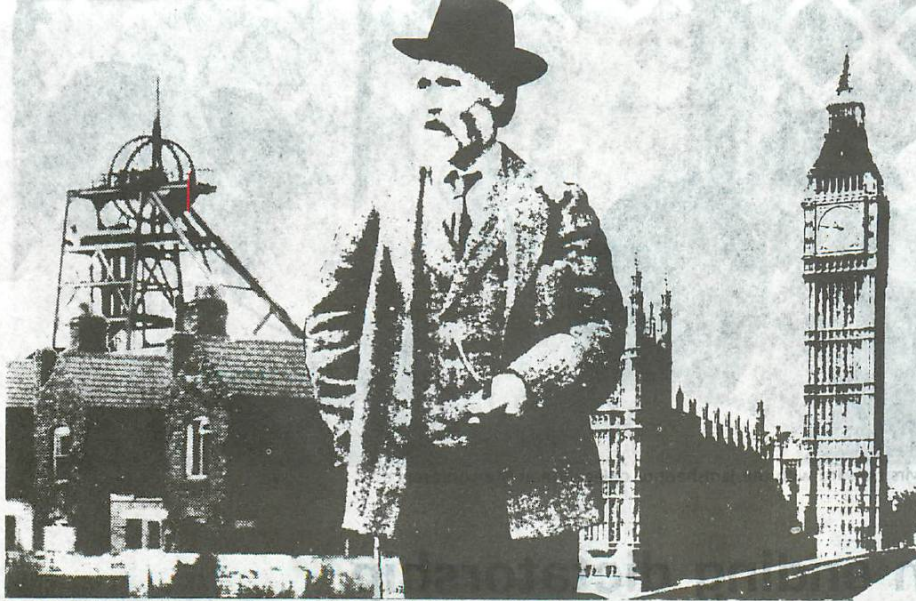




NEW WORLD NEWS

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KEIR HARDIE—THE MAN THEY COULD NOT BUY, the play by Henry Macnicol, was presented as a dramatised reading by trade unionists and others in Lochgelly, Fife on May Day. 'It was a stimulating production and an important event, for its repercussions will be felt in Lochgelly, in Fife and elsewhere,' wrote the 'Central Fife Times'.

The man they could not buy

by Don Simpson

from the 'Waterfront and Industrial Pioneer'.

MOST PEOPLE IN BRITAIN have heard something about Keir Hardie—the man in the cloth cap'. From the slums of Glasgow, he sat in the House of Commons; down the pit at ten, he went on to lead and unite the Scottish miners; self-taught, he became a most eloquent speaker and writer, founder of the Independent Labour Party and architect of the British Labour Party.

His name is still invoked at moving and historic moments in Labour Party meetings. But most people know all too little about this man who moved the people to action and set an indelible stamp on the British labour movement.

Hardie left an amazing record of sacrifice and struggle. His persistent intervention in Parliament on behalf of the unrepresented masses led to Acts of economic emancipation. He wrote a torrent of articles, pamphlets and speeches exposing scandalous

factory conditions, lambasting the inaction of certain churchmen afraid of offending their backers; and attacking political leaders for their callousness and abuse of power. More than anyone else, Hardie blended socialist ideas with the traditional British outlook, as he ceaselessly criss-crossed the country for meetings and rallies—and wove the fabric of a mass movement.

Antiquated

Keir Hardie was effective because his socialism was a passionate faith. He had a vision of a new order for humanity where all men were brothers under the fatherhood of God. He wrote, 'The economic side of the movement, like the political, is merely a means to an end—the end being socialism.'

Nor did he regard the class war as socialism. 'One of the dangers of magni-

fying the class war dogma,' he said, 'is that it tends to lead men's minds away from the true nature of the struggle in which we are engaged and to raise a totally false issue. It is a degradation of the socialist movement to drag it down to the level of a struggle for supremacy between two contending factions.'

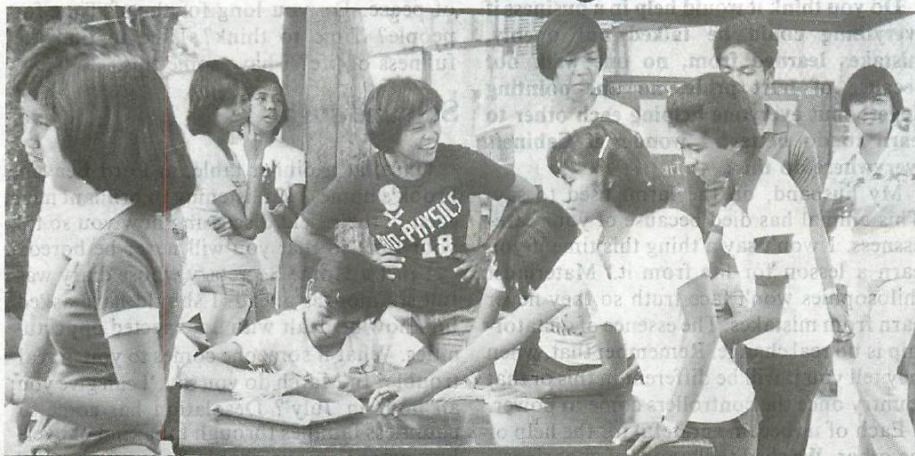
To Hardie, Marxism 'fosters a belief that mere class hatred will transform society'. Hardie fully recognised the clash of class interests in industry, but chose to end it by changing class attitudes and 'removing the causes of class antagonism' rather than by class confrontation which he described, even in 1903, as 'antiquated and out of date'.

After an atheist upbringing, he accepted Christianity exactly 100 years ago. 'The impetus which drove me first of all into the labour movement,' he recalled, 'and the inspiration which has carried me on in it, has been derived more from the teachings of Jesus of Nazareth than from all other sources combined.' He related the Sermon on the Mount to the realities of the social and industrial situations around him. Hardie believed in people, and in encouraging men and women to greatness.

What made Keir Hardie such an effective leader was above all his total commitment to live his faith. Socialism was a way of life and a quality of life. The methods by which it was realised were at least as important as the end product.

'Keir Hardie—The Man They Could Not Buy' will be presented at the Westminster Theatre, Palace St, London SW1 on Sunday 4 June at 2.30 pm.

To stop bombs falling



Batangas City students at the conference

THE PHILIPPINES Secretary of Education and Culture wrote to all schools urging teachers and students to participate in the MRA conference 'A partnership in nation building' held in Batangas City last month.

Welcoming the 150 delegates to the city, Macario Mendoza, Mayor of Batangas City, said the conference would help 'to strengthen and revitalise the character and moral fibre of our people'.

Mayor Bienvenido Castillo of neighbouring Bauan said, 'We need your help to create a country with one mind and heart.'

Both mayors had personally visited people to raise the funds needed for the conference, and they presented 2,600 pesos.

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Doe Howard comes originally from Greece. She was a well-known tennis player, winner of Wimbledon ladies' doubles in 1933. Her husband, Peter Howard, the journalist and sportsman, died in 1965.

She gave this speech at an MRA conference in Delhi on the theme 'A dynamic, durable and ethical democracy'.



Mrs Howard with the Jamshedpur delegation at the conference

Doe Howard on A woman's part in ending dictatorship

'DEMOCRACY—in which the free are rulers' is a modern interpretation of something a Greek called Aristotle said 2,320 years ago. The roots of democracy are in people, not words. They are in the functions of its citizens.

It's easy to say democracy. But I do not often hear anyone adding up what democracy costs. As a Greek, I am always interested in what people do with money. What will democracy cost you? Cost me? Cost our countries?

If you don't add up the cost and the choices involved, you may lose democracy. And someone else will surely run you and your country. I believe you then lose some of the most precious things that give flavour and fullness to life and make greatness for our countries.

These do not necessarily have to do with money. I do not enjoy others controlling my life, or yours. I have only experienced it on a small scale so far. Some people, I understand, do like being controlled. They do not want to have to make the effort to alter things. Or to be responsible for mistakes.

Bullies

Years ago I tried for a time to run my husband's life. It didn't work very well. He was a journalist. I wanted him prim and proper. He was wild and adventurous.

I wanted from him—

success,
money,
attention,
sweetness and light.

I tried to get these with—

smiles, and wiles
and lies,
and scenes, and
silences.

Husbands here could give us, I'm sure, a list of their own. We are all the same underneath. Our methods have not varied much over the centuries.

I also used fears to control. That is a great corrupting force in the world. Fear weakens. It stops us standing up to bullies. I often ask people I meet to list their fears. They can then look at them and see them for the liars they are. And throw them out. The corruption of fear is important for me to face every day.

After a time, I saw my husband—a man I loved—diminish. I felt I was to blame, though I often got bitter and blamed him too. You mustn't ask for constant reasonableness in a woman.

Fortunately, at that moment, and in the midst of a dark period for our country, I was tapped on the shoulder, in a manner of speaking, by what one might think of as the Eternal Being or the Divinity. The name doesn't matter. Our obedience to it does. Anyway, it certainly wasn't a human being that turned my life inside out and upside down and in a new direction. It is a process that goes on, and the direction is upwards once the Divinity has a hand in running your life.

We became free and able to explore totally new ways of being and of living. I still do. We began to search out the ways of inspired democracy. Democracy with a plus.

Stopped shrinking

My husband had been struck in another way. He experienced around him the misery of unemployed men with no hope. It shocked him into wanting change. As we put faith first, endless difficulties dissolved.

My husband and I began to learn a great deal together. We took our hands off each other's lives. We practised honesty. Sometimes, with other people there, he would be frank with me about some mistake I had made, and correct me. It gave courage to others to tackle what was wrong.

Do you think it would help in a business if everything could be talked out openly, mistakes learned from, no one walk out because of hurt pride, no one pointing fingers, but everyone helping each other to learn to do better? I wonder if Cabinets everywhere do this?

My husband, on the farm, used to say, 'This animal has died because of your carelessness. I won't say a thing this time if you learn a lesson for life from it.' Materialist philosophies won't face truth so they never learn from mistakes. The essence of dictatorship is no real change. Remember that, when they tell you it will be different in this or that country once the controllers come to power.

Each of us became grateful for the help of the other. We shed the luxury of choosiness.

My husband asked me to tell him if his speeches were too long or he was unfair to someone. When I decided to stop using him to climb, he stopped shrinking. We laughed at ourselves. I asked a question if it was going to help to clarify a matter. And when it was most helpful. Not perpetual chatter. To live by him with a hopeful heart and no more with a sense of impending disaster. My husband decided never to allow himself to be weighed down by worship or by his women-folk. We decided to live to remake the world. He gave his life for that. I am still giving mine.

New joys came into our days as we shed anxiety and a sense of our importance. Democracy is at the heart of marriage when you love each other as you are, but fight for each other to be the man or woman God means you to be. We found strength to bear many pains and disappointments. Pain can separate if there are cover-ups in your past.

I decided to be real about how I saw things, even if this was quite different from how my husband saw them. I aimed to participate yet not intrude in his life. Sometimes abdication out of the other's life is easier than working out how to share in it. Some couples miss out on the fullness of marriage when they want to shine separately.

We worked out how to create phases of tranquillity for my husband when days got overfull. We planned how to get out from under the pressures—to get out sometimes together, sometimes alone. How to make sure each child was given some time. Pools of peace. Do you long for them? Time for people? Time to think? Time to find the fullness of life? I have some tips.

Salt and sugar

Once, at a dinner table, in Lord Beaverbrook's home, I sat listening to brilliant men each in their field discussing how you so fill your time so that you will never be bored.

I met a Home Secretary whose diary was full six months ahead. I should have asked him how he dealt with unexpected opportunities. What if someone comes to you in real trouble? In March do you say, 'I can give you an hour in July'? Desolation has come to countless families through that kind of over-busyness. Famous people have paid a cruel

price for failure to steward time aright. Tragedy in the family is the outcome.

Stewardship of time means stewardship of health. Lenin once said that health was one of the weapons of his revolution. He also said that health was Party property. I long for able, talented men and women to stay alive, strong, unharrassed, lifting the ceiling of endeavour in their nation.

How otherwise does a man learn to make key decisions, to write, plan, govern, create, if he hasn't time to think? His fund of ideas must dry up. I have watched continued selfish demands kill a man's spirit. Maybe even kill. That is no man's destiny. We can't do all this alone. We have to fight for change in others. Find the like-minded around us, the people who will give up their own way to create democracy with you.

It means different things for different people. Where our children were concerned I was the 'no, no, no' one. My husband was the 'yes' man, especially with our daughter. We changed over. I used more sugar, my husband more salt. The authority came from above. The unity came from our inner renewal, rebirth if you like. We learned to hear and heed each other. Our communications improved dramatically.

In the middle of the pressures of life I find it easy to feel sure about what I have clearly said. I then discover the person at the other end is in a confused bewilderment. It is an art to recognise what is in another person's heart—how to reach through. To be certain you have got through. I find it takes time every day. I don't always succeed.

A budding dictator

I think often of the crucial decisions men in government dedicated to freedom have to take. They must go through anguish about them. Do we surround them with constructive thought or with twisted judgements and suspicions, like bats that only fly by twilight? The way we are, the words you and I speak, count even in the remotest village. We give what we live. We are all involved in the making or mis-making of the world.

I am interested in repelling take-overs in our midst—in curing violence. It is a part of what has to be done in today's world. If we



give our children a cushion, the rest of the world presents an unbearable crossing of

their wills as they grow up. They rebel, and it is the beginning of anarchy.

As we think, we live. If we teach our children to say 'please', 'thank you' and 'sorry' at an early age, we lay down character—a foundation for democracy. With the cushion way, you create a budding dictator.

You and I help make dictators every time we don't speak out, don't shed our fears, don't search for truth and accept it, don't apologise for mistakes in our families and outside, don't yield authority when needed, don't trust each other because we are jealous.

Turn the cheek

We can transform what is in our heads into concrete fact. The transformation of what *might be* government policy into what *is*. All our lives are threads in the fabric of this democracy. We can stitch a pattern of excelling nature. It is what Moral Re-Armament aims to do across the world—building up, not pulling down, changing not liquidating. By being fearful, corrupting and cushioning our communities, pushing others out, we can drop stitches and create gaps in the defences of democracy. Here we decide to mend what's wrong and use our roots to rebuild.

Do you think Mr Sadat made his historic decision to visit Israel in the midst of frantic arguments and quarrelling all around him? I don't think so. It was a brave thought. He obeyed it. He had the leisure to hear the thought.

The wife of a Zimbabwe leader had the greatness to say these words to my daughter in March: 'We must forgive. No revenge. You whites must stay here. We must make sure you can educate your children, have clean streets, decent homes or you will leave. Without your arrogance we need you. We have learned to turn the other cheek. If we take revenge, it will mean dictatorship. Then we will all be poor.'

These words come from a woman with peace in her heart. How humble they make one feel, when one knows what someone like that has endured.

Shiniest fabric

Counting heads may not be an ideal way to govern, but at least it is better than breaking them. My eldest son who is a journalist, when I told him I was making this talk, said that democracy—government by discussion—is only effective if you can stop people talking. So I will now end.

India has gathered a fund of goodwill over years across the world. Mahatma Gandhi has men and women of every colour and creed who, today, deeply believe in his thinking and example. Some in very high places. Let us have faith that this country, restored to democracy, will now weave some of the finest, shiniest, most varied and colourful fabric humanity has seen. Moral Re-Armament brings foresight and vision and new aims to every one of the people, from the richest to the poorest. The roots are there. You too can provide the proofs. Our decision is the key.

Marx would have started again

IN HER REVIEW of the film *Oh God!*, the *Daily Mail's* reviewer says, 'It's a bit like a Moral Re-Armament film, in which God may be testy about the machinations of big business, but He never doubts that the crafty tycoons can be redeemed by simple love and faith. If you believe that, you'll believe anything.'

A book has just appeared which might undermine that reviewer's unbelief. It is the story, mainly in his own words, of Farrar Vickers, who was, for over half a century, a director of the specialist oil firm Benjn R Vickers & Sons, and died last year. It was of this firm that George Light, a leader of the unemployed hunger marchers of the 1930s, said, 'You have done more voluntarily than any extreme government could force you to.'

'From the day when I voluntarily laid down my arbitrary rights there has been one long process of experimentation into new ways,' he writes. 'As a firm we must do far more than create and observe good industrial relations. They are a by-product, like profits, not a motive.'

Arms-length

'To use this business as a constructive force in national and international industry is our responsibility as a Board.'

It means refusal to be governed by pressure from competitor, supplier or user. It means learning to move together, even at the cost of speed, instead of moving alone for quick results. It means quality before quantity, performance beyond promise.

'Industry is in a privileged position, being a creative nucleus of national life—a cradle of national and individual character. The war of ideas is fought on many fronts, in many ways, and is for the good of all and the exploitation of none. It is often an unconscious war of decisions rather than choices. An age-long war—the line runs through, not between races, nations, families. A war in which men step out of their accustomed ways and, however expert in one realm or medium, become amateurs in a different dimension.'

'As employers we have a terrific debt to pay, to atone for the sins of our predecessors. They may not be our sins, but we have inherited that debt and it has to be paid, either by free conviction or it will be exacted under duress.'

It was this that made a miner, 25 years a Communist, say, 'If Marx had met such employers he would have written a different book from *Das Kapital*.'

SPIN A GOOD YARN

The story of W Farrar Vickers

Available from

54 Lyford Road, London SW18 3JJ.

Price: £1.25 p&p 25p.

MY FAMILY BROKE UP when I was two years old. I hardly knew a home until my father married again when I was ten.

Later, as a married man I was able to ask my father, then widowed for the second time, to live in our home. At that time I worked in Rio de Janeiro as a tram conductor. I earned so little that it was impossible to give medical care to my sick father, and I saw him die for lack of it.

The death of my father, who was everything in life for me, made me think over all the suffering I'd gone through since I was two. From this was born a great bitterness and a passion to fight to wipe out the poverty and misery of my country.

Dad brought me up in the Catholic Church. I think that was why I never joined the Communists, whose materialism repelled me. But at that time the Brazilian Socialist Party was being organised and it was there I began my political fight for the working class. Although I continued Catholic, a member of the Marian Congregation and in the Catholic Workers' Organisation, I also joined the Trotskyist wing of the Party, thinking it was more disciplined and revolutionary.

Strikers arrested

I never went to school. My father taught me what I know. But as I needed further knowledge, I took a leadership course for trade unionists organised by the Catholic Church. I came out so well that I got a scholarship to the Catholic university, and could learn about labour legislation and the social doctrine of the Church. But none of it convinced me when I looked at the divisions inside the Christian democratic parties of the world.

The tramway workers wanted me as their leader, but at that time it was necessary to sign a legally-binding declaration of 'ideological purity'. I refused to do this, but even so was elected with twice the number of votes of any other candidate. The President of the Republic intervened, cancelling the requirement of the declaration and thus setting a new precedent for Brazil.

Now, with the union in my hands, I could fight effectively for my class. I was beaten up and went to prison, but all this only increased my will to fight.

The Socialist Party instructed me to stand for Parliament, to help increase our national vote. At that time, we were fighting for a wage increase. I directed the campaign in such a way that there would be a strike, so I'd get more votes. This happened. Out of 5,000 workers, 2,000 voted for me as MP. However, 1,300 workers were arrested.

Soon after this strike I met MRA. I was invited by a colleague to a conference of MRA held in the Coffee-Workers' Union in Santos. This led to me being invited to Caux,

A passionate socialist



by José Lopes Veras

the world centre of MRA in Switzerland.

It was a shock, when I got there, to find in living reality the very things for which I'd dedicated my life. There was the world of my dreams in the making, a world without violence, without hate and without bitterness. I understood at once Frank Buchman's conception that the root of the answer was that human nature can be changed and that we can find a superior ideology which shows the Communist and non-Communist world the next logical step.

I was challenged to make an experiment—to stop and analyse my life against absolute moral standards of honesty, purity, unselfishness and love, and to write down the thoughts that came. I filled up pages! I felt those thoughts came from deep inside, from what some call God, and others conscience.

The voice told me that I always spoke like a socialist, but that I lived as a bourgeois. That, just like the capitalists, I was exploiting the workers to get votes, even at the cost of their going to prison. That if socialism

triumphed in Brazil with men like me at the head (and I was National Secretary, responsible for the whole campaign), nothing would change for the workers. Like many of my socialist colleagues, I had picked up the same vices and the rottenness we criticised in the capitalists—heavy drinking, wild parties, women outside of marriage, dirty business deals, and a fight for personal power inside the Party.

I decided to change. When I got back to Brazil, I opened my heart to my wife about all I'd been doing behind her back. She suffered a lot when I was honest. We have ten children and we had a lot of problems between them. But in a new spirit of mutual trust we were able to rebuild our home and we saw a new family life spring up.

Some of the bosses in the tramways already knew about MRA and with them a new relationship was built. Without 'selling out the workers' and without pig-headedness, but on the basis of radical change in the things which motivated us, we were able to win for the workers many advances which we'd been fighting for for a long time.

We were the first to get paid holidays, and a 'thirteenth-month' annual bonus—long before these became law. We won double payment for holidays, better working conditions, and a reduction of working hours to six hours per day on the basis that our round-the-clock work was specially dangerous. We were able to build a holiday centre for the members of the union.

We renounced the idea of the class struggle and the 'dictatorship of the proletariat' because we considered them out of date and prejudicial to the workers. But I am no less a socialist because I believe in God and fight for absolute moral standards, so tremendously lacking in today's society.

PHILIPPINES contd from p1

Seven had travelled from strife-torn Mindanao in the southern Philippines. A bitter civil war there has taken a toll of over 50,000 lives. A shaky ceasefire exists now but violations are common.

Among the delegation of Muslims and Christians were Fermina Ibot who, with her family, looks after 200 families of re-settled refugees, and Abella Fuentes, a teacher who told how she had found the courage to forgive the man who killed her father.

Excerpts from the MRA musical revues, *Bigkis-Bigkis '78* and *Balms not Bombs*, were staged at the conference. The latter was written by university students of Manila to express their conviction that to stop bombs falling, hate must be cured through balms of forgiveness.

'If I am to set an example of the type of society I want to see, I must be willing to change myself,' said Marissa Escudero, an accountant in a government office. She had

drawn her pay for three weeks without going to the office—she was in Manila, but her boss thought she was on duty in the province. After the conference she refunded the three weeks' salary.

Che Borromeo, 21, of the University of the East, Manila, said he had been framed by a youth gang. He had been arrested, and his parents spent all they had to clear his name. After meeting MRA, he decided to give up his hatred of the gang. He had found an alternative way to violence, he said, to fight for what is right.

Nancy Palaypay, Associate Professor at the Philippines Women's University, told the conference why she decided not to migrate to America. 'I may have had more dollars but what kind of generation will we produce if we are concerned with more and more for ourselves?' she said. 'I decided to stay and help create a force of men and women in the Philippines to bring an answer to the problems facing our nation.'

VY