

# **Don't Mark His Face**



**Hull Prison Riot (1976)**



## DON'T MARK HIS FACE

The account of the  
HULL PRISON RIOT (1976)  
and its brutal aftermath  
by the  
PRISONERS THEMSELVES

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For 4 days in September 1976 prisoners took over 3 of the 4 wings of Hull jail.

The Hull Riot did not just happen out of the blue. It was preceded by years of petitioning by prisoners, and public appeals that action be taken to investigate the rapidly deteriorating conditions and increasingly harsh regime there.

A full 9 months before the riot a press release drew attention to these conditions and the use of Hull prison as the staging post in the transfer of prisoners to the notorious Control Unit at Wakefield. It called for the immediate suspension of Hull's Governor Kearns, pending the outcome of an independent inquiry into his running of the prison. Dr. Shirley Summerskil, Minister of State at the Home Office, replied:

"The Governor of Hull Prison has my full confidence and I have no intention of acceding to the demands made in the press release for his suspension and the holding of an independent inquiry into how he runs the prison."

Nine months later the lid blew off.

In introducing this collection of prisoners personal accounts of the riot and its brutal aftermath we must make it clear that it would have been impossible for prisoners to have collaborated together in writing them. Immediately after the riot, those involved were dispersed to prisons all over England and segregated from other prisoners. To those who have suggested that these depositions were part of a well orchestrated conspiracy by prisoners to undermine the prison authorities, these accounts offer their own evidence. They reached us mostly on toilet paper, the only paper available to prisoners kept in solitary confinement. Smuggling out the evidence at great risk to themselves required a genuine belief in what they had written.

None of those involved in the riot stood to gain from it. More than 60 prisoners received up to 830 days loss of remission, loss of privileges and solitary confinement as a result of it. These sentences were handed out by a Board of Visitors at "hearings" lasting as little as 5 minutes.

The prisoners were allowed neither lawyers or witnesses. Many have appealed to the High Court and to the European Court of Human Rights against these vicious sentences, and the damage done to themselves and their property after the riot. They are still waiting for a hearing 3 years later .... long after most of the sentences have been served.

After a 5 month delay the police opened their own investigations into prisoners' accusations of brutality by Prison Officers in the aftermath of the riot. The announcement of this investigation was clearly timed to counter growing demands for the full-scale public inquiry which the Hull prisoners had called for on their roof-top banners.

It was as a result of the governments refusal to accede to these demands that PROP undertook to mount its own Public Inquiry which took place during 4 days in May 1977 at which many relatives and visitors to Hull prisoners gave evidence.

The PROP inquiry only started to receive national press coverage at the end of its final day. The London publicity which might have drawn public attention to the proceedings while they were in progress was never forthcoming despite the enthusiasm of the reporters present.

For over 2 years public awareness of what happened at Hull has rested on these prisoners' accounts. During those 2 years the Home Office has done everything possible to impede the police investigations by keeping witnesses continually on the move, no doubt hoping the matter would be forgotten and the charges dropped. It is the prisoners that made sure they were not forgotten.

The Home Office has been forced to use these prosecutions as a means of diverting attention from their own responsibility for what happened at Hull. Having over many years given brutal prison officers the green light to go ahead, they are now faced with a militancy of their own making.

The only official inquiry into the riot was restricted to the Home Offices' own internal investigation subsequently published in the Fowler report. Typical of Fowler's approach was his description of the Prison Officer's actions which has now led to guilty verdicts on charges of assault as "an excess of zeal". The report was in every way a whitewash like that of every other prison riot.

But this time the prisoners speak for themselves. They write of the effects of the long stretches of deprivation and of brutality, everyday harassment by screws (many professed members of the National Front); slave labour - making furniture for other prisons in purportedly underdeveloped countries; of a community forced to turn in on itself and fight each other. Again and again they bring up the files found 30 minutes after the riot began, files kept by the prison authorities which described prisoners as animals in pages of crude "psychological" jargon. Witnesses write of the destruction of their identity until they could stand it no longer.



Hull, like every other riot, was a breaking point. It was an explosion necessary for survival, for their mental health. For a short time prisoners helped each other, made banners together, organised their own food and water, talked across the wall to the outside world (mostly to 400 children !). There are more than 42,000 people being destroyed in English prisons now: Hull wasn't the first riot and won't be the last until its lessons are learned. The power games played by the Home Office through prison officials are using prisoners lives and the lives of friends and families as fodder. The tensions that result must inevitably lead to more and bigger riots until we experience a tragedy on the scale of the Attica riot in America where 32 prisoners and 11 screws were killed by State troopers.

## GLOSSARY

### Association:

The period during which prisoners are allowed out of their cells and can mix freely on the ground floor of the Wing perhaps to play darts, chess and other games or to watch television. The length of this period varies greatly. Wandsworth prison, for instance, doesn't allow any association whereas long term prisons allow up to 20 hours a week. Most prisoners are allowed between one and two hours a day.

### Board of Visitors: (Abbreviated: B.O.V. or V.C.)

(Sometimes referred to as Visiting Committee).

A group of men and women ostensibly independent of the Prison Authorities who visit the prison regularly to hear complaints from prisoners and adjudicate over prisoners referred to them by a Governor requiring a harsher sentence than he can award. The Board for each prison consists of local JP's and worthies - perhaps wealthy business owners, academics - totalling perhaps 20. On any particular visit to a prison up to 3 members of the Board will be present.

### "Burglars" :

The colloquial term applied to the few prison officers responsible for security. Answerable only to the Governor they earn their title by continually creeping around the prison looking for contraband and searching prisoners and their cells.

### Categories of Prisoner: A, B, C, D, E, F:

When sent to Prison, prisoners are classified according to several criteria - their ability and likelihood to escape, the offence for which they were sentenced and their conduct while in prison.

Category A is given to those thought to have both the ability and incentive to escape and whose escape would be dangerous to the public. Prisoners of this category are subject to much tighter security than others. Their cells have more bars, they are searched more often, moved from prison to prison and every movement is recorded in a small red book that accompanies them everywhere.

B, C, and D categories are progressively lesser categories all related to the three aforementioned criteria. D category usually qualifies for an open or semi-open prison.

Category E is applied to those who have escaped and been recaptured. These prisoners are also subject to vigorous security similar to Category A but also wear special yellow stripes and squares (patches) on their clothing.



Category F is given to prisoners who are considered potential suicides.

#### Control Units:

The control units were a scheme developed during the Tory administration of 1970-74 under Robert Carr and opened during the following Labour government by Roy Jenkins. The idea was based on the West German "silent cells" which had proved so successful at disorientating German prisoners. Two units were built - at Wakefield and Wormwood Scrubs prisons - though only one opened due to campaigns against their use. The units were constructed in the corners of the prisons well away from the other wings; the cells were painted white and staff were trained not to speak with inmates. Prisoners sent to the unit had to spend a minimum of 180 days there - this period was divided into two 90 day periods. In the first period no contact with any other inmate was permitted - in the second, limited association with others was allowed. Prisoners sent to the unit were unlikely to spend only the minimum 180 days there though as they could be returned to day one for the slightest misdemeanour or even on the whim of a member of the staff. The only unit to be opened - at Wakefield - was eventually closed after the controversial effects on prisoners were made public.

#### Ghosted:

(Sometimes called shanghaied). The colloquial term referring to prisoners transferred to another prison without the usual notice. Generally reserved for Category A prisoners and those suspected of subversive activities within the prison. This usually occurs at 6 am before other prisoners are let out of their cells in the morning.

#### Judas Glass:

The spy-hole in a cell door through which prisoners can be observed while inside.

#### M.O.:

(Abbreviation for Medical Officer). Although this strictly applies to the resident doctor for the prison it more often refers in prison speech to the white-coated medical prison officers who staff the hospital.

#### Non-Associated Labour:

(Abbreviated N.A.L.) A form of punishment which strictly defined means a prisoner must work while kept apart but in reality it means a prisoner must serve the punishment period in the segregation unit where there rarely are any labour tasks.

#### 'Night-time Compound':

In some prisons there are large areas around the Wings where prisoners can spend their association periods running, playing various sports or simply enjoying some fresh air. Where this occurs after teatime it would be referred to as 'night-time compound'.

#### 'Placed on Report':

To be 'placed on report' is to be hauled before the governor for some breach of discipline which could range from altering prison clothing to fit to mutiny.

#### Recess:

The area on each landing containing toilets, urinals and basins. Referred to as 'recess' because they are set back from the landing. These areas usually contain 2 wash-basins, 2 toilets, a 3 person urinal and a downpipe for slops, to be shared by anything between 80 and 300 prisoners.

#### Rule 43:

This is the prison rule that allows segregation of prisoners without an offence necessarily being committed. Rule 43 (a) provides for prisoners being segregated from other prisoners at their own request for protection. This could happen where someone is known to have 'grassed', or has been convicted of a sex offence, or perhaps has offended other prisoners in some way.

Rule 43 (b) provides for segregation of prisoners by the Governor to ensure 'good order and discipline'. This is a most abused rule since prisoners can be removed from the main prison on the orders of the Governor rubber-stamped by a Visiting Magistrate for what is often just an assumption. Prisoners can be held in solitary confinement for years without ever having been found guilty of any offence.

#### Screw: Prison officer !

#### Segregation Unit:

A separate wing or building where prisoners are kept when on punishment or held on Rule 43.

#### Shops:

Workshops where prisoners work during the day.



'Slopping Out':

The colloquial term applied to emptying piss-pots and buckets kept in prisoners' cells. This procedure takes place twice a day for prisoners locked up 23 hours out of 24.

Spur:

A short section of a wing.

'Turnover':

(Sometimes referred to as 'spin') - a cell search aptly named since everything is turned upside down almost maliciously.













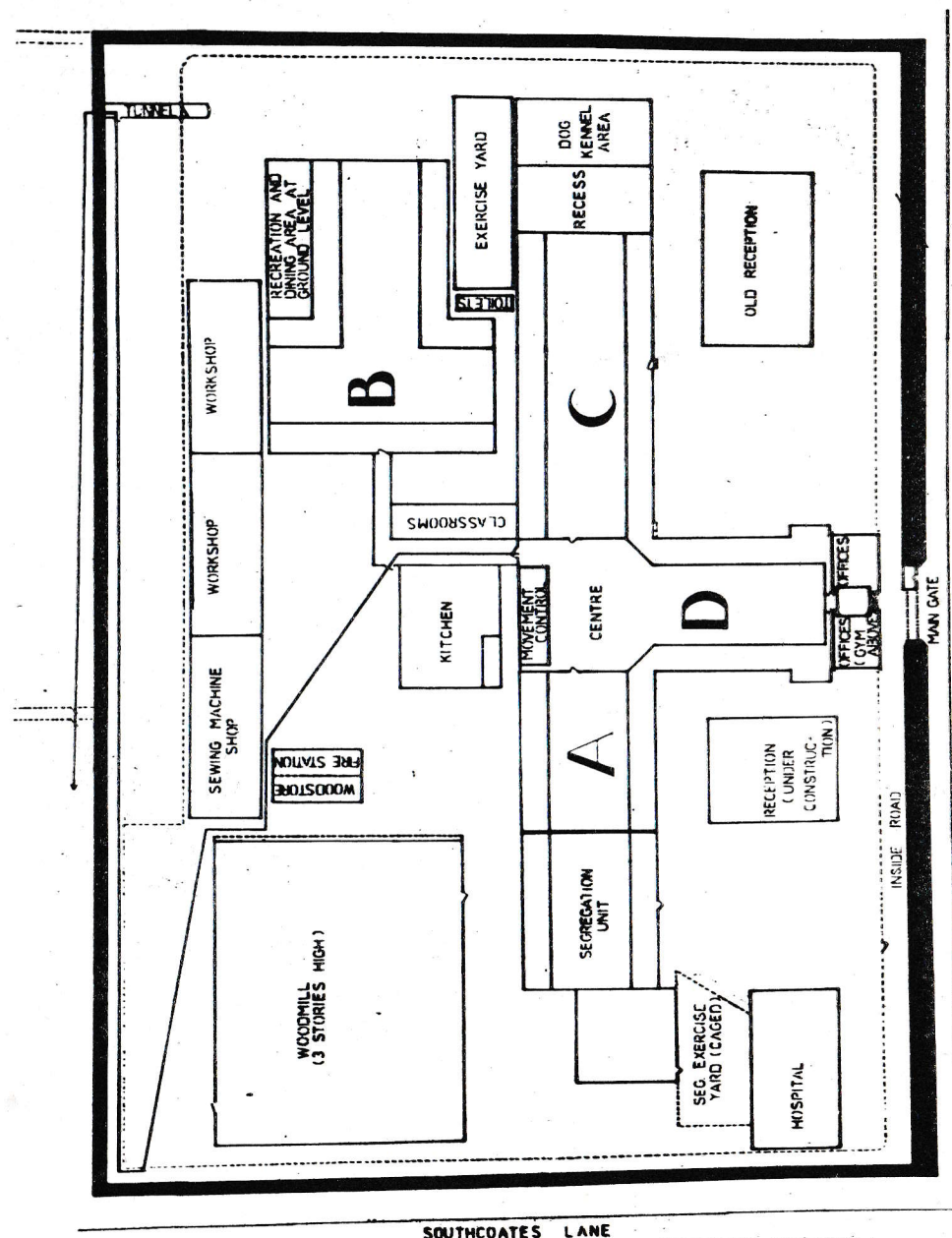


A Saracen armoured car moves into the riot jail yard.

LEEDS FRIDAY SEPTEMBER 3 1976







I was informed some days ago by an ex-Hull inmate located in the Segregation Unit at Wormwood Scrubs along with 14 other ex-Hull inmates including myself, that you're more than interested to learn of the facts and circumstances - before during and after the NOTORIOUS HULL RIOT 1976.

The pleasure will be mine believe me ! At present 14 ex-Hull inmates are located in the Seg. Unit completing their sentence of NON ASSOCIATED LABOUR AWARDS made by the Visiting Committee at Hull (every inmate has been convicted ) on Wardens guidance of offences concerning involvement in the 1976 Hull riot.

A great number of inmates have forfeited many months remission, my own sentence was six months remission with 82 days non associated labour. Which really is a polite way of saying 'Solitary Confinement. '

Since September 3rd 1976. This consists of being securely locked behind cell doors and without a bed or bedding for 8 hours each day - we're locked in these cells 23 hours each and every day, we receive one hour duration of exercise - weather permitting and Governor's discretion. The exercise is usually in fours in a wire cage 10 metres x 3 metres, we are rather like tigers in cages at Chessington Zoo that's if you can imagine this ? No doubt being a respectable member of society you'll be absolutely shattered to hear of happenings in this day and age in which Law Abiding Prison Warders 'BRUTALLY' and 'SYSTEMATICALLY' entered inmates' cells between Friday 3 September and Saturday 4.9.76 at H.M. Prison Hull in teams of four and five and assaulted defenceless unarmed inmates, who were totally exhausted after 3 days without sleep or food.

At that time the cells contained no furniture, no bed - no bedding, no urine chamber. If one wished to urinate it was on the floor. Charming ! Agree ? All luxuries re bed etc. were placed in cells only hours before a visiting committee made a conducted tour : - usual procedure.

Inmates' property and possessions have either been stolen or totally destroyed beyond recognition by Spiteful Jealous Prison Wardens who are embarrassed by their cowardice shown throughout the riot. Half these wardens are ex-Military who



display medals, I would hate to rely on these Wardens if ever we were at war. Surely they must not have been in the front row during any attacks.

At present the authorities are categorically denying the property being stolen or destroyed - usual procedure. I have made numerous complaints and Governor's applications seeking permission to commence legal proceedings against prison Wardens. I have been rejected permission every time by the Governor at Hull Mr Parr and the Board of Visitors to contact any of these persons I am about to mention :

- 1) I have requested permission to contact the Chief Inspector of Hull Constabulary - opposed.
- 2) I've asked to contact my counsel and legal advisors - opposed.
- 3) I've asked to contact my local MP - opposed.

It seems I can't contact anyone. All this takes some believing don't you agree ?

I especially wish you to hear of the Cornflakes Saga, it is not a play. This will absolutely destroy your confidence in the innocent Prison Wardens. I suggest you take the only opportunity I can offer at this present time this being I have a number of years to serve and I will tell all.

John Baldwin.

When a number of Republican prisoners had been housed in Hull Prison we made an application to the Governor to start an Irish Language class in the prison education block and this was granted. We were however only allowed 45 minutes a week against the other classes 90 minutes. The maximum number of students allowed on an education class was 10. Many classes had far less than this attending. When economic cut-backs forced the curtailment of certain activities, the Irish language class was an early casualty. After we had made representations to the Education Officer he spoke to the Governor and requested on our behalf that the Irish Language class be re-instated and one of a number of much less well attended classes be dropped. This request was refused.

The campaign of harassment against Republicans continued unabated. The most popular of the many hobbies allowed in long-term prisons are the making of soft toys and articles in the woodwork class or in the hobbies room. I was refused permission to send a toy to one of my daughters because it was made of green, white and gold material. I was further refused permission to send a coffee table top to my wife after spending several months and a considerable amount of my earnings on purchasing wood and veneer. I was told that the reason I could not send these two articles was that the colours of the teddy-bear being green, white and gold, and the design on the table-top incorporating a harp, they were intended to be I.R.A. propaganda.

I feel sure that anyone can see that conditions as far as Republican prisoners were concerned were rapidly becoming intolerable. Although there was a calculated and specific campaign against Republican prisoners, the conditions for all long-term prisoners at Hull prison were slowly but surely reaching the point at which we arrived on the evening of August the 31st last year. One of the greatest causes of anger amongst prisoners was the wide and indiscriminate use of Rule 43, under which a prisoner may be placed in solitary confinement for no reason other than the governor saying that it is done for "Good order and discipline." A short while before the riot I and other Republican prisoners were placed on Rule 43 for 14 days and there was no reason given. No-one had been charged with any offence.

Although a rumour that a prisoner in the punishment block had been beaten by four officers sparked off the riot, the real



reasons behind it were the accelerated decline of conditions and curtailment of activities and privileges caused by the economic cut-backs and the arrival at the prison of a new governor and chief officer. Education classes were severely cut back, a number of privileges were suspended. Evening association time was shortened by one hour, and evening recreation in the sports compound was cut from three nights per week to one night. Economic cut-backs were applied to all prisons. But whereas in other long-term prisons the cut-backs were made with the minimum disruption to prisoners' free time and recreational activities, at Hull prison the complete reverse of this policy was applied.

The best illustration of the campaign being waged against Republican prisoners in English prisons came on the first morning of the riot at Hull when a spokesman for the prison authorities told newspaper and news media reporters that the riot could be a cover up for an I.R.A. escape plot. At no time before or during the riot did anyone, Republican or otherwise, intend that the riot should be a cover for an escape. All long-term prisoners who played any part in the riot did so for the same reason, and the reason was as a protest against conditions under which long-term prisoners were forced to serve their sentence. The only cover up was the attempt by the prison authorities to blame Republican prisoners for an event they themselves had precipitated.

When Mr Lewis from the Home Office came to the prison to negotiate the terms under which the prisoners would agree to end the riot I was elected to represent the interests of the Republican prisoners in the talks with him. During these negotiations Mr Lewis stated that I had his "personal guarantee" that none of the Republican prisoners would be subjected to physical violence, set aside for extra punishment or retaliation, and that our personal possessions would be restored to us as soon as possible. Needless to say, all of these conditions have been broken. At the end of the riot we were housed in the one small wing that was relatively undamaged. I was fortunate inasmuch as I was transferred to Leeds Prison within a few hours of the riot ending. Other Republican prisoners were not so fortunate. Property handed into the prison officers in the undamaged wing has been vandalised or gone missing. Republican prisoners have been convicted on charges and given long periods of punishment, for which no other evidence was brought than the word of a single prison officer. Although it is now eight months since the riot occurred, and despite the assurance that an enquiry is being conducted we have received no notification whatsoever regarding our property. Small amounts of property have been returned. The property that has been returned has in

many cases been damaged or does not belong to the prisoner to whom it has been given. This despite the fact that each prisoner was careful to label his property with his name and prison number.

Upon arriving at Armley Prison Leeds on the evening of Friday September the 3rd, I was placed on Rule 43 and remained in solitary confinement for 98 days until my appearance before the visiting magistrates to answer charges brought against me arising out of the riot. I was charged and found guilty of five separate charges and sentenced to :

168 days exclusion from associated work. (Solitary confinement.)

168 days loss of all earnings.

168 days loss of all privileges.

A report submitted to the Life Sentence Review Board.

I acknowledge my guilt on four of my five charges. The fifth charge was a total concoction by the officer who gave evidence. The charge was that I was seen to loot property from other inmates' cells.

In his evidence he said he saw me going into and leaving other inmates' cells carrying a pillow-case. I asked what property had been taken. The officer said he didn't know. I asked what was supposed to have been in the pillow-case and I received the same answer yet again. The pillow-case or stolen property were never produced. When I left Hull Prison I was in possession of no property whatsoever, and when property that was not mine was sent to Leeds from Hull in my property list I immediately pointed this out to the receiving officer.

Despite explaining all this, the magistrates found the charge proven. The whole attitude of the Board was simply that whatever an Officer said was accepted and whatever an inmate said was rejected out of hand. They were not there so much to administer an adjudication as to award punishment no matter what.

Before closing this statement I wish to mention that since the beginning of this year I have been transferred to this prison (Leicester) to finish off the remainder of my 168 days punishment and as I come off the punishment shortly, I hope to be moved to another long-term prison where I can be given back the few privileges that I had. Also I enclose a copy of the reply the Home Secretary gave to all these points.

Martin Brady.



Contrary to what the Home Office would lead the public to believe, the riot at Hull prison was not a carefully planned conspiracy, it was an utterly spontaneous reaction of long nursed grievances against petty restrictions and increasing prison officer arrogance. Men being placed on report for minor breaches of discipline and landing up with loss of remission and, or, confinement in the segregation unit. Increasing numbers of men being placed on Rule 43 - solitary confinement - for months at a time. Then the cut back in prison officers' overtime which resulted in the inmates association time being shortened. The news that a prisoner had been assaulted in the Seg Unit brought it all to a head, in this way.

About forty men gathered on the centre and the deputy governor, a Mr Manning, was sent for, he was asked if one of the men could be taken to the 'Unit' and see the man who had supposedly been assaulted but after consultation with the governor he came back and told us that no one would be allowed into the S.U. under any condition, so he was told that we would stay where we were until we got some satisfaction, and this he was quite content to let us do. We stood about on the centre for approximately half an hour and everyone was getting a bit fed up, so much so that when the gate of A wing was opened everyone flooded in and made their way onto the landings milling around and talking, this went on for about ten minutes then all of a sudden a bucket of water complete with bucket was thrown from the top landing. It landed at the feet of a prison officer who ran from the wing and as he did so a huge cry went up from some 20 odd men and they went berserk - in 15 minutes A wing was completely wrecked. The S.U. is part of A wing partitioned off, that was the next to go, every person on punishment and Rule 43 was liberated and their bitterness was added to the anger that was causing men to run riot. C wing was then wrecked and D wing followed soon after and then the riot was over and the only reason it went on for so long was not for more and more destruction, it was through fear, fear of prison staff who wanted blood and for this reason the barricades were kept in position for so long because believe me if those screws had got in there would have been broken limbs, broken heads and possibly death too and I'm not being melodramatic either when I say it could have turned into another Attica.

Of course it had to come to an end and it did in this way.

A spokesman for the Home Office, a Mr Lewis, came and spoke terms with us and two conditions that we asked for and got were (1) that there would be no revenge brutality dished out by the staff and that (2) anything we valued could be carried over the barricade to the only undamaged wing and that it would be safe. Neither of these assurances were kept. The first night over in the other wing we were kept awake all night long by screws banging on the doors and pipes, and shouting. The next morning Saturday 4th September one at a time we were let out to get our breakfast and suffered kicks and abuse. I was collected from my cell and told that I was being moved to another prison and I was dragged out by a screw named Stevenson or Stevens - the P.E.I. - who is a master of Karate and Judo, a black belt and so many dans - I don't know - I was kicked, kneed and punched by dozens of screaming screws down three flights of stairs and all the time their only concern was "Don't mark his face". I was then handcuffed up behind three other inmates who had got the same treatment as myself. I then heard another being dragged down the stairs, this was a boy of 23 named Paul Hill. He had shoulder length hair and it was by this that he was being pulled down the stairs helped by full blooded kicks to his stomach, chest and back - he was literally thrown down the last few stairs with the words "Remember Hull '76." After him came Peter Rajah but before I saw him I heard a screw shout out "Never mind he'll bounce off the walls", then he was shoved, he came into view and his face was smothered in red jam - his face had been pushed into a tin of it at the breakfast counter and a hospital screw who was standing at the foot of the stairs thinking it was blood ran over with a towel and wiped at his face, this is how concerned they were at not wanting to mark our faces. And Manning the Deputy Governor watched it all grinning. So much for one of Mr Lewis' assurances.

I had approximately £300 worth of personal property in my possession at Hull Prison and I took everything I valued most across the barricade with me - it was well packed undamaged in a big wooden case and it included a stereo record player, a 78 LP collection and 30 single records. A good radio, gold glasses, gold ring and gold chain and in my cell I left three sets of curtains, carpets, a quantity of sports equipment, bedspread, carpet slippers, loads of toilet articles etc.

My personal property got to Leicester Prison about a month after I did and this is what it consisted of : One record player smashed beyond repair along with the speakers, 54 LP



records, 24 having been stolen by the screws, 30 singles and one smashed pair of glasses and that was the lot, nothing else. The three other ex Hull men who are here at Leicester have got nothing at all.

So much for Mr Lewis' second assurance.

I am now in solitary confinement on Rule 43, am locked up in my cell for 23 hours a day whilst the powers that be decide what punishment shall be my lot for being at Hull Prison when the top blew off the pot.

Bertie Coster.

AUGUST 31ST TO SEPTEMBER 3RD 1976.

I was at Hull Prison when the riot took place on the evening of 31st August 1976. I was on the centre with other inmates, we had asked to see the Governor about an inmate named Clifford who it was said had been assaulted by staff in the block that morning. The A.G. Manning spoke to us and said the governor would not come in to talk nor would he allow an inmate to go to see Clifford in the block with staff to see if he had been assaulted and Governor also said Clifford would be dealt with in the morning and if we wished to complain to do it then. We then decided to sit down on the centre but at about 7.50 pm the gate on to A wing opened and everyone went through and up on A wing landings and stood there quietly. At first I thought the staff were fetching Clifford to the block door which leads onto A wing as at no time when we came through the gates had staff tried or said not to come on A wing.

An inmate shouted through the window to the block which is joined onto A wing and we all heard the answer back that it was true Clifford had been assaulted and had suffered bruises to his eyes and nose ; at this time there were only three screws and A.G. Manning standing on A wing ground floor near the door to the centre. After a few minutes of murmuring among us a fire bucket full of water was thrown down and the screws and Manning ran out locking gate and door, then things started getting smashed and it carried on from there. At about 9.30 I saw officers in riot gear come out of C wing onto the centre and start to chase inmates on D wing and staff caught one whom I know as \_\_\_\_\_ and beat him to the floor with sticks, kick him about the head and body and one of them jumped with both feet on his head. He was bleeding from the head and laid out before his head was jumped on. I also saw another man beaten on the head with riot sticks, kicked and left laid out bleeding from the head. I don't know his name but he was off my wing which is D wing. It was after this that I saw no more staff on either A, D or C wings - they had left the prison and stayed only on B wing and inside the grounds in riot gear.

On Thursday morning a Home Office spokesman asked to speak to us and it was agreed to hear what he had to say. He asked us to stop and come out, he assured us that we would not be



assaulted by staff and could bring our personal property out with us, so all agreed to go out on Friday morning and asked for all other screws from other prisons to be cleared out - only Hull staff left for us to come out to as we all then knew staff left there and the spokesman said that he agreed to this as well.

I went to my cell on D wing and got my property together in a bag to take out. I went out on Friday at around 10 am, was searched and my belongings taken from me. Then I was given a strip search and locked up in a cell on B wing. These cells had no furniture in them and no glass in the windows. At around 2.30 pm I was unlocked and handcuffed to another inmate and escorted by screws to a coach. Altogether there were 16 inmates including myself. We were taken from Hull to Dartmoor prison. I stayed there until 16th November and then was taken with others to Leeds prison. Whilst at Leeds we were all subjected to aggro by staff there (at Dartmoor we were just locked up 23 hours a day and suffered no aggro from screws. The Governor there told us we were on Rule 43 for subversion). I was charged at Leeds with 'being absent from my cell at Hull ' and 'being seen on A wing roof in a concerted act of indiscipline ', and with 'being seen looting a cell on D2 wing on Thursday noon'.

I was taken before Mr Parr, Hull governor, at Leeds on 8th December and heard the charges against me. I was asked if I had prepared my defence to which I said yes. He asked me what my defence was and I said I would tell V.C. next day. On the 9th December I was before the Board and the officer who charged me read his evidence out and I was asked to question him at this point. I asked the Board if I could call two witnesses. They asked why. I said, "to state I was not on A wing roof at the time the screw said I was. " The Chairman said no, as I could question the screw myself. In other words he was saying neither me nor witnesses would be telling the truth. At this I lost my temper and said, "well change my plea to guilty to these charges, as you have done already."

On the looting charges I pleaded not guilty and questioned the officer as he was an S.O. from my wing. He said he saw me enter the third cell on the left on D2 and come out with a pillowcase with stuff inside it. I asked him if he recalled what cell I was in on D2 and he said cell 21 so I said "how many cells is it up on the left of D2 ? " and he thought, then said "third cell up" and also said then to the Board, "It may have been the second cell up on the left he saw me enter". I then said "nothing else to ask him". I was taken out for about ten minutes, then back in. The Chairman said,

"You pleaded guilty to two charges and we sentence you to lose 150 days remission and 70 days solitary and other privileges on those two charges ; on the looting charge we find the case not proven. " I was stuck for words at this, as they may as well have said guilty. It was as good as, I have never heard a verdict like that before in English law, so that is still on my record. I did my punishment at Leeds and then was moved to Durham for five weeks before coming to Gartree. Leeds was the worst aggro for us (an inmate named N.Longden lost 28 days all round for bumping into a screw when it was the other way around - the screw purposely barged into Longden).

I saw the man Clifford on 31st August at around 11 pm and saw his face close up and he had bruises under both his eyes and a swollen nose. I told this to the Inspector on the Inquiry which took place weeks after my adjudication. Also I was told that on Clifford's V.C. two inmates named Madden and Lowe had said to the Board that Clifford was not assaulted and the result that caused Clifford to lose remission for malicious allegations was a pack of lies by these two inmates. I received no property back which I handed into the staff that Friday except for a few photos, which were ripped up.

Michael Davis.



I was at HMP Hull at the time of the riot. We gathered on the centre and made enquiries about the inmate who was beaten up in the Segregation Unit. We spoke to the Assistant Governor Mr Manning who assured us that the inmate had not been beaten up. We then requested to see the No.1 Governor, and the A.G. went and phoned him. He then returned and told us that the Governor could not come in, as he was at a dinner dance, but, he had sent orders for us to be returned to our cells. We then asked for a delegation of inmates to see inmate Clifford, again this was refused. We then went to A wing gate, which was opened for us by A.G. Manning, who when we were all through shouted to the inmates still on D wing landing, "Any more of you want to come through ? " He then locked the door and gate to A wing, and had the rest of the prison locked up.

When I was on the roof, I saw the inmate Clifford, who had two black eyes and a long scratch on his face. He then verified that he had been beaten up by four prison officers. From A wing roof I saw several inmates who had given themselves up beaten by officers with riot batons while they were handcuffed. John Oates gave himself up after climbing down a drainpipe, when he reached the ground the dog handlers set their dogs on him and beat him with riot sticks, punched and kicked him then dragged him away. Several inmates who wanted to give themselves up were told "Stay where you are you bastards we are coming in to get you. "

I myself had just returned from Hull Royal Infirmary after a major operation on my spine, and had just had the stitches removed from my hip where a piece of bone had been removed to be fused into my spine through my throat, and I was in considerable pain. I spoke to the man who came to the prison from the Home Office, and he assured me that I would not be harmed in any way if I came down from the roof, and would receive an immediate medical examination. For obvious reasons I stayed where I was, when the MP was out prison officers who were patrolling the perimeter fence shouted at us and said "You are getting this when you come down ", and waved riot sticks at us. When the negotiations for the terms of surrender had been made my mate helped me from A wing on to D wing and I was handed over to A.G. Manning who carried me over the barricade and handed me over to two prison officers and told them to take me to the hospital, on the way through to the hospital I was slammed against the wall and searched. I was then taken to see the doctor, who took one look at me and

said, "Get him through to B wing." Again I was searched and my personal effects were taken from me by medical screw Stevenson who pulled his baton from his pocket and threatened me with it, I was then taken to B wing and again I was searched. I was then dragged up the stairs being kicked and punched on the way up.

I saw the screws smashing up cell furniture and radios, record players, kicking them up and down the landing. I was then asked what my name was and when I replied one screw said "We have been waiting for you, you bastard", he then kicked me in the groin then three others started to hit me with riot sticks, kick and punch me, they then dragged me by the hair into a cell where they continued to beat me, one pig came in with two chamber pots of urine and threw them over me, then they left. The cell had no windows and had glass and urine all over the floor. One screw came back in and said "How is your side you fucking cripple ? " and started to beat me up again, one of them kept saying "Don't mark the bastard's face ", and I was told to keep away from the window and to stay on the floor. Later that night I can't say the exact time, I was handcuffed and dragged down the stairs and made to walk to the prison compound where a hole had been cut in the wire, and then I was put on a bus, where I asked a screw if I could have something for my side as I was in considerable pain. He told me to shut fucking up and said "You will have to wait." While I was on the bus John Oates came on the bus and all he was wearing was a hospital dressing gown and was in a state of hysterics screaming and shouting. We then started off and arrived at Leicester where we got a cup of tea and two sandwiches, we set off and arrived at Wormwood Scrubs where we had a hot meal.

We were told we would be seeing the senior medical officer, and myself and John Oates were admitted to hospital immediately. Twice I was taken out to Maida Vale hospital for a myelogram and X-rays on my spine, in all I spent 12 weeks in the prison hospital. Locked in a cell except for exercise. On the 10th of November I was put on a coach where I met several other inmates from Hull, and I was told we were going to Durham Prison, once there we were taken in front of the Governor and told that we were being placed on Rule 43 pending the Visiting Committee and were put on C wing special cells, locked up 23 hours a day, with exercise if the weather permitted, slopped out one at a time with 6 or 7 screws on the landing standing over you even when you were on the toilet, receiving meals that were cold, not allowed to go to religious services on a Sunday. I repeatedly complained and was told it was Governors orders. Visits were held in a little room with 2 screws



present, in the main prison visiting room refreshments are provided for visitors, we had none provided on C wing, we were made to wear greys and jackets which did not apply to the rest of the prison.

Three days before the Visiting Committee came to adjudicate us a Principal Officer and two screws came into my cell and asked me what part I took in the riot. I then admitted that I was there from start to finish. He asked if I had done any damage to the prison property, to which I replied "No". He then told me I was not being charged with anything, I asked him why I was not being charged, since I was involved in the riot, to which he replied "Don't ask me". My friend Sammy Howden was with me from start to finish and had six charges of which he was completely innocent, and asked the Visiting Committee if he could call me as a witness in his defence, this was refused, he got 800 days remission and 8 months segregation unit. I lost all my personal property, letters, photographs, radio and stereo record player and all my LP records, which the screws destroyed when they checked the cells to find out who was on A wing. After 5 months locked up I was called to C wing office and told I was being transferred to where I am at the time of this.

Jamie Doran.

No one is going to pay any attention to what happened at Hull because it is only prisoners it has happened to, but I would like to say what happened to myself there.

We were told by a man from the Home Office that came to see us when we were on the roof at Hull Prison, that if we came down off the roof, nothing would happen to us. What I mean is that we would not get any beatings. But some of us knew that we would get beatings when the Home Office left, as some prison officers said to us that we were going to get it anyway "when he had gone".

But we still came down off the roof, some thinking it could not happen. Each detail of what happened to myself at Hull is imprinted on my mind like an image in a film. The Saturday morning after we came down off the roof, at breakfast time you could hear them giving the beatings out. It was as if they had gone 'crazy', you could hear it all over B wing.

And when you are in a cell, you are thinking, when will it be me, and then the door is open so now it's you, and if you will not come out of your cell, then they will come in and take you out so that they can give you the beating outside for all the other prison officers to see you get yours. I must say that I was one of them that got beaten up at Hull, but we all know that nothing will happen to the ones that gave us the beatings. We all know what the verdict will be when the Inspector has done his reports. When you have the judge and the jury on your side then there can only be one verdict.

Let's have the truth out in the open, let's have an "open inquiry" not one done by the prison or the Home Office. You don't think they are going to let the truth be known, that's why they are keeping it in the prison. The next time anything like this happens they could be having an inquest not an inquiry. The threat of the law hanging over them will not come into it and they know this. The law will never come into the prison, because they will not let the law in to see the prisoners. But if a prisoner beat up a prison officer then the law can come in to the prison, so that the prisoner can be taken to court. But we can't have the same law as them. I would like to know why not. So now it looks as if they are going to get away with it at Hull Prison.

D.Foley.



I write this of my own free will. This in brief is some of the points leading up to the riot. It was stated that the riot was due to the loss of one hour from Association - this is untrue, as is that of any other allegation or stated cause put forward by prison officials so far.

During the latter end of 1975 up to the time of the riot, inmates were subjected to a tightening programme in which they lost a good number of privileges, including the hour's Association. Most of these were petty, which could only have been kept in force and did nothing for security and only served to annoy frustrated men who had had them for years. Example - not allowed football socks any more. Stupid, but a new ruling like so many more.

Inmates naturally grumbled but accepted the new rulings without any active protest. Then pressure was applied by officers. The prison officers at Hull, due to the loss of the inmates' association hour, were losing out on their overtime. A meeting was called by them and there was talk of a work to rule because of the 7 hours weekly loss. The Governor stepped in and all the work to rule plans ended there. So like everywhere else the underdog has to pay. The line of thought was simple - use the prisoners as levers for our cause. So wherever possible in the course of duty, pressure was applied to prisoners. When the new Chief and Governor came along and the officers realised they would be backed up, without question, the real pressure was applied. After prolonged pressure, frustrated prisoners gave way to pent up emotions after the final straw was broken which was the beating up of a prisoner in the Segregation Unit.

About 100 prisoners went on to the Centre and demanded to see the inmate in question, or to be taken down to see him - that is a couple of inmates to relay his well-being to the rest. These assurances were refused - an admittance of foul play was the logical conclusion drawn.

If the inmates had been allowed to see the man in question I don't think anything serious would have happened. True the man had been assaulted, but I think the men would have pressed for an inquiry in a peaceable manner. But prisoners not being looked on as humans with any rights at all in any respects, as I say, permission to see the man was refused.

The riot started - how I don't think was important with the exception of the security outlook. Terms were asked for which were granted for the handing back of the prison by the Under Secretary of the Home Office.

On the Friday when the inmates came down they were searched thoroughly. All items of personal belongings were taken from them and put in plastic bags and tied with string. Certain people were there watching the procedure all was well, and inmates were taken to cells and locked up. Later a vast number of inmates were moved to other prisons leaving about 80 in Hull, of whom I was one.

The morning following the surrender we were unlocked one at a time for breakfast. Prison officers lined the corridors on both sides, one every couple of feet en route to where the meal, if it can be classed as that, was being served. Prisoners were punched, kicked and dragged to the place of breakfast and then back by officers while the superior officers stood by watching and shouting "Don't mark their faces."

During the next few days men were degraded in every way possible. Food and drink were doctored with urine and spittle - hard to believe, but true. Food was cut to the minimum. A lot of personal equipment was found to be broken since its safe arrival into the prison authorities hands after the riot. We slept with only a blanket and mattress for the first ten days with no showers or baths. Then we were given a shower, sheets and three extra blankets but still no bed. We were finally given a bed about the third week.

In the course of time things improved until prisoners received their bare rights, but where possible the excuse of "We are under riot conditions" was used to get out of giving us anything extra. The officers themselves behaved like undisciplined children running riot themselves, taking advantage of the present conditions to deal out punishment for past grievances or dislikes. Prisoners were placed on report for the smallest things in order for inmates to lose as much remission as possible. The Visiting Committee who tried men for the riot were nothing but a kangaroo court.

What I have stated is true, but for reasons best known to myself I go by the name of "Garth". We are not angels and don't pretend to be. But do we deserve this?

"Garth".



I was a cleaner on 'A' wing (Segregation Unit). I was in the recess attending to my work when I heard voices raised in anger. I looked out and saw Martin Clifford arguing with P.O. Robinson. As I watched 3 officers came running down the landing, they were officers HOUSTON, HARRISON and CROLL who joined ROBINSON. All four proceeded to punch and kick Martin Clifford, they then left the cell and seeing me, they locked me up.

When I was unlocked sometime later I went to Clifford's cell, lifted the spy-hole cover and saw him lying on the floor unconscious. I kicked on his door and shouted to him "What have they done to you ? "

I managed to pass this information on to the main prison.

Things had got so bad in Hull that Martin Clifford was the last straw. Had it not been for this the riot would have taken place sometime later on due to the incessant prodding by the screws who were deliberately trying to provoke the men.

Alix Goodman.

I was at Hull Prison from March 1973 to October 1976 so you can understand when I say I got to know pretty well everyone there, that's including the screws as it was a very liberal prison at one time. But all of a sudden things started to change when Governor Kearns settled in, all our food and Wing Committees were stopped, we were always getting degraded by his orders to strip men on turn-overs. I myself with being an 'A' man, at least had one of these turn-overs once a week. I was made to stand in front of one or two screws with nothing on me.

Now I would like to say what I saw on B Wing after the riot. When we were put on B Wing there was nothing at all in the cells, it was ten days later I received a mattress to sleep on, two days later still I got a chair. It was during this period that I saw men getting badly beaten by screws. They were kicked, punched and jumped on while on the ground. I can name the men who were badly beaten as Blackie Saxton, Peter Rajah, Mick Russell, Tony Donnelly, Joe Duffy, of course there were others, I can only say what I myself saw. I myself was just given a few smacks on the back and head, but it wasn't a thing to what these men got.

Now I'll refer back to me saying I got to know even the screws there, well when they were bringing the tea round one night there was this screw called John Byran who said to me don't drink the tea. I had thought before the tea tasted strange of course when I got speaking to this screw he told me some of his colleagues had pissed in it, and that screw was blanked by the rest of the screws for not giving any stick out after the trouble. Everything I've said here is what I saw and is the truth.

David Greer.



I was at Hull Prison during the recent riot. On Saturday morning 4.9.76 I was made to run the gauntlet of prison officers and was assaulted by six or seven different officers and I was effectively prevented from taking breakfast. This was knocked from my hands.

Through the Judas glass in my cell door I witnessed several other prisoners assaulted by staff and also heard sounds that indicated many other inmates were assaulted throughout the wing.

Of my personal property which I had handed in to staff, items to the value of £150 have been 'misaid'. A further £225 worth of property left in my cell was burnt by staff.

On arrival at this jail I was allowed to inspect what property I still possess. I found that my guitar was badly damaged. Obviously this was done deliberately as the guitar is in a protective case and the type and extent of the damage indicate this. Also the guitar is valued at £50. Also missing were several educational certificates which I had received after the riot and which I was informed by staff had been placed in my personal property.

I can state that I saw an officer's private car inside the prison. It appeared that the rear of the car was full of packages and was located near a building where inmates' property was stored. I may add that I was cleared of taking part in the riot by visiting magistrates who acquitted me of the charge.

In regards to the assaults and loss of property there are undoubtedly people in a worse situation than I.

The above facts should be the subject of an enquiry and should also be placed in the public eye.

Neil Harding.

I was involved in the protest at Hull. The events that led to this protest are already known by you, so I will start from after the thing was over, and when we were put in strip cells in B wing. After being in my cell for about two hours, six screws came in led by a screw called Nobby Clark, they asked me for my medal around my neck. As it was of sentimental value I refused. I was then pushed into a corner and held down while Clark ripped it from my neck. They gave me a few petty slaps and then left. That night we were each (I think) given a mattress, no blankets, anyway the screws made it impossible for sleep as they roamed like 'little armies' around the landings (in the total darkness) banging doors, screaming in their usual lunatic ways, only some cons got more than verbal, on my landing I know of at least one con who they set about in his cell, and throughout most of the night, I heard others getting the by now 'normal treatment'. I was very lucky on the Friday night because apart from the verbal I was left alone. By Sat. morning most cons I'm sure felt as I did, cold, tired and hungry and most of all afraid of what was to come.

'The beatings' - not a feeling of fear as such, but a feeling of despair knowing each of us were totally helpless, I heard the screws work their way along my landing one at a time, cons were battered to breakfast and battered back again, when they got to me I was opened up, grabbed by the hair and dragged along the landing. I was kicked and punched about the body the whole way up the landing by screws who screamed and yelled as if they hated me more than anything in this world. I was in a ball to protect my face, head and privates so they lifted me by the hair and dipped my face in a tray of jam, I was then beaten back down to my cell and dumped on the floor, a few mins later they came back again and said bye byes. I was again beaten along the landing and down two flights of stairs, I was lucky enough to have a prisoner who was battered down in front of me witness my beating at the bottom of the stairs. He has said he will back me up in any court proceedings that I may take. This con is B.Coster who I am with at present. We then saw another con P.Rajah (also here) receiving the same treatment that we had. We were then handcuffed and taken to the police wagon and taken here. We each petitioned for access to a brief. This has been refused us, as they want us to tell them our full story first, which we won't do, as whoever beat us up will be told in advance to say they was elsewhere. While at Hull I got my small record (file) and some of the lines



about me are as follows :

- 1) That in Albany Prison I spoke of my willingness to take hostages, they said I might kill them.
- 2) That at all times I am moody and show my hate for the screws by being unco-operative.
- 3) That anyone who has ever spoken to me has said I express a desire to escape.

And no. 4 is the one that frightens me. They said I am totally suicidal. I am of sound mind and anyone who knows me says I'm happy go lucky. The reason I worry over this is why should they say this knowing it to be untrue? They also state other matters, some of which I don't want to reveal to anyone other than my brief as they were to do with my case and he is at present trying to have it re-opened and I don't wish to hinder his efforts. I think what disturbed me most of all was the fact that they had an intimate bit on each of the main witnesses at my trial and the part that angers me most of all is that they have a section in it on my girl (who has a child by me). They underlined in red This relationship must be ended. Not content with their efforts to wreck us they also wish to wreck our families. My record finished by stating - again underlined in red - must be treated with strict discipline at all times. I would be very obliged if you could contact my aunt

and inform her of the above. She will with the help of my girlfriend supply you with a list of all the property I have ever had sent to prison. I have received none of this. I would be in debt to you if you would also stress to her the importance of me seeing a solicitor as there is a lot of things I fear for both on my case and what's going to happen to us over this, as we get the feeling we have seen nothing yet. Almost my entire family are in Belfast so you will appreciate the difficulty I face and it also appears that at present my mail is being held up by the prison and some mail I have not received at all.

We are bit by bit becoming more frustrated here as we are here and suffering over a prisoner who was beaten up at Hull, yet since coming here we have heard of guys being beaten and put in the 'strong box' naked. I fear that if these things are not brought to light then someone will be killed as it's all too easy.

These people (screws) are their own law, and that is the law of the boot and the fist, all this is sanctioned by their lords (the govs.). I've been in 9 prisons in two years and I thought I'd seen the lot. But I ain't seen as much brutality towards

cons as I've seen at Hull and Here (Leicester). All we can do is protest verbally over these beatings here, but I might as well talk to the bog roll than do that, cause all we get in return is shit. If any of us were to raise our hands we would be battered, so what do we do? Listen to shit, get battered or hide in our cells like cowards and go insane listening to cons screaming? We are human beings and we want to tell the world we're human because if we don't, after more of this we won't be human very long, we'll be shells or dead. Some people may say I read too many violent books but I know in my soul that if they came into this cell and clubbed me to death, that not one of them would face the law; remember THEY ARE THE LAW IN OUR WORLD. While at Hull I was also shown by a prisoner J. Reed that on his file it said I was having a homosexual affair with him, I'd only ever spoken to him twice and both times in passing.

In Hull I was one of the four cons who busted those in the seg unit out and I witnessed A. Clifford and I say now that the side of his face was marked, no one could ever tell me otherwise, as I seen with my own eyes. I also felt and adored the feeling of how the cons on the block hugged us as if we had just broke them from hell, some were so happy they had tears in their eyes, and I didn't even know these 'crazy happy guys'. But to me it felt like they were my brothers (and they are) as I'm one of them, a con. I suppose people see us on the box looking like some kind of Cambridge rapist all masked up - only what they saw was human beings, that's what we are. (We all got balls and brains but some got balls and chains). We only want to live like human beings. I'm doing recommended natural life, and I fear for my sanity and safety with what I see around me every day. From what I've seen of those who look after our health - at Hull the MOs (Medical Officers) ran alongside the screws yelling "Don't mark their faces". These people are medical officers yet they are breaching the laws of the Red Cross on the treatment of prisoners passed by the Council of Human Rights. I would die of an illness before I would have them anywhere near me with their mind eating drugs.

As far as protesting to the 'guy' about beatings and our treatment I will tell you how much they care - at Hull while B. Coster myself and P. Rajah were being beaten downstairs the AG there, a dog called Manning, watched in the middle of 20 screws and grinned to himself. I'm not saying he was grinning at the pain we were in. No, he was no doubt grinning at the good (wonderful) job that his staff (army?) were doing! So who do we protest to. We each feel as helpless as new born babies we only wish our minds felt as light as theirs, as we each know what we have (and still are) experienced will never be erased



from our minds.

We read your booklet Hull 76 and we each felt happy and proud that now we know that somebody cares for us and to know that you are trying to highlight this has restored a lot of faith that we are slowly losing. Each of us know in our hearts that the system is out to do us both physically and mentally and knowing you care will make us resist all the more strongly. We know that on the VC we will go on (if that's what we get) that we will have no chance to defend ourselves and this is why we would like to get in touch with briefs and get our stories out in full before we are sent all over the country and our contacts with each other are lost. I wish to end now by taking this chance to thank you for caring for us and I will be very happy if you will assist my family in bringing this to light.

Paul Michael Hill.

Here is a true account of what I know of the Hull riot which took place between Aug.31st and Sept.3rd 1976.

On the evening of August 31st I was on 'D' wing of the prison to which I was allocated, when I observed a gathering on the prison centre consisting of a Governor and other prison staff and inmates. I like many others went to see what was happening. It appeared a discussion was taking place about a matter of brutality supposedly having taken place in the prison's Segregation Unit. The next thing everyone was going on to 'A' wing of the prison. Of course a member of the staff had to open the gate to allow this to happen, so I followed after hearing the Governor say "It's O.K. let them go ". I was thinking that everyone was going to sort out the allegations.

This was not the case, the gate was locked so no one could get out and then all hell broke loose. Within minutes it seemed the staff had deserted the prison in the main section of the prison, leaving everyone not wanting to get involved to fend for themselves. I took refuge in a cell owned by a man named Ronald St. Germaine, and remained there for forty hours, along with two other men. But I was not allowed to call witnesses or offer any defence excepting my own verbal admission at my trial. I was refused legal advice from my solicitor. I put the whole matter as being no more than a charade. I pleaded guilty to a charge of being out of my cell and for this I lost 60 days of remission and 60 days loss of all privileges.

I have no complaint for this punishment, however I was further charged with being seen on 'D' wing roof at 10 pm on Tuesday, August 31st by an officer, which was one word against another, pure fabrication as in most cases. The officer claims to have been in the prison at 10 pm when it was very dark. Also like I have said earlier in this statement, the word going round by all the rest of the inmates was that by this particular time the staff had left their fort and took up positions outside and surrounding the prison walls.

May I say that the man in question of being assaulted, Martin Clifford, I saw shortly after he was released from the unit and quite clearly saw that he had a badly swollen and black eye.

After a Home Office spokesman had assured us that there would



be no brutality when everyone surrendered, people then came out of cells and other places and came down 'A' wing roof, as 'A' wing roof was the only way out the gates still being locked on everyone. However the promise of no brutality was not kept, and the day after the surrender ninety per cent of the inmates left in Hull Prison were in one way or another beaten up and even drenched in prison officer's urine. I am a first time prisoner and it was the most frightening experience of my life.

J.Hinds.

The after effects of the riot at Hull do more to show how the authority feel about us than any normal procedure they can use. The unrest in the prison was because of a whole lot of things that no-one was honest enough to sit down and reason out with us.

Just a few, but I feel major, things that helped to cause unrest I will now mention. Each week we could count at least 20 new trainee screws fresh from civvy street trying to find out how a prison is run. They had just read the rule book and I believe they were eager to see how they could put all these rules to practice. Through this we were subjected to more turn-overs, we were getting nicked for answering back, altering our clothes to fit in shops, not wearing standard footwear in shops etc. The older screws started to jump on the bandwagon and things really started to hot up.

The shops soon put up task rates so as to cut down men's earnings. Also, if you couldn't or wouldn't put in a minimum task you got nicked. Our watches then had to have no metal straps, either plastic or leather. We couldn't have our own underwear sent in or football socks or any towels in the end. If taking a brew to work it had to be in a sealed container, also tea-breaks were cut down in length. It was easily noticeable for us to see how we were being pushed off to work earlier daily. The lads who did a lot of training used to buy Complan, but a week before the riot we were told no more would be issued after existing stocks ran out due to Governor's orders. As you can now realise we were starting to feel the pinch, summer nights came, now we could only have one nighttime compound instead of two or three. Also we lost one hour's association.

So you can now get the picture that the incident with Clifford down the unit was not the only thing that wanted sorting out. The reasoning about staging a sitdown about Clifford's beating was to find out how bad he was hurt. If he was hurt, it was down to us to try to get block beatings stopped before things got out of hand.

For myself I was on B wing the night of the riot. We couldn't join the lads on the centre as the screws had got wind of the situation and locked all three gates and one door between our wing and the centre. We then decided to hold our own sit-



down in the dining room cum TV room. Altogether there was 52 of us down there. At 8 o'clock the Wing S.O. (Chalky) White came to the TV room and said All Away as he usually did. No one moved as he knew we wouldn't. The sit down was designed to be a quiet and peaceful one, from our side anyway.

At about 9 o'clock Chalky came and issued a direct order to which no one bothered to take notice of. Just after he moved away from the door one of the lads shouted from looking out of one of our windows: "The lads are coming up on A Wing roof". We then realised that something had gone wrong somewhere. We then decided to barricade the TV room door. Firstly the black out curtains were placed over the door, then tables and chairs were placed against it. We then carried on watching A Wing roof and activities up there.

About 10 o'clock the barricade started to move away from the door as the screws on the outside tried to open the doors. We all then put our weight behind the barricades to secure it again. We managed to stall things anyway. One of our lads then took the black out curtains from across the doors so we could find out what was going on. The sight that met our eyes was the whole landing packed solid with screws. What had happened was they had lost control of the main nick and had decided to concentrate on B Wing as we were trapped.

Covering the landing and stairs were a complement of screws in excess of 400. There were our own screws, approximately 300, then the reliefs called in from Wakefield, Leeds, Thorpe Arch, Everthorpe Borstal. As I looked out of the front doors the front line was AG Knowles, SO Chalky White, Security Chief, PEI Benge. I jumped up on the tables so as to be able to make our demands known to them. I told the AG and the Security Chief that we wanted to be able to see Clifford and if he had any injuries. The Security Chief said that they didn't have to do anything for us, only get us locked up. All the screws that were standing out on the landings had big table legs instead of the regulation size truncheon or larger riot stick. I said to the Security Chief that we weren't going to move. He said "If we have to come and get you out I will personally see to it that you never walk again."

It was then time for us to decide whether to stay or go. It was decided we go. Upon leaving we were searched for weapons (none were found) and then we could go to our cells. Going up to my landing there was a good 20 or more screws on each landing. They tried to goad me to fight them, but realising I wasn't going to play their game I was then locked up. I didn't sleep much that night as I was fully expecting the

Security Chief and his crew coming to fulfil his threat. To my knowledge no one was bothered after we were in the cells that night.

The morning of September 1st we were let down for breakfast one by one and were not allowed to slop out. The landings were still overmanned by screws with table legs. About 10 am the lads on B Wing were becoming very agitated and this led to some lads smashing up the cells, i.e. lockers, windows, beds etc. At dinner time we were allowed down for dinner again one by one. The landings were still overmanned by screws carrying table legs. Not everyone was allowed down for dinner so some men who normally wouldn't have smashed up did so.

Come 2 o'clock that afternoon someone had decided it was time we were moved elsewhere. The first I knew of it was when Stan Harrison (Censor) with a couple more screws came flying into my cell, rubbed me down for weapons and contraband and cuffed one of my wrists. I was then marched along the landing to be cuffed with my brother.

Upon reaching the ground floor I said to AG Knowles, "What about my gear upstairs?". He said it would be taken care of and sent off to us wherever we ended up. I had to accept this and proceed to the awaiting coaches in Southcoates Lane.

To get to the coaches we had to go out of the back of the nick, through the compound as there was now a hole cut into the fence expressly for this purpose. To connect with the street we had to walk approx 50 yards straight, then a right turn, a straight of approx 20 yards then a left turn, a straight again which brought us in sight of the road and coaches.

The whole of the street from Hedon Road end of Southcoates to the bridge and Haller Street turnoff were blocked off to the general public. Only two things stick in my mind about our transfer, firstly the amount of police about, on cars, bikes, on foot. But the ones my eyes got drawn to were the plain clothes ones who nearly all seemed to be carrying something under their coats between left breast and left armpit. One very careless copper hadn't accounted for a slight breeze on his open jacket. That is how I got a look at his shoulder holstered service revolver concealed not very well under his jacket. The second thing to stick in my memory was the sight of another inmate Slim Wilson. To me it looked as though his handcuffs were not the same as everyone else's. To me they looked as if they had normal cuffs but they were joined by about 2½ ft of chains. This chain was wrapped round his fore-arms. To me he was the only one singled out in this way.



From Hull we went straight to Leeds. The atmosphere was very tense as they didn't know what to expect from us. We were placed on D wing, two to a cell. The cells were filthy and at times the temperature was near the 100 mark. I saw the AG who was allocated to deal with us every three days. It was about conditions and our property. I also saw No.1 Governor twice, nobody would tell us what was going on. The only answer I was getting was "Hull will send your gear as soon as transport is available". I also saw the Board of Visitors and was given the same answer.

On 6th October I went back to Hull. I still didn't have my property or an answer. Upon reaching the prison you could feel the atmosphere. The screws that would normally pass the time of day were all giving dirty looks out or blanking. At reception we were treated very formally, also our wages that we had brought with us from Leeds would have to be taken as money was no longer in circulation. I was then taken back to B wing - the wing I was in before the trouble. I was put next door to my old cell.

Later that day I was taken down to see Mr Manning who placed me on Rule 43, as everyone in the prison was now on this Rule. I was then taken back to my cell. All there was in this cell was a mattress. I had to ask for a bed, chair and blankets, these were given very begrudgingly. I contacted the bloke next door next, who turned out to be Micky King. He assured me there was nothing at all in the cell when he first went into it.

Next day I saw AG Knowles and asked about my property. He said he would try to find out where it had gone. The trouble was they hadn't bargained for anyone off B Wing coming back so soon. I was told also at canteen by Nobby Clarke (screw) that Home Office had banned all sale of toilet articles.

I saw AG Knowles twice, AG Wilson twice, Mr Manning three times, No.1 Governor once - all about my property. None would give me an answer as to where it had gone, although I already knew but had to have an official answer. The reception screw (Scott) came to my cell and told me all my gear had been lost. When I asked how, he said "It isn't advisable to ask those questions."

What had happened according to all the lads back there was, as soon as we all left for Leeds the screws went into our cells and threw our gear out onto the ground and ripped out lockers and every and anything in our cell. Later they had it all moved round the back of B Wing and C Wing to a strip of concrete and burned everything. I personally believe this because

when I came back to the nick I had to walk past the spot where it had all burned. I noticed radios and batteries and envelopes and photos still scattered about a big smouldering pile of rubbish. I have not been given an explanation from the Home Office or Governor at Hull to disprove this.

The period of just 20 days that I spent in Hull before going in front of the VC did have a lasting effect on me, mainly because of the two-faced screws I saw. The two screws that stick out especially for this was Mr Oldfield and B Wing SO Chalky White. My reasons are, Oldfield came to my cell one day because I had been giving some black looks out to an inmate called McMurray. He asked me what it was all about but didn't get an answer. After a short while he explained McMurray had been helping them because he didn't care about anyone in the nick, but valued my friendship. He then said he with McMurray's help could draw up a statement for me to sign and I would stand a very good chance of not being charged, also I could have the pick of the jobs in the nick. I told him what to do with his offer. Nigel Simmons who was opposite me heard most of this conversation.

A couple of days later Chalky stopped me on the stairs going down to exercise. He said "I believe you could use some help". I didn't know what he meant, so he explained "Your dad could die anytime, why don't you help your mam and make sure you aren't dug out for a part in the riot." I asked what he wanted to know. He said "I want to know who brought the sit down message onto the Wing, also who built the barricade." I asked what I stood to gain. He said immunity from VC, a job in the kitchen on 100p a week (I was only getting 56p at that time) also I could have a radio sent in again and he would try to get me longer visits.

After I had called him all the low bastards I could lay my tongue to, he realised I didn't want his help. On the 26 October 1976 I received my charges for the riot. Count One being out of my cell after 8 o'clock, i.e. being on a sit down, Count Two building a barricade in the doorway of B Wing TV room. I was charged by none other than Chalky White, the B Wing SO. He was the only witness to the event although they said "We have 5 statements to prove I did both things." They would not produce statements or statement makers. Everything was on Chalky's words.

The Chairman Mr Mackman JP did however offer me a way out. He said "The only way you can be found not guilty is to tell us what everyone was doing." My answer was "Well I hope you realise you are finding me guilty for what I know, not what I've done."



I was found guilty and awarded loss of remission of 180 days total and 70 days punishment total. (My father died 29 October). On the 9th November a few of us were shipped out to different nicks to do our punishment. I along with another 14 inmates was sent to Wormwood Scrubs. We were then placed in the Unit that the Home Office denies exists. I was in total on 23 hours a day bang-up in that unit from November 9 until January 4, then in an upstairs part of that unit from then until February 23.

I know one inmate alone has been in that unit for over a year and is allowed no contact with any other inmate. He is Albert Baker. I am now in Gartree and have finished my punishment but am still closely watched.

I would like to thank whoever has just read this for taking an interest. We need more people like you.

K.Hobson.  
Gartree, 14 Mar. 1977.

I Michael Anthony Hogan, wish to make a statement regarding the 'Hull Riot' of August-September 1976.

On the Tuesday night 31st August 1976, inmates Martin Brady and Billy Gould informed me that they - along with others - wanted to go down to the segregation unit to see an inmate named Marty Clifford, who it was claimed, was beaten up by four screws. All that the inmates wanted to know was if Marty Clifford was alright and if he needed a doctor. I was not on the 'centre' when the inmates made the 'request' to the Deputy Governor, I was in 'B' wing dining hall watching television at the time.

At about 7.30 that night I heard shouting and roaring from the 'Centre', I then saw - through the dining room window - four inmates on the roof. Inmates then barricaded the door of 'B' wing dining hall, there was over fifty of us now barricaded in the dining hall. Through the glass on top of the barricade I saw around 60 screws facing our barricade, they had riot helmets on and were armed with white riot sticks and shields.

S.O.White shouted to us "Are you going to remove the barricade and go back to your cells in peace, or do we have to use force ? " We immediately removed the barricade, left the dining room and walked through a 'gauntlet' of screws up to our cells, and locked in from my cell window I saw at least 20 inmates up on the roof of 'C' wing, I saw 7 or 8 screws and 5 dog handlers all throwing stones and slates up at the inmates, who were on the roof.

The following morning, Wednesday, I received no breakfast or any dinner and I wasn't 'opened up' until after lunch, only to be opened up by a big fat screw who worked in the censor's office, who had a pickaxe handle in his hands (the landing was full of screws at this time). Anyway, the fat screw shouted to me "Hogan on your feet ! " I said, "Why, what is happening ? ", and he replied, "On your feet, we are moving out." I got up off my bed and went to collect my personal belongings and the fat screw said, "You'll take nothing, only what you are wearing." Six screws came into my cell and I was handcuffed with my hands in front of me and I was carried, without resisting, by four screws out through a hole cut in the wire surrounding the football field, and put in a 'Black



Maria' which was full of inmates. I was then taken to Leeds Prison.

I watched inmate ('Slim') Wilson being punched by two of the four screws who were carrying him through the back gardens towards the black maria.

The cell I left behind was INTACT and contained the following items which were my personal belongings :-

1. One wedding ring.
2. One Rotary wrist watch.
3. One Phillips transistor radio.
4. One borrowed record player (Oliver Davidson's).
5. Numerous LPs and 45s records.
6. One guitar, electric, and of high value (a Gibson).
7. All my private letters and family photographs.

I lost 180 days remission and 70 days solitary confinement for disobeying an order ... that order being to "remove the barricade". (I refused to plead to this on the Leeds V.C.)

Michael Anthony Hogan.  
Cartree, 14 Feb.1977.

It little matters what caused the riot at Hull prison. All kinds of excuses have been given. Brutalities have been mentioned, and 'three just men' have disbelieved us. Not only that, they have punished us.

You have all read about the riot, you have your own views on the subject. Let me tell you what happened after the riot. Let me tell you what I saw, and what I know the papers don't know.

We all came down on Friday 3rd September, we all expected a good hiding, we had been threatened before we came down. We were searched and all our personal property taken from us. Then we were locked up, and apart from a bowl of soup at 7 o'clock, the door remained locked. All I had in my cell was a mattress, two tatty and damp blankets and no windows. During the night screws banged on my door and told me what to expect when I was unlocked. They told me they were going to cripple me, take out my eyes, rip off my arms. They kept this up all night.

Breakfast 4th September. Before my turn came to go for breakfast I heard screams, smacks and some tormenting words from the screws : "Kiss my shoes", "Call me sir", "Don't mark his face". This last from an S.O. (Senior Officer).

I watched through my door a man dragged from his cell, kicked and beaten and jam spread all over his face. Two screws saw me looking and screamed at me to get away from the door - one threatened to kill me. I stayed where I was. I had already made up my mind that one day I would write down what I saw happen.

My turn came for breakfast. I took off my glasses and went out of my cell. I was kicked from behind. One screw stood on my stockinged feet, and when I reached the serving table I received a bloody nose and had tea thrown all over me, smacks and digs from behind and then I went back to my cell with no breakfast.

Two minutes after being locked up a screw opened my door and gave me a cup of tea. I went to drink it and realised it had piss in it. I could smell it, and one taste was enough for me to know how low they had gone in their revenge. I could



write pages of what I saw after the riot and during the riot. I saw a man attacked by three dogs. I had urine poured over me. I have been threatened, kicked and battered.

You may find this hard to believe. One day I will prove it to you and all the outside world. I will name names and I will dig out men I am sure will back me up.

I am glad you have taken an interest in how British prisons are run. As I've stated, I can and will write a more detailed thing about Hull prison.

R.T.Hoskins.

.... And so I come to the evening of the 31st of August in B wing dining room in Hull top security prison. Where approximately 50 prisoners are refusing to go away to their cells. Because of the beating up of a fellow prisoner in the Block. Everything is peaceful in the dining room, men are playing cards, watching the telly or simply talking.

Suddenly the cry goes up, they are on the roof of the main prison (B wing is 60 yards away from the main prison). And two or three hotheads start to throw the tubular chairs and tables behind the glass doors of the dining room. But this did not constitute a serious blockage to anyone. As it was later demonstrated when the senior warder WHITE pushed the dining room doors open slightly to speak to us.

At about 11.30 pm senior warder White told us that it had deteriorated from beyond a demonstration in the main prison. And that we would have to go away to our cells. But what was worrying us was the number of warders in the corridors all stripped for battle.

So senior warder White told them all to go beyond the gates that led onto the wing. Which they all did. He also said there would be no violence used against us or reprisals if we went away peacefully. We all agreed to this, but when we went upstairs to the cells the landings were lined with strange prison warders all tooled up for battle. They had crash helmets on and they all had weapons ranging from broken chair legs, broken billiard cues and heavy riot sticks. Fortunately we were only manhandled and prodded with the various weapons that the warders had in their possession.

The following day, the 1st September, we were opened up in the normal way on B wing for breakfast. At around noon some men smashed up their own cells in sympathy with the prisoners on the roof. In the afternoon of the same day we were evacuated from Hull to Leeds prison. We were ordered to leave behind all our property excluding our money and tobacco. The evacuation was done in an orderly and peaceful manner although some were manhandled.

In Leeds we were segregated from other prisoners and exposed to vicious provocation and intimidation from the warders at Leeds prison. Some six weeks later we were all put before the



be forgotten. STEVENSON, HOUSTON, WILSON, MURRAY to name a few.

G.Lomax.

I had been at Hull prison  $8\frac{1}{2}$  months of my sentence and during that time I never saw it change for the better - it only got worse. The regime before the riot was one of intimidation and harrassment, usually on visits, searches and strip-searches which became more and more frequent. Petty nickings were common-place occurrences. What contributed most to an increase in tension was the economy cuts which adversely affected the screw's overtime. Pressure was put on the prisoners to do 'something' which would draw attention to their overtime cuts. Because of these cuts we were 'banged up' an hour earlier. Besides this there were a number of screws who were members of the National Front and openly boasted about it. In fact, after the surrender the black and Irish prisoners really got it worse.

The textile shop had one constant source of trouble, i.e. manufacturing biological and chemical warfare suits for the U.S. Army in Europe. The material used contained impregnated carbon which caused skin rashes and this led to friction with the medical staff who blamed the rashes on poor sanitary habits. Before Gov. Kearns left, a new chief and Deputy Gov. arrived, then Gov. Parr took over two weeks before the riot. It would be correct to say that the screws ran the prison during the hand over period and even afterwards too.

On Tuesday 31 Sept. - I returned to the wing from classes to be informed that a prisoner called Clifford had been beaten in the punishment block. The names of the officers concerned were Harrison, Crow, Huston and Robinson. It was decided that we should go to the centre to clarify the situation which we did and about 70 prisoners were assembled there. The time was approx. 7 o'clock.

At about twenty five to eight the Deputy Gov. Manning turned up to enquire what was going on, and we told him we believed Clifford had been beaten in the punishment block, and asked to see him for ourselves. He replied that he had no responsibility to allow that, then went to the punishment block to see for himself. He later returned giving us the same reply and adding that if Clifford wished to complain he could do so at his adjudication in the morning. General response from the prisoners was anger, knowing full well that if Clifford had not been marked he would have produced him.



At about half seven we noticed a lot of shadows moving about behind the frosted glass windows of the Admin. block and taking precautions against the heavy mob charging us we moved into 'A' wing, Manning followed us. About five to eight the bell rang for 'bang-up' and a bucket was thrown down onto the 'suicide net'. This incident was the result of a shouted exchange between prisoners in the punishment block adjoining 'A' wing, and prisoners on 'A' wing. They confirmed what we suspected, namely that Clifford had been beaten and had bruises on his face. When the bucket was thrown over, Gov. Manning left the wing locking us all in it and with no way out if the heavy mob arrived we were expecting at any minute. Doors were taken down to make a barricade on the lower stairs and around the centre gate. Other prisoners got out on the roof through the skylight windows and shouted to people who were passing by the outside of the prison. By this time, the police had surrounded the prison.

Prisoners got onto the roof of the punishment block and broke in to release the prisoners and like the 'Mary Celeste' the officers had fled the prison. We found files in one cabinet on the screws' offences !

Two prisoners volunteered to climb down through a hole in the roof over the centre to get food supplies from the canteen. They were surrounded while in the canteen by screws in riot gear who told them to surrender and no harm would come to them. One prisoner surrendered and was beaten with batons and boots, the other prisoner tried to escape but was caught and beaten. The prisoners who were still on the roof and had seen this tried to 'stone' the screws with tins of meat and anything they could get their hands on but they had little effect. One screw shouted out that "This bastard's still alive". When he saw one of the prisoners they had beaten open his eyes, they gave him more. The fury of the prisoners watching this was so intense that they tried to smash the walls down and on seeing the walls around the centre shudder, they ran off the wings. We collected the two badly beaten prisoners and took them to our makeshift hospital in a T.V. room doing what we could for them. One man had his skull showing through the lacerations in his head. We were to learn more about the promises of "no harm if surrender". One prisoner was to surrender himself and on doing so bitten by two guard dogs and the screws threw bricks at him while on the ground.

By Wednesday we had most of the prison under our control and no physical harm had happened to one screw, though they had beaten quite a few of us when they caught us with 'snatch squads'. In the meanwhile we found the wing files in an office.

There were about 150 to 200 and were on both prisoners then serving their sentences and those discharged. These were not the complete files, they were to be found in the Administration block and when it occurred to us to go and get them we found that the screws held that area and held onto it with their lives. These we were not to see and were subsequently removed with the aid of an armoured car not as stated by the Home Office to rescue trapped prison officers. There were about 200 of these wing files on all prisoners and ex-prisoners too. What these wing files contained fuelled the riot further, for example, certain prisoners who regularly exchanged magazines classed as homosexuals ; Paul Hill, "never to be released"; Bert Coster, "never to be released" ; Wally Downes, "will be a cabbage on his release" ; Jim McCartney, classed as a hostage taker and not to gain any remission ; and many other prisoners had similar statements and details in their files. In my case, I found out I was suspected of committing certain crimes and also crimes I had been acquitted of, I was really guilty of. I was described as a psychopath, a term applied to nearly every prisoner, and there were also intimate details concerning my relatives and family life. Imagine what we could find in the complete files in the Admin. block ? But, they beat us to them with the aid of the Army.

We also discovered reports on prisoners in the C.of E. chaplain's office. The chaplain's name was READ and he had accumulated newspapers in which he had had his letters published. Everything he wrote about us had a stark hatred about it, his reports were worse than those by the screws. This particular chaplain was to get media coverage both during and after the riot and he hadn't changed his opinion of prisoners.

We wrote up banners to be hung from the roof and threw sweets, toys and money we had 'liberated' from the canteen to the growing band of kids who constantly kept us company on the other side of the wall.

Thursday - was a day of negotiations and most prisoners were subdued, exhausted or pessimistic regarding what was going to happen after our surrender. Most prisoners remembered Parkhurst '69, Gartree and Albany, and we decided to surrender to our own screws, at least we could identify them if we were beaten up. How the media expressed surprise at our decision !

Friday, we came down from the roof, so many at a time, to be met by a V.I.P. gathering and a doctor who asked if we had any injuries. We were then taken to another wing supposedly undamaged, but the screws had smashed the cells up there. We were strip-searched obviously they were looking for embarrassing documents. That night we were given a sandwich and a .



cup of tea with urine in it, later we got soup with urine in it.

Saturday morning, we were taken one at a time for breakfast and most prisoners punched or kicked by the screws lining the landings. Breakfast was either thrown at you or you had your breakfast rubbed into your face. I saw Michael King with blood streaming down his face. He shouted out of his window that the screws had kicked shit out of him. Joe Duffy had large bruises on his face. Bailey a black prisoner next door to me was beaten in his cell, they came to my door but left when they saw me holding a piece of glass from the broken window. Guy Chatterton was being manhandled at his cell door across the wing from mine. Later, they came back to Bailey's cell for further 'fun'. The night before (Friday) they had gone into Peter Rajah's cell and beaten him, he was also black. He was in a cell below me but I could hear him screaming and the screws with their racial abuse, "This is what we do to niggers", and "National Front rule, O.K. nigger."

Nigel Simmons and Mick Russell (another black man) were beaten and I also saw screws attempting to punch C. Beaumont. Jake Prescott was beaten up for shouting at the screws who were beating the Irish prisoners. These Irish prisoners were made a special case, they were forced onto hands and knees and told to sing 'God Save the Queen' and beaten for refusing. Intimidations continued for weeks in one form or another. The main beaters I saw were Stevenson, Burns, Watson (number 2), Huston, Wilson, Clarke, others I don't know their names though.

The events I have tried to describe, became a nightmare that will remain with me a long time. Though I have had my bones broken at other prisons on other sentences, this time, I saw what I can honestly say was - barbarism. My mind just recoils at the recollection of it all.

J.B. MacPhee.

On August 31st 1976 I was in HM Prison Hull, and about 7.30 in the evening after coming out of the gymnasium I was making my way back to my wing which was 'A' wing, as I was approaching the centre I saw quite a crowd of prisoners. I talked to a prisoner and was told they, the prisoners, were waiting for the governor to come and see them concerning an inmate called 'Martin Clifford' who has been given a good hiding by the Segregation Unit staff ! I waited and waited to hear what the Governor had to say about this, at around 8 o'clock that evening the Deputy Governor 'Manning' came and told all the inmates that the No.1 Governor will not come, "he's at a dinner dance" and he would look into it in the morning ! The men refused to accept this and started asking Manning to take a couple of inmates to see Martin Clifford down the Unit as we heard he was in the 'Strong box'. Manning in my opinion through lack of brains or experience got quite angry and refused point blank to allow inmates to go see if Clifford was O.K. ! He then told us to clear off the centre and opened 'A' wing gate himself saying to the S.O. in charge "at least we have cleared them off the centre". At that time over 100 inmates were allowed on A wing by Manning himself ! The men went on the top landing of A wing and all stood leaning over waiting for Manning to explain better or relent his violent outburst and allow the request of seeing if Clifford was O.K. by inmates, which I think would have solved the problem, but no such luck. Manning created the situation by trying to be stubborn and was open to abuse from inmates !

I myself heard the bell for eight o' clock lock up go and I went into my cell and shut the door knowing full well Manning would not give in. I can't say what happened from then till I was broken out of my cell but there was smashing of doors, glass, woodwork and fires lit, I was terrified not being able to see and hearing all this noise going on ! I was asked by people if I wanted my door breaking down but I refused thinking the screws will sort it out in a couple of hours at the most ! All night long I heard banging and shouting and heard on my radio news flashes, men was on the roof masked and doing damage, I really was out of my mind with fear as I'm terrified of fires and at times my cell was covered in smoke ! However I stayed where I was in my cell on the wing, by tea time September 1st I started to be hungry and had no toilet or food or water. I was told the screws had deserted the prison within minutes of the riot starting the previous night and that we would be left to die in our cells. I thought this over and



I made the decision to get some of the lads to open my door, it was the only logical thing one could do. When I came out I couldn't believe my eyes when I saw the state of the landings, I was told 'D' and 'C' wing was the same and the roofs were off them as well. I was given a pile of records to read including my own, what screws write about us behaviour etc., some of the things was diabolical and should never be allowed to happen. For instance the screws used to call prisoners by first names at Hull and act as though they were really friends of yours, yet the things they wrote like, say the man was a lifer the screw would recommend he spend a further 6 or 7 years and add comments such as he's bi-sexual and thinks he's conning us by going to church even though the guy may be a genuine church goer outside the prison !

I saw an old man called Oates surrender to the screws and was told "yer O.K. lad come down you will be O.K.", the dog handlers let their dogs go as soon as the old man hit the ground and not satisfied with the dogs' injuries they stuck him as well !

That was the time I decided to give myself a miss. I certainly didn't want beating up like that when all I'd done was happened to be domiciled in Hull at the time of the riot. I then went onto the middle landing and watched the T.V. news and saw quite a few 'hooded' men on the roof. I couldn't say who was who and it was impossible for anybody to tell who was who, the Home Office man came and shouted that if we came down on Friday, that was around the 3rd of September, everything would be sorted out and our grievances would be looked into, stories that men had rioted over they were getting banged up early and other propaganda, but the screws spread these stories it is utter rubbish, it was over brutality and nothing else, the Home Office man assured us the doctor and local magistrate would be present under the centre as we gave ourselves up to our own screws over on 'B' wing, also any personal property would be safe to bring and would be put in the reception with labels on. On September 3rd 1976 we came down and was passed through one at a time and by the time we got to 'B' wing we were stripped and searched and all our property taken. Also shoes off and if we had any other clothes on bar prison it was taken, all I had was prison overalls, the rest was my own so I was put in a cell with no windows, in fact nothing else and left till next day. I had not eaten since August 31st and was very hungry, next morning 4th September 1976 I hear screams, in fact B wing in Hull is very confined and the walls are like cardboard. I then looked out of the window into a cell opposite and saw an I.R.A. lad called Cunningham being attacked by quite a crowd of screws, then he came and leaned

on the window and looked really hurt.

I really began to worry now as I heard screws in the passage shouting, swearing and saying "here's the bastard taxi killer 'Read', come on Read", then he was screaming to be left alone, next came a fella called 'Shepherd' who happened to be the next cell to me opposite. They beat him up really bad because he was a sex case, or so they were shouting at him, something about a nine year old girl, next thing my door flew open and a screw called 'Wilson' shouted "out bastard", I was punched, kicked and hit in the face when I was outside in the corridor by so many screws it was impossible to move ! I was told to get a cup of tea and some bread but when I went to pick it up a screw called 'Bennett' who I challenged to fight a few months previous in the Unit hit me on the head with a ladle full of marmalade, also chucked cornflakes and other food on my bare chest, when I went for him I was pounced on and dragged along the floor back to my cell, not even a piece of food for my trouble !

Then I heard all along the landing same again to other inmates, I thought fuck going for dinner I will starve first. Blacky Saxton a con shouted out of the window, "they have all pissed in the tea don't drink it". At around 3 o'clock in the afternoon the No.1 Governor came round with his army of strong arm men and told me I was being placed on rule 43B for good order and discipline of the prison, I thought 'fucking good order' and told him he was to blame also for allowing his screws to commit violence on us, he refused to listen and went down the landing telling his orders to other prisoners !

I was kept in Hull and the food had urine in on many occasions, we had no chamber pots for over a week and had to piss out of the window. 70 inmates were kept there and the ordeal we had to go through was terrible. On November the 6th I was put before a V.C. and charged with being out of my cell without permission and secondly being seen on 'D' wing roof taking part in a concerted act of indiscipline ! I was at no time allowed to call witnesses to say I was locked up when I was supposedly seen, or allowed to seek legal advice or challenge the screws' evidence ! I pleaded 'not guilty' but like all prison justice I was not likely to get a 'not guilty' verdict. In thirty seconds flat the V.C. after careful consideration came in with a true verdict guilty, I lost 100 days remission and 56 days behind the door, on that day thirty inmates were dealt with, it was a pure mockery of justice, a charade. On the 9th November 1976 I was sent to Winchester to do my punishment, on the 30th December when my punishment ended I refused to come out of the block because I wanted an inquiry into this type of justice. I also put down for the Board of Visitors



and petitioned to write to my M.P. The Home Office haven't given me permission yet, it's three months since I petitioned. I also wanted to write to the organisation J.A.I.L. about identification evidence. I was still losing remission, protesting my innocence and for not coming out of solitary I've lost over 60 days but would be prepared to forfeit all my remission to see justice done. There's the hell of a lot of questions need answering and the sooner the better !

M.O'Hara.

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This is additional to the statement I made before, now my mind is much clearer. I remember things which are most important to the defence of innocent people who suffered at Hull prison !

When we were put onto 'B' wing after coming down from the roof everybody was placed on rule 43B who was kept there, yet the very next day inmates who were known 'grasses' to the screws and cons were selected for 'perk' jobs such as cleaning the wing up and helping staff with information such as who done what ! One guy called McMurray, a man despised by cons, was seen on many occasions giving information to the screws, also had numerous police visits after the riot, and was asking other inmates to give evidence against other prisoners suspected of damage to make a sure conviction, this man McMurray was also granted home leave while we were all locked up like animals, and allowed visits for longer than other inmates who were allowed half an hour ! Also prisoners were not allowed any soap other than prison soap. Yet the ones who were helpful were allowed soap, wireless and extra food and kept well apart from the rest of the prisoners ! McMurray challenged a man called Hughes to a fight, when Hughes defended himself he knocked McMurray out and justice was done, Hughes lost 14 days remission plus pay, yet McMurray never went on report.

I personally have complained over the charade of so-called 'fair trials' and still I haven't even got permission to write to my M.P., yet I've been fucked about from the day I complained to the Board of Visitors, also I wanted to write to Peter Hain, for identification justice, still no word from the Home Office. That was December 14th I wrote, and still no answer, yet according to the rule book I was allowed to write direct to an MP after I made my formal complaint to the Board of Visitors, yet no one informed me of this right. Also my letters to my family and friends were being stopped, when

I complained I was told I was being 'unreasonable' as it was Christmas time yet eight or nine letters went missing !

My punishment of 100 days remission and 56 days behind the door ended 30th December, but being innocent of the two charges I was framed on, I refused to leave the segregation block until I got an inquiry into this mockery of justice I was in front of ! I lost two lots of 28 days remission for not going in the main prison. The Governor at first offered me a suspended sentence but I refused to take it, so he acted like the system allows its puppets and had a go at the only thing he thought would hurt me. But I told him he could take all my remission. I'm an innocent man ! Second time I was put before a V.C. charged with refusing to go on to 'normal' location. I refused to plea and told them to sentence me as though I wasn't there, as I wanted no part in that Kangaroo type justice, they had no idea who I was, where I was from, or even why I preferred to remain in solitary, yet in less than 3 minutes I was 28 days further from freedom. I also lost 5 days remission for not coming out of the block, so I lost 61 days extra because I was protesting my innocence ! I must also add I was offered rule 43 by the Governor but it was protection 43, I told him to fuck himself as that was mixing with sex perverts and all the jail's snides who live in fear of getting attacked for their wrong doings and disgusting crimes ! He refused to let me go on 43B, that's subversive, yet the same bastard had kept me on 43B subversive from September 4th 1976 to December 30th yet now I was off punishment he wanted me off the block !

How can a Visiting Magistrate take one officer's word he saw men on the roof and convict on that evidence, yet outside courts would not even allow a case to continue with one witness on such evidence ? Video tapes and television was in action at Hull during the riot and it was only a few men who were without masks yet over 100 men were convicted by screws who saw them from the door in the administration block yet I have evidence to say this is impossible !

I was told by a screw that he was disgusted at what the other screws did to us, he was sent to coventry by them for not taking part in beatings, he also stated he retired in a couple of years and was glad to get out of the jail ! , saying "the young screws who wanted aggro would not dare have us men back on the wings when this was all over for fear of what would happen to them for the diabolical liberties they took ! "



What follows is my statement with regard to the Hull riot and its aftermath.

I went into the Centre on the Tuesday night. My reason for being there was the fact that an inmate had been beaten up in the Seg. Unit. The officers involved were HARRISON, CROLL and HOUSTON and the man in charge of the Seg. Unit S.O. ROBINSON.

After spending some time there listening to the refusals of A.G. Manning when asked by us to see the inmate, he also informed us that the Governor deemed not to meet with us. I left the Centre shortly after. By the time I returned they had stopped movement and consequently I was banged up on Tuesday night.

I entered the riot on the Wednesday and I proceeded to take full part in the riot. During the next couple of days two incidents stick in my mind. The first was one of the occasions I saw the inmate who had been beaten up, he had a large scratch on his cheek, several other grazes and general discolouring consistent with bruising, his eyes were also discoloured. This could either have been caused by being hit around the eyes or damage to the nose or both. The other matter was with regard to an inmate who tried to surrender to the Dog Patrol. They set the dogs on him and then they took him behind a building and set on him with batons.

Later on in the riot we were visited by the Home Office mediator who made a statement with regard to matters once we came down off the roof. The points he made were:

1. NO BRUTALITY
2. ALLOWED A HOT MEAL
3. ALLOWED A HOT BATH

As will be shown either he was lying or the staff totally disregarded his orders.

On the Friday we came down from the roof we were searched and all special effects taken from us - contrary to what the Home Office mediator had said. We were taken to B Wing and assigned a cell. The cell I was put in was swimming with urine. The officers thought this was a great joke. One officer named WILSON said "It looks as though there has been a leak, still anything is good enough for you bastards."

This cell had nothing in it. No chair, no pot, no utensils or any of the usual furniture one would have in a cell. When I asked about a pot I was told "Piss out of the window", which I had to do for the next week or so to the consternation of the person below. Later that evening we were given a mattress and a blanket. The mattress had to be placed in the urine as it hadn't as yet dried out. In fact it was 2 to 3 weeks before we were allowed to mop out.

The warm meal we got consisted of two sandwiches. In the evening we were given a bowl of soup swimming in urine. The lights were turned out to prevent people seeing what they were eating. In the next few days the food was invariably swimming in urine and generally tampered with. The tea at suppertime also had urine in it. That night we slept very little due to the constant harassment from the staff. Rattling chains, singing, switching lights on and off and general clattering and banging. We received this treatment for 2 or 3 weeks.

On being unlocked on the Saturday morning I was told to slop out and I was harassed all the way to the recess. I had just started to relieve myself when I was pulled away from the urinal. I was informed that I had had long enough. Several officers gathered round in case of any argument. I returned to my cell and urinated out of the window. I didn't wash for 7 days and I wasn't allowed to clean my teeth for 10 days.

When breakfast time arrived I had already heard scuffles and shouts etc., so I knew what to expect when they came to my door. An officer named BURNS grabbed me by the hair. Another, HOUSTON, grabbed me by my hair on the other side. Another, RIBBY, kicked me in the groin and I was then dragged down the Spur. The Spur was lined by numerous members of the staff who punched and kicked me as I was dragged to where the food was being served. As I put my plate out, it was knocked from my hand and a spoonful of jam was dabbed on my hand. Cornflakes were thrown in my general direction - I was then informed I had had my breakfast. All the while BURNS and HOUSTON were pulling my hair from either side. I was dragged back to my cell, kicked and punched by others lining the Spur.

Inmates were dealt with in a similar vein on all the other Spurs. Many of them were covered in urine thrown at them by the staff. Many of the number were sorted out for special treatment in particular the men belonging to the I.R.A. The staff attempted to make them crawl on their knees singing 'God save the Queen'. Other members of the staff prominent in the party that did the beatings were WILSON, WATSON, CULLEN.



They were led by STEVENSON the P.T.I. This in no way exonerated the rest of the staff who also played their part whilst lining the Spur.

The S.O.s (Senior Officers) at this point in time were the only ones with keys. So the beating up was sanctioned by the men in charge. In fact in the following weeks it was obvious that the staff and the Governor were running the prison.

It was during those first few weeks that many personal effects were burned. Perfectly good radios were smashed and thrown on the fire. Many items that people had made in their spare time. Babies' soft toys were consigned to the fire. People's letters, photos etc. all to the fire. Later people were told when they enquired about letters etc. that they had been destroyed in the riot. BLATANT LIES. Also a great many items left via the Front Gate - stereo units, LPs, record players etc.

There also followed in those first few weeks harassment over visits and letters. Any mention of the riot and the beatings etc., the letters were stopped. The letters then had to be rewritten with the offending pieces omitted. During visits staff were continually breathing down your neck preventing any kind of privacy. Also trying to prevent word of what had been going on leaving the prison.

Finally I would like to point out that had any of the above things happened in Chile or some other dictatorship the present Government would have been up in arms, M.P.s would have been jumping up in the House condemning the mindless brutality. But these things didn't happen in some far off country or in some dictatorship. This happened here in a so-called enlightened country. But what has the Government done? Condemned it? NO - they have suppressed the truth.

This is why I have made this statement. Because it would have been futile to complain within the prison itself. Because the inmate beaten up in the Seg. Unit had done just that and had remission taken off him for his pains. This way the public will realise the type of people running the prisons and they are backed by a Government that is continually mouthing platitudes about penal reform.

In the final analysis Hull 1976 was about an inmate being beaten up in the Seg. Unit. But it also brought to light the determined efforts of militant young prison officers. Determined to cause unrest on behalf of the overtime claim.

These militants are at work in every long term prison. Unless something is done about the petty aggravations, the needless harassment of long term prisoners, Hull 76 will not be the last riot within the prison system.

The warnings are already there - Wakefield, Albany.

V.L.Phillips.



There are two main workshops, textiles and woodmill. The woodmill is known, with hate and loathing, as 'The Mill'. A huge squat concrete building, no more than five years old, the latest in prison treadmills, three floors, each floor a workshop. On the ground the woodmill proper, then next up the assembly shop, then top floor, the spray shop.

Briefly what happens is that large timbers go in at the bottom, get cut up on machines, go to the assembly shop, get sanded and fixed together, go to the spray shop, get coated with paint, varnish, lacquer what have you. They are now pieces and sections of fitted prison cell furniture, for Arabian prisons (mainly the 600 in Iran). The shops are so noisy and choked with dust that a factory inspector visiting earlier this year entered each shop, stopped, wrote NOISE ! DUST ! on his clipboard, ordered the authorities to issue earplugs and filter masks to everyone and left. Needless to say, they only got these articles a couple of months later and they did not issue them, only reluctantly handed them out to those prisoners who persisted in asking for them.

Have you ever heard wood machines going all at the same time ? Massive 'six cutters' chewing up wood all day, saws screaming, sanding machines groaning ? The noise and dust are hard to believe or imagine, it's like World War II in there. Although the mill is huge, the amount of wood and work material is colossal, and it is slave labour being so crowded there is hardly room to turn, and 'work places' are wherever you can squeeze elbow room.

As for personnel, there were a hundred prisoners in there, and 19 'instructors' (glorified screws/overseers) and 20 screws, sometimes more. Also 2 senior screws who oversee the whole mill, watching 'security' and checking 'discipline'. On the instructors side there are, a works supervisor, a quality control manager, and an industrial supervisor. All these people are there to get as much work for as little as possible - of course. The instructors nag at the prisoners each day, always cutting down the time for each job. Everything is timed to a split second, all work is piece rate (the so called incentive scheme) and there was no way we could argue the time. One time and motion study man told us the rates we got were one fifth of outside industry. The instructors were penny pinching (literally) all the time, they had two things to do: keep the prisoners' wages down and production up. As each

deadline for the contracts came up (and we are happy to say 'went') they got more frantic - the latest one, half a million pounds for Arabian prisons, was really driving them nuts.

For a basic target, you had to earn forty two pence a week, if you didn't earn this (for a 30 hour week) you did not get the 'cost of living allowance', which was 42p in the North of England ; and if you earned substantially less than 42p you got nicked. The third time that happened they took remission off you, and every time after that. The average wage for people in 'The Mill' was 95p a week - that's including 42p cost of living allowance of course - and out of a hundred prisoners there were always about twenty getting 17p, 28p, 40p and so on each and every week, and always a steady stream going up and down the segregation unit.

There was always a queue of prisoners at the instructors' office on a Friday when we got our wages, all arguing about being cheated out of earnings - whereas it's pounds outside it's pence you're arguing about here. If you add the 40 men's wages in the Assembly you wouldn't have £40 - that is not one screw or instructor's wage. The wage bill for prisoners in the Mill was altogether not more than £100 a week, whilst the wages of the screws and instructors, at say £40 a man (and that's way below the real) would be £2000. The cost of keeping a man or woman in prison is about £60 a week now, and if you look at the yearly prison expenditure, you'll find five sixths of that goes on screws' wages. And out of that 80 pence a week that prisoners get you have to buy tea, sugar, milk for breaks and you could not possibly work in that dust without it - so 12p a week has to be spent in this way. At one time there used to be a free issue of tea or a hot drink but when Kearns, the previous governor, came 3 years ago he stopped it, so the prisoners had to supply their own and many could never afford it. The rest of the wage went like this : 10p for the film club (prisoners run and pay for one film a week) ; 5p a week for the people in the segregation unit - there was always 20 to 25 men in there, and we all used to collect this and buy tobacco and get it smuggled down to them ; 6p a week for T.V. (rented by prisoners), not everyone paid this or watched, but the majority did ; 1p a week 'common fund' (this was compulsory and was supposed to be for the buying and upkeep of recreational facilities, and the extra food at Christmas - for 'that menu' that The Mirror never fails to print each year). That left about 60p a week (if you were lucky) for a half ounce of tobacco and a 'canteen letter' (you're only issued with one and have to buy any extra) and maybe a pot of jam every other week ... The canteen was run at 10% profit, and despite frequent requests, the authorities would not disclose where this money



went - they robbed us in every way.

If you did not start work as soon as you went in to the shop at 8.10 and again at 1.10 you got nicked. The screws were situated thus : one in each of three strategically placed high box seats overlooking the whole shop, the others patrolling the shop the whole day, alternating with the ones in the seats, watching for people not working. If you read a paper during the ten minute break (one in the morning and one in the afternoon) they would come over and demand it - if you didn't give it up, or told them to 'fuck off' you were of course nicked. The screws are pigs, they sat about in their seats (like judges' benches) doing crosswords, dozing off, chewing the fat with their patrolling mates, discussing us, who's not working, who's next for getting nicked.

Also because of the fact that everyone was in for a long time, often 'life', and the work was so boring, repetitive and stupid, some prisoners would make a corner for themselves and their mates so they could take their breaks there, and make a shelf, a cupboard to hold their cups, tea and sugar, or a stool to sit on. But often we would come to work mornings and find that the screws had been in and smashed them up.

All the time, there was a stream of guys getting taken out for spins by the 'burglars', they come in and take whoever they want back to their cells, strip search them, turn the stuff in their cells upside down. The screws all try to outdo each other in who can look like gestapo, hats carefully shaped, boots shining, the tassles of their truncheons individually ornamented etc.

As for facilities : one toilet to 50 men, two taps (hot and cold) to 50 men, three baths or showers to 50 men - the prison proper was 100 years old !

The only modern parts were the sensitised steel fences, the barbed wire on top, and on top of all the roofs closed circuit television (the only answer to our country wide PROP demos of 1972). And of course the Mill.

Recreational facilities, paid for by prisoners wages, were virtually non existent ; one billiard table to each of the 4 wings ; one table tennis ditto ; one T.V. to 40 men (all paid for out of wages). You were allowed cell hobbies which you paid for yourself or your friends and relatives outside did, and the regime used it against you whenever your 'attitude' was 'wrong'. As we spent most of the evening in the cells (we were locked up at 8 pm) with nothing to do for many ... everyone tried to make something, but you'd find you'd be

allowed some of the materials one week, then next you wouldn't - like, say, varnish or an adhesive or something - not allowed for 'security reasons'.

This was the operative Catch-22 here and in most prisons - SECURITY. There are about 30 or 40 screws (including the 'burglars' who work in pairs) and a chief screw, Deputy Governor (Mr Withers) who form security. They are a fast growth industry since the Mountbatton Report and they regard themselves as the elite of the screws, acting as police in jails. In Hull they had carved themselves out power over all kinds of areas and aspects of the prison which had little or nothing to do with stopping people escaping. They acted as thought police, governing what kinds of reading materials prisoners could get both from the library and from outside. They were systematically stopping all long term prisoners from having the kind of things that both the Mountbatton Report and the 'Guide to Long Term Prisons' had suggested and allowed - like for instance altering prison clothing, wearing your own underwear, T-shirts, socks, handkerchiefs etc, getting towels sent in and other toilet requisites. Many had them from a few years back, but in Hull they kept stopping people from getting them in. You'd get handed stuff in by visitors and you wouldn't be allowed to have it - the reason was always 'it's against security requirements, it's nothing to do with us, see Security about it' - but of course you couldn't see Security, it was an amorphous malignant secret service.

They'd stop T-shirts, socks, underwear, towels, toilet gear (like tubes of toothpaste or after shave lotion), calendars, lampshades or whatever, and growing lists of banned cell hobby material like stuffing for toys (on the grounds that it was inflammable and could be used to start a fire - and this with a prison full of timber, lacquer, paint etc!). They stopped clothing on the grounds that it 'could be used as clothing on an escape, or to disguise a prisoner as a civilian' - this with everyone having curtains in their cells (necessary to stop the glare of the powerful floodlights all around the perimeter and inside which make night time seem like a dull day - the birds sometimes whistle all night around modern prisons, they don't know it's night time), these curtains could be made into clothing very easily, so you could escape in a three piece red velvet suit if you were of a mind to ... Of course a few people were allowed to have them, those who fraternise with Security, which also had a monopoly on the allocation of jobs, so that those who 'played the game' got working on the gardens or in the gym etc. (this on the grounds of Security of course). This might all seem trivial, but you have to realise that these small things are important to



someone who is doing 20 years, or life with a minimum of 30 years, or whatever, and everyone was a long termer here..

Outgoing letters were often stopped, as people would tell their friends and relatives what was going on, but they have a 'rule' which says that a prisoner cannot complain, or make detrimental statements about prison conditions. You're supposed to either go to the Visiting Magistrate or petition, but you always get the same reply from them. (The Secretary of State has sympathetically considered ... etc.) Incoming letters, cards, etc. were invariably going missing, or 'never arrived'. All letters to solicitors, NCCL, or any other body were always opened and read/photocopied, either surreptitiously or blatantly, depending on how well the prisoner had sealed them. These were 'privileged' and not supposed to be opened particularly if the matters relate to actions against the Prison Authority, but they opened and copied them anyway.

As far as visits went you were searched before the visit, strict surveillance was kept on them, there was often petty interference and a strip search afterwards, sometimes trying to get you to 'bend over and expose your ass' which they didn't get away with as most refused. But this is minutes after being with your wife and kids or whatever - you cannot imagine the violent changes.

There is nowhere and no time when you are free of them, even in your cell in the evenings the door would spring open and they'd be there, 3 or 4 handed to give you a strip search. They were always trying to mix it too - they'd say they were acting on information received, like frustrated old bill which is what they are. They would wait till you were halfway through a class (if you were on education in the evening or whenever) and come in and remove you for a search. Kearns and the Security, headed by Withers, Stevenson (Senior Officer) and co. got the Irish Language class, given by a priest entirely voluntary and unpaid, stopped on completely fabricated 'conspiracy' type reports. There was at one time about 25 people used to come in on a Monday for a debating class, give lectures etc. (called Social Studies), they got the numbers whittled down in the last 18 months from 25 men to 6 men. They squeezed everything to breaking point.

The Segregation Unit was always full. Always a couple in the strong boxes in strait jackets etc. Strict solitary for everyone there. They'd sent quite a few to the control unit at Wakefield, and they had just 'glass bricked' 8 cells, reinforced the walls and door so that little sound could get in or out, you could only tell it was night or day. These had only been there 2 months.

The incident of Artie Clifford was the spark, the one that broke the camel's back.

What happened was that a prisoner called Artie Clifford who was in the seg. unit was goaded by a couple of screws as he was emptying his pisspot. He slagged them off. Later on the same two screws came back to his cell with another two screws, dragged A.Clifford out along to the 'strongbox' cells, beat him up. The screws were generally making a lot of noise having a 'good laugh' and unknown to them, another prisoner, a cleaner in the seg. unit, was watching them. This guy went to the strong box and had a look at Clifford and saw he was marked up. He got a chance to talk to some prisoners who were working outside the unit and told them what had happened. We were in the wing next door and heard about it very soon, and got to discussing it and what to do. The news went all around the jail by 5 o'clock on Tuesday the 31st August and it was just spontaneously agreed that we would go and confront the governor and demand for Clifford to be brought out of the seg. unit. It was agreed that this would take place at 7 o'clock on the centre (where all the blocks except B wing meet).

About 100 of us joined up at 7 and got out onto the centre and got a Deputy Governor, asked him to get the Governor, told him what we wanted. He got on the phone after trying to bullshit for a while and spoke to the Governor, telling him we wanted him, and wanted Clifford brought out of the unit. He told us the Governor refused to come and refused to give an order to bring Clifford out, so we stood around there on the centre for a while, and as it was getting near 8 o'clock (when we normally get banged up for the night) we agreed we'd not get banged up but also not to stay in the centre because it was too exposed to attack.

We decided to all move into A wing as it was 1) less exposed and 2) joined onto the seg. unit. The screws and Deputy Governors and other lackeys followed us in and when it came to be about 5 minutes to 8 o'clock they began making noises about 'good and sensible' and in a nutshell go in the cells and go to bed. Well they didn't realise the mood I think. Someone got a bucket of water and chucked it over them all from the top landing and they galloped out of the gate onto the centre again leaving us in charge. As soon as they left (simultaneously) the place began to get demolished, with every place being attacked at once. There was an attack on the roofs and the prisoners got out onto the roof and began making entry to the Segregation Unit through that roof. Prisoners attacked all the cell doors, making strategic barricades within A wing and going along the roofs to the other two wings C and D, and building barricades at various places



around the main prison block. (B wing is a separate entity and most of the 80 or so prisoners in B wing were locked up - when they saw it was 'off' many smashed their cells up - probably in frustration - and the windows and set fire to bedding etc. throwing it out of the cell windows. By 9 o'clock the whole main prison block was under prisoner control ; everyone who was in the seg. unit, about 20 men including Artie Clifford were freed and were with us ; the offices were all opened up and masses of documentation was obtained, collected together into a central place ; the canteen, censor's office, chief's office, welfare/psychologist's office were all seized. All phones were cut except one which was unplugged and taken to the centre, our centre I mean, however all the outside lines were cut as we soon discovered. As you can imagine there was great rejoicing when all the guys were liberated from the unit and we embraced friends who had been down there for two months or more in solitary.

About this time however the mass of documentation was being scrutinised and very soon bundles of prisoners' files were being unearthed and distributed to their 'owners' (it would be more correct to say victims in view of their contents) and the mood of everyone changed very quickly to at first shocked disbelief and then, rapidly, to a quiet fury. They read like the ravings of a very frightened, extremely paranoid and evil (amateur) psychologist. Every other word was 'psychopath', 'misfit', 'anti-authority', 'manic-depressive' and so on, and virtually no-one was excluded, they were all in the same language, and one prisoners file was almost interchangeable with another. What was the more sick, was that each of us turned up by name in some other prisoners file, and it soon was obvious that according to the system every friendship existing in prison was hatched out of inherent criminal tendencies, that every association was suspect, conspiratorial and everyone was up to no good. That is when everyone decided to begin demolishing the prison with their bare hands, and many did so.

Here's some examples of what we found in the files :

"He associates with A, B and C (other prisoners named) and they spend a lot of their time in one another's cells no doubt scheming and plotting. This foursome must be kept under observation at all times. They are all good 43b (solitary) material. "

And another :

"A is a professional criminal and a dangerous psychopath. He is bitter and has a biting wit which he employs against the staff at every opportunity. He has served 2 years of an 18 year sentence and will

be 60 by the time he's due for release, by which time he should be a cabbage. "

Everyone was going about in a state of seething anger at what they had read in their files - these files incidentally are not the full files, only the internal 'working' files and only consisted of a few photostat sheets - you may read that there was an area of the prison, the administration block, which was the most heavily contested area in the riot. This was where the main files for all the prisoners were kept. We did not succeed in getting them. It was the only place they did not surrender, leaving 50 screws in full riot gear in there, who made it pretty obvious that they would not leave, but equally they had no intention of advancing from that position either. This convinced us that the regime was more worried about us getting our complete prison dossiers back - they contain everything : police, security, surveillance, the lot - than anything else, and so we know now that the stuff we did get was just chickenfeed, that they would be seriously on the spot if we got our hands on these files. They must be dynamite. As it was though there were many guys feeling desperate from the stuff they read, especially the lifers, as the files stated they should be kept in for X no. of years more than they thought. Many of them were changed by the action and the files really made them realise what we had all along suspected ; namely that screws, deputy governors, psychologists, welfare, the whole dirty bunch were forever writing reports about all your movements, your whole life was being reported.

Many of the files contained summaries of 'interviews' of prisoners by screws which were complete fabrications, the prisoners in the riot having to ask each other who a particular screw was, whose signature was on some very detailed report about the prisoner. They consisted of wholly manufactured 'admissions of guilt' supposedly made to a steely-eyed highly trained interviewer, i.e. yours truly Joe Turnkey who would make Alf Garnett jealous with the stupidity - I cannot stress too strongly the effect of these files on all the prisoners, even many of those who were previously adamant that the regime was 'fair, straight, and everyone was working in their best interests etc.' and that they would get such and such a prisoner out on parole etc. - this, coupled with the systematic beatings handed out to virtually all the prisoners at the end, will surely dispel any illusions that prisoners had and that the system was for ever fostering and boasting. I hope.

Most of the Tuesday night, and all Wednesday and night was



spent then in smashing the place up, the files, trying to get the other files, gathering food together, gathering information, building barricades, watching and guarding vital spots, stopping fires and other counter productive incidents (it would have looked nice all having to run out into the path of squads of screws because of our own fires) setting up a small field hospital (three guys were injured earlier, one fell off a low roof and broke his leg, one got caught early by a loose gang of screws, got his head beat up, had concussion, the other I don't know what was the matter with him, I think he was loopy temporarily). After a while, because of lack of sleep, having to stay on the alert Tuesday and Wednesday nights and all through the morning, and because of the murderous state some were in over the files, and others who had been on tranquillisers, sleepers etc. and now didn't have them, and because of the influx of the guys who had been let out of their cells (all these guys, didn't go on the original demonstration, so you can see they were not too enthusiastic - they helped to fan rumours about the screws charging en masse, the army coming in etc., etc.) things got a bit raggedy so we decided to stage a mass demo on the roof, get everyone out and showing solidarity and cheering - that happened Wednesday at 10 am and Thursday at 10 am and Friday at 8.30 am.

They were great times and were good for everyone. The prisoners couldn't believe the number and the joyous noise of the kids! Very early on some of us began making banners. And what we did was shout out to everybody around asking them what we ought to put on them, and after much ribaldry and some crazy suggestions like "What's happening?", "Send largactil urgent", "We demand transfers to Holloway" etc. etc., the ones which appeared were the agreed upon ones in the end. "Four screws beat up one prisoner", etc. Someone was pushed to the front of the roof to talk to the media, that was one of the best things - just to stand there, all of us with our arms around each other's shoulders and to shout out our anger and our contempt and our hopes and our strength and for everyone to endorse by whispered "Yeahs" and "Go ons" and raised fists and people saying "say this, say that" and to stop, ignore the T.V., radio etc., and have a quick round of everyone to see that everything was fair. We said we were here because of brutality, that they could read some of the details on the banners, that this was just the tip of the iceberg, that the brutality was in every aspect of the system, in the control units, both the ones which were well known and the ones which operate in every prison under the names of segregation units and rule 43. (Like the fact that 90% of the men in Wakefield control unit had been sent from Hull prison). That right below our feet there was the control unit of Hull where a prisoner was beaten up by 4 screws, where they had just

installed 8 cells which had the glass brick windows and the blank walls which are a feature of control units. We went on about the finding of the files, the language of them, the rampant lies, the hysterical paranoia, the completely inhuman marking down of every prisoner's past, present and future in terms of **ABSOLUTE HOPELESS EXISTENCE FOR LIFE**, that they clearly showed what we all knew - that the prison system was an industry trading in our lives, that we were here to tell people we would never be relegated to being passive 'products' on the conveyor belt in order to let screws, police, judges, politicians, bureaucrats get fat off us, that we would protest and demonstrate and take action again and again and until the last prison in Britain is shut forever. Also we mentioned about the work we were forced to do for a few pence a week, making furniture for prisons in Iran, and asked the media and people standing there, is this what we've come to?, supplying everything to kill, torture and imprison people all over the world. We all screamed for a while:

"FUCK THE SHAH OF IRAN, FUCK THE SHAH OF IRAN."

How the end was reached was so kind of natural, most people felt there was little point in staying, many of the guys who had been let out of their cells had wanted to give themselves up, (they outnumbered the original 80 or so people). We didn't want to let them go and many of the original lot too, leaving only a few to face what might come. There was a general feeling "we've done it anyway", "for this time", virtually put the jail out of action, so we got everyone together by general consent, a vote was taken, it was a vast majority for an end but not a surrender.

Someone was asked to go and talk to this Home Office bloke who was buzzing about outside, to get a procedure set up that would allow us to get examined by doctors so that nobody could get really seriously beaten, and to save some personal property. Many of us thought that this was naive, but others were genuinely indignant at the thought they might be beaten up. And none had been in a riot (amazing how few of us faced the fact that we had been!) Anyway someone went to this bloke out in front of all the prisoners and told him what we wanted, "A doctor, an M.P. to be there when we came through." He hummed and hawed over the M.P. and after fruitless back and forth we were told John Prescott would be around to see every prisoner after we were through, that a doctor would examine each of us, that a local magistrate would be there, that he, Lewis, would be there. He asked us to start coming in then, that was Thursday one o'clock, but we told him to wait. We went back and told everyone what had been said. They agreed to go if 1) I was allowed to go and examine the procedure, 2) only Hull screws would be there. We agreed



that if we got a 'yes' on this and everything was OK we'd start going in at 9 am the following morning. Lewis asked why the request for Hull screws, smirking and thinking he'd caught us out in a glaring contradiction (because we accused them particularly of brutality). He was shaken when we told him we wanted to recognise the ones who would beat us up - "better the dogs you know than the dogs you don't." And he was profuse in his assurance that there would be no violence whatsoever, that he had given orders "no violence". But we just asked him, did he think we were fools, even after all this? That was it.

I went that afternoon right through looking at the lay of the land, the doctor, the magistrate, the search area, the cells etc., all the time with Lewis at my elbow saying "trust me". I just looked at him in amazement and told him he'd be bang in trouble if he was lying, which he did not like at all. Most of us were sick as hell, but happy too because everyone was really beautiful with each other, all very emotional and nice for the first time with each other. Wishing each other luck, promising to meet on the roofs of some other jail, helping each other with personal gear, saying goodbye to all the kids, booing Prescott M.P. as he held a press conference within camera range of the prison. The end.

Or the end of the "public" part of the riot.

We came down in batches - 6,7,8 at a time. Down from the roof, through the wrecked wings and galleries, into the "reception" area. There, stood waiting, looking more scared than us, were the doctor, the magistrate, and the other worthies, including Lewis. Alongside them were groups of screws, looking far from scared - they stood impassively but behaving themselves, whilst in sight of the distinguished guests.

This operation took most of the day, it was about 3 pm when the last batch - you probably saw in the papers the singing of "Auld Lang Syne" - were 'processed'. We'd arranged a signal system, so that the first batches could signal up to those still on the roof, as they were leaving for their buses to other prisons, if any violence had been done. But this was not a foolproof system. Willy Gould got his story into the papers, but most of us got the same treatment. First we were met by the 'reception' group, headed by Lewis, here we were given a quick "examination" by the doctor - "open your mouth and say 'ah'" kind of thing, then asked to get our property sorted out, and to say "yes, that's mine", or "I'm missing this or that" or whatever. Then, whisked off by a couple of screws, to be well roughed up, out of sight of the processing area - mostly this was digs in the ribs, kicks in the balls,

hair pulled, shins kicked - mild stuff compared with what was to follow.

A lot of guys were transferred immediately after processing - they got their roughings up, were handcuffed, and subjected to abuse and more beatings as they made their way down the stairs - surrounded by screws, chanting, spitting, and kicking at them. And then onto the waiting buses.

Those who went to Strangeways, in buses of 12, all were met by some 20 screws, and while handcuffed, were beaten from the buses to D wing Seg. Unit. How many this was I don't know - I only know about one busload for sure, but I'm certain the others must have got it too.

Those of us that remained, were taken off to undamaged areas, in various parts of the prison. I was in with a group of some 25 guys. We were banged up, in single cells, all in a row - this was about 4 pm Friday. Very soon after we were all locked up, the first group of screws arrived, - about a dozen of them - this was the start of the systematic beatings that were to continue until Sunday afternoon.

The screws split into groups of about 4 or 5, and worked their way up and down the line of cells. It was systematic and co-ordinated - either they would charge into a cell, push the prisoner on to the floor, and kick him into a corner, and carry this on for 5, 10 minutes or longer. Or they would drag you out, with your arms and legs flailing and hurl you against a wall, landing blows on the head, back, legs and kidneys - anywhere that was exposed. When being beaten like this you instinctively roll yourself into a ball-like position - legs tucked in, arms trying to shield the head - some cons shouted abuse at their attackers, some just rolled into a ball and were silent except for screams and gasps of pain.

WITHOUT EXCEPTION EVERY PRISONER GOT AT LEAST ONE BEATING IN THIS SESSION, WHICH CONTINUED UP TO ABOUT 8 PM ON FRIDAY NIGHT.

Saturday morning brought the first food since we came down from the roof. We were shepherded along to 'breakfast' which consisted of plates of hot food being smashed into our faces. Then, back to the cells, for another session along the same lines as Friday night.

THE BEATINGS ON SATURDAY BEGAN AFTER "BREAKFAST" AND CONTINUED INTO LATE AFTERNOON.

A few doors down from me ('A') an Irish prisoner suffered a long beating at the feet of 6 screws, who left him lying, \*



half in, half out of his cell.

He was in a shocking state - bruised, bleeding and gasping. A few minutes later, another group of screws picked him up and bundled him back into the cell for another severe kicking. Immediately they'd finished, a Medical Officer appeared - saw him - and he was immediately taken off to hospital. .

Sunday, I was transferred - and suffered the same treatment given to these who left on Friday - handcuffed, I was pushed and kicked down the stairs by a jeering group of screws.

I was taken to another prison and immediately locked up in solitary.

Jake Prescott.

I was an inmate of Hull Prison at the time of the trouble which occurred in the first week in September 1976. There had been a great deal of unrest at the prison for many months, with petty restrictions, loss of privileges, and petty nickings of inmates. Things came to a head when it was discovered that one inmate had been beaten up by screws in the segregation unit and word went round the prison that inmates would meet on the centre of D wing for the purpose of seeing the governor (No. 1) to see what he would do about the beating up of the inmate. The Deputy Governor was told that we wished to see the inmate in order to find out if it was true that he had been beaten up. He assured us that no inmate in the seg. unit had been touched. We then asked for the inmate to be brought so that everyone present could be satisfied that that was the truth. He said "I do not have the authority". As requested he phoned the No.1 Governor and he came back with a refusal to the request to see the inmate. That was when it was decided to stage a sit down. We would refuse to lock up until it was proved one way or the other if the inmate had been beaten up. At this point I decided to go back to my own wing and fill my flask ready for my supper later. I would like to point out that at this time we had had a sit down a few months before which dispersed after about one hour, I was of the opinion that the same would occur this time, hence I shut myself in my cell as I usually do so I cannot comment on what happened until the Thursday when several inmates broke open my cell to let me out.

Thursday lunch-time a Mr Lewis from the Home Office came in order to stop what by now had turned into a riot. He promised he would enquire fully into the allegations of brutality, he also promised that we would be allowed to keep our personal property and would guarantee that no violence would be used by the screws when we came down to give ourselves up. A meeting was held and it was agreed that we would give up under these conditions ; as well as our regular screws to supervise us, as if there was any retaliation by the screws on us we would be able to identify the screws who had used violence on anyone. We started to come down on the Friday morning at 9.30 am. We were processed by screws under D wing centre. When I went through, the box with my property in was searched as well as myself. A visiting Magistrate asked me if I was alright and a hospital screw asked if I was injured. I answered both saying I was alright. I then took my box with my personal effects and was escorted into B wing out of sight .



of the magistrate.

I was told to take everything from my pockets and to take my jacket off, which I did. A screw called Nobby Clark saw my medallion and chain around my neck and told me to take it off. I said I had never taken it off since my mother gave it to me, at which point he reached for it and tore it from my neck saying "You fucking do what I say, the M.P.'s gone and we are the bosses now." To save trouble I never made an issue of it as I thought I would get it back after. I was bundled up the stairs by 5 screws and made to strip nude while the 5 screws surrounded me. My clothes were searched again after which they left and allowed me to dress. The cell was absolutely bare, there wasn't a stick of furniture in there. I sat on the floor or stood looking out of the window and listening to the noise being made by the screws for a couple of hours.

During the evening I heard a terrible racket and somebody screaming. It seems the screws were beating up an inmate, then it was confirmed by an inmate who shouted out the window that they (the screws) were going round the wing beating people up. They came on to my spur of the wing and I saw them through the strip of glass in my door go into the cell opposite and drag the inmate out on to the landing and beat and kick an inmate named Mick Oddman. Then they threw him back into the cell and closed the door. I was shouting at them and calling them brave bastards and how it took a special kind of courage for 5 bastard screws to beat and kick one man to bits. They looked at me through the door and went away. About half an hour later the door flew open and 4 - 5 screws rushed in and bundled me on the floor and started to punch me in the back, kidneys. One gave me a kick in the crotch which nearly caused me to faint. I heard one of them say "Don't mark him" and "Leave his face alone". I curled up into a ball and lay there. The beating went on for 2 or 3 minutes, then they left. This treatment went on all night long and from what I can gather I got off very light. I only recognised one of the screws, that is I only know one by name. It was the same screw that snatched my medallion from my neck - Nobby Clark. I did recognise two others but I didn't know their names. The next morning the door opened and I was told to go to the end of the landing to get breakfast. Screws were lined up each side making an avenue I had to walk down. As I walked between the two lines of screws, one would try and trip me up with his foot. When I got to the food trolley my head was forced into a tray of red jam, then someone shouted to send me downstairs. I was pushed down the first flight and crashed off the landing wall. One screw shouted "See how they bounce off the wall". I had jam in my eyes and all over my face so I couldn't see where I was going.

Somebody grabbed hold of my front and dragged me down the last flight of stairs. Someone said "Who made him bleed like that?" The voice sounded very worried. A screw wiped my face and then said "It's all right he has had the jam treatment."

From there we, that is myself and two other inmates, were transported to Leicester prison. After 3 weeks in Leicester I saw the governor to inquire about my personal property that was left at Hull ... despite the M.P. and Mr Lewis's firm guarantee that we would be allowed to keep our property with us. I was asked to go to reception and check it to see that everything was there. When I saw the state of my property or rather what was left of it, I went white with anger. The screw could see that I was about to explode. He said quickly that I should check what was there - that he could see that things had been tampered with and that I should see the governor about it. The medallion my mother had given me had been stolen. It was a heavy and expensive one. But that is not what upset me. It was of great sentimental value as it was from my mother. My radio was stolen, a dictionary, and an expensive pen bought for me by my sister, a bedspread, yoga books, toilet and razor set, slippers and many small articles. I have made a claim to the Home Office for compensation but as yet have not received any answer.

Since being at Leicester we have been kept in solitary confinement. I feel that when the time comes to answer the charges we will not be able to defend ourselves in the proper manner as afforded to people charged with an offence and my reaction at this moment in time is that I am only sorry that I did not take an active part in the riot, because the mere fact of being there, we will be found guilty of any charges the prison might wish to bring. I only hope what happened at Hull gets as much public notice as possible, in order to bring to light the brutality that goes on in prisons throughout the country. It is also a sad fact that for justice to be achieved in prison, certain inmates have to get themselves into trouble in order to bring things out into the open so the people outside can see what is going on inside prisons, and in doing so often lose large chunks of remission.

Peter Ra-Jah.



On Tuesday 31st August 1976 just before teatime rumours were circulating the prison that an inmate located in the Prison 'Segregation Unit' had assaulted the Senior Officer, Mr A. Robinson. Consequently this inmate was immediately violently assaulted by the four Prison Officers, namely Harrison, Crow and the other two names I have now forgotten.

The immediate reaction by the majority of inmates to this news was one of anger and what to do about it. It was agreed that each wing would have a meeting after teatime to discuss the matter. Although there was no general meeting in my wing, meetings had taken place in other wings with a majority decision that all those interested would congregate on the prison centre outside the Governor's office, at about 7.15 to ask to see the prison Governor with the intention of asking him for an immediate enquiry to demand to see the prisoner who was assaulted.

By about 7 o'clock everybody including Prison Officers were aware of what was going on and that trouble was brewing. I myself, was asked several times to support the coming protest but refused. I could sense the danger in the atmosphere by the ominous quiet in the prison that was accompanied by the fidgeting of inmates. There was no doubt in my mind that the many months of discontent by inmates was about to explode.

By 7.15 inmates began to congregate outside the Governor's office and what I could not understand is that although prison officers were aware of what was happening they allowed inmates off the wings to join the protest outside the Governor's office. As the gathering of inmates grew, and started to voice their demands, prison officers were still allowing inmates off the wings to join the protest. Some officers were even mobbing and clapping their hands and asked if anyone wanted to join them saying "I could do with some extra overtime this week". I myself became a little angry at seeing and hearing this to the point that I said "You want to hope that is all you get tonight."

As I have already stated, I had refused to join this protest (for reasons I will explain later) and I was not on the centre. But I could see and hear most of what was taking place through the barred gate leading off my wing on to the centre.

The Deputy Governor, Mr Manning arrived. He was immediately told about the assault on the inmate by prison officers in the 'Segregation Unit'. The inmates demanded an inquiry and to see the inmate. This was refused. The Deputy Governor told the protestors that they would have to wait until the inmate was dealt with on Adjudicators the following day. Frayed tempers were beginning to flare and inmates made it clear that unless their demands were met they were going to stay where they were. It was a stalemate. Neither side would give. I went back to my cell to make a cup of tea and fill my flask for during the night. By this time inmates were beginning to drift to the wings and to prepare for an all night sit out. But most were in an angry mood and made it plain that they were going to tear the prison apart tonight. They were voicing opinions that things had gone too far in the prison and others were saying "We have no more privileges to lose".

A few minutes before the eight o'clock bell sounded for lock up I went to Albert Mattersley's cell situated on the top floor. He asked me what I was going to do. I told him I was going to my cell when the bell sounded. He told me that he was staying in his cell too. As the bell sounded I made my way to my cell and as I reached it I met another inmate John Honny. He didn't seem to know what to do. I could tell he wanted to go to his cell but wanted a bit of moral support. I told him to go to his cell. At the instant that I said these words two officers arrived at my cell and asked me what I intended doing. I told them to lock me up.

I had only been in my cell a couple of minutes when I heard a tremendous crash of breaking glass coming from the direction of the prison centre. The riot had started. The sounds of destruction went on throughout the night. There were fires lit. Smoke hung in the air all night. I had anticipated the outcome at the eventual end of the riot and accordingly packed all my personal possessions. I packed my stereo record player in its makers box with all its foam padding. I also did the same with my radio. I put that into its makers box with its protective padding. I kept the original boxes because being a category A prisoner I am subject to moves between prisons without prior warning and needed the original makers boxes for protection of my property during those moves. I also always kept a couple of large boxes to pack all my other personal possessions in.

Wednesday 1st I was awakened by the noise that still continued the next morning. I now realised that the inmates had got on to the prison roofs. It was about mid morning by the



time they managed to break into my wing (C wing). They immediately began to wreck the wing. About mid day somebody came to my door and asked whether I wanted to come out. I said I did not, but during the afternoon I had changed my mind, because I had heard shouts to burn the place down. Of course, because of the fires during the night and the hearing of these new threats I was very worried that I might get trapped by fire in my cell. I decided to get out. I started banging on the door to attract attention. Eventually someone came along and I asked them to get me out. The inmate who was at my door started shouting for the scaffolding pole to be brought up but at that time it was being used to break other cells open. It was about an hour later that the pole was brought and was used to make an opening in the bottom of my cell door. I crawled out on hands and knees and was greeted by half a dozen masked inmates. I looked about the wing. It looked as though it had taken a direct hit by a bomb.

By this time I had had no breakfast or dinner and I decided to make something to eat and a cup of tea. Whilst I was in the wing kitchen I asked one of the inmates if everybody had broken out of their cell. I was told not yet but they soon will be. "We are going to open them all".

I went back to my cell to have my meal and within a few minutes somebody stuck their head round the door and threw in a folder saying "Here you are John this should interest you. We didn't know whether to give it to you or not because of what's in it." It was a condensed version of my record.

After I had finished reading the dossier on myself I was pretty well stunned by its contents. It accused me of having a homosexual relationship with an I.R.A. prisoner Paul Hill who had only been in the prison about a month and I had hardly ever spoken to him. There were reports of discussions about me with other inmates. There was another memo that said the relationship between Reed and his wife should be discouraged rather than encouraged. This was something I have always accused prison authorities of, but which they denied. Then the most depressing revelation was that this man is unlikely to be released from prison ever.

There was not one good thing written in my favour, in spite of the fact that 18 months previous I had decided not to get involved with any more subversive activities or protests. This was noticed but the answer to that is in another memo and that was "Reed is only playing the system for his own benefit, and that I still need to be carefully watched with the emphasis on security and control, rather than any attempt at rehabilit-

ation."

There was another memo saying "I was mentally ill and suffering from schizophrenia and was psychotic". I was feeling very much depressed when I finished reading. Knowing that I was never going to get out nor any real choice to try and better myself. I showed these reports to other inmates and to one of my friends. He told me he had seen another dossier on me that was taken out of the Chief Officer's office. He also told me that my name was on the list of prisoners who are likely to take hostages.

During the rest of the day I kept pretty much to my cell only leaving it to make a cup of tea or something to eat. During the evening I decided to take a wander round the wing to speak to a few of the inmates and see how long they intended to hold out. The general opinion at this time was to hold out as long as possible.

During my wandering around the wing I saw a fire blazing against the cell door of Dennis Bond who was locked inside. I immediately ran down the stairs to put it out. But by then it was practically out. Somebody had poured water over the door. When I asked why his door was set alight, I was told "Because the bastard won't come out". Later his door was broken down. That left only one more in his cell. Fred Halderness evidently didn't want to come out and it was decided to leave him in.

Much later in the evening after hearing that the inmates were going to turn all the lights off in the wing I decided to go to my cell and try and get some sleep. I slept lightly because there were still pockets of destruction going on in the prison. During the night I was awakened by a strong acrid smell of smoke and fumes. I immediately crawled out of my cell and turned on the light because for a moment I thought it was my cell that was on fire but it wasn't. The smoke was coming from the bottom floor. I gave the shout of fire and for the lights to be switched on. I and a few other men ran down to the bottom floor where we found someone had set light to Brian Robinson's cell. We couldn't draw any water from the taps because the mains had been turned off. So we started hunting for extinguishers that were still full. We managed to find some but we didn't have much success. I asked another inmate, Les Wright, who said "he thinks the phone is working again" to see whether we could contact the prison authorities and ask for the water to be turned on again, or to have the firemen who were on standby to come in and tackle the fire. The request was refused. Eventually some extinguishers were found and the fire put out. After the putting out of the fire,



I then decided to go up on the roof while the smoke cleared. This was the first time I had been up on the roof. I stayed there for about an hour. Then went back to my cell and slept.

By dinner time there was a growing opinion amongst inmates that a surrender should be negotiated. This caused quite a lot of argument. As I didn't want to get involved in any arguments, I tried to seek out others with an idea of making a break in the wall and getting out without too many people knowing. I found a group of inmates who were already working on such a plan, so I decided that I would keep an eye on them and follow if they got through.

By late afternoon a break was made and the first inmate (about 15 wanted to go through) John Oates, went through. He was immediately met by a dog tender who set his dog on the inmate, then grabbed hold of him, forced him against the wall, and rammed his riot stick in his back. On seeing this the rest of the inmates changed their mind about giving up. I shouted through the window to the dog handler that some of us want to surrender. His answer was "You can surrender when we fucking say you can" and went on to say "when that time comes we're coming in to knock shit out of you".

During the late afternoon a message came over from A wing for everybody to go over. A representative from the Home Office was in the prison and was coming to talk to us. I went over, as did most others. Spokesmen had been elected to negotiate terms for a surrender with Mr Lewis.

Terms for surrender were put to Mr Lewis ; these were that :

- 1) All prison officers that did not belong to Hull prison be withdrawn behind the perimeter fence.
- 2) That all Hull prison officers would hand in their riot equipment.
- 3) That no violence would be used against any of the inmates.
- 4) That doctors be present to examine each inmate as he surrenders.
- 5) That inmates be allowed to bring any of their personal possessions if they want to.
- 6) That members of the 'Visiting Magistrates' be present to supervise the surrender.

Mr Lewis agreed to all these terms and even told us that "once we had surrendered Mr Prescott M.P. for Hull is going to be

allowed in to talk to inmates if they want to see him." Many prisoners were still dubious of Mr Lewis' promises and said so, Mr Lewis said "that the prison officers will do what they are told whether they like it or not". The prisoners said they wanted half an hour to discuss the matter before deciding. A vote was taken and the majority was for surrender at 9 o'clock the following morning. The decision was relayed back to Mr Lewis who agreed.

I then decided to spend the night in A wing in the company of Ray Cripps and Peter Sparrow. I went back to my own cell to collect all my personal belongings to take back to A wing. I asked my next door neighbour Gordon Dale to help me to carry them over. He did so. I then came back for my mattress and a couple of blankets to take back to A wing and to Peter Sparrow's cell. I spent the rest of the night there, occasionally going up on the roof for a walk and some fresh air.

#### Friday morning 3rd.

At approximately 9 o'clock inmates began to make their way to the agreed check point situated outside D wing. I took my place in the line that was forming with my friend Raymond Cripps who had also helped me carry my personal possessions. We were being let through the door one at a time at the rate of about 3 to 4 minutes. Raymond Cripps offered to take my radio through, as I was overloaded, and the radio was a large one. When my turn came I went through the door where I was met by the deputy Governor Mr Manning, the doctor who asked if I was alright and if I had any injuries, a member of the visiting magistrates and a number of prison officers.

The prison officer Mr Morrison made a search of my person and then of my possessions. I was then told to proceed down the passage that connects B wing with the main prison. The passage was lined with prison officers. Many of them hurled abuse at me. There was one who stepped out in front of me so that I had to stop and said "We're going to kill you just like you did that taxi driver". Upon reaching the entrance of B wing there was a visiting magistrate sitting at a table. He asked me my name and number, and then told me to hand over all my personal possessions to the officer behind the table. This I did. All my possessions were put into a large plastic bag and then secured. All my smoking materials were taken from me. I never saw them again.

I was then given a cell location 102 on the top floor and was escorted there by a number of officers. On reaching cell 102 I was made to strip all my clothes off and body searched. I then was given my clothes back to put on. I was then locked.



in the cell. The cell was completely bare. There was not a scrap of furniture in the cell or any bed. Sometime during the early afternoon I was given two sandwiches for my dinner. One cheese, one corned beef. Later in the evening I was given a small beaker of soup, that was all the food we were given that day. Soon after we had been fed mattresses and blankets began to be issued. I was looking forward to this issue, because I was very tired and cold. I was not issued with any blankets or mattress. When I banged on my door to enquire why I had not been given a mattress or blankets I was told "there wasn't any left" and told to sleep on the floor. I tried to sleep curled up in a corner. But during the night the prison officers were making sure that none of us could get any sleep. They continually went around kicking cell doors and hitting them with their sticks. During the night I wanted to relieve myself, I had to urinate out of the window because they wouldn't give us any chamber pots.

#### Saturday morning 4th.

A large body of prison officers came on duty, they went round banging cell doors. After a while I heard a few of them talking outside my cell door. I heard one officer - Senior Officer DUDLEY giving instructions to the other officers, and his intention was for me to hear what he was saying. He said "Right, these bastards are not here to protect them today so when we get into them, be careful, try not to mark their faces and they still have to be able to walk." I then heard them unlock a cell door and shout "slop out". The next moment I heard some scuffling and someone saying "leave me alone" followed by yells from the inmate.

I heard the same procedure twice more before they came for me. My door was opened and prison officer Burns told me to "slop out". I picked up the beaker that I had been given soup in the night before to wash out. I went out of my cell to the ablutions. I had to walk a gauntlet of 40 officers. I had to stop about half way because prison officer Bennett was blocking my path with his back towards me. He walked into me backwards. When I tried to go round him, he followed, still bumping into me. I could see they were trying to provoke me, so I said "Look if you want to beat me up, get on with it, there's nothing that I can do about it." Officer Bennett then told me to get on my way.

I went to wash out my beaker when prison officer (whose name I don't know but has the nick-name 'Kung-Fu') shouted at me "What the fuck do you think you're doing? Cunt, leave it there." I then went to the urinal to relieve myself when I was grabbed from behind by this officer and another one. I was swung into the arms of all the other officers who immed-

ately began to punch and kick me, while I had to crawl back to my cell on all fours. Someone had hit me in the face and my nose was pouring with blood. The next assault came about half an hour later. It was officer Burns who opened my door again and told me to "get my breakfast". I asked "Do I have to go". He replied "Go and get it". The breakfast was being served off chairs just outside the toilets, I was given a bowl and the officer serving the cornflakes scooped up a handful with his bare hands and threw them into the bowl. Most of the cornflakes went onto the floor. Another officer ladled milk into the bowl. Then another officer gave me two slices of bread with a pat of butter. The next officer Bennett was serving the jam with a long handled serving spoon. He scooped up a spoonful and proceeded to smear it over me. When I tried to pull away I was shoved back by the other officers. Then Bennett hit me in the face with a spoon saying "Don't you like jam then, cunt". I was immediately set upon by all the other officers. I was kicked and punched to the floor. Prison officer Burns then straddled my back as I tried to crawl back to my cell. I tried to resist him. Every time I collapsed the other officers booted me. The next recollection I have is waking up on the floor of my cell. I had been unconscious. I also didn't get any breakfast.

I heard them doing the same thing to many more inmates. Then I heard them go to the cell next door to me, an inmate called McCorran but he was too frightened to come out of his cell. I heard officer Burns say to him "It's alright Mac we won't touch you." But he still wouldn't go and get his breakfast so officer Burns shouted for his breakfast to be brought to him.

I heard him go to the cell directly under mine where another inmate (who I know as Ray I believe his surname is McLaughlin and who had only been in the prison about a month) was beaten up. In fact I heard him get beaten up three times that morning. Sometime after breakfast things were quiet for a while then I heard footsteps outside my door, I had been sitting on the pipes with my head in my hands. I was feeling pretty rough. Then I heard officer Burns say "Are you crying? Hey, he's crying. I wonder if his wife is crying as well." Then I heard officer Bennett say "No she won't be crying she's got a girlfriend now". (My wife is also in prison).

I then heard someone say "Aren't things quiet. Let's have some more fun." My door was opened once more and I was told to 'slop out'. Of course I had nothing to slop out but I went just the same. I had resigned myself to the inevitable beatings. I didn't go half way to the toilet when I was



punched and kicked to the ground once more.

The next and last assault came about 10 o'clock when I heard my name being relayed by officers up the stairs. I was being moved out. I know this because I had heard similar procedures with other inmates who were beaten up as a 'going away present'. My door was opened and I was told by an officer that "You have five seconds to reach the bottom of the stairs". I had to run a gauntlet of prison officers (over 100 of them) from my cell down four flights of stairs. But before I had to start this run I heard somebody shout "Are you ready Mr Unwin your friend is on his way down". I forgot to say that Mr Unwin stopped me on the stairs. I started my run down the stairs. I was about half way down and officer Unwin was blocking my path. I went to run round him and as I did so somebody tripped me up and officer Unwin started kicking me. I got up and ran all the rest of the way down the stairs. I had been kicked and punched all the way down. At the bottom of the stairs was a large crowd of officers and I was set upon again as I tried to get through.

I was then grabbed by Senior Officer Robinson and handcuffed to one of my escorts. When I had been handcuffed I was made to stand facing the wall with legs apart and hands on the wall. As I stood there Robinson punched me in the ribs a couple of times and said "Reed while you are on your way down south think about that taxi driver you slut". Then Barnes said "Oh it's alright his brother in law is down at Winchester," and kicked me while I was down on the floor. He said "Tell the European Court of Human Rights about this as well." (This is the officer who is named in a petition that I have filed at Strasbourg).

Whilst I was waiting facing the wall at the bottom of the stairs the shout went out to bring another inmate down. Steve Doran. Within moments I heard scuffling. I looked round and saw Steve Doran being kicked and punched. He was then handcuffed and made to stand in the same position next to me at the wall. We were both taken out to a waiting van and we were both put in the same van. As I was getting in I heard shouts of "Remember Hull 76" from the Hull prison officers. Our van pulled out to the side a little then another van backed in, later I saw inmate John Walker being kicked as he was brought out to the van. He didn't seem to be able to walk properly and I saw blood pouring down his head. His van followed ours between an escort of police cars. We did not talk during the journey. During the journey one of our escorts took out his cigarettes to have a smoke and one of the other officers asked if he could have a cigarette too. The officer with the cigarettes said "I didn't think you smoked". The officer

replied "I don't but I need one now after seeing that back there". We all stopped at Leicester prison for our dinner. At first I was put into a cell with John Walker. He could hardly stand and seemed in a bad way. He pulled up his shirt to see what damage was done. I saw some large bruises. He then pulled down his trousers to have a look between his legs. He said "They had kicked him between the legs whilst he was also made to stand against the wall with his legs apart."

On arrival at Winchester prison we were placed in the segregation unit and given out tea. Shortly after we were seen by a woman doctor. I told her I had been assaulted at Hull prison and that I had a few bruises appearing and ached a bit about the body. The doctor looked at the bruises and made a note of them. Sometime during the week another doctor ordered that my ribs should be strapped up. A prison hospital officer came and strapped my ribs with Elastoplast.

#### 4th September 1976.

On my reception at Winchester prison along with Steve Doran and John Walker, both also category 'A' prisoners, we were each placed in separate cells in the prison segregation unit. This was the last time I saw them or spoke to them. The cell I was placed in was a strong cell. It had two doors and although it had a table and chair, for a bed it had a concrete slab cemented into the floor with a rubber mattress for sleeping on. There was no heating whatsoever and I had to have a blanket draped round me continually to try to keep warm. It was not long before I realised that the place was infested with cockroaches. They continually crawled into my cell from under the door and through two ventilators in the wall. In the night it was an easy task for them to gain access to my bed. I complained on several occasions about the cockroaches and was told on these occasions that they would get some powder from the main store but they never did.

#### 5th September 1976.

The next day the Deputy Governor who was the Chief Officer at Hull until a few months ago came to see me. He told me I would be kept in the Segregation Unit on rule 43 for about a month until we know what is going to happen to you.

N.B. Rule 43 is used when you are suspected of a breach of prison rules or suspected of having been involved in subversive activities. You can be kept on this Rule 43 indefinitely. It just has to be renewed once a month by the Prison Board of Visitors at the Home Office. There is no appeal against this.

I am kept locked up for 23 hours a day. The other hour is



split in two for periods of exercise. One in the morning and the other in the afternoon, and I exercise on my own. I don't see another prisoner and the only people I can talk to are the prison officers when I have a request to make. I am not allowed to have possession of my radio. It is total isolation. The inmates who are on punishment can at least exercise together and talk to each other.

#### 6th September 1976.

I made an application to the Governor (No.1) in my first attempt to institute legal proceedings in court for the assaults on me in Hull prison. I asked permission to write to my solicitor for his help and advice in preparing a petition to the European Court of Human Rights. The Governor told me he needed a couple of days to check as to whether I am allowed to do this or not.

N.B. My reason for not telling the Governor that my real intention was to take a private action in an English court was because I knew that I would be obstructed in every way possible by prison authorities in doing so. I felt it more urgent that I make contact as soon as possible with my solicitor alerting him to the situation and my intentions. Then I could make my real intentions known to prison authorities once contact was established.

#### 8th September 1976.

The Governor (No.1) gave me permission to write to my solicitor for help and advice in preparing a petition to the European Court of Human Rights.

#### 24th September 1976.

I received two letters from my solicitor that were posted on 21.9.76, arrived at the prison and were stamped by prison censor 22.9.76. No explanation was given for the two day delay in my receiving the two letters. With these two letters my solicitor enclosed a green Legal Aid form with instructions to sign and return as soon as possible. Was not given this Legal Aid form.

#### 25th September 1976.

I asked the Deputy Governor for the possession of the Legal Aid form so that I can carry out my solicitor's instructions. He refused but told me to make an application to him on Monday stating what my intentions were in this matter. I reminded him that I had already made my intentions clear and that by his interference with private mail from my solicitor it amounted to obstruction of my right to seek litigation in a Court of Law. He said we will talk about it on Monday.

#### 27th September 1976.

I made an application to the Governor (Deputy) for possession of the Legal Aid form. I was told that he needs more time to consider the matter and to satisfy himself as to the real purpose of the Legal Aid form. I accused him of embarking on a policy of obstruction of my fundamental rights.

I also asked (in regard to the second letter from my solicitor of 21.9.76.) if I was going to be allowed to follow Mr John Prescott's (MP) instructions contained in the letter that Mr Prescott had asked my solicitor to convey to me. I was refused and told to petition. I immediately wrote to my solicitor to start civil proceedings against certain officers at Hull and the Home Office in that they were negligent and allowed me to be assaulted.

#### 28th September 1976.

I handed yesterday's petition in. I also complained to the Deputy Governor on his daily visit to the segregation unit about my confinement in solitary in the Segregation Unit on Rule 43. When prison authorities have now had nearly a month to substantiate as to whether I took part in the disturbances at Hull prison. I went on to compare my treatment to that of about a dozen other inmates brought down from Hull who are on normal location in the main prison. I told them that I did not take part in the riot and was in fact locked in my cell for the night when it started. His reply was that he's not really interested as to whether I took part or not. I then asked "Are you keeping me in the Segregation Unit with two other inmates (Doran and Walker) because we are Category A men?" The Chief Officer who was accompanying the Deputy Governor chipped in with "Yes this is so we can keep all Category A men together". He was abruptly cut off by the Governor who said "No he's not Chief. Don't beat about the bush with him. I wouldn't have him in the main prison. He's down here because he's subversive." He then walked angrily out of my cell.

In the afternoon the Deputy Governor came to my cell again. He told me that he is now going to let me have the Legal Aid form to sign and he would send it back with a letter to my solicitor saying that he can only come to see me in connection with a petition in the European Court of Human Rights.

N.B. He had already read my petition that I had handed in earlier in the day. The holding back of the Legal Aid form was one of the complaints in the petition.

In the evening we were moved out of A wing Segregation Unit.



to C wing segregation unit. We were told this was a temporary measure while a new heating system was installed. On arriving in C wing segregation unit I was once more locked in a cell without a proper bed. The only difference was that instead of the bed base being concrete it was wooden. I could see no reason why I was not in one of the other cells which were vacant and contained proper beds. Doran and Walker had proper beds. Cells of this type are usually reserved for inmates who are actually doing a period of punishment in solitary confinement.

#### 29th September 1976.

As yet I have still not been given the Legal Aid form that the Deputy Governor said I can now have. Nor did he make any mention of it on his records of the segregation unit today. Because of this I later asked the officer in charge of the segregation unit if he would make enquiries as to when I'm going to get it. The officer went straight away and phoned, (The telephone is on the wall outside my cell door) the Deputy Governor. The Deputy Governor's answer was that I would have to make another application to him for possession of the Legal Aid form in the morning. The officer in charge who had been following events apologised for the messing about I was getting and said "What I'll do is give you the official Governor's application form for you to fill in. That way it will be official."

#### 30th September 1976.

I saw the Deputy Governor on application who let me sign the form straight away and said once again "I will be sending an accompanying letter with it". I then worried the Governor that at a later date I would be complaining of his obstruction of my rights.

I wrote a letter to my solicitor informing him of the above, and also of my petition of 27th September 1976. In the evening a letter I wrote to my solicitor on 27th September was stopped - Reason: "That I had complained about prison authorities in delaying incoming and outgoing mail between my solicitor and myself". I immediately wrote another letter to my solicitor.

#### 1st October 1976.

I reported sick, when the doctor came to see me I asked if I could speak to him in confidence and on my own. He said "I am not allowed to see prisoners on their own". I said I wanted to talk to him about the way I was feeling. I was feeling very depressed and was having great difficulty sleeping at night and I was on edge all the time. I had also developed facial twitching. But I was reluctant to talk about

this freely owing to the fact of all the officers in my cell also. (My door is never unlocked unless there are at least four prison officers present). I managed to tell the doctor my minor symptoms and he asked me a couple of questions like "How long am I doing, and why am I locked up down here?". He did not prescribe any treatment for me, but said he would see the Senior Medical Officer of the prison.

Two more letters of 30th September to my solicitor were stopped. It is now practically impossible to communicate further with my solicitor. Everything I say in my letters is viewed as a complaint against prison authorities. I tried to explain to the Assistant Governor that I have been given permission to communicate with my solicitor for - at the moment help in a petition to the European Commission - and as my complaints are against prison authorities, naturally anything I say about prison is evidence for my eventual petition. He would not listen and in fact went on to threaten that "if he had to stop any more of my letters, he is not going to issue any more letters to write to my solicitor". He also said that "if I have any complaint to make to my solicitor you can tell him about them when he comes." I then asked him if "he expected my solicitor to run all the way down here from Hull every five minutes to listen to my complaints of how you are treating me". His reply was "That's between you and him isn't it?"

#### 3rd October 1976.

The property that was in my personal possession at Hull prison arrived, most of it was missing and my radio and record player were broken. As I stated earlier I handed all my personal possessions over in front of a member of the 'Board of Visitors'. They were in good working order and I have three witnesses who will testify to that fact.

N.B. I have also been told by a prison officer that all the other inmates here from Hull, who had radios, have been smashed.

Because I was feeling in a frustrated and depressed mood, I wrote to my solicitor asking him to come down and see me as soon as possible. My main reason for this is that I am beginning to show symptoms of illness that I experienced once before when I was committed to Broadmoor Hospital in 1968, I feared that by the time that I managed to see my solicitor, I may have become ill and anything I might say about the assaults against me and my treatment here would not be treated with any credibility.

#### 4th October 1976.

I made a Governor's application for permission to see the police for the purpose of making a complaint of criminal damage



and theft of my personal property. I also asked for a petition to complain of the same matter. I was told that I would have to petition before I could report a criminal offence to the police. But as I have already got a petition pending I could not have another one. I also wrote to the 'European Court of Human Rights' notifying them of my change of address. I received a letter from my solicitor instructing me to set down my complaints in writing and give it to the Governor requesting at the same time to see the 'Board of Visitors' to seek permission to consult with my solicitor for the purpose of proposed legal action in court for assault.

#### 5th October 1976.

I appeared in front of the 'Board of Visitors'. I put my complaint to them and then asked for my right to consult my solicitor for the purpose of instituting proceedings in court for assault. I was refused permission. Reason: "Because I already have a petition pending". I reminded them that "Petitions have a habit of taking quite some time and this matter is urgent".

I saw No.1 Governor on application this afternoon about the 'Board of Visitors' decision. He asked to borrow my written application of my complaints I wrote for the 'Board of Visitors' and a couple of my letters from my solicitor. He informed me that he would get in touch with the Home Office to find out whether I am allowed to follow instructions from Mr John Prescott MP conveyed in a letter from my solicitor. And also to find out what proceedings I now have to take before I am allowed full access to my solicitor. He indicated that as assault is a criminal offence, the police would have to be involved and for that I would need Home Office permission. But he also thought that if I just wanted to proceed with a civil action then I do not need Home Office permission. He said when he gets this mess sorted out he would let me know and also reply to my solicitor's letter which he had received. I also asked the Governor if he could give me some indication as to how much longer I would be kept in isolation in the seg. unit. His reply was that he had no idea how long it was going to be because as I'm most probably aware there is a huge investigation going on at the moment.

#### 13th October 1976.

On his routine daily visit to the seg unit the Governor informed me that he had written to the Home Office and my solicitor on the matter above.

#### 15th October 1976.

The Deputy Governor told me today "You have a lot of bird to do yet Reed, hats !" Obviously he thinks it's funny, he was

smiling when he said it.

#### 17th October 1976.

The Deputy Governor told me today that as from tomorrow he is going to allow us - the three category A men, Walker, Doran and myself - to have our exercise together. I also received a letter from my solicitor 14.10.76 which the prison censor's date stamped 17.10.76 and which I did not actually receive until this afternoon - Sunday. Of course once again no explanation was given to me for the delay. I replied to this letter straight away.

#### 19th October 1976.

I was told today by the Deputy Governor that "as I had made complaints of assault in a petition I have to read you the official warning. He went on to warn me that it is an offence to make false accusations against prison officers and if proved, I could face a charge of making false accusations." He then asked me whether I "wished to reconsider my position and withdraw my petition." I told him I'm not complaining to the Home Office nor am I asking them to investigate any complaint of assaults on me. I will be asking a Court to do that. I also told him that I view his actions as intimidation with the intention of forcing me to withdraw my complaint. I left my petition pending. I also complained to the No. 1 Prison Governor today of the Deputy Governor's action and that I viewed his action as intimidation. I then reminded him of the 'Court of human Rights' ruling in the Golder v. U.K. Case: "That it is not for the Home Secretary himself to appraise any action contemplated in a Court of Law."

#### 22nd October 1976.

Once again I have received a letter that was stamped 19.9.76 by the censor, but was not given to me until breakfast time. After breakfast I asked an officer in charge of the seg. unit about the delay and was told that the letter had been mislaid. I then asked "Is that the reason all my letters are two days late ?" (Sarcastically). I later complained to the Governor about the letter and all my other mail being delayed in my receiving of it. He told me "he would see the censor and make inquiries". I also informed him that as yet I have not had an official acknowledgement from the Home Office that my petition of 28.9.76 had been received. He told me that I should have received one by now. It only usually takes about five days. He asked the officer in charge of the seg. unit to make enquiries about it. I also asked for the two letters from my solicitor that he had borrowed from me earlier. He said he would return them to me.



22nd October 1976.

The officer in charge of the seg. unit told me that he had been to see the Deputy Governor who said "He had informed me of the acknowledgement of my petition." I told the officer in charge that "I had not been informed nor had I received the official acknowledgement note from the Home Office." Also if I had been informed I would have entered it in my notes as I do everything else.

I wrote and posted a letter to the European Court of Human Rights complaining of 1) Obstruction by prison authorities to free and unhindered access to my solicitor and an English court to air my complaint of four separate and violent assaults on my person by a large number of prison officers ; 2) That I was subjected to inhuman and degrading treatment by prison officers ; 3) The deliberate obstructions, interference and the delaying of incoming and outgoing mail between myself and my solicitor ; 4) The complete isolation and confinement in solitary conditions (7 weeks to date) without any charge or appeal against my confinement ; 5) That a policy of strict censorship is employed making it impossible for me to correspond freely with my solicitor.

23rd October 1976 (Morning).

The Governor today told me that "He had discovered half the reason for the delays in my mail". He said that "The assistant Governor has been censoring my mail and that he knew nothing about this". He went on to say "Of course I do not always know what's going on in the prison". I then told the Governor that I suspected that it was the Assistant Governor who is responsible for these unsatisfactory delays of my mail.

NOTE This is the same person who I have referred to earlier in my notes as to the stopping of my outgoing mail to my solicitor and who threatened to stop me having any more writing facilities.

I also made a request to the Governor for facilities (foolscap paper) for writing a number of detailed statements for my solicitor, MP and the Inspector of Prisons. I told him "I want to be prepared in case of a visit by any one of these three at short notice". He refused but gave me permission to have a notebook saying "When the time comes and when I had permission to see them then you can have foolscap paper".

24th October 1976.

Received acknowledgement of my letter and change of address from the 'European Court of Human Rights'. The letter was stamped 23.10.76.

25th October 1976.

Made a Governor's application to see the Prison Board of Visitors again when they next visit the prison - Reason : to make formal complaints about -

- a) My confinement in solitary and total isolation on Rule 43 in the seg. unit.
- b) My damaged and missing property from Hull.
- c) The deliberate delays and interference of mail between my solicitor and myself.

I informed the Governor that I have to make those complaints as a formality as they will be the basis of a letter to my MP and the European Commission at a later date. John Walker, one of the other inmates who came here from Hull with me had a visit from his solicitor Mr Barrington Black of Leeds. He was not permitted by the prison authorities to discuss the Hull incidents with his solicitor. His solicitor is also in touch with the Home Office to be allowed to see him on the question of assaults on him at Hull prison.

26th October 1976.

Whilst on exercise with Doran and Walker this morning the prison Senior Medical Officer called us over one at a time, and asked whether we were alright. Apart from the first week in the seg unit and the time I reported sick on 1.10.76 no doctor has been near me. I told him I was alright but in actual fact I did not feel alright. I hadn't felt right for about a month. But after reporting sick on the 1st October 1976 when I told the doctor about how I felt and nothing happened I felt it was pointless telling the doctor again as no benefit would ensue. I was also called up before a member of the Board of Visitors. He asked "You wanted to see me ?" I told him "No because of my application to the Governor was to see the Board of Visitors next Tuesday 3.11.76. Received a letter from Mrs Christine Knox dated and censored 25.10.76.

27th October 1976.

Walker, Doran and myself are now being allowed to slop out together.

28th October 1976.

I was moved to another cell in the seg. unit. I still have not been given a proper bed.

29th October 1976.

I asked the Deputy Governor "How long am I going to be kept in the Seg. Unit in the prison now ?" I was told "It could be quite some time yet as the enquiry into the Hull prison disturbances has only just started. Then when it was all over we will know if anybody will face a charge." I also asked "When can I expect an answer to my petition and for access to



my solicitor." I was told that I would not get an answer until the enquiry was over.

2nd November 1976.

I saw the prison Board of Visitors and complained about the following :-

- a) The deliberate delay and interference of incoming and outgoing mail between myself and my solicitor.
- b) The withholding of part of my mail from my solicitor, i.e. Legal Aid form.
- c) A deliberate policy of delaying tactics have been enforced because of strict censorship of my mail so making it virtually impossible to communicate freely to my solicitor for future litigation.
- d) My confinement in isolation on Rule 43 since the day I arrived here.

The Board says that they find my mail had not been unduly delayed or interfered with except in one instance. That my confinement on Rule 43 is on Home Office orders on which they can do nothing.

3rd November 1976.

I wrote two letters, one to my solicitor and one to John Prescott MP. The contents of my letter to my MP were of what I had complained of before the prison board the previous day. The Governor told me that my solicitor had written to me but he was not going to let me have the letter. He is sending it to the Home Office and will let me know within a few days as to whether I can have the letter or not.

5th November 1976.

I asked the Governor if he would expedite my petition of 28.9.76. He told me to give it another week and if there was still no reply he would send a reminder.

Evening : The letter I wrote to Mr John Prescott MP was stopped. I intend to complain about it to the Governor tomorrow.

6th November 1976.

I complained to the Governor about my letter to John Prescott MP being stopped in spite of having fulfilled prison rules of procedure in airing complaints e.g. to the Prison Board of Visitors. The Governor told me that the Assistant Governor had jumped too soon and he himself had intended to read the letter and make a decision on it. I again told him that this interference and obstruction is designed to intimidate and provoke me and that the true purpose of the prison authorities was to obstruct me in any way they can in obtaining my right to air my complaints before a court of law. It was during

this argument that I learned that he also had the letter that I had written on 3.11.76. When I questioned him about this he said he may also have to stop that letter to my solicitor.

9th November 1976.

I was moved back to the Segregation Unit situated on A wing, once again I was placed in a 'Strong Cell' without a proper bed.

11th November 1976.

a) The letter that my solicitor wrote to me on 29.10.76 and of which the Governor would not let me have and sent to the Home Office was given to me today.

b) I was told that I would not be allowed to send a copy of any statement I may write to the Chief Inspector of Prisons to my solicitor.

c) I was also given another letter that my solicitor had written 27.10.76 ( censored by the prison 28.10.76) and of which I was not aware of its existence.

d) Yet still a further letter from my solicitor of 8.11.76 I received today. It had not been stamped by the censor.

e) I also received a letter from the European Court of Human Rights (censored 9.11.76)

f) I was told by the Deputy Governor that if I wished to make a statement to the Chief Inspector of Prisons I should make an application to the Governor in the morning for writing facilities. He also told me that when I have written the statement it will be placed in an envelope and sealed in my presence.

13th November 1976.

Handed in my statement for the Chief Inspector of Prisons.

17th November 1976.

I again reminded the Governor to expedite my petition of 28.9.76.

18th November 1976.

Wrote to John Prescott MP about my confinement in solitary in the prison seg unit since 4.9.76 and the obstructions and interference of outgoing and incoming mail between myself and my solicitor. I also wrote to my solicitor.

21st November 1976.

I again reminded the Governor about expediting my petition. I also told him that if I had not received an answer from him by the time the next prison Board of Visitors met, I would withdraw my petition and put the same complaints and request for access to my solicitor before the Board of Visitors. The



Governor told me he would chase up the answer to my petition. It was during the above exchange that I also learned that letters I had written to my solicitor and John Prescott MP and Mrs Christine Knox had not been posted and that letters to my solicitor and Mrs Christine Knox had been submitted to the Home Office. The letter to Mr John Prescott MP the Governor said he still has on his desk as he cannot make up his mind about it. I asked the Governor for his reasons for his actions over the letters. The answer was negative.

I became angry over the matter and told the Governor that what he is doing is wrong and that the contents of my solicitors letters are in relation to my proposed petition to the European Commission for which I have been given permission and also the letter to my MP contains matters that I have already put before the prison Board of Visitors. The prison rules say that I can write to an MP after either petitioning or having seen the Board of Visitors. I again told the Governor that he is deliberately obstructing my right to free and unhindered access to my solicitor.

I then wrote to the European Commission again about the above matters.

John Reed.

My own attack came on Friday the 3rd. After coming off the roof, or in my case A wing, we came through the door under the centre of D wing through a checkpoint which did include Lewis from the Home Office, Governor, Doctor, Magistrates and various screws. We were asked if we had any injuries, no inspection of body and all your personal possessions checked. Along the corridor to B wing screws every two yards, on entering B wing a strip search in progress, everything taken off you and this included personal possessions, and put in a store. Shoes, trousers, shirt were handed back, taken to another room - another strip search. Taken now to cell on landing 3 which is bare, nothing, and this includes glass windows all broken by the screws in the evening.

I objected to screws handing out beatings and kickings to inmates. Next door an inmate called Peter Rajah was attacked. These were unprovoked attacks by screws. I was opened up by Clark, a screw, with others. Given a bowl of soup I was a bit suspicious of it as it was frothing. I said I was complaining about their behaviour to inmates also I fancy you have interfered with this soup. I was told blatantly, Right, we have pissed in it. I shouted to others and was attacked by Clark and others I can recognise, punched in my private parts and thrown into my cell. A scuffle took place and a towel was tightened round my neck, kicking and punching took place and they all ran out and banged the door behind them.

The night lights were switched on and off, doors kicked, lockers dragged and thrown down stairs and landings to keep the inmates awake. The next morning breakfast, systematic beatings were taking place. "Don't mark their faces" screws were shouting. I witnessed Jake Prescott, Ronnie St. Germaine, Neil Harding, Paul Hill, Gerry Cunningham, Martin Clifford and others beaten up, some twice by the same screws who also at this time beat me up and put my head down a khashi.

Before my attack a screw I recognise with his glasses and straggly hair kept informing me that my turn was coming. No to worry - the door opened and I was now attacked, again the usual low blows and overpowered, dragged out on to the land kicked and beaten. Offered some breakfast cornflakes etc. turned round with it, was hit in the private parts by Cullen, a screw with red ginger hair. I hit him with my forehead and a left hook to the jaw and dropped him on the landing in the



spilt breakfasts. They all went mad shouting "A fighter, a fighter" and all together attacked me again. A fight took place and I put two more on the floor. I was knocked over the breakfast table where I seized a tea bucket I intended to use as a tool to mark these screws. I was overpowered, beaten, punched, kicked and put down the khashi to revive me. I was thrown into my cell later.

My attackers I know, others I recognise - PTI Stevenson, Cullen, Wilson, Houston, Wilson (sic), R. Burns attacked me and I saw them with others attack inmates unprovoked.

Blackie Saxton.

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ANSWERS TO QUESTIONNAIRE : KEITH (BLACKIE) SAXTON 387539.

1. Long term causes. List them and give relative importance.

Authoritarian regime imposed by Kearns who would have liked Hull to be like Wakefield's Seg. Unit. Maximum sentences on some inmates for minimal offences. Tried to emulate the punishment wing at Hull on similar lines to Wakefield. Non-associated exercise periods, or, if permitted, selected inmates. Not encouraging or minimal talk between screws and inmates. Was responsible for certain inmates being sent to Wakefield. Long periods of solitary confinement, on certain inmates. Knew he had the backing of Visiting Magistrates when you complained, who fully supported him. A dictator type of governor who had officers and everyone frightened of him. Came up the ranks from a screw. Closed down most things beneficial to prisoners, classes, education, committees, privileges, everything he tried to erode which was beneficial to good working harmony. Fitted me up on an attempted murder charge. Sorry no charge just Rule 43 solitary. Also prisoner Ronnie Moreland, lifer who was sent to Wakefield, but for him fortunately it was closed by then but the programming I'm convinced was in progress. Were both charged with idleness at labour, denied by us strongly, and after punishment finished was kept in solitary Rule 43. When asked why he said you might murder the person who put us on report. Rubbish - angry - Yes. He was a civilian instructor ex policeman ex screw Tighe, no truth in this just a form of brainwashing.

2a. Describe the events of Tuesday 31st up until the evening.

Just another ordinary day. I was at work on the Mill on a machine, a six cutter, till 4.30 came into the wing for tea and to wash up, do some hobbies. I was finishing two musical

chalets.

2b. When did the rumours of Clifford's assault first start ?

I first heard them in the showers, of an assault of an inmate called Clifford in the Seg Unit who was supposed to have a suspect broken leg and badly beaten.

2c. Names of the officers who assaulted Clifford.

I heard it was a screw called Harrison, an S.O. white collar and two more screws.

2d. What specific meetings were held after teatime to decide on action and on what wings were these meetings ?

I don't know of any meetings being held, I was on A wing. I didn't see any meetings and I can't say for the other wings. It was discussed generally, showers, association, dining out. Meeting was alleged by the Governor at V.C., denied by me.

2e. How many people were at these meetings ?

I don't know.

2f. At what time did the assembly outside the No.1 Governor's office start ?

I'm not certain what time it started. I was working in my cell on my hobbies.

2g. How did the prisoners get onto the Centre to assemble at this time ?

I was informed by a screw that if I wanted to go to the canteen the gate at the end of A wing was open. The canteen is on the Centre next to the Governor's office and a P.O.'s office. To guess the time I would say 7.30, 7.45 pm.

2h. If they were allowed onto the Centre, any reasons given by the officers ?

I can only answer this, I intended to go shopping at the canteen. I was buying tobacco, soap etc. for a collection for inmates in the Seg Unit who had earlier been shouting out to get in touch, I assumed wrongly it was for confirmation of this unofficial tobacco distribution. I had been doing this for months after I came out and said I would try to see no-one without smokes etc.

2i. Was there any active encouragement by staff and if so by whom and in what form ?

There was three or four screws on D3 who I recognise as



the P.O., P.T. instructor and two I don't know by name but could recognise who were standing about laughing at the crowd forming. I was not aware till then of a demonstration.

2j. At what time did Manning arrive ?

At about this time, approximately 7.45, Manning came on the site.

2k. How did the conversation with Manning progress ?

I was the first person to speak to him. (Governor's report to Home Secretary alleges that it was given as an ultimatum. Wrong, trying to help. Read on.) I said I understood from rumours I have heard earlier and have been strengthened by all these inmates that you see who are angrily demonstrating that an inmate named Clifford was badly beaten in the Seg. Unit. Is there any truth in their beliefs ? He said I've just come from there, I haven't been told anything. I said Did you interview any inmates ? He said No. I said I know you from Albany prison don't I ? Yes, you were called by the name then "Golfing Jacket". You were a foreman or something on the Works, right ? During the troubles you used to take the hosepipe of the fireman who came in and point them through our windowless cells, remember ? Yes, but you are telling me now the truth about what I just asked you. He said Yes. Then there is no inmate down there been beaten up by the screws ? I haven't been told of any disturbance or trouble. No, I said, I believe you. But I don't think you have any objection if you took a couple of inmates along to the Seg Unit then and we spoke and saw this fella named Clifford who we are being told has been beaten up and assaulted. I'd go with you and I would tell these the truth and what we see together and I think you will find they will all disperse peacefully and go back to their respective wings. I can't do that without the No.1 Governor's permission he said. I asked him where the No.1 was and was told he was not in the prison. But he agreed he would phone him. He walked over the Centre to the Governor's office. A short time later he came back and said he wouldn't agree to let us or any inmate go down to the Seg Unit to see if there was any truth in these rumours. I have been told to lock you all up. I said do yourself and us a favour. You are on the scene, do it off your own back please and if you won't take a couple of inmates down there, go down and fetch this inmate Clifford up to the gate. Produce him, let the others see him. You can kill this in seconds if it is only a rumour. He said Look Saxton I don't wish to "prevaricate" his words. The Governor says No and there is nothing I can do. I said you can help us you can help them, that means you won't take on the responsibility. He said I've told you the position there's nothing I can do. I said do you realise how serious the matter

is and you are confirming in the other minds there is some truth then in these allegations. I can't help it there's nothing I can do you have all got to be locked up the No.1 says. I said Look let's help you. You go down there and come back and tell me the truth if anything is wrong with Clifford and anything you tell me I will relate to the others truthfully my word. He said I've told you what the Governor says and that is the end of the matter. I reminded him You say the Governor is not here Mr Manning. You see the position and I suggest do it off your own back. These are angry prisoners and you are adding to it by not confirming or showing or producing the inmate Clifford. Don't get me or others involved. We are reasonable. You obviously can't read the signs. I do and I don't like what I see I've told you Saxton what's been relayed to me by Mr Parr not to let anyone down the Seg Unit. Are you now saying you know something about it then since phoning the Governor because if you are tell them the other prisoners. I'm saying you have all got to be put away, locked up. Is that your final word on the matter Mr Manning ? Yes I'm afraid so. I said I'm sorry for you believe me I thought you were sensible you don't care what happens to us the inmates. You tell them I'm not that involved. I'm going back to my cell in a minute I'm prepared to help you but you don't want to help us. He walked into the office or control room on the Centre and sat in there with the Duty P.O. I stayed for a few minutes to see if there was anything could be done then went back into A wing and my cell. Manning I think was a frightened man his attitude was pleasant, but the responsibility he wouldn't accept, it frightened him it seemed the No.1 Governor had said what he had to do.

2q. How long was the delay between the end of negotiations and the movement to A wing ?

I wouldn't be certain but assume 10 or 15 minutes.

3a. At what time did the move to A wing take place ?

I would say approximately 8 o'clock or a couple of minutes to.

3b. Why did the prisoners go onto A wing ?

I assume they see me and others of A wing go back into A wing.

3c. How were they able to get back onto A wing ?

Through the gates which had now been opened by a white shirt P.O. or S.O.

3d. If they were allowed onto A wing, why ? What was said by



Manning at that time ?

Nothing was said by Manning who I recall was still in the control room office on the Centre of D wing.

3e. What happened between then and the beginning of the riot ?

I'm not certain. I was in A wing.

3f. What was the first violent event in the riot ?

I think a bucket of water was slung over the landing.

3g. At what time did this event take place ?

About 10 minutes later.

3h. How many prisoners were involved at the start of the riot ?

At this stage sixty odd.

3i. Details of barricade in B wing ?

At the bottom of the stairs a door leading under the Centre and on D1 connected to the passages to B wing and the outside exercise door. Another was built at the doors leading into D wing from the main offices on D2 landing, the offices face the main gate, steps lead up to them. Above these are the gymnasium. This is the normal entry for staff coming and going off duty along D2 past the offices down the steps to the gate facing.

4a. How did the riot develop in detail from Tuesday evening through to the surrender ?

A wing was smashed up and all inmates' doors were ripped off if required to make barricades blocking off A wing from the Centre on the 2 landing the door on the bottom landing and all fittings and cell furniture was used to make them. Others were now smashing fanlights to gain access to the roof. Others once on the roof broke fanlights to drop into the Seg Unit to liberate punishments and cons on Rule 43 and destroy fittings and cell doors, others were climbing onto D wing to destroy and break in through the roof to others who were locked up and let out inmates who wished to join in. This was not planned, it was a spontaneous rising brought about by lack of feeling and communication with the staff.

4b. In particular, if Clifford was seen by you, what were his injuries ?

I saw Clifford on A wing roof. I said I understand you have been assaulted. He said Yes that's right and mentioned

the screws involved. I was about to see the injuries but was called away to help someone who was by now hysterical and needed some help. I didn't see or recognise him after this except in B wing second assault.

4c. What did Clifford say about them ?

I never had the proper opportunity to ask him.

4d. How did the riot travel from wing to wing ?

The riot travelled by entries first being made through the roofs of the various wings and men asking to join or freeing the friends and they could decide what they wanted to do.

4e. How many people were involved at each stage of the riot ?

It varied at times.

4j. About how many people were involved ?

I would say involved over 150, maybe more.

4k. What was the atmosphere as the riot progressed ?

I gathered they were in favour, they realised it had been building up and getting worse. I never heard any complaints myself.

4l. Did the discovery of files alter the atmosphere or the number involved ?

Yes the atmosphere did change when some were shown the files they discovered, yes others joined in.

4m. Did you see your file ?

Yes I saw my file, some of it not all.

4n. If you did, what was in it ?

4o. What different kinds of files were discovered and where ?

4p. Were any moves to get further files discussed or attempted?

I saw welfare ones, parole reports and numerous observation reports by screws. I thought rubbish, pack of lies, their record of me not me, amateur psychology. But there was one my pals burned, they said it would do my brain in. I never see it personally, a friend destroyed it, said it was too cruel to show me. I see Wally Downes, where it was said he would be a cabbage before they let him out and where it was said job employment doesn't apply to him, he will be too old. Others should be old or infirm before released. I couldn't read them I was shocked. Bertie Coster only speaks to them when he wants



something, violent stropky etc. Who you spoke to, who you played games with and references to inmates like Saxton seems to get on with all inmates, likeable, been in lots of prisons, knows everyone, friendly but could give us trouble, they call him Blackie, history of escapes, assault on S.O. at Gartree (Gartree assault defending myself against attack provoked), speaks his mind, been in various prisons all his adult years, won't cooperate with authority, not to be released before end of his sentence. Others said loud and foul mouthed, keeps applying for transfer nearer home, petitions not recommended. Came out of his cell this morning like a bear with a sore head, likes to keep clean, shaves before breakfast, all silly reports, keep themselves busy I suppose. But someone somewhere no doubt reads em and reaches a false decision, other forms of my past, my present behaviour, my future, he doesn't apply for parole seems he has lost confidence in it, not optimistic in his approach. Regional Director named McCloud says Saxton is a villain moved from Long Lartin for helping two inmates escape, Keegan and Armstrong sent to Gartree, moved from Gartree to Hull, subversive strike inmates refusing to exercise. Nothing to do with me I wasn't in the same wing as Keegan, I had just come off punishment. I recall strike already in progress at Gartree, moved 10 pm to Leicester Seg. Unit. These files came out of the Governor's office in D wing, the Deputy Governor in A wing and various welfare offices and P.O.'s offices. After a lot of talk it was suggested that in the main offices we would get our records but it had been mentioned to the TV media and screws put a special mob in to the office area and were seen evacuating records, files papers etc. by the men on D wing roof.

5a. When were the B wing prisoners moved out ?

The prisoners were moved out or some of them, possibly some of them that night, certainly the following night they were taken out in what looked like three fours at a time, handcuffed and out through the back wall door onto the football field through the wire and into buses.

5b. What happened as they were moved out ?

As they were all moved out the screws took it over and emptied it of furniture and bedding, fittings, and were smashing the windows out with sticks. I don't know of any barricades, I wasn't there myself.

5c. Was inmate 'Slim' Wilson seen by you at any time of the move - details ?

I know Slim Wilson was in B wing, I worked in the Mill with him, tall good looking bespectacled young prisoner. I

never seen him, No I'd have known him why what's happened to him ?

6a. What moves were there to surrender as the riot progressed ?

There was no moves to surrender as the riot progressed if you mean did the authorities suggest no.

6b. How many prisoners surrendered before Friday morning ?

Any prisoners who surrendered before Friday morning did so of their own wish or accord. Some were nearing discharge, some were hysterical, some were genuinely frightened others were cowardly and sought to have deals with authority to obtain parole and other favours to the Governor in exchange for immunity and largesse. No-one was stopped and assistance through the barricades if needed, some fired cells before abandoning others looted.

6c. What were the circumstances of Oates' surrender ?

Oates I don't know this man I think he was an inmate who was on the roof conned into surrendering, got halfway down a stack pipe, was attacked by bricks being thrown and then set on by screws and a dog handler who was urging it to bite him. I was told this.

7b. Outline details of negotiations.

Details of negotiations was instigated by prisoners. No move by prison dept. to intervene, and they never suggested anything except trying to break in in the early stages and attack those who it seems did surrender when later it was announced a Mr Lewis from the Home Office was coming down to intercede it was put to the prisoners who was best at relating fact and sensible in negotiating. This was finally agreed that Wally Downes and Jake Prescott would speak to him he made it clear he wanted it to end and he would look into the situation if we would peacefully come off the roof.

7c. What were the terms of the surrender ?

The terms I was told was that inmates would come off the roof with all inmates passing through the bottom door of D wing under the Centre and proceed along the passages with all their possessions they would be searched and no harm would befall them and after a short time in B wing evacuated.

7d. Did Lewis from the Home Office give any assurances about officers' behaviour ?

Lewis gave his word very loudly, no inmates would be



harmd physically if we agreed to these terms and come down and surrender and would instruct and supervise the happenings, a doctor would examine, a Governor would be there, a magistrate and various screws to supervise and search for any weapons or anything illegal.

7e. Why were officers from Hull asked to be in charge ?

The reason the officers from Hull were suggested was that if anything happened we would know the ones involved if not by name by sight and recognition as there was plenty of strange faces from other prisons brought in to do the villainy and then disappear back to their respective gaols to avoid the outcome and complaints and make any charge or allegation hard to prove like in the past previous troubles.

7f. Was a meeting held by the prisoners after the negotiations with Lewis ?

Yes it was decided by a majority that it would be better to delay this surrender overnight as the atmosphere and hostility being shown by these officers at the end of A wing who were then voicing what would happen to us when they could get hold of us never mind Lewis we will get you in our nicks as well. I said to one which is your prison ? Manchester I was told. He promised me a nice stay in the hospital I said it was highly probably you won't do it all on your own though. You will be all right call you Blackie don't they or is it Goldie ? We will be waiting pal.

7g. If so, what was discussed and how was a decision reached ?

The decision was put it off overnight get some sleep, get your gear packed make your will out and hope everything next day would be OK. Majority agreed "Sensible".

7h. Were there any special assurances given for individual prisoners by Lewis ?

I don't know maybe it was agreed I think by them that Wally Downes would come off first, proceed to B wing, let us know if they were hiding or lurking about with sticks to attack us. I never saw his agreed signal but was assured this stage no trap and then people were going steadily through the procedure. He elected to be the "sacrificial lamb" I do know he's in Manchester won't see anyone and must feel he's betrayed by us all. Not so. I respect Wally he was only involved in the negotiations certainly no trouble or involvement.

8. Outline events from the end of negotiations with Lewis to the surrender the following morning.

Outline events I would say mostly people were now resting trying to rustle up food and hot drinks, packing the gear cleaning and getting themselves washed up in bowls and things, the fittings were destroyed and only a couple of taps working. People were seeking out pals and friends. A fire was started in the gymnasium later on that night, prisoners helped to put it out signalling the firemen to direct water through broken windows to gather up the water, others were in cells or watching TV on requisitioned sets that had not been broken. Some stood about talking discussing generalities, what will happen tomorrow who will be doing the grassing to climb over the wall on the backs of others and selling the others out for favours paroles clearing the way for the governors and screws to fit you up. Who the scapegoats would be nominating who were dead certs.

9a. What time did the surrender take place ?

I think about 9 o'clock I was in bed myself I had no intentions of sitting in a B wing cell when I could sit in the sun on A wing roof.

9b. Was there any delay ?

Yes there were delays from the Off. It hadn't been quite certain when they were coming out and the barricade had to be taken down. It was a strong one.

9c. What was the procedure of surrender, especially regarding property ?

It had been established by I think Bert Coster who raised this point with Lewis that inmates could pack their property and bring it with them when surrendering and that you could take it into B wing with you.

9d. What happened in the first meeting with officers in the absence of the observers ?

My first meeting after the absence of the observers was walking the passage from under the Centre to B wing with increasing concern at the hostility prevalent at the entrance to B wing I was again searched, this time strip searches, my pen my tobacco pouch pipe matches odds and ends letters writing paper taken off me, all my possessions packed in an egg box was taken away at the same time placed in this store room with all the other previous occupants of A wing gear. My searchers were at this stage Cullen and Clarke. Cullen was making an issue out of allowing me my shoes he said they were not regulation issue I said right medical shoes. You can't have. I said you will carry me then. He was told by another



Right he's seen the M.O. From there I was escorted by a P.T. instructor naked upstairs onto the first landing to another room searched again wanted to look up my bottle and under my feet armpits round the crutch.

9e. What was the condition of the cells into which you were put ?

The cell I was put into was the third on the right hand side facing the cemetery wall, it was empty nothing in it no glass in the windows. Bare.

9f. Outline the events of the day and night (Friday/Saturday) following the surrender.

It was late in the afternoon Friday when I came off the roof and put into this cell. Jeff Dunham was on one side for a while I was talking to him out the window later he was moved out. On the other side was Peter Rajah I found out later I heard the screws referring to him as a wog I wasn't certain if they meant him or another dark looking con named Ahmed at the time events proved otherwise. I was talking to Jake and a few Irish chaps round and about earlier on doors were being banged cons moving or getting shanghaied out then later on sounds of violence, shouts noises associated with physical attacks. It was hard to determine just who and where at first but it was clear to me it was violence being used on inmates by the screws. I kicked my door and shouted out abuse. I heard them in next door assaulting Rajah who was referred to as the wog and I asked him later on who were his attackers and what happened what sort of injuries but he was too upset. He mentioned Clarke or Nobby done me with others. Shortly after this they came round with the soup but something told me it wasn't right it was frothing up. I said this don't look right they were laughing I sipped it they said we have pissed in it blatant. I drank some more and then started shouting out to the others it had been fixed when I was hit in the testicles. I was knocked back into my cell and ended up somewhere under the window in pain. Clarke I was certain of the others I know by sight piled in and assaulted me fists and boots I was struggling to get up when they cut my wind off with a tea towel they had a strangling effect I was gasping and thought this is how it's done they aren't content they are going to do me in. I was on my knees at this time then the others run out leaving Clarke still holding the towel he then slackened it off ran for the door and locked it. They stood in the passage discussing you think he will be O.K. and looking through the spy hole which is quite large a strip of glass 14 inches long. I fell back against the wall I was frightened believe me I did pray to God I was glad I was strong in health my legs my testicles were painful my neck was sore where the skin

had come off I was out of breath and for some time I just lay back. A screw came along looked through and said yes he's moving and went away. A short time later I stuck my head out of the window someone was asking are you O.K. Blackie show yourself we are worried. Later on the door opened I was thrown a mattress and given two blankets the dirty bastards had shit in them I slung it out the window. Now they had some new noises turning the light on and off kicking the door dragging a locker up and down the wing throwing what sounded like a metal bed down the stairs laughing shouting abuse you won't get no sleep here. I volleyed them abuse cowardly bastards road runners lost your manliness goading them it went on for ages. I just sat there dozing anxious worried so far so good though I'm not religious I prayed truthfully.

Saturday morning cornflake battle. I awoke they were back a new day doors above were banging people getting moved shanghaied I thought then I heard an Irish voice shouting they are kicking fuck out of us who were up here on the threes top landing. Top landing yes they were back in force now handing out systematic beatings you could hear the voices the scuffles these cell doors have ventilation doors in the top a series of holes in the brickwork is thin stretcher bond the noise carries. I was telling them get a good look recognise em. The shouts of Don't mark their faces Don't mark their faces was being shouted by the screws this bastard here bomber or this one robber or fucking nonce or a lifer here don't mark their faces. They came onto our landing I see them drag Gerry Cunningham out and beat him up outside in the corridor landing this was breakfast time. He came back pale shaken beaten shattered come on get up the window Gerry come on let's see you. This was to restore morale and try to forget for a couple of minutes I know how he was feeling now they came onto the spur and I was at the door watching to see the screws doing the villainy I could see them at this stage attacking an inmate I couldn't recognise but the screws I could Stevenson Burns Wilson Houston A. Wilson and others I don't know the names but recognise. I see Paul Hill being attacked dragged along bomber kicking him shouting another fucking bomber. Neil Harding was another I heard them shout out lifer he killed a bird he came down the corridor past my door being dragged and hitting him. Someone else I didn't get his name then Ronnie St Germaine the same faces Stevenson Cullen with the red hair Wilson Burns a dog handler all punching kicking him dragging him along the floor. Next was Jake Prescott face down the screws holding his arms and hair gun and bomb merchant don't mark his face Cullen Stevenson Burns Houston and others. A screw had been trying with his back to block the spy hole by standing in front but these are a long strip type. This one I don't know his name kicking and hitting out all the time a thin faced



bespectacled type with long stringy hair kept giving me a running commentary Nearly you Blackie or you have had plenty of this in your time soon be there don't worry we will do you proper this time. I was fuming I would of loved to cop for this nice fella came along with this dog handler he had been in touch on his radio before coming in the wing and goading us. I called him a road runner and bottleless out of the cell window. He promised he would oblige me when he got to my cell. Now he was at the door don't know his name. I know three by name Ellis none of these involved the one we call Popeye and Docker so it don't leave many more to sort this one out fairly tall as well he was enjoying it and back they came with Jake bruised disshevilled shaken roaring like a demon I suppose you are tired now eh. Go on Blackie the door opened in they piled they weren't interested in fighting me pulling the legs from under you getting you on your back kicking and punching me in the testicles again. I hit Houston but only got him high on the forehead. Stevenson Burns Cullen Wilson this dog handler loving it booting me I was at this stage dragged onto the passage. Burns had one foot across my throat the others punching kicking. Cullen does love a bollock he was giving mine a twist I probably wound up outside the first cell in it a nice little fat prisoner I think they call him Geordie. I was let up now to get my breakfast there was so many screws standing in the passage and round the breakfast table P.O.s and S.O.s doing nothing Do you want your cornflakes. I wanted a drink at this stage I hadn't had one since coming off the roof I said Yes for sure I will play your silly games. They loaded up my tray with it I had a pint cup of tea on the top I turned round and was walking back to the passage. Cullen stood there grinning as I drew level. He hit me in the groin a punch for the testicles and didn't connect. I dropped the breakfast like all the others before me because the floor was swimming in tea milk cornflakes bread and butter grabbed hold of Cullen and butted him. Immediately the shouts went up Fighter Fighter. He slid on the ground and I was on him they all pounced on me but in the struggle I got behind the table where I was after a tea bucket one of these I would have to hurt and mark him. If they sent me out to court good it would I thought all come out. I wound up in the recess and was really punched kicked tipped up headfirst down the slopping out basin I was then taken bodily back to my cell thrown on the floor. I could hear others shouting Get up get up your window. I stuck my head out the window and later I discussed it and who my attackers were. My head was all lumps my arms and shoulders bruised my right shoulder was torn ligaments on my back bruised legs and shins were both bruised and cut my testicles were sore and swollen for ages. Yes I saw Gerry assaulted again in his cell and they grabbed him by his beard and yanked him out into the passage the same people Burns Stevenson Cullen and all he

was beaten up. The angle of the wings allows you to see quite clearly into some of those opposite. Clifford I saw assaulted just after they all piled in and gave him the treatment Stevenson Burns Cullen Wilson Houston. Later on I see and heard the screws mopping up breakfast washing the walls and wiping doors cleaning before Governor Parr came round. He did shortly after appear on the scene and began going round the cells I heard Jake arguing and complaining to the Governor Parr and the Chief. When he got to my cell I said I'd like to make an official complaint about the beatings and assaults being carried out here in B wing. He was very sarcastic and snapped give it me in writing I said I don't possess one and I don't have paper either. The door slammed and later on I was given pen and paper I made out my complaints. Later on I was unlocked and taken down under escort with screws lining the walls for dinner. Saturday night still aggro from the night shift not letting you sleep. Sunday came I was having my dinner my door opened and I was told we are getting rid of you terrific I will be pleased to go. I was taken out my cell I said oh the paper with the complaints do you still want it. He said yes I said I will do you a favour I tore it up and gave him the pieces. I was handcuffed and taken out to a taxi I was given a dig on the way out but I just laughed I was then driven straight here to Lincoln I never came through reception I came straight into the punishment block through the back door and have been in solitary confinement ever since. I don't exercise with anyone I don't see no one but screws all prisoners are out of the way even when I exercise if I occasionally see a prisoner I always speak but they are told you don't talk to punishments particularly this one. I heard Kay a screw tell a cleaner you don't talk to him coming in from exercise but I don't mind I'm the only one from Hull here and have been in solitary since 5th September 76. I speak only when I'm spoken to I don't mind the No.1 Governor or the Chief they speak most days to me and it probably saves me from going insane. Some screws do but I don't trust them and I'm paranoid my nerves are very strained I seem to be living on my nerves I'm snappy and I'm not myself since leaving Hull I'm frightened of going sick I feel they might want to nut me off into a nuthouse and I don't want to get hooked on medicines I see what it has done to others destroyed them prisonerised them. I'm content to stay here till I'm off this punishment then I'd love to move nearer my wife and children she is taking this very bad she is not well and fights like hell to keep her job the home the kids together visits me costs her money time off work expense in fares and on top of this she helps PROP sell papers jumble sales and helps dances anything to try and help is insulted and the visits are at a minimum half hour one letter a week and they tell her she is spoiled if she gets longer than half an hour. I feel completely dehumanised if I'm not insane it



is because of forces within me not from any help from this prison dept. If I behave I'm being subversive if they see me performing it suits them I'm punchy drunk with time I'm now saturated I can't see the end. If I get within any sign of getting out they smash me with more time I've lost so much remission I don't know where I am I feel I was born in gaol 1960 I started this in 1977 and I can't see any light at the end of the tunnel. Parole big stick and no carrot I don't apply it is mental torture for my wife and kids every year. I've got a home a job a probation officer and a determination I will never come back but I will probably do all this because there is no one in this prison dept. interested in long termers I'd like help now not later when it just might be too late you are losing me driving me away and if I deserve it O.K. but don't take it out on the wife and kids. The magistrates don't in this case know what they have done they wasn't interested in hearing my side or anyone else's we were guilty before we got there pity because now like the dictators they were the truth will come out not the collusion the perjury the reports the ease of which they have done the disciplining the condoning unless of course they are insulated anyhow I'm getting carried away.

11. Did you receive any of your property back? If so were there any items missing, damaged or altered? If so what action did you take? Have you received any result?

Yes most of my personal belongings are missing and the few bits they sent were smothered in tooth powder and shampoo the reception here will vouch for that they opened it anything of value was missing I complained to the Governor here he said he would phone Hull they said I was to itemise it and value it on paper and send it on to them I have not heard anything yet to this day about it.

12. As a result of your personal treatment, have you attempted to take any action?

Yes I have attempted to take action about my personal treatment the day after I got back from my V.C. in Leicester gaol I did write a petition to the Home Office this was on the 17th December 1976 for permission to take legal action on procedure and sentencing. I complained to the magistrates here on various occasions they said well if you have petitioned there is nothing we can do I said when I asked your colleague earlier on he said to petition yes but this sometimes takes months I said right I've been waiting months. I said I would like them to make a note I keep complaining and you are condoning an illegality my solicitor who the Home Office won't let me see says it is an Abrogation of the Human Rights set

up by the European Council in Strasbourg and there are statutes of limitation I would like you to phone the Home Office they keep promising to reply to my solicitor also and keep putting him off. Without breaking the law how do you think I can get justice you obstruct delay conceal and tell me rubbish without helping can I quote you later on.

- 13a. When if at all, was your case adjudicated?

My case was adjudicated at Leicester prison on the 16th December about 107 days after leaving Hull. I went to Leicester on the 14th see the Governor who read out the charges on the 15th was sentenced on the 16th of December back in Lincoln on the evening of the 16th petitioned on the 17th December 1976.

- 13b. List the charges.

I was charged with 5 offences: Harrison 1 report inciting others to build barricade 2nd September 76. Ellis 2 reports being absent from cell throwing missiles 31st August 76. Liddell 1 report throwing missiles seen on A wing between 31st August and 3rd September 76. Woolridge 1 report being in possession of a container of floor polish 1st September 76.

- 13c. Describe the preparation and procedure.

Preparation and procedure I was told no legal representation no witnesses no evidence produced no proper cross examination no corroboration unreasonable and biased no mitigation no story allowed took ten minutes complete hostility and weighed seven inmates off in one hour hurry up procedure guilty before entering.

- 13e. Detail the results.

I lost 720 days remission. 252 days stoppage of earnings. 252 days non-associated labour. 252 days forfeiture of privileges.

Just thoughts - I seem to have cost them over the years a lot of money I've been disciplined in every prison I've been in and a fraction of this money spent trying to rehabilitate me instead of conditioning and programming me. Discipline is the only thing they see that works temporarily what about the long term effects. I wish they would let me attend classes do some vocational training. Instead they supervise and observe my personal habits. Exercise consists of 3 screws and 2 dog handlers especially detailed. Does the public really know how the taxes are being spent overmanned overpaid the results failure. The only industry geared to produce hate publicly sponsored end result failure highest population prisonwise in Europe. Work what work no wonder people go out workshy you.



are trained to lose all your natural skills and given soul destroying tasks. Woodmill in Hull cost thousands of pounds and product chiefly firewood. Yes I would cooperate but they keep saying I won't. Tell me who has offered go on name one.

I'm not complaining about my punishment but the twist in the magistrates evaluation not enough to give me another 3 years imprisonment that's what it is because there is no appeal or remission you can apply you might get 7 days. No pay no privileges on top of 12 months solitary what about your personal things soap toothpaste shampoo. A second letter to your family or wife and kids comes under privileges. Only one a week visits one a month half an hour my wife works costs her money to travel to have time off to visit she is told by a Deputy Governor she is spoilt. Terrific who are they punishing the kids the family spoilt how. For years she has been to every prison in the country been insulted arrived there to be told I wasn't there sometimes been shanghaied eight hours round journeys for half hour yes convince me she is spoilt. You are the Home Office cracking her up with your we are trying to help. It is an unsatisfactory state of affairs.

I was a participant in the roof top protest at Hull at the beginning of September last year. A protest against the violence meted out to a man in the segregation unit, and other prison conditions. During the course of the protest two men were voted by the rest of the demonstrators, to represent our complaints and grievances to the representative from the Home Office. The two men were Mr Wally Downs and Mr Jake Prescott, making our representations was the only part these two men played in the demonstration.

A number of us had already seen one man give himself up, John Oates. He walked from the end of C wing, with his hands in the air, towards a group of warders. They loosed three alsatian dogs onto him. After the dogs had savaged him the warders attacked him with riot sticks and dragged him off. It was impossible to give oneself up in safety. During the negotiations, with the representative from the Home Office, he made us three main promises if we gave ourselves up and ceased the demonstration on Friday 3rd September. The three main promises were : 1) He promised that we would not be subject to any violence whilst we were giving ourselves up, or afterwards ; 2) He promised that we could take our personal property with us and that no damage or harm would come to it ; 3) He promised that there would be a full enquiry into our complaints and grievances, to the violence to the convict in the segregation unit, into all that led up to the demonstration and into prison conditions in general.

Being satisfied with these promises we ceased our demonstration and gave ourselves up, to jailers from Hull on Friday 3rd of September. During the afternoon and evening, of the same day, many of us were transferred to coaches and vans and dispersed to throughout the country. Even before we were transferred our Hull jailers began hurling abuse and pots of urine into cells.

During the early evening of Friday 3rd September 20 of us were put into 2 coaches and taken to Strangeways prison, and 4 or 5 Category A prisoners were taken by other modes of transport. After boarding the coaches, at Hull, we were told that as long as we gave no trouble we would receive no trouble, the principal officer that told us this assured us that he was a man of his word ! The same man was the one who ordered us off the coaches one at a time, when they had parked at the entrance to C-1 landing at Strangeways. The same man was the first of the



jailers from this prison to punch and kick me as I came through the door to C-1 landing, a segregated landing. Beyond him were 50 to 60 possibly more, jailers, punching and kicking the convicts who had got off the coach before me. We were still handcuffed and manacled. We were punched and kicked to the ground, punched and kicked along the landing and into single cells. We were still handcuffed. We were punched, kicked and beaten and spat upon in the cells. We were called animals shit and scum. Some men were screaming, their screams were heard all around the jail by other convicts, who came to their windows. Many of them in the wings facing ours could see into our cells. Eventually when we were all locked up the jailers came round in groups of 3, 4 and 5 to search us. They came into my cell and removed the handcuffs. Some were throwing the bedding around and kicking the bucket and wash bowl round the cell. I was made to strip naked. My clothes were thrown all over the cell. I was made to turn and face the wall. Then to put my hands against the wall with my legs apart. I was then kicked, from the rear, in the testicles. I fell to the ground vomiting. I was kicked in the back and in the legs. They then went out leaving me on the floor. I could hear other convicts receiving similar treatment. A voice suddenly shouted "That's enough for now" and most of the noise stopped. A few minutes later 2 jailers came in and dragged me to my feet, by the hair, screaming "stand up for the doctor". The doctor, a little Irishman with acne scars, said "alright are you well" and wrote something in a book. There was an Assistant Governor standing by the door. As the two went out I could hear them giggling and tittering to each other. I was told to dress, and then make my bed. I was then fed. I didn't eat the food, I left it on the tray. During the night jailers came around switching the lights on and off and kicking the doors about every 20 to 30 minutes. They continued that for the first two to three weeks we were there then cut it down to a few times a night.

At one time on the first night, I heard jailers outside my door saying "shall we string him up now ? " and rattled the bolt as if they were about to come in. I heard them doing this with other convicts. I was told to get up the next morning and fold my bedding. It was about 2 hours before the rest of the prison was awakened, a regular occurrence since we've been here.

The first morning we were forced to have our hair cut. During the first few days of our arrival, jailers came round different cells at different times to beat and kick us, for reasons ranging from looking out of the window to not washing a tray. During the first 5 or 6 months of our stay here beatings were given out at various times. Aggression, threats and abuse from jailers were omnipresent. We were spread apart on exer-

cise and not allowed to talk. For the first few weeks some of us could hardly walk around the yard. Ask the little Irish dog-handler about it. All the time we have been here we have been lucky if we have had 3 hours exercise a week. The rest of the time we are kept in isolation. One of the Hull C.I.D. timed a half hour exercise period at about 12½ minutes. For the first few months we were hardly allowed to use the shower or the toilet. For the first few months we have found among unidentifiable objects, urine, shit, shaving soap, scouring powder, metal polish, boot polish and salt in our food. A lot of the time we were not given full meals. Ask jailers Goddard, Poggins, Stubbs, McPherson and their friends. We have been told that "Strangeways screws rule". We have been told that there have been the Black shirts, the Brown shirts, and the Green shirts but that here "it was the rule of the Blue shirts". To make complaints was frivolous and dangerous. For the first 5 to 6 months we were systematically terrorised by the jailers. In this prison a large number who blatantly wear 'slashed' peaks and heavy boots, who blatantly throw Nazi salutes and "Seig-Heils" to each other, who blatantly chant "Don't be a cunt, join the National Front", who blatantly sing "I am glad I'm not a nigger, hooray hooray, I'm glad I'm not a nigger or a Pakki or a Jew, hooray hooray I'm glad I'm not a nigger". Ask 'Herr Fishwick' and his friends about it. They should tell you, after all they have told us that besides niggers, Pakkis, Jews and convicts the worst thing they hate is liars !

Robert Smith.



Events leading up to the riot - it started with young prison officers coming into Hull prison and bringing local rules with them. When their overtime was stopped, we started to get an awful lot of aggravation (e.g. extra turn-overs, strip searches and lots of other petty things).

When a man (M.Clifford) was beaten up down in the Seg. Unit, things were brought to a head. About 60 inmates stood on the Centre and asked the Deputy Governor if they could see the man to confirm what they had been told. The Dep. Gov. said to hold on while he phoned the Governor. He then said that the No.1 had said we were to go back to our cells. Well, I mean, you can't just say that to 60 men who are serving long sentences. Anyway there was a concentrated rush to get on to A wing, and that was the start of the riot.

Later, when every screw had fled, I saw M.Clifford. Both his eyes were discoloured and he had a long scratch on his face so this confirmed what we had been told (and so did Clifford). What started the stone throwing was the screws. They sneaked back into the jail and caught Cox and Frank Lorraine on the Centre. Five screws started beating Cox about the head with riot sticks, there was an awful lot of blood running from his head. Frank Lorraine made it to the top landing before he was caught, and he got the same treatment - that's why the missiles were thrown on that occasion anyway.

When on the roof lots of men wanted to give themselves up anyway. John Oates climbed down the drainpipe after first shouting to the dog-handlers and telling them of his intentions. They said it was alright. When he reached the ground, they released the dogs, consequently J.Oates was badly savaged (now in the prison hospital). Well this greatly deterred anyone else from giving themselves up.

Anyway when it eventually came to an end and people went to their cells to collect their belongings - personal items - most got a shock. I know I did. My cell was like a refuse tip. I'll give you a brief insight. All my photos were torn up, my letters were in a pile in the centre of the floor mixed with excrement and urine, snooker cue in bits, running shoes soleless, same with sandals, bedspread in 10 inch squares, radio and record player in little bits.

So I ended up with no property. My only possessions were a crucifix (later to disappear) and a bar of toilet soap which went as well. When we got to B wing we were strip searched and placed in cells that were bare. After 7 hours we were given a mattress and one blanket, no chamber pots, - so it was either urinate on the floor or out of the window.

Now we come to what we call the 'Cornflake Saga'. In the morning when we were first opened up, we were told to slop out (meaning empty pots etc.). Most declined because they had nothing to slop out with, which did not deter the screws from dragging most from their cells to be punched and kicked by 40 or so screws lining the landing all the way to the recess and back to our cells. The Irish had a longer stay in the recess than most.

I was dragged from my cell by 4 screws who I name (K.BURNS, A.WILSON, P.WATSON, S.HOUSTON). I was punched and kicked to the recess and ran back to my cell wall. I saw people being spat on and punched and kicked as they passed my cell. Here are a few of the names - C.Beaumont, G.Chatterton, M.Russell, S.Bailey, N.Simmons. These I saw through the cell door as I had a 10" wide spy hole in it. From my cell I saw M.Clifford being kicked on the floor. This happened regularly to him, G.Cunningham and B.Hughes.

My door was opened by M.STEVENSON the P.T.I. BURNS and WILSON dragged me from my cell. WATSON and WILSON started to punch me. BURNS and WILSON held my arms and STEVENSON punched me in the face (8 stitches). Then I was tripped and kicked along to where they served breakfast. I got up and picked some bread. The butter was placed on my arm, the jam on my hand. I was given a bowl of cornflakes whilst officer RIBBY was urinating in the milk. So, declining the milk, I turned to face officer HOUSTON who kicked the bowl from my hand. I was kicked back to my cell with a handful of jam.

Poor Nigel Simmons got 3 pots of urine over his head as did most of the Irish. I later heard that the screws kept one cell full of chamber pots full of old urine just for us. And THEY call us ANIMALS ! Well that was the breakfast.

Later (5 days) we were given chamber pots and a bed each. We saw thousands of pounds worth of people's property burned - i.e. coffee tables, running shoes, radios, record players, records, guitars (Hobbies) chalets and coffee tables, music boxes, paintings, all the things that were made for Xmas presents. As well as most of the fixtures and fittings in the jail. This was done on great fires on a piece of concrete.



next to B wing. It took 3 wagons 6 trips loaded by a JCB (ALLINSONS OF HULL) to shift the ashes. That should tell you how many ashes and how much was burnt.

The Visiting Committee was just a kangaroo court. If all those that were charged and found guilty were taken to an outside court I bet there would not be half a dozen of them found guilty. Talk about a FIT UP. If the public could only see what these men do, these men who call us animals, these men who are protected by the Government's cloak of respect. Well, that's all I can think of and I hope it does some good, - sorry so brief.

D.Wallbanks.

Prisoner X.

I am sick and tired of hearing contradictions made by prison staff about what happened and what caused the riot at Hull prison, most of what they have said is utter rubbish and Mr Fowler's "not as simple as all that" comment to Mr Prescott's (MF) statement is also a lot of rubbish. What we lost at Hull due to cut backs on officers hours was insignificant, we lost no visiting time at all only an hours loss of association each night and a one night a week reduction on evening compound, which we only get in summer anyway. Prisoners at Hull even made a suggestion to the staff about starting work an hour later but they didn't want that, they welcomed the idea of finishing an hour earlier but not the idea of losing an hour's pay. The staff expected and indeed were expecting the inmates to start sit-down protests after the loss of the hour and were rather put out when they didn't. This is where the trouble leading up to the riot began.

It is true that the root of the trouble stems back to 1970 as Mr Prescott explained, tension had been building up slowly throughout Mr A.C.Kearns' term as governor, it was he who had abolished all the various committees that Mr Perry had formed, also he started to ban various articles in the prison - but a little bit at a time so that we wouldn't notice - and at first we didn't.

And it went on like that right up until he left we lost practically everything that Mr Perry allowed us to have, the staff began to get petty in their ways as new replacements started to come in, from local prisons mostly. When they had lost the hour's overtime and saw that we were quite content to be locked up an hour earlier they didn't like it. We began to get humiliated on strip searches, silly little things were taken from us and the placing of prisoners on report became more frequent, all this was done to get the prison itself into a state of ferment so that we would start sit-downs and refusals to work so that the staff could claim extra time. Everything went from bad to worse with the arrival of a new Chief Officer and a new Governor, Mr Parr, the chief, and I can say this for everyone who was at Hull at that particular time, without fear of any contradiction that he was one of the most dirtiest bastards one could ever hope to come across.

It was him who organised most of the beatings-up of prisoners on the Saturday morning. I cannot say much about Mr Parr as



he had only been in office a fortnight before the trouble started and nobody saw much of him anyway, but between him and the chief they turned the prison upside down in fourteen days. They didn't like the way we went around dressed in the prison so they ordered six hundred sets of coarse grey prison suits, then they stopped us from having sports wear sent in and even stopped an inmate from having a paint brush sent in on one occasion.

Reports reached a peak during the last weeks of August and pettiness amongst the staff was unbelievable who weren't as someone said "tough and adept at gathering intelligence", they were a pack of niggling old ladies always talking about one another.

We did have what the inmates called 'burglars' but they were only four in the whole prison and were mostly connected with the category 'A' and 'E' men.

I would like to point out that the prisons are not run with the consent of the prisoners as someone in Wormwood Scrubs has stated, the prisoner has no say whatsoever in the prison, you may like to take a look inside Wandsworth one day and you'll see how much say a prisoner has - none.

This is what happened at Hull from the 30th August to the 3rd September. On Tuesday morning at about 11 o'clock an inmate (Clifford) was dragged into the segregation unit after a fight with a prison officer, he was put in a cell and beaten up by four prison officers, I can verify this because I was also in the unit at this time. At dinner time word came from the unit that a man had been beaten up by officers and contact was established with Clifford by shouting from D wing over to the unit, he gave us a rundown on what had happened and what injuries he had. Word went round the prison during the afternoon that there would be a meeting of inmates on the centre (D wing) at 8 o'clock that evening. At 7.45 prisoners began assembling on the centre and told the prison officer in charge that they wanted to see the Governor. Mr Manning the Deputy Governor came in and asked what the trouble was, we told him we wanted to see the prisoner who had been beaten up. Mr Manning said he would ring up the No.1 Governor (Mr Parr) and ask him to come in.

At this particular point it was nobody's intention to cause trouble, it was a peaceful assembly and everyone remained calm, except the officers who were running hither and thither writing names in their notebooks. Mr Manning returned and told us that the No.1 Governor had refused to come in and that the in-

mate in question would be dealt with at adjudication the following morning (meaning that he would have been referred to a Board of Visitors and lost 6 months remission automatically). It was then decided to make for A wing gate as soon as it was opened by an officer (there was no such thing as trustees or what not at Hull) and a few minutes later it was and everyone just filed through, it was as simple as that. Mr Manning even opened the other portion of A wing gate so no one would be hurt in the rush. A wing leads on to the segregation unit but at this particular point it was still nobody's intention to force entry into it, we were hoping that it would be done peacefully with the co-operation of the staff.

There was about 150 people on A wing at this time, that is of course counting inmates who were located there. A wing is only a small wing and so everyone is rather cramped. Mr Manning followed us through and still tried to settle the matter and it was here that the atmosphere began to change, everyone could feel it, the tension was building up quickly. Mr Manning had stopped talking and had obviously sensed the change, nobody was making a sound, everyone was looking at each other wondering what was going to happen next. You may not believe this but what started the riot in A wing was the accidental dropping of a fire bucket, as if by some signal everyone went crazy that's the only way you could describe it, it was as spectacular as it was frightening to watch; A wing was wrecked within 40 seconds. The staff had deserted A wing and the 'seg' unit but were still in control of the rest of the prison. Entry was gained into the segregation unit via the roof and once there systematic destruction began, working its way from one end to the other. Clifford the prisoner who was beaten up was found to have bruises and swollen lumps on his face.

By 8.40 five prisoners who were locked in their cells in A wing and in the unit had been broken out, also by this time people had begun tearing the roof off D wing and a fire was started in the segregation unit causing considerable damage. A party of four prisoners went to raid the prison canteen which was located in D wing. Whilst they were there 8 or 9 officers emerged from C wing and chased two of the four prisoners who were in the canteen, the other two were told to come out and if they did nothing would happen to them. They did and were promptly set upon by officers wielding sticks. The two prisoners in question named Trevor Cox and Frank Lorraine were beaten severely about the head and body, the former was concussed for over 24 hours.

Every prisoner who was on the roof witnessed this and were



angered by what they saw and vented their fury by causing further damage. Also around the same time a filing cabinet in one of the offices in A wing was forced open and disclosed personal files on the prisoners. What we read in these files disgusted everyone not one of them had a good word for anyone, and these were compiled by officers who are in no position to do so, they lack the training to make reports on any person. If there's anyone they want to look at it's themselves.

Of course the reading of these files only added fuel to the fire and more damage was inflicted on A wing and on D wing roof, stones were also thrown at officers but unfortunately they went wide and a few civilians were hit. Tuesday night was spent discussing what was going to happen next and tending to injuries which in view of the circumstances were surprisingly light, the two prisoners who were beaten up by officers in D wing canteen and one bloke who broke his heel after falling off a catwalk.

Wednesday morning saw prisoners donned in masks and carrying all kinds of tools with which to cause damage, it was decided to go over to C wing. At this point officers had deserted A, D, C wings and the segregation unit and a lot of prisoners were still locked up in both D and C wings. A group of prisoners gained entry into C wing and began to break cell doors down, a group had also started on D wing, meanwhile prisoners had made their way onto C wing roof and began throwing bricks at officers who in return started throwing them back, one of them even had a shotgun with him and was hoping that the Governor would give him permission to use it.

About 10.30 a group of prisoners who wanted to give themselves up assembled on the end of C wing roof, it must be remembered that a large portion of the prisoners were brought into the riot unwillingly, they just happened to be there when it started. No attempt by any one of the prisoners was made to stop someone from giving themselves up. A prisoner by the name of John Olefield was at the head of the assembled group on C wing and he called to officers that he and another wanted to give themselves up, the officers told him to come down and he started climbing down a drainpipe. When he was about 20 feet from the ground officers started to pelt him with bricks and he fell, but when he landed on the ground dog handlers turned four dogs on to him then the officers started to kick and dig him with sticks - he was in some state when they'd finished. No one else wanted to run the risk of that happening to him on trying to give himself up so all idea of surrendering was abandoned but the hate and anger which had built up in everyone who had seen what had happened rose to a peak, and was transmitted to others who hadn't seen what had happened

but were told.

By Wednesday afternoon not a door was left on its hinges on C or A wing and all but a few were left in D wing, the internal damage was literally unbelievable, a barricade 15 feet high and 10 feet thick was built at the main gates at the end of D wing and all other entrances were sealed in a similar manner.

B wing which is cut off from the rest of the main prison was undamaged and the prisoners there were spectators to what went on, by mid afternoon (Wednesday) prisoners in there were being moved out to other prisons, they were allowed to take nothing with them all their property was left behind. On Wednesday night we watched from C wing as officers smashed up every cell in B wing and threw prisoners personal property out of the windows and smashed others up in the dining room below. The rest of Wednesday evening was spent causing more damage to the prison.

On Thursday morning about 11 o'clock a gathering of Home Office officials assembled on B wing roof to survey the damage, prisoners began calling across to them and one of the officials said he would send someone to talk to us. At 1 o'clock a man from the H.O. spoke to three of our prisoners who had been elected to go down into the segregation exercise yard to talk with him. After an hour agreement was reached that we would end the riot and come down on Friday morning, the Home Office official promised us that no reprisals would be taken against us and that he would personally see to it. Mr Manning appeared and told us to bring all our personal possessions with us on the Friday morning and helped to supervise the removal of the injured - three in all.

Thursday night was spent by everyone collecting his personal belongings together, surprisingly the majority of prisoners belongings had remained untouched throughout the riot. On Friday morning the barricade on D1 landing was removed and the prisoners began to trickle down with their belongings, as we passed through the door one at a time we were given a quick search and asked by a Doctor and Mr Prescott (MP) if we were alright. Our belongings were then confiscated from us by officers and we were put in the cells on B wing, all of which had their windows knocked out.

Friday night we were given a blanket and a mattress some of which had been urinated on, and later soup and tea which tasted rather funny, to nobody's surprise. On Saturday morning we were unlocked one at a time for breakfast which was cornflakes, jam and bread and tea, all of which was thrown



in our faces, we were then kicked and punched all the way back to our cells by about 10 to 15 officers who were actually hitting each other in trying to get at us. Some of the prisoners received this treatment two or three times. We did not receive a bed or sheets until after 14 days, we received no toothpaste for 4 weeks and we were given cold showers once a week for a month, we were also locked up for 24 hours per day for the first fortnight, while the officers played cards at the end of the landing.

When we asked for personal property checks we were refused but after a bit of trouble we got them, then we found that most of our property was missing, it was mostly watches, radios, record players and records that went missing and too many had gone for it to be a coincidence, nothing was done about it however. When the visiting committee came to adjudicate us we were told that none of us would be allowed to be legally represented, we were guilty before the committee started. The rest was only a formality the officers told lie upon lie and when asked for witnesses we were refused, it was nothing but a mockery. Prisoners lost between 150 and 900 days remission and anything up to 550 days confinement. You want to stop riots like this happening then I suggest that you change the system in all the prisons, we have got to live in these places the officers only work here. It shouldn't be more restrictions and confinement it should be more freedom within the prison itself.

Do what the Mounbatten report suggested : As much external security as possible and as much freedom to do as the prisoner chooses (within limits of course) internally. Give us the chance to live and be treated like human beings like the 1968/70 Governor at Hull did and you'll see how the prison will quieten down, at the moment they're nothing but dog-pens, breeding stations for hate and it's animals who are running them. I would be obliged if you would withhold my name or the system will be doing to me what they done to Wallbanks and Clifford - charging me with false and malicious allegations.



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