Keir Hardie

The Man They Could Not Buy

A play in two acts

by

HENRY MACNICOL

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FOREWORD

Keir Hardie!! A name which stands as a shining and burning light of all that is noble and inspiring in the Socialist faith.

Not for him the narrow-based class hatred which then and now motivates many would-be 'Saviours' of the working class. Not for him the loquaciousness of the pseudo-intellectuals who, unable themselves to analyse circumstances and recognise causes, lamely lean on the writings and thinking of Karl Marx, despite the exposed inadequacies of the Marxist theories which present day developments show.

Rather was Keir Hardie motivated by an inward spiritual experience which not only caused him to love his fellow men, but also inspired him to remain impervious to much misrepresentation and personal and family sorrows, never departing from his dedication.

As the son of a coal-miner, born and reared only four miles from Keir Hardie's birthplace, and as a member of the Labour Party since my 16th birthday, I commend this work of Henry Macnicol as being a play which accurately and movingly reproduces the thinking and life of Keir Hardie – a man of the people.

And there never was a period in the history of the British Labour Movement when the message of the play was so necessary.

Torn apart by a mixture of careerist politicians and Marxist ideologists – men and women whose class-hatred and intolerance is directed more on their fellow Labour activists than at any others – the only hope for a revived inspirational Labour Movement, capable of giving the appropriate leadership and one which can lead to co-operation between employers and employees, which the country so desperately needs, is indeed the spiritual message of this play.

Wealth has to be created before it can be distributed.

I therefore commend Henry Macnicol's play to all who desire to build bridges in relationships, rather than being demolition experts.

Sir John Boyd CBE FRSA OF
Former General Secretary,
Amalgamated Union of Engineering Workers

INTRODUCTION

James Keir Hardie was born in 1856 in a small Scottish village and brought up in the poorest of Glasgow's slums. Since his stepfather was usually at sea, Keir became the breadwinner for the family from the age of seven, working in dangerous conditions in a shipyard or being callously exploited as a baker's messenger boy.

When he was ten, the family moved to the Lanarkshire mining area, where Keir worked underground for 12 hours a day, opening and shutting a ventilation trapdoor. There and at the coal-face he experienced the danger and poverty of the mining community. He had almost no formal schooling. As he taught himself to read and write, a new world was opened up. Thomas Carlyle raised fundamental social issues in his mind; Robert Burns focused his anger against injustice and hypocrisy; the Bible gave him the conviction that human selfishness could be changed and so provide the basis of a new society.

When Hardie began to speak up for the miners and strikes followed, he was sacked and blacklisted and had to leave the area. 1879 was a year of decision and destiny. He moved to Ayrshire as a miners' official, married his beloved Lily Wilson and accepted the Christian faith. Having taught himself shorthand, he was able to earn a modest living by contributing to the local paper. Soon he started *The Miner* and later *The Labour Leader* which for twenty years was to become the weekly voice and conscience of the British industrial worker.

By 1888 he had begun to attend international Labour conferences. Here he met the European Marxists. He admired their fire, but clearly saw that class-war could never produce brotherhood, which was the heart of his Socialism. Hardie realised that the ordinary worker's voice was not heard in Parliament. So refusing the Liberal patronage, he stood as an independent candidate in the mid-Lanark by-election. Although he won only 617 votes, he broke a mould in late 19th century politics. In 1892 he became the Member for West Ham. His arrival at Westminster in tweed suit and deerstalker cap offended Parliament and Press. But he upset them even more in the following years by constantly reminding the House of Commons of the facts of social injustice and poverty.

In 1893 Hardie founded the Independent Labour Party in

Bradford, which embodied his Socialism based on Christ's Sermon on the Mount. By 1900 he had succeeded in uniting the ILP with the rather conservative trade unions and the Marxist Social-Democratic Federation into one political front – the Labour Representation Committee. In 1906 Hardie, now representing Merthyr Tydfil, was joined in Parliament by 28 other members. It was now The Labour Party. During the next ten years, he travelled in India and Australia, South Africa and North America, often to restore his broken health. But everywhere he was an apostle of brotherhood and the dignity of man. He blazed against oppressors, including his own country, and encouraged the oppressed. He spoke for those who had no voice of their own. His directness and integrity won the hearts of millions.

He was totally committed to the battle for peace. It was part of his wider struggle to root out war and violence from society and the human heart. So in 1910, as relations between Germany and Britain grew more tense, Hardie met with representatives of the Labour Movements from Germany, France, Belgium, Denmark, Norway, America and others to plan a general strike to prevent the nations going to war. But nationalistic pressures became too strong. The German delegates had to withdraw in 1913.

In 1915, as millions of his European brothers were locked in senseless carnage in France, Keir Hardie died in Glasgow on the 26th of September.

During the past few years I have had the privilege, with a volunteer cast of trade unionists and teachers, housewives and professional people, of presenting this play in civic theatres and church halls, Labour Party rooms and miners' social clubs, in all the main industrial areas of Britain.

There was a great response from young and old. They asked many questions. 'What has happened to the old Labour Party?' 'How did Keir's Christian faith answer his early bitterness?' 'Why was Hardie able to stir such loyalty?' 'Why has affluence not brought us happiness?' and 'Would Hardie's experience of the Inner Voice work today?'

This play makes an important contribution to the story of Keir Hardie and to the issue of democratic leadership. Many of Hardie's biographers and colleagues seem unable to understand the deeper aspects of his life and faith. Henry Macnicol has the needful skill

and training to assess the ideological significance of a man who dealt with root causes.

It is now almost 70 years on. Many of our social experiments have already been wrecked on the rocks of human selfishness. Could it be that this prophet of Socialism with a human face, who insisted that people had to change as well as systems, should prove to be the most realistic of revolutionaries?

DON SIMPSON

CHARACTERS
IN ORDER OF APPEARANCE

A Pollster
James Keir Hardie
Lily Wilson, later Mrs Keir Hardie
Mrs Wilson, her mother
The Rev Dan Craig
Bob Wilson, a miner; brother of Lily
Mr Kerr
Mr McTavish — Elders of the Kirk
Bill, a barman
Alf, one of his customers
H M Hyndman, President of the Socialist Federation
Dai Davies, a Welsh miner
Mrs Davies
Megan Davies, their daughter

SCENES

PROLOGUE

ACT I

Scene 1 The Wilson home, Legbrannock, Lanarkshire
Scene 2 The same
Scene 3 Office of *The Labour Leader*, Glasgow
Scene 4 The Hardie home, Ayrshire

ACT II

Scene 1 A Public House in West Ham, London
Scene 2 The home of Dai Davies, Wales
Scene 3 The Hardie home, Ayrshire
Scene 4 Ante-room of the Memorial Hall, London

EPILOGUE

PROLOGUE

From behind the Curtain steps the POLLSTER. He is bustling, eager and carries a clip-board and pencil. He addresses the audience.

POLLSTER Good evening, ladies and gentlemen
I'm here on behalf of Total Popularity Polls. We are investigating what the public thinks about democracy today. Our computers have co-ordinated all the different polls, and we can now predict the results of every General Election up to the year 2000. It's simply a matter of economics and arithmetic when you come down to it. Then there's the youth-quotient. As each generation grows more mature earlier than the last, so the voting age will be reduced – so that thirty years from now it will have reached the primary schools. So we have sent our research teams out to interview children under ten, and calculate trends. And tonight I have a few questions to ask you. First of all, how satisfied are you with the way the country is going?

Enter Keir Hardie; interrupts.

KEIR I'm not satisfied at all, son. Not one bit. What's all this paraphernalia for?

POLLSTER I'm sorry, sir. I'm busy.

KEIR Oh, I can see that. But what are you busy at?

POLLSTER Excuse this interruption, ladies and gentlemen. Excuse me, sir. I'm working here on a job of political research –

KEIR Political research? Then maybe I can help ye. That's my field. Keir Hardie's my name.

POLLSTER Keir Hardie? Aren't you connected with the British Labour Party in some way?

KEIR In some way. Aye. That's true, son.

POLLSTER Well, perhaps I could ask you a few questions?

KEIR I'd like fine to ask you a few, son. D'ye think democracy is just a matter of arithmetic? What about leadership? How many honest men have ye in Parliament nowadays? Is a man's private life his own affair – or has it something to do with what he does in public? Aye, I can think of a question or two, would make your polls a bit more lively.

POLLSTER Now, sir, if you'll just take a seat for a few minutes –

KEIR Hold on, laddie. I never was one you could order about. You're here on serious business, I'm sure. Ye want to find out what's missing in politics. Well, now, you just listen to me. It's the same thing was missing in my day.

POLLSTER subsides into the shadows, and KEIR addresses the audience

We could start this story in a number of ways, or a number of places – Delhi or Johannesburg; Broken Hill, Australia or Butte, Montana – I knew them all. And I had adventures in most of them. An agitator, that's what I was. I wasn't ten when I learned I had no father of my own. 'Illegitimate', that's what they call it in the biographies. 'The bastard' – 'that bastard of yours' – that's what the man who brought me up, who wasn't my father, used to hurl at my mother and me when he'd drunk more than was good for him.

But let's begin at Legbrannock, in Lanarkshire – where I worked in the pits. There was a lassie lived up the road – Lily Wilson was her name. And her mother! A right termagant she was!

ACT I – Scene 1

The Curtain rises on the Wilson home, Legbrannock. Mrs WILSON and her 18 year-old daughter LILY are finishing the week's washing and ironing.

Mrs WILSON — Has he fixed the date for your wedding yet?

LILY — Not him. He'll not do that till he kens he can support me.

Mrs WILSON — Support ye! It'll take him a long time to earn as much as your father.

LILY — I'm not caring, Ma.

Mrs WILSON — Are ye not? Maybe not now. But just you wait till the bairns start coming along. Ye'll need a bit of support then. What's he earning? How much has he got saved?

LILY — Ye'll need to ask him, Ma. He's a miner. He's been down the pits since he was ten.

Mrs WILSON — Then all he's getting is 3/6d a day if he's lucky. And he'll not get much further, the way the miners are going these days.

LILY — That's why he's starting up his new Union – to fight for the miners.

Mrs WILSON — Yon Keir Hardie and his Union! Don't talk to me about that! If he'd any sense he'd get out of the pits and into a job where he could earn more, if he wants to get married. I just don't know what ye see in marrying an ignorant collier.

LILY Keir's not just an ignorant collier! Have ye not seen him reading, reading at every book he can get?

Mrs WILSON And what does he do with it? Tries to start a Union! It beats me!

LILY goes out with a bundle of clothes. Mrs WILSON goes on ironing. A knock at the door. KEIR comes in.

KEIR Is Lily in?

Mrs WILSON Why, Keir! What are ye doing here at this hour of the day? Are ye not working?

KEIR No. I'm not working.

Mrs WILSON What for? Are ye not well?

KEIR Well enough, thanks, Mrs Wilson.

Mrs WILSON Well, then?

KEIR They've given me the sack.

Mrs WILSON The sack! Good sakes! What for? What have ye done?

KEIR I'm organising a Union. That's what for.

Mrs WILSON There! That Union! I've told ye again and again. And so has Mr Wilson. We told ye it would only get ye into trouble; and now see what it's done for ye – the sack! And you just at the start of things and wanting to marry our Lily. This'll be the end for ye in Lanarkshire! What for could ye not keep your views to yourself at least till ye've got settled down with Lily?

KEIR I'm not the settling kind, Mrs Wilson. But it'll not be the end of things in Lanarkshire. I can tell ye.

More like the beginning. There's a flood rising – and it'll drown a lot of injustice before long.

Mrs WILSON But what are ye going to do, laddie? And Lily? It's her I'm vexed for.

KEIR (*Proud*) She doesn't need to stick with me. I've told her that before.

Mrs WILSON Lily'll stick with ye. Ye ken her. But what are you going to live on? Ye can't bring up a family on fine speeches.

Enter LILY

Mrs WILSON Here's your young man, Lily. And bad news he has for ye.

LILY Bad news, Keir?

KEIR Aye, lass. They've given me the sack at the pit for starting the Union. Ye can call that bad news if ye wish, Mrs Wilson. I think it's maybe something to be proud of – and I'd like to know what Lily thinks.

Mrs WILSON My, but ye're an obstinate gomeril, you! Here's you losing your job before you're married, and you think it's maybe not a bad thing. What'll you do for a living?

LILY Oh, Mother – for pity's sake don't go on so. This is something for Keir to decide, not for you or me. As for myself, I'm proud of him too. Aye, proud. What happened, Keir?

KEIR The manager's given Alex and me our books. He comes storming up to the cage just as me and the lads were going down this morning – and he calls us out. 'We'll have no damned Union,' he says, '– no damned Hardies here!' By God, he doesn't know what's coming, when we get the Union going. If

he doesn't like Hardies, he'll have the Mackintoshes and MacDonalds and Moffats and a thousand more about his ears before long!

Mrs WILSON Fine talk, laddie. But it'll not earn your living.

KEIR Fine I know it, Mrs Wilson. But what sort of living is it for a miner in Scotland? Most of us killed or finished before we're fifty. Aye, and your minister can preach the gospel of submission if he likes, and you can listen to it, but by God it's not the gospel for me!

Mrs WILSON In the name of goodness, laddie! If you're going to carry on that way, ye can do it elsewhere!

Knock at the door. It is the minister, the Rev DAN CRAIG, on his round. He is a vigorous young man and a friend of the Wilson family

CRAIG Good morning! Can I come in? Oh, excuse me, I see you're busy. I'll come later.

Mrs WILSON No, no, minister, come on in. It's just the laddie, Hardie. D'ye not know him?

CRAIG Glad to see you. (*They shake hands*) Your folks live down by the Howgate, don't they?

KEIR Aye, but we're not church-goers.

CRAIG (*Laughing*) I know that. But you're in the pits, aren't you? Are you off today?

KEIR Aye, Off.

Mrs WILSON Well, go on. Tell him. Tell the minister what you've done, if you're so proud of it.

CRAIG What – is something wrong?

KEIR Aye, is there! That manager, Anderson, he's given

me the sack for organising the men to fight for what's no more than their rights. That's what's wrong, minister.

CRAIG I'm sorry to hear it. Anderson, you say?

KEIR Aye, Anderson. *He* goes to the kirk.

CRAIG Well, if he came to my kirk he'd get a flea in his ear, I can tell you. What are you going to do now, then? Have you any other work you can do?

KEIR There's plenty work to do, minister. I'm just here talking to Mrs Wilson and Lily about it.

LILY Keir and I were planning to get married – and now this has happened.

CRAIG I see.

Mrs WILSON (*Bursting in*) I've told him, minister. I've told him again and again to go easy with his union ideas. He's always one for running his head against a dyke. He'll not take a telling. No, no. Off he'll go and lead some deputation to the management to complain about this or to demand that. And now see what's happened!

CRAIG Have you a job you can go to?

KEIR Aye. I'll not starve. I'm away to Ayrshire. They'll not let me back in the pits here.

CRAIG Ayrshire! Have you friends there you can stay with?

KEIR Aye. Plenty.
(*He's not giving anything away. He doesn't trust the minister yet*)

CRAIG D'ye know Peter McGregor, from the Barony Colliery?

KEIR Peter McGregor? Aye, I know him. How do you know the likes of him?

CRAIG I worked in Ayrshire before I came here. He and I used to talk about forming a miners' union. It's what's needed; and McGregor's the man that'll start it.

KEIR It's McGregor that's asked me to join him down there. He wants me to be secretary to the Miners' Union.

CRAIG That's fine. But they'll not be able to pay ye anything, will they?

KEIR Not to start with. But they'll give me a roof above my head, and once we get things started, we'll manage. You'll see.

Mrs WILSON For goodness sake, can ye not learn? Here's you losing a job in Lanarkshire for your union capers, and now ye're away to try the same thing in Ayrshire! How will your Union support our Lily, that's what I'd like to know? And minister, I'm surprised at ye, encouraging such nonsense in the laddie. Unions! There's nothing about Unions in the Bible, I'm sure of that.

CRAIG Don't be too sure, Mrs Wilson. There's plenty about exploitation and wickedness, and about men giving their lives to end it. There's plenty Bible stories I'd like to read to men like Manager Anderson – if he'd come near enough to let me!

KEIR Don't tell me that, minister. The Bible! It's just a lot of humbug, to keep men like me quiet and let the coal-owners grind us down while they make their millions.

CRAIG Have you ever tried reading it, son?

KEIR Reading it? Not me. Not since yon Bible-reading baker, MacAllister, sacked me from my first job when I was seven years old. My mother and I haven't darkened the door of the kirk since, and we're not likely to start it now.

Mrs WILSON Keir Hardie! Ye'll not sit there insulting the kirk!

CRAIG No, no, Mrs Wilson. Let him tell me. I want to know. What happened with that baker? Do you remember?

KEIR Do I remember? I'll never forget it as long as I live. It was New Year's Eve. I'd been up all night, caring for my mother – and her expecting the next baby. My wee brother Duncan was sick with his cough – aye, the cough that killed him. My father was away looking for work; locked out, he was, at the shipyards. I'd had no sleep; and I got to work ten minutes late – to MacAllister's, the bakers in Lancefield Street. I was his message-boy. Three shillings and sixpence a week I was getting. The only money coming into the house.
'The master wants ye,' they told me at the shop. My heart nearly stopped beating – for I knew what it meant. They took me up the stairs to where he lived. There they made me wait outside the door while he finished his family prayers. Aye, family prayers, minister! I could hear old MacAllister, booming out the Bible verses. Then they took me in. I can see yon breakfast table yet – with the coffee-boiler bubbling, and all the food. And my mother lying at home without a stick for the fire or a crust to eat! 'My boy,' he says to me, 'if you are late for work my customers are kept waiting for their morning rolls. We can't have that. So I have decided to dismiss you. And to teach you a lesson, I am withholding your week's wages. Now you may go.' I tried to tell him. I tried to tell him about my family – but the maid took me by the arm and pulled me out. I couldn't go home. I just ran through

the streets all that day in the pouring rain. I very near threw myself into the river. The baby was born that night. How we got through these days, minister, I can't tell ye. But I swore then – and I swear it now – I'll give my life to end that kind of injustice!

CRAIG So will I, son. It's what the Gospel is all about.

Mrs WILSON Minister! What are ye saying!

CRAIG Aye, I'm serious. Just you read your New Testament. It's all about working men, joiners and fishermen and farming folk – aye, and agitators like you, Hardie! They turned the Roman Empire upside down. You should try it.

KEIR Humbug and hypocrisy, minister! Ye'll not sit there and convince me of anything else, as long as I can see yon folk going to the kirk each Sunday, listening to your sermons, singing hymns and praying prayers – and on Monday cheating and robbing the poor by raising the price of coal.

CRAIG Aye, there's no better argument for atheism than the way some Christians misrepresent Christ. But it doesn't alter the truth of what he was after, son. And ye'll not get far with your Unions without it. Ye can raise your fine new movement – but it'll be jerry-built unless ye can cure bitterness and hate as well as greed. And there's only one Power can do that. (*Keir is silent*) Somebody, some day, is going to rise up and give God's word a chance to do its work in the modern world. It could be you, son. I'll send ye a Bible – to Peter MacGregor's in Cumnock. You try reading it and see. Now, I mustn't keep you blethering here. I'll be on my way. Good luck, son. (*Goes*)

Mrs WILSON Good-day to ye, minister!

LILY When are ye going off, Keir?

KEIR This afternoon. Mrs Wilson, I've spoken plain to Lily, and I'll not deceive you. It's very little I have to offer her. Ye ken that fine. I wish it was more. And don't think I take the loss of my livelihood lightly. I'd like fine to keep Lily and give her a house that's worthy of her. But when she said she'd take me, she knew what comes first with me. She knew the battles that lie ahead of us. And still she said 'Yes'. And you and Mr Wilson gave us your blessing. D'ye want to take it back?

Mrs WILSON No, no. You're not a bad laddie, and you two would likely get married whether ye had our blessing or not. But oh, son, can ye not keep that tongue of yours quiet till ye're right started on your road?

KEIR Hold my tongue in the face of injustice? Not me. But I'll promise ye one thing, Mrs Wilson. I'll look after Lily. I'll work with my sweat, and such brains as I've got, to raise the standing of the workers of Britain. And if there's any justice in the world, Lily and I'll not starve in doing it. Well, I'll be off, then. (*To Lily*) I'm going to stay with Peter McGregor in Cumnock. I'll find the right place for us, never fear. Ye'll wait here till I come for ye?

LILY Ye ken fine I will, Keir.

KEIR And Mrs Wilson – maybe this tongue of mine will come in handy one day.

Mrs WILSON How's that?

KEIR One day, when I'm a Member of Parliament, I'll take ye for tea in the House of Commons! Goodbye! (*And he's gone*)

END OF SCENE 1

KEIR (*In front of curtain*) That's how Ayrshire became my home. They'd called me to be secretary of the Union – but there was no miners' union. My job was to build it. It took me nearly a year. And then one day, sooner than anyone expected, I went back to Lanarkshire. There was a by-election, and the miners sent for me to stand. There was a Tory candidate, and a Liberal. I was the first Independent Labour candidate in British politics. And a rare fight it was.

Curtain opens on the Wilson home, Legbrannock. Mrs WILSON is bustling about, making the tea. BOB enters

Mrs WILSON Well, Bob, did ye get the election results?

BOB Aye.

Mrs WILSON Well?

BOB We lost.

Mrs WILSON What was the voting?

BOB (*Pulling paper from his pocket*) Philips – 3,847; Bousfield – 2,917; Hardie – 617. Just 617. After all we've done. And there's how many miners in West Lanarkshire?

Mrs WILSON Och, there's thousands, lad. But what did ye expect? The Liberals and Tories has the money.

BOB Aye. Buying them drinks. Riding them to the polls in their carriages. What kind of system is that – when it's carriages and drinks that win the elections? It's just bribery, that's all it is. And the miners can't see it. The politicians'll ride ye in their coaches when they want your vote. But once the votes are

counted, they'll shove ye in the ditch. Is my tea ready, Ma?

Mrs WILSON Aye, I'll get it. (*She bustles out*)

BOB (*Calling after her*) Better put another spoonful in the pot, Ma. Keir's coming.

Mrs WILSON (*Returning with tea tray*) What'll ye do now, Bob? They'll not let ye back in the pits after this.

BOB I'll stick with Keir. He's asked me to give him a hand with the miners' newspaper he's starting.

Mrs WILSON A newspaper! What next? Where are ye going to get the money for a thing like that? Ye'll never make a living that way.

BOB That and organising the miners. And I'll tell ye where the money's coming from, Ma. From folk like our Lily. She's sold some of her furniture to get it started. We're not going to stay the slaves we once were. There's a Miners' Union in Scotland now. And Keir can make his way in any company. He'll not starve, as long as he can write.

Enter KEIR

KEIR Can I come in?

BOB Aye, come on in, Keir.

Mrs WILSON Ye'll be needing more than a cup of tea after all yon speeches (*Giving him a cup*)

KEIR Thanks, Ma.

Mrs WILSON So the Liberals have won again, I hear.

KEIR Aye. 'Liberals' – maybe. 'Trust the people' – that's what they say. 'Trust the moneybags' is more like it.

Mrs WILSON Well, that's how it is. I told ye before ye went off to Ayrshire. And it'll take more than the likes of you and Bob to change it.

KEIR Aye? Well, Bob and me are not done yet, Ma. Are we, Bob?

BOB No fears! Ma, ye've got to understand. Keir didn't stand for Parliament just to make a name for himself. We're fighting for the cause of humanity. And we're keeping on at it till we win.

Mrs WILSON Humanity! My conscience, laddie – you and your big words. Where ye get them from beats me! Ye had more sense when ye were in the pits, the two of ye, making a living like honest men. And now look where your big words are getting ye! No job. No money.

KEIR We've got a job all right, Ma. And the money'll come, never fear. Maybe not a fortune, but the miners'll not let Bob and me starve as long as we fight for them.

BOB Aye, and we'll get Keir into Parliament yet. You'll see, Ma.

Mrs WILSON Parliament! Has this not been lesson enough for ye? All these speeches! All these meetings! All these big words! And just 600 votes.

KEIR Ma, did ye never hear of the Charge of the Light Brigade?

Mrs WILSON What's that to do with it?

KEIR There was just 600 of them there too. And 5,000 against them, same as here. But history remembers the 600 and not the 5,000 – and it'll be the same here, you'll see. The first time an Independent

Labour candidate stood for Parliament. And it's just the beginning.

Mrs WILSON Nonsense! If ye wanted into Parliament ye'd have taken that offer from Sir George Trevelyan and the Liberals. Ye only had to stand down here and the Liberals would have put ye in at the next election – aye, and guaranteed ye £300 a year. That would take care of Lily and the baby.

KEIR Aye – and betrayed the workers of Scotland, Mrs Wilson. That was a bribe. They wanted to silence me. That was the price. What would Lily have thought of me if I'd taken it? Ye have a poor opinion of your own daughter if ye think she'd have let me, Mrs Wilson.

Mrs WILSON But there's been workers' representatives in the Liberal Party before you came along.

KEIR There's eighteen mine-owners in the House of Commons, and not a single Scottish miner. And these workers' representatives! Far more concerned to make a good impression than to thrust forward the need of the workers or the cry of the unemployed. There must be something in the atmosphere of Westminster that fillets the guts of the workers' representatives. They're just dumb dogs that won't bark! What's needed is an Independent Labour Party – a party of no-compromisers, to stand up and speak up for what's needed to be done. If these workers' representatives haven't the guts to stand up in the House of Commons and say what they would say in a miners' meeting, they'd better make room for someone else who will.

Mrs WILSON Man, ye can talk! And I mind your mother teaching ye to read, on the signs in the shop windows.

KEIR Aye, Ma, but that's long past. And the cause of the

workers needs to march forward. There's no time to be lost. This election's seen the beginning of it.

BOB Come on, Keir. Forget politics for a bit. The election's over anyway. Give us a bit of Rabbie Burns. Or have you forgotten it with all your speechifying?

KEIR Not me. I ken the very one for ye. (*Recites*)

Is there for honest poverty
That hangs his head, and a' that?
The coward slave, we pass him by,
We dare be poor, and a' that!

For a' that, and a' that,
Our toil's obscure, and a' that,
The rank is but the guinea stamp
The man's the gold, for a' that!

Then let us pray that come it may
As come it will, for a' that,
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree,* and a' that.

For a' that, and a' that,
It's coming yet, for a' that,
That man to man, the world o'er,
Shall brothers be, for a' that!

END OF SCENE 2

* *gree = victory, prize.*

KEIR (*In front of curtain*) So Bob and I moved to Glasgow and got that newspaper started. Oh, there were plenty of papers in those days supposed to be for the working man. But they all seemed to assume that we were in the lower order of creation, only interested in gossip – divorces, broken romances, and all that. We wanted a paper worthy of the working class – and one we could give our children to read. We called it *The Labour Leader* – it grew to be a voice that spoke for the workers and the truth when nobody else could or would. So the battles grew thick and fast.

Curtain rises on the office of 'The Labour Leader', Glasgow

BOB (*Entering and answering phone*) Hullo. Yes, Bob Wilson here. He's what? I see. So what are you going to do about it? All right, I'll have to tell Mr Hardie. Yes, we'll ring you back when we've made our decision.

KEIR (*Entering*) Morning, Bob. My, those new tramcars are fine! A half-penny a mile. I've been riding up and down Sauchiehall Street till I ran out of half-pennies!

BOB You'd better write it up for the paper: 'Marvels of Modern Science – My first Tram-ride, by J Keir Hardie.'

KEIR Get away! But mind, it shows what municipal transport can do. Now let's see what's in the post. (*Turns to letters*) Now, here's one from the *Dundee Courier*. That'll be about my article on the jute industry. I hope they liked it. (*Reads*) Aye. They like the article, but – just so. They say they'll print it if they can omit one or two of the paragraphs towards the close. That's where I deal with the employers. That'll not do, Bob.

BOB But ye could be doing with the two guinea fee, man. If they'll carry most of it, is it not worth leaving out the paragraphs?

KEIR No. I'm not going to hedge with the truth, Bob. Take this down. (*Dictates to Bob*) 'Dear Sir, Kindly return my article if you will not print it as I wrote it. Any article bearing my name will carry the truth as I see it. It must therefore be published either as a whole or not at all. Yours faithfully – '

BOB And bang goes two guineas you can ill afford to lose. You're a stubborn man, Keir.

KEIR Have ye just found that out? (*Laughs*) Here's my piece for this week's 'Leader'.

BOB Is it on Lord Overtoun again?

KEIR Aye. Him and his White's Chemicals & Dyeworks. It's a right sweat-shop. Fourpence an hour, he pays his men, and a twelve-hour day and a seven-day week. And him heading all these deputations to the magistrates protesting against running the trams on Sundays! A pillar of the kirk, he calls himself! I found out he docks his men two days wages if they stay away Sundays – even to go to the kirk themselves! Aye, and they have no break for meals. They have to eat their pieces with their hands filthy with poisonous chemicals.

BOB Aye. Well, we're in trouble with the printers, Keir. They phoned up just before you came in. Overtoun's threatening them for libel, and they'll not print any more against him.

KEIR Why does he not threaten *me*, then? I'd 'libel' him! It's dirty, underhand work, this. They can't stand fighting it out in the open.

BOB And you've got the whole of Glasgow waiting for our next edition.

KEIR Look, Bob, we'll beat him yet. If he's trying to gag us, we'll expose that too. Run a column blank on the front page and we'll tell the public why: '*The Leader* has been prevented from carrying the latest disclosures on Lord Overtoun this week because our printer has been intimidated with a threat of legal proceedings. The editors have nothing to fear from such threats. *The Leader* will be printed by a different firm next week, and will carry the full facts on this and other activities of Lord Overtoun and his colleagues.'

BOB Right, I've got that, Keir. Shall I take it round to the printers?

KEIR Aye, you do that.

A deputation of Church elders arrives: Mr KERR and Mr McTAVISH

Mr KERR My name is James Kerr. Here's my card. May we see Mr Hardie, if it's convenient?

BOB Just a minute. (*Crosses to Hardie*) It's a deputation to see you, Keir. I doubt it's another dodge of Overtoun's. Will ye see them?

KEIR Aye, I'll see them. Come in, Gentlemen. I'm Keir Hardie. Get yourselves chairs, hang up your hats, and sit down. What is it you want to see me about?

Mr KERR Mr Hardie, we have come as a voluntary deputation of churchmen, to appeal to you in the strongest terms to desist from your present campaign directed against a devout and noble philanthropist, Lord Overtoun.

KEIR I see. On what grounds?

Mr KERR We know, Mr Hardie, that you yourself are engaged

in the cause of social betterment for the poor and needy.

KEIR Aye. Ye could call it that.

Mr KERR Then I am sure, Mr Hardie, that you would not want to do harm to the work of the Church in darkest Africa?

KEIR Africa! That's a long way from the paint works at Rutherglen, is it not? But go on.

Mr KERR Yes, sir – but you may not be aware that Lord Overtoun is a Christian benefactor, whose donations to the church, and to our missions in Africa, amount to £10,000 a year.

KEIR And how much does he pay his workers?

Mr McTAVISH (*Breaking in*) That is no concern of ours, sir. Nor should it be of yours!

Mr KERR (*Restraining his colleague*) Lord Overtoun's generosity is financing the evangelical campaign of the Rev John McDougall in this very city of Glasgow next month. A campaign which will benefit thousands of lost souls –

KEIR (*Interrupting*) John McDougall, did you say? I hear he accepts £1,000 a year from Lord Overtoun. He doesn't seem to enquire what salary his lordship pays his workers, either. He'd do better to turn the money down – as I have myself, aye, many a time – gifts offered to me with doubtful motives. It'll make his evangelical campaign the laughing-stock of Glasgow. I wouldn't touch yon money if it meant compromising my Socialist principles, and McDougall shouldn't touch it at the very least till he's made the effort to convert the noble lord to Christian ways of carrying on his business.

Mr McTAVISH Very high-minded, Mr Hardie, I'm sure. Very high principled. But you take a lot of responsibility on your shoulders if you would attempt to stop the flow of money to evangelistic work. Money which comes as an answer to prayer, Mr Hardie – unsolicited, unsought! Yet you judge the giver.

KEIR I judge no man. I'm not judging Overtoun, even. I'm exposing him. But that's a different thing. The public can judge.

Mr McTAVISH A fine distinction, Mr Hardie. And one I think your readers would be hard put to it to recognise. This cartoon in your paper, for instance, portraying his lordship as a devil with horns and tail? Not judging him, Mr Hardie? Come, come.

KEIR No, but ye can't muzzle me. There's a truth I see; and if it's the truth, I must speak it out. I tell ye – if you people try to fit Christ's gospel into an un-Christian system, you're denying Christ. Personal evangelism – aye, it's fine and it's needed – but it's not the whole of the matter. If Christ had only tried to make bad men good they'd never have bothered to kill Him. He was at grips with the centres of power in the world – aye, and the religious pharisees, the Overtouns of his day. He was a revolutionary, and He threatened to topple them. That's why they had to get rid of Him.

Mr McTAVISH Mr Hardie. . . !

Mr KERR Gentlemen, I think we're getting a little far away from our purpose in coming here. May I perhaps repeat our appeal, as one Christian to another –

KEIR You 'Christians' with your names and labels! You sound just like some of my Socialist friends. They get all worked up if I don't mention 'Socialism' in every second paragraph I write. You're just the same with your 'Christianity'. We're into a new age, gentlemen.

It's not the label that counts any more; it's the product. Tell me, was it just the Christians that Christ died for? Or was it for everyone?

Mr KERR Come now, Mr Hardie. There's no purpose gained by our getting heated on these things. Perhaps we had better be going. I think we have made ourselves clear.

KEIR Aye, we have. Perfectly clear. But let me just tell you this. It's not Lord Overtoun's Christianity I'm attacking, but his lack of it. I ken fine what the gospel of Christ can do to the lives of men. I was brought up in an atheist home, and now I'm a Christian. And I know why. I want to give the gospel a fair chance to do its work. That's just what men like Overtoun deny it by their treatment of their own work people. Where is the Christian conscience of the country? It ought to be the driving force of social revolution. No, no, Lord Overtoun has chosen to stand in the public eye and seek public esteem. So I'll fight him publicly.

Mr KERR But it's a matter of tact and timing, Mr Hardie. You say many right things, but at the wrong time.

KEIR Timing! I tell ye this – the time to fight injustice is when it's in front of your nose! Ye talk about 'darkest Africa' – what about darkest Glasgow?
(*Phone rings. KEIR answers*)
The 'Labour Leader' here. What's that? Overtoun's? White's Chemicals? Is that so? Aye. And Sundays? Well, that's fine. Very good. (*Hangs up phone*) That's word from one of my friends who works at Lord Overtoun's factory. His lordship has seen the light. There's to be no more Sunday work. A proper meal break for his men. And a rise in wages of 10%.
(*Pause*)

Mr KERR (*Confused*) That's very satisfactory, I'm sure. Then you need not continue your attacks on him?

KEIR No. We'll let him off now. But he kens who's watching him. Goodbye, gentlemen.

Exit Mr KERR and Mr McTAVISH. KEIR and BOB burst out laughing.

END OF SCENE 3

ACT I – Scene 4

KEIR (*In front of curtain*) So they got their contribution, eh? And we won our battles – and people began to hear of us, and the goals we fought for, far and wide. Even at the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland. Aye, I ken about your demonstrations nowadays. We demonstrated – a bit differently, but it worked. Our lassies went to the Church Assembly, while the fathers and brethren went stalking in. There were our lassies with their placards: 'DON'T BUY OVERTOUN'S RED FLANNEL PETTICOATS!'
Well – let's get home again. Back to Ayrshire. It was Christmas, 1890. The family was coming along by this time – two boys and a girl.

Curtain rises on the HARDIE home, Cumnock. LILY is ironing the children's clothes. KEIR enters backwards into the room, calling after him to the children

KEIR Now off to your beds, the lot of ye, or I'll be up and sort ye! (*Subsides into a chair*) Pooph! These kids are more lively than a miners' rally. I'm fair worn out. Where's my pipe?

LILY On the mantelpiece where ye left it.

KEIR Where's the tea?

LILY Did ye not say that Bob was coming down? We'll have tea when he comes. It's all ready. . . . What's wrong with Bob, Keir?

KEIR Wrong with him?

LILY Aye. Can ye not see he's not as keen on the fight as he was? He's wavering.

KEIR What, Bob? Bob'll not waver. Some of the rest of them, maybe. But not Bob. (*Keir is not listening. He picks up the newspaper and starts reading*)

LILY Well, I'm just warning ye. I knew him before you did, remember.

KEIR (*Reading the paper*) – Humph! Did ye ever hear such-like rubbish as this fellow can write? Listen: 'Christmas Eve, in this year of grace 1890, a grateful people may well give thanks that we live in what is indeed a Christian land, at the heart of an Empire whose civilising mission makes her the envy of the world.' Did ye ever hear the like? And the quarrymen of Wales locked out these six months! The engineers of Sheffield blocked by the steel masters from even forming their own union. Aye, and all the downtrodden, starving masses of India and Africa – our civilising mission's not done much for them except line the pockets of the traders with their sweat and toil. And tomorrow morning, Christmas Day, they'll troop off to the kirk in their Sunday bonnets and take His name in vain. They'll never bother their heads about Christ crucified afresh right here in Britain, in a million hungry homes. This is not a Christian land. Not by a thousand miles.

BOB enters

KEIR Why, Bob, man! Merry Christmas! Come on in.

BOB Lily, here's a wee bit something for the bairns. (*Gives her a parcel of sweets*)

LILY Och, ye shouldn't have bothered. Give me your coat. Ye'll stay for tea?

BOB No, no. I can't.

KEIR Och, havers. Lily, away and put the kettle on. (*She goes*)

BOB (*Awkward*) No. I'll not stay for tea, Keir. I have something to tell ye that'll not be much to your liking.

KEIR What is it?

BOB I'm away back to Lanarkshire next week.

KEIR Ye – ye what?

BOB No, ye'll maybe not understand it, Keir. But I just can't go on. I'm not made of the same stuff as you are. You just keep on and on. Night and day you're at it. I'm not as good a man as you. Put it that way if ye like. But I'm away back to try and get work in the pits.

KEIR But, Bob, man, why? Why, in the name of Heaven? When we're just beginning to win?

BOB Och, it's a long story, Keir. I don't want to bother ye with it. I doubt ye'd not understand.

KEIR Bob, man. (*Rising and going to him*) If we don't understand each other, who will? You and me, we started this fight together and we're going to see it through together. (*LILY enters with the tea*) Lily knew there was something troubling ye, Bob.

BOB Aye, I never could fool Lily.

LILY I'd like to see ye try! What's wrong, Bob?

BOB I'm just telling Keir I'm away home after the New Year.

LILY What? And leave Keir to fight alone! Get away, Bob! Ye'd never do a thing like that. What's the matter with ye?

BOB Well, there's some folks think he'd do better without me.

KEIR Who thinks that? My God, Bob, I don't know what I'd do without ye! Here's me travelling up and down the country. Meetings here, there and everywhere – Fife, the Lothians, Lanark all last week. It's you that keeps things moving in Ayrshire, mind. And it's Ayrshire that shows the way ever since we learned how to run a strike on Ayrshire potatoes. Bob, Bob, man – ye're the first miner that saw what I was after. The first to stand with me, the first –

BOB (*Cutting in*) Och, for God's sake, Keir! Aye, I think I see what you see. The brotherhood of man. The miners set free. Aye's it's a fine dream. But some of the miners don't behave much like brothers. They're saying up at the Miners' Hall that we're making money out of the Union funds and the profits of the miners' paper – and that I'm living off your charity.

KEIR (*Roars with laughter*) My charity! Man, Bob, ye'd be even skinnier than ye are if ye tried living off me! Lily has to manage on a pound most weeks. Goodness knows how she does it.

BOB Aye, but they're saying –

LILY Who cares what they're saying? Ye should hear what they say about Keir! At the last election they said he

was in the pay of the Tories to split the Liberal vote. It's all blethers, Bob. I ken it hurts. But if ye give in, they'll have a lot more to hurt ye with – and it's not them that'll suffer; it's the rest of us.

KEIR Aye, Bob. Yesterday, the cheer. Today, the jeer. But it's tomorrow that counts, Bob. There's thousands depending on us now. We daren't think of giving in.

BOB I know that. But who are we to try and change things? Sometimes I think we're just being big-headed. Anyway, I seem just to have run out of steam. What do you feed your boilers with, Keir? How do you keep on and on?

KEIR How could I stop? It's the deepest and truest thing in me – this urge to fight for justice for the working man.

BOB But the men are too selfish; they'll never unite. Look at the history of the miners in Scotland; things start up in Fife, then the Lothians – then they all peter out. Now it's Ayrshire, ye say – Ayrshire'll lead the way. Not the way they're going!

KEIR Not the way *you*'re going, Bob, ye mean.

BOB How – me? I've maybe not done as much as you, Keir. But ye can't say I've not done my best. Well, I'll not stand here and defend my record. I'll just away back to Lanarkshire and leave you with all your book-learning and your speech-making. I've told ye before – you're a better man than me. Maybe you can get the Union going better without me. I'm just fit for howking coal. Anyway, that's what I'm going to do.

KEIR (*Laughing*) Man, Bob, you're a funny one, you. Speech-making, did ye say? You've been making speeches at me all evening. No. No. It's because you

and me are miners that we'll get this thing going, Bob. Ye know down the pit, when we run into rock and we can't get the seam to move forward? Miners'll not give up. We'll find some road round it, or through it; but we'll keep on driving forward. That's what's needed in this job we're on now.

BOB But the coal masters –

KEIR Havers, Bob! It's not the coal masters this time. It's you! Something's got into you. And I think I can tell ye what it is. Your own bitterness is blinding ye.

BOB Bitter! Have we not a right to be bitter?

KEIR I'll tell ye something, Bob. Sometimes bitterness gets such a grip of me I could smash things. It comes in like a flood. When I think of my childhood . . . childhood! I had no childhood! Working when I was six. Down the pit when I was ten – from five in the morning till six at night, never seeing the sun from one winter's end to the other. Don't talk to me about bitterness, Bob. I've fed on it, night and day, when I'd nothing else to feed on.

BOB Well, then – ye can't blame me for it.

KEIR I'm not blaming ye. But I've decided I'm not going to bow to my bitterness, Bob. I'll master it, before it masters me.

BOB You're a hard man, Keir. We can't all be like you.

KEIR It's not hardness, Bob. It's growing up. Bitterness – it's like a baby's dummy. Ye can suck on it all day and never get fed. I'm no better than you or any other body. But I've decided to grow up. We're going to set men free – free from all that degrades them. And bitterness degrades a man, Bob; aye, and enslaves him; and it doesn't cure what's wrong.

BOB What does, then?

KEIR Look, Bob. D'ye remember old Dan Craig the minister in Legbrannock? This is what he was talking about when he sent me that Bible. Yon Jesus of Nazareth. He was a carpenter, Bob, a working carpenter, and he meant what he said. 'Forgive us our sins, as we forgive them that sin against us.' That's what does it, Bob. Aye, and 'Thy will be done on earth.' On earth, Bob, not just in heaven. There's a goal there for society. And I've decided to make it my goal. Bob, man, this – what we're fighting for – it's more than fair hours and wages for the miners. It's all that, but it's more too. Aye, and it's more than just for the men in the Ayrshire pits or the Glasgow sweat-shops. This is a bigger fight than we knew when we got started. The workers of the world – free to be men as God meant us to be! It's not just politics. It's a faith – it's – Lily, my dear, what's the matter?

LILY (*Through tears*) Nothing's the matter. It's God's truth that you say – and it'll come true. But I can see what's coming if you can't. Ye don't belong to yourself any more – and ye don't belong to me, just. This – what you're seeing now – it'll take ye far and wide, far beyond Ayrshire and Scotland. Nothing'll stop ye.

END OF ACT I

ACT II – Scene 1

A public house in East London. ALF and the barman, BILL, are chatting

ALF — So I says to 'er, 'Lil,' I says, 'it's either your mother or me!' So me mother-in-law's gone to stay with her brother in Manchester!

BILL — Mothers-in-law! There ought to be a law against them!

ALF — That's right. I'll get old Keir 'Ardie to propose one.

BILL — You'll never beat Keir 'Ardie, mind. 'E's a good Member of Parliament. Look 'ow 'e's fighting for the unemployed. Moved an amendment to the Queen's Speech, 'e did.

ALF — Garn! 'E never!

BILL — Yus, 'e did. In front of all the nobs and bobs, 'e did. Gets up and says, 'It's a good speech, Your Majesty. But not one bloomin' word about the Unemployed. Wot are you going to do about them?' 'Member for the Unemployed,' that's wot they're callin' 'im now.

ALF — 'E'll get 'isself chucked out.

BILL — Not 'im. 'E's too big a man for that. Besides, 'e knows 'is procedure.

ALF — Procedure! 'E just about didn't proceed into the House of Commons at all the other day – wot I 'eard.

BILL — Wot d'you mean?

ALF 'Im an' 'is cloth cap. You know, in among all those top 'ats.

BILL Yes. 'It's not wot's *on* your 'ead that counts,' 'e says; 'It's wot's in it.' Wot's wrong with that?

ALF Well, 'e was walking in the gate to the 'Ouse o' Commons in 'is cap the other day, and the copper at the gate stops 'im.
'You goin' in there, mate?' he asks 'im.
'Yus,' says 'Ardie, quietlike.
'You workin' in there, then?' says the copper.
'Yus,' says 'Ardie – not givin' anything away.
'Wot,' says the copper – 'on the roof?'
'No,' says 'Ardie, 'on the floor!' And in 'e walks.

Enter H M HYNDMAN, top-hatted, suave

BILL Good evening, Mr Hyndman. What's it to be tonight, then?

HYNDMAN The usual, thanks. Scotch and soda.

BILL And 'ow's the Socialist Federation going, Mr 'Yndman?

ALF Socialism! A lot of bloody nonsense, I say!

HYNDMAN Why do you say so? What do you think Socialism is?

ALF Sharin' wot we 'aven't got with people who don't deserve to 'ave it, so everybody's 'appy. Lot of bloody nonsense!

HYNDMAN So you're content with the way things are just now, are you?

ALF I never said that.

HYNDMAN Well, what are you doing to change it? Socialism

means change. It means a redistribution of the wealth of the country, so that men like you – the men who produce it – enjoy the fruits of your labour, instead of lining the pockets of the rich. It means expropriating the. . . .

ALF 'Old on, Guv'nor. This ain't 'Yde Park Corner! And this ain't such a bad old country, either. Some things could be better, I'll grant you.

HYNDMAN What are you doing to make them better?

ALF We got Keir 'Ardie into Parliament, for one thing.

HYNDMAN And what will he do for you, do you think?

ALF 'E's a Socialist too, ain't 'e? 'E's been a miner. 'E knows the workin' man. And 'e'll tell 'em up in Westminster, you'll see.

HYNDMAN He may know about the working man, I grant you that. He knows precious little about the principles of scientific Socialism. He has no philosophy. He's just a poseur, an improviser. You watch. They'll have him voting with the Liberals before long.

ALF Not 'im! That's one thing 'e won't do. Wot d'you want to bet?

BILL Come on, gentlemen, drink up. Let's change the subject. Politics and religion – they're best kept out of 'ere. Wot'll you 'ave?

HYNDMAN Let me stand this round, gentlemen. Name your drinks.

ALF Good for you, Mr 'Yndman. That's the kind of Socialism I like!

They order their drinks. BOB WILSON enters, looks around

BILL Good evening, sir. What'll it be tonight?

BOB A pint of beer, please.

BILL You a visitor down 'ere, sir?

BOB Yes, I'm just down from Scotland. I'm looking for a gentleman called (*Looks at a visiting card*) – Mr H M Hyndman, President of the Socialist Federation. D'you know if he's here tonight?

HYNDMAN (*Interrupting*) Why, yes. I'm Hyndman. You must be Mr Wilson from Ayrshire. I sent you my card. I'm very pleased to meet you. We've heard a great deal about your work with the Scottish miners.

BOB How do you do, Mr Hyndman.

HYNDMAN You didn't bring Mr Hardie with you, then?

BOB No. He's away addressing the miners of South Wales. Anyway, ye'll not likely get him coming in here.

HYNDMAN Still preaching the virtues of temperance to the Band of Hope, is he? Well, we have more important things to do than that. I wanted to discuss with you the coming united Labour Conference.

BOB Aye, Keir was talking about that – at the Memorial Hall? He's counting on it. He wants to launch a united Labour Party there.

HYNDMAN Quite so. Do you think he'll succeed?

BOB I don't know. It's an almighty job to get them all moving together. I don't know if the Trades Unions will back him.

HYNDMAN Exactly. You have a shrewd grasp of these things. We know, of course, how loyal you are to Hardie.

He has fine ideals – no one questions that – but some of his methods are a little – what shall we say? – old fashioned? A bit unrealistic? It's a relic of his Christian upbringing, I suppose.

BOB His upbringing wasn't exactly Christian, Mr Hyndman. But I see what ye mean.

HYNDMAN Where does he stand on the issue of the class struggle, for instance?

BOB He doesn't go along with it.

HYNDMAN That's his weakness, if I may say so. A man like yourself will appreciate that. An understanding of the class struggle is absolutely fundamental to our advance. It's the inevitable logic of history.

BOB Aye. Well, what did ye want me to do about it?

HYNDMAN Oh, I simply wanted to meet you, Mr Wilson. And now that we have met, I wonder if you would care to come to my flat one evening and meet some more of my friends? Next Thursday I have some interesting visitors from the Continent. I want them to meet some of our more experienced Socialists from the industrial side. I'd be delighted if you'd care to join us, Mr Wilson. . . . We're also considering the candidates we might support at the next election.

BOB I see. Well . . . yes, Mr Hyndman, I'll be there. Next Thursday at your home, you say?

HYNDMAN Splendid.

END OF SCENE 1

HARDIE (*Front of curtain*) Aye, Bob. And people like Bob. I watched them at their goings-on, and my heart was sore. But I couldn't stop for them – there was work to be done, and a movement to build. And if they wouldn't do it, I'd go on with their share as well as my own. Somebody had to carry the load, the load of sorrow and wrong. I remember that terrible day of the disaster in the Albion Colliery in Wales.

Lights out. Then, suddenly, the sound of an explosion in a mine – falling rocks, cracking timbers, and the sweep of flames – voices in panic –

'Gwyn Davies! Gwyn! Where are you, man?'
'Get out! Get out!!'
'In Christ's name – '
'It's too late! It's too late! God have mercy on us all!'

The rush of sound rises to an engulfing roar. Then silence. A chapel bell ringing slowly, dies away through the first part of the dialogue, for it is a Sunday morning.

The curtain rises on the interior of a Welsh mining cottage, home of the Davies family. Mrs Davies and her daughter, Megan, are waiting for news from the pit. They have been waiting all night. Megan stands distraught by the window, as her mother sits and sews, mending clothes.

Mrs DAVIES Weep, girl, weep. It's all a woman can do – and many a heart is weeping with yours this day.

MEGAN Then why is nothing done? Nothing done yet, and the pit standing there, and my David still in the shaft. My David!

Mrs DAVIES Don't give up hope, girl. Till your Dad comes back, there's still hope. He'll get down, never fear, if there's a glimmer of hope still flickering.

MEGAN I must go! Mam, let me go! I can't stand this waiting

here. Even if it's only to see them bring him up dead, let me go to the pit-head!

Mrs DAVIES Your father said for you to stay here.

MEGAN I don't care. I've got to go. You can't stop me.

Mrs DAVIES What good would it do, girl? There's only room for the ones that can help. You stay here with me, and we'll keep each other company. Or come with me to the chapel and pray.

MEGAN Pray! I've been praying all night. God doesn't answer people like us! God doesn't care! No more than the coal-owners. Mam, you can go to the chapel and pray if you like, I'm going to the pit-head. I'm going to find my David! (*She runs out*)

Mrs Davies watches her go. Goes to the window; then sits again. The chapel bell stops. Then Mr Davies comes down the street. A miner, he has his arm in a sling. He talks through the door to Keir, who has brought him home

Mr DAVIES Thank you. Thank you, sir. This is where I live. I'll manage now. Would you not come in?

KEIR (*Entering*) Gladly. You've got to get yourself to bed.

Mr DAVIES This is my wife. My friend brought me home from the pit-head.

Mrs DAVIES Didn't you see Megan? She's just run up there. I couldn't stop her. She's nearly out of her mind for her David.

Mr DAVIES Poor lamb! She shouldn't have gone. There's sights up there I wouldn't want her to see.

Mrs DAVIES And David?

Mr DAVIES (*Shakes his head*) It's hell up there. A living hell.

Mrs DAVIES (*to Keir*) You'll have a cup of tea, Mr – ?

KEIR Hardie's my name. Keir Hardie.

Mrs DAVIES Mr Hardie. You must be a stranger about here?

KEIR Aye. I'm from Ayrshire in Scotland.

Mrs Davies goes for tea

Mr DAVIES Keir Hardie! Why, we've heard your name. You'll be the Member of Parliament. The Labour man?

KEIR That's right. Now, just let me loosen your boots for ye, and Mrs Davies and I'll have ye comfortable.

Mr DAVIES What brought you down here?

KEIR What brought me? I'm a miner, man. I heard the news, and I came straight down on the night train.

Mr DAVIES It's a strange thing you coming here – and our own MP's too busy in Westminster to bother with us.

KEIR What happened, man? That's what I want to know. Tell me what happened.

Mr DAVIES It's what we told them would happen. We've been telling them for the past five years. Anyone could see the coal dust, gathering thick in that place. Dust on the walls and timbers, just ready for the spark. And they kept ordering us to use raw dynamite. 'It'll go up!' we told them. But they never would listen to us. We were just poor, ignorant colliers. Their experts knew better. Well, yesterday it happened. The first night shift had just gone down. David Morgan – that's our Megan's young man – he got on the cage before me. I was one of the last to go down – that's what saved me. Just when we reached the pit bottom, the blast came and hit us like a wall. That's when I hurt my arm. They got six of us up

somehow. But there's two hundred and fifty men still there, with young David Morgan – sons and sweethearts, husbands and fathers – still there in that hell-hole now – and we can't get them out! We can't get them out!

KEIR Have they not sent in the rescue team?

Mr DAVIES That's why I went back up. There's hundreds of us been there all night, ready to go down. But they won't let us go. They're waiting. Waiting! They say they're doing all that can be done.

KEIR And ye warned them of this danger, ye say?

Mrs Davies enters with tea

Mr DAVIES Time and again they were warned. But it was like a voice in the valleys carried away by the wind. No one would hear us.

KEIR By God, they'll hear *me*. I'll be your voice in Westminster.

Mrs DAVIES Fine. Fine. With two hundred and fifty of our men lying dead. And now you'll speak. Can you bring the dead to life, Mr Hardie?

KEIR Mrs Davies, I know a mother's grief. We lost one of our own wee girls a few months back. We just hadn't the money to give her what was needed. I saw my wee brother die of starvation, and my mother's heart break over him. Bring the dead back to life, ye say? No, that I can't do. But we'll rouse the dead heart and conscience of this country yet.

Mr DAVIES Big words, Mr Hardie. But there's nothing we can do, and you know it. What are a few of us – against all the might and money of the land?

KEIR It's more than a few of us now. One voice in Parliament today; it'll be hundreds tomorrow.

Megan bursts in

MEGAN Mam! Mam!

Her mother runs to her. Megan falls sobbing into her arms

Mrs DAVIES What is it, my darling? What is it?

MEGAN I saw him. . . . I saw him. . . . They've started bringing them out – man after man – burned and black and dead. (*To her mother, fiercely*) Why did you let me go there? David . . . my David! They're laying them in rows in the pit pony stables.

Mrs DAVIES (*Comforts her. Then. . . .*)
Laying them in rows in the stables. Is that all a miner's life is worth, Mr Hardie?

KEIR In the name of God, no. I'll make your grief ring in every corner of the land. I'll speak for you and your David till this kind of thing can never happen again.

END OF SCENE 2

ACT II – Scene 3

KEIR (*In front of curtain*) That was the story, the bitter story from Wales; a grief no man could comfort, a loss no government could compensate, in two hundred stricken homes. As I rode back in the train to London, that grief, those men, their families were tearing, tearing at my heart. I was numb with it when I went into the House of Commons next day. And I found them there, talking, chattering, making speeches about everything else under the sun. About a French politician who'd been shot – aye, and about the birth of a Royal baby, a son to the Duke and Duchess of York it was. Ye'll

remember that baby – him that grew up to become Edward VIII. There was a motion before the House to send a message of sympathy to the French people; and as I listened I couldn't hold my tongue. I got up and asked a question. 'May I enquire, Mr Speaker, whether this Government proposes to send a similar message of sympathy to the people of Wales – 250 of whose menfolk, full of strong life in the morning, by nightfall lay charred and blackened heaps in the Albion Colliery disaster – 250 victims of insensate greed and of a system which values a ton of coal more than the life of the man who digs it?' It was Harcourt, the Leader of the House, who answered me. 'Oh no, sir. I can dispose of that quite easily now, by saying that of course the House does sympathise with these poor people. I'm sure their welfare can be safely left to their employers.'

Then the business of the House moved on. Somebody wanted to congratulate the Queen on the birth of the new baby. Fair enough. But I thought of those miners in Wales. Nobody in that place was giving them a second thought. And I found myself on my feet.

'As a matter of principle,' I said, 'I protest against this motion being passed. The Government will not find an opportunity for a Vote of Condolence with the relatives of those who are lying stiff and stark in a Welsh valley. And if that cannot be done, the motion before the House ought never to have been proposed either.

'If it be for rank and title only that time and occasion can be found in this House, then the sooner the truth is known outside, the better for the House itself. I will challenge a division on the motion in the hope that some Members at least will enter their protest against the mummery implied in a resolution of this kind.'

By the time I was done, the whole House was roaring at me like wild beasts. Well, they put it to the vote. And mine was the only voice raised. The one voice

to mark that a miner's life, before God, matters as much as a French politician's, or the birth of a Royal baby. There's times when ye need to stand alone. When ye can't betray the truth that's in you by keeping quiet, though all the world are against you. And there's times too when ye'd give anything to *be* alone – when you're wearied to death with meetings and conferences and sessions of Parliament. So much talk, and so little done. I'll tell ye where I was lucky – in my wife, Lily. From the beginning, she knew the road we were on – and never once did she turn back. We had a pact, she and I. At ten o'clock every night, wherever we were, whatever we were doing, we'd stop and think of each other – aye, and send messages. Heart can speak to heart across miles of land or ocean. Distance can't divide ye. It's something else does that. That's just one of the secrets Lily taught me that helped in the building of the movement.

Curtain rises on the Hardie house, Cumnock. LILY is bustling about, making the tea. KEIR comes in, in holiday clothes, from the garden

KEIR — Oh, Lily, my dear. Bonny is the blink of my own fireside! After all yon hot air, and the glare and glitter of London – Pooph! (*He sits*) Ye'll just never know what it means to see the moonbeams and hear the silence again! And oh, just to drive my spade six inches into good brown earth –

LILY — Aye, well, mind ye don't put any of your good brown earth on my floor. I've just finished scrubbing it!

KEIR — What's been happening in old Cumnock since I was home last?

LILY — Oh, everything's much the same. The McTurks down the road had their new baby. Aye, and they've named it after you! Ye could have knocked me down with a feather! In the kirk last Sunday morning, the minister was baptising him, and he

gave out the names: 'I baptise thee James Keir Hardie McTurk'. I thought I'd go through the floor. Everyone looking at me and nudging each other!

KEIR Aye. I knew they were going to do that. They asked me.

LILY Well, ye might have warned me! As for our Nan, she was so excited after church, she couldn't eat her dinner till she'd run down the street and given the baby one of her old dollies!

KEIR I don't know what a wee James Keir Hardie will do with a dolly. Probably enrol it in the Independent Labour Party! We're winning now, Lily. I said it would take us ten years, and here it is. Next election, we'll be ready for them.

LILY Aye well, ye don't need to make any of your election speeches to me, dear. Wait till they give wives the vote!

KEIR All right, dear. I'll relax. Have ye managed for money?

LILY Aye. Just about.

KEIR What does that mean? What are you doing without?

LILY Well, wee Duncan was needing a new pair of shoes –

KEIR So ye got them, eh? What with? The money I sent ye for your own shoes, I'll wager.

LILY Well, mine'll just have to do another turn.

KEIR Away with ye! I've got another pound here. (*Hands it to her*)

LILY But ye'll be needing it for your fare back to London.

KEIR No. No. I got this for yon article for the *Glasgow Herald* I wrote coming up in the train. Now is there anything else? (*She says nothing*) Aye, I ken there is. Yon new house of Willie McTaggart's. I've told ye, Lily. It's not for us.

LILY Keir, we need it! The bairns are getting too big for that back room. That house of Willie's would just suit us fine.

KEIR Aye, maybe. But we haven't the money for it.

LILY Did he not offer to give it ye as a contribution to help with your work?

KEIR Lily, we're taking no houses we can't pay for.

LILY My, you're a stubborn man, Keir. Can ye not see – when someone wants to give ye the house, and it's what we're needed and the bairns are needing –

KEIR I'll not be obligated to any man. They tried to bribe me to join the Liberal Party, to vote against Home Rule for Ireland, to attack the Pope – I'm not taking any bribes now.

LILY Bribes! Willie's not bribing ye!

KEIR No. But he just *might* want something in return some day. We'll not start that sort of carry-on in the Labour Party. That's final.

LILY Aye, and when ye stick out your beard like that, I ken fine what it means. Ye'd like the house, and you've a feeling we ought to have it. Could we not find some way? Could ye not take it as a loan? We could pay Willie back – a wee bit at a time. Then we'd not be obligated to him.

KEIR They'd be very wee bits.

LILY But?

KEIR Aye, well. Maybe. Aye, you're right. I do think it's the right house for us. It's a funny thing how ye ken when a thing's right. It's a still, small voice, right enough. But ye can hear it if ye want to. It's the same in the roar and noise of Parliament. It's not just your reason, or your intelligence. But you're best to heed it. All right, dear, I'll tell Willie we'll take his house. We'll take it as a loan, mind – and we'll pay him back for it, if it takes us the rest of our lives. Now, I'll just go and get tidied up.

Keir goes. She bustles about. BOB enters

BOB (*Over-hearty*) Hullo, Lily. How's my wee sister?

LILY Why, hullo, Bob! You're a stranger. We haven't seen you for ages.

BOB Where's Keir?

LILY Gone to tidy up. He'll be glad to see ye. Have ye had your tea?

BOB Aye. I've brought a message for Keir. From London. It's a matter of some importance.

LILY Makes you sound very important, Bob. What's all the mystery?

BOB It's about the conference this weekend. That's what's important. Not me. (*Bitter*) I'm just a miners' leader, after all, not a famous man like your Keir, with his name all over the papers: 'The Man in the Cloth Cap'.

LILY Are you jealous, Bob?

BOB Me jealous of Keir? Why should I be jealous? He's no bigger than me, my dear. We started in the

mines together. He may have got to Parliament first. But there's more of us'll get there soon if he'll only play his cards right –

Enter KEIR

KEIR That's right, Bob. The next election. You'll see. The issue of Labour will be up, fair and square. We'll have a real Labour Party in the House by 1910, and then we'll make things hum. How are ye, Bob? You're to stand for Lanarkshire, I hear. Ye've a good chance.

BOB Aye. (*LILY goes out*)

KEIR It's coming, Bob. An honest, united movement of the people of Britain – why we'll sweep the country yet. If we can just get a united Labour front all over Britain, now –

BOB Aye. If! It's a very big 'if', Keir. Don't count your chickens before they're hatched.

KEIR What's that, Bob?

BOB I've been discussing the position with Hyndman. He asked me to tell you that you can't count on his support unconditionally.

KEIR Oh, Hyndman did, did he? Him and his tile hat! He'd better get a move on, or the working people of Britain will surge right past him to the polls, and leave him and his theories high and dry.

BOB Maybe. Maybe not. Maybe it's you that'll get left high and dry this time, Keir, unless you heed Hyndman's warnings a bit more.

KEIR And what's he warning me about this time?

BOB Listen to me, Keir! It's coming, you say – the big

Labour victory at the polls. Always coming! Like Christmas! But you're still just a party of one. It's time we got down to something practical. Hyndman gave me a message for you. His Socialist Federation will throw their votes behind you at this conference – if ye'll promise him two seats on the executive.

KEIR He can have the seats, Bob. If he can win them fair and square. Aye. But in the open, on the floor of the conference. Those seats on the executive are not mine to promise him.

BOB But Keir, sometimes – surely you can see? – ye've got to yield an inch here to gain a mile there.

KEIR Just what do you mean by that, Bob?

BOB Well, I'll tell ye straight, then. You're counting on the Scottish miners' vote, aren't ye? I'm not so sure you'll get it!

KEIR Is that a threat, Bob!

BOB There's a big block of them would go with Hyndman if I gave them the word.

KEIR So you're making a deal with Hyndman, eh? And ye want me to do the same? I'm having none of that.

BOB (*Losing his temper*) It's politics we're in, Keir – not the Boys' Brigade! Can ye not live in the real world? Deals! Aye, ye can make them sound evil if ye like, and hold up your hands in horror. But no political party ever came to power without them.

KEIR Aye, and look at your political parties now. If Socialism sinks to that level, it'll cease to be Socialism.

BOB You and your damned pride! What use is it waving your lily-white flag of incorruptibility when it's votes we need?

KEIR And what shall it profit a man if he gains a seat in the House of Commons and loses his self-respect? Bob, I'm not going that road. And ye can go right back to your friend, Hyndman, and tell him that from me.

BOB Right. (*Turns and goes*) And we'll just see where we'll end up.

BLACKOUT

ACT II – Scene 4

KEIR (*In front of curtain*) It goes through ye like a knife when your best friends turn their backs on ye. I ken that. And still to keep going on – that's the hardest thing. Not to get swung off course, and yet to be ready to welcome them or anyone else who would join ye.

By this time the whole country was moving our way. Ye could feel it. Something inside me told me the time for a 'party of one' was over. It was time to launch a movement of the people. So we hired the Memorial Hall in London. When I saw that place packed – with the miners from Yorkshire and Wales – and Scotland – and the men from the ports and the lassies from the textile mills – well, I'd seen it in my dreams often enough; and here it was. It could be the birth of something – not just one more political party, but something new, that would speak for the needs of the people.

Aye, but would it happen? I knew by now that there were plenty of others wanting to get a hold of the thing we'd built. I'd met them; all over the world,

men with twisted motives, in back rooms, aye and in some front seats of international gatherings. They couldn't stop us now, but they'd divert us if they could. And I'd seen things go wrong at conferences before. So I wasn't counting any chickens.
Some people still hadn't made up their minds.

Curtain opens to the ante-room of the Conference Hall. There is a buzz of excitement, with delegates arriving. Enter HYNDMAN, meeting BOB WILSON

HYNDMAN Ah, Mr Wilson. Glad to see you. Is Hardie here yet?

BOB He should be here soon. I gave him your message.

HYNDMAN Did he seem interested in my offer?

BOB Not him. Stuck out his beard and gave me one of his sermons on the principles of the movement.

HYNDMAN I see. He must be pretty confident of his strength on the floor, then. What do you make of the temper of the delegates, Mr Wilson? D'you think they'll move with him?

BOB (*Dubious*) It looks like it.

HYNDMAN Which way are your Scottish miners going, Mr Wilson?

BOB We'll see, Mr Hyndman. We're not committed yet.

HYNDMAN No. But do you think they'll back him?

BOB He's led them up to this. Ye'll need to be very clever to stop them now.

HYNDMAN Now look, Mr Wilson. There's no doubt we're going to see the birth of the British Labour Party today. What concerns me is the direction of it. That's where Hardie and I disagree. He has these admirable

ideals of his. We in the Socialist Federation want to equip the movement with a scientific, economic policy. As you know, we base our thinking on Marx's view, that the fundamental issue is the Class War. Here, let me show you the resolution I intend to propose. (*Shows it to him*)

BOB (*Reading*) 'Representatives of the working class movement in Parliament shall form a distinct party, based upon recognition of the class war.'

HYNDMAN Well?

BOB That's just the trouble. The class war as the basis. Ye'll not carry Hardie with ye on that. Nor the trades union men. Hardie's made it quite clear. He calls it 'a degradation of the movement – to bring it down to that level – one class against another.' You've heard him. That resolution will split the conference right down the middle – just when it's unity we're needing.

HYNDMAN Some of us are aiming at more than that, Mr Wilson.

Enter HARDIE, with a group of friends. He sends them on into the hall, and goes to meet BOB and HYNDMAN

KEIR Hullo, Bob. Well, Hyndman, has Bob given you my message?

HYNDMAN So you want to leave our Federation out of your fine new party? Is that it?

KEIR No. No, that wasn't my answer – was it, Bob?

BOB Not exactly, no – but you wouldn't. . . .

KEIR I wouldn't make a deal? (*Friendly*) Hyndman, I want you to have every seat on the executive that you can win fair and square on the floor of the conference.

HYNDMAN Yes, I want seats. I want representation. But more than that, I want to see the Labour movement alive with the red blood of Socialism – not some milk-and-water substitute. And scientific Socialism can only stand on an acceptance of the class war. If you deny that you're no Socialist.

KEIR Oho! So now you're the great no-compromiser, are ye, Hyndman? Then what's all this you've been giving Bob about yielding an inch here to gain a mile there? What about these back-stairs deals ye'd do to gain a few votes? Socialism? Who was it moved the first Socialist motion on the floor of the House of Commons? Ye know perfectly well where I stand. (*Turns to Bob*) What do you say to all this, Bob?

BOB I've told Mr Hyndman the lads'll not go along with his scientific theories. They'll not just accept what they don't understand.

HYNDMAN Understand, Bob? Understand? It's leadership they need. You can't expect the miners to think these things out for themselves.

KEIR So that's your idea of the miners, is it, Hyndman? And who's to do the leading? Some kind of jumped-up party boss, I suppose? That may be your idea of a labour movement. I'll tell ye, it's not mine. Leadership! I've never even tried to be a leader – it's just been one long battle to keep up with my conscience, that thing inside me that urges me on when everything else is longing to lie down and rest. That's what's built up this movement, Hyndman. That and nothing else. I'd rather a thousand times have just one honest man in Parliament – free to speak his mind – than three hundred serfs, gagged and shackled.

BOB But Keir, it's too slow! It's too damned slow!

HYNDMAN Exactly!

KEIR Havers! If it's the right way, it's the fastest way. And, Bob, there's millions, up and down the land now, seeing what you and I saw years ago. D'ye remember yon night, back in Cumnock, when ye wanted to go back to howking coal in the pits?

BOB Aye.

KEIR We saw the goal, yon night. It's a movement of honest men across the earth who'll sacrifice to make things different. It's people, Bob; people come first.

HYNDMAN (*Breaking in*) And what about the economic facts of life, Hardie? Your soul-stirring sermons, your heroic play-acting in the House of Commons – it's all a charade. It's economic necessity that decides the course of history.

KEIR D'ye think so? Economics! Aye, they're fine and they're needed. But if mere economics could move the hearts of men, why don't the children come home from school singing the multiplication table?

HYNDMAN Very pretty, Hardie. But you ignore the dialectic of history – the inevitable clash of class interests.

KEIR Inevitable havers! You and your impersonal forces! History's made by people – not the other way round. And poverty and classes and all – they're the product of people's greed and selfishness. That's the dialectic I believe in – the dialectic of right against wrong.

HYNDMAN (*Turning to Bob*) Bob, for Heaven's sake – are you going to listen to this? The choice is perfectly plain. All Hardie is offering you is a moral crusade – it's pie in sky. It's a betrayal of the workers' struggle –

BOB (*Interrupting*) Now, Hyndman, that's enough of that. If there's to be any talk of betraying the working man, I ken one man you can never say that about –

and that's Keir Hardie. He's done more to better the condition of the workers than you'll ever do. This thing has been going round and round in my head for days. Of course there's classes – and of course there's economics – but when you're done with them all, there's still something missing. I ken what Keir's after – he'll never let me forget it. I don't know whether I can live up to it – that's my trouble. But, by God, it's worth the try! It's what the workers of Britain are hungry for. And without that, your social theories just don't make sense and they'll not change anything either!

HYNDMAN I see, Wilson. You're trying to tell me that you're going along with Keir Hardie. Is that it?

BOB (*Quietly*) Aye, Mr Hyndman. That's what I'm trying to say.

HYNDMAN Well, if that's the case – Good day to you, gentlemen.

He goes into the conference. They watch him go.

KEIR Well, Bob?

BOB Aye, Keir.

KEIR Come on in and we'll fight this battle together.

They go into the conference as the curtain falls.

END OF ACT II

EPILOGUE

POLLSTER (*Stepping in front of the curtain*) Well, that ends the story, ladies and gentlemen, of how Keir Hardie launched the British Labour Party. He died in 1915. An idealist? No doubt. Visionary in his day? Of course. In any event, most of the goals he fought for have now been realised. It was perhaps time that he made way for men who would face the harsher realities of the twentieth century. So we can return to the matter I was discussing at the beginning of the evening, before I was interrupted –

KEIR Hold on, laddie; ye can't get rid of me as easy as that. My goals realised? Nothing like it, son. Not while there's millions starving, and blood running red in Asia and Africa – aye, and tyranny and degradation and dirty politics a lot nearer home. And poverty! Poverty was neither decreed by nature nor ordained by God. It's the product of wrong relationships between men. Think of the poverty across the world, still, in 19. . .!* And in Britain? Ye'll maybe not get laddies living through the hell I was brought up in – and thank God for that. But ye've got something worse in Britain today. Ye've got a poverty of manhood; aye, and children growing up in a different kind of hell.

POLLSTER Then – excuse me, Mr Hardie – would you say your life was a success or a failure?

KEIR Laddie, when you get where I am ye'll not worry so much about these things. Failure? Success? It was a fight. And that fight's not over yet. Whether it's won or lost depends on what *you* do about it, son. You

* Insert current year

and others like you. I fought to set the workers free – to give them a voice. And that was needed. But a far greater challenge faces us now. To build the new society; to create the brotherhood of man. And that's going to depend on one thing. We've got to learn to live that way. So live! Live for that better day!

END