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ONE AND ALL / 7

£21 NOW

STRIKE!

ONE AND ALL

LET'S GO

STARTER!

one and all



EDITORIAL

SUPPORT THE MAXAM STRIKERS!

On Friday 3rd April the 270 workers at Maxam Power, Camborne, walked out on strike.

No-one saw it coming: least of all the management. But they should not have been so surprised. For two years the men's representatives have been trying to negotiate a productivity deal that would raise the basic wage. At present it is only £16.15s. for a skilled man, the national minimum laid down by the A.E.F., and the men at Maxam feel it is time they got off this breadline. But management won't have it, and after two year's fruitless negotiation they said a deal was off.

Small wonder that frustration and anger boiled over and the men spontaneously walked out. They are demanding a basic wage of £21 a week -- hardly a fortune in this day and age. Another meeting on Monday 6th April overwhelmingly supported the decision to strike. There has been no blacklegging: the stoppage at Maxam is total.

The A.E.F. District Committee immediately endorsed the men's action and appealed to the Union Executive Council to make it official. Strike Committee leaflets were given out at several local factories including Pools of Hayle, O.M.T. (Helston), Holmans and Tools and Dies. These and other factories are taking weekly collections for the Maxam strike fund. A victory at Maxam will push wages up throughout the area - we're all in this together!

Management's in a panic. On Monday 20th they called all the office staff and foremen together to give them a lecture - what great things this factory could do if only the naughty workers were not on strike!

THE WEST BRITON

But the first real signs of Management's panic and dirty dealing came with the "West Briton" of Thursday 16th April. Under the headline "Union Condemns Maxam Strike" they carried a story carefully designed to weaken the men's resolve. This said that a letter was on its way from Union headquarters in London to the strikers telling them to go back to work. There was also a suggestion as to the source of this tale: "a hint that the strikers were being told by their Union to return to work came in Mr. Williams' statement for the Maxam management...." The management statement was in fact issued to the Press on the morning of Tuesday 14 April - with a request that it be held until the day of the mass meeting. Who scratches whose back?

The Strike Committee moved fast. Realising the damaging nature of the 'West Briton' report, and having checked with local Union offices that so far as they were aware no letter "instructing" the men to return to work existed, by the mass meeting at 1.p.m. they had produced a leaflet attacking the 'West Briton' report as a fabrication. The facts of the matter were, the leaflet said, that the Executive Council of the Union was still debating the strike and as yet had made no decision on whether to make it official.

For once the victims of Press distortion had bitten back! And all hell let loose. Journalists must be pretty thin skinned. Ron Hill, who wrote the 'West Briton' piece, even talked of suing the Strike Committee. That'll make a change, at any rate - a case of man bites dog perhaps?

What were the real facts? If such a letter "instructing the men to return to work" does exist, it has yet to see the light of day. But it seems that part at least of Ron Hill's story was true. A man in the Head Office of the Union did say that the strike was unofficial and that the local district should "put its house in order".

THE UNION

If anyone should put their house in order, it is the national office of the Union. The Executive Council has yet to pronounce on the Maxam strike. So far as they are concerned the matter is still under discussion. So for a man in head office to sound off to the local press, playing the boss's game for them, is disgusting. If this is the kind of support men 300 miles away can expect from their Union office, something is very wrong indeed.

None of this exonerates the 'West Briton', however. Ron Hill was told by the Strike Committee that they had received no letter. His report makes it clear that he chose to disbelieve the men on the spot and instead to quote large chunks from a so-called "spokesman" (who for all he knew could have been a demented clerk) in head office who refused to give his name! The men remember only too clearly the way in which the 'West Briton' danced to Management tune last year as well (see One and All nos. 2 & 3). There is nothing surprising, or new, of course in bourgeois newspapers supporting the bosses. They are financed by the business community. Fortunately the Strike Committee realise this and are taking care to keep the men informed, by means of bulletins, what is really going on.

JACK STRAW

WHY MAXAM?

The strike at Maxam Power had to happen. Sooner or later rising prices and a sense of injustice at being among the lower paid workers was bound to cause this response.

But why Maxam? The other sections at Holmans have the same conditions. Some factories are worse off. Maxam forced the pace last year and won a rise for all the workers in Holmans. Why are they so different?

The answer is they are not. They are the same sort of people you can find in any job in Cornwall. They are able to take action for two main reasons. First they have killed the myth that "The Cornish never stick together". They proved it to themselves in last year's work to rule and with this strike they demonstrate it for all to see. Cornish workers can unite.

The second reason is to do with democracy. All main policy decisions are taken at a mass meeting of all shop-floor workers. They have put an end to the system where a few stewards "have a word with the members" and then make decisions. That method is wide open to fiddling by the local lodge or other sectarian groups whose interests are not those of their fellow workers.

Most of all the people at Maxam are able to make their magnificent stand because they have learned that they must stand up for themselves. Nobody else will do it for them.

This then is the lesson for other work people:

DEMAND UNITY

DEMAND DEMOCRACY

TAKE YOUR OWN ACTION !

Try it brothers and we can all have

£21 NOW!

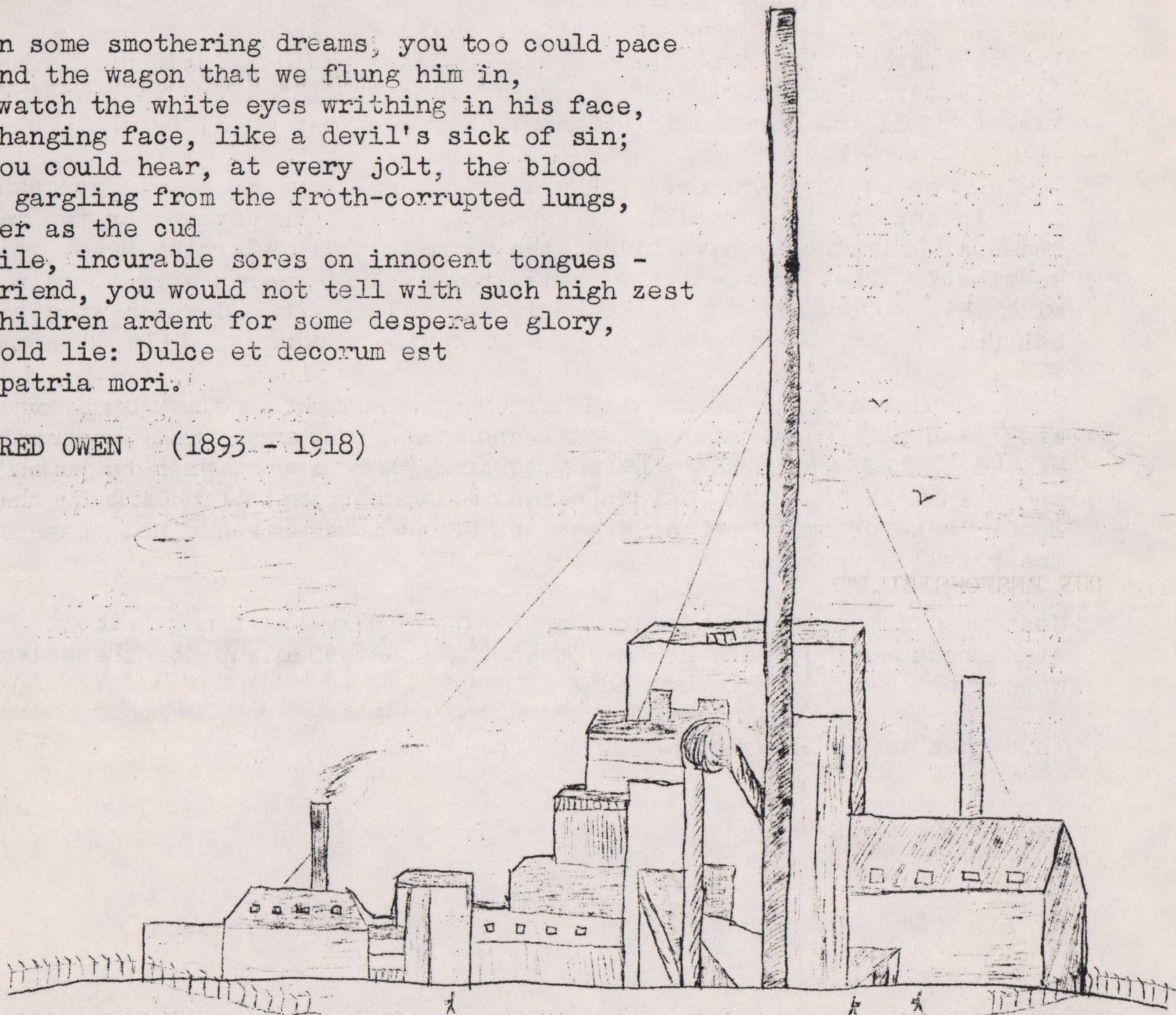
Bent double, like old beggars under sacks,
Knock kneed, coughing like hags, we cursed through sludge,
Til on the haunting flares we turned our backs,
And towards our distant rest began to trudge.
Men marched asleep. Many had lost their boots,
But limped on, blood-shod. All went lame, all blind;
Drunk with fatigue; deaf even to the hoots
Of gas-shells dropping softly behind.

Gas! Gas! Quick, boys! - An ecstasy of fumbling,
Fitting the clumsy helmets just in time,
But someone still was yelling out and stumbling
And floundering like a man in fire or lime -
Dim through the misty panes and thick green light,
As under a green sea I saw him drowning.

In all my dreams, before my helpless sight
He plunges at me, guttering, choking, drowning.

If in some smothering dreams, you too could pace
Behind the wagon that we flung him in,
And watch the white eyes writhing in his face,
His hanging face, like a devil's sick of sin;
If you could hear, at every jolt, the blood
Come gargling from the froth-corrupted lungs,
Bitter as the cud
Of vile, incurable sores on innocent tongues -
My friend, you would not tell with such high zest
To children ardent for some desperate glory,
The old lie: Dulce et decorum est
Pro patria mori.

WILFRED OWEN (1893 - 1918)



FIFTY YEARS AFTER WILFRED OWEN'S AGONISED CRY OF
OUTRAGED HUMANITY, CORNWALL'S INFERNAL DEATH
MACHINE PRODUCES YET MORE HORRIBLE WEAPONS: NERVE
GASES, WORSE THAN OWEN'S WORST NIGHTMARES: AND CS
GAS, THE SO-CALLED "HUMANE AGENT" THAT KILLS ONLY
THE SICK, THE ELDERLY AND THE VERY YOUNG.....

CORNWALL'S LETHAL EXPORT

British troops have been using "harmless" CS gas in Belfast again recently. 'New Society' reports: "Once again CS has had its most severe immediate effects (quite apart from possible long-term effects) on those whose age and health make them least likely to be implicated in the disorders." A woman recently discharged from hospital had to leave her home at 2.a.m. with her eight children when CS entered the house. Her husband, already unemployed and disabled, suffered from vomiting and diarrhoea in addition to the choking and tears experienced by everyone exposed to the gas. Another family with eleven children (one only ten weeks old) had to seek medical treatment; several showed signs of skin irritation. A 57-year-old man unemployed for eleven years because of chest and heart infirmities collapsed in the street following acute exposure to CS. We do not know if he recovered.

Back in September, in Londonderry, a baby was found choked to death in its cot in a CS-filled room. And now in Belfast a two-year-old boy, admitted to hospital suffering from vomiting and diarrhoea after exposure to CS, has died. Meanwhile the Sunday Times (5 April) reports details of American tests conducted on soldiers under laboratory conditions. CS was applied to their forearms in conditions of humidity - i.e. light rain, drizzle or fog. Some of them experienced severe second-degree burns and "the study was immediately discontinued to preclude serious injury to volunteer subjects." And a doctor commented: if CS causes serious burns to the relatively tough skin of a soldier's forearm, what does it do to delicate lung tissue?

OUR RESPONSIBILITY

Here in Cornwall we cannot shrug this off any longer. At Nancekuke we have a factory employing 250 people producing this lethal gas. Supporters of the factory say the jobs are essential to this high-unemployment area. But would you work operating a Nazi gas chamber? There are some jobs which for reasons of simple humanity are unacceptable. Work at Nancekuke is one of them. CLOSE NANCEKUKU NOW, the local campaign against the plant, urges everyone who works there to rethink their position: and find another job, now!

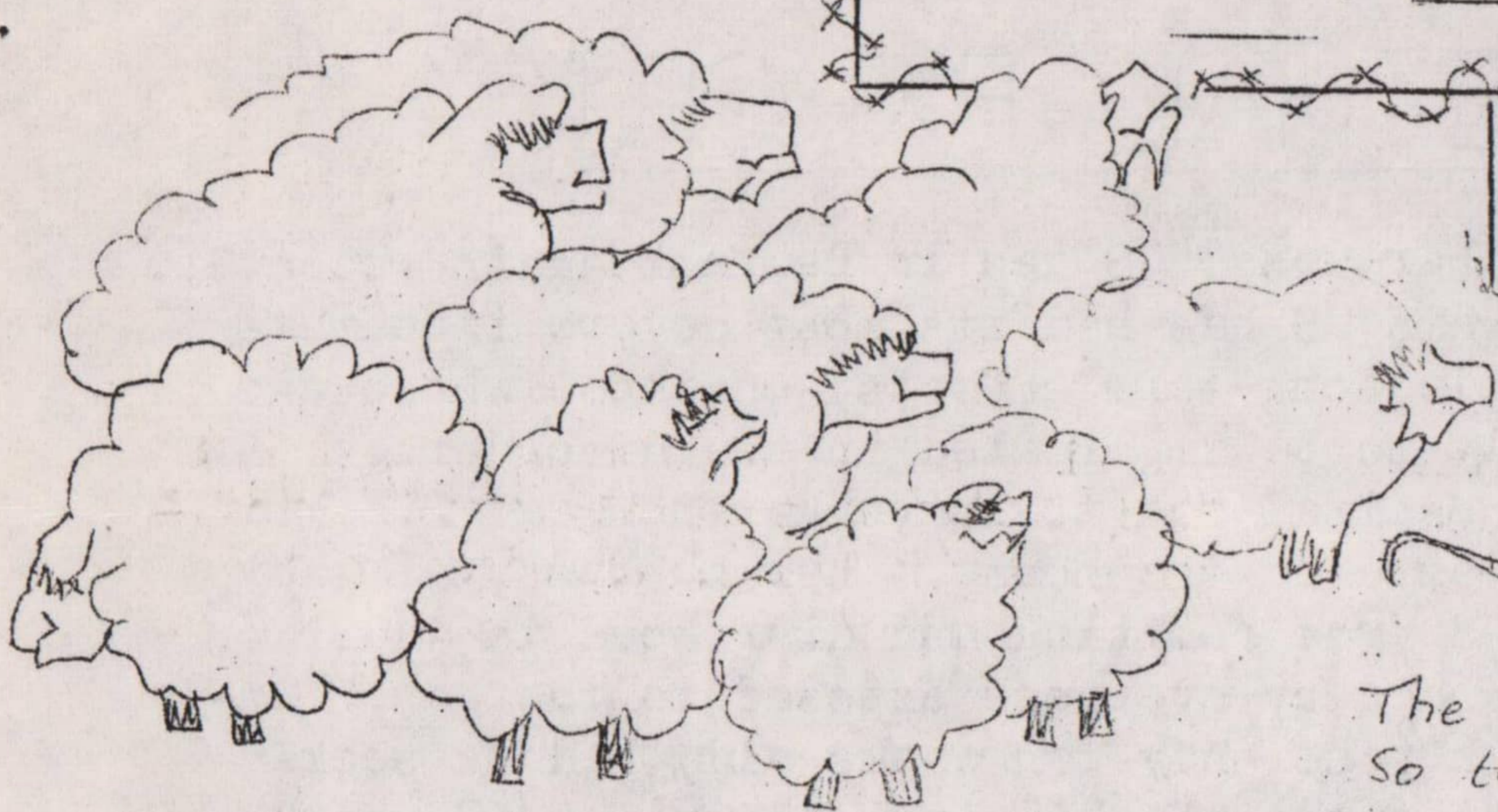
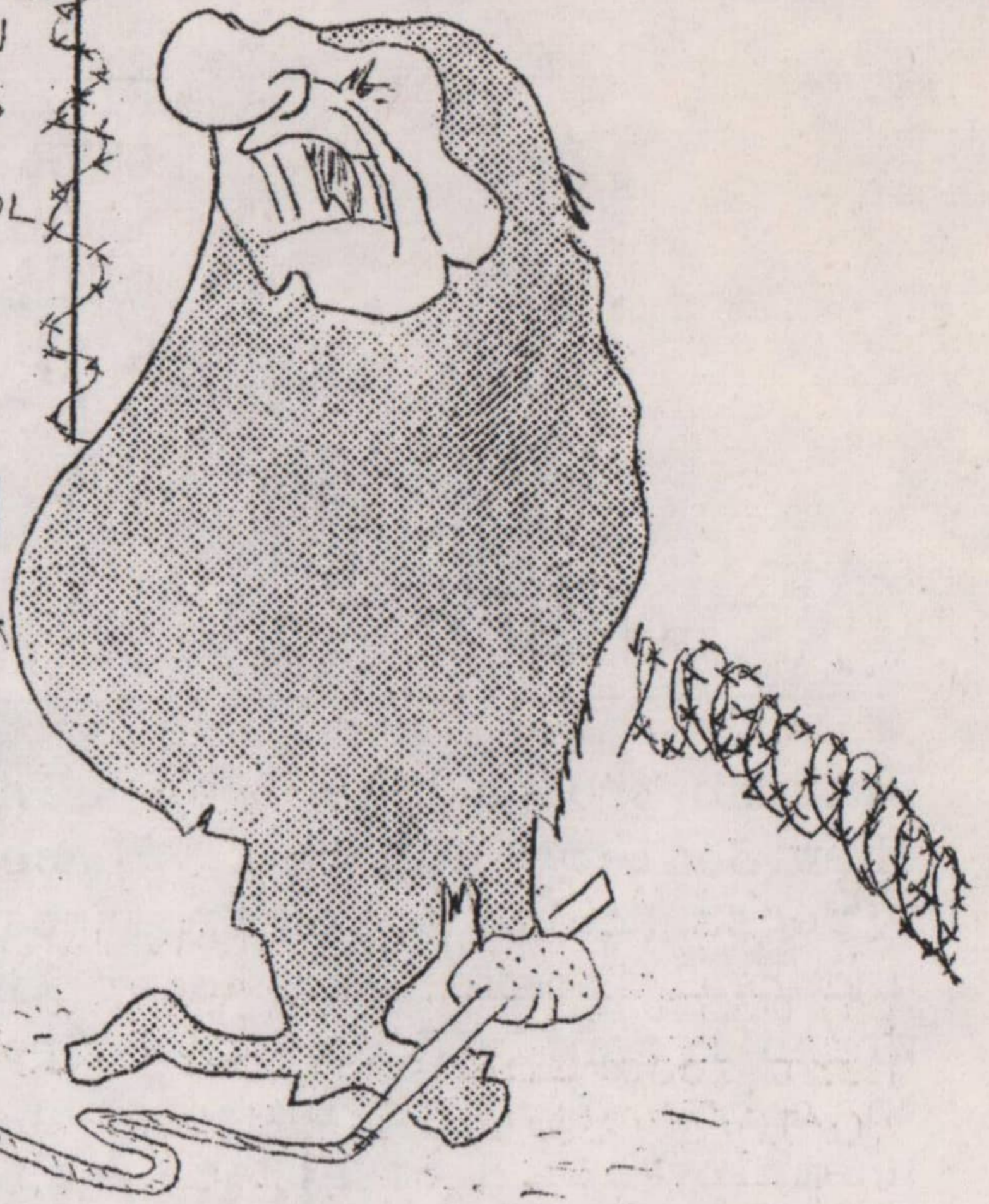
CLOSE NANCEKUKU NOW demands: 1) the immediate closure of the chemical weapons factory and research station at Nancekuke; 2) the destruction of all stock-piles of chemical weapons; 3) decontamination of Nancekuke's buildings and their conversion to a socially useful function; 4) decontamination of Nancekuke Common and its return to the people of Cornwall.

If you support these aims, JOIN US AGAINST NANCEKUKU! ~

Hazel McGee.

A certain shepherd
Oppressed the sheep
with cruel laws:

SHEEP WILL BE SHORN
AND WOOL CONFISCATED
SHEEP WITH POOR WOOL
YIELDS WILL BE
SLAUGHTERED
SHEEP MAY NOT SPEAK
EXCEPT TO SAY **BAAA**



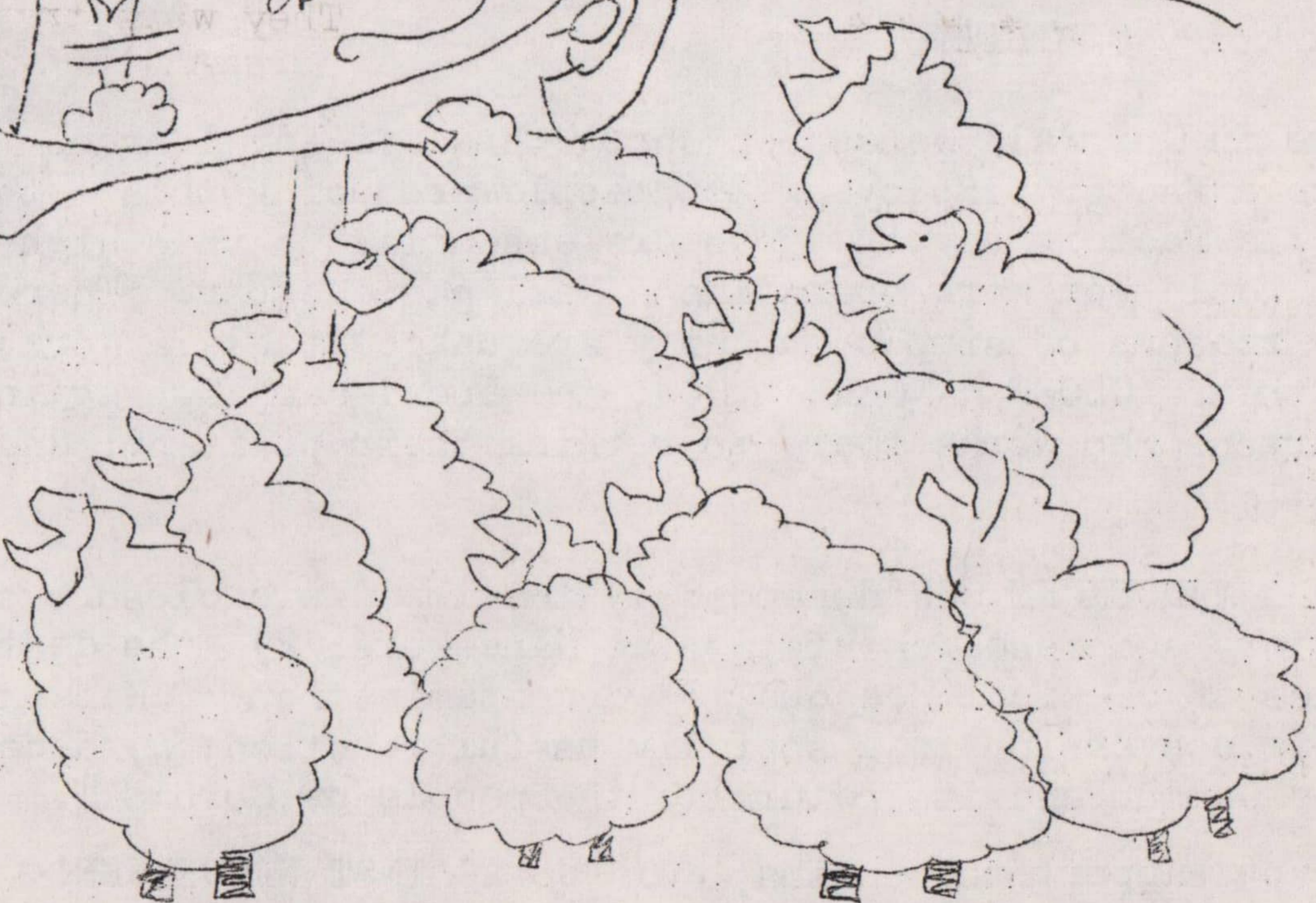
The sheep became unmanageable,
so the shepherd was replaced.

The new shepherd gave his flock
a Charter of
Freedom:

CITIZENS HAVE THE
RIGHT TO BE FREED
OF WOOL
CITIZENS LACKING
WOOL WILL BE
POSTHUMOUSLY
Honoured
CITIZENS HAVE
ABSOLUTE FREEDOM
OF SPEECH



and all the sheep
together voiced a loyal
BAAA!



the king of prussia

This is a cut-up of a begging letter I received the other day:

To your's limited sir/madam HP/1/H we trust payment of dear forward department to march faithfully agreement according customers must ask 40/10/47080/424 remittance account return our account this made you 31 by Mon forward you your have 70 extent 12/- of re is £6 records unless your post in the arrears to 19.

Heart-rending, isn't it?

* * * * *

Mate of ours was at work the other day - painting a field. Yes, painting it. He's usually a miner, but South Crofty in their wisdom decided painting fields was more valuable to them than getting out tin. Something to do with a stray prince whose due around these parts in the near future, or so they say.

* * * * *

Everyone's getting in on the duplicated magazine stakes, it seems. We just saw a fairly creditable production called 'Cornish Independent'. This has a very dramatic black and gold cover featuring a tin mine gantry (although if you think there's anything about mining in the paper you'll be disappointed.) Unfortunately the content doesn't bear out the cover's promise. The Cornish National Party seem to share with the other Nationalist groups the deadly

fault of being a party in search of a policy.

* * * * *

Talking about nationalists, I hope they learned a pretty hefty lesson from their dismal showing in the local elections this month. If you are going to enter the political arena in an area like Cornwall, it doesn't pay to attempt to fight the big parties on their own ground. The Tories (blue or red varieties) have played the voting game for so long, they know all the tricks. Any new group hoping to get somewhere would be more sensible to adopt tactics that are not already tied up by the opposition.

* * * * *

As one local paper is born, another dies. Sad that "Crystal Liaison" from St. Austell has decided to give up publication after only two issues. They were trying to fill a gap down here and provide a poetry/arts magazine for the district. But the sheer technicalities of production and finance defeated them - I suspect they underestimated the amount of hard slog that goes into any amateur magazine, One and All not excepted. Some copies of "Crystal Liaison" no. 2 are still available from Tamsin, 2 Phernyssick Terrace, Boscoppa, St. Austell, price 1/- each inc. post^o

* * * * *

Men fear thought more than they fear anything else on earth - more than ruin, more even than death. Thought is subversive and revolutionary, destructive and terrible; thought is merciless to privilege, established institutions, and comfortable habits; thought is anarchic and lawless, indifferent to authority, careless of the well-tryed wisdom of the ages.

Thought looks into the pit of hell and is not afraid. It sees man, a feeble speck, surrounded by unfathomable depths of silence; yet bears itself proudly, as unmoved as if it were lord of the universe. Thought is great and swift and free, the light of the world, and the chief glory of man.

But if thought is to become the possession of many, not the privilege of the few, we must have done with fear. It is fear that holds men back - fear lest their cherished beliefs should prove delusions, fear lest the institutions by which they live should prove harmful, fear lest they themselves should prove less worthy of respect than they have supposed themselves to be.

"Should the working man think freely about property? Then what will become of us, the rich? Should young men and young women think freely about sex? Then what will become of morality? Should soldiers think freely about war? Then what will become of military discipline?"

"Away with thought! Back into the shades of prejudice, lest property, morals and war should be endangered! Better men should be stupid, slothful and oppressive than that their thoughts should be free. For if their thoughts were free they might not think as we do. And at all costs this disaster must be averted."

So the opponents of thought argue in the unconscious depths of their souls. And so they act in their churches, their schools and their universities.

BERTRAND RUSSELL (1916)

letters



Dear Sir,

I should like to reply to the letter from Mike Day. (One & All no.6)

Unfortunately he is right when he says very few people argue with the concept for the rightness of a defence policy, and he is perfectly right when he pleads that vast and wicked wastage of money on weapons and methods of ever-increasing "overkill" should be halted immediately. To think this, is a step in the right direction, but he has not thought it through far enough.

The world has come to the point where either we come to our senses, turn right round, and start again on a different road, or undoubtedly humanity is doomed. I believe our thinkers and scientists give us 20 years at most to decide which way we want it. Either we go forward and build a new world with all the incredible tools now in the hands of man or destroy it utterly. Christopher Fry once wrote: 'Progress is the growth of vision, the increased perception of what makes for life and what makes for death'. Over two thousand years earlier, one also said "Without vision the people perish." If this is so, mankind has regressed almost beyond recall, for vision is not a word in our modern vocabulary. (What could be more insane than the concept of Concorde? And the terrifying thing is that men of considerable intelligence truly think that it is a wise and realistic project.)

No. It is not by pruning here and trimming there, banning one method of killing and keeping others no less horrible, but by total outlawing of war. This talk about defence by governments is criminal rubbish. In our hearts we

know there is no such thing as defence as it was once understood, so why don't we all wake up and make our leaders realise that we refuse to be part of a machine, which masking under the name of defence, is really preparing to annihilate us all and destroy all life on this planet in the process.

And all in the name of what?

Yours sincerely,
Barbara Hudson.

Regent Square, Penzance.

Dear Friends,

Of course, Mike Day is quite right in saying how illogical the government's defence system is, but does he think it's an accident that we get bombs before schools?

The profits the capitalist gets by withholding from the worker the full value of his labour, have to be re-invested. The most profitable sphere for investment is arms production. Arms contracts are worth millions, and the goods become rapidly obsolete. What is best of all, they get destroyed in wars and have to be replaced. War is good business!

In addition all governments seek to maintain and extend their power, and this they do by force. For those within, there is law; for those without - war. War is not a temporary aberration - it is the health of the State.

There's no point in telling our rulers that's enough: as long as the State exists and industry is run for profit, there will be wars and rumours of wars.

Fraternally,
Marshall Colman.

Troon, Camborne.

PHOENIX OVER ST. IVES

A PERSONAL VIEW OF
THE ST. IVES
FESTIVAL BY
TAMSIN WILTON

"The St. Ives Festival? - oh yes, wasn't that where there were all those dirty pictures and plays?"

In case that is what you think of the St. Ives arts festival, let me hasten to enlighten you. Yes, there was an exhibition of "obscene" art, but hardly the torrid stuff you've probably heard about! Yes, Exeter University drama group were warned about the "obscene" phallus worn by one member of the Comedia del'Arte, but the only people who got uptight about it were the officials protecting the public interest. The duly protected public interest never flagged once during the performance, and a good time was had by all.

But to limit the festival to the dirty bits is to negate its message entirely. The wonderful thing about it was that for three days, all kinds of people, students, "hippies", intellectual freaks, straights, and the local inhabitants, enjoyed themselves, involved themselves in other peoples ideas and experienced many new things, with surprisingly little friction. We had been involved in the Festival since early November, and one of the greatest fears was that some factions would react badly to a troop of "long-haired wierdoes" descending on the town. There was friction of this type, but much less than we had feared. The reactions of the populace in general were summed up by one old lady, who said to me, "You know dear, they're not as bad as you do 'ear tell."

Behind the scenes, life wasn't without its hitches. Groups didn't turn up, vans broke down, people were picked up at random and searched for drugs, and

crowds had to be turned away from at least one show because it was full.

Outside though, in the thick of it, the atmosphere was great. There was something for everybody. You could sit back and listen to people reading their own poetry, you could listen to a jazz group, a progressive group, a folk group, you could watch street theatres, listen to a potted talk on the history of St. Ives, or you could tour the art exhibitions, which ranged from Falmouth Youth Club's work to Dai Vaughan's exhibition of "head" art.

The whole built up through the three days, gaining a spurt on Saturday, when more people arrived, to a vast climax, which was the last night dance. The groups were good, the light show....indescribable....and the people, packed tight in one hypnotised, swaying mass, danced and sweated and lost themselves in colour and sounds.

When the music ended, we were still in a state of euphoria, and it was hard to return to the grey world again, where we were greeted with people demanding money, explanations and justifications.

But the St. Ives Festival, by making so many people feel as if it should have gone on for ever, has proved that it is possible for barriers to be broken, and that if a few more people got this sort of thing together more often, a lot more minds would be opened and a lot more understanding gained.~

Still at St. Ives - a Camborne worker commented: "Tamsin's euphoria is all very well, but we went there specially on Saturday to take the kids to the Falmouth inflatable plastics fun-game, only to find the Methodists had forced it to pack up a day early so the dismantling of the exhibition wouldn't desecrate God's day.....and of course we could only go on Saturday, fun & games on Thursday & Friday being useless to most of us...." With which comment we thoroughly agree. So when we found the following blowing around the streets on the back of a tourist brochure, we felt it needed a wider audience:

LET'S HAVE A CARNIVAL
INSTEAD OF A FESTIVAL

O Mayor, O Aldermen, O Burgesses - O hell!
Must I soft-soap the Guildhall cat as well?
The hour has struck for One and All! Stand down,
You self-erected pillars of the town!

Now let Misrule's mad king take total charge
And set his Fools lasciviously at large!
When Carnival arrives, all truths turn lies,
All husbands tremble if the cuckoo cries,

All black is white, all wrong is right, all sins
Are virtues now that Carnival begins.

See! Down Teetotal Street the Borough cops
Are playing leap-frog with the help of hops.

O great God PAN, pulsate through Street-an-Pol
And bid each Councillor embrace his moll,
Urge Preachers to wild love on Skidden Hill,
With wantons on the Watch Committee's Pill!

Swirl up the Stennack, speed the fevered tread
Of Cemetery Attendants straight to bed,
Let Carnival free flash from guilt and sin
And love bring out what lust once locked within!

And then, O BACCHUS, mighty God of Grape,
Do you descend to soothe this rage of rape,
Turn dustcarts into chariots filled with crates
Of vintage brandy paid for on the Rates,

Make all St. Ives drink long, then fall asleep
Along the Wharf in one fraternal heap,
Purged for one night of brother's hate for brother-
Morning's the time to swindle one another.

Arthur Caddick

St. Ives, 20.3.70.



HAROLD'S MEN UNDERSTAND!

KING

michael joseph

ARE YOU PROUD TO BE CORNISH? LET

2,000 Cornish farmers went over to London a little while back. A long while back, 20,000 Cornishmen went over there. Do you know why? Bet the teachers never told you at school. King James wanted them to have the religion he thought was good for them. So all those Cornishmen went off and fought the English Army. Within three years King James was hiding in France. Now we have King Harold. If we sling him out, who'll be king? We'll have King Ted, who's even worse. Or maybe even King Enoch. That's worst of all. Don't be fooled by that one. All he wants is power for himself. He believes in keeping your wages down. He thinks the bosses will reward him if he helps them keep you down. He dresses up all this rubbish in long words - you're not taken in. But you know fools and idiots who are.

There you are, then. One of that lot will rule us, most likely. Where's the choice? How to choose? Shall I tell you? Don't choose at all! Away with King Harold, Prince Ted, Lord Enoch, away with the lot! Let's have no more of them. What good have they ever done you? None! So what are we going to have instead?

Look about you. What do you see? Cornwall. What is it? Poor, exploited, downtrodden. Why? Because a lot of self-seeking foreigners in London don't care. Why don't they? Because they're only in Parliament for their own good. And they rule Cornwall.

What is Cornwall then? 'Tis a piece of land to the west of the River Tamar. Cornwall is the people who live there - a third of a million of us. Cornwall is rich, with copper, fish, food, tin, flowers, ceramics - people - US. Where does all the richness go? You know. I know. We all know.

It goes into the pockets of thieves. The thieves who "own" the company you work for. The thieves who take your wages away in all those deductions. The thieves who help them do it. There is one in your village, your town. He never gives a penny to anyone. He's mean and stingy as hell. He's all in favour of you knowing your place - underneath his feet. When he dies he'll

leave thousands of pounds you helped to earn. Who'll get them? His relatives, of course. Not you.

So that's how it is. Cornwall is exploited. What's the answer? Have no more to do with the English Government. Let's us rule ourselves for a change. They tell us we're not rich enough to. They say Cornwall can't afford freedom. Course it can't if all the wealth is taken away. All their arguments boil down to one thing. Them up there think we're not good enough to rule ourselves. They're saying that us - you, me, all Cornish men and women, are like children. Only Big Brother in London knows what's good for us.

If we ruled ourselves, we could decide what we were going to do with the wealth we produce. Rule ourselves? Does that mean an independent sovereign state? With Customs, ambassadors, armies, navies, banknotes, flags, foreign policies and that stuff? NO! Let's have no frontiers anywhere - between Cornwall and England, between France and Spain. Let everyone go where they please, without being tied up in red tape. Without having to pay for the right. But let's us be masters in our own house. We've got a right to that. What makes you think you're not good enough to decide your own future? Who told you that, ay? Come on, what are you waiting for? What shall King Harold's men understand? Just show what you can do. England exploits Cornwall just as your boss exploits you. You're the only one who can do anything about that.∞

PLUGS PAGE

One and All is stocked by the following bookshops & cafes:

West End Bookshop, St.Austell.

Quasar Coffee House, Redruth. (? Is this the best and friendliest cafe in Cornwall? Any challengers? But to claim the title your favourite eatery must keep One and All under or on the counter!)

Since the Launching Pad closed we don't even have a regular outlet in Camborne. And what about Hayle, Falmouth, Penzance, St.Ives, Newquay, Bodmin, Liskeard.....We'd like to find a shop or cafe in every town that will sell One and All. Can you recommend us to your own favourite place? They get a free plug in the paper and a lot of new business; we get new readers and places where old friends can be sure of picking a copy up.

UPCOUNTRY our friends in these bookshops sell the paper:

Housmans, 5 Caledonian Road, London, N.1.

(An unrivalled stock of books on pacifism, revolution, the Third World, black rebellions, etc.)

Freedom Press, 84b Whitechapel High Street, London, E.1

(All anarchist publications, libertarian socialism, etc.)

Black Pudding, York. (Crafts; science fiction; anarchist books).

Fortunately the men at Maxam realise that what happens in Union head office is of only marginal interest to them. They took the decision to strike on their own initiative and they are the ones who are carrying it out. It is quite likely that the Union will soon, indeed, "instruct their members to return to work". This will make no practical difference to the men besides denying them a few pounds a week strike pay. If the strike is made official, then all well and good. But everyone knows that only about 5% of strikes in this country have the bureaucratic monoliths of the big trades unions ponderously lined up behind them. 95% of strikes are unofficial - and has been abundantly proved again and again, it is militant action, "unofficial" or not, which gets results! Nobody told the Maxam men to walk out - and nobody's going to tell them to return to work.

They know, too, what they have taken on. The Engineering Employers Federation in the South-West has been very successful so far in keeping wages throughout the area down to the national minimum. They hate the idea of paying a decent basic wage instead of mucking about with bonus and overtime, which are subject to the wills and whims of the boss. This is why the Maxam strike is so important. Last year's work-to-rule was fought and won on the issue of bonus payments - if they can succeed this time in getting an improvement in the basic wage, it will be a historic achievement for all workers in the South-West.

Everyone reading this has a duty to help their brothers at Maxam Power. Take a collection in your factory; bring it up at your Union branch. It's not easy being on strike and finding the family income suddenly reduced to subsistence level. And remember - the Maxam people are fighting for you. As the Strike Committee's appeal (to upcountry factories) declares:

"We are claiming that £21 is not an exorbitant wage to demand.... Last year the International Compressed Air Corporation made nearly £4 million profit.....The Government is paying the Company for every man employed, plus liberal grants for new machinery. Please help us to stop the exploitation of Cornish workers. We need all the help you can give us in establishing a wage breakthrough for the membership in Cornwall."

The Strike Fund Treasurer is: Bro. H.E. Manley, Little Gregwartha, Four Lanes, Redruth, Cornwall. ∞

ONE AND ALL

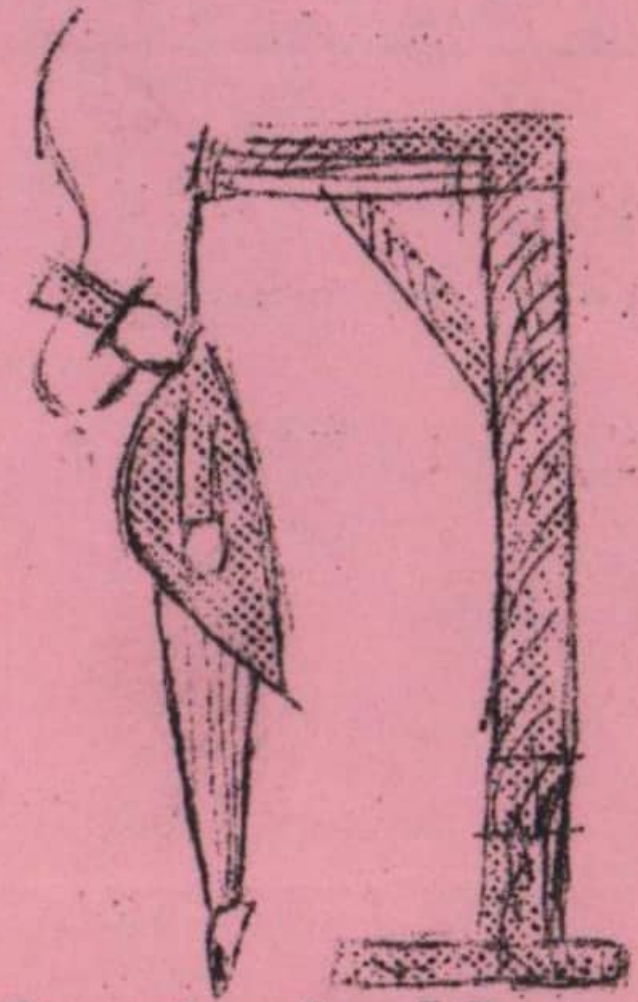
is the paper that's on your side! Will you help us? We rely entirely on the voluntary labour of a few hardworking people who have jobs and families to keep up (in their spare time!) We need REPORTERS - when something's going on down your way, phone us up and tell us about it! (And don't forget, we can probably help your struggle, with duplicating facilities and poster printing always available at cost price). And we need YOU to sell the paper. The distribution facilities of the bourgeois press aren't open to us. So phone, write or call round NOW.

ONE AND ALL, 42 Pendarves Street, Beacon, Camborne, Cornwall. Tel. 3061

SONGS for SWINGING BOSSES!

SOLIDARITY FOR EVER (Tune: John Brown's Body)

A syndicalist workers' song from America.



When the Union's inspiration through the worker's blood shall run
There can be no power greater anywhere beneath the sun;
No force on earth is weaker than the feeble strength of one
But together we are strong!

Solidarity for ever, Solidarity for ever,
Solidarity for ever, for together we are strong.

It is we who ploughed the fields and built the cities where they
trade
Dug the mines and built the factories, endless miles of railway laid;
But now we're cold and hungry 'mid the wonders we have made,
But together we are strong!

Solidarity for ever.....

They have taken untold millions that they never toiled to earn,
But without our brain and muscle not a single wheel can turn.
We can break their haughty power, gain our freedom when we learn
That together we are strong!

Solidarity for ever.....

In our hands is placed a power greater than their hoarded gold,
Greater than the might of atoms magnified a thousandfold.
We can bring to birth a new world from the ashes of the old
For together we are strong!

Solidarity for ever, Solidarity for ever,
Solidarity for ever, for together we are strong.

THE BANKS OF MARBLE

Another song from the great American syndicalist union the I.W.W., with some new verses added recently.

Tune: this song goes well to "And Shall Trelawney Die".

(Two sections of melody marked I & II)

I I have travelled round this country lads
From shore to shining shore,
And it really made me wonder at
The things I heard and saw.

II I saw the weary housewife,
She was standing in the store,
And I heard the grocer saying
This is going to cost you more.

I (Chorus)

But the banks are made of marble, lads
With a guard at every door,
And the vaults are filled with silver and gold
That the workers sweated for.

II I saw the wretched tinner
Dredge the streams and dig the ground,
And I watched the landlord growing fat
On the wealth the tinner found.

I But the banks are made of marble lads.....

II I saw the weary sailor
Standing idle on the shore
And I heard the master saying, No
There's no work here any more.

I But the banks are made of marble lads.....

II I saw the weary collier
Scrub the coal dust from his back,
And I heard the collier's children cry
For coal to heat the shack.

I But the banks are made of marble lads.....

I I have seen my brothers working lads
Throughout this ancient land,
And it's time we got together
And together made a stand.

II For the boss is on the run my lads,
He has had his way too long,
So One and All we'll stand and fight
For together we are strong!

I Then we'll smash those banks of marble lads
With a guard at every door,
And we'll share out all that silver and gold
That we all have sweated for!

ROLL THE CAMPAIGN ON

(Chorus) We're gonna roll, We're gonna roll,
We're gonna roll the campaign on,
We're gonna roll, we're gonna roll,
We're gonna roll the campaign on.

(Verse) If the boss gets in the way we're gonna roll right
over him, roll right over him, roll right over him,
If the boss gets in the way we're gonna roll right
over him,
We're gonna roll the campaign on.

(repeat Chorus)

Other Verses: If Cudlip gets in the way we're gonna roll
right over him.....

If the Press get in the way we're gonna roll
right over them....

If Barbara gets in the way we're gonna roll
right over her.....

etc. etc.

Here are the two most famous resistance songs of all -
recognised the world over wherever the people are in revolt.

WE SHALL OVERCOME

We shall overcome,
We shall overcome,
We shall overcome, some day
Deep in my heart, I do believe,
We shall overcome some day.

We shall sack the boss.....

We shall all be free....

Black and white together.....

etc. etc. (The great thing about both these songs is that you
can make up your own words easily!)

WE SHALL NOT BE MOVED

We shall not, we shall not be moved

We shall not, we shall not be moved

Just like a tree that's standing by the waterside

We shall not be moved.

Together we are strong, we shall not be moved.....

United we are fighting, we shall not be moved.....

The boss has got to go, we shall not be moved.....

etc. etc.

SONGS FOR SWINGING BOSSES....supplement to One and All No.7.
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