He is sick. He is cold. But he can’t keep warm because of the Government’s attempt to break the firemen’s strike.

A FIREMAN’S son, aged 9, who is suffering from the blood cancer leukaemia, has been refused vital travel and heating grants by social security.

This is a direct result of the Labour government’s policy to cut down social security payments to smash the firemen’s strike.

Allowance

Last Monday North London fireman George Watts and his wife Pat went to their local Social Security office with ‘We were advised that our son Ian, who suffers from leukaemia, would be allowed his travel allowance to hospital (£3.08 every third week) and an additional heating allowance. (60p a week for George.) Leukaemia reduces the body temperature. Ian has to have an extra electric fire in his bedroom.

Two days later the Watts discovered that the extra allowances for their son had been refused.

‘I contacted the Social Security office and they told me that they had just received a new circular stating that these extra payments were no longer allowed,’ said George.

‘I just couldn’t believe it,’ said Pat. ‘I’m so angry. The thinking of taking our son Ian down with us to the Social Security and demanding that they take him in the hospital it’s discrimination. They’ve picked on Ian because he’s a fireman’s son.

George and Pat immediate contacted Newham Rights in East London. Newham Rights have now obtained a copy of the circular. They describe the problem as the ‘most outrageous’ and not only ‘illegals’ but also ‘rigorously’ attacked the government’s policy.

If the firemen can prove they really have no money then they are told to seek an overdraft or go to the union’s hardship fund. If the DHSS are finally forced to cough up they are advised in the circular to pay us as little as £50 per dependent.

The DHSS policy expressly provides for financial assistance in cases of serious illness. Leukaemia is very serious illness. This disgusting story follows a statement given in the House of Commons last week by a former left wing MP Stanley Orme, now Minister of Social Security.

A more £300 has been voted out in Social Security payments up to December 6. This works out at less than a £1 a week for the department of workers families.

Shrieked

Traditionally it has been extreme right wing Tories who have screamed and shrieked about strikers’ families getting social security payments. But now during the firemen’s strike we have the spectacle of a Labour Government quietly and cynically putting into effect these cruel and vicious policies.
Pupils demand: Remove this Nazi
Pupils at a comprehensive School in Canterbury are demanding the removal of a Nazi teacher.

The pupils at St. Edmund's Roman Catholic School discovered that art and crafts teacher Miss Joan White was to be a National Front candidate at the next election.

Not surprisingly, the black students were upset at being taught by someone committed to encouraging racism and throwing them out of the country.

They soon found support from white students. A meeting was arranged in which the pupils circulated a petition against the teacher. The petition was presented to the headmaster, who explained:

"According to the Sunday People, the head of the school has written to the minister of education about the pupils' meeting. He has also written to the National Front about the pupils' meeting."

To which the pupils replied:

"We are fed up with being made to feel inferior. We are fed up with being made to feel inferior. We are fed up with being made to feel inferior. We are fed up with being made to feel inferior. We are fed up with being made to feel inferior."

In response, Miss White wrote:

"I am writing to you as a response to the letter you have written to the National Front about me. I am writing to you as a response to the letter you have written to the National Front about me. I am writing to you as a response to the letter you have written to the National Front about me. I am writing to you as a response to the letter you have written to the National Front about me. I am writing to you as a response to the letter you have written to the National Front about me."

THE黨 pulled the trigger of the jackboot and the jackboot of Heil Hitler. Turned guards, some wearing their boots, filled their pockets and cried: Sieg Heil, Sieg Heil, Sieg Heil.

The chair of the meeting, the headmaster, told the audience of some of the government's actions. He went on to make his point: how they had put six of them into hospital.

"A Jew who somehow came in contact with the Leader of the Jewish Community was arrested and charged with disturbing the peace."

He threatened: "When we get the result of this trial, we will know whether there is any solution to our problems."

Fascists BOAST OF BEATING UP JEWS

NORTH SEA OIL ISN'T GOING TO HELP—THAT'S OFFICIAL

THE SCOPE for reduction of unemployment in the North Sea area is relatively limited in the near future. The government has not the authority to introduce any measures.

But what about the future? The government has not the authority to introduce any measures. The government has not the authority to introduce any measures.

Extracts from the report were published in the local Labour paper, Tribune, last week.

"The report reveals that while the government has not the authority to introduce any measures, it has not the authority to introduce any measures."

Indeed, the report goes on to suggest that, in the short term, only the economy will be able to invest in the area and create jobs.

648,000 go hungry

640,000 CHILDREN are going without the full ingredients they need for school meals this year. This is the result of the Labour government's decision to cut the price of school meals from 15p to 5p.

THE October figure was down by a staggering 12p cent.

This fall has put an extra £3 million in the pockets of children at school who do not get a school dinner. The drop in the price of school meals is a huge win for the Labour government that introduced school meals 50 years ago.

ARMY COWARDS SHOW THEIR COLOURS

A PARTICULARLY disturbing thing happened on the front page of the Daily Telegraph last Thursday. It described twenty young soldiers who went into action at Boat Hill, Weymouth.

"...why the government is wrong...

The government is wrong to believe that..."
SOMETIMES over the next few days most of us will probably be tempted or bullied into a game of Snakes and Ladders.

It's an old children's game, with a simple theme:
You go up if you land at the bottom of a ladder; and down if you land at the head of a snake. And there's several heads of nasty, long snakes just before the victory square.

For socialists and militants in industry, 1977 was a game of snakes and ladders.

The ladders are plain. Again and again, working people have organised to fight for better wages and conditions. Unlike 1976, when there were hardly any strikes and almost total apathy, 1977 was a year of much militancy and much agitation.

There were four times as many strikes in 1977 as there were in 1976: more strikes than in any other year since Labour was elected.

There were strikes against the social contract—by toolroom workers at Leyland in February and March, airport engineers at London Airport in April, electricians in Port Talbot in May and in power stations in November, and air traffic controllers throughout the summer.

And then there has been the six-week strike of the firemen—the first long national official strike since Labour was elected.

There have been strikes to force union recognition, dominated by the strikers at Grunwicks, who have now been on the streets for one and a half years.

The Grunwicks dispute dominated the headlines as no small dispute has in all British Labour history. In June, mass pickets started and culminated in the great mass picket of July 11 when the scabs' bus was held up for a morning.

More than 10,000 trade unionists turned up that early morning in solidarity with the Grunwicks workers—against a nasty employer and a new right-wing anti-union organisation.

Another great battle for recognising trade unions is being waged against a much stronger employer—Trust Houses Forte, the hotel chain.

In Sheffield, Oxford and Birmingham recognition strikes were staged against THF by poverty-striken workers at luxury hotels and restaurants.

At Birmingham's Night Out Club, mass pickets from the powerful lorry drivers TGWU branch swelled the weekly mass pickets in a formidable display of solidarity and trade union power.

The battle for equal pay—continued by domestic workers at Yardleys, Basildon, and textile workers at Laird Portch in the West of England—has not been a long one, but long enough.

Dad and long against grading schemes delicately designed to keep women and their children down.

There were many other strikes of long duration, the strike for the closed shop among journalists at Dartington is the most famous of the National Union of Journalists.

Even bread workers, bullied for so long by a rotten union and a ruthless employer have begun to show their strength.

Yet, so far, all this action, all this sacrifice and courage, has amounted to nothing. The ladders have been climbed, often with enthusiasm and courage. Yet each time the horses have sent the workers plunging back into despair and apathy.

The toolroom workers at Leyland, the Airport engineers and the Port Talbot electricians got next to nothing. Even the airport control workers got a great deal less than most had expected, and as this is written, an attempt is being made to con the firemen into accepting a deal which will give them no more than 10 per cent.

The Grunwicks strikers are struggling to keep their strike going. Trust Houses Forte is still non-union. The women at Yardleys and Laird Portch have not got equal pay. The Darlington journalists have been abandoned by the print workers who supported them. The painters got nothing from their fight in the autumn. And the miners' ballot has been overturned by the executive.

This is all the work of the snakes.

What snakes? Most militant workers had realised by the beginning of this year that they could expect no support from the Labour Government.

But over the year a new set of snakes emerged. For every one of the strikes and actions mentioned was sabotaged—not by the employers, not by the government, and certainly not by any lack of will of the strikers.

The snakes were the trade union leaders, the Finance and General Purposes Committee of the TUC who voted to abandon the firemen, Gormley, Daly and the right-wing leaders of the NUM who voted to overturn their members' ballot, of the AUEW who stood with the employers at Leyland to denounce the toolroom workers.

Chappie of the EETPU who denounced the strikers at Port Talbot and did his utmost to wreck the unofficial power workers committee of the TGWU who stuck the knife in the equal pay strikers at Yardleys, Jones of the same union who called off the battle against Trust House Forte. Jackson of the UPW who, with his executive, broke the back of the Cricklewood postmen who blacked the Grunwicks mail, Meddocks of the bakers whose militant noises fizzled into nothing when his members struck in the Autumn.

Kayes of SOGAT and Wade of the NGA, who led their members back through the picket lines at Darlington.

The snakes do not stop at trade union offices. An even newer brand of snake has emerged in 1977—the full-time convenors, with their secretaries, their quotations from Burnt, and even, on occasions, Communist Party membership cards.

Men like Derek Robinson, the convenor at Leylands whose arrogance and contempt for the workers he represents led to the collapse of a wage strike at Leylands in the summer—even before it had started!

And Jimmy Airlie of Govan Shipbuilders who called on workers in Scotland to accept work which had been transferred from Tyne-side because of a strike there.

In all these cases, workers' action and enthusiasm has been dashed by a mean and narrow-minded full-time trade union officialdom—by the gentlemen who prefer a little bit of "influence" and "respectability".

And that is why the real leaders of 1977 come from the small signs of organised rank and file militancy against the trade union officials.

The power workers, for instance, sick to the teeth with the EETPU leaders, have formed their own unofficial shop stewards' committee, which will be fighting again. The craftsmen in the steel industry intend to do the same—the next issue of Socialist Worker will disclose.

The workers at British Oxygen won one of the few outright victories of the year—because they had a powerful worker-representation on the negotiating committee.

It's been a bit of a joke among Socialist Worker readers for years now that all our editorials end with a call to build a rank and file movement. And it's certainly true that nothing comes just by calling for it.

But the facts of life for working people in Britain, their continuing failure to win back some of the money fleeced from them by employers and the Labour government, proves the case.

If the workers want to climb the ladders, they will have to do without the snakes and organise the climb themselves.
Eat the rich— it’s history

I have discovered that the slogan ‘Eat the Rich’, far from being new, was common three or four hundred years ago.

In 1589 a small town in eastern England banned anyone who lived in the town who was not a commoner. The town set up a popular committee: they banned in the streets, threatening the rich and crying that before three days Christian flesh will be sold at sixpence a pound.

Cannibal

At the winter carnival which followed soon after, the new mayor, dressed in a bear's skin, held a mock cannibal banquet.

At Naples in 1835, an aristocratic matron was murdered and his flesh fed to the streets in the street. Whether anyone went the whole hog and ate it I don’t know.

In 1695-96 in the various parts of France of which the most accurate translation seems to be ‘matchstickers’—a title designed to draw blood into the hearts of the rich indeed.

These were times when actual famine was a frequent occurrence. When there were stories and rumours of poor people forced by starvation to eat human flesh. The answer ‘Eat the Rich!’ must have had considerable popular appeal.

Letter

The ones who steal and squander

The wealth men die for in the Rhonda Stolen by the rich to waste and squander: The life and death of a fireman they don’t hold dear:

A drop in their profits is all they fear They close our hospitals and cut back our schools and treat us all like bleeding fools The time is coming to an end The working class won't always bend Get rid of the traitors in the TUC let the rank and file set the workers free Then they no longer Can steal and squander. *S. K. BARRY, Ealing

Babies being drugged to death

ON TUESDAY night (6 December) the BBC North Late News Programme came up with an item that really shocked me.

I heard that according to an article published in the British Medical Journal by Professor Robert Zachary, babies born with Spina Bifida were being drugged to death by some doctors.

My wife was born with Spina Bifida and that particular item made me realise how grossly I was treated in the past to have the privilege of sharing the happiness that we enjoyed throughout our whole life.

Alice

After all if baby Brenda hadn't had a good doctor, she might still be alive today.

She was born, she wouldn't have had a good read, 'cause she was one of a kind.

One reason why I won't join the SWP

EVEry time I see these fine young people selling Socialist Worker at our High Street or at Grimsby or wherever, I am ashamed.

I charged that a courageous alliance has somehow evolved from that coward and subservient era that I belonged to. I am hopeful that you will continue the inspiring acceleration of militancy that we now see everywhere.

From an otherwise grateful.

Don Tomson, Ealing.

What we're against

And 35p flat-rate postage on all orders; send money with order to:

PLUTO PRESS, Unit 10 Spencer Court, 7 Chadfield Road, London N17.

12 PRICE

CHRISTMAS OFFER

And 50p flat-rate postage on all orders; send money with order to:

PLUTO PRESS, Unit 10 Spencer Court, 7 Chadfield Road, London N17.
ON STRIKE FOR CHRISTMAS...

AS YOU tick off your Christmas Dinner, remember all those trade unionists and their families who will be on strike right through the holiday.

At SANDERSONS, Skegness, the northern Grunwick that most people have ignored, it is now 35 weeks since 43 trade unionists came out on strike after a shop steward was sacked.

Since then, the strikers have now been sacked.

Sisters, Roy Sanderson, is another George Ward. His luxurious motor house looks out on the works.

While George Ward worries about his race horses, Roy Sanderson is planning to build a hangar for his private aeroplane — if he can defeat the strike.

At the METROPOLITAN HOTEL, Central London, the strike for a £50 minimum wage is carrying on after eleven bitter weeks, without official support from the strikers' union, the General and Municipal.

At ROLLS-ROYCE, North London, since 500 workers came out on strike for a 17 per cent pay rise. Just like the British Oxygen workers whose strike broke the 10 per cent limit, they have received an allocation order from the Court even though the Queen's new Silver Jubilee Rolls-Royce is being made.

The Rolls directors held a Closed Shop meeting for their workers' kids at one of the London's biggest schools. One of their employees dressed up as Father Christmas to give out some presents.

When he asked, "What do you want for Christmas?" striking workers interjected: "Seventeen per cent!"

The Rolls workers got a new offer on sick pay last week too, though the boxes are striking firm on the 10 per cent.

In NOTTINGHAM 5,000 workers who make bicycles, components and tools for RAILEX are on strike for a 30 per cent pay rise. They've been offered 18 per cent.

The strike — now five weeks old — is one of the longest in Nottingham for years.

At BRITISH STEEL SPUN PLANTS, in Limestone, Derbyshire, 1,000 workers are on strike for a £15 across-the-board increase and guaranteed cost of living related rises. The strike has now been on for seven weeks.

They have been offered just 5 per cent, which, with inflation this year at around 13 per cent, means a wage cut of 12 per cent.

For all these workers, and for the FIREDEN and GRUNWICK strikers, it will be a hard Christmas. They all need your support.

Send messages, send money, perhaps even some mince pies! And during the Christmas holiday, go down to your local picket line, and offer support for the holiday and in the battles of the New Year.

SANDERSONS Strike Committee, c/o Phil Gilbert, 27 Lady Matilda's Drive, Skegness, Churnet to Sandersons Strike Fund.

METROPOLITAN Strike Committee, c/o M. Murphy, 28 Forth Road, London, NW2.

METROLOGY Strike Committee, Mr. Arzuck, 25 Stubbs Avenue, Herts, Middlesex, H22 9UQ.

BRITISH STEEL strikers, c/o A. Barclay, 40 St. Norberts Drive, Kirk Hallam, Ilkeston, Derbyshire.

GRUNWICKs strikers committee, 375 High Road, Willesden, London, NW11.

...AND ONE INSIDE

V.F. STANN, a shop steward in a North London factory, will be in jail this Christmas.

He crossed a picket line in protest. He was fined, then jailed.

If you want to help us, please write to us.

Concealed.

Insults — is it possible in law to demand our reinstatement? In other words, the defeat of a strike may be partially disguised by "winning" the court.

Insults, however, Grantham will have to prove and that the strike continues — for the time being.

It's a hard sell at the moment, to find a few friends and hirer. They don't want to cling to us; they just don't want to see what the TUC have done to us.

It's hard work; how can we all work when the strike is on? We've been concentrating on trade unionism or how politicians won this country. Most of us had been brought up in East Africa and had been sheltered from political involvement.

Sixteen months ago I'd never even heard of the word "Socialism". Now not only have I heard of it, I've worked for a few months.

And I know that it has nothing to do with the TUC and the Labour Party. It was the means that made all this happen.

All the strikers have been made aware of the kind of society we live in. One thing is certainly going to stay in our minds—the "great speeches" of all those trade union leaders.

Forced

Anyway, it's not over yet and some very positive and lastling achievements will remain. It has been and by large the G rainsman that has dominated the strike committee.

We have not been inhibited by the conservatism of our elders. The special tradition of supporting the elders has broken down. We have shown that we can fight and that we have the trade union rights.

We have, with the help of the FE. who have been on the picket line since the start and the Workers' Shop Stewards' Union, the union for the first time in history.

A new year, new resolutions, a new mood. The General and Municipal, though isolated in this strike, are part of a new movement that is taking shape in this country.
REVOLUTIONS ALWAYS fail. 'They invariably end up in despotism. They devour their own leaders.'

That's a message we've all had hammered into us—whether by school history lessons or by pop-

ular novices such as those by Barnet's Derry.

But they portray the Great French Revolution of 1789-94 as an enthusiastic striving for liberty that
equivocally degenerated into pure carnage, with crazed women leaping blood as the
innocent are dragged to the guillotine.

Terror

The portrayal is double dishonest. It greatly exaggerates the scale of the terror. The high point was
the 'September Massacres' of 1792. A typically indistinct description by the
English writer of the last century, Thomas Carlyle, calls it 'a thing to be
counted beside some other things.'

which lie very black in the earth's

aulas.'

Yet by Carlyle's own admission the
total number of those killed was 1,000.

Compare that figure with the total of some recent counter-revolutions—half
a million killed, or by the victorious fascists after the Spanish civil war, the
40,000 murders in Chile.

Or compare it with the tons of thousands who died at the guillotine in Paris, when the Paris commune was
put down in 1871.

The terror of 1792 sinks into virtual insignificance. Unless you think that it

could be more horrendous to murder those who live in chains than those who take out

their lives in chains.

More importantly, the myths about

the French revolution ignore a vital

fact—that it was a middle class, 'bourgeois' revolution. It was a middle class that
did it to 'devour its own leaders'.

The fall of the Bastille in 1789

roused the enthusiasm of the

whole middle class. And not only in France. 'All thinking beings shared in the

jubilation of this epoch counted years.'

'A spiritual enthusiasm stirred the world.'

The English poet Wordsworth recalled the same thing. 'Oh, the joy that
down to be alive.'

He was young and very

happy.

Power had passed from the Royal

Court to the lawyers and businessmen

who made up the national assembly.

No wonder their kindred souls everywhere approved. But the joy was not to last long.

Vast

The fall of the Bastille was the signal for a vast, spontaneous, unco-

ordinated movement among the 80 per cent of the population of France who

were peasants.

They seemed to have no hand to the

aristocracy, the old feudal

system. They had voted for

the National Assembly, but instead of destroying the records of who owed what,

burning the records of the nobility.

In the cities too the poor

began to move—the hundreds of thousands of unemployable craftsmen and

the multitude of small shop owners, the workers in the newly established

factories. They had been fed in the forefront of the storming of the Bastille. But they wanted

more from the revolution than just five years later.

But the proletariat middle class accused them of such developments. For they concluded against the

rich bourgeoisie as well as against the rich aristocrats.

Army

Hardly had the Bastille fallen when the middle class set up its own army to

patrol the streets of Paris, the 'bourgeois guard,' later called the National Guard.

Its attention was directed not only against the great patriots, but also against

the poor and the unemployed, who were complaining of the shortage of bread and the

arbitrariness of the assembly and the court.

In resounding phrases the assembly itself had

declared everyone to be equal. But it hardly went on to make a distinction between

what a person was allowed to eat and what food was needed by the poor.

It left the king's army to squander in the field of the peasantry.

Split

Again and again the aristocracy took advantage of the division between the middle

class leaders to try to stir up a new counter-revolution.

This produced a split almost immediately in the ardor.

Those who had most to lose from the aristocratic order—pro-

tunities, the very rich, lined-up with the middle class leaders.

But the would-be propagators of equality were not prepared to abandon the struggle. They

organized themselves into a party, the Jacobins, and used the slogan of equality to

mobilize the poorer classes against plots of the aristocracy.

They saw that if the revolution did not 'devour'

its first set of half-hearted, compromising leaders, the revolution itself would be

devoured.

The Employment Service Agency

VACANCY GENERAL SHOP ASSISTANTS

MAN DR WOMAN

DISTRICT CENTRAL HULL

BUSINESS DEPARTMENT STORE

SALARY 16-£11.63 19-£12.54 20-£13 21-

£14.30

HOURS MONDAY 9-5.30 SAT 9-5.45

(REMUNERATION PER HOUR)

REMARKS TO WORK IN FOOD DEPT. VARIOUS DUTIES

AGE 18.

This job, sent in by Mike Cooper from Hull, was billed as 'job of the week.'
**Tate and Lyle censors profit from apartheid**

AN UGLY and familiar partnership between the sugar firm Tate and Lyle and Law and Order have come together as television censors.

A wonderful ATV series on South Africa, produced by Anthony Thomas, has been interrupted by an injunction from the High Court granted by Roy Bedlam, a Queens Council and deputy judge. The injunction banned ATV from mentioning Tate and Lyle in their programme last week about the pay and conditions of black workers employed by British companies in South Africa. They claimed that their workers at the Evro Estates in Natal, were working at wage rates below the poverty datum line - but only after they had ignored the official poverty line and fixed their own.

They claimed that the poverty line set by the South African authorities was too high for rural workers such as these at Evro.

In its place they fixed a "reasonable" poverty line at £10 a Rand - that's about £1.20 a month or less than £2 a week.

The only food allowed for in this "Tate and Lyle parameter" line was two 90-gallon bags of maize a month.

Daily chairman of Tange, which was wholly owned by Tate and Lyle, served on the committee that workers there would be allowed to eat, even if their own vegetables or meat never went into the tins.

He also agreed that the Tate and Lyle diet had not been cut, but that their poverty line included "no protein content."

And he also agreed that there was nothing to stop the workers spending on housing. The workers, he explained, lived in dormitories provided by the company. Any "military bantustan" from the dormitories would be expected to build their own mud huts.

**Army**

**Wearing paper caps, and beating metallic drums, Rome construction workers stage a noisy demonstration after building contractors locked them out following pay disputes last week.**

**MINISTER RESIGNS**

The Roman minister of mines has been forced to resign. This, of course, has nothing to do with the strikes that shook the mining region in July and the occupation of the area by armed troops ever since.

**CHILE'S HYPOCRITES**

NO ONE can now accuse the Chilean military ruler, Pinochet, of not having a sense of humour. He has just shown the students of the United Nations Commission on Human Rights the door.

The delegation, in charge of Professor Luis Winter Igual, of the Catholic University of Valparaiso, who is better known to many inmates of Chile's prisons as an officer in the naval reserve.

In this capacity he interrogated and tortured left-wing sailors who were imprisoned when Pinochet seized power three and a half years ago.

**WHY YOU SHOULD BE A SOCIALIST**

Paul Foot

We socialists are not fanatics in our aims.

We are socialists because we see that the project, what we hold out for all working people, is not only the elimination of workers who laugh and weep, and wage and despair, but better men and women who live and work and love.

We do not dream of spending the rest of our days on some utopia in the stars.

We have never denied our childhood:

This, of course, has nothing to do with the fact that 45 per cent of the goods shipped from Tate and Lyle's empire belong to French-Bossassa.

**EMPEROR BOKASSA, MADE IN FRANCE**

Bokassa does have his friends, though. The French president, Giscard d'Estaing, goes big game hunting with Bokassa, several times each year in the emperor's private hunting area.

The French government contributed 71 million to the cost of the coronation, providing credit for the buying of a fleet of Mercedes cars and 700 BMW motorcycles.

**Russia in crisis**

FURTHER evidence came to light last week of how Russian industry is running into economic crisis.

The Supreme Soviet was told that the goals set for the economy this year had not been met for agriculture, oil and gas equipment and basic metals industries.

And the target for production next year was cut back to the lowest since the war.

The expected industrial growth rate of 4.2 per cent is 18 or higher than similar estimates for Western countries such as the US and Germany.

The Russian economic, like the Western economies, is no longer able to perform the miracle of 20 years ago. In 1965-66, industry grew at 8 per cent a year, in 1971-75 by 3.5 per cent. Now it is growing at only about 2 per cent.

**By JOHN WILLS**

Russia is in crisis

White man, eight votes

**Russia in crisis**

White man, eight votes

**THE TV and newspapers have been telling us for weeks that Ian Smith, prime minister of Rhodesia, has accepted the principle of "one man, eight votes."

But the Guardian on Friday let slip that its talks with various middle-class black leaders are faltering because of this issue, so it is passing on one of the third of the proposed parliaments.

Whites are four per cent of Rhodesia's population. So his scheme amounts to this for Africans: one man, one vote; whites, one man, eight votes.

**Speech**

Recently, the company has been a great advertiser in the Free Nation, the journal of the National Association for Freedom.

The Tate and the Lylies believe in freedom of speech and freedom of the press, except when anyone in press or television dares to criticise Tate and Lyle.

This is not the first time Tate and Lyle have resorted to these tactics.

In August 1974, Socialist Worker published a front page article accusing Tate and Lyle of boarding up to create an artificial shortage of jam.

When Thames Television asked Paul Foot to argue the matter out with Tate and Lyle in the "Today" programme, he agreed.

But the Tate and Lylies rushed straight to the High Court, trying to stop the programme, preventing Paul Foot or Thames Television making damaging comments about Tate and Lyle.

The programme was replaced by an advert about a tin of lentil soup.  
AMANDA and the FORTY

year, the sleigh bells, which summoned the
ubdede reindeer for the Christmas run, run
early.

As the reindeer gathered, they found that there
weren't any Father Christmases, nor any sleighs.
Instead a great male reindeer stood in the middle
of the glade, ringing the bells.

He was a cheerful, popular reindeer, this one.
They called him Jackanhubie.

We don't have to go on doing just
as Father Christmas says,
Jackanhubie was saying as
Amanda joined the crowd.

But if we disobey, we must disobey together. If
we break from the crowd one by one, they will
shoot us down. But if we stay until we are answered
to the sleighs, and break together with the sleighs,
there's nothing they can do. Amanda
remembered giggling a little, how she and other
females had grumbled. Wouldn't it just annoy
Father Christmas, wouldn't they all be shot? She
remembered Jackanhubie blowing his horn, and
all the sleighs turning from the tracks and racing
over to the reindeer's stand in the center—and
the Father Christmases swearing and stumbling
fast behind them in the snow.

And she remembered how Jackanhubie had
gone back and talked to Father Christmas,
and had told him that there would be no presents
distributed this year nor any other year unless
the shooting stopped, and unless there was better
food, and more presents to give out.

And the shooting did stop, and there was better
food and more presents. And Jackanhubie called
them all together, and handed them all a little
horn.

I must go away now he said. A moon rose up
in the ranks of the reindeer. Don't worry, he
believed. Here for every one of you is a horn
which you can tie around your neck.

And if one of you is in trouble ever again, just
blow the horn and cry out. COOEE! COOEE!
JACKANHUBIE! COME AND HELP ME! I'll hear that call wherever I am and I will come
and help you.

And all the deer cheered as Jackanhubie
disappeared into the evening sun.

And it had happened many times since,
Amanda thought grimly as she struggled to her
feet and shook off the snow. When the whips
cracked the towns of the factory men had drowned
their horns and Jackanhubie had come bounding
over the hill.

And he agreed with the Father Christmases
that the whips would never be used again, unless any
reindeer behaved really badly. And the whips were
out just as much again the next year.

And things had got worse, and although
Jackanhubie always came when you called him,
he didn't seem to make that much difference...

If this dreaming made Amanda late for the muster. Everyone
got there before her. And when she
came to the top of the little
hill over the muster point, she stopped and glanced
back again in horror. For in front of her a
thousand reindeer—the best reindeer in all the
Great Plains—were being chained to each other.
There were no sleighs in sight. The Father
Christmases had lost their waltz-coats. They were
in uniform now, shouting and bawling at the men
to tighten the chains. We've had enough! they
bawled at the reindeer. We're going to teach you
a lesson once and for all. We decide what happens
at Christmas, no one else. If you understand? If you
don't, you soon will.

The deer struggled and heaved, but they were
trapped in a small space and all around them were
Father Christmases with guns, each one with a
wolf, the deadliest enemy of the reindeer, straining
and skulking on a leash.

And Amanda watched as each reindeer put their
horns to their lips and blew a mighty blast which
echoed through the plains.

COOEE! COOEE! JACKANHUBIE!
COME AND HELP ME!

The wall died in the distance, and all eyes
strained on the white horizon. But there was no
Jackanhubie coming over the plains.

They called again, but he did not come. And the
Father Christmases burst out laughing and divided
among the reindeer, slicing the horns from their
necks with long thin knives.

There was blood on the snow, and a moaning
and a clanking of chains which went on all that
night and the next as the chained walruses wound
its way to Christmas city.

Amanda followed, and watched. She watched
as the men sent ten selected deer every hour into
the wolves' paddock. She watched as the men
singed their initials on the reindeer skins with
branding irons.

When they came to the city, she
watched as the deer were led to
the bottom of the Christmas
castle. She watched as a mightly
hymn-hagnody door was swung back by pulleys and
levers and the deer were led inside. And she
It was we who gave the call and answered it, we who broke on our slighths that day when we beat them. We did it, but we never realised it. We thought it was him and now he has betrayed us.

These thoughts turned to words when she got back to the rest of the herd. But it wasn’t a herd any more.

The best and strongest of the reindeer had been taken to the city. Among those left, the majority were female, for the Father Christmas had always said that the female reindeer were useless for sleigh-driving.

Then there were the caribous. And the Father Christmas like their reindeer while, pure white. The caribous never had anything to do and most of them never believed they could do anything.

Amanda told her story, they cried and laughed. Many put out little idols to Father Christmas and prayed to him to send the prisoners home again. But most came to the forest master point of all the herd where Amanda said: 'We can't survive on our own. The Father Christmas have imprisoned our best reindeer, so that we can never again break with our slighths and tell him what we want. And Jackanighthouse is being crousted at the castle while our friends are chained in the dungeons. We must do something; and if you want to know what—follow me!'

And she led the sad, motley cluster of reindeer over the Plains until they found other clusters, and other herds. Until that time the reindeer had always wandered in small herds. But Amanda and her friends sought other herds, and told them what was happening in Christmas city. And then, one silent night, they collected together, twenty thousand female reindeer, ten thousand caribous and another ten thousand male reindeer from far beyond the Great Plains. And they moved as one force all that night and the next and the next until they came in the early morning light, to the slopes of the great castle.

Smoothly and silently as they had glided across the Plains, they swam the moat and formed up in endless rows, a strange, dim army in the storm.

And they charged the mahogany door. Amanda thought, as she charged with the first line, of how the Father Christmas and even some of the male reindeer had always laughed at her antics.

They weren't big, majestic antlers like the ones she treasured. They were short and strong and, Amanda thought, very useful for charging wooden walls. And sure enough, long before any of them had hoped, the great wall started to crack and splinter. It crashed to a roar which woke the whole castle.

And suddenly there were forty thousand reindeer pounding through the passages, freeing the prisoners, pulverising the wolves and throwing the Father Christmas one by one into the freezing moat.

At the top of the castle the victorious reindeer found an attic, locked apparently forever after.

Then it was hundreds of thousands of Christmas presents of every description. The next morning they loaded the presents on slighths and took them round the city.

Every child in every part of the city got presents that Christmas. The bells rang clearer and the sleighs ran easier and the Christmas round was suddenly fun again.

And its been like that ever since, every Christmas. There's always been more presents for everyone. People argue who should get the most, but no one gets too many and no one goes without. And there is never any need for the whip or the halter. The reindeer themselves organise the Christmas round, and it gets quicker and smoother every year.

And ever since the wild reindeer have always travelled in huge herds, which have kept the wolves at bay and dead, ruthlessly with any man who came against them with a gun.

And the female reindeer are still the only female deer with antlers.

Amanda didn't get married, and so lived happily ever after.

And Jackanighthouse? Well, he was freed when the reindeer stormed Christmas castle. He had to put up with a lot of cruel jokes. Reindeer would sneak up behind him blowing horns and shouting COOEE!

But Jackanighthouse became an ordinary reindeer again and liked it. Most reindeer quickly forgot about his treachery, and came to like him and trust him—but never rely on him again—

And so for Father Christmas—well, everyone believes in him any more.
THE SOCIALIST ALTERNATIVE!

Public meetings and events organised by the Socialist Workers' Party and its fraternal organisations.

- Send details of meetings and notices to reach us by first post Monday at the latest, to Whats On, Socialist Worker, PO Box 82, London E2 9DS.

The 1978 Black and White Calendar with 12 superb photographs by Robert Golder produced by North West Publishing for Front Line to raise funds for the Black and White struggle against racism and fascism.

$500 from Black and White bookshops and others booksellers whom or direct from Black and White Calendar, c/o 214 Roundwood Road, London, NW10 Cash with order. Postage and packing £1pc each. 10pc more post free.

CHEAP SPAY CHASSE PAYS TO BLACK AND WHITE Calendar.

December issue of the Workers Voice out now!

Children's books, reviewed by children, our first short story, the Virgin birth, news, reviews, and much more.

Copies available from Women's Voice, 6 Cottons Gardens, London E2. 20p including postage, or from your Socialist Worker seller.

Washing the news

greener than grey

The local newspaper lurched into the house today. It was a usual
fare. Plenty about petty crimes, a letter from 'extremists,' the latest royal visit, another batch of fox hunts.

'Is it guaranteed to have any story today?' he asked.

'I can just see it putting the paper together,' I replied. 'Propaganda, pictures, a bit of humour, microscopic attention to detail, and most important a total con-
tempt for energy, imagination and creativity.'

This week there were some unpleasant creatures crawling around in the chrysalis. One was a man who wanted to get back to the old good days of conformity and control.

'Discipline,' that's what he was after. A rather sharp rod across the back never seems to discourage the来.

'Look at me, you kids,' he said. 'Don't mind if I do.'

Another was the chief education officer. He was also disturbed by the schools and would you credit it? He gave them the most electric solution: the KSIs.

Whisky

Reading, writing, arithmetic and confusion.

How the children of today are from the respectable, red, of the kids of yesterday, you can hear him:

'S ignited Ar Matas all

SO the Nazi Fronts Martin

was recently invited to address a police seminar at Durham.

Earlier John Tyndall had claimed, 'Our opposition to the establishment would be quite easy if we knew how much sympathy we have in the Observer' Magazine.' 1 September 1977.

The attitudes of the establishment are reflected in the slogan 'Police Training: on the way to a socialist society.'

The police had tried to explain it to the public in two ways: a speech to the Association of Police Forces and a television programme on the subject.

The speech was given to the Association of Police Forces and the television programme was given to a socialist society.

No wonder the police are in such a mess with the establishment.

| Police training |

Oh call in a Nazi

~TELEVISION~

By Ossie Lewis

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I CAN remember it as clear as ever—the first time I did this strange thing called reading a book.
It was in 1927 and I was away at sea earning $3.50 a month.
I picked up this book called "The Coast of Mont St. Michel." I started reading it to get away from the utter boredom and monotony of the job. I read it for pleasure.
It just captivated me.
After the Coast of Mont St. Michel came more books. I began to understand people. I began to understand life.
I started to get away from the shackles that school had put on my mind. All the nonsense about how all Toffs are comedians, all Scott's son.
You know the sort of rubbish. You hear it today about black people.

BOOKS THAT SPOKE FOR ME

IT'S IMPORTANT for me to make it clear that I read for pleasure, not out of some sense of duty.
It's no use telling working-class people that they've got to read this and that. Our whole lives are filled with other people trying to tell us what we've got to do.
And most of us hate it! It reminds us of school, homework and other terrible things.
I learned to read and write. I say write. What I mean is I can write my name. I can write a letter.
But I find it so hard to put my thoughts into the written word. The books I came to love all had this one quality—they put those thoughts I had never been encouraged to express on to paper.
The books I loved were "Joy" books in a very special way. I felt as if I had written them.
I became hungry for the horizons of life that I could find in Bernard Shaw, in Upington Sinclair and Sean O'Casey.
Christ, I love to read O'Casey. The point of his writing is not to throw important words around. It's to probe and understand the world as we live in and explore what we all have within us. That's why I love O'Casey.

LIFE, NOT "POLITICS-

PEOPLE had a tremendous influence on me too. I remember I came across this old Communist called Wally when I was young. As a result I later joined the Communist Party, which I've been in ever since.
Wally was an amazing man. He had this ability to talk, not about "Politics" with a capital "P", but about life. He used to give a pub in Canning Town, Christ, everyone loved to talk with him.
He expressed things in a working-class way. He might disagree with what you said, but you never got the feeling that he felt in any way superior.
Wally was a singer, a story teller, a great character. In our language he was what we call a diamond. He had the great gift of getting across to people who weren't political or were hostile to politics.
Wally and the books I had come to love had a lot in common. They were out to increase the eloquence and confidence of ordinary people, to help them recognise the strength and talent that is within them.
The effect of these books and people on me was that I tried to write. I kept a sort of journal. My brother, my beloved brother. Also, called it "The Diary of a Dysromanian!"
I wrote it but I always found that my hand could never write as fast as my brain could think.
People of our class constantly have their self-confidence sapped from them. At school they teach us about the stiff upper lip, about esprit de corps.
They keep saying to us: "You must never cry. Why shouldn't we laugh? Why shouldn't we scream?"

BEATING THE PATTERN

YOU ASK me why I like books. It's simple. I love books because they help to defeat the pattern that is laid down for you by being born poor. The environment in which we grow up sets many fine young people on the path to the East End, where fine people are despite the conditions, what wonderful people they could be.
I remember a story that we used years ago in the Communist Party to describe how our lives were shaped.
We used to say: "If an acorn is planted in the midst of a thick forest of pines can it grow and spread its branches into an oak? Of course it can't. It has to compete with the pines all around. It has to grow thin and straight. It can't spread its branches.
And if nature does that to trees, how much more does it happen to human beings?"

Books helped me to grow despite the cramped conditions and the artificial darkness of poverty. They helped to root me in the long struggles of our class the world over.
And isn't it beautiful when working-class people set aside the appearances and the pretenses that we have to adopt for survival, and instead speak and say what we really feel.
I like to think of life as a train journey. You jump on the train on the day that you're born and after that you must try to make a choice.
Are you going to be someone who explores the train, the land and nature and life around it? Or are you going to get off the train and say: "Goodnight folks, I want to win a few bob."
TEN BOOKS SHOOK THE WORLD

John Reed
TEN DAYS THAT SHOOK THE WORLD

The Female Eunuch
GEORGE ORWELL
Homage to Catalonia
GERMAINE GREER
I read Greer's THE FEMALE EUNUCH in the winter of 1976-77 soon after it was published. It moved me greatly. I can't go very deeply into three aspects of our lives hidden by ignorance and fear and suspicion, and it was at times very painful to read. For the first time a woman writer was being honest not just about the way we treat ourselves. She put a thorough research and self-examination, but not without pain and anguish and love. It is a great, courageous book, beautifully written and all the more effective for being published in the very early days of women's liberation.

The Strumpet City
GEMERAL
Emile Zola
I was born and raised in Cyprus and came here to Britain to study. I'm interested in the women's movement, and my outlook on life began to change. Then came the attempted coup in Cyprus and the invasion by the Turkish Army, just the latest in a long series of disasters that the empires of the world have created. I was born in the 20th Century. I'm a socialist and I believe in the power of the people to make the world a better place.

Fonntamara
IGNAZIO SILONE
Each man, each woman, each child, is an expert in the world of the other. The book is narrated by a young woman, Silvia Serrano, and the pages are filled with images of the world and with a feeling that love is the only way to make it better.

Power Without Glory
FRANK HARDY

Hardy's book was a clear and powerful attack on the Australian political system, which he believed was corrupt and greedy. He believed that the only way to make a difference was to fight for the rights of the ordinary person. His book was a call to action, and it inspired many people to stand up for what they believed in. The book was a huge success, and it is still read today as a classic of Australian literature. Hardy's book was a clear and powerful attack on the Australian political system, which he believed was corrupt and greedy. He believed that the only way to make a difference was to fight for the rights of the ordinary person. His book was a call to action, and it inspired many people to stand up for what they believed in. The book was a huge success, and it is still read today as a classic of Australian literature.
THOSE were the words of a young lad for whom socialism, until recently, meant a hazy mixture of James Callaghan and Leonid Brezhnev.

And if you think they sound corny you obviously haven’t read the book.

Those that have will understand. Here is a novel—perhaps the only novel—that has entered the lives of thousands upon thousands of British workers and created countless socialists in the process.

I remember my dad telling me how in the Thirties youngsters started in the building trade often have a copy shoved in their hand and he told ‘Here you are son, read this—it’s your heritage.’

Alan Sillitoe, the novelist, has recalled two decades later how it was pressed on him by a worker operator in the army with the words: ‘You ought to read this.

Among other things it is the book that won the 1945 election for Labour.’

The Ragged Trousered Philanthropists is the story of the hardships of workmen living and working in searing and poverty in Edwardian Britain, in the early 1900s, then the richest society on earth.

Among them is a socialist, Owen. Tirelessly he explains that their masters are rich precisely because they are poor, that the workers create wealth only to have it taken from them.

That they must suffer—and saw they suffer, and women and children most of all—that others may live in splendour.

That they are their ragged trousers are philanthropists to those in top hats and tails.

Hence, previously because of the starkness of the poverty and the savagery of the injustice, capitalism is laid bare in all its cruelty and absurdity.

There has to be something better, some alternative to this unending humiliation and indignity.

But the wage slaves know of no other horizon than the next meal. They have worn their chains so long they cannot any longer recognise them. Owen is jaded and abused.

And so it goes on, the misery and the despair that capitalism brings to men and women who can see no way out.

This is no romantic novel by an outsider. The author, Robert Tressell, knew what he was writing about.

So much so that is clearly an autobiograph. Tressell is Owen, and the story of the decorators is his story.

He wrote the book in what little spare time his masters allowed him. And it was published—by chance after his death in 1911, his daughter having found the manuscript bundled up beneath his bed.

Even then, perhaps out of fear of the turbulence of those years before the First World War, it was censored. The publishers virtually cut it in half, ending it in such a way as to suggest that cranks who believed in socialism could do no more than contemplate suicide.

Not until 30 years later was it published in full.

It remains today a book that can capture the hearts and minds in a way few others can.

It makes you angry and inspired, proud to be a socialist and ashamed to be anything else than wholehearted.

It makes you want to shout socialism from the rooftops, to continue the fight when it seems bleakest, to seek out the words that convey the insanity and hollowness of capitalism.

And it makes you realise how little has changed, how we merely have a better class of poverty today, a subtler sort of apologist for capitalism, a more informed resistance to socialism from our fellow workers.

If you want peace, prepare for war . . . CLASS WAR.
LEFT-HANDED BOOKMARKS

BOOKMARKS, the London bookshop of the Socialist Workers Party, started ten years ago with £30 worth of pamphlets. Since then we have come a long way.

As the socialist movement has grown again, and as the SWP expanded, so have we.

So much so that today Bookmarks is one of the best socialist bookshops in Britain.

From the floor almost to the ceiling the shop is packed with books that will enlighten and enlarge, novels and history books, jazz books and poetry books, books that will offer all being pleasure and enjoyment.

People buy about 500 books a week in our shop in Seven Sisters Road, North London. Over and around the cash register we send out dozens upon dozens upon dozens by mail order. And you'll get anything you want, by the way.

We provide booklists for all kinds of meetings. We'll do almost anything to get books to people.

And for one simple reason. They help in the struggle. They set an example to the ideas and assumptions that television and the press install in our brains.

Bookmarks is a professionally-organised, professionally-run bookshop. And it makes money. That's what we do with the money.

But we don't do it from almost any other in the country.

We don't exist to cream off the profits into private pockets. Instead, the surplus we make go on new schemes and projects to get still more socialist books into the hands of the people who will read, enjoy and make use of them. Like our Booklink and our Bookfair.

Bookmarks also gives support to the Right to Work Campaign and the Rank and File Movement. We make sure that the Rank and File Centre doesn't get ripped off by some landlord.

And it is from offices above the shop, that Bookmarks provides free of charge, that conferences, meetings rank and file papers and activities are organised.

Our bookshop has a life all of its own. People come in from the neighbourhood for a book or a paper and a discussion. Members from a wide range of trade unions and SWP branches up and down the country come by when they are in London.

We correspond with—and send books to—a whole range of people at home and abroad. They write letters and comfort and books to people in prison and in return they write back to us. Like John Begg, who is doing seven years at Peterhead Prison in Scotland.

A letter from John is an experience to be shared. Earlier this year one of his letters told something of his story.

He wrote: 'The great social and psychological transformation which has taken place in me began through reading George Jackson. Before this, I had to admit that I was selfish, arrogant, ambitious, and nasty. People find their way into the trade union movement and the Socialist Workers Party through our shop. They bring their experience in the struggle to us.

Another regular in the shop is John, a great advocate of the abilities of the working class. John has made whole sections of the Communist Manifesto—men, memory and has been known to walk the length of the shop on his hands.

In between serving customers and talking to visitors we hope to make available books, newspapers and bills for our Book Club (about 1000 packets a quarter), cut electronics for a wide range of organisations from NLRM groups to Pentang from left to right at the World (University) Service.

In addition, of course, there is the essential work of keeping shelves stocked, recording sales, checking stock, ordering new books, replacing stock on the shelves and distributing Socialist Worker to the London borough.

With your help we can do still more.

SOCIALIST BOOKFAIR

ANOTHER success this year was the Socialist Bookfair we organised and held in Camden Town Hall in London. Designed as a celebration of the right of political publication in the past ten years, the Bookfair brought together over 50 publishers, big and small, who produce socialist books.

Their only fault we suppose anything we could have hoped for. The atmosphere was marvellous, the stalls beautifully set out and displayed thanks to the efforts of all the stallholders, in particular of Eve Barker.

There were print unions on the Stands, a green coffee stall and chat and listen to socialist song in the bookstalls, publishers and booksellers who had stalls all found the Fair a great help.

We were vastly increased our stand and prestige. We hope the event will encourage publishers of left-wing books to be more ambitious and go for a wider market.

IS THERE A LEFT BOOKSHOP IN YOUR AREA?

Here is a list of the left-wing or alternative bookshops that came to the Bookfair.

ACORN Bookshop, 50 Drayton Park, London N5.
Budapest Bookshop, 44 Church St, Blackheath, London SE3.
Buckingham Bookshop, 74 High Cross, Romford, Essex.
Lena's Bookshop, 102 St Mary's Road, London NW6.
Lenthe Place, 32 Pimlico High St, London SW1.
Socialist Bookshop, 167 King's Road, London SW3.
London Bookshop, 136 Drury Lane, London WC2.
North Western Bookshop, 152 Oxford Road, Reading, Berks.
Orange Books, 34 Old Street, London EC1.
Phalanx Bookshop, 46 Casual, Kirby Street, London E1.
Red Lion Bookshop, 110 High St, London N1.
Rosa Luxemburg Bookshop, 32 St Helens Street, Liverpool.
Society Books, 45 Drury Lane, London WC2.
West End Bookshop, 100 Drury Lane, London WC2.
Yakuza Books, 149 Drury Lane, London WC2.

BOOKMARKS, 267 Seven Sisters Road, London N4

Bookmarks Club: More than a spelling error!

OVER the past year Bookmarks has moved into a new building. Early in 1977 came the Bookmark clubhouse.

Inspired by the tremendous success of the Left Book Club in the '60s and encouraged by the new audience the Right to Work on Campaign was making, we set out to devise a way to provide the people with the best socialist books we could lay our hands on.

In just one year the Bookmarks Club is established as far and away the best socialist people's book club.

Our only criterion for choosing books to put on the club is that they be interesting and useful to them.

Most of the books we choose are new or recently reprinted, and are not tied to any political party.

By bulk buying we are able to give these books to our members at a considerable discount. At £1.50 a month (45p a copy) everyone should be able to afford the subscriptions—and for that you get books worth about £10 each quarter.

The response so far has been tremendous. The club now has 500 members.

If Ian McDonald of Fort William and Bill House of Thailand are anything to go by then we are well-satisfied members.

Referring to one of the recent selections, an African novel by Somalian Osmon, Ian wrote: 'God's Bits of Wood should take its place beside Ragged Trousered Philanthropists as a classic socialist novel.'

Bill House told us this to say: 'Most selection so far...especially the novels.'

Our success is such that publishers and authors are beginning to knock on our door. But this is only a beginning.

With many more members we can bring you still better books at even lower prices.

We are especially proud of the selection for the first quarter of 1978. So don't miss a second and join. Or give your friends a sub for Christmas.

LIST A

CONQUERED CITY, by Victor Serge
A novel of the struggle of Russia in 1919-20. The story of how a wave of repression was beaten by the workers in a more revolutionary regime.

NO MEAN FIGHTER, by Harry McShane and Joan Smith
McShane's life, a study in autobiography, and Joan Smith's history of revolutionary polities in the country.

LIST B

FORD, by Counter-Information Services.
This book deals with the huge multinational of car manufacture.

THE LOCKED ROOM, by S. Josell and Whitoon.
A story of the struggle of the 1956 writers' strike to win their job rights.

LIST D

SELECTED WRITINGS, by Alexan-

der Kollontai
An excellent selection from this leading proponent of women's emancipation.

THE FIRST QUARTER

You get List A, plus B or C and D, for a basic £4.50 subscription. If you want List A plus two others, send £7.50. If you want the lot send £11. Send your selection, plus payment, to Bookmarks Club, 267 Seven Sisters Road, London N4.

1978 FIRST QUARTER

LIST C

UNEMPLOYED STRUGGLES, by Wal FI.

1978 FIRST QUARTER

ISSUE 1

SEND YOUR SELECTION, PLUS PAYMENT, TO BOOKMARKS CLUB, 267 SEVEN SISTERS ROAD, LONDON N4.

MADE IN ENGLAND, by H. Procter
Selection of the struggle of the 1956 writers' strike to win their job rights.

AMERICANISM, by K. Kollontai
Selection of the struggle of the 1956 writers' strike to win their job rights.

1978 FIRST QUARTER

EIGHTH DAY, by J. Pringle
Story of the sunken in the Japanese isles.

LIST B

AID TO ABOLITION, by R. J. Cornwell
A selection of the struggle of the 1956 writers' strike to win their job rights.

1978 FIRST QUARTER

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1978 FIRST QUARTER

LIST C

UNEMPLOYED STRUGGLES, by Wal FI.
MINERS' UNION IN DANGER.

IT WAS a terrible week last week for the miners' union.
The rush to productivity deals has turned into a stampede.

From the areas where miners voted overwhelmingly against productivity deals in October are now being forced to accept the deals.

At the Solboghill pit, which produced a quarter of all the coal produced in Scotland, miners have been on strike for a productivity deal.

They agreed to return only when Mick McGahey, Scottish miners president, promised a review of the area's delegate conference.

Implicit in McGahey's speech to the Solboghill miners was the suggestion that the conference will reverse the area's policy against productivity deals, and allow Solboghill and any other pit to negotiate 
their own deals with the Coal Board.

We want to press before the result of the meeting of the Yorkshire area council of the union on Monday.

Before the council was a resolution calling for action now for a big wage claim for all miners, which was the policy of the union conference and members before it was revised two weeks ago by the NUM executive.

But the council may postpone a decision until the result of the Solboghill pit action against the NUM executive the following day.

And every day postponement means a rush of blood from the weakened and demoralized body of the union.

Productivity deals, we repeat, is disastrous for the miners' union.

The newspaper is still insisting that it will bring £250m more for all miners. This is nonsense.

Many miners will be lucky to see £5 extra.

TRUTH

At Dorell colliery in Leicestershire last week, the miners learnt some of the truth about the productivity deals.

When they heard about the targets which the Coal Board had set for their productivity deal, they were horrified.

They walked out in strike in protest

and only went back when the board agreed to renegotiate the targets.

The scheme will include all the initiatives about pay and conditions to the employers.

There is no scientific basis for the targets.

The Coal Board will set its targets, and if it misses, in its target to close the mine, the targets will be near-impossible.

And the miners will be treated by their miners' union.

They are now still insisting that it will bring £250m more for all miners. This is nonsense.

Many miners will be lucky to see £5 extra.

Bosses' greed forces bakery action

A group of the country's worst paid workers have moved into the wages battle behind the firstrun of 14,000 bakers.

The bakers are an £80 a-week basic wage and three days holidays, bringing them up to four weeks a year.

So far they are not trying a work-to-rule and a complete halt to the work.

The vote to take industrial action was a unanimous in last week's ballot of union members.

Three-quarters of the members voted to reject the employer's latest 'improving offer.'

Of those around 68 per cent favored an overtime ban and work-to-rule and 35 per cent a

total stoppage. The work-to-rule and overtime ban started last weekend.

Bakery workers are the lowest paid group of workers in the counties, according to union statistics. They are low paid, with wage rates of £1.50 an hour for men, and £1.20 for women.

The inaction is dominated by three giant monopolies: Squires, Spillers and Rank Hovis McDougall and Associated British Foods.

Their profits last year amounted to £18 million, a huge increase on 1979.

But these fabulously wealthy organisations refuse to make any wage concessions, and the bakery workers, their workers, are now offering a £1.50 an hour rate - or one extra day's holiday - or a 25 per cent with extra holiday conditions.

Such a deal would scarcely keep a bakery worker meet the increased cost of bread and cakes in the past year, never mind catch up on all the other losses in the cost of living.

The dispute may escalate over the next few days. Under government orders the bakery monopolies must stipulate to the resistance to the undertakers workers.

Alternatively, if the work-to-rule deal hits home, the bakery companies might organise a lock-out.

The news has already started a campaign against these workers. They are going to be under considerable support if they try.