moral Re-Armament which he has initiated is the most effective single force operating in this field today. The Co-Chairman of the Smith Mundt Committee, Congressman Karl Mundt, reported from Europe that this work "comprised the brightest star for the future" which his Committee witnessed in Europe, and I would agree.

When Ernest Bevin made his historic speech on Western Union, he defined it in terms which have got lost sight of in much of the subsequent talk about economic and military agreements. He said: "If we are to have an organism in the West it must be a spiritual union. While no doubt there must be treaties, or at least, understandings, the union must primarily be a fusion derived from the basic freedoms and ethical principles for which we all stand. It cannot be written down in a rigid thesis or in any directive. It is more of a brotherhood and less of a rigid system."

These words fit very significantly, in my opinion, the work which Moral Re-Armament is carrying on in the democracies today. From Finland at one end of Europe to Greece at the other, in key areas, in France and Italy and Germany, and in the coalfields of Britain, as well as in this hemisphere, it is demonstrating that when free men clarify their ideology and apply it, democracy is reinforced and the most stubborn industrial, social and political problems begin to get solved.

The Crown Prince and Princess of Sweden at the assembly, addressed by Dr. Skard. See column one

RUHR CALLING EUROPE



Dr. Paul Wolff

THE Ruhr is the heart of Europe and Essen the heart of the Ruhr. Dominated by the immense Krupp concern, it was the centre of Hitler's war machine. But today its people aim to make it a pattern of peaceful European recovery.

On Sunday, April 11, political and trade union leaders spoke before 2,500 leading citizens and workers' representatives from all the major towns of the Ruhr. 13,000 more listened outside through loudspeakers. Opening the meeting, Dr. Gustav Heinemann, Lord Mayor of Essen, said :

" The Ruhr calls from amidst its oppressive and widespread distress, but also from its readiness to cooperate in European reconstruction. This area is an immense workshop; on its productive capacity or its ruination rests the fate of Europe as well as of Germany."

Ruhr's offer to Europe

In the course of a strong speech in which he challenged the workers in the Ruhr themselves to take responsibility that the resources of the Ruhr are used for the recovery of the whole of Europe, Minister President Karl Arnold said :

" The Ruhr is a centre of the power lines of Europe. From us here in this land, a strong and distinctive contribution towards European recovery is awaited. Senator Vandenberg recently said in Washington that the timely inclusion of the Ruhr is synonymous with the success of the Marshall Plan."

Dr. Heinemann, in the name of all the leaders of the Ruhr cities, closed the meeting as follows :

"This great meeting has been a passionate expression by the people of the Ruhr to have done with the past and to strike a new road into the future. We want to see the end of war devastation and dictatorship; we want to step out along new paths in economic and political life and within the society of the European nations. . . .

" The Ruhr offers to this new European society everything it has, its craftsmanship, its technical and spiritual skill and energy, all concentrated on a new goal. But as men and women of the Ruhr, let us not forget another challenge, the challenge of our hearts. However true it may be that everything has got to change, to be remade and renewed in economic and national life and throughout society, it is no less true that human nature is the real bottleneck for every kind of reconstruction. We need a revolutionary change of heart and that is everyone's business." (Loud applause.)

" What would be the effect if each one of us put straight with our neighbour those everyday things which need to be put straight, and if each of us at home and in the factory became an island of influence for peace, of assistance and good-will and of right thinking about the man next to us? That would mean the thrust and break through to a revolutionary change of heart. The Ruhr calls to Europe. So, too, we want to infuse this spirit as the decisive pioneering thrust along the good road."

D. L.

WHAT AFTER SEVENTY?

AN ARMCHAIR BY THE FIRE AND A NAP AFTER LUNCH? OR A TRIP ROUND THE WORLD VIA SIAM AND DETROIT? GERDA MUNDT, ONE OF DENMARK'S FOREMOST WOMEN, HAD HER REASON FOR CHOOSING THE LATTER

BY MARY MEEKINGS

AT first sight she might have stepped out of one of the stories of her countryman, Hans Andersen—a little old lady, with white hair, apple cheeks, and sharp blue eyes. But Gerda Mundt is no fairytale character. A veteran fighter in the Danish Parliament, she takes her place with the foremost women of her land. And when you find yourself looking at her face a second time, you discover in its lines both strength and humour.

At seventy-three she has just returned from touring the world—Detroit, Honolulu, Malaya, Siam, Hamburg. "We were all so nervous about her," said a friend, "but the only one who was not was Miss Mundt herself." She was too busy to be nervous—busy amassing new experiences, ideas, friendships. "I did not want to take anyone with me," she explained, "because I thought there might be risks ahead and I did not feel I could undertake the responsibility of another person." And after a morning spent with her in London, following as she plumped for the seat at the top of the bus, or identified for me the lesser-known landmarks of my native city, I began to feel that it would have to be a carefully picked companion whose pace could keep up with hers.

Round the world at seventy-three

But why tour the world at seventy-three, an age when most women yearn for and have earned, their own fireside? It was not as if home ties were unimportant to her. She looked after her old father till he died at the age of ninety-two, and brought up her orphaned godchildren from the ages of nine and fourteen. One of the pleasures of her trip round the globe was the little gifts she picked up for her great-nieces and nephews—with characteristic originality, in spite of spending many months in America, she waited till she reached China to buy her presents, laying in a store of mandarin coats and unusual toys for her family.

She went on her tour when she had retired from Parliament because she wanted to see for herself the conditions in the world, and because she believed that as a woman and a former member of Parliament she could make links between country and country. In a way it was a continuation of her conception of her Parliamentary work.

This conception was an unusual one. To find the key to it you must go back to the years when, as a sick child, she lay in bed and thought more than children usually have time to do, and read and dreamt about the life of Livingstone. And she decided, like so many children who finally do no such thing, to be a missionary when she grew up. But though with her, too, the idea went, it left a hook behind. She still believed that whatever she did with her life, God had a destiny for it which she could find. And slowly she began to feel that the place for her life's work was not so much the distant mission field as the council and Parliament of her own city, Copenhagen. So, when in 1909 women could be elected to city councils for the first time, she was put as No. 1 on the list in her own community. For twenty-seven years she served on the council of Copenhagen, and from 1932-45 she represented the Conservative Party in Parliament.

Now for our day and age her way of choosing a career has too strong a flavour of the past—or is it of the future?—to be easily grasped. But to understand this lady it must be grasped, because so many of her ideas and achievements stem from it. It meant, for one thing, that whatever she did, whether amending the divorce laws or working for homeless children, she did with a certainty and courage that both forestalled her opponents and compelled their respect. It meant, too, that the things for which she fought came before questions of Party or career. She often surprised people by the warmth of her friendship with the women Labour M.P.'s, and her willingness to cooperate with all whose ideas were sound. At one election campaign, just before the war, she told the other candidates in her constituency that she was not going to be "personal" or include in her campaign anything slighting to the other Parties. After the election, she and Labour's first woman candidate were asked to hold a discussion over the radio. At Miss Mundt's suggestion they called it: "What we agreed on." This is typical of her attitude. She would say often: "I would not be in political life if I could not cooperate with other Parties over my work for the children."

Work of a lifetime

It was this work for the children that lay closest to her heart. She fought relentlessly for the poor, homeless delinquent children of Denmark and the reform of hospitals, education and maternity laws that that involved. Her idea of woman's place in

public life was a fresh and human one. She felt they were necessary not as either pale or over-aggressive replicas of the men, but for the slant they alone could give, the jerk back to hard earth and human values when problems had ascended into the hazy realm of theory and been all but settled with a wave of the pipe and a stroke of the pen. There is a story that, when a new school was being planned in a factory area, she suggested to the board that a kitchen be installed for the girls to learn cooking, with a room next to it where even the boys could try their hands at darning their socks. The board met this suggestion with reserve. What would be the parents' reactions? Such a thing had never been done before. They turned the idea down But she persisted. Finally, the rooms were installed and became popular. Before long every other school in the area followed suit.

Firm stand

As a member of the large "population committee" that had to deal with the economic and social effects of the steadily falling birth rate, Miss Mundt could offer the practical experience of her lifelong work for child welfare. The country's experts put their heads together and discussed better housing, help for mothers, etc. She agreed with them. But she went farther. She felt strongly that the moral and spiritual foundations of the nation are laid in its homes, and when other members of the committee wanted to use medical and social help to replace, instead of reinforce, moral standards, she took a firm stand. The report was written four times, and more and more of her points were accepted. But with one of her main stipulations for health education—the need to teach the child absolute moral standards rather than techniques to avoid getting into trouble—the committee could not agree.

Marked men

Now difficulty draws out certain dogged qualities in Miss Mundt. Her persistent tactics remind me sometimes of Babe Didrikson, the famous golfer, who played until her hands bled and then bandaged them and went on playing. On this occasion Miss Mundt put down her convictions in a special report that was sent in with the majority report. "We have given in to you on nearly all points," said someone. "Why not take this report back?" But, as another member put it: "She sat through forty committee meetings, always kept up her spirits, and always stuck to that report." When Parliament finally passed a law based on the committee's work, it followed her minority report.

You will see why the families of Denmark enjoy Miss Mundt and love her for her work for the children. During the war they showed it. She helped organise the Lotte Corps, which corresponds to the British W.V.S., and remained in Parliament, though the going was difficult. The Germans tried to force through certain laws, which the Danes refused to pass. Members who opposed them were marked men. One day two Germans came to Miss Mundt's flat at four in the morning, but it happened to be one of the rare occasions when she was spending a night elsewhere. Later she had to go underground for a while. But every home she came to for help or shelter knew her and at once opened its doors to her.

And now we are back again struggling with an uneasy peace, and Miss Mundt is once more in Denmark, her tour over. Is she just another enterprising woman in public life, with a courageous and colourful career behind her? Or has she something for our precarious future?

I think she has. Because she is unassuming, it is at first hard to pin down. "Write about the big people, not about me," she said. It is easy to miss evaluating such people, because they will not do it for you. They blow no trumpet to startle your attention. You have to watch closely and listen well, and draw your own conclusions.

Her secret

While I was drawing mine about Miss Mundt, it struck me that somehow she had a different quality from that of our world today. Our ersatz world with its special line in substitutes and compromise, its saccharin and spivs, its glamour and gauleiters. We women who can't say "no" to ourselves and yet hope so wistfully that aggressor nations will. Sometimes the whole set-up seems like a cardboard model, a little thin and shoddy and liable at any moment to totter.

Miss Mundt's world is different. It is real and solid and life-size and as fresh as her complexion. Both her feet are on the ground and she knows where she is going. She has a strength whose source is not a blustering personality, but which comes, in the words of another of her childhood heroes, from "firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right." And that is her gift to the future.

Miss Mundt talks with two dockside boys—eleven and seventy, both have plans for the future

BRITISH MADE

Skill is handed down in the fingers . . .

BY WINNIE ELLISON

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DENIS LUPSON

Sixty thousand more workers are needed in Britain's dollar-earning textile industry.

What incentives will be adequate to raise production and recruit the extra labour needed? The new payment by results system? The direction into the mills of the 10,000 women now working in engineering shops who may shortly lose their jobs because of the steel shortage?

The author of this article believes she has discovered the solution. She tells of an incentive which is proving even more effective than a bigger pay packet.

AS you come out of the City station in Leeds you see straight in front of you the Black Prince. Leeds' smoke has made him so black that you might not notice him at first. His father, our King Edward III, paid the Flemings to teach the people the art of fine weaving. In my village of Farsley, halfway between Leeds and Bradford, Flemish names still persist in the trade, and weaving skill is handed down in the fingers from generation to generation of the old families. It is part of our great heritage, something in the blood of the West Riding folk which makes them rare craftsmen in wool.

One famous Farsley figure was our Samuel Marsden, who went to Australia as a missionary and saw the possibilities of sheep-rearing there. On a visit home he approached the King, who gave him five merino sheep to take with him to Australia. These were the foundations of today's fine worsted trade. In Farsley there are still rooms where the people did hand-weaving. These men and women were the backbone of the Yorkshire character. They were honest, God-fearing, hard-working folk, whose word was their bond.

Winnie is a mender in a Yorkshire mill. For twenty-nine years she has scanned the cloth as it comes off the loom and repaired flaws. Here she stands by Samuel Marsden's statue

We still produce the finest cloth in the industry. But while we have fine cloth, new machinery and a variety of patterns, the old craftsmanship is needed, the honest competition, not of how much you can get out of the job, but how much you can put into it. We must put back the heart into the industry. We shall never get the manpower and the production the country needs merely on the working for wages level. It can only be done when we see our job as a means of giving to the country and the world. The whole industry must see that.

Last Christmas Eve the menders in our mill were asked to work the normal hours

(7.30 a.m. to 5.15 p.m.) because of the nation's need for cloth. The rest of the mill were to go home at three. We talked it over and agreed to work till four o'clock, and the management said they would pay us as if we were staying the full time if we had no fuddles.* This was all very well until we discovered the next morning that everyone was being paid that way, even those who were stopping at three! Sticking to our bargain didn't seem so good, then. "Marion," I said to my neighbour, "we *have* contracted to work till four for the nation." "I know we have," she said, "and we're going to." The others said the same. We never slacked a minute, singing carols all the time, and they were the most precious of the season. At four o'clock someone said we ought to sing "I Vow to Thee, my Country," because that was what we had been doing. When that spirit becomes the level for every day we'll more than meet the need for increased production.

Trouble makers

It was someone on the management side who helped me see that if the needs in industry were to be met I could best play my part through the Union, as it is the official channel of the workers' ideas. We have had quite a bit of this kind of teamwork between labour and management. Sometimes men come round trying to stir up trouble. They say: "Don't you see, the bosses have table-cloths on their tables?" and suchlike. So far they haven't cut much ice around Bradford. Though that doesn't mean they never will. Which is another reason why it is important to build again without delay on the great traditions of the industry. Moral Re-Armament gave me this new attitude to my job. It helped me to look on the work as a vocation, not just come day, go day, with only the wage at the end of it.

Marion had caught this same spirit. She is a twister in a spinning mill near Bradford. At her birthday party we got together with other girls to write a charter of what we wanted our work to be. It went round the mills and was signed by over a hundred workers. It was printed in one mill's magazine, and went to the heads of textile firms across the world. Here it is:

(1) Perfect work. We see that our work is a gift to the nation. We are determined that it shall be a perfect gift.

(2) British made—a guarantee, not merely an advertisement.

* fuddles—Yorkshire beanfeast

"They expected to lose their jobs..."

"Every girl who works on the assembly line is a specialist and a craftswoman at her job"

(3) Work watching—not clock watching.

(4) Teamwork as the keynote of British industry, where everyone puts the needs of his neighbour before his own.

(5) Sterling as a measure of worth not only of Britain's money, but also of her people.

Some of the friends who helped write this charter use the cloth from mills like mine to make clothes for thee and me. They work in a raincoat factory. One Dominion wrote the firm: "Send us more of these raincoats. They are so perfect."

I'd like to take you a tour of the building, starting in the cutting room where the fine gaberdine is sliced by delicate electric machines. Men are employed on this job

and on their accuracy depends the perfection of the later processes. From the cutting rooms the cloth goes up to the girls who sew, press and fold the coats, ready to be packed for export. The work in the different rooms goes with a swing and you feel the girls are enjoying it as well as doing a good job. There is quite a spirit of friendliness and teamwork in the place, the young ones seem to get a kick out of the work and even help the older ones out when they get behind, a thing which doesn't happen every day in industry.

Zest in their work

My friend Amy is a machinist. She works on an "assembly line" with a team of other girls, each of whom do one process towards the finished coat—such as putting in pockets, or sewing on the collar. Every girl is a specialist and a craftswoman at her job.

Amy works in a room with forty other girls. Five of these have the new zest and incentive in their work that Moral Re-Armament gives. Production is higher now in five days than it used to be in five and a half.

But the good work and teamwork that strike you when you go into the factory haven't just happened. Every day and in every way it has been and still is a fight.

Take the question of teamwork, for instance. One morning came when Amy and her friends, Emily and Lilian, went to the manager expecting to lose their jobs. Amy had remembered a drawerful of cottons at home taken from the firm, and her friend had realised that you couldn't be absolutely honest and sleep under a bedspread made of patchings out of firm's linings. So they decided to tell the manager and apologise. Instead of sacking them as they expected, he took it fine. And it has been the beginning of a trust between him and the workers, which has grown ever since.

It has been a fight for production, too. The other day a girl was away ill. Her work was piling up on the tray. The other girls volunteered to get her pile down besides doing their own particular job. That meant no bottleneck and gave the girls at the end of the line, who had to complete the coats, enough to do, and so the supply of exports was kept up.

Rise in production

Then there is Lilian's story; a grand worker who has been with the firm for twenty-two years. Often in industry the older women, who have been in the place for years, have their own set ways and are not inclined to change them. Lilian was the same until she decided to learn from the younger girls, and when one of them showed her how to do a pocket quicker she changed her methods and adopted theirs, with the resulting rise in production.

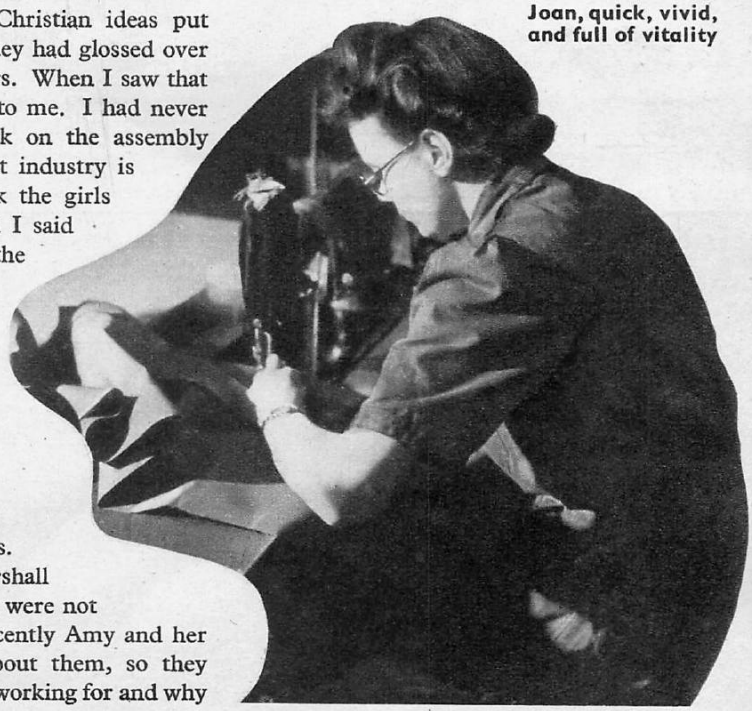
Lilian, who is an expert pocket maker, has been working in the firm for twenty-two years

Another friend of Amy's is a girl called Joan. Slim, vivid, tingling with vitality, she is a born leader. At one time she used always to be in the office in trouble for something or other. Then she went to London to see the Moral Re-Armament play, *The Forgotten Factor*. Everyone noticed the change in her afterwards. Instead of blowing off at the things that were wrong, she worked harder and got the other girls to do so. This is how she put it herself: "I am a Roman Catholic, and ever since I can remember I have had Christian ideas put into me, but somehow they had glossed over in the passing of the years. When I saw that play they all came back to me. I had never bothered about the work on the assembly line, but now I see what industry is about. One day at work the girls were feeling fed up, and I said we had lost the spirit the assembly line was started with—the spirit of helping each other. That's what we've got to get back to in industry."

Most of the girls are seventeen or eighteen and their interests are dates and dances. Italian elections, the Marshall plan and world problems were not their cup of tea, until recently Amy and her friends began talking about them, so they could see what they were working for and why our industry is important. The other day a girl was saying she had enjoyed her work more than she had for months because of their talks.

Lilian and Joan and Amy are ordinary girls. Stories like this could happen in any factory or mill tomorrow.

The question is, will they? Because they aren't a result of new laws or even of more in the wage packet. They come from a change of heart. They happen when girls like me, who used to be sick of their work, begin to care about it. And only if industry finds this secret can it restore Britain to greatness.



Joan, quick, vivid, and full of vitality


REMAKING
THE
WORLD
Frank N. D. Buchman