

Freedom

THE ANARCHIST WEEKLY

"Individual resistance is a two-edged sword . . . one side the struggle for our individual liberty, the other by example breaking down the morale of our enemy and uplifting the courage of those who are searching for a way out."

—FRANK LEECH

Vol. 14, No. 3

January 17th, 1953

Threepence

African Federation for What?

THE second official Conference is now completing its work on the draft federal constitution for British Central Africa. The proposals for federating Northern and Southern Rhodesia, and Nyasaland, into one territory have aroused the strongest possible opposition from Africans, who are completely ignored in the discussions leading to federation. Their objections are simple and fundamental. The Federal Assembly would be dominated by the white minority who would be a permanent parliamentary majority by virtue of the unequal representation. Eventually Dominion status would be asked and granted, and Whitehall rule would finish. Africans would then be subject to the same type of oppressive rule as in South Africa—permanently and decisively—without Colonial Office interference in native questions, yet still with the threat of the British armed forces to suppress rebellion as to-day in Kenya (and maybe tomorrow in South Africa).

It is not that there is much positively to be said for Whitehall rule. Southern Rhodesian Africans fear at the pretence that "if we don't have federation, the Afrikaners will bobble you up and you will get apartheid". There is not an atom of difference between Malan's apartheid and the systems ruling in Kenya and Central Africa. In Southern Rhodesia the Negro who must have a late pass to be out after nine o'clock is no better off than he would be in the Union. The difference between Smuts and Malan has always been exaggerated. However, Whitehall rule—by its very remoteness—is at least better than rule by the white man on the spot who knows where his interests lie. Africans prefer the present anomalous system—whereby even if in Southern Rhodesia trade unions

are not recognised by law, they can at least organise in Northern Rhodesia (whose railways, for instance, are owned by the same company, so that the Southern Rhodesia railway workers have their union, despite its proscription, recognised in fact if not in law). There is a corresponding divergence of the degree of oppression from state to state, but the federation of Nyasaland with Northern and Southern Rhodesia would lead to one strong state, with the white dominance more firmly entrenched than ever. 6 million Africans would be placed under the domination of 170,000 Europeans, for the scheme proposes a federal parliament of 35 members, of whom 6 would be Africans.

NKOMO IN LONDON

At a recent Press Conference in London, Mr. Joshua Nkomo, President of the African National Congress in Southern Rhodesia, and secretary of the Railway Workers, put the case against federation from the African point of view. Undoubtedly of sincerity and good will. Mr. Nkomo's case was that co-operation was possible if, as he put it, "Europeans played the game." He deprecated violence but insisted that if it had not come it was not because Africans were satisfied in any way with the present position. He felt that responsible leaders could not be held responsible for what happened if federation were forced through.

Unfortunately, the effort to keep the struggle on a constitutional basis is inevitably doomed to disappointment in so weighted a parliament. The property and literacy (in the English language) qualifications barred most Africans from the vote, but even those few who had the vote—such as Mr. Nkomo himself—had to admit that it was of very little use to them. They were still second-class citizens, had to carry passes and be subjected to segregation laws.

The attempt to rouse conscience in England so soon becomes bogged down by politicians. It is pathetic to read of

the Nyasaland chiefs who have come to beg the Queen in humility not to ratify the plan for federation. The need of the African above all is not debasement—that has been taught to him by his white conquerors who teach the Christian doctrines of humility to others—but pride in his own heritage and potentialities.

In this way the Kikuyu schools in Kenya blazoned a trail of self-education that might well be pursued by all in Central Africa, and before rejecting the methods used in Kenya, it might be as well to ponder on what drove them to such action—the Imperialist and Christian attack upon independent education. The Nyasaland chieftains, themselves rulers, might consider it expedient to appeal to the Queen, but conscious African opinion which is growing in the Rhodesian and Nyasaland territories, should look to itself for emancipation. The building of independent schools, and a complete boycott of all governmental functions, is the key. The Europeans might well look with amusement at the

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Ships Crews to Resist McCarran?

THE first determined resistance to the application of the McCarran Act to the crews of ships calling at American ports may take place when the French liner *Liberté* makes its next Atlantic crossing. An official of the American immigration service recently stated that he hoped reports that the crew would refuse to have their permits stamped were wrong, because some of the crew were needed ashore to tie up the ship. We hope the reports are right. One way of getting rid of laws such as this one is by non-cooperation. If all ships' crews refused to have their permits stamped, and refused to allow blacklegs tie up the ships, American ports would soon be at a standstill.

Meanwhile, the American shipping companies are making it clear that witch-hunts are all very well so long as their pockets do not suffer. The American President Lines have begun a court action over the McCarran-Walter Immigration Act. They claim that they

should not have to bear the cost of maintaining alien passengers while the Government investigated their eligibility to enter the United States. The company claimed in its petition that the costs of maintenance would amount to about \$6,000 a month.

Desertions in American Army

Mr. Truman is reported to have said in a newspaper interview that MacArthur's attacks on Korean war policy set a bad example for Service men in Korea, and led to a crop of desertions.

General MacArthur says it is "fantastic and wholly unwarranted" to suggest he bears any responsibility for current desertions.

"If desertions are excessive they can be ascribed more realistically to lack of faith in President Truman's policies of appeasement which forbade victory in Korea 20 months ago."

Whether MacArthur or Truman is responsible is not clear. But what both seem agreed upon is that desertions are occurring in the American Army.

Aid to Spanish Refugees

FORGOTTEN MEN is a cliché we have heard so often that in the last few years it sometimes seems to have lost all meaning. But *forgotten men* is still the best phrase to describe the tens of thousands of men who, after fighting for years against authoritarian despotism in their own country of Spain, now live as a section of the unwanted poor of France. These are the men who represent in a more real sense than anyone else the causes which have been flaunted about the world for the past decade and more. Years before the Second World War was fought, ostensibly for the destruction of Nazism, they were fighting a real and fundamental struggle not only against Nazism, but also against the principles which the Nazis and their opponents between 1939 and 1945 shared in common. And ten years before the clash of interests began to awaken the Western Powers to "the menace of Communism", these men had learnt from bitter and direct experience the real nature of Stalinist politics. Perhaps, indeed, it is because they have lived that struggle for freedom, which the governments of our age have only fought in words, that they are so neglected, since to recognise them would be to admit a reproach which cannot be admitted; it would be like Macbeth actually inviting the ghost of Banquo to his feast.

After the years in internment camps, in forced labour and concentration camps under the Nazis, there are still 160,000 Spaniards left in France out of the half million who crossed the frontier 14 years ago at the end of the civil war. The rest have either returned to Spain, gone to the Latin American countries, or, very many of them, died of privations (8,000 alone died in the concentration camp at Mauthausen). Those who are left live, for the most part, on the lowest possible level in France, since they are usually only given the worst-paid labouring jobs. And there are many others who, through sickness or old age or disablement, are incapable of doing even this kind of work, and live literally on the edge of starvation.

After the war some aid was given to the Spaniards through such organisations as the Intergovernmental Committee for Refugees and the International Refugee Organisation. But in February, 1950, all aid to Spaniards from these sources

had ended, and almost the only help they now receive is through the Social Service for Emigrants Aid (SSAE), an agency financed by the French Government, which has some 7,500 Spanish cases on its lists. The aid from this source does little more than touch the edge of the problem, since an old man, incapable of work, is given 3,500 francs a month (less than £4), which in a country with about the highest cost of living in Europe is insufficient even to provide bare necessities.

It is in order to find the additional aid that is necessary in so many cases that a group without partisan attachments has gathered in New York to form a Committee to Aid Spanish Republican Refugees in France. The Chairman of the Committee is James T. Farrell and the Secretary is Nancy Macdonald, whom many readers of **FREEDOM** will remember as the organiser of the excellent parcels service to needy socialists and anarchists in Europe which was operated through *Politics* immediately after the end of the last war.

The Committee, which is now in the first stages of organisation, contemplates giving aid to Spaniards in France irrespective of their allegiances; socialists, syndicalists, anarchists, will all be helped, their need being their only criterion. The kind of assistance which the committee hopes to be able to give is shown in the following passage from its published statement of aims:

"What Could Be Done"

1. Because of the high cost of living, donations of used clothing would be invaluable.

2. There are three Spanish Red Cross dispensaries, in Paris, Toulouse and Montauban, which need help to carry on with the excellent work they are doing. For example, the Montauban Dispensary needs about £40 a month to function adequately. They are in imminent danger of closing because of lack of funds. The doctor, a man with four children, does not receive enough from the very small fees which some of the patients can pay, to live decently. The social worker, who knows every one of the 375 families whom the Dispensary cares for and is ready to tackle any kind of problem they may have, is so underpaid that she has to work at night knitting sweaters. The Dispensary needs medical equipment and could use doctor's drug samples.

3. There are 90 Spanish war invalids who are in French Government hospitals but who have no private resources with which to buy soap, tobacco, stamps, extra food, personal needs. A small regular gift to each of these in the form of cash or packages would be of great moral and material aid. Friendly letters of encouragement and remembrance would also be important.

4. According to recent reports there are 754 tuberculars among the Spaniards. Extra food and special medicines would do a great deal of good in these cases.

5. Often a small sum given for a special need will make a big difference in the fortunes of a refugee—for example, a hearing aid, sewing machine, work tools, vacation for a child, an artificial limb for a cripple, a small monthly allowance. To illustrate: a young Spaniard in his early 40s, who has silicosis of the lungs, has been living miserably for the past 10 years in a public hospital in Toulouse. His one pleasure in life is the visit of his family from Spain, once a year. If he had £5 or £6 a month (added to the sickness benefit which he could collect if he were living outside the hospital), he could rent a room with friends and manage to live a more human and happy life.

6. In Perpignan, the local office of the SSAE reports that there are 100 Spanish families who do not have adequate bedding (mattresses, blankets and linen). They do not have the funds to supply them. There are many instances where the most obvious amenities of life are lacking and where a small sum could provide them.

7. A committee devoted to aiding Spaniards alone, could act as a clearing house and information centre for individual problems. Often there are possibilities of assistance in various fields through various international committees that are not known to an individual or even to the Spanish committees. Such social services accomplish a great deal at very little cost."

The situation of the Spaniards in France, though it is less dramatically appalling than that of the opponents of the régime within Spain, is still a terrible one, as anyone who has seen the kind of wastage of personality that takes place in such circumstances will know. The presence of a voluntary organisation outside Spain and devoted to ameliorating their cause, will not only provide material assistance in the most needy cases; it will also give a light of comradeship, a realisation that they are after all not entirely forgotten in the weary corridors of meaningless existence into which so many of their lives have declined.

The address of the Committee to Aid Spanish Republican Refugees in France is: Room 311, 45 Astor Place, New York 3, N.Y., U.S.A., and American readers who may wish to help can get in touch with it immediately, while those in other countries who are moved to do something on their own account will doubtless find that the Committee will be very glad to provide them with information regarding means by which they can aid the Spanish refugees in a direct way.

GEORGE WOODCOCK

Poverty, Backwardness & Crime

DISCUSSING crime, or delinquency as it is now called when the young are involved, **FREEDOM** has in the past stressed the effect of poverty. It is a most important aspect because poverty is removable, is a condition that society could do something about. For this reason, it is interesting to see the same correlation—between crime and poverty—stressed in a recent letter to the *Observer*.

This correspondent shows a welcome ability to go behind particular aspects and seek for fundamental causes. "During the twenty-seven years since the appearance of Sir Cyril Burt's *The Young Delinquent*," he writes, "a succession of studies have fairly thoroughly charted the factors which lie behind a criminal act. Educational backwardness and semi-illiteracy (seldom total illiteracy) are very common factors and may add to the frustrations of the young offender, but they are nearly always caused by an earlier disorder which leads to truancy or inattention at school, and later crops out in anti-social acts."

He goes on to remark that crime is not confined to poor homes but adds that offenders get rapidly fewer as the economic scale is ascended. "There is ample evidence that the majority of criminals come from poor homes which are made still poorer by the large number of children they usually contain. Mr. B. P. Emmett and I recently estimated, from *Criminal Statistics* and

Metropolitan returns, that the chances of a boy being convicted of an indictable crime during his lifetime are about 1 in 24 in families of fewer than four children, but in families of four or more children the ratio is as high as 1 in 3.

"All the evidence suggests that in such large and usually needy families the pressures of unfavourable physical, economic and moral influences at an early age produce, in the weaker members, emotional troubles, backwardness, and after a dozen years or so, the crimes which are so much deplored."

This letter illustrates a number of positive tendencies. The attempt to seek for a common cause for educational backwardness and delinquency is obviously much more practical than the common assumption that the backwardness is the cause of the criminal tendency with its sterile corollary that more educational facilities are required. The common cause, which seems almost certainly to be poverty, also sheds light on the rather puzzling anomaly that delinquents tend to come from large families. It is in such families that the income per head becomes very small indeed.

The practical upshot of such studies is once again to argue against the wasteful attempt at mere palliation and punishment. If poverty and crime are firmly and convincingly linked, then the retributive, vengeful attitude of the law, unattractive enough already, becomes absolutely unjust and unjustifiable. Crime is clearly seen as one more undesirable symptom of a society based on poverty, and its cure depends on the complete and revolutionary reorganisation of that society.

NOTICE

London Comrades are requested to note that the London Anarchist Group's Tuesday evening meetings will be held in future at:

GARIBALDI RESTAURANT,
10 LAYSTALL STREET, E.C.1
(3 mins. Holborn Hall)

See page 4 for details.

TITLES OF HONOUR

TO those who addressed him as "Prince", Kropotkin would gently say: "My first name is Peter." Anarchists have indeed always rejected titles, and for two main reasons. First, the idea of equality and the rejection of leadership seem incompatible with distinctions which appear to raise a man above his fellows. Secondly, it is not consistent to condemn the institution of government on the one hand and accept honours from it on the other. Malatesta, for example, refused a decoration offered to him by the Italian Government for voluntary work he did during the great cholera epidemic at Naples.

The inclusion of Herbert Read's name in the New Year Honours List is, therefore, paradoxical and has aroused comment—in some cases amounting to considerable concern. Indeed, the acceptance of a knighthood by so prominent an exponent of anarchism makes it necessary to consider afresh the whole question of honours in our kind of society.

It is obvious that in any healthy society, individuals will derive pleasure from the esteem of their fellows, and it is this esteem itself which will seem valuable to them rather than any particular codification of it into a specific award. There is nothing wrong with such concern for the good opinion of others and indeed one looks with some reserve at those who seem wholly indifferent to it. But our society does not hold the same ideals as anarchists do, and often it honours its members for activities an anarchist would roundly condemn. Honours conferred for outstanding service to the repressive aspects of imperialism can hardly be regarded with favour, though some would say that this was the kind of activity it is in the nature of governments to admire and award. Nevertheless, in this country, the Honours List also include names of men who have achieved distinction in non-governmental activity—those of literature, the arts, the sciences. In general it is true that it is public activity in these fields which is rewarded though this is not always so: Alexander Fleming, who discovered penicillin in the remoteness of a laboratory was knighted; Augustus John received the Order of Merit.

Herbert Read's distinction as an art critic and in the field of literature make it no surprise that an honour has been offered to him—for he has long been an obvious choice. In the spheres of non-governmental activity, the government is advised by prominent representatives of such activities, and when literary men, or musicians, artists, or scientists are honoured, they may be regarded as enjoying the good esteem of their colleagues in these fields. They enjoyed this before: what the title adds is a badge whereby the uninstructed world outside their particular field now knows of that esteem. Some would say that the good opinion of one's colleagues was enough, and that the opinion of the uncomprehending mass was far less important and added little to it. Yet such an argument can be pushed too far.

Men—not necessarily anarchists—have refused honours before, and it is difficult not to feel that this is the natural course for an anarchist to follow. He might well gain in stature and in honour by just such a course, for suspicion of the titles conferred by our society is more widespread than might appear. If Herbert Read did not follow such a course, he must have had good reasons. And if he felt that acceptance strengthened his hand in the

FRANK LEECH

"THE year was 1920," wrote Frank Leech. "The last world holocaust had finished, and most of those who had survived were back home 'demobilised'. It was International Labour Day. Many were marching in the processions to the Flesher's Haugh in Glasgow. The meetings were in progress. Speakers holding forth from their various platforms, John Maclean amongst them. Around the meetings, literature sellers were busy. One of them, a middle-aged man of somewhat smaller stature than most. He was holding up two publications, *FREEDOM* and George Barrett's *The Anarchist Revolution*. The earnestness of his quiet appeal, 'Comrade, you should read these,' drew my attention—I purchased. I saw him many times at following meetings, often in the company of Willie McGill. I learnt his name—Alex Howie. These two comrades were responsible for sowing the seeds of anarchy in my thoughts."

Frank Leech was born at Wigan of Irish parents and was a sailor (heavy-weight boxing champion in the Navy) and worked in the pit with the late Dan Mullin, before he became well-known and well-liked as a newsagent and shop-keeper in the Netherton Road in Glasgow. For years he was active in the body known as the "Anti-Parliamentary Communist Federation" before forming with the other Glasgow anarchists, the "Anarchist-Communist Federation" in August 1937.

In 1935-6 he gave shelter to some refugees from Nazi Germany and printed a bulletin in German for clandestine distribution, and when the outbreak of the Spanish revolution brought a resurgence of anarchist propaganda in Glasgow, he and his comrades were immersed in activity on behalf of the Spaniards, circulating *Spain and the World*, printing and publishing the pamphlet *The Truth about Barcelona*, and the C.N.T.-F.A.I. *Boletín de Información* in English as well as a series of anarchist pamphlets, among them Maximov's *Bolshevism: Promises and Reality*, Berkman's *What do you want out of life*, Emma Goldman's *Trotsky Protests too much*, and Harry Derrett's *Under the Fifth Rib*.

They raised funds for Spanish relief, supported several of the Spanish refugees and organised the Scottish meetings of Emma Goldman, who was delighted with the warmth and hospitality with which she was received by Frank Leech and Jessie and Jimmie Wilson.

Early in the Second World War, Frank Leech, Eddie Shaw, Frank Dorans and James Kennedy were arrested and tried in the Sheriff's Court on charges of inciting men to evade military service, by the holding of a mock tribunal for conscientious objectors. They successfully defended themselves, the Sheriff declaring that, "One can hardly say that a man whose ambition was to swim the channel was incited by his swimming instructor." This was one of the first of the many wartime prosecutions of the Glasgow anarchists, the most notable of which were the trials of James Dick and Eddie Shaw.

The well-known incident of Frank Leech's hunger strike is worth describing at length because it epitomises his determined and passionately libertarian character. In November 1943 he was summoned to the Sheriff's Court for refusal to register for fire-watching. He addressed the Court in these words:

LEECH: Twenty-seven years ago, during the war of 1914-18, I volunteered for

pushing of certain ideas in his work for, say, the Arts Council or the British Council, one can only say that the decision lay with him, and that it is impossible for people outside those fields to weigh up all the pros and cons.

Nevertheless, the main anarchist objections remain. Titles, especially those like knighthoods, do seem to imply social distinction. They will expose Herbert Read to many attentions which he will certainly find very unwelcome. It is greatly to be hoped that the work he is doing will in fact be strengthened by public recognition of his merits. If it is to do so it can only be by an increase in that intransigence which anarchists must always show in the face of accepted authoritarian concepts. In this way, the paradoxical situation of an anarchist knight may perhaps be happily resolved.

the armed forces, being partly taken in by decoy phrases similar to those used in this war. They then were "Poor Little Belgium," "Land Fit for Heroes, etc. . . ."

SHERIFF: I will not listen to a political tirade. I also served in the last war, and perhaps did more than you.

LEECH: I want to explain why I did not register. I discovered that our ruling class were not concerned with "Poor Little Belgium," or a "Land Fit for Heroes to Live In," but were only concerned with the preservation of their right to hold the common people up to ransom, demanding their labour or their lives.

I then determined to give my energies towards the destruction of this régime and all forms of tyranny. I determined never again to place myself voluntarily under a Government and to resist conscription. I have done so ever since and have also encouraged others to do likewise.

To-day we are supposed to be fighting "Fascism," yet what have we here with our regulations and regimentation and with our concentration camps?

SHERIFF: Would you rather be in Nazi Germany?

LEECH: No. We anarchists opposed Hitler and Mussolini when your ruling class, including Winston Churchill, were praising and supporting them. To-day, November 11th, you hypocritically remember those who fell in the last war. But November 11th has another meaning for the anarchists. It is the anniversary of the day on which the Chicago anarchists were hanged on a framed-up charge in 1887. We still remember. To-day, you threaten me . . .

SHERIFF: I don't threaten you.

LEECH: The very fact of your position is a threat to me. You threaten me with imprisonment or a fine if I refuse to obey you, but neither of these punishments would be as heavy as the punishment to myself if I gave in to authority in these issues. That is all I have to say. Do your worst.

He was sentenced to a £25 fine or, in default, sixty days imprisonment. He declined to pay the fine and was imprisoned in Barlinnie Jail. He declared his intention to go on hunger strike, and did so, his strike lasting 17 days, when some friends paid the balance of the fine. Much sympathy was aroused by his action amongst Glasgow workers, and the girls at Barr and Stroud's factory

took a collection in recognition of the help he gave them during their strike in the previous year, and when he left Barlinnie the tram conductress recognised him and would not take his fare. His appearance and his gaiety at the party held at the hall in Wilson Street to welcome him back from jail was very moving to those who witnessed it, and Frank himself declared: "I was amazed at the amount of interest aroused by my protest." He emphasised that his action ("Hardly a picnic," he said) was small in comparison with that of many others who suffered for their convictions, and pointed out that since there was no response to the anarchists' call for mass resistance to conscription, they had fallen back on individual resistance which he described as "a two-edged sword plunging into the heart of the present régime. One side the struggle for our individual liberty, the other by example breaking down the morale of our enemy and uplifting the courage of those who are searching for a way out."

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FRANK LEECH was not what is generally regarded as a successful man. Much

of his time and energy was spent in propagating a point of view which is as far from general acceptance as ever. Though he was a thoughtful and well-read man it cannot be claimed that he added anything to social theory, his writing was mostly confined to reports of industrial disputes, and when his innumerable friends and his enormous street-corner audience are dead, he will be forgotten.

His claim to our affection and respect was in his completeness and integrity as a person. He was immensely strong, he seemed able to turn his hand to anything and handle any situation, he was witty and shrewd and kind. Frank Leech was a revolutionary not through a grudge against life but because he loved life.

He died at his home, near Glasgow, on January 2nd. At his cremation on January 7th, a tribute was paid to his memory by Janet Strachan. We would like to send our sympathy to his comrades in Glasgow, especially to those who were closest to him.

FREEDOM PRESS GROUP.



A Tribute from Glasgow

Dr. Thomas Robertson writes:

ABOUT 20 years ago, I was called to attend a very ill child, who died in spite of all that could be done. The father, who was opposed to religious views and practices, arranged for his only child's cremation without the usual ceremonies.

I had often met people who professed anti-religious sentiments, but this was the first time I had ever seen them carried into actual practice. This was sufficiently remarkable but I was to have another surprise. A few days after the death I receive a sincere and memorable letter from the child's father thanking me for my, as I thought, very inadequate services. Down the years I have attended many such cases, but never before or since have I been the recipient of such a letter.

The father of that child was Frank Leech and I have never forgotten either his courage or his kindness. This was the beginning of a deep and delightful friendship which was unhappily terminated by Frank's death last week, and in paying this tribute to him perhaps it will appear the more impressive when I say that we differed in many fundamentals.

I took the opposite view in religion, could not follow him all the way in politics, and was aware of foibles and inconsistencies in his character. But what are these to be measured against the man himself? My friendship with him was based on personal grounds into which beliefs scarcely entered. His was a genuine and genial humanity which is all too rare in these days

of increasing mediocrity. When so many men are debased to the level of numbers, to the status of ants, to the cramped confinement of peas in their bureaucratic pods, here was a man who had resisted the rot and clung to his manhood, and for this he will command my everlasting respect.

Frank was a big burly man and a delight to the eye, whether he was running his business in his décolleté shirt showing an expanse of massive chest, or coaxing an ancient car to proceed on its sometimes unlawful occasions with manifold libations of water to the leaky radiator.

He was a boxing enthusiast in his younger days and like so many big men his personality was equated to his physique. He had countless brushes and often fights with the law courts, with the police, with Communists, and with hecklers, and indeed with anybody who, as he judged, threatened to deny him his rightful place. At one time he suffered a period of imprisonment which was cut short, to his annoyance, by his more tender-hearted comrades.

Many were the men and women, mostly the outcasts of the social order, whom he helped. He assisted considerable numbers who had fled from the wrath of Hitler's Germany or Franco's Spain. One of these men, I remember, he kept in his house for a long time and even provided a printing press from which poured out German propaganda and invective against the then régime!

He took up the cause of pacifists and other war objectors, supported

comrades in legal difficulties and asserted himself in every way in the cause of Anarchism to which he gave his life. He spoke effectively, spread the literature, and arranged meetings for years; and if any comrade was ill or destitute Frank would help him, and frequently my services were asked and freely given.

Amidst this grim battle with events and persons, his humour was unflinching and his laughing cynicism a delight. If ever men are to be victors over the incubus of "Statism", if they are ever to conquer this monstrous régime of slavery which the bulk of mankind seems content to endure, we shall need more of such resolute individuals as Frank Leech.

His body was cremated to-day without the religious ceremonies of which he so roundly disapproved, but I observed that the pall which covered our stalwart friend was emblazoned with the mystic cryptogram "I.H.S." Some say this means "In His Service" and I am bound to say that if the beliefs which I hold have any validity, the soul of Frank Leech will stand better than many who have cried "Lord, Lord."

Shrinking Markets

Lancashire's exports of textiles to Europe were almost halved last year. By the end of October only 33,000,000 square yards were sent to the main markets compared with 62,100,000 square yards in the first ten months of 1951. The European section of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce issued these figures in its annual report yesterday.

