WHY I WENT TO GAOL

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I was sentenced to 60 hours' imprisonment with hard labor by a Sydney Supreme Magistrate on Monday, January 14, 1907. I had been charged with carrying a sandwich board in the streets of Sydney, a board on which I had painted these words:

PLEASE WITH THE GOVERNMENT. STOP ATOMIC TESTS.

HUMANITY IS BEING CRUCIFIED.

WEEP FOR YOUR CHILDREN. ATOMIC TESTS AFFECT

HUMAN REPRODUCTION. ADD YOUR VOICE IN PROTEST.

The S.M. did not convict me under the charge, but ordered me to pay $2 costs. I declined, on principle, to go so, and was sentenced to gaol.

IN THE CELL

In the cell at Sydney's Long Bay Gaol I was not different from any of the other inmates. That is, so far as present material conditions were concerned. The eight by seven, feet cell was sparsely furnished. The bed was terribly hard, a canvas-covered pillow on wooden slats with hard canvas pillows, grey blankets and unbleached sheets as stiff as the canvas. Toilet conditions were rather primitive. The only water was contained in a tin-like jar on a small table. I had no food, only bread. Luckily I found a small tablet of toilet soap which had been left behind by the previous inmate, on which pictures on the wall and Christmas cards of two Christmasfsold the of his religious inclinations and period of occupation.

The men's section at Long Bay is unserved. So-vrage in the form of a small bucket in one corner. When liberated from the cell at about 8:15 a.m., the toilet bucket is carried to another section of the cell for disposal. Mine contained a nicely placed newspaper parcel of mashed pumpkin, the vegetable accompanying the boiled potato at the evening meal. I detest boiled pumpkin

Breakfast was of an unpalatable muesli with porridge called hominy, without sugar, and the taste indicated a lack of salt also. I never want to see another plate of that.

PRISON PANTS AND SMELLY SHIRT

I had been issued with a prison grey gabardine pants and bumber jacket with a stiff cotton shirt which smelt like nobody's business. It was assured that the shirt was fresh from the laundry. My pajamas needed another four button round the girth to meet in my recent frame. The goodlady were locked in their cells at 4 p.m. I arrived at about 1:30, after spending two hours in cell No. 4 at the Phillip Street police escort. When I arrived at the Bay, I was treated well by the senior warders in duty, one of whom was assiduous to pay my fine. I appreciated his gestures not pleased with him not to do so.

In the Convalescent section on the way out, one of the guards had questioned me about the arts of the peace movement. He wundered if our ends could be accomplished. I felt that it was hardly necessary that my arms should be grasped on either side as I had no intention of escaping.

At the reception room my clothes and belongings were taken from me. I was piped round for the fourth or fifth time and there received my pants. The warden was evidently a churchman and allowed me to wear my own shoes. He knew a number of persons and we exchanged acquaintances. What a change when I was returned there next morning. The new man on duty, either because he was accustomed to treating men so, or if he knew my circumstances because he wanted to make me feel my position was somewhat offensive. "Stand over there," "Sign this," "You won't sign,
ASSAULT AND CATTLE RUSTLING

I respect to the head gardener. He asked me where I was from, and
was delighted when I mentioned Rusham. He had lived in Victoria park
and had been born in either Fitzroy or Collingwood. I gathered he was in
for some years for assault of an employer, a publican's wife, as a country
joke where he kept the garden and sold old jobs. I was given a small pair
of liquid sheriffs to cut the grass on the edge of the lawn where the lawn-
man would never reach. My acquaintance there was an interesting customer
not well spoken too. He had joked on the engraver that a priest was with
them and was anxious to confirm his belief that he was too man. He was
in for 12 months for cattle stealing and was making the most of it by
earning an apprenticeship. He had seen at Ruthven Gaol and was emphatic
that it is quite the fact that when men were twice incarcerated, it was a
far happier gaol—rather food and conditions.

I should have liked to have listened to him for a long time, but it was
at this juncture that I was called to the office of the warden of the
Extension where the gaol chaplain waited to greet me. We laughed together
when I entered and after explaining that I thought I was doing no good
for myself on the Church, he said he was being paid top fare. Well there is no
half an hour I was on the outside of the grim grey walls of Sydney's Long
Bay Gaol.

WHY DID I GO TO LONG BAY?

I went to Long Bay deliberately to draw the public's attention to the
serious of the preparations for atomic war.

I saw a pacifist, believing that it would be impossible for me to condone
war under any circumstances and retain my membership in the Peace
League. Jesus not evil, overcome evil with good, love your enemies, negotiate
with your adversaries, pray for your persecutors—the gospel of love has
no part with the warrior didactic doctrines of war, malice, hatred and
murder. The very best man will be brought to the surface with love
and kindness, but distrust, strife, greed, lust and vengeance breed in avarice
and magnify all that is low and brutal in the human being. The depersonal
of the mind and the nurse who treat friends and foes alike is a sad commodity
on the tragic foolishness of war.

And atom bomb tests mean war. Jesus said: "Men do not gather figs
of誓言 or grapes of thorns." The harvest of peace is not to be gathered
from the sowing of the seed of war.

To-day, the arms race which keeps the cold war at its height is repre-
resented at these atomic bomb tests. They are a fearful and more frightening
nuclear bomb and better ways to drop them. The most unscientific observers would question the righteousness of the much
repeated Sevastation from the truth, "to have peace you must prepare for war," which implies that the hopes of peace depend upon policies based
upon the theory that right can only be established by capacity to kill. I
believe that the civilization which depends upon slaughter and carnage for
its survival is not worth preserving. This doctrine needs even bigger explo-
sives to work itself out on the better in its necessities, therefore the preven-
tion of the bigger explosions must be the next objectives if the cold war is
to be made a real peace in fact achieved. Thousands of scientists and
missiles of ordinary folk have been shocked into activity by the recent reported effects of atomic bomb-out and the increase of
cosmic radiation.
MORE ABNORMAL BIRTHS

Every biologist knows that any increase in the background radiation means an increase in abnormal births. There is no threshold below which reproduction is not affected; every increase no matter how small has its effect.

These may be very few, imperceptible births, few additional miscarriages, not a great number of cripples resulting from a particular hydrogen bomb explosion. But there must be some. Every one who allows that tests must go on for any purpose must bear some part of the responsibility for the tragedy of birth, the anguish of soul and the heartbreaking tears of the mothers who through no fault of their own, bring, afflicted babies to a life of suffering.

If you thought it would be to your own child you would protest; and are we not our children?

Biologists call the birth damage through increased radiation a "genetical hazard," and some estimate it that the bombs are worth the hazards. But other scientists point out that there is no accurate way of measuring, for instance, what the situation will be in ten or twenty years' time, when radio-active particles from atom tests that have already taken place will still be descending from the upper air.

The fallout of this radio-active dust also presents an immediate threat to the world's food supply. Numerous scientists and agronomists claim that the world's food supply in being affected by radio-activity. Docters say that vegetables such as carrots and dressed meats are the more vulnerable to the radio-active current state of the world and wastes are bound to increase.

FACTS ARE SUPPRESSED

The full picture is not being taken to the people of Australia. The alarming facts contained in the official report of British and American scientists, released during 1946, are not being put into words that ordinary people can understand.

In addition, the amount of radio-active fall out in the rain over Melbourne and Sydney makes recent atomic tests in Australia has been hidden from the public. Government organizers like C.B.R.C.O., who have measured the fall-out, refuse to disclose their information. Private firms, who have been forced to take special action to combat increased radio-activity, have been made to keep their works shut in case the public is alarmed.

The life of ordinary people everywhere is being steadily and dangerously affected by the continuance of tests. For there is not only the direct effect of the tests is being taken into consideration, but also, the whole vicious spiral of the atomic and guided missiles operate on an international scale.

This arms race has impoverished mankind and wasted enormous human effort. In Australia alone, if, by international agreement, we could afford to cut our arms budget by 50 per cent, every town of over 500 population could have, with the money saved, a new high school (£150,000), a new hospital (£130,000), a swimming pool (£100,000), one hundred homes at £500 each, and £100,000 to spend on public works.

This gives some idea of the world-wide waste on war preparations. I believe we cannot afford the toll of more nuclear tests! I believe that, in every country, men and women must stand together against the great war budgets! The truth behind these matters must be taken to the people! That is why I took my sandwich boards into the streets of Sydney, and this is the principle for which I was sent to jail.

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