

LIBERTY



PUBLISHED
BY THE
CHILDREN

O.F.

VOL.

I

NO. 2

1914

THE MODERN SCHOOL

146 Stepney Green, LONDON, E.

What Grown Ups Say

Paris 16/2/14. My dear young comrades, I am indeed happy to receive your paper. I cannot express how much joy it gave me to read all your little articles + poems + heartily congratulate you on the production of "The Modern School". Persevere, my dear children, in your efforts to educate yourselves for by this means will you be able to educate + enlighten others in your turn. You, my little friends, are the generation of the future and you will have to continue the work done by our comrade Ferrer. Therefore go on learning the Truth about everything. Be true to yourselves + faithful to your principles + to the teachings of our comrades who chose death rather than betray their principles. Always your loving friend Lilyan

Bristol 3/1/14. Was pleased to receive a copy of the kiddies paper. Have just read it right through + when I say I should like to hug every nipper that has contributed to its pages you will understand how pleased I am with this - their first effort which is indeed creditable. Bert T. Hadden

Leamford. Jarvis del Marmol writes "Success to your new paper Long live the Modern School!"

Barcelona L. Portet writes - "I wish our paper every success. Long live the International Modern School!"

Glasgow Walter Ponder writes - Let me congratulate the children on their fine production. Unless the WISE ones hurry they will be getting a weekly out themselves.

Liverpool Mat Roche writes - The paper is quite a success. The boys all send their love. We are anxiously awaiting the next number.

Chapwell. Will Lawther writes - Well done kiddies! My young brother will send you an article on the boys life in a coal-mine for the next issue.

Hammer-smith Was highly delighted with first number of the Modern School. It is really fine + great credit is due to the kids.

Geo Davison writes - The Modern School is good. Let the children express themselves in their own way. Jack Tanner

THE MODERN SCHOOL

No 2

1914

Vol 1

Crabbed age and youth
cannot live together;
Youth is full of pleasure,
Age is full of care;
Youth like summer morn
Age like winter weather:
Youth like summer brave
Age like winter bare.
Youth is full of sport
Age's breath is short

Hooray!!!!

The first number of our paper has scored a great success. We have sold right out, even some of our contributors have not a copy left for themselves.

We have received many letters of congratulations. Comrade Roker writing to the Workers' Friend, gave us a glowing compliment. We thank him & others for their kind advice & encouragement.

We hoped to have this copy printed but the money has not rolled in to our satisfaction.

The workers are still on the move. The chair-makers of Wycombe in Buckinghamshire, after a great struggle which was marked by the foul work of the London Police

have at last gained the points they were fighting for. The Builders' Labourers have been out-biked out - for refusing to sign an agreement which would compelled to work peacefully with non-unionists or else pay a fine of 20/-.

We hope the matters will be found to withdraw the agreement.

But the event that the workers have been keenly interested in is the coming of the "Nine". Botha & Smuts seeing that the workers of South Africa were getting dangerous decided to get rid of their leaders.

They arrested the Nine & sent them to England. The strike was broken. On March the first, the greatest procession ever seen in London marched from Thames Embankment to Hyde Park. The procession

they upset desks, threw ink spots about knocked down pictures etc. They have made use of direct action, which I think the grown-ups have never applied in their case, & I hope they will take a lesson from the children.

I am very sorry I have got to conclude as I could write much more on the subject, I must leave room in the paper for my fellow nipper.

Willie.

Votes for Women!

As there seems to be much difference in opinion amongst the working classes concerning the above subject. I would like to offer mine.

In the first instance the working man has not benefited by the vote, although it has been in existence for many years. It is quite true that a woman must stand on an equal footing to man, but if they continue their propaganda they are surely working in a hopeless cause, because it is the present sweating system that is the cause of inequality. The right way for women would be to stand side by side with men & strive to bring a new & better system of living - a system that will bring peace, happiness & freedom for ALL.

Some people say it will take a considerable amount of time to gain what is wanted, but I think this is the surest way - to organise the workers - MEN & WOMEN - until the crisis will arrive & they will revolt against the present system bringing about well-being for all!

Debie

"For where'er the sun doth shine
And where'er the rain does fall
Babes should never hunger there
Nor poverty the mind appal"

Passing Thoughts on reading "Germinal"

A few days ago while reading Zola's "Germinal" it struck me that the two chief characters, Etienne and Pluchart, could well be likened to - respectively - Larkin & the Labour Leader of today. How long ago Zola wrote (somewhere in the early nineties I believe) this book I cannot say but one can say that the progress of Trade Unionism & Trade Union leaders have not developed very much.

The book opens at a mining district in France. Oh! the misery, the suffering he tells us about.

The accidents & the helplessness down in the deep black mine.

Then Etienne comes upon the scene; - Etienne - a worker, starving, brave & valiant. He sees & experiences the misery down in the mine. He, human and brave tries to help his fellow-workers to throw off their burdens. Then like Larkin he is extolled, he is praised & loved by the working classes all about him. The Labour Leader praises him but does not like his popularity.

Etienne holds many meetings & organises a strike. He keeps the workers out for sometime & they follow him because of his strong personality & sympathy. Pluchart steps into the fight. He speaks to the people & praises Etienne, but when it comes to the question of practical support Pluchart withdraws & leaves Etienne to carry on the fight. The soldiers come & brutally kill the workers. This reminded me, painfully of Dublin. The "fine leaders" (?)

them turn round and blame Etienne for the bloodshed & loss of the strike. The strike lost, Etienne returns home. There, he sees a baby lying in a cradle. Etienne smiles at the baby, for in him he can see the rising generation, where in lies hope.

Etienne leaves the house & walks till he comes to an open field. It is spring time & Etienne, undaunted, tramps along singing "Germinal Germinal"

I wonder does Larkin still feel the same hope as Etienne? If so I feel sure he will be well compensated.

Esther

To Liberty

O Liberty! thou lingerest in the clouds so far away
yet still we stretch our yearning arms to thee

Oh come to us & brighten the long day

O Liberty! Dear Liberty!

Lo! How the days roll by & eyes grow dim
and nights almost eternal seem to be,
yet still we sing to thee our loving hymn

O Liberty! Dear Liberty

High in the azure skies you seem to sleep
while like the deep hoarse moaning of the sea

The sound goes up of those who sob & weep

O Liberty! Dear Liberty

O Liberty! that lingerest in the clouds
come unto us that ever yearn for thee,

'ark to the crying of the surging crowds
ail Liberty! Dear Liberty!

Jack.

If you wish to feel within you the strength of youth, if you wish to enjoy perfect, full & overflowing life - strong, be great, be vigorous in all you do." - Peter Kropotkin

Dick's Dream

BY

ELSIE

(conclusion)

Dick had not far to seek for a job in this fair land. He walked into the stores with the fear of being told that no "hands" were wanted, but much to his surprise they bid him stay & do what he could to help. This he did & he felt very happy & contented with his work-mates. He then asked about his wages, for he had almost forgotten the most important reason for working as he thought, "Oh!" they said "we do not work for wages here! - this is the people's stores where people take what they need & we give the services we can"

That was a funny arrangement thought Dick, but quite a sensible one for everyone was happy & the misery of the other world did not exist.

Dick's beautiful dream had ended all too soon. He awakened with a light-heart fancying for the moment that it were all real, but much to his sorrow he saw those ugly attic walls that forever seem to haunt him.

He saw his mother still pale & ugly hungry, sitting beside an empty firegrate & a table with little or no breakfast laid. Thoughts of the street corner crater's words flashed through his mind. He pictured what life could be only if his dream could only be accomplished on this earth. Yes! he was determined to fight for a revolution - a revolution that would bring bright & smiling faces - beautiful houses & gardens - more food & clothing - happy mothers!!!

THE END

"Little by little youth frees itself"

PK.

Betty and Nellie

a story by

Gallia (Aged 7 1/2 yrs)
lived

Once upon a time there were two little girls. Their names were Nellie and Betty. Nellie was the elder of the two. Betty was 8 years old and Nellie was 10. They also had a brother his name was Peter. They all went for there (their) summer holidays into the country. I say they went into the country because they generally just stayed in town anyhow. I am not getting on with my story. It was the 1st of August (August) It was a long journey in the train (train). They never before seen cows milked and now they could if they choose (chose) to see them milked twice a day. Once they all went fishing. Peter fell into the pond.

Betty pulled (pulled) him out and the girls took him home again. Then they went out again.

It was Betty's Birthday once. In the morning Nellie woke up before Betty & saw the Toys & sweets and things on the table by Betty's bed. She was very envious and there was just one thing that tempted her to take away and just before Betty woke up she took it.

THE END

NELLIE'S PRAYER

"May my friends be all forgiven,
And bless the sins I love so well

My name is Mary.

I am only a little girl my age aint right, the people dont live right I see how children go to school without boots & stockings and dresses, see how there children aint got any breakfast and starve they do while the shops are full of all things to eat. I aint sariisfite (satisfide) with a world like this I must see to make it a better world and must call to every children & big grown up people, we must see to make a better world were (where) all the people will be sariisfite (satisfide) - dear teacher if it aint right correct it proply (properly)

(Aint again to do that sweet kiddie - it's a gem!!)

J.D.

Walton-on-Waze

Dear Friends

Just a few lines to tell you of a few accidents which occur down here. Not long ago an aeroplane was going to Sheerness, we were all in school when all at once we heard a gun go off & rockets went up in the air.

Then we knew it was a wreck. Then our head-master let us all out early that afternoon & we all ran down to the coast guard. On the water we saw the aeroplane bobbing up & down. The sailors from the coast-guard got the aeroplane on the sands & it was sketched.

The Modern School
Montreal
Canada

Feb 15/1914

Dear Friends

You have sent a copy of your newspaper "The Modern School" to Rudolf Rocker this week & I have seen it.

I wish you would send me a copy of the paper every time it is published as I don't know whether it is a Daily or Weekly.

When I saw that you had published your paper I was jealous of you for we have tried to publish a paper before you but so far we have failed.

It is a fine thing to know that we have friends on the other side of the world without having seen them & I wish you every success in the publishing of your paper.

We are going to try & write a few lines about Canada & if they will be interesting we shall feel proud if you publish them.

Long live the International Modern School!!

Your unseen friends
Nathan & Josie

One of the springs was broken so it was taken up the slip which was also a breakwater. It stopped there for three days & then it went up again. It was a big aeroplane painted light blue. It had four wings. One of the coastguards went up with the aeroplane. That is all about the aeroplane.

Now I will describe a ship-week. It began the same way as the aeroplane, first we heard the guns & we saw the life-boats go out, soon after we heard all the crew were saved. Then we saw all the people who were saved running along the pier. I did not hear or see anything more about that as it was tea-time.

Please all the girls answer & none of the boys because I am teased about it. I won't answer them I don't like it.

Best Love

Bertha

P. C. Please excuse scribble as I am in a hurry for supper.

Dear Comrade

I must tell you my thoughts before I went to the Modern School & what my thoughts are now. Before, I had friends from day school & they were very religious & as my parents were not so, I could not make out which were right my parents or my religious friends. At home we never keep up holidays (holy-days) but my friends always did so I felt very uncomfortable.

Now I go to the Modern School & my new friends are just the same as I am. I feel much nicer about it because I see more children whose parents are like mine & wherever I go I am not ashamed to say what I think & that we of the Modern School are doing right. LILY

We have two more interesting letters from Nathan & Josie. We shall publish them in our next. We send our cordial greetings to you all & hope we shall have further contributions from you.

ED

One of our Polly's favourites:-

"There was an old woman went up in a basket
Ninety times as high as the moon,
Where she was going I could not
but ask it,

For under her arm she carried a
brown

"Old Woman! Old Woman! Old Woman!!"

"Oh whither, O whither, O whither so high?"

To sweep the cobwebs from the sky
And I'll be with you bye & bye"

BRIGHT SMILES TO YOU
AND HEARTS THAT DANCE WITH DAFFODILS

Conscription

BY
ANGEL

On the Continent they practise what is known as conscription. That is, every man over a certain age & under another, must join the army unless they are declared unfit. Take France for example young men, when of age, must go to the Registration Offices & put his name down for an examination when the time comes. Every year an examination takes place. All those who have their name now registered are examined at the Town Hall by an army doctor. These doctors are very ignorant, but they examine each one to see if he is fit to carry arms. After this has been done they go home to prepare for the time they have to join the army.

To tell you of the process they go thro' to pass would be interesting.

Outside each Town Hall there are about a dozen policemen who keep the fellows in order. There constables are like sheep-dogs.

They keep the flock of men in their places as sheep dogs would do with sheep. Inside the hall there are more

policemen & as each man is called he answers "present"!

Then the men pass into a large hall & their respective weights & heights are recorded.

The doctor then examines them. He does not take any real pains with them of his work (which is a dirty dog's work)

If a man is not quite up to the mark the doctor has his examination postponed to another time. Those who are fit are told to join the army at certain periods. Then they are taught to murder & how to be murdered. Of course they do not call it murder but killing your enemies. About October the men have to join their respective corps. A good many "forget" to go. This section is on the increase every year.

Now many of them are in the ranks & are drilled to starve & to kill for their fatherland.

Warfare is a horrible reality which is difficult to imagine. Many people do not know why wars take place or what reasons there are to justify them.

In England we are not forced to join the army. We have no conscription laws. They say we are free to join but many have to join because they cannot get work. Others join because they think it nice to be in a uniform. Then there are traps set such as the Boy Scouts

(Boy Louts) & Boys Brigades. In these institutions boys are taught to shoot. Boys like plenty of excitement & like to join but they do not think of the consequences.

It is made especially to attract boys so when they are at the right age they will join the army.

A soldier never thinks, when he hears the officers call upon him to "fire" even if it is his

The Modern School

own class who may be on strike. He never
 into the reason WHY? If he did the result
 would be different - not a shot would be
 fired - at least not at his own brothers.

The Government: have made it a
 rule of their armies that a soldier must
 not question his officers orders. Government
 are very artful. Some men - sheep I call
 them - will always obey, but many resent
 their subjection. If they only knew the
 strength of their numbers they would
 soon revolt.

I hope a time will soon come, & I am
 sure it will, when we will dispense with
 the army & navy. Then it will be a time
 when people will have more sense.

Jack London says that "a good soldier
 is a blind heartless, soulless murderous
 machine" & I quite believe him.

"Our Visit to Ship Lake" (A True Reply to Angel)

Dear Editor,

After reading the most audacious
 article of Angel's in our last issue I can-
 not refrain from writing in defence of our-
 self & sense of the girls in our Modern
 School [Angel need not pose as a
 woman hater because I know better]

He said in his letter that the girls were
 afraid to go in a boat without a man
 to look after them [He ought to talk!!]

Angel forgets when he and some other boys
 got into the boat & after many twisting &
 turnings they had to return, whilst the
 girls (bless their dear hearts) were singing
 and enjoying their row on the Silvery
 waves and that took them down a
 9 or two. The Modern School girls are
 not so silly as Angel thinks [For
 stance ME]

LEAH

on the University Correspondent (January)
 It was a youthful cynic who wrote -
 The courage of the Turks is explained
 by the fact that a man with more than
 one wife is more willing to face death
 than if he only had one

VIVE L'INTERNATIONALE!!

Dear Editor

Having had such a glowing
 account of your Modern Sunday
 School from one of its bigger kids
 I thought it would be so nice
 to become one of its scholars.

So accordingly I paid a long
 visit to it on Sunday March 8.
 To my intense delight the child-
 ren had a speech on Tom Mann
 & his mission and I must confess
 that this little speech proved

quite instructive to myself. After that
 the children sang various songs and
 any listener would thrill with a
 sort of ambitious feeling or one that
 is very hard to define. I was so
 impressed by the way the children
 were interested that I have decided
 to become a scholar of this excellent
 school in a week or two. Wishing
 your paper every success

I remain yours
 Jane Posner

JIMMY DICKS BIOGRAPHY BY PENSIVE POLLY (PAULINE)

Jimmy went a fishing
 on a stream one day.
 Jimmy only caught a cold,
 So the people say.

Jimmy was a naughty boy
 Wouldn't go to bed.
 Jimmy had no supper
 But a beating instead.

If Jimmy's not a better boy
 So the people say,
 The dustman's going to come one
 night
 And take him right away
 POOR JIMMY!!

JIMMY'S ODE TO PAULINE

Grow, grow grow little PAULINE grow grow
 Somebody loves you so
 And if I come round tomorrow morn &
 see
 If you grow bigger then you'll just suit
 me
 So grow, grow, grow little Pauline
 grow

School

SUNDAY AFTERNOONS

AT
3 PM

On Sundays we meet for our weekly lectures & discussions. These are very instructive. During the past months we have had Jack Tanner, Miller Wilcox, Guy Aldred, Jack Malcolm, Franklin, Annie Ward.

TUESDAY EVENINGS

AT
7-30 pm

The children who are interested in sketching meet together on the above evening. After this class Marcel takes us in prelim lessons in French.

THURSDAY EVENING

AT
7-30 pm

We have had a very interesting reading class on the above evening. We are reading "A Talk between Two Workers" & we find it much to our liking.

The Fancy Dancing Class takes place on this night also. We have no one to teach us so we as one child learns a dance they teach it to the others.

We have had many concerts & dances to attend to & to give exhibitions of dancing.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON

AT
3 pm

Esperanto is taught by our indefatigable comrade Onilino Duch.

Reports

OUR BOOK SHELF

At last our Library is ready. There was quite a rush for books when it was known to the children they could borrow them.

A few of us worked hard by putting numbers on the books. We have a good many, but so few suitable for the very little folk. We still ask for more, for this feature of our school is most important.

WE WANT

BOOKS! BOOKS!! BOOKS!!! BOOKS!!!

SHALL OUR CRY BE IN VAIN?

BECKY.

GROWN UPS

SHOULD READ

THE WORKERS' FRIEND

EVERY FRIDAY

ONE PENNY

AND

FREEDOM

EVERY MONTH

ONE PENNY

THE MODERN SCHOOL

146 STEPNEY GREEN E.