

# IN THE KINGDOM OF COAL AND STEEL

*Ed Falkowski's firsthand report on a million men in America's basic industries. How they live, how they work, what they're thinking—and what they're doing. The truth behind the headlines.*

*Fairmont, West Va.*

**I**N THE mining towns of western Pennsylvania and in this section of northern West Virginia "wartime prosperity" has brought back an old-fashioned glamour to Saturday night life. Collieries are operating full blast, some of them seven days a week; the miner's free day is being staggered so as not to impede the flow of production.

But thousands of miners remain idle. Fairmont, Morgantown, Clarksburg, and other West Virginia coal centers are filled with unemployed, one-time miners who still get up at whistle-time unable to suspend a lifetime of mine discipline. They spend their days aimlessly sauntering about the streets hoping to find a job at one of the outlying pits.

In this segment of northern West Virginia, one of the richest coal-producing areas in the world, more than 7,000 miners have been displaced in the past three years by machines. Coal production has been stepped up. The Grant Town mine of the Koppers Coal Company, a major bituminous producer, reduced its working force from 1,400 to 600 since 1939. Output remains at 8,000 tons a day. The Risville mine recently dismissed 500 men; 350 others were forced to go from the New England mine; Mine No. 8 and No. 9 released 400 men each. This is but a small idea of what is happening in every mine in operation today.

"The rumors that machines are coming make every man sick," a miner told me. He stood six feet tall, wide-shouldered, muscular, a Hercules of a man. But he is 47. After 45, a man hereabouts is no longer "employable." He is denied a doctor's slip for the physical examination. "The company feels it can drive the younger men harder. Old miners have a set pace and they resent the impudence of bosses. The machines are all in the hands of younger men."

You meet the ex-miners in desolate beer parlors holding empty glasses and waiting for something to happen. What? No one knows. After a life-time spent in the same community they find it impossible to shift to some other place. And besides, where is a man to find work? Everywhere machines are purging mines of miners, jarring local communities with their devastating economic upheavals.

This state's 104,000 miners produce some 108,500,000 tons of soft-coal a year. The coal industry has brought fortunes to its owners. But the towns and camps are crowded with idle miners who move about town dumps picking and sorting rags and bottles for sale as junk, treading the well-known path to the relief office where flint-faced officials are immune to their plea for help.

"I was best loader in my section, damnit," says an old miner. He wore his working-

clothes although he had lost his mine-job some three years ago, one of the first casualties of the new loading machines. "It take good man to shovel twenty ton. I make twenty-five and one time twenty-seven ton, by God. Boss say, 'Good man! Best man I got!' I work hard. At quittin' time I feel like I drunk. I no can carry tools out, by God. I too weak. But I load coal!"

"One day Big Boss come, say, 'John, take your tools home today.' I know for what he say that. New machine comin'. I work thirty-seven year in that mine, damnit. I say the boss—'I no take my tools out, by God, no. I stay. I help make this mine.' And I say myself maybe I should kill boss now? Why not? I feel I want to kill him. I no care much for what I do just then."

"He see I serious. He say, 'Good, Johnny. You stay. Go on day-work for company.' I stay. Two months later mine shut down. Stay shut for six months. When it open, everyone must go for physical exam. I strong like horse but I 52 years old. No have job for me in mines any more. I old. I don't know what I do now. Maybe rob, maybe kill. I don't know. I got to live anyhow. Maybe war come, kill younger men. Maybe old men get work then. I don't know, by God!"

Every miner will tell you the story of a champion loader in these Monongahela valleys known as "Steamshovel." No one could come up to his tonnages. He was a proud athlete of the pan-shovel. His thick muscles did him no good when the machines came. And "Steamshovel" who at one time had made big money, was too proud to beg. He was found one day in one of the abandoned coke-ovens on the outskirts of Fairmont's slum "Shagtown" district, dead from starvation.

I visited the coke-ovens, a row of brick bee-hives converted into cell-like huts. Each abandoned oven contained specimens of indescribable misery. Men who had spent anywhere from twenty-five to fifty years of their lives in the mines now looked out at me with pleading expressions. It seemed odd to them that someone should be interested. They have grown used to human callousness.

Some of them asked me to take down their names and help get them pants, shirts, shoes—particularly shoes. They need them in order to resume job-hunting as soon as the weather gets warm enough to allow a man to spend nights out-of-doors, for the mines are far away and traveling money more than scarce.

Relief? Four dollars a month from the state of West Virginia plus a few grapefruits and a sack now and then of graham flour or corn meal. Several of the oldest miners have qualified for old-age assistance under the social security act. These receive the munificent

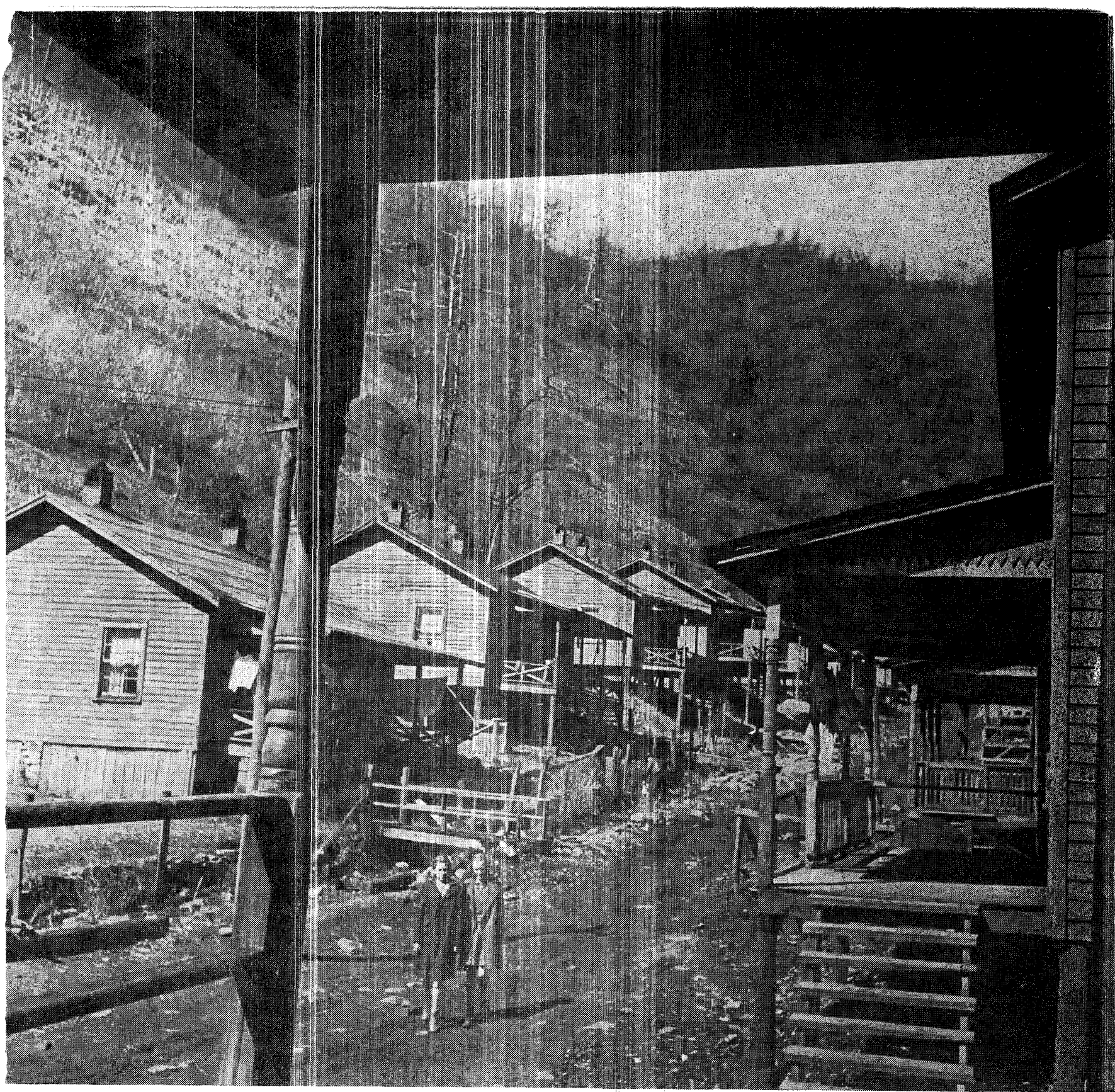
sum of ten dollars a month. One of the men, the "Mayor of Coke-Ovens" gets only nine, a dollar having been lopped off as a penalty for getting himself into a fight. He implored me to try to locate for him another pair of underwear. The only tattered pair he owned he was wearing at the time and they badly needed washing.

What about the miner still enjoying full employment? Mining machinery has inaugurated a new regimen of speedup. The seven-hour day is figured from the moment a miner begins actual work. Time spent in coming and going in the gangways between workplace and shaft-mouth is not reckoned. It is not unusual for a miner to spend anywhere from 11 to 13 hours underground, though his working hours may not be more than seven. One day-shift miner informed me that he had had to start for work at 4:30 a.m. in order to get there by 7. Another, on night-shift, said he began work at 9:30 but was inside the mine by 7:30. "It takes a full two hours to get to my work place—about four miles from shaft-bottom."

Every miner was ready to pour out his bitterness at the violence the machines are working on their bodies. Here was a young miner, 24, broad-shouldered, his muscles almost bursting through his skin. "Yes, I'm a strong, husky fellow, but do you know that by the end of the shift I can hardly drag myself home again? The job takes all I've got. It's killing work. And the only reason why I do it is because there ain't nothin' else in these mine-camps. All I ever knew was coal. . . . I get seven dollars a day flat. Men used to get fourteen and fifteen dollars a day for the same tonnages at one time. . . . I spent six years in the pit now and I'm just about where I was the day I started!"

Money is scarce in the mining camps. Company scrip—a currency of copper and brass bearing the imprint of the coal company—is circulated. A miner in need of credit applies at the company office for scrip against current earnings. Scrip is redeemable at full value only in company stores—"rob-stores," they are known locally. On paydays the miner receives what is left after the value of scrip advanced to him has been deducted plus other deductions for house-rent (\$2.25 a month per room), coal, light, doctor, burial fund and other items. Sometimes his pay is completely "scripped out" and he receives nothing but a blank statement to this effect. At local stores scrip is received at a 25 percent discount. The company itself takes a similar discount where the miner wants to transfer a sum of scrip back into cash. The union is trying to dissuade miners from using scrip. But families must be fed. And credit in a





MINERS' MAIN STREET: THIS IS HOME TO THE FAMILIES OF NEARLY 600,000 AMERICAN MINERS.

mine-camp is difficult to obtain. Furthermore, the company itself keeps tab on the amount each employee spends in its local stores where prices are above those prevailing in town. A lax spender will be visited by company men inquiring into his spending "delinquency."

Today union-meeting notices may be seen posted on bulletin boards at colliery entrances. Union buttons are worn. There is a checkoff. But the experiences of non-union years live on. In these steep, yellow-creeked valleys with their sudden rows of paintless wooden shacks the war for unionism was incredibly grim.

Barracks were thrown up on the hillsides

of Grant Town and at the Dakota and other mines. Machine gun nests were planted. Company guards paraded night and day, armed to the teeth. At night powerful searchlights swept the camp to spot suspicious movements. Union organizers were shot on sight. Every night two or three local men were killed by guards. There was no law.

Union men were evicted from company houses, their furniture piled high on the territory of the baseball diamond which is not company property. There the winds and the rains had their way with them. At the mines tonnage rates on loading fell from 55 cents

a ton to 22 cents (they are 65 cents today); you worked any hours the boss imposed. You were in the mine by six a.m. and you were often still in the mine by two the next morning. You needed a company permit to enter and leave camp, the company having built fences around the property. The first thing the union did when it came back was to compel the company to take down the fences. And the militants of the union have since tried to build homes of their own on the surrounding hillsides to free themselves of coal company intimidation in the future.

It is the union that is credited with being



the bringer of a new light into these valleys. With a union behind them, the men are less afraid here among these tall, lonely hills where the company once had them at its mercy. In Grant Town a song is still sung about a local union martyr killed in 1922 by the gunfire of company thugs:

"George Kello he is free  
And he died for you and me  
Sure as the world goes round. . . ."

The struggle for organization still goes on in West Virginia. Only the other day Tony Teti, president of District 31 of the United Mine Workers, was threatened by a vigilante group when he tried to organize the Mabie Mine in Randolph County. At the J. G. King Brady Mine of the Elk River Coal and Lumber Company a company union has been formed to fight the UMW. This company recently fired seven of its veteran miners for refusing to work in a place they considered unsafe. Mine inspection in this state is in the hands of political appointees. Mine accidents jumped from 13,780 in 1938 to 16,503 last year. Unsafe machines and speedup are to blame. But coal companies consider mine safety a forbidden luxury. Human life comes cheaper under the modest compensation laws of the state than do mine improvements.

As miners follow negotiations now under way between coal operators and the union, they feel it is not so much a question of whether they have grievances to bring up as of which grievances are to be central issues. Every housewife is full of complaints about rising living costs: groceries, movies, clothing—everything going up. Rents are mounting: thirty dollars for a three-room flat in Fairmont is not uncommon. Landlords prowl about nowadays figuring how to jack up even these figures. In the Dakota Coal Camp—the Dakota mine is a captive operation turning out coal for Bethlehem Steel—it is the same story. Every mine one stops at, from the suburbs of Pittsburgh down through the Mahoning country of Ohio and southeastwards into West Virginia, reveals a similar complex of grievances having to do with the elementary right of the miner to existence.

The union has won out in these areas but new and ominous problems loom. Most important is that of the effects of the machine on jobs in bituminous mining. In asking for a shorter workday, for more pay, and for paid vacations the union is seeking a partial answer. To the miner the present negotiations are not large abstractions or dry recountings of statistical data but matters of life and limb, of heart and spirit. Even the remotest mine camp is militantly aware of that.

#### *Bethlehem, Pa.*

**I** RUSHED down here to Bethlehem from Youngstown. Later I want to tell about the steel mills of the Ohio valley. But first let me glance hastily at this great struggle.

Hundreds of cops and state police in full war equipment of riot sticks, tear gas ejectors, and guns, on horseback and in police cars, have closed in upon this little city. The maneuver suggests a military occupation. And the 18,000 striking steel workers of Bethlehem Steel are getting a taste of "democracy" as the employers conceive it.

The issue is simple. Is Bethlehem Steel bound by laws passed by the US Congress? Has it the responsibility to abide by the decision of the National Labor Relations Board, which after long hearings in 1939 declared the corporation's Employees Representation Plan to be a company union and ordered it dissolved? The corporation says, in effect, "No!" It has appealed the decision to the United States Supreme Court; meanwhile, it contemptuously ignores any restriction placed upon it by the government and the law. And when the ERP moved to conduct its election on company property, with ballot boxes draped in American flags, the SWOC issued a strike call.

Repercussions spread with lightning speed. Gov. Arthur R. James rushed hundreds of state troopers to Bethlehem. A "committee of public safety" gathered—consisting of local and state police officials. Military men arrived to review the situation.

Police massed around the plant gates to clear the way for scabs moving to the plant in cars—a few hundred, perhaps even two or three thousand—estimates vary. But no smoke came from the smokestacks, the mills remained quiet, with most of the men outside the gates, massed in the streets, thousands of them, confronting the hard-faced troopers detailed to guard the plant against the "enemy."

The police fell upon the pickets with clubs, guns, and tear gas, beating women and children. Van A. Bittner, chief of organization of the CIO, claimed the company planted provocateurs among pickets to throw stones at cars and in other ways to create a pretext for police attacks. The results reenacted the old brutal days when the Pennsylvania Iron and Steel police clubbed and killed.

But in answer to attack, picket lines grew larger hourly at each new outburst of unprovoked violence from police and company guards. Union officials notified the state police that the union would maintain a picket line at the gates "by force, if necessary." Major Joseph Martin, commander of the state police barracks, seeing the mood of the strikers, gave ground, and the SWOC picket line again marched in front of the mill gates.

Back of the strike lies an ugly tale of grievances common to all steel workers. Bethlehem Steel officials have always been hardboiled. During the first world war the company profited by at least \$25,000,000 by refusing to take government contracts except on terms which were later described by a federal judge as follows:

[Bethlehem Steel] boldly and openly fixed the figures in the estimated cost so high as to give a promise of large bonus profits. The managers of the [U.S. Wartime] Fleet Corporation protested it.

The reply was: "We will take this contract with the promise of bonus profits incorporated in it, but not otherwise. Take it or leave it."

Over a twenty-year period, the corporation insiders voted themselves over \$36,000,000 in bonuses in addition to salaries. Last year, Eugene Grace, head of the company, received \$1,628,000 over his salary. And that same year, the company made a profit of \$48,677,524, twice as much as it had in 1939.

But workers don't share in the banquet. Their pay has been consistently below the scales paid in other competitive plants. Only the threat of strike persuaded the company to establish a \$5 minimum in certain departments which came under the provisions of the Walsh-Healey act.

That is where the ERP came in. The company carefully kept it alive—for future use against the union. No steps were taken following the NLRB decision to carry out the provisions of federal statutes. True, the company instituted a "bonus" system—but it was so tricky that Philip Murray, head of the CIO and the SWOC, recently attacked it as a device to evade the wage-hour law.

A month ago; the SWOC struck at the Bethlehem plant in Lackawanna, New York, protesting the discharge of 600 men, followed by the suspension and dismissal of another 1,000, for union activity. In two days after 12,000 workers walked out, the Lackawanna officials capitulated. "This is the beginning of the end of tyranny, of spies, of espionage," declared a CIO spokesman. "For the Bethlehem Steel Co. is the spearhead of every non-union interest in America."

At Lackawanna, the corporation was proved not to be invincible. At Bethlehem, workers have refused to take abuse any longer. In Johnstown, in Sparrows Point, Md., in Steelton, other Bethlehem workers are growing restless. But now they are watching their fellow unionists at Bethlehem. For their fight is crucial.

They say down here that the SWOC has just begun to fight.

#### *Youngstown, Ohio.*

**E**VERYWHERE the mills are enormously busy. At all hours, there is a sawing of metal, a chatter of sirens, a huff of engines in the air. And all this means work, wages, what the Chamber of Commerce likes to call "revived prosperity." The lone newspaper of this Mahoning Valley city reports new furnaces operating in the valleys farther down the river; it tells of mills operating at capacity; of profits doubled and then doubled again; of dividend payments soaring; of better, more efficient machines being installed to cut labor costs and again to increase profits.

But mill workers are not talking about a glorious future. Living costs are rising all too quickly. The housing shortage is ever more serious—and landlords are jacking up rents in anticipation of a golden harvest. For the shacks in the shadow of the mills, for the broken-down, smoke-painted frame huts, that lie in the shadows of the brooding mills, a

worker must pay from twenty-five to thirty dollars—and prices are rising. “More than a week’s work just to pay the rent,” the workers complain. And their wives speak bitterly of mounting costs of pork, eggs, and butter.

GRIEVANCES are widespread and deep rooted. The workers have had enough of the “cooling off” period since the unions were wiped out with blood and violence in 1892 and again in 1919. The time has come for the “reheating” of old anger. They grow impatient at conciliatory gestures toward the companies; time after time, they refuse to wait for company-granted conferences, walking out of the plants and tying them up. In Niles, Massillon, Newton Falls, Warren, Canton, where Little Steel’s empire extends in Ohio, there is resolve that the blotting out of unions just being formed—as happened in 1937—will never be repeated. This resolution is fortified by reports of fantastic war profits that fatten the companies. But while Tom Girdler of Republic Steel collects \$176,000 a year, wages remain stationary, and the new machines crowd more and more on to relief. Insufficient funds mean that many of the 12,000 who need food and rent money go without, and the pennies are spread thin for those lucky enough to get any help.

Is it any wonder that the steel worker today worries incessantly about his own future and that of his family? Or that he begins to insist upon a bigger share in the defense profits? He can no longer look with confidence to his own economic future; to him the present alone matters. For when the present emergency passes, it will be too late for even minimal demands.

What does he want? A pay boost of ten cents per hour; paid vacations, effective after one year of service instead of after five years, as at present; exclusive SWOC bargaining rights, tantamount to union recognition; a measure of control over working conditions.

In Aliquippa or in Warren, in Wheeling or in Bridgeville, his grievances are everywhere the same. Every lodge room echoes with the complaints of heaters and scarfers and chargers over the matter of varying rates for the same job, with resentment at having physical examinations imposed, with unfair dismissals of other workers. Companies resort to a practice of paying incentive rates to pace-setters as a speed-up device. Three men performing identical work may be receiving three different rates of pay. In part, these varying rates on standardized operations stem from 1937 when a blanket ten-cent per hour increase was added to then prevailing scales, a matter never since then readjusted. The sum total of all these multifarious abuses comprises an explosive situation.

The steel worker no longer considers himself a serf in a feudal domain. The SWOC is but one manifestation of his developing sense of emancipation. There was a time when James Crawford, burgess of Homestead, could say: “If Jesus Christ himself asked a permit to speak in here he wouldn’t get it!” Organizers were spirited off to jail or flailed by town police. Free speech was high treason. Terror stalked in these smoke ridden towns strung along the Monongahela and Allegheny and through the Valley of Big Steel.

Today SWOC organizer John J. Mullen is mayor of Clairton, and John Maloy, another SWOC organizer, is burgess of Home-

stead. SWOC lodge rooms are everywhere new social centers in the communities. The old fears have gone; everything is “union.” The men take pride in their union; they feel it is invincible.

Their deep sense of grievance is kept alive by the policy of the companies. Time-study men figure new labor eliminations; the ten-shift stretch continues despite the forty-hour-week provision; safety rules are hardly enforced; seniority rights are ignored; consideration of grievances is postponed until a pressure breaks into spontaneous strike action. This is what happened at the Brier Hill plant of the Youngstown Sheet and Tube recently; after the three-day strike was won, the union reported a sudden boost in membership. In plant after plant strikes have had some measure of success—and union rolls have swelled.

Back of it all is the uncertainty of the job itself. The new electric-operated Irvin Works in Clairton is a forerunner of technological changes bound to reduce employment. At Clairton, a handful of men does the work of twelve strip-mills; New Castle, Vandergriff, and other former mill communities have been transformed into ghost towns. The Carnegie-Illinois Co., operating this model plant, has clung to a policy of ignoring older workers and hiring raw inexperienced youths at wages below those prevailing in the older and less profitable mills! The monotony of work soon affected the workmen; the SWOC reports considerable progress of organization in the plant. “Alcatraz,” the new works is known locally; some call it “The Big Morgue.” A strike at this plant several weeks ago built the union in what was considered an impregnable fortress of the open shop.

“You can imagine how serious our grievances have been when we decided to strike in the coldest month of the year,” said a striker at the Universal Cyclops plant at Bridgeville, Pa. “Outside agitators?” he laughed at the suggestion. “Why, our strike has been backed by the oldest workers in the plant. I’ve put in twenty-three solid years of my own life into it and my friend put in seventeen. . . .”

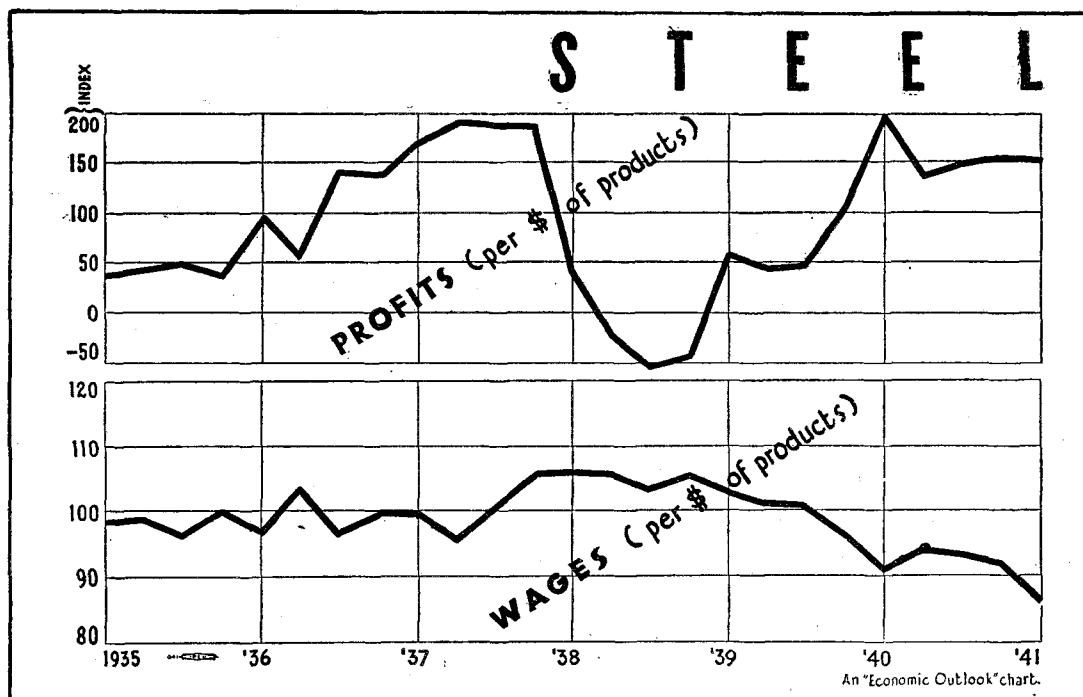
“It’s my children I’m thinking of while I’m out on strike,” commented another, indicating the struck plant with the stub of an amputated finger. “I don’t want them to be up against what I have all my life. . . .”

“Why have you struck?” I asked a worker at the Parks Crucible plant in Pittsburgh.

“The men had grievances, wage rates and other things. They don’t want to wait till April 1. They want a raise now—right away—”

As reports emerge from the conference rooms where SWOC and US Steel discuss the terms of a model contract, more than 500,000 steel men watch and wait. They are prepared for any action, action proportioned to the size and resources of their antagonists, the rich and powerful owners of the steel empire.

ED FALKOWSKI.



Roads that never meet. This chart issued by the CIO Economic Outlook indicates how, for the last two years, profits per dollar of steel shipped have risen while wages have declined. It has been estimated that if steel continues to operate at the rate of the last quarter of 1940, the industry will make profits of twelve percent. The steel workers’ wages could be increased by ten percent in 1941, and the industry’s profit rate would be reduced only to nine percent. A six-percent profit would be available if wages were expanded by twenty percent. Substantial wage increases can be made in steel, as in many other major industries, without a rise in prices.

NM April 8, 1941

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# IS BRITAIN'S GOVERNMENT DEMOCRATIC?

G. S. Jackson turns the spotlight on the British Cabinet. Churchill, "the great democrat," played a leading role in breaking the general strike in 1926. Records of the reactionary thirty-one.

**I**s Britain worth fighting for? Of course, the people of England are worth fighting for, but so are the people of Germany, India, or Japan. It is not the people of a country who declare a war, but their governments; and it will be for the government of Britain, therefore, that Mr. Roosevelt may compel us to fight.

Since the war started there have been many changes in the English government. The Labor Party, for example, which opposed the reactionary Chamberlain regime has joined the Churchill Cabinet, and the Labor leaders say that not only must Hitler be defeated and the "spirit of tyranny with all its barbarities" crushed (Arthur Greenwood, *Why We Fight—Labor's Case*), but, "we must look forward to a society that is rid of the twin pests of extreme riches and extreme poverty" (Herbert Morrison, *New York Times*, Dec. 12, 1940) and that "by helping to organize victory now, it (the Labor Party) has a great opportunity to win power for socialism once the victory is won." In the meantime, "Labour expects an agreement with India . . . a new approach to the problem of Soviet relations . . . and large scale reforms during the war" (Harold Laski, the *Nation*, May 25, 1940).

Ten months have now passed since Labor joined the government, and there has been no agreement with India—only continued imprisonment of her leaders; nothing new in Anglo-Soviet relations except attacks on Soviet trade with the United States and South America; and no serious domestic reforms, but on the contrary, measures like the conscription of labor which intensify the workers' servitude to capital.

Who are the members of this government which is supposed to be paving the way to socialism? Twenty-one of the thirty-one members of the immediate government, that is, the inner War Cabinet plus the other ministers, are members of the Conservative Party, the party of wealth, empire, and reaction. Out of the thirty-one, seven are peers, five are knights or baronets, two are army officers (in England a sign of high birth), and six are closely related to peers. Besides this, fifty percent of the thirty-one in the immediate government have been company directors, and another fifteen percent are closely related to directors. But only 0.1 percent of the electorate are directors. In all fairness to the principle of representative government in England, we must hasten to say that "for the first time in many years the twenty dukes in Parliament (highest aristocracy) will be represented in the Cabinet" (*New York Times*, Feb. 9, 1941). The Duke of Norfolk, acting for the dukes, is now Joint Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Agriculture

and Fisheries. As one of England's biggest landowners, he will be able to apportion agricultural subsidies with utter disinterestedness.

Not only are the members of the English government predominantly reactionary, but even the labor members have no record of devotion to socialism, as they claim. Of the seven labor members, all except Bevin served in the two MacDonald Labor governments. The first Labor government in 1924 fell in less than a year; it behaved no differently from its Conservative predecessors. The second Labor government had a longer trial—from 1929 to 1931. On the positive side of the ledger, this government had a record in India of bombing open towns, of terrorism, and mass imprisonment of the Indian people. Taken one by one, the members of the British government present an even sordid spectacle from the point of view of democracy and socialism. Of the inner War Cabinet, five out of eight are Conservatives.

Winston Churchill, Conservative, Prime Minister.

Sir Kingsley Wood, Conservative, Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Ernest Bevin, Labor, Minister of Labor.

Anthony Eden, Conservative, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

Lord Beaverbrook, Conservative, Minister of Aircraft Production.

Sir John Anderson, Conservative, Lord President of the Council.

Major Clement Attlee, Labor, Lord Privy Seal.

Arthur Greenwood, Labor, Minister Without Portfolio.

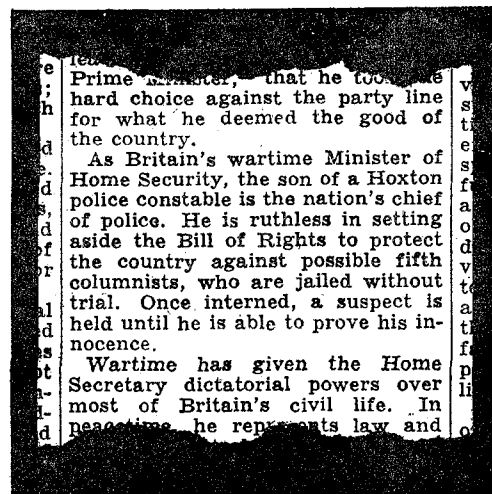
Churchill is the son of Sir Randolph Churchill, grandson of the Duke of Marlborough, and cousin of Viscount Wimborne, head of the powerful Guest family which has extensive banking and heavy industry holdings in England and the empire. Among other things in a long and unsavory past, Churchill was one of the foremost proponents of armed intervention against Soviet Russia after the last war. As Minister of War, he was responsible for keeping an English army stationed in Murmansk and Archangel long after the Armistice, for aiding Generals Wrangel and Golovin of the czarist forces, for shipping over 100,000 tons of war materiel to the Siberian Armies in 1919 alone, and for attempting in 1920 to organize a military alliance between France, England, and Germany for the sole purpose of making war on Soviet Russia.

In 1926, Churchill, then Chancellor of the Exchequer under Baldwin, played the leading role in breaking the great general strike. While peaceful negotiations between the government and the labor representatives were in progress, and before a general strike had

been called, Churchill saw to it that posters declaring a national emergency were printed and that troops and armed constables were sent to all parts of the country. When the general strike was finally forced upon the reluctant Trade Union leadership, of which Ernest Bevin was a member, it was Churchill who ordered the mass arrest of strikers, took over the radio to tell the British people that a bloody revolution was upon them, and printed scurrilous attacks upon the unions in the *British Gazette*—a sheet which he personally issued when all other papers were struck.

Continuing his anti-social career, Churchill, along with Beaverbrook, led the Conservative Party in its refusal to grant Dominion status to India in 1930-31. This was the period in which the "Labor" government bombed Indian towns and put Gandhi and thousands of his followers in jail, but was at last forced to agree upon "round table conferences" with Indian leaders. Even this slight concession, however, was too much for Churchill, who advocated a policy of "blood and steel" and urged the complete crushing of Gandhi-ism. The *Nation* declared at that time (Sept. 13, 1930) that Winston Churchill's "coming to headship of Great Britain would be a tremendous misfortune for the British people and a menace to the peace of the world."

ERNEST BEVIN, now Minister of Labor, likewise played a shabby role in the general strike. First he attempted to reach an agreement with the government over the heads of the striking miners. When the miners refused to accept the terms—less pay and longer hours—and the Trade Union Council was forced to declare a general strike, Bevin did everything possible to sabotage. Finally,



From the horse's mouth. This clipping from the *New York Times* (March 11, 1941) appeared in the early edition and was deleted from subsequent editions.