

Playing at Soldiers

AMONGST THE GEMS of Canadian Gun-Boat Imperialist logic which flood the well written pages of the Express Syndicate, is a recent collector's item in the Sunday Express last December 3. This article by a Mr. David Saunders (of the river?) is entitled: *The Tragedy Behind The Guns At Leicester.*

It starts 'Last week a cherished British tradition died. It is that the police do not need guns'. The article goes on to say how terribly sad and sorry they all are that the police guarding the Leicester jail should be equipped to use the FN automatic rifle and how sad it is that the Army should be guarding Durham Gaol. And that, aside from the fact that the whole thing is quite illegal, it is necessary because... 'Not even the train gang could muster a squad of five or six gunmen each of whom was prepared to risk being hung.'

But Authority now acknowledges that, with the death penalty gone, there is a very real danger that such a team will be assembled.

So it is really the no-hanging agitators, in and out of Parliament, who have caused the troops to be sent to Durham Gaol, and who have caused the Leicester Police to be trained in the use of the Army's rifle.

They have removed the sanction of death from those who kill.

I see no need to point out the non-sequitur but I would like to point out that according to this article the use of the Army in support of the Civil Power is contrary to the Manual of Military Law. SO SAY In the case of a National Emergency; intimidation of workers, unlawful assembly; riot; and insurrection. Well now, to quote the redoubtable Mr. Saunders whose heart is in another's propertied pocket:

'Supposing some soldier sees a fleeting shadow by a wall, challenges, gets no answer and presses his trigger. And then it is found that the slumped figure was no train robber, but a citizen on his lawful business.'

The Home Secretary's action to send armed soldiers to guard Durham Gaol is highly irregular, if not unconstitutional. After explaining all this Mr. Saunders

wants to make our hearts bleed for the possible accidents through incompetence that the civil and military powers commit. But what worries me is that he does not mention what will happen if an unarmed train robber is shot down pitching his wits against the armed forces of the State.

Do the soldiers who are armed, in a last desperate attempt by those in Authority to prevent themselves becoming the laughing stock of the nation, realise that if they open fire they will render themselves liable to the retribution of the law and that legally their case has no standing. Perhaps they don't tell that to the poor bastards standing guard at Durham when they read out the guard orders.

At no time has any material proof been presented to those in Authority of the possession of firearms in connection with the train robbers or their accomplices. And if those in solitary confinement (a de facto illegality) become more desperate, who is to blame them? The prospect of solitary for the rest of one's natch is not a very pleasing one to most people, and I suppose it becomes less so at the knowledge of a couple of million quid waiting outside.

However, I hope that we are not swayed by the knowledge that these men are criminals and therefore not socially acceptable to the majority of that bastion of the Bourgeoisie, the militant left, and we don't forget that they are men and have the same rights and privileges as any of the rest of Her Majesty's guests. If they or their friends are butchered in the manner which will be the consequence of the methods now finding favour with those in Authority, I hope that Sir Frank Soskice's legal eagle political head is hoisted on top of the Houses of Parliament for the chauvinistic bloody-minded fool that he so obviously is.

Or maybe he's never heard of the phrase 'Shot whilst trying to escape' (la ley de fuga).

And that even in a constitutional monarchy the law benders are not supposed to break the law unless they have amended it.

'Britain stole our petrol.'—Ian Smith.

'Many Tories are angry.'—Evening Standard.

'I repeat these measures are directed to one purpose only, the return of Rhodesia to constitutional rule and they are essential to that end.'—Harold Wilson.

So the sanctions have been finally placed on oil going into Rhodesia. Rhodesia has, as expected, replied by stopping oil going to Zambia. If this step (of sanctions on oil) has been taken to bring down Ian Smith's 'rebel' government why is it that Zambia has only six weeks' supplies of oil while Rhodesia has six months' supply? Answer: Because it was only done because of threats from other parties involved. Wilson admitted this during his speech that explained the situation to the House of Commons. In other words Wilson is being forced to 'get tough' against his will.

A few weeks ago 'we did not wish to take punitive sanctions' but now things are changing. The right wing Tories may bay and whimper

but events are going to decide the fate of Rhodesia, in spite of the fact that they and Harold might wish it otherwise. Harold can be guaranteed to drag his feet all along over this business. Indeed he has all along, right since the beginning.

The Rhodesian Front and Mr. Smith have always had only one reason for existence. That reason was to make sure that the Africans never got any say in the running of the country. It has been quite obvious all along yet Wilson has tried to make a deal with them. After all Sir Roy Welensky was willing to give 'rights' to the African 'one day', and he was thrown out by the Rhodesian electorate for this very reason. He was a Liberal. So what price, deals with Smith?

Wilson tried, indeed he gave way on every point, but Smith had to take independence. That was what he was there for in the first place.

In spite of all the talk that now goes on about bringing the Smith government down, it must be remembered that Wilson had no intention of doing this. He is worried

that the United Nations would step in with troops and really bring the Smith regime to an end. He supports the UN in its role in other countries but not in this one.

Surely, if Wilson doesn't want a racist war in Africa he would support 'white' troops going into Rhodesia to bring down the government. Sanctions have never worked on any country as far as this writer is aware.

Smith knows this too and he is gambling on the fact. He has the support of the white population and can always nip into South Africa if things get too hot, as they can too. He is in this till the shooting starts as it appears it may one day.

So if Wilson had been the 'great white father' he would have acted in the beginning. If he had believed in multi-racialism he would have acted before UDI. But he doesn't, does he? He just wanted to do a deal that would shut Smith and the Africans up for the time being. Freedom one day that was his aim, now it probably won't come off.

JAFSIE.

'PEACE LOVING IS NOT ENOUGH'

THE second Ecumenical Vatican Council, after a short and not very fruitful life, drew its last breath on December 8.

The climax of its existence was the Pope's address to the United Nations on world peace and his spectacular performance in the Yankee Stadium, New York, in the early days of October. These two events made world headlines. As far as war and peace are concerned the trip was of no great significance but this did not stop commentators from blowing it up out of all proportion.

The new famous 'no more war, war never again'—will be about as effective as the now infamous line: 'Peace in our time'.

What is more significant to us and the world is what was not said. The point was made by *The Guardian* in a penetrating editorial on October 6 headed 'Peace Loving is not enough'.

'The trouble is that no one would disagree. All Governments, while pursuing their national interests, claim also to be acting in the interests of peace, and most, probably, believe it. Indeed, it often seems that the more villainous a Government's action the higher the ideals needed to justify and purify...'

Suppose the Pope had said not merely 'no more war' but 'no more of the war you happen to be fighting now'. The most bloodthirsty at present is in Vietnam...'

Of course, this is not the way international politics work. The Pope would not have been obeyed. But he would have been heard, and he might have changed some minds. For his authority is not exerted in the way international politics work. It is unique. In no other faith (not even communism, now) does one single man command such allegiance. His spiritual influence extends far beyond his own Church, beyond Christendom even. And it lies partly in the very fact that, unlike Stalin, he has no divisions.'

In other words, wherever there is fighting, all men lay down their arms on the stage of international political debate.

But it is one thing to condemn war, quite another to take the next logical step and ask men to refuse to fight. It is unrealistic to expect the Pope to make such a revolutionary pronouncement as to affect the freedom of the Church whose overriding concern is survival. This it does by coming to terms with the state, whatever the political set-up and whatever the sacrifice to wider moral principles. In the words of Archbishop Roberts: 'Perhaps the major scandal of Christianity for too many centuries now has been precisely that almost every national hierarchy in almost every war has allowed itself to become the moral arm of its government—even in wars later recognised as palpably unjust.'

NO HEARING FOR CO

Archbishop Roberts, it will be remem-

bered, tried to get permission to speak in the Ecumenical Council on conscientious objections but was refused a hearing, and had to submit his case in writing to the Council. He wanted to tell a story of an Austrian peasant executed in Berlin in 1943 for his objections to the Nazis' war effort. He is quoted as saying that the man's village priest... 'told Franz that it was not for him to say whether Hitler's war was just or unjust, and he went to his death without the comfort and support of his Church.'

The majority of Bishops did not care to have his subject aired in the Council. It is not unjust to suggest that the weak village priest was merely carrying out the policy laid down by the hierarchy.

One of the things Archbishop Roberts objected to in 'Schema 13', which deals with conscientious objections, is that it states: 'Christians must assume that the civil authorities are right in warfare unless they are manifestly wrong' (!).

The Pope says 'War no More'; the men who refuse to fight wars on grounds of conscience are not allowed to speak in the Vatican Council through a man who understood their case.

Readers of this newspaper will find it easy enough to draw the obvious conclusions. Will the faithful?

R.M.

(It is hoped in another issue to discuss the Council's conclusions on religious and personal 'freedom'.)

MR. PICKLOCK and his friends set forth upon their sociological investigations one snowy Christmas Eve to discover if it were true, as had been said, that 'Kingley Hell' in West Malling conformed to the description given by their friend and associate Mr. Leoric Ubbock.

Christmas was close at hand, in all his bluff and hearty honesty; it was the season of hospitality, merriment, and open heartedness; the old year was preparing, like an ancient philosopher, to call his friends around him and amidst the sound of feasting and revelry to pass gently and calmly away. Gay and merry was the time; and right gay and merry were at least four of the numerous hearts that were gladdened by its coming.

Mr. Picklock had been informed by *The Chelsea Post* that out of the 90 homeless families in Chelsea, six were homeless because of 'objections to children', two because 'the landlord wanted the accommodation' and one had 'difficulty with the landlord'. Seventeen were illegal sub-tenants. Eleven were ejected for 'Rent arrears' and another eleven for 'family disputes'. He felt that although Kent Council were not Chelsea (by no means) the percentages would not be dissimilar in 'Kingley Hell'.

Christmas at West Malling

He was not aware whether Chelsea, in the infinite propriety of its institutions and the check it kept upon its municipal heart, and its belated attempts to restrain the progenious proclivities of its indigent populace insisted upon the marital segregation, which was a feature of 'Kingley Hell', but he felt in his Picklockian depths that the foregoing precision of the analysis of human misery in terms of cold numerality betided ill for the poor of Chelsea.

But we are so taken up and occupied with the qualities of the Borough of Chelsea, that we are keeping Mr. Picklock and his friends waiting in the cold on the coach from Victoria, which they have just attained, well wrapped up in overcoats, scarves and gloves. The baggage having been stowed away, off they go through the dreary eastern suburbs of London towards Rochester.

Mr. Picklock's military career in the late (and he hoped, last conflict) had, by his own choice, been of the briefest

possible duration but when he and his companions walking along the unlighted, slushy paths leading to 'Kingley Hell' hostel espied a prefabricated army hut, Mr. Picklock's heart and mind were filled with that disciplined chaos, that squalid efficiency and that senseless purpose which is the summation of all military life and is evoked by sight, sound and smell, dear reader of all military objects. The prefabricated huts, personnel for the use of, summoned up in Mr. Picklock's mind thoughts far from festive but connected with that horrible life-wasting, joy-wasting, youth-wasting, time-wasting time of life known as 'the Services'.

Mr. Tracey Topham remarked, apropos of the hutments, that it seemed odd to him that during the late conflict they could erect apparently overnight, moderately-sized villages, and in some places what seemed to him towns, and even, he had heard, whole harbours, bridges, and a wonderful apparatus called

Pluto which was a sort of Channel Tunnel for petrol. But now, with this crisis over houses (especially for the labouring poor), it seemed impossible to get even a dog-kennel erected and that same houseless, homeless army (which for all he knew had at one time been inhabitants of these fantastic mushroom cities), were now living, as a sign of poverty, in the discarded hutments of the late military glory and were moreover glad of it.

Mr. Picklock was soon engrossed in conversation with one of the dwellers at the hostel. She complained very little about her problem of housing, for she knew she was not alone in this plight. But she felt keenly the separation from her husband, which was one of the rules of the hostel, for the breaking of which her husband had been sent to prison; where, she said, she had been able to visit him more often than it was now possible for him to visit her.

She spoke of the major faults of the hostel, its isolation, its lack of hospital

or nursing facilities, its lack of a telephone kiosk or a school-bus. These were faults Mr. Picklock thought that were inherent in the idea that this state of homelessness was temporary, whereas, given the present order of society, there would always be homeless people, Rent Act or no Rent Act.

She spoke of the minor inconveniences, indignities and petty restrictions inherent in all enforced communal-barrack or prison life. The lack of separate toilet facilities, the shortage of baths and rationing of hot water, without which cleanliness was next to impossible and godliness was nowhere. She spoke of the dilapidated state of the huts, roofs and windows, and the lack of lighting.

Most of all she dwelt with more heat than light upon the iniquitous usury of Kent County Council in charging 7½d. a unit for metered electricity when the cost to the Council was only 2.8d. per unit. She dwelt with a fervour almost Dickensian upon the Scrooge-like behaviour of the Council.

She assured Mr. Picklock that she had no complaints against the staff, and 'Mr. Picklock could see that they tried their best to bring some Christmas gaiety in these drab surroundings, but all that officialdom could do was to produce the condensed milk of human kindness. True it was that over Christmas the families were reunited. The cottonwool-like snow of sentiment covered all the harsh outlines of law, regulations and injunctions but, with the thaw, would come the slush of misery once more, and the hostel would revert to its bare bleakness.

JACK SPRATT.

Anarchy 58: on Homelessness

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FEW READERS OF FREEDOM over the past years have not received at some time or other a hand written communication, or a printed card, bearing the signature 'L. G. Wolfe' or just the initials 'LGW'. But how many could have guessed that the hand that guides the steady pen is that of a person who this week, on December 22, celebrates her 90th birthday and that for a half a century she has been associated with the anarchist and anti-war movements and in particular with the work of Freedom Press?

When Lilian Wolfe contacted the Freedom Press in 1914 she was active in the post-office workers' movement (she had been employed in the Telegraphs section for about twenty years and, as she told me the other night, 'hated every minute of it'). She and other friends had in mind a publication anarchist inspired but dealing more with the day to day problems of organised labour than did the monthly journal FREEDOM. Tom Keell was invited to attend their meeting with a watching brief for Freedom Press. Lilian recalls that he remained silent throughout their discussions until just before the end of the meeting when in a few minutes he dealt with all the questions they had been trying to deal with most unsuccessfully, and put them clearly and simply, in fact in 'a nut-shell' says Lilian and to this day she recalls her reaction which was 'why couldn't he have spoken sooner!' Anyway the *Voice of Labour*, a halfpenny weekly, made its first appearance in 1914, from the same offices as FREEDOM, and I assume that Lilian's association with the FP dates from then, and was also the beginning of her association with Tom Keell, FREEDOM's editor and printer.

ANARCHISM AND THE 1914-18 WAR

1914 was not the best year to decide to join the anarchist movement! The war not only destroyed the socialist movement and any international links joining the working class, but also created serious problems for the anarchist movement internationally as a result of the pro-war attitude adopted by a minority, among them some of the best known propagandists, such as Kropotkin, Jean Grave and Tcherkesoff. Keell handled a delicate and dangerous situation with tact and fairness so far as the pro-war minority faction were concerned. Probably the final break with them followed the publication in November 1914 of Malatesta's reply to Kropotkin: 'Anarchists have forgotten their Principles' which was, as it were, a last appeal to common sense. According to Woodcock and Avakumovic in the *Anarchist Prince*:

Kropotkin was not moved by this appeal of an old friend, and the other letters exposing his inconsistency merely drove him to fury. In order to try to settle the dispute, Keell, then editor of *Freedom*, went down to Brighton to talk with him. He was received angrily in a room where flags of the allies stood on the mantelpiece, and was subjected to a fierce barrage from Kropotkin, who complained of 'offensive personal letters' in *Freedom* and accused Keell of not having the courage to reject such contributions, and therefore being no good as an editor. Since there was nobody to take his place, Kropotkin suggested that *Freedom* should cease publication. . . . The dispute

over *Freedom* continued and Tcherkesoff called a meeting to which he invited only the members who shared his and Kropotkin's views on the war. Keell attended as editor, but no other active London anarchist was called. . . . All the supporters of the war childishly refused to speak to Keell when he arrived, and a very violent discussion ensued. All except Keell wanted *Freedom* to be suspended; he said he would continue it as an anti-war paper until he was censured by a general meeting of active anarchists. Tcherkesoff then forgot himself so far as to shout: 'Who are you? You are our servant!'

The meeting broke up in disagreement but as the authors point out, the final result was that FREEDOM went on being published as 'the organ of the considerable anti-war majority'.

In an envelope containing letters Keell received during this difficult period I found one which I would like to think did more than any other he received to encourage him to resist the anarchist 'patriots'. It is short, to the point and very determined:

Dear Comrade,
At the meeting with Kropotkin and Tcherkesoff do please remember that you have the backing of those who are 'knocking at the door' and try to forget the slighting things which were done and said—I feel sure they were simply the outcome of their wounded vanity and ignorance of the facts (re FREEDOM) for the past two years.

As to style of writing—yours may not be the same as that of Mr. Marsh but I, for one, would be glad of more matter in FREEDOM in your simple and direct language.

Honestly, I think you can afford to sit back and smile.

And you won't, for a moment, entertain dropping FREEDOM, will you? If the old writers throw it over—well, new ones will do it for you.
So cheer up!

Yours fraternally,
Lilian Wolfe.

'PREJUDICING, RECRUITING AND DISCIPLINE'

In 1915 Lilian Wolfe was one of the signatories to an *International Anarchist Manifesto on the War*, an uncompromising restatement of the anarchists' opposition to all wars, and which was issued as a leaflet in several languages. In 1916 she and Tom Keell were arrested and charged under the Defence of the Realm Act 'with making statements likely to prejudice recruiting and discipline'. *The Times* (June 16, 1916) quoted the prosecutor as saying that 'a compositor would say that he had seen Miss Wolfe interesting herself in the production of the papers [FREEDOM and the *Voice of Labour*] and according to other reports in the *Observer* and the *News of the World* she was

Our Love to You, L.G.W.

concerned with the issuing of 10,000 anti-conscription leaflets, the distribution of which, according to the prosecution, was 'prejudicial to recruiting and Army discipline'. Apparently a 'duplicate letter' addressed 'Dear comrade' and suggesting the 'judicious distribution' of the leaflet 'anywhere where it would be seen by many people' accompanying the leaflet was signed by our Lilian who, I am delighted to learn from the *Observer* report, was also said to have written a letter 'on April 21 [1916] to a Mr. Malatesta, addressing him as "dear Comrade" and asking him to leave the pamphlets in trains, trams, letter-boxes, waiting rooms, public-houses, factories and anywhere where they would be seen'. Keell, I am sure, for strategic reasons pleaded Not Guilty. Lilian, and I can just see her, pleaded guilty. She was fined £25 or two months in prison to which, according to the *News of the World* report, her reaction was that 'she would not think of paying'.

FREEDOM struggled on during the difficult post-World War I years, and though Lilian had meantime moved to Whiteway Colony she still came down to London every week-end to work in Freedom Press office, until 1927 when publications ceased, and Tom Keell moved to Whiteway where he continued the Freedom Press book service and issued occasional *Freedom Bulletins* until his death in 1938. His action was much criticised by some anarchists at the time, and all kinds of accusations levelled at him and Lilian over a number of years. I do not propose to go into the details, and if I have introduced the subject it is not in order to revive incidents long dead and buried but because in fact it adds to the significance of Lilian Wolfe's contribution to anarchist propaganda in the second phase of her political life as well as to her stature as a person.

THE SPANISH WAR AND ANARCHISTS

The Spanish revolution in 1936 inspired a resurgence of anarchist hopes and propaganda. If I introduce a personal note here it is to underline one of Lilian's outstanding qualities as a propagandist: her encouragement of young people to express themselves, to act, to make mistakes but to do something. I felt passionately this way in 1936 and I now record with pleasure that of the four people to whom I revealed my intentions, three were the 'barbus'—the French slang for the 'old boys'—of the movement as I saw them at the time: Max Nettlau, Tom Keell and Max Sartin, editor of the Italo-American weekly *L'Adunata dei Refrattari*. All three showered me with encouragement, their collaboration and their contacts, and never did they make me aware of their years of activity and experience in the movement.

Lilian Wolfe, to this day, is the spokeswoman for the young, an active supporter of the Committee of 100, and for all initiatives that spring from the efforts of young people. She is, rightly, more tolerant of their mistakes than she is of those of adults. She obviously hopes that the young will be less stupid, more imaginative, more daring, more unconventional than their elders. This is the only positive, forward-looking approach. To assume otherwise is to condemn mankind to stagnation and to invalidate all progressive thought, including anarchism.

But to return to my main subject! After Franco's military victory in 1939, several hundred refugees landed on our shores. A number of them went to Whiteway and Lilian was involved in the arrangements, and in raising the funds required, for their keep. A few months later World War II broke out and Freedom Press again proclaimed its opposition to wars between nations with the publication of a duplicated monthly journal *War Commentary* at the end of 1939 which, in view of the immediate success it enjoyed, was printed as from the second issue. Lilian from Whiteway was watching and encouraging and helping. She was still, in her late sixties, working for a living and cycled every day to Stroud where she ran a Health Food store. Then in 1942 (?) we received a letter from her at Freedom Press (we may yet find it) the gist of which was that she thought we must be overwhelmed with office work and that if we wanted her services she was prepared to sell her business and come to London and work in the office. We welcomed her offer and this was the beginning of what I consider to be Lilian's most important contribution to the work of Freedom Press.

THE SHEET ANCHOR

For twenty years Lilian was the sheet anchor of Freedom Press's administration. Popular history is unfair in that it analyses and notes what the writers write and say, but overlooks what the inarticulate (that is, the non-writers) actually do and contribute to a movement. During those twenty years you will not find Lilian's name among the contributors to FREEDOM; for the historian she does not exist. Yet she has in that time written thousands of letters, notes, postcards and acknowledgements, which have made some kind of personal contact with the people to whom they have been addressed.

For family reasons she had to return to live in Chertemham about three years ago and it seemed that this long active association with Freedom Press had come to an end. But not at all, as soon as she was free from her family commitments, Lilian was back on the Cheltenham-London coach, and has been coming to London every week since, giving two valuable days' work in the office.

On behalf of all of us at Freedom Press, and comrades, readers and friends throughout the world, I extend to our dear friend and comrade the warmest greetings and the expression of our admiration for her courage, her tenacity and her example to others, on this, her 90th anniversary. We wish her many more years in good health and spirits and if I may quote from her letter to Keell more than 50 years ago 'And you won't for a moment entertain dropping FREEDOM, will you?' Our love to you, Lilian! V.R.

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London Anarchist Group 1&2

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Prejudice

JAN. 9 Robert Barltrop
The Blackboard Jungle

JAN. 16 Sid Parker
Anarchism versus Socialism

JAN. 23 'Freedom'
Readers, Writers and Sellers meeting

Public Meetings every Sunday Hyde Park 3 p.m. Correspondence to: D. Bell, 10 Gilbert Place, W.C.1.

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Last Thursday in month: At George Hayes', 174 McLeod Road, S.E.2.

2nd Friday at Brian Leslie's, 242 Amesbury Avenue, S.W.2 (Streatham Hill, Nr. Station).

3rd Friday of each month at 8 p.m. at Donald & Irene Room's, 148a Fellows Road, Swiss Cottage, N.W.3.

REGIONAL FEDERATIONS AND GROUPS

ABERDEEN GROUP. Meets at the Adelphi 2.30 every Sunday. Correspondence to I. R. Mitchell, 137 Faulds Gate, Aberdeen.

BEXLEY ANARCHIST GROUP. Correspondence to Paul Wildish, 2 Cumbrian Avenue, Barnehurst, Kent.

BIRMINGHAM ANARCHIST GROUP. Details of meetings from Peter Neville, 12 South Grove, Erdington, B'ham, 23.

BORDER FEDERATION OF ANARCHISTS. Correspondence: John Stark, 39 Scott Street, Galashiels.

BRISTOL FEDERATION. Enquiries to Jan Vine, 3 Freeland Place, Hotwells, Bristol, 8.

CARDIFF ANARCHIST GROUP. Contact Mike Crowley, 36 Whitaker Road, Tremorfa, Cardiff.

DUNDEE GROUP contacts: (1) Bob and Una Turnbull, 44 Peddie Street, Dundee. Meetings at 44 Peddie Street, Dundee, every Saturday at 3 p.m. (2) Sheila Whittaker, 64 Polepark Road, Dundee.

GLASGOW ANARCHIST GROUP ONE. Correspondence to Robert Lynn, 2b Saracen Head Lane, Glasgow, C.1.

MANCHESTER ANARCHIST GROUP. Contact: Mike Mitchell, 3 Bakewell Road, Droylsden. Meetings alternate Tuesdays, 8 p.m. at the Lord Nelson, Chapel Street, Manchester.

ILFORD LIBERTARIANS. Regular meetings and direct action contact 212 Vicarage Road, Leyton, E.10.

MERSEYSIDE FEDERATION. Enquiries: Barbara Renshaw, 4 Clarence Road, Devonshire Park, Birkenhead, Cheshire.

NORTH-WEST ESSEX. Meetings on the first Saturday of each month at 7.30 p.m. at Robert Barltrop's, The Old Vicarage, Radwinter, near Saffron Waldron. January meeting on the 8th.

ORPINGTON ANARCHIST GROUP. Knockholt, Nr. Sevenoaks, Kent. Every six weeks at Greenways, Knockholt. Phone: Knockholt 2316. Brian and Maureen Richardson.

OXFORD ANARCHIST GROUP. Contact H. G. Mellor, Merton College, Oxford.

READING ANARCHIST GROUP. Meets second Tuesday of month at Friends' Meeting House, Church Street (off London Street) 8 p.m. Correspondence: Phillip Lord, 160 Castle Hill, Reading.

SURREY ANARCHISTS are invited to meetings on the first Thursday of every month at Chris Torrance's (63 North Street, Carshalton, Surrey—please ring three times). Meetings 7.30 p.m.

SOUTHALL ANARCHIST GROUP. Get in touch with Roger Sandell, 58 Burns Avenue, Southall, Middlesex.

WEST HAM ANARCHISTS. Contact Mr. Karl Taylor, 98 Clova Road, Forest Gate, London, E.7. Meetings on Wednesdays.

PROPOSED GROUPS

LEICESTER TOWN & GOWN. Get into touch with P. Gibbon, c/o Students' Union, Leicester University.

EDINBURGH (Revival). Get into touch with Ian Healey, 47 York Place, Edinburgh, 1, if interested.

NORTHOLT ANARCHISTS. Projected formation of group contact Jim Huggon, 173 Kingshill Avenue, Northolt, Middlesex or Miss Jean McLean, 6 Epsom Close, Northolt Park, Middlesex.

LEWISHAM, LONDON, S.E. Have baby. Can't travel. Seek sympathisers/comrades in area. Mike and Alison Malet, 61 Granville Park, S.E.13.

GLASGOW ANARCHIST GROUP TWO. Anyone interested contact Joe Embleton, 11 Balfol Street, Glasgow.

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE. Anyone interested get in touch with Bob Yorke, 69 Grumbold Avenue, Raunds, Wellingborough, Northants.

ABROAD

NEW ZEALAND. Auckland Anarchist Group. Public Meetings every Sunday in Myers Park at 2 p.m.

The ABC of War Resistance

SERIOUS OR SATIRICAL? That is the question about a little pamphlet entitled 'Ways and Means of "Beating" and Defeating the Draft'. Poorly mimeographed, the two-page broadsheet fluttered out of Berkeley, Calif., the protest capital of America, during the recent demonstrations protesting the war in Southeast Asia. At first, no one paid it much heed, but then Sen. Thomas Kuchel read it and called it 'a dirty and contemptible little sheet'. Its authors hastily insisted that the compilation of draft-dodging advice was facetious. Some excerpts:

● **Be a C.O.** Write your local draft board requesting the special conscientious objector form SSS 150. Now if you don't have religious or philosophical reasons that cause you to be against war 'in any form', don't let it bother you. It's fairly certain that your local board will turn you down. However, you can then appeal their decision, be investigated, appeal again and so on. The whole process takes about a year, and by that time we'll have stopped the war in Vietnam (we hope).

● **Have a 'demonstration'** during your pre-induction physical. This is a way for political objectors to get a 4-F and cause the military a lot of trouble. Arrive at the examining centre wearing signs. Leaflet your fellow prospective inductees. Be determined and the officers will be only too glad to be rid of you.

● **Refuse to sign the loyalty oath.** They'll investigate you and if you've been fairly active in any of the 'subversive' campus movements, they won't want you.

● **Be 'gay'.** Play the homosexual bit. Mark 'yes' or don't mark the 'Homosexual Tendencies' line on the form. Psychiatrist may give you the run-around but stick with it. Besides flicking your wrist, move your body like chicks do—hold cigarette delicately, talk melodically, act embarrassed in front of the other guys when you undress. Ask your girl friend to give you lessons.

● **Note from doctor.** If you have a 'friendly' family doctor or can buy one,

you'll find he's extremely handy. Get a signed note from him attesting to an allergy, a trick knee or elbow or shoulder or back trouble, or asthma. Without a doctor's note, you'll have to do a pretty good job of faking these things. Certain chemicals will temporarily induce allergies—see your chemist.

● **Jail record.** Most of us aren't lucky enough to have a felony record, but if you've got one—use it. They insist on it; you'll see signs all over the place telling you what a crime you'll be committing if you don't tell them. Misdemeanours—if you've got enough of them—are a good deal.

● **Play psycho.** If you've ever been to see a 'head shrinker'—even once—by all means mark so on forms. A note from him and a little bit of acting with this will go a long way. Chew your fingernails. Talk about the Viet Cong being out to get you. Tell them you're a secret agent for God Johnson.

● **Arrive drunk.** Being late here really helps. They may send you away to come back another day, but it'll look good to have it on your record. If you do this bit enough times, they'll probably run you back to the head shrinker to find out why.

● **Arrive high.** They'll smell it, and you won't have to admit it. If you want to go about the addiction scene in a really big way, use a common pin on your arm for a few weeks in advance.

● **Be an undesirable.** Go for a couple of weeks without a shower. Really look dirty. Stink. Long hair helps. Go in barefoot with your sandals tied around your neck.

● **Be a troublemaker.** Refuse to follow orders. (You don't have to, you're not in the Army.) Let them know exactly what you think of them. Be antagonistic; smoke where the signs say 'no smoking'.

● **Bed-wetting.** Tell them you wet the bed when you're away from home. If they don't defer you, prove it when you're inducted.

—from Newsweek, 1.11.65.

OUT OF THIS WORLD

ON A SECOND try Gemini Six kept its rendezvous, General de Gaulle kept his position but Goldie, the London Zoo eagle, failed again in his bid for freedom.

MR. WILSON WENT to Washington and received enough support to impose oil sanctions on Rhodesia, but this did not prevent a UN walk-out by African delegates and the breaking off of diplomatic relations by seven 'Afro-Asian' states. In solidarity with a first violin who was told to play second fiddle, the City of Birmingham Symphony Orchestra went on strike, the dispute has gone to arbitration. A Labour MP followed his conscience, and abstained from voting with the Government on military matters. He is Mr. Richard Crshaw, who is a Territorial and it was on a bill which in effect, dissolves the territorial army.

MR. RICHARD GOTT, Radical Alliance candidate said, 'I am convinced that it is right to threaten the Government in order to show to the world and to history that there are people in the country who are prepared to put principle before loyalty to the Labour Party'. *Tribune* says of this, 'We cannot endorse this threat. This is not because we believe in blind or uncritical loyalty to the Labour Party, or because we put loyalty before principle. Those are not the faults of which we are usually accused. Still less is it because we disagree with Mr. Gott's position on Vietnam and on foreign policy. Socialists, whether in Hull or not, are likely to be in agreement with most of what he says. But these are not the issues. The real question is one of strategy, is it right or necessary at this moment to carry protest to the point where the survival of the Labour Government is endangered?' George Clark complains in *Peace News*: 'It is clear that the Prime Minister's attitude on the Vietnam war has hardened very considerably in recent weeks. For the past six weeks a number of people have been attempting to open a dialogue with the Prime Minister with a view to persuading him to change his attitudes. However, last week-end when over 100 people gathered to vigil for one hour and hand in a letter to the Prime Minister, they were met with a sharp rebuff. The delegation was told that nobody connected with the Prime Minister's staff was prepared to receive the letters and they

might just as well be left with the door-man.'

THE GUARDIAN'S Washington correspondent believes that Mr. Wilson is to launch a peace initiative in Vietnam with President Johnson's backing. *The Sketch* correspondent reports seeing a nine-year-old boy whose back had been shattered by shrapnel fired by American artillery. American soldiers have now been issued with copies of the Geneva convention giving regulations for the care of prisoners. It is reported that the South Vietnam Government have successfully put down a rising by Highland tribes who wished to be independent of Saigon.

A PLAY ON BBC television *Vote, Vote, Vote for Nigel Barton* (which was postponed for six months), according to *The Sun* critic, 'Is a right, left and centre denunciation of party politics'. 'To be a political candidate,' says Barton, 'is to submit to a personally humiliating experience. He has to sell politics like dog meat.' The author, an ex-candidate, defines a politician as 'a chap I'd never buy a second-hand car from'. The play was preceded by a party political broadcast by Mr. Edward Heath, of the Conservative Party.

THE BBC WITHDREW the implication read into a 'BBC 3' item that the arrival of troops at Durham Gaol would mean that the warders would go short of bribes. Mr. Harold Wilson withdrew his surmise that Mr. Herbert Edward Hill's actions at Hardy Spicer Ltd. were calculated to foment a strike during the General Election campaign, for political motives. Mr. John Fowler, author of *The Collector*, withdrew an aside in his novel hinting that the 'Save the Children' Fund should be called the 'Save the Trustees' Fund. Sir Oswald Mosley is to sue the BBC for the programme on 'Fascism in the Thirties' presumably for saying he was a Fascist. Somebody is suing the Beatles for a million pounds.

ACCORDING TO THE *Daily Worker*, Russian television repeated the allegation that Charles Wilson, member of the Great Train Robbery gang, who escaped last year was an agent of the British Secret Service. The Russian commentator, Mr. Boris Belitsky, said, Wilson (Charles) was one of the few members

of the gang who knew that the money was being stolen for Secret Service funds. Soldier guards at Durham Gaol where some of the train robbers are imprisoned have been issued with machine-guns.

RESEARCH BY THE Kinsey Institute on 2,721 sex offenders, 1,356 of whom were interviewed in jail, show that there is no connection between 'sexy' literature and sex crimes. Dr. Paul Gebhard who worked on the project writes: 'The stereotyped "sex criminal" of popular imagination turns out to be many different kinds of men. Contrary to general belief, few of them take dope, although many of them do commit their crimes under the influence of alcohol. And few are in any way inspired by pornography. As the Institute's previous reports have shown, pornography of all kinds is mostly read and enjoyed by men of more than average intelligence and with vivid imaginations. The men in prison for sexual offences, on the other hand, turned out to be men of rather low intelligence and imagination. Their disinterested and indeed scornful attitude toward pornography was perhaps best summed up by one fairly typical prisoner who told me, "You can't do nothin' with a pitcher." Many of the mothers of America should find reassurance in this fact. Boys, at puberty, often begin to take a surreptitious interest in risqué magazines, and sometimes wind up with collections of outright pornography. A mother who finds such possessions hidden in her son's room need not be unduly concerned, for this does not mean he will grow up into a fiend or a pervert. Not one of the men we interviewed seemed to have gone to prison as a result of exposure to pornography, either immediately before his crime or even at some distant time back in his adolescence.

THE MYTH OF THE birth of Jesus was pointed out by Mr. John Allegro writing on the discovery of the Dead Sea Scrolls, which are now on exhibition in the British Museum.

MR. SOMERSET MAUGHAM died. In 1894 he wrote, 'I do not believe in God. I see no need of such an idea. It is incredible to me that there should be an after-life. I find the notion of a future punishment outrageous and of future reward extravagant.'

ION QUIXOTE.

TOP PEOPLE, OBVIOUSLY, read *The Times*—one would have to be somebody special to read the dreary, long-winded damn thing. However, according to Raymond Williams, top people read the *Express* even more. A list in his book, *The Long Revolution*, shows it as the paper most widely read by the highest income groups, with the other tabloids not far behind. This balances with our personal observation that the 'quality' week-end papers are read not by the well-to-do at whom they appear to be aimed, but by suburbanites eager to keep up with the social and cultural top twenty.

In this light, the *Sunday Times* and the *Sunday Mirror* should really have swapped mirrors in the last few weeks. The *Mirror* has been running 'Up the Junction', a rich girl's account of explorations among Teds, birds and Rabelaisian old women in South London. (It brings to mind a jaundiced note by Beachcomber, thirty years ago: 'When a girl writes a book in which all the characters talk like barges, it is said to be a Vivid Picture of Life As It Is'.)

The *Sunday Times*, on the other hand, has had 'My Darling Daisy'. This is an account of certain performances early in this century of the Countess of Warwick. For nine years she knocked-off with Edward VII, and after his death she made play with his letters to her in order to get money to pay astronomical debts.

Thus, the clerks with their *Sunday Times* and the toffs with their *Sunday Mirrors* both read descriptions, at

Up Daisy's Junction, Too

different social levels, of trollops. In each case the interest is that of 'revelations'—the plain, unvarnished truth. And what is striking about both is that the truth is out of date; in either context, it is acceptable only because it is now more or less irrelevant.

In the one case, indeed, the revelations are less of the Countess's larks than of the conspiracy to conceal them. Her relationship with Edward VII, and his with Lily Langtry, were fairly common gossip anyway (it used to be said that the murderer Ronald True escaped hanging because he was the son of Edward and Mrs. Langtry). But her threat to publish the letters unless bought off produced a complex of scheming and rigging, including a lawsuit which was kept secret; all among the highest, as they say, in the land.

All this happened immediately before the First World War. What effect might its publication at the time have had? It ought to be remembered that the appeal to fight in the 1914-18 war was made chiefly in terms of a crude national loyalty: King and Country. If royalty was a long way from the women's magazine popularity it has attained in the last generation, it was associated in people's minds with edification and higher values—honour, majesty and God Save Our Gracious.

Suppose, then, that beside the arch-duke's assassination in 1914 had been printed this other current news. (There could have been jolly headlines about 'Edward the Peacemaker', since Havelock Ellis called the *membrum virile* 'the great peacemaker' too.) Would there have been such fervour for King, let alone Country? Something like this plainly was in the minds of those round the monarch: nobody must know. Hence, this chapter of chiselling.

Publishing the story now provides little more than some academic interest. It probably contributes to the illusion that ours is an open, responsible society where the truth is a matter of course. In fact, told out of time it is no truth at all: the only knowledge disseminated, too obliquely for the clerks to understand, is that the lies go on.

Compared with Darling Daisy's plushy intrigues, 'Up the Junction' has—but it's very, very relative—a certain freshness. It is near-documentary, a wide-eyed description of manners and morals among savage tribes. Its appeal is the better-than-fiction one: it's real, it's true, it's a slice of life.

Which isn't. There are slices and slices, no doubt. But the fact is that the kind of life shown in 'Up the Junction' is a fading aspect of social life. It still goes on, of course, just as the authoress describes it; just as the industrial-suburb sort of life pictured by Hoggart in *The Uses of Literacy* can be found amply, but nevertheless is dying.

It is curious how hearts warm towards institutions and ways of life, as well as individuals, when they are passing away. We are full of nostalgia for the silent cinema, the irrelevant buildings which town development knocks down; as the countryside diminishes there is an obsession with its beauties among people who would not have given twopenny for it as it was. The public for 'Up the Junction' (and for *Saturday Night* and *Sunday Morning* and *Fings* and the rest) is a middle class one. The middle class find the rough, hearty, knees-up and broken-bottle working class amusing and deserving of sympathetic study, simply because it is dying out. When it was actual and palpable, they were either contemptuous or terrified of it.

In fact, the time for lid-off accounts of life at the bottom would have been

thirty years ago, when consciences might have caught fire. A few courageous writers, like Orwell and Walter Greenwood, tried to do it; but they were not serialized in the favourite papers of the well-to-do. Today, it hardly matters.

The writer of 'My Darling Daisy' is chronicling some of the cozenages of

fifty-odd years ago. Miss Dunn, author of 'Up the Junction', on the other hand has arrived on the tide of present-day social consciousness. What is demonstrated in both cases is that our society permits and enjoys the truth about anything—provided the truth is no longer usable.

R.B.

Cut off in his Prime

ALL OVER LONDON there is a rash of multi-coloured posters advertising a new James Bond film. They carry little written information (not even the printer's name which only shows there is one law for the rich and another for the poor), except the words LOOK OUT and JAMES BOND DOES IT EVERYWHERE, this in itself rather inane (the word Look is so printed as to incorporate the inevitable 007 mark) and what the word IT means rather depends on your interpretation. I rather think it means nothing for the following reason.

There sits Bond on the beach, surrounded by girls, his orange shirt revealing a bush of hair on his chest, a rifle in his hand and from his neck hangs a doctor's stethoscope. The girls, wearing diaphanous negligees, sit in intricate poses and wait patiently. For what? For Bond to look round and notice them? For a shot out of his rifle? For a bit

of sex? The last wish would never be fulfilled, because the artist has completely emaciated Bond. All that remains of his manhood is the end of the stethoscope with what look like two charred balls and there the matter ends.

A friend of mine assures me that this is good commercial art. I disagree with my comrade. This is a deliberate attempt to foster the image of neutered man. In this society honest books like the *Golden Convolutus* get prosecuted. Posters with deformed females admiring a eunuch with a gun, however, are the accepted norm.

Recently a man sued and was awarded £10,000 damages because the sex of his prizewinning bull was painted out in a newspaper photograph. If so much for a bull, what then is the price of human dignity?

I am an anarchist, I don't sue, but if I were an artist, I know what I'd do.

JOHN RETY.

It would never do in the GND . . .

AN IRISH WORKERS GROUP picket carrying placards protesting against the Free Trade Agreement (in which the economic balance has changed to the detriment of the Irish factory worker), and a somewhat smaller picket from the Clann na h'Eireann organisation, were on duty on Monday and Tuesday night last outside the Free State Embassy.

The IWG placards called for the abolition of the Offences against the State Act, the recognition of the Irish Telephonists' Association, and the release of the IRA volunteers in Limerick Jail.

Other placards proclaimed: Lemass You Inflated gombreen merchant—bac heart do leitheidi a choille*; Capitalist Rule = Union/Workers Republic = Freedom; Teastaionn Acht Nua Aon-dacht o Lemass—Troide Muide ar son Poblacht Oibrithe† etc.

On Monday Haughey and Lemass arrived at the Embassy just before 8 p.m.,

during a break in the trade negotiations. There were large numbers of coppers and detectives on duty outside. As Haughey got out of his car, a big smile on his face, a member of the Clann na h'Eireann picket who was near him rushed forward and whacked him hard several times over the head with a heavy placard and stick. Haughey was taken completely by surprise and knocked off balance by the attack.

He tried to defend himself as best he could with his arms after the first resounding clout—which broke the heavy stick of the placard. The attacker—a pity he didn't break Haughey's thick skull instead of the stick—was Eugene Lyons from Co. Clare. He was arrested and fined £5 at Bow Street Magistrates' Court the following morning.

*the likes of you should be castrated.
†Lemass wants a New Act of Union—We'll fight for a Workers' Republic!

(Reprinted from *Irish Worker News*)

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Impending Action by Busmen

DELEGATES ON THE Central Bus Committee, who represent 24,000 London busmen, have voted in favour of a ban on overtime and rest day working starting on January 23 and continuing until the staff shortage is solved. This decision was backed by officials of the Transport and General Workers' Union. At the same meeting Larry Smith, London Secretary of the T & GWU, and other officials walked out when a resolution calling for a strike on Boxing Day was proposed. Bill Jones, Chairman and a National executive member, remained and continued the meeting, with delegates voting in favour of the resolution.

A number of garages had already voted to take action on Boxing Day, demanding double time payments instead of the present time and a half. This issue has come up annually now for the last six years without getting anywhere. One can understand the busmen getting a bit fed-up and wanting action, but I think a Boxing Day strike will not achieve a thing and, in fact, could harm their cause.

'LT WON'T GIVE A DAMN'

I think they should get double time for Boxing Day working, but will their action be an effective method for this demand? First of all London Transport won't give a damn about there being no bus service for the demand for it will be very small anyway and they will not lose very much revenue. Secondly, such an action will only alienate public support for the much more important action agreed upon for

Contact Column

Badges. CND symbol in red and black with inscription 'Make Love not War'. For sale at 5/- a dozen or £1 for 50 post free (or 10d, each post free) in aid of 'Resistance'. Orders to 'Badges', 3a Highgate Road, London, N.W.5.

Children's Party. For the children at King Hill Hostel, January 8 (provisional). Toys, gifts and lots of help needed. Peggy Denny, 27 Fairfield Road, S.E.7 (GRE 2669).

Contacts Needed. Long Beach, California, USA area. Get in touch with Charles Levy, P.O. Box 743, Long Beach, California, USA.

Community. Wanted: young community-minded persons to share house in London (privacy and freedom respected). Box 17.

Individualist Anarchists. Second Sunday of month at 10 Churton Street, S.W.1 (off Vauxhall Bridge Road), 8 p.m.

Accommodation. Couple wishing to 'legalise' quite soon; must find accommodation before doing so for selves and 2½-year-old daughter as soon as possible. Cheap rent perhaps in return for some work in house, garden, etc. Town or country; anything, anywhere considered. Please contact Stella A. Fauser, 242 Amesbury Avenue, London, S.W.2.

New Poster
War Waste Want Why?
Politics!

34d. each plus postage. Orders to Bill Sticker, c/o 17a Maxwell Road, London, S.W.6.

New Zealand Federation of Anarchists. First Annual Congress, December 26 to January 6. Enquiries Box 5455, Auckland CI, NZ.

If you wish to make contact let us know.

January 23.

On this date, the London Transport's plan of 'area traffic schemes' starts, involving cuts in services. LT say that these cuts are because of staff shortages, for approximately 3,000 busmen are needed to run scheduled services, without substantial overtime working. Busmen, by their action, will show to the passengers just how much LT rely on overtime working, even to run the present inadequate services. Their bans are also a protest against LT's unwillingness to solve the staff shortages. The December issue of *Platform* says 'the London Transport Board has long evaded this problem preferring to meet staff shortage by (a) reducing public services, and (b) by the maximum possible use of unscheduled overtime and rest-day working, both of which worsen the situation and result in further loss of both passengers and staff.

COMMON INTERESTS

'That no genuine solution to staff shortage will be found until such a time as wage standards and conditions of employment are adjusted at levels that will permit existing staff to be retained and a steady flow of

new recruits to be attracted.'

I agree with this statement, but busmen should enlist the support of the passengers for their action. After all, it would not be too difficult to have a leaflet printed explaining the reasons for the bans, pointing out the common interest of busmen and passengers for a good bus service. If busmen can continue the ban long enough, they could force LTB into rescinding the cuts in services and 'until such time as acceptable proposals for solving the staff shortage shall be presented to this conference.'

This ban is supported by Larry Smith and his cronies and as such, their action is official, but busmen should run and control the dispute at their own garages. Decisions should be made by the rank and file and not by the appointed union officials.

The decision to take this action could expose the LTB, but if the dispute drags on, as it possibly could, busmen might consider taking out the buses without collecting fares. I make no apology for reiterating this suggestion as a method of struggle for I think it is the most effective one that busmen can use.

P.T.

6000 Support for Stewards

THE TOKEN'S ALTERATION JOB at Robinson & Cleavers (both companies owned by Charles Clore) is now nearly completed. Workers there met with considerable opposition from the management in their endeavours to organise and achieve tolerable wages and conditions.

The other week, all the carpenters were declared redundant and, shortly after this, about 40 painters were given their cards. The painters, who had formed the largest section of labour on the job, were employees of Endersley's, the sub-contractors. Following the sacking of the painters, the job was left with a small gang of painters, some labourers and workers from one or two odd trades.

Following this, Endersleys tried to move in non-union labour because they wanted to push the job on, but they had already sacked 40 union members because they said there was insufficient work for them. They failed to pull this one off and the management sacked the painters' steward and the Federation steward, who is also a painter. Both were entitled to a week's notice, ending the following Friday, but they were sacked on Saturday at 9 a.m., so Endersleys have broken the 'Contracts of Employment Act'.

On Monday morning, all work stopped and everyone was out on strike in support of the stewards. Later in the week, it was decided that only the painters would stay out and that the others would go back, but would rejoin them if any new painters crossed the picket line. The National Federation of Building Trades Operatives is trying to arrange a Commission, in accordance with the official procedure which takes time. Quite unlike the employers' efforts to seek a Commission, for in their case, the powers that be get what they want with just a few days.

One could say that it was not worth coming out on strike as this Token job is so near to completion, but a principle is involved here. While there are men working on a job, the Federation steward should remain and as the painters are

still there, their steward should also be still on the job. Perhaps Endersleys, and who knows, Tokens are trying to revenge themselves on those who did a great deal to build up job organisation in the first place. Those giving their support recognise this, as well as the fact that they have to defend and support those they have elected.

On the face of it, it would seem that the management do not stand a chance of gaining the Commission's verdict, but stranger things have happened. Even if Endersleys do get the verdict, or if they refuse to implement a re-instatement recommendation by the Commission, I am certain that the two stewards will continue to get the support of the rest of the painters and, if necessary, the rest of the job.

P.T.

OUT INTO THE OPEN

ALTHOUGH THE PAINTERS' strike at Euston Centre was defeated, FREEDOM's coverage has shown how Communist Party members have betrayed fellow trade unionists for the sake of their own continued control of the job. This is the conclusion other building workers are making after reading and hearing the facts of the dispute. Party members, I think, certainly feared that perhaps other representatives might have been preferred or that there may have been opposition to certain tactics and policies adopted by the Works Committee.

The coverage has also helped to show how phoney is the company union agreement between the painters' union and Jenners, the painting contractors. There is considerable opposition mounting on the sites and in the branches to this deal. The strike really brought the thing out into the open, much to the annoyance of those officials who made the agreement.

P.T.

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Freedom For Workers' Control

DECEMBER 25 1965 Vol. 26 No. 40

Rank & File Call the Time

THE 'SCAMP REPORT' on the 'Rover Strikes' makes very interesting reading, especially with the general conclusion that all that is needed is 'Commonsense and Co-operation' on both sides.

An appendix to the Report attempts to break down 126 disputes into their root causes, i.e. 32 over piece work rates, 19 over union matters, 18 over staffing of groups and transfers, 13 over working hours and conditions, while 11 were inter-union and 10 were over mobility of labour.

The Report blames both sides, management and union, the former for lack of consultation and communication, and the unions for inter-union rivalry, each wanting to be 'boss cat'. Whilst reading a summary of the Report, I thought the shop stewards were going to be left out, but no! True to form they got a belting for being inexperienced. Labour turnover was high, therefore, the Report claimed, the shop stewards elected were inexperienced.

The employers complained that it had been the practice for the senior shop stewards of the NUVP, the numerically strongest union in the plant, to be elected annually as works convenor—though at meetings between senior shop stewards and management each union wanted to express the view of its own organisation and appeared not to accept the works convenor as their spokesman.

NUVB soon cleared up that situation. National officers took part in local discussions and agreed with the management to the setting up of a new NUVB Committee for the Solihull factory. Arrangements for election of shop stewards was tightened up, credentials would not be issued, amongst other things, unless he had had at least 12 months with the company. The NUVB also took to disciplining its members, so much so, that the amount of unofficial stoppages dropped.

The Joint Labour Council makes seven specific proposals, three of which mean tighter union discipline, one in particular. 'The unions collectively should continue to apply themselves to the problems of working together, representatives who fail to work within the works consultation arrangements should be replaced.' This provides an excellent excuse for getting rid of the militants.

One thing the Report does imply is that the finest slave driver of all time should get the sack (or at least have its talons trimmed)—'piece work'. This bastard has done more to divide the rank and file than any other single factor.

What has the 'Scamp Report' proved? (a) Judging by the labour turnover, even with so-called good money, car production lines are no picnic. (b) Canvassing for membership for a particular union comes first, aspirations and desires of the membership second. (c) The employees and the unions desire for stricter discipline over the rank and file.

They can have all the 'courts of enquiry' they want, but in the last analysis, the decisions can and must be made at the point of production.

THE JUNGLE

IT LOOKS AS if the workers in the motor industry are going to keep Mr. Scamp's Joint Labour Council rather busy, still I suppose it's better than working.

The JLC started its enquiry into the car delivery dispute last Monday, 20.12.65. This section of the motor industry is literally the jungle. Delivery of cars is undertaken by sub-contractors paid for by the dealers. The manufacturers chose not to undertake delivery themselves in case delivery drivers joined the

production unions and demanded their higher rates of pay. Consequently, the job was done on the cheap, and anyone with a few quid tried to get in on the act. Obviously competition became too fierce and the various delivery agents banded together to form the Longbridge Group of Delivery Agents (LAGDA) with the sole right of picking up cars from BMC factories.

In September, British Rail introduced a plan to run car trains from a station near the BMC works to the South of England. A subsidiary of British Rail was the delivery agent, who were, incidentally, not members of LAGDA. Rumours of redundancy were rife, at first, delivery drivers would not deliver to the rail head, but finally agreement was reached.

Another bombshell exploded. LAGDA's contract with BMC ended in October and is now only on a day-to-day basis. Things look rough for the car delivery pirates, 150 of their drivers went on unofficial strike two weeks ago demanding higher bonus payments.

Vauxhall in Luton have a 'strike' problem, 200 delivery drivers have been in dispute over long journey schedules. 'Progressive Deliveries' are the employers concerned. Originally they wanted discussions with T & GWU without the strike committee being present. Then two of the strike committee were to be included as non-speaking observers, obviously both suggestions were kicked out.

A director of 'Progressive Deliveries' expressed disappointment that Scamp's terms of reference were for BMC, and did not include Luton. He has sent a letter to the T & GWU National officials enlisting their help in disciplining the delivery men. If they didn't, the management themselves were considering a course of action.

Conciliation officers from the Ministry of Labour found a return-to-work formula just as 300 delivery drivers agreed to come out in support of the 'Progressive Delivery' men.

Mr. Scamp should have a ball—sorting out the car delivery racket. No doubt we shall be told that the workers are earning too much money, and need far more discipline by their union.

BILL CHRISTOPHER.

PRESS FUND

WEEK 49, DECEMBER 18, 1965:

Expenses: 26 weeks at £70:
24 weeks at £80: £3740

Income: Sales and Subs.: £2770

DEFICIT £970

Chicago: J.P. £7 3s. 9d.; Coleman's Hatch: O.M. £5 5s.; Wolverhampton: J.K.W.* 2/-; J.L.* 3/-; London, W.C.1: A.M. £2 18s.; London, S.E.22: 4/-; New York: B.L. and D.L. 10/-; Cheltenham: L.G.W.* 10/-; York: L.F. 5/6; Newport Pagnell: W.S. £3 3s.; Wealdstone: P.H.T. 9/-; Northolt: Anarchist Group 3/-; London, N.19: C.R.V. 4/6; Stony Point, N.Y.: U.B.W. £3 14s.; San Francisco: per L'Incaricato, part proceeds of social Dec. 4 £35.

TOTAL £59 14 9
Previously Acknowledged: £913 2 10

1965 Total to Date £972 17 7

*Denotes regular contributor.

Breaking Even!