



## Press Association Scabbing

In the heart of Fleet St there is scabbing going on at the Press Association.

### Monday, 1st September, Brighton

Handfuls arrived outside Trades Union Congress at 8am to find we were allocated only 20 seats in the gallery. By 9am 3-500 outside hall as delegates start arriving. In all several hundred printers plus Silentnight strikers and others picketed and asked for support. Kept separate from delegates by a wall of crash barriers. While they are queuing to get in are met with a wall of sound from the pickets. The song which seemed to make most impact on the delegates in the morning was "Rupert Murdoch - Stick your money up your arse". Also favourite was "Eric Hammond - He's hiding behind the TUC." Usual songs but seeming a lot louder when sung in the confined space of the covered entrance. The weather is cold. Few delegates approached us. Some pickets allowed to approach the delegate queue. An EETPU delegate who went in about 9.30 was met not only with a volley verbally but also with eggs and handfuls of spoof Murdoch money. He literally ran in with police shielding him. Brenda Dean was jeered but managed to say a few words. Print Union fringe meeting hall only seated 250 so few pickets could get in. As Hammond had not appeared by 10.30 most of the pickets went to find somewhere for a breakfast, and it was at this time that the TNT truck came along the front and was shouted at, and then went around the corner where it had things thrown at it. The driver swerving about all over the place. Pickets who were able to get inside the building pursued Hammond whenever he appeared. The memorable sight was one picket pursuing Hammond with a rolled-up newspaper. During the day pickets went round town handing out leaflets, dispersing spoof money and putting up stickers. During the previous night hundreds had glued shut shopkeepers locks. Back at lunchtime to lobby delegates as they came out. As were told that there were not many people in gallery some of us tried to get in but were refused entrance even with Union cards. Back later at end of session to receive delegates as they exit.

### Wednesday, 3rd September

In the afternoon, a few hundred pickets rallied at Gray's Inn Road. This was the 224th day of the strike. An excellent picket was held for hours. Hooted and yelled at scabs, "thieves, Judas, low life" and "scab" in unison which can be heard for quite a distance. As the temperature dipped pickets worked out their inventory of winter clothing.

In the evening seven hundred made the regular march to Wapping. Police strikebreakers blocked all exit roads from The Highway, including St. Katherine's Way. On the march the fog horn was very good. Later police cleared the road under the orders to "gently move them off the road". When the boss says kill they do that, "gently" they have trouble with. Whatever the reasons for this sudden change (probably to do with the secret talks) the hostility of strikers to the police strikebreakers remains. As one said, "If I saw one of you lot dying in the gutter, I wouldn't lift a finger."

### Saturday night, 6th September

2000 in march to Wapping. Not enough police in Mansell St to stop march if had moved there. Groups of pickets gathered out along The Highway. One arrest. Picketing has been undercut. Five arrests later when police cleared road at Wellclose. Five lorries bricked in the area. Several vans done too.

Guess who was carrying the national NUJ banner? Andrew Drummond who went in to Wapping took his £2000 blood money and continued scabbing while his girl friend was a loyal Sogat striker. Later sacked anyways.

Sunday night/Monday morning, Wapping, 7th September

Three hundred pickets assembled at 2am. The move to the gate has not worked out but it is a successful picket. Later a scab lorry is seen driving west on Commercial Rd with a one foot wide hole in the front screen.

Wednesday night, 10th September

Regular march from Tower Hill. One hundred supporters from London trades councils swelled ranks to 700 on this the 84th march to Wapping. Scab lorries leave area unescorted. It's about time to start some marches from the Aldgate stations.

Friday morning

Scab buses pelted with eggs at pick up point.

Friday, 12th September

It always rains in Wapping, or so I do hear tell,  
but on the scabs boat outing it rained like merry hell.  
It showered old tomatoes and drizzled ink bombs too,  
then missiles miscellaneous came pouring from the blue.  
The eggs came flying downward, phlegmatic comment too,  
so eat your heart out Murdoch, pickets rain dance too!

Saturday night, 13th September

1500 marched from Tower Hill in the rain. Later several lorries bricked.

Selections from "A Year Of Our Lives" about Hatfield Main Colliery, Duns-croft, near Doncaster.

#### **A Bridge Too Far.**

When it became obvious to all that the British Steel Corporation was still producing steel and not simply safe-guarding their furnaces and coke ovens, as they had agreed in return for a dispensation to be supplied with coal and coke; the supply from our pits working voluntarily to keep our side of the bargain was halted. BSC, who had used the first months of our strike to consolidate their position, then followed by running scab lorries to carry imported coal and Orgreave coke to the Scunthorpe plant.

With only three roads into the area it was possible for the police to adopt a policy of turning back to Yorkshire, any miners found trying to picket the wharfs. (Incidentally, ordinance survey maps of the area with minor routes, etc. were withdrawn from all Scunthorpe and surrounding district shops). The lorries were allowed a fairly free run, soon the residents along the route to the steel works were to complain of the coal dust on the grass verges and of their children being blackened on their way to school.

Watching the convoys of lorries was a depressing sight for any miner, particularly one who lived in Scunthorpe. But there was a glimmer of hope, the one other thing that the steel plant required in bulk was iron ore, and this was moved by rail from the port of Immingham. If this could be stopped, so could the production of steel. It seemed as though the corporation had more than enough coal to safe-guard against damage to the furnaces and coke ovens. Another benefit for us was that the iron ore was of too high a density to be carried by the smaller ships travelling up the Trent.

Remembering the solidarity given by sections of Railworkers at Coalville and St. Pancras and Kings Cross, we decided on a phone call to the area secretary of the railworkers at Immingham.

When asked what sort of feeling there was for the miners at his branch, the answer was 'Sympathetic.'

A few days later it was arranged for other Hatfield men to meet in Scunthorpe, we were going to picket the ore trains!

After trying to locate the most strategic bridges over which to drop our specially prepared 'picket' banners, we decided it would be easier for a train driver to respect our picket line if he had not already travelled the twenty odd miles to Scunthorpe. With this in mind we took off for Immingham. This was new ground for us, and at first we were going to picket the ore terminal itself and actually made a sortie around the dock fronts, but seeing that it was on dock land, which was private and patrolled by police, we had to look elsewhere. This was how we came to be on the railway bridge at Eastfield Road (what became known to the pickets as 'A Bridge Too Far'). A banner was hung over the bridge to show that there was an NUM picket. Again a phone call was made to the home of Joe Pagel, the area secretary, to inform him that we had mounted a picket about two miles from the terminal.

Back at the bridge, the first train had stopped, loaded with 1200 ton of iron ore, the driver and the guard refusing to cross a picket line. They said that this was one of 13 trains a day that carried ore to Scunthorpe. An engine was brought up, and the train was pulled back to the terminal to the accompaniment of loud cheers. The only people on the bridge that morning not knowing what to do, were the police. They wanted to move us on, but having no reason to do so, they tried to keep the number down to six, only to find that the majority of people on the bridge were reporters from the press, radio and T.V.

There was tremendous solidarity, only two trains were to leave the terminal in the next eight months, with only four pickets on at a time (24 hour cycle). Even when BSC caused a national dock strike by employing scab labour to load iron into lorries at the ports. With the failure of the TRGW to use this dispute to strengthen the National Dock Labour Scheme when BSC again used scab labour, this time at a Scottish port, Immingham did not come out, and the dockers there loaded ore into scab lorries.

The railworkers, with all this pressure, stood firm on the basic Trade Union principle: YOU DO NOT CROSS PICKET LINES.

#### **The Way I Saw It.**

Not being a man of words I find it hard to do an article, but I feel nevertheless that it is something I must do. To put over my side, point of view and feelings, so others may see.

We had been on strike for a good few weeks and I had not done anything to forward the strike. I had done the garden, done the garden, and done the garden.

So I decided (with a push from my wife): 'Up off your arse boy and get out, do your bit. The lads out there are getting knocked from pillow to post.'

The TV and the papers were telling us one thing, and the lads were telling us the other. So I rang up the Welfare and found out what I had to do.

For a long time I had not got up that early, but up I got, off I went onto the line. It was a strange and frightening day that started an education that will stay with me for a

long time.

We went round parts of the country that I did not know was there, back roads, lanes and tracks. All this to get past the police who were doing their best to stop us letting the scabs know how we felt about not giving us support that was rightfully ours. The way we were restricted and oppressed I will never forgive, or forget EVER. But we must never forget the people who DID give us support.

I had been out on the line for a time, still managed to keep the car on the road. When a call came, could I take Will Moore to Bradford, I wanted to go tell others of the lies and perversion that they were being fed, from the point of view of one who had seen some of it. Off we went. More education, I found out first hand we were not alone. Others were in on the fight. The lift I got from that day was great, but there was more to come.

At a meeting in the Welfare, I was asked if I could go down to London. I said yes, off I went with me bag down to the big city. It was a lot different from Bradford. For one thing, a lot more people in meetings. Bradford I had addressed twenty to thirty, but now I found 100 or more (heart in the mouth) but I did it.

I now found myself out on the streets with a bucket in my hand. The response was fantastic. The young, the old, the white and the black, the workers and the unemployed, they all give and wished us well and hoped we would win. I had been told about support we were getting but to see, feel it first hand is something I will never forget.

Yes, a lot of good people live in London, but then again you find the bad one, but a lot more good than bad.

I returned to London again in fair weather and in foul, the support was still there and growing along with the old die-hards, the back bone.....the workers.

Names I could tell you, but the list would be long, and oh so long. I may miss a few, but not many, for they all have a place in my head and in my heart.

Pride of place must go to my wife, who not only gave me support and backed me all the way, but got and did something to help all of us, and not just sit it out and moan. The commitment, drive, force she put in was great to see. The force was such that Luke Skywalker or Darth Vader would have loved to have it, being greater than their 'force'.

A behemoth had risen, along with many others. I would not like to stand in opposition to such drive. She was and still is committed. Side by side or out on our own, we were in this fight together.

I was in London the day it was announced that we were going back to work. It was a black day for me. To see men crying in the streets, we have been betrayed. Worse was to come. I had taken a knock but my wife had taken it worse than me, devastated but more.....it was painful for us and still is. The return to work was a killer. The first time we went down Tony Clegg was there, so I turned around and went home. The next time no Tony and the men went in. It hurt me to see the men going down the lane knowing mates had been left outside, it was wrong, still is and always will be.

I did not return for a few weeks. For on that day in London, the 'boys in blue' had banged me against a column outside the TUC H.Q. and put my ribs out (very painful).

On reflection, I was lucky I went out and did something. I believe that we were beaten, not by the activity of the few, but by the inactivity of the many. So next time (and it must come) don't be doing the garden all the time or watch TV all the time. Give some time to where it matters. It's not easy, but it's good and next time WE WILL WIN.

\*Behemoth: A mythical creature of awesome and terrible power, unstoppable in pursuit of its ends.

#### **THE AUGUST INVASIONS.**

In August the Coal Board, in joint organisation with the police, decided to take the offensive. They had successfully (more or less) blocked the picket advance into Nottingham and the southern coalfields. The daily skirmishes were costly in injury and manpower, so someone decided to counter attack. This was to take the form of a scab at every colliery. If they could put a scab in every pit, the propaganda teams they had employed on the TV and Radio and in the Press could crow that every pit in Britain was working! Finding a scab, especially in Doncaster was to be difficult, but the objectives nonetheless, apart from the propaganda one, would also have the advantage of tying down the pickets to their own back yards, and it would give an excuse for outright occupation of the militant heartlands by riot police.

When the day dawned we were taken somewhat by surprise, we were waiting to go off flying to some other pit in Doncaster when the news came, that two had gone into Hatfield. The news spread like wildfire, and so did the fury.

A small crowd of police were in the pit yard, about an equal number of pickets. The branch delegates and the chairman went down to see the management to ask to speak to the people who had gone in (also of course to identify them). The scabs refused. The pickets felt we ought to chase the police then and there and strike while the iron was hot.

## Scabs:

Chris Babcock, 5 Bosville Ave, Bosville Rd, Sevenoaks, Kent.  
Brian Forbes, 50 Potters Lane, New Barnet, Herts, 01-449-5205, journalist.  
Ben Grossman, Times night publishing for about 30 years, now owns a news-agency at Hayes News, 3 Station Building, Station Approach, Hayes, Kent, 01-462-5106, now sells all Murdoch titles and scabs on ex-workmates.  
Nick Harling, Wimbledon, 947-4294, Times sports journalist.  
Mike Rowbottom, Herts, 0279-503927, Times sports journalist.  
Clerical Scabs: Tony McLean, telephone reporter, 191 Lordship La, Dulwich.  
Fred Allen 0934-210464, "Ingle Nook", 99 Highfields, Caldecote, Cambs.  
Alan Alltimes, corres. mangr., 506 Footscray Rd, New Eltham, SE9 3VA.  
D Asirvathan, 138 Bulstrode Ave, Hounslow Ctl, Middlesex.  
Pat Ashton, 4 Colean Ct, Madeira Ave, Bromley, Kent,  
S Avty, 59a Matilda St, London N1.  
Chris Bamping, 92 Greenhayes, Ave, Banstead, Surrey, 647-1794.  
Martin Barber, 47 Douglas Dr, Stevenage, Herts, 61177.  
Frank Barrow, 220a Croydon Rd, Priory Clse, Berkenham, Kent, 658-1467  
Linda Bartlett, 20 Blenheim Ct, Main Rd, Sidcup, Kent.  
Chris Bedford, 76 Nelson Rd, New Malden, Surrey.  
Peter Bourhill, 26 Roberts Ct, Maple Rd, Penge Selo, 659-8067.  
Leisa Brace, 20 Welfside, Sandwich, Kent.  
Alan Bunting, 55 Boundry Rd, Eastwood, Leigh-On-Sea, Essex, 0702-522938.  
Alan Butcher, 12 Beech Hse, Manor Rd, Sidcup, Kent, 302-9140.  
D Carr, 59 Blanmere Rd, London SE9, 859-3580.  
Scab of the week: the Spartacist League (publishes Workers Hammer) for printing a picture from the Sunday Times -with credit - and you can be sure they didn't steal the paper. Article claims that what we have at Wapping "are not picket lines" making a slanderous allusion to "real" pickets, the miners. Print pickets are second to none. The reason this lot doesn't know it is they have scarcely been out to Wapping and NEVER on the front lines.  
Famous scabs: Ian Botham, Alex Higgins, Eric Bristow and Jim Callaghan.

With numbers so evenly balanced, the truncheons were already out, it was obvious it would be a very bloody confrontation. The officials were against a charge at that time. Before much else could be done police reinforcements started to arrive from Manchester, and they set about pushing, kicking and jostling the pickets out of the pit lane, in the style of the National Guard in Harlem, they shouted 'Go home' to men who had been bred and born in that village.

It was obvious that the community had to be aroused, and loudspeaker vans toured Dunroff, Stainforth, Thorne and Moorlands, urging every available person, men and women, every fit person to head for the pit gates to defend the strike against the police and scabs. Within minutes people were streaming from every direction toward the pit, women with their children, a team of young BMX riders from Thorne, the buses were full, and people hitherto uninvolved left the club and made for the pit. In the meantime, initial fights had broken out between the riot police and the small picket. The pickets made a valiant charge against massive numbers, and, advantage of weight aside, the Manchester police force had reacted with heavy brutality, there was a number of injuries. There was confusion and disagreement between the branch officials, one set pulling the men back to the Welfare and talking about meeting the gaffer, the others still touring the villages and urging all to descend upon the pit. While the latter was proceeding, massive numbers of riot vans started pouring into the village, school kids stood and jeered, women shouted as the police poured by, the police shouted obscenities and stuck two fingers up at the kids. The scene was set.

## ACCOUNT OF INVASION.

As the village folk assembled in their hundreds, the women from the support groups led them in the singing of solidarity songs, an old woman walked straight up to the riot shields and said: "There's men of ye, would come from behind there and fight our lads one to one like men. Any of wor men could fight ye lot, in fact ah'll fight ye meself!"

An old chap taking her side, proudly displaying his NUM badge, waving his walking stick in the air and denouncing them all as cowards and 'busses lackies'!

The Union secretary, Peter Curran, was escorted through the police ranks to talk to the personnel manager and then successfully to one of the scabs. He agreed he had cursed all of them old mates of his to have been beaten, he had made a mistake, he would rejoice the strike if there was no further action taken against him. This was only half way through the shift.

The branch officials addressed the men from a nearby wall, there was some disagreement, but generally it was accepted that this man walking out to rejoin the strike was a propaganda victory for us. We would not abuse him, we would instead pat and form two ranks and turn our back on him as he emerged. So it was, flanked by the secretary and the personnel manager he walked through the (almost) silent crowd. As he emerged from the ranks of men, the women had no such restraint and ran after him calling him every form of abuse they could lay their tongues to.

The rest of the day while the folk waited for the other scab to come out there was running skirmishes here and there, particularly round the tip. The young miners, accompanied by the BMX Brigade and scores of young children would swarm up the tip, closer and closer to the rear of the colliery. Each time they drew too close the doors of the riot van out on the colliery car park would open and, shields glistening in the sun, three abreast, the robust ranks would march up toward the sound of the keeling pit youth. Sometimes the crowd would back off and the ranks would stop, sweating in the sun, molten, then retreat. An hour later the surge of youth would spread quickly towards the washer and suddenly riot vans, lights flashing, sirens sounding, would bump out from cover and charge the crowd, a hail of stones and rocks, the police vehicles swerve and hump, the crowds close in whooping, and the landrovers retreat chased by an army of small children, then a rush from below, and a determined sort of riot police rush out to cut off the youth, a brief stone throwing defensive action, then a mixture of panic and mad comedy as the crowd realises that this charge is in earnest. The crowd take off, half of them straight down against the railway lines, pursued by police in black pyjama suits, train passengers stand at the windows and stare as hundreds of young people run across the lines in front of the train, and round the sides, while screaming police flood down the embankment, impervious of the spectators. Down the other side of the tip the bulk of the crowd runs back toward the village pursued by police jeeps and snatch squads, hysterical laughter, youngsters falling down and rolling, village dogs joining in the romp and here and there a few gypsies homes frightened by the confusion gallop along in the middle of the throng. It is just like a game of chase, but with deadly penalties for the losers. Just as the crowd starts to reach the bottom of the tip a big

convoy of police vehicles, dog vans, horse boxes, and jeeps is passing along the road. To the cops in the convoy it looks like an ambush as hundreds of youngsters suddenly appear and let fly with a massive cannonade of bricks and scrap metal. The delay is such that the lead vehicles swerve and mount the pavement, some collide, the back doors of the last two vans swing open and the police prepare to dive into the crowd, the open doors however, are the best thing that's happened all day and an accurate stream of half bricks bolts in to the backs of the vehicles. Doors are grabbed shut as young heroes and heroines rush at the doors, horns are sounding, shouting and hurried departure as the convoy, heading out a drum roll of bouncing bricks flies down the pit lane. Then renewed and more serious panic as it is suddenly realised that in the joy of taking the convoy by surprise the snatch squad and shield carriers are down the tip and almost upon us. There is mad flight over walls, into houses where people have come to watch us at their doors, small bands dash up the side streets and down the back lanes so commonly visited in earlier games of chaotic, out onto the main street to try and mingle with the crowds. Meantime small squads of sweating police patrol the streets, pointing truncheons at people in their gardens, grabbing youths sitting on walls and pushing them around. They ARE an occupation force, they jump over walls, swagger up to front doors.....they are an armed mass in an unarmed field of resentment. As they swagger out of the side streets, some wave their truncheons over their heads in a 'come and get it' fashion, others smack the stick into the palm of their hand in a gesture of a club hitting a head. Fear now in the belly of some kids. Youngsters now being dragged into houses by their frightened parents, older youths ordering younger ones 'away home, them's going to be trouble'. Some children, mixed up with exhilaration, exhaustion, mortal fear and a confusion of thoughts simply burst into tears or tears and laughter.

There is a lull.  
As the day drew on, activity started to hot up down the pit lane, there was a rumour through the crowds, a pressing forward, the police started to 'tool up'.....the scab bus was coming out. In the wings the riot cops began pointing their truncheons at various folk in the crowd, picking their targets, snorts were down, shields held up.

The tactics of the Doncaster pickets have always been to do the unexpected, to take the cops by surprise. With this in mind, we organised a sit down in the middle of pit lane. This was meant as a tactical device to obstruct the bus coming out, and to make its progress so slow the village folk could let the scab on board exactly what we felt about him. It was also meant to take away the excuse the cops had for breaking skulls. The logic was that the cops would be forced to lay down the shields in order to pick up or drag away the miners sitting in the road. This would stop them waiting in and meantime give the scab a heart attack by preventing him from being whisked away rapidly through the village. The order came: "SIT DOWN". It was not a very popular one, the pickets felt vulnerable on their backsides with the riot shielded cops towering above them, truncheons drawn.

Still, they sat. Many of them, anyway. Others withdrew to the sidelines. Among the squatters were old retired men, and kids not yet left school.

The frenzy of police activity was reaching the time, the inspector came out with his loud-hailer: "Disperse".....no movement; "Disperse".....still no movement.  
"All right, if you won't move, we'll have to move you!" And with that the snatch squad police in the black cat suits dove out and started grabbing youths from the sides. In an instant all was chaos, truncheons flaying left and right and a major push forward by the police, men and boys struggled to get in their feet to get away, many were caught with their backs to the advancing police still sitting down. A young boy on a bike had been going past the lane just as the charge started, he was swept from the bike, and it lay abandoned. A few bricks and bottles were hurled to steady the advance and give the lads a chance to get away, but the police were in full charge. Women and children scattered, old folks were hit, and some lay in gardens, the police were determined to wipe the people off their streets. In the middle of all the furor the scab bus inched its way out of the pit lane and away off to Bellon where Mr Freeman, Hatfields' number one super scab lived.

Later, as police held control of the lower part of Emerson Avenue and the pit lane, the windows in the pit club went through, one lump of concrete thrown through the window was so big that it could only have been hurled from immediately outside, i.e. where the cops were.

As they patrolled the streets, swinging the truncheons, women folk stood in the gardens and mocked the cops, checked them up, while in return the police issued streams of foul abuse.

The pickets had used a big frame tent as a shelter at the top of the pit lane. With that ground now held by the police, the tent mysteriously took fire, the first of three nettles upon picket shelters, the last one with a wooden hut on site, came as police threw rocks at the hut, this being admitted by the investigating sources.

## Notes:

- Came into the strike with peacetime generals. You won't go wrong if you follow the ordinary pickets who always know what is to be done.
- Mass picket of Syston TNT, Leicestershire, Saturday, 20th September.
- Oxford regular picket, meet 10pm, Saturdays, Gloucester Green Bus Station, pick-up point for the TNT depot.
- Wapping scab in charge of machines, Wally Edmunds.
- Catering manager scab, John Stew.
- Wapping 481-4100, Rupert Murdoch ext 5310

Bruce Matthews ext 5309  
Andrew Neil ext 5640  
Tudor Hopkins ext 5640 (Personnel)  
Bernie Clifford ext 5026 (Personnel)  
ex-Sogat clerical, Frank Barrow ext 4284 (AAD Group Head, Display)  
Paul Clatworthy ext 4287 (AAD Display Ads)  
Terry Hobart ext 4288 (AAD Co-Ordinator)  
Yvonne Kingdom ext 4274/5 (AAD Co-Ordinator)  
Ron Pike ext 5953 (Court/Social)  
Les Tanner ext 4282 (Asst Manager Display)  
Shirly Margolis ext 5345 (Ads Manager)

- from a Kent newspaper

BATE mail, threats and thefts have forced B. Hill newsagents to keep early morning vigils on deliveries of *The Sun* and *The Times*.

The shopkeepers are suffering from a backlash of local feeling provoked by the News International dispute at Rupert Murdoch's controversial Wapping plant.

The manager of Lavelle Main Road, Biggin Hill, now gets up at 3 am to gather in the bundles of papers as they are delivered. Since January he has been combatting dawn raiders who have left his copies scattered across the road.

### Posters

Posters stuck on his shop window have increased in their sinister tone — the latest dangled on the back: "We know where you live and we are

coming to get you and your family. See you soon."

Liz Good, manageress at Findlays, has had her bundles stolen on three occasions. *The Times* and *The Sun* were littered across nearby Sunningdale Avenue and dumped in dustbins.

The same problem was reported by Brenda Duffin of Rosehill Newsagents, Rosehill Road.

Four close-circuit cameras costing £1,000 have been installed by Naxos Karim, a partner at Lusted Stores in

Lusted Hill Lane, Biggin Hill.

### Security

"We have taken the most stringent security measures. If anyone else wants us to help them with this problem, we would be happy to give them some advice," added Mr Karim.

He made the investment when delivery drivers were threatened on the first day of the News International dispute.

- 6am to 7am approximately every morning there are about 8 scab vans in cafe beside rail bridge in Wandsworth Rd, vans left unattended.
- TNT lorries have been seen unloading and transferring papers to "white mice" in Alexandra Park, N22 at 5am. Haringey council own park.
- Bad apple department: A picket relates the story of one copper new to Wapping who had not realised his job was to get the lorries out.
- Rupert Murdoch's daughter lives in Fentiman Rd, London SW9 and can be seen in the butchers shop at the Oval opposite St Marks Church in SW8.
- Greetings from Rottingdean. The south coast is recovering after the visit of printworkers kids who were in the rest home for a holiday. Rottingdean and the surrounding area's are now fully aware of what's going on down at Wapping. Stickers, posters and leaflets adorn the area. A few incidents occurred as when a lorry driver who kept flashing the Sun to the kids had rubbish tipped in his cab. Also most newsagents had other tabloid dailies placed on top of the Sun. Also the row in the local swimming baths between local kids and parents and printers kids and their parents with which printers were called Eastend scum. The spirit of the children was an inspiration to us all and if this was as strong in us adults it would be welcomed. The children would also like to say a thank you to all who organised, donated and put up with them for their two weeks stay at Rottingdean Home.
- letter: The Picket is always read. The ones that are accounts are better than those with boring political generalisations.

Income: £43.52 NoW Publishing chapel collection; £7.40 Southampton; £4 NGA strikers; £6, £6 S. Mirror warehouse; £2 cop's son; £1 Sogat member; £1 half-wit; £4.67 bookshop sales; 50p a body; £2 working member; £5 NGA minder.

Part 3 of the book available, send £1 in stamps to address below

Picket

c/o Housmans, 5 Caledonian Rd, Ldn N1  
Publ. by picketing print union members

2pm March from  
Temple tube  
to Wapping  
19th September

