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Evening Pest

THE PAPER OF LEEDS CLASS WAR

OCTOBER 1994 FREE

THE TRUTH BEHIND THE LIES OF A 'CLASSLESS' SOCIETY...

IT'S WAR!

Ceasefire? Recovery? Renewal? Politicians can lie till they're blue in the face, but we know the truth. In the real world, the war between the rich and the poor has never gone away.

This autumn is going to see yet another turn of the screw. Those of us who sign on are going to be confronted with US-style Workfare schemes: in return for taking up shitty slave-labour jobs we'll get a little extra benefit. Big deal!

Those of us with jobs face speed-ups, cut-backs and increases well below the rate of inflation. And that's if we're lucky enough to avoid redundancy...

In the meantime it's boomtime in the boardroom. Top directors in the big companies are getting average salary increases of over 25%. While we're bombarded with propaganda about "all pulling together", the bastards on the top floor are living it up better than ever.

Malcolm Chatwin, YEB chief executive, has been handed a rise of £67,000. That's not his salary—that's just the *increase*. Sir Gordon

Jones, the scumbag who runs Yorkshire Water, is now pulling in well over £150,000—that doesn't include the £200,000 worth of shares he's got tucked away. And supermarket boss Ken Morrison is officially reckoned to be worth a whacking £160m.

Politicians might moan and bleat about these 'excesses' but they're no better themselves. While the government tries to inflict a pay freeze on millions of public sector workers, MPs are quite happy to give themselves a 5% rise—giving them £33,000 a year for doing sweet FA. Nice work if you can get it...

Sir Giles 'String Me Up' Shaw, MP for Pudsey defends his position: "We do a great deal of work and if the public do not think we deserve the money, then there is a perfect system for them to get rid of us."

Yes Giles, for once we agree. There is a perfect system for getting rid of you and your kind, and it's called class justice.

Be told: we won't rest until the last boss is strung up by the guts of the last politician. It's war!



Skint? He makes a mint. Sir Gordon Jones, Yorkshire Water boss on a cushy £156,000 a year



Ken Morrison with a personal fortune of £160m. More reasons to shoplift at Morrisons...

WE'RE YOBS AND WE'RE PROUD see page 4



Comment

Rich bastard Gerry Holbrook isn't satisfied with being managing director and editor of the *Yorkshire Evening Post* and on the Board of Directors of United Provincial Newspapers, owners of local newspapers across the country.



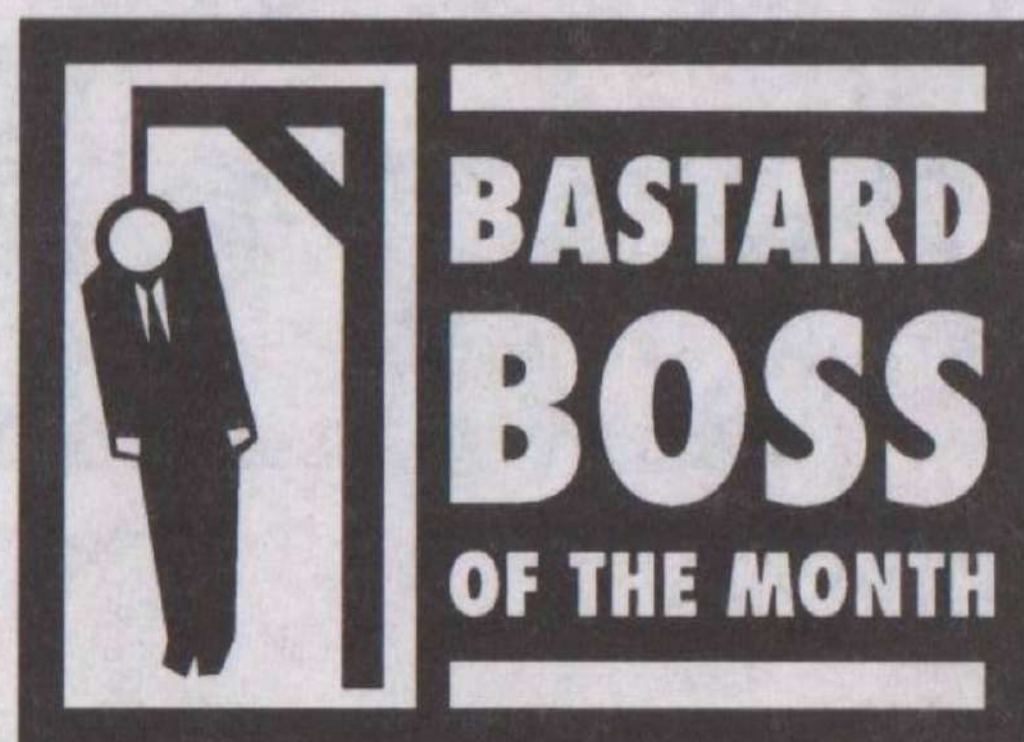
Rich and getting richer: Gerry 'Sticky Fingers' Holbrook

He recently took up a lucrative post alongside the rest of the Tory scum, on the Board of Directors of the United Leeds Teaching Hospital Trust. We can now expect the *YEP* to be very supportive of the Trust which, as we mentioned in a previous *Pest*, recently gave Board members a £4,000 rise. This is just one example of how the bosses operate, scratching each others' backs, getting their sticky fingers in a hundred pies.

Here at the *Yorkshire Evening Post* on the other hand, we'll continue to print stories as we see them. We know that there are many ways to report a news story and that the press in general represents the view of the bosses. Just look at the way the signalworkers strike has been attacked at every opportunity. This strike is just one part of an ongoing battle between the rich and the poor, between bosses and workers. When it ends, it won't be too long before the next big one comes along—not to mention the many smaller strikes going on all the time. No matter how much the press tries to insist that class conflict is old-fashioned, it just won't go away: it will carry on until there are no more bosses.

That's why we'll carry on taking sides against bosses, landlords, cops and anyone who tries to make our lives miserable. When we get information about bosses treating workers like shit, or about landlords expecting rents for slum-houses, we'll print the facts. When we get stories about people saying enough is enough and getting even with these parasites, we'll print it. Whether they call themselves 'Labour', 'Tory' or even 'Independent', the bosses' papers won't give you the news from *our* side. We will.

THROW AWAY THE KEY!

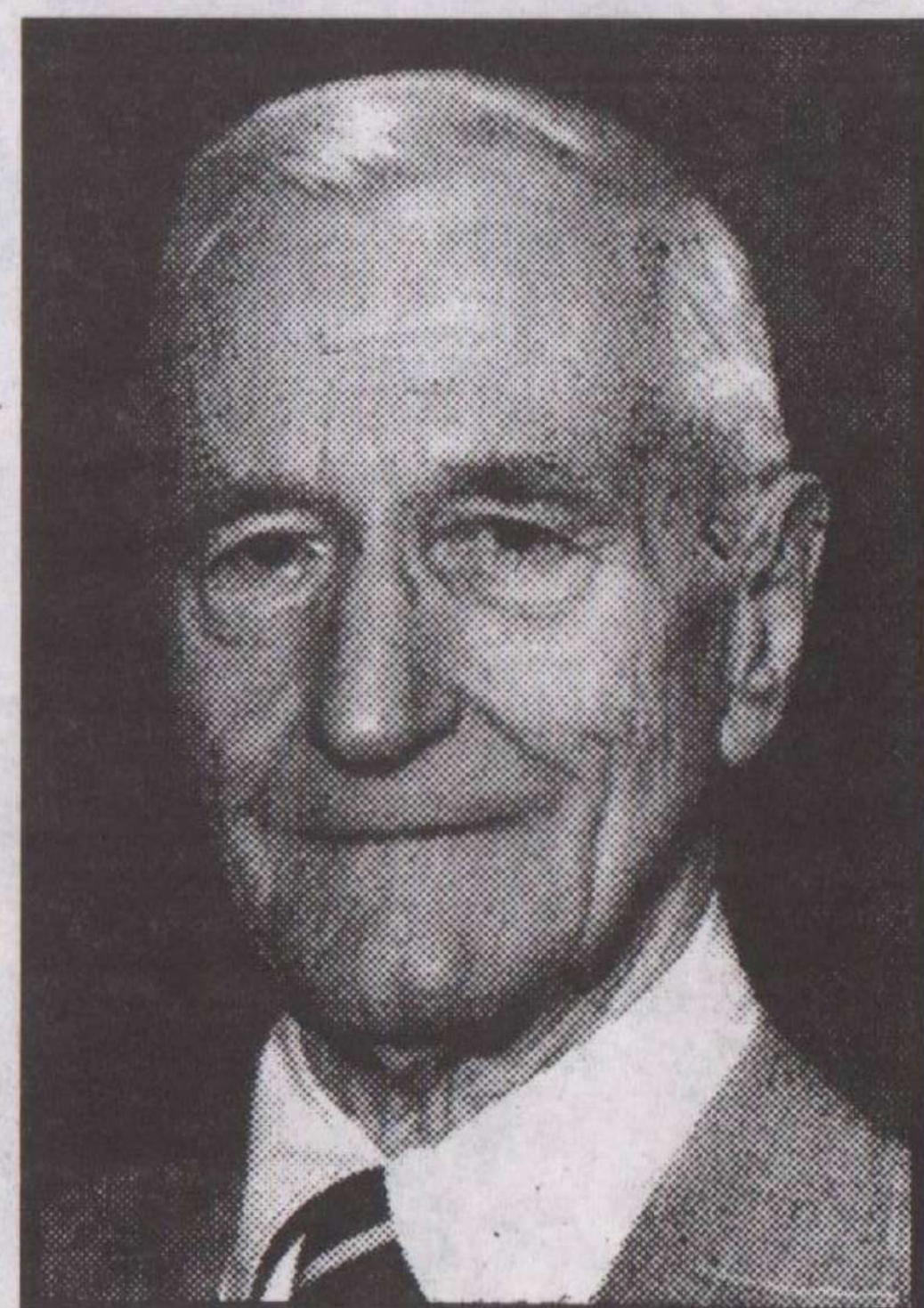


This month's bastard boss is George R Wackenhut, the head of the huge American Wackenhut Corporation. What's that got to do with Yorkshire?

Wackenhut is the group that has the contract to run the brand new private prison in Doncaster. It's a dodgy outfit that has made a fortune in the States by breaking strikes and encouraging workers to grass each other up on 'anonymous' 24 hour hotlines.

'Doncatraz', as it's known, has only been open three months. Already two prisoners have killed themselves; there has been massive criticism of its health care system; prisoners have talked of food running out and there have been several sit-down protests; and a woman who was 5 months pregnant was made to wait for *six hours* before being allowed to see her boyfriend!

Not that George R Wackenhut gives a toss.



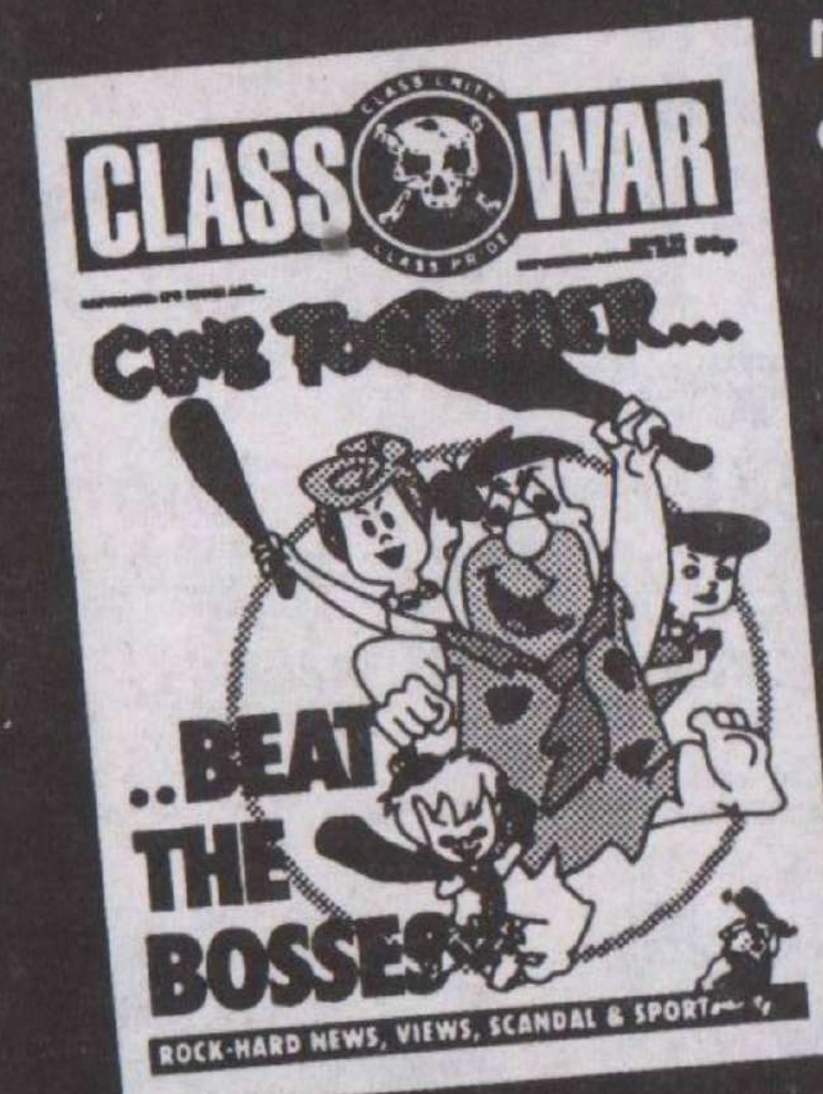
Wackenhut—a man crying out for a sound whacking

He's safely tucked away in his Florida mansion counting up the £500,000 profit he's making every year out of running 'Doncatraz'.

We all know that *all* prisons are crap—you've only got to visit Armley to see that—and 90% of prisoners are just 'guilty' of the crime of being poor. But Wackenhut is a particularly poisonous piece of garbage who needs a taste of his own medicine (a 25 year stretch sounds about right).

On the other hand, 'Doncatraz' has got one clear advantage over Armley: the screws are even thicker than usual so we can look forward to a few lads 'releasing themselves' earlier than expected!

Leeds Class War wants to know what you think. So if you've got any dirt on your boss or any of the other people who run Leeds, or if you've got a story of how people in Leeds are fighting back, drop us a line and we'll publish it. Get in touch, and we'll make sure you get a regular copy.



And if you like what you read here, you'll love reading *CLASS WAR*, the paper that cuts through the lies and tells it like it is. For a limited period you can get the next 6 issues of *CLASS WAR* for just £2.50.

Write to: *The Pest*, c/o Leeds CW, PO Box HH57 Leeds LS8 5XG

THE LAUGHING POLICEMEN...

Could you keep a straight face if a cop car crashed in front of your eyes? If you live in Scarborough, the answer had better be 'yes'! One man who described what he saw as "like the scene from a comic movie" had his cheek bones and nose broken by the driver of the panda car who was trying to arrest him for non-payment of a £12 fine.

While Jason Stubbs was collapsing in fits of laughter, PC Colin Phipps leapt out of the driving seat and punched him.

"I swerved to avoid hitting him," explained rugby player Phipps. He defended his action by claiming, "I believed I was going to get hit. The only option I had was to strike out." Amazingly the jury found Phipps not guilty of assault, and North Yorkshire police



Dickbrain Phipps

reinstated him.

On a brighter note, a retired Police Inspector did the right thing last month when he wrapped electricity wires around his wrists like bangles and plugged himself into the mains (probably an interrogation technique he'd learnt down at Millgarth). James Lazenby left the force 8 years ago suffering from depression—and guilt, presumably. He decided he'd rather be a Christmas tree than an ex-cop.

On that festive note, Christmas definitely came early for a gang of youths at the Halton District Centre last Bank Holiday Monday. Nobody stopped shopping to interrupt them beating up off-duty PC Terry Fletcher for six minutes. Fletcher told the youths he was a cop and they replied: "He can't take us all on, kill the bastard!" After 30 years service at Killingbeck Station, PC Fletcher said he'd "policed riots and been in some real trouble spots but never had to deal with anything like this." Like all bullies, cops love dishing it out but it's a different matter when they're on the receiving end...

NEWSFILE SHAFTED

While the *Evening Post* carries on another of its fake campaigns against opencast mining, we've come up with a simpler but more effective idea. Round up all the top people from British Coal, the Department of the Environment and anyone else who's making a pile from these schemes. Take them to visit an old pit village community. Show them the deep mineworkings, now silent. Show them the coalface, still holding millions of tons of coal unmined. Then leave them down there and blow the exits up.



SMACK THE RICH

Hard drugs, as everyone knows, are a total nightmare for many people in our communities. But it made a refreshing change to read of the 'tragic' death of Lady Alethea Savile, the daughter of the Earl of Mexborough. Upper crust Alethea had never done a day's work in her life and liked to swan around London and dabble in smack. Born with a silver spoon in her mouth (and now lying with a silver stake in her heart) she'll not be missed by any of us here in Yorkshire. Good riddance to bad rubbish...

LETTERS

BASTARD BAILIFFS

Dear Pest,
I've just had a visit from the bailiffs. I thought you might like to know what happened. First, two burly blokes arrived and started banging on the door. Thinking they might be poll tax bailiffs, I shouted through the door to ask them what they wanted. "Can we come in love? We're from the council." Bollocks, they were private bailiffs—I checked with the council later and they had no knowledge of them.

I asked what it was about and they said "We've just got some forms for you to sign." More bollocks, they actually wanted to check how much my belongings were worth so that

they could sell them.

They tried getting abusive and threatening, telling me that if I didn't let them in now I'd be liable for the whole debt within 5 days. I told them that I knew they were bailiffs and that I wouldn't let them in. They then said that it didn't matter to them because they would just "bring the breakers van and they would get in, know what I mean?" Even more bollocks: if you don't let bailiffs in, they can't come in. They can't break in unless they've already been let in once before.

I started to get abusive but I couldn't do anything else (like chuck a bucket of shit at them) because I had a baby to cope with and she was quite upset by them. They were opening the letterbox, peering in and

shouting by this time. Luckily they soon cleared off knowing that I wasn't going to be a pushover and be taken in by their lies. I managed to get a photo of them but it didn't turn out very well. Their car was a black MG Metro, registration F536 ENX.

Name & address supplied

WE REPLY: Bailiffs must be the lowest form of life on the evolutionary scale, coming somewhere just below cops and scabs. They operate outside the law, but with the approval of the cops. You did everything right and refused to be taken in by their dirty tricks. The only other thing we recommend is that if you get a visit from the bailiffs, let your neighbours know straight away and keep an eye out for those in our community who might not have the confidence to tell these scum where to get off. If anyone can identify the bailiffs in the above letter, or knows of any other bailiffs active in Leeds, we'd like to know about it. Photos especially welcome.

Sport

BEATING THE SCUM



"We've got the whole world in our hands..." but Gary Mac wonders why we still let scumbags like Leslie Silver within a mile of our club

September 11 1994 will go down in history. We beat the Scum 2-1, despite the fact they've spent millions on a team and seem to have spent millions on the match-day referee. We may have had to wait 13 years, but the victory was sweet when it came.

Now that confidence is running high, it's time for us fans to take on the other scum—the ones who run our club.

The rich parasites on the Board of Directors such as Leslie Silver & Bill Fotherby don't give a toss about the likes of us; they're only interested in making big money out of the club and inflating their own egos.

Whatever they say, these champagne-swilling toerags were the first to endorse the idea of all-seater stadia. They'd love to see the ground full of directors boxes, where their rich mates can stuff themselves on smoked salmon before watching the game on video.

The truth is that Silver and his cronies have never liked 'rabble' like us: we sing too loud and we don't have Swiss bank accounts.

Let's face it: the Leeds Board have

more in common with the likes of Martyn Edwards and the Scum Board than they have with us.

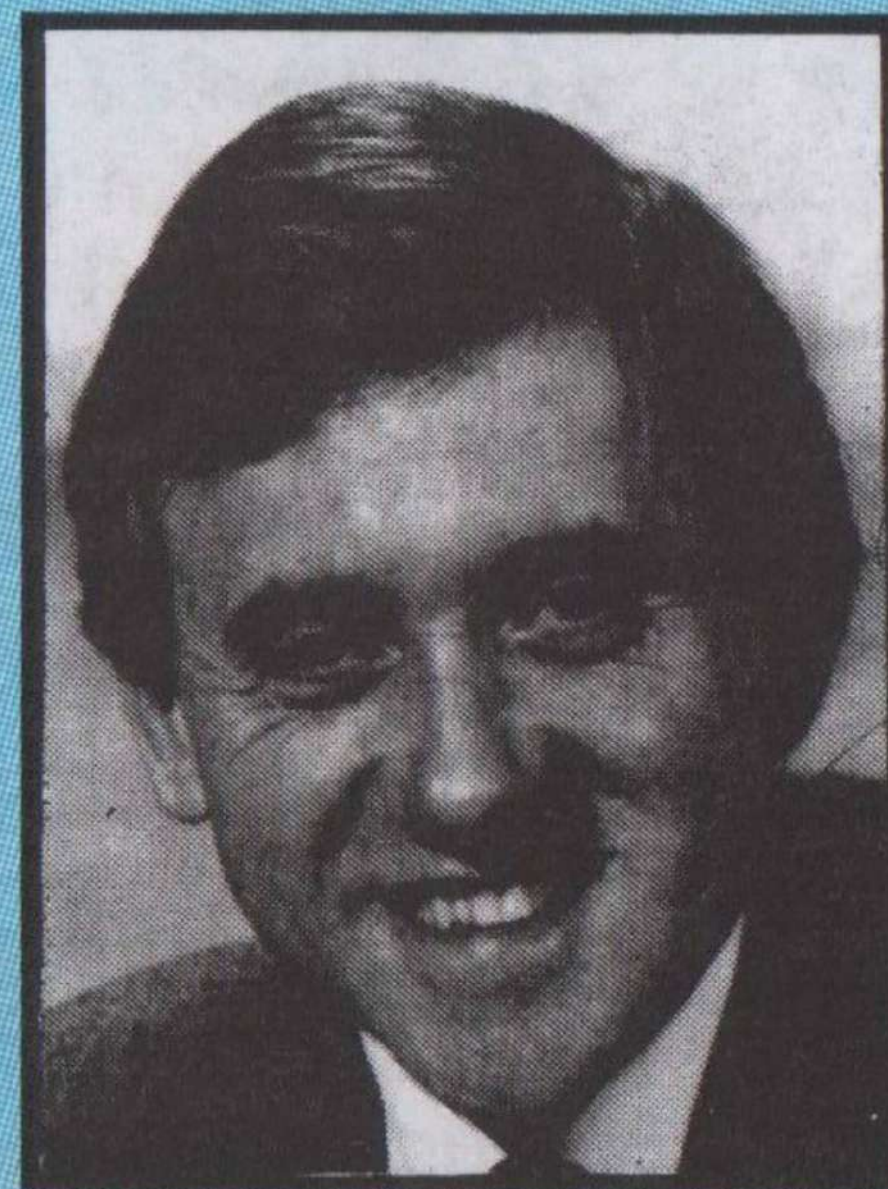
So here's to beating the Scum at Old Trafford and another Championship-winning season! And while we're doing it, let's make every match a repeat of the Scum game: everyone up out of their seats singing their hearts out for the lads...

Altogether now: "Leslie Silver, are you listening?... You're going home in a fucking ambulance!"

GOING DOWN, GOING DOWN, GOING DOWN!

It is with great sadness that the *Pest* reports that our friend Leslie 'Swindon' Silver has just lost a crucial relegation battle. Leslie, top scumbag and Leeds United chairman, has tragically slipped out of the list of the richest 500 parasites in the UK. It's all down hill from here, Les. So when you see that sad old figure shuffling down the hill to sign on at Eastgate, make sure you give him a kick from us.

Harry Gration Looks North with Leeds Class War



YOBS ARE JUST THE JOB!

The word 'yobs' has been all over the news recently, what with John Major crying into his glass of milk because Britain is "gripped by yob culture". Oh isn't it just *terrible* all these people getting pissed in pubs and having no respect for the proper authorities...

Well, I've got news for that plank Major. I for one am *proud* of the working class culture he fears and hates, and believe me that is what he's on about. When me and Judith (Stamper) go out on the piss, it can often end up with both of us rolling up the shirt sleeves and getting stuck into a riot-van load of coppers. And there's many a time we've staggered through the Victoria Quarter winding up the security guards, daring them to try and chuck us out. What's so wrong with that?

When Major says "yob culture", what he really means is working class culture—which he can't control and which won't fit in with his shitty plans.

Well, I'm glad that John Major, Richard Whiteley and their ilk piss in their pants and can't sleep at night for fear of us. So let's say it loud: **WE'RE YOBS AND WE'RE PROUD!**