

AN ANARCHIST
WORKER'S VIEW
OF THE A.R.P. APPEAL TO
"BILL"

DEDICATED
TO THE
PROLETARIAN YOUTH MOVEMENT

BY
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PRICE ONE PENNY

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A. R. P. APPEAL TO "BILL"

Hey! Bill you're wanted!

Bill; What for?

Bob; A. R. P.

Bill; Oh! yes what to do?

Bob; Volunteer for war service.

Bill; Yes; do you remember the "war to end war"?

Bob; No Bill.

Bill; Well, listen. 24 years ago we were told to go and fight the Hun to save Democracy, save Civilisation, make this country "fit for heroes to live in." yes, I was kidded. I volunteered. Yes, I gave up my job, I left my wife and children to the most tender mercies of those "human" blood-suckers the landlords, the food profiteers, the parsons and the publicans. Yes, Bob. Shall I ever forget how my chest expanded, how my muddled head swelled with pride as they filled my pockets with sweets, cigarettes, etc. etc., waved union jacks, cheered as we marched to the station to go and kill the Hun, while they made profits from armaments, and fortunes from high rents and food prices.

Four years of hell, Bob, we went through. I cannot describe it to you, the slaughter, vile lousy filth, the lack of sleep, the sexual orgies, the shortage of food and even water, the trenches with stinking mud, the frost and rain. No wonder thousands became like wild beasts! conditions of hell had bereft them of all common reason.

Fighting among themselves for a fag, a drink of water, a bit of dry bread, a hard biscuit—then suddenly, to see many of them blown absolutely to pieces; arms, legs and entrails scattered. Can you wonder we were just wild beasts?

And what of our families at home? They were surrounded by enemies. Terrorised by landlords, mutilated by bombs and shrapnel; bullied by food mongers; given family allowances—short money by a stingy government.

Can you wonder if they also went insane?

When the end of this fiendish and ridiculous slaughter came, my chest no longer expanded, my head was no longer muddled, I knew I had to get back "home" to face the real enemy; to have the real fight; the fight of the workers against the war makers—the class that thrives by war—the master-class.

Well Bob, in 1918, we came home to be demobbed

leaving hundreds of thousands of our fellows buried in a strange land. What did they die for?"

Once more in Britain "the land of the free" what did we see Bob? Not a land fit for heroes, by a long chalk! For thousands, no jobs. So they gave us a dole of 29/- to keep us quiet. Those who had suffered loss of limbs, or sight, could not obtain even that; so they had to eke out a miserable existence on a government's miserly pension. Shall I ever forget those poor human wrecks marching peacefully to ask a miserly government for a few shillings increase in their miserable pensions. Bob, my lad, I can see the terrible picture even now.

Not dreaming they would get the reception they did, men with one leg, no legs, one arm, no arms, one eye, or no sight rode in vans in the procession, and what did they get? Police batons! Batoned right and left, brutally, mercilessly batoned! It was a sight, Bob, that made me take an oath, "Never will I willingly do any more of their dirty work". Never again will they kid me, on the contrary, the rest of my life is dedicated to telling such as you, Bob, what I know. Such is this land of hope and glory!

What did they say about Ireland? "If it takes the last shilling, the last man, Ireland shall be subdued"

This is the class that has laid waste the country side, compelling farmers *not* to produce food, in order to maintain high prices, food destroyed while workers are under-fed. Freedom of speech going — read the special police powers under the Public Meetings Act and the Sedition Act.

The unemployed are divided into "classes" Standard V.U.A.B. with a few miserly shillings, and that goes back again to their class, the landlord and profit grabbers. Homes have been broken up by their inhuman means test, driving young girls to prostitution, young men to roam the country, to get as a reward the "christian" care of the casual wards, or those more preferable hotels, H. M. Prisons. What a great people these!

The girls refused to be driven into domestic slavery, the boys refused to be driven into the armed forces to be shot at, hence, prostitutes and criminals.

What about those who have jobs, half of them on short wages (returned to the landlords and capitalists each week) even the best jobs only allow the workers to have bug hutches, shoddy clothes on tally, second-hand furniture, and the cheapest adulterated foods. Bob, why should this be? This is the richest nation in the world.

Bill; No, Bob, that is not quite true; the British ruling

class are the richest; thanks to the mugs like you and I, Bob, who willingly work, fight, die, and give everything to them, while they enjoy themselves on the wealth we have produced. When they have a row with their pals, now and again, then we are wanted once more! At any other time do not dare to ask for any of the wealth we have produced, or police batons and soldiers rifles will be your portion.

Have you ever heard of Bloody Sunday, Peterloo, The Chartists, Luddites, Hunger Marchers, Fighters For Free Speech, Miners, Cotton Workers, Boot and Engineering Strikes, every trade has had to fight bitterly for the few paltry concessions wrung from this class, Bob;—And did you and your like build up this great empire, Bill?

Bill; Yes, I am sorry to say we did. Of course it took many years, and we just commenced where our fathers left off. You see, Bob, this country was the first to go from agriculture to industrial production. It supplied the world. So a great navy was needed to protect the commodities going abroad; they took out parsons with the Bible; soldiers with the gun. So whatever the poor ignorant black accepted, he lost his freedom and his country. All over the world they played this sweet loving game, until today one quarter of the earth's surface is under the tyranny of this ruling class. Every vestige of freedom has been taken from the blacks. No meetings, no press, no trade unions, no free speech; *taxes* is all they know, until they are driven down to the lowest dregs of poverty, misery and disease.

And this same crowd Bob, wants me, do they?

They are telling me about Hitler and Mussolini. Why Hitler and Mussolini are babies at the game of subjecting human beings. No, Bob, I am not helping them any more. I have fully realised that you and I must tell the workers why they are poor, and suffer from cancer, consumption, blindness, and find an early grave.

So that's what I am wanted for, Bob?

Bob; Of course, Bill, I am only young, but I am with you.

Bill; My lad, *it is the young* we want. My time is nearly spent, but if I could get the youth to see and know, as I see and know, I feel sure that the future would be bright for the:—

SOCIAL REVOLUTION AND A FREE SOCIETY.