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The rabbit meadow is quiet and hot with Ulla writing her diary up and the other women round the fire drinking coffee and eating toast with jam or peanut butter, but no marge or ordinary butter as there is none and we are pretty broke. I've just had a complete body wash and feel almost human, although still quite tired. Yesterday was long, it lasted 24 hours, and I feel I must write it up before we get evicted or they bring cruise back in again, or I just fall asleep.

When I arrived yesterday morning Orange Gate was quiet with just a few women around. Ruth and Penni were just off to Wales for an all women's picket in support of the miners, and the other regulars still here are Jane, MohicAnne, Jill, and Jay (still in bed) Hannah, Helen whom I seen at other gates, and Ulla and French Fredrik. I had a coffee then went and woke Jill and Jay as I wanted to hear about their time at 'Nettle Camp' inside the base. It had been a great success. Rebecca brought them provisions every night and kept the press<sup>h</sup> informed, and they just stayed (fairly quietly) all the time. When the rain started they put up a polytherm shelter, and ~~just~~ kept a low profile when the patrol vehicles went round. What was really amazing was that when Tony Benn leaked in the House of Commons that two women were living in the base, the patrols were sent out to search for 'Julia' and 'Kate', and at one time the soldiers with torches were only eight yards from them and their shelter and they were sure they would be discovered. The soldiers went away, and the next day <sup>Jill & Jan</sup> they had to walk quite a long way to find someone to give themselves up to, as everyone was still looking for them, so they had fun wandering round and inside buildings before they were finally arrested. None of the authorities believed that they had lived at Nettle Camp for a week, and the <sup>women</sup> suggested that there ~~was~~ should be a shit count taken. The British MOD police weren't too keen on this idea, but the Americans did discuss that an 'excrement patrol' might be used to dig up this vital evidence. Jill and Jay were let out without being charged and gave interviews to the press, then had a fantastic party, which appears to have been very memorable! I don't think this is the last we shall hear of Julia and Kate, somehow I think they have more schemes up their sleeves or armpits.

Back at the fire people were arriving. The ~~was~~ two women who had been arrested just for walking along by the fence had been in court in the morning, and also the Welsh crowd <sup>Out, Kay & Co</sup> who were done for painting the road on the gate painting day. They all had fines and seven days to pay them, but I don't think they were in any hurry to comply with the law. We sat round & talked and then the Welsh took

Ruth and Penni back with them and Jane, <sup>Ulla</sup> and I went shopping in Thatcham, then went round to Red where we saw <sup>Lorraine</sup> ~~Laurant~~ who lives there now, with Karen from Mersey<sup>y</sup>side, and others. There was a general feeling that we were all ready for a little action that night, but we would see how it all went, and Jane and I offered to do night watch for the first part of the night <sup>then</sup> ~~and~~ Jill and Jay would take over from us. We had a huge supper of mixed salad, a ratatouille with Worthing mushrooms, and hummous made by Jane. There was a strong <sup>aroma</sup> ~~aroma~~ of garlic round us after this, then Jill produced redcurrants and custard for pudding. We had had homemade wine given by the Welsh and the elderberry I had brought with me, but neither Hannah <sup>h</sup> ~~mor~~ Jane could drink ~~xx~~ until Christmas as a result of the hepatitis they have both had.

Women drifted off to bed and Jane and I sat by the fire as it was quite a cool night with the wind blowing round us, and the CB radio tucked in Jane's boot. We were in the middle of a long intellectual (ha ha) conversation at about 1am when the CB made a strange noise, and Jane heard that the cruise convoy had just been taken out of Yellow Gate. We woke everyone up and as we learnt that it <sup>had</sup> ~~it~~ headed down the road in the direction of Newbury we thought it was worth a try to find it in my car. We stopped at Yellow where a ~~xxx~~ few women were wandering rather unhappily around, and then shot off in the M4 direction. I had to get more petrol in my car, and when we reached the main roundabout, decided it was no good just chasing after something that might not be there, so came back home via Blue, to check whether they knew about it, then Yellow for more news. Nothing was happening, so we went back to Orange where we saw Karen who had just been let out of the Gate, having literally walked into the base at Indigo <sup>gate</sup> ~~as~~ they had lost the padlock! Hannah, Helen, ~~xxxxxx~~ <sup>Jane</sup> and I decided to do some cutting down near the end of the runway. When we came near the fence from round the back path, we thought we saw vehicle lights on the runway, so Hanna and I decided to go on and find out what we could. The lights were just a figment of our imagination, <sup>an optical illusion</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>right</sup> at the end of the runway there was a small rather unlit area of fence, so I waded in with the cutters. Quite quickly I had a woman sized hole, then Hanna took over and cut the barbed wire, then we went across the patrol path and cut the inner role of razor and barbed wire. We then went back to the others, had a coffee and a chat, and decided to go in down the runway and get as close as we could to Yellow to cheer up the women there. Karen came with us.

Well, we were accompanied to the hole by the barking guard dogs from the wood yard, which were noisy enough to waken the entire base,

but there was no one around and we went inside through all the holes on to the runway. We walked up it hand in hand and every time we saw a vehicle driving round the road, we fell flat on our faces until it passed. Unfortunately by this time it was starting to get light with a beautiful pink sky, so we walked and danced along quite briskly, getting bolder all the time. We must have walked for about ~~less~~ an hour, passing one huge building on our left, then we saw another building, a hanger I think, and decided we would go round behind it towards Yellow Gate. The cars were still patrolling round ~~the road~~ and it really was light by now, and once we ran and ducked behind some private cars, then went along the building, round a corner, and I saw a truck with a man sitting in it. There was nothing we could do except walk past him and say 'Good morning' politely, then go on round the next corner. At this point ~~four or five~~ <sup>six</sup> vehicles screamed <sup>3 police + 3 US army</sup> up and more or less surrounded us. We didn't take a lot of notice of them, but talked to two American soldiers in a truck with a very nasty looking <sup>machine</sup> gun on the seat between them. Eventually the police rounded us up, put Karen, Hanna and me in the back of one car and Jane and Helen in the other. It appears their policemen asked them what they had had for supper, as the garlic smell was oozing from every pore by that time. In fact I'm surprised they didn't smell, rather than see us in the end.

We were driven at a furious speed to the interrogation centre near Yellow Gate, and then processed one by one. We had already agreed that we were all called Jenny ~~Wilson~~ <sup>William</sup> and that we lived at the Peace Camp. Jenny ~~Wilson~~ <sup>William</sup> is the wife of an MOD policeman from the base, who has left her husband and lives with us. She had had reporter trouble, so was more than happy that we should use her name. I was taken off first to be searched. I had previously been told that I was arrested for suspicion of criminal intent, and the usual guff about not having to say anything, but if I did, etc etc. I was taken to the Ladies, and the first thing I saw was a wash basin and mirror. <sup>11 holes putting</sup> Before the policewoman could stop me I started having a good wash, my hands then my face, both of which seemed to have a lot of runway dirt adhering. She was very cross and told me to hurry up. She ~~then~~ told me to take off my sweaters and undo the top button of my trousers and then she gave me a quick rub down. (The cutters were of course safely back in the car) She took away my cigarettes, lighter and car keys and put them in a bag. She asked my name, Jenny ~~Wilson~~ <sup>William</sup>, date of birth, 28.4.33. ~~xxxxxx~~ place of birth, Chalfont St Peter. God, I thought I was a truthful person! Then I was taken by the sergeant to the interrogation room, where he asked once again, name, date and place of birth. I gave the same wrong information, then to

every other question, I said no comment, or refused to answer. He pretended to show some surprise when I refused to rise to his question of why I broke into the base, but I thought being completely non-committal would speed things up, and the others could have a go if they wanted to. After all this was my first arrest. You need practice at this game. I then had to sit down on the floor outside the office away from the others, while they went through the same process. We were not with him more than about 2 minutes each, and the others were looked after by a young copper called Oliver who was much friendly and more relaxed, except when Hannah and Jane very theatrically pretended to be in love, when he looked resolutely out of the window. When Karen was finally finished with, the sergeant came out to us all sprawled on the floor and said that we were very lucky not to be charged (mind you they hadn't a leg to stand on as they had no evidence as to how we got in and we all given different ways or said nothing). We were escorted to the Gate, said our farewells to Oliver and left.

We thought that Yellow Gate women would be glad to see us, but there was no one in sight, they had all gone to bed and the fire was out! We made it up had some foul coffee and tea without milk, and by this time a car turned up with a peace group searching for the convoy, then Jill, Jay and Carola appeared across the road where they had been hiding in wait for the convoy to return and we all got lifts back home. By this time it was 7am, so I had some toast and went to bed in the rabbit meadow. I got up about 11am, and now that it is something after 3pm, think its time to get some more sleep. Today could be as long as yesterday.

#### 24th, 25, 26th

The rest of Tuesday was comparatively quiet. We had a lot of visitors with food and sympathy, but among the women who were here during the night was a feeling of restlessness because the convoy was out, and tiredness through lack of sleep. We all drank a lot of coffee and tea and picked at food continually. It really was one of those days when it would be impossible to answer the question, what do you do at Greenham all day, with any sort of rationally. About sixtimes I thought I would wander off and have a quiet read or sleep, but each time I was about to do so, someone else would turn up, and the conversation got interesting. There is also an awful lot of walking up and down the road, deciding that the washing up does need doing, we must get some more wood for the fire, or the kettle needs filling and boiling, or vegetables need chopping for the evening meal. Also when I did get round to the rabbit meadow, MohicAnne came and showed me her poetry and we had a long talk. She was sparkling fit and wide awake as she had managed to sleep through most of the night on the mattress by the fire, even when we firmly woke her and asked her to finish the night watch at about 7am, she said yes she would, then fell fast ~~xxx~~ asleep until 10am. She has a great capacity for both food and sleep, as well as writing interesting and perceptive poems.

We decided that we must prepare material for a blockade at the end of the road in case they bring the convoy back by our gate, and at about 10pm Jay, Jill, MohicAnne and I went to the pub for a swift drink. Our reception there was not particularly friendly from the locals, and although it was not particularly warm, we preferred to take our drinks outside. At least I had a good wash in the loo in hot water, and when we came back, we found the women had filled all the bags with soil for the blockade, and dumped them in the ditch, so we went to bed. At some time in the evening Jay and MohicAnne had cut a bit of the gate so that we could get the Citidal lock on it, and MohicAnne sat on her blankets near me practicing with the key to make it work as efficiently as possible.

The next thing I knew was that I was being woken by rain falling on my face. I then had this usual problem of whether it was better to get wet, or to suffocate. I found I had to leave a tiny breathing gap, so the rain collected in a puddle near the hole, then poured in down my back! Not very comfortable, but I dozed, then woke with a start when it was light, to a shout from MohicAnne 'Fuckin' hell' is what she said. She had no Gortex, and had been getting wetter and wetter in her blankets for well over an hour. She disappeared, and I tried to sleep again, but was quite glad to get up at about half past seven, when the rain eased a little, get dressed and go round to the fire. The women, MohicAnne and the night watch, had moved the fire under the trees, and put the shelter up, so we huddled under that most of the morning. Luckily we had plenty of food and water, so apart from visits to the shit pits and cars, we stayed fairly dry. Once again I thought I would have a read, but only managed a few pages.

As it was Wednesday there was a money meeting at Red, and I arranged that I would take Hannah and Helen to the roundabout, then some visitors turned up and said they would take them. Ulla wanted to go to the bank, and we suddenly realised that Jill should go to the money meeting, so once again I woke her. It appears that she and Jay hadn't got to bed until very late as they had been collecting barbed wire for the blockade and making 'cat flap' holes in the fence. The idea of these is that it would save a lot of time and walking if we have cat flaps near each gate, then we can go visiting other gates by taking a short cut through the base, rather than going round it. Anyway, Jill had camp money so decided to go to the meeting and as she had this cash and didn't want to be pressurised by other women, got dressed in her 'heaviest' clothes, and Ulla and I put on leather jackets, and I made a rollie each for us. The heavy mob was certainly in town, but Jane spoiled the image with a skirt on! It was still raining, so once we had made our dramatic entrance I got the golf umbrella for Jill to have a dry spot to enter in the money book, dole names from each gate, food and petrol money and general requests. The meeting was very quiet and successful, mainly because after the essentials which came to over £1,000 there was only a couple of hundred left for the requests and these were quickly agreed on. The general concensus was very sensibly that top priority for money must go to women to pay fines for those who couldn't go to prison. I

The meeting only took about an hour, so I drove Ulla, Jane and Nicki to Thatcham, we did some shopping and came home. I was about to go and have a quiet read when a familiar roaring noise told us that Mabel, pink and beautiful as ever, had brought Anne and Sally back and Ruth also, after the women's picket for the miners in Wales. We exchanged news, and after a while made a start on the wine Ulla had bought as she is leaving on Friday, and got supper ready. We also heard that there was a lot of activity at Tidworth <sup>a Salisbury man</sup> ~~where~~ the convoy was, so it was more than likely it would come out tonight. Anne thought it would be a good idea if we checked with Eileen, so MohicAnne, Barbara (who wanted a lift to Yellow) and I went to Eileen's house. It was very dark along there, but Eileen confirmed the activity reports on her CB and we went back to Orange. The barricade was being put up, so I helped with that, and we found the stashed barbed wire and the road works flashing light which we placed on top. By this time a lot of women were around, so ~~the~~ another camp fire was put <sup>down the road</sup> near the corner so that women could see if any car lights came round the corner. The convoy was still in Tidworth according to the CB, so I went to bed. After about half an hour I was called out of my 'protem' and rather wet bender, which I had constructed earlier in case it ~~knelt~~ bucketed down again that night, and went to see what was happening. (Actually I went to bed twice that night and was called awake again but I can't remember what took place on the previous occasion)

Anyway, <sup>the</sup> <sup>Convoy</sup> cruise, was back inside. At Blue Gate this time. I'm still not sure quite what happened, as it appears there was a good barracade, but only about 4 <sup>ack</sup> women. Everyone was very upset, just standing around in small groups. On the way there we had passed about ten police vans, and by the time we got back to Orange they had dismantled our blockade and also the one at Yellow. Karen, MohicAnne and some others from Red felt they wanted to go inside so I said I would help cut and then hide the cutters and go to bed. We had previously seen where only a few cuts were needed, so Karen and I started, but this place was very bright, and right at the end of the internal road, which was very busy with ~~xxx~~ base traffic. I felt it was stupid to go on cutting there, so we all went back to Orange, and I went to bed.

By this time it was once again getting light, so I pulled my sleeping things out from under the polythene, and as it got hotter stripped off more and more clothes and ended on top of the Gortex at about 8.30. Jill is off to Peru for 3 weeks so she came and said goodbye, and I just had coffee and a bath. Its steaming hot here in the rabbit meadow, and about time ~~land~~ was sociable again. My God I've just checked its nearly 1 o'clock. Good, lunch time.

26th, 27th, 28, 29th, 30th

The rest of Thursday was pretty quiet. We had various post mortems as to why and how the convoy got back so easily, and there was a non violence workshop at Orange, but I decided to have a quiet afternoon and a read in the sun. Ulla was there, but we didn't talk much. She did say that she had never been to an English pub, so after supper Reading Anne, Sally, Jane, Ulla and I went to the Rockaby. I'm not sure that it a typical pub, as it is Irish, very noisy, and is the only pub in Newbury who accepts Greenham women. Anyway we had a beer there and then came back home where Dot, Kay et al from Wales and had come to do nightwatch and have a chat. We talked to them for an hour or so, I read what I had written about this week, MohicAnne read some poetry, and then we went off to bed. I have moved into Jill and Jay's shelter, although I don't think it is going to rain.

Friday morning I was up in good time, as I had promised Ulla I would take her to Newbury station, and Sally wanted some new shoes. we didn't spend long there, but it really was a relief to get back to Orange and peace and quiet. All week we have had a steady flow of visitors, sometimes just women from other gates, but also outsiders, who bring food, drink and wood, and want a chat. Its amazing how much time this takes, and there is such a variety of both men and women. Religious, usually Quaker, an Indian woman who is a great believer in Ghandi non violence methods of peace, Germans, Scandanavians, Dutch, etc etc. Some come on bikes, some in cars, and others walk from the station or coach stop. We get gifts of lovely things like grapes, or basics like bread and lentils and fruit juice. We all drink a fantastic amount of fruit juice in this hot weather, and in Newbury I bought 5 cartons, which were drunk by half a dozen women in a few hours.

In the early evening Anne, Sally and I walked down to Eileen's to get the battery recharged for the CB, and had a cup of peppermint tea, saw the kittens and horses, parrot, dogs and cats. She and her family are becoming more and more supportive. Back at the camp we had a couple of beers and supper, then I met Ellie off the coach. We had decided to to part of the Ridgeway walk the next day, and in the end walked from 1.30 until 8.30, then had an Indian meal in Wantage, (having gone into and then crept out of a rather expensive and too smooth French restaurant). I didn't have a very good night, as at some time during it, I heard a rustling, then, 'Hello, it Jay here. I'm back. Its quarter to four.' Well I wasn't feeling terribly chatty, although I was in her home. Then an hour or so later I had terrible guts ache, so went

for a walk up the road, then sat by the dead fire for a while. There was no night watch, and there were so few residents that everyone felt it was unlikely that another convoy would be brought out, particularly on a Saturday night. Reading Ann appeared, just as I was starting to feel human again, so I left her making up the fire, and went back to bed where I dozed for hours. By the time we got up, Margaret, Sally and Anne and American Liz, who had <sup>come</sup> just come ~~xxxx~~ for the night had gone, but Maureen was there. Frederic had also gone home to France, Ruth and Jane were going to Emerald so we were very thin on the ground. We sat and talked for a while, then Maureen Ellie and I decided to take some water round to Emerald. We parked at Green and walked with our water containers. It was the first time any of us had been there, and it is really lovely, miles from any road, but lots of trees and heather all round. The ~~gate~~ <sup>camp</sup> is there as it is the nearest point along the fence to the silos, and the women can keep a close eye on what is happening. Each time a silo door is opened an alarm system goes off, so the security really is pretty tight, although there didn't seem to be many soldiers on guard. Although there is no gate at Emerald, it is good to know that women can give the rest of us warning if there is unusual activity inside.

We walked back to Green, then drove round the other gates and stopped at Red. Lorainne gave us some salad vegetables as we are short of them. Later she came round to us for some cooking oil and had a ~~xxxx~~ swig of our rum! I took Ellie to the coach stop and came back to find two German men there with Maureen and <sup>American</sup> Susan. They asked if they could cook and eat with us, and we agreed, but told them that no men were allowed around after dark. Maureen and I took the battery to be recharged, leaving the men cooking (that makes a change) and by the time we got back food was ready, Susan had got a salad, and I made some dressing for it. It was a good meal, and they also left us most of a bottle of rum when they left.

I should mention on our way to Eileens I met Di McDonald whom I hadn't seen for ages. We had a talk and she told me about a march to Dungeness Power Station next month, and gave me the name of a contact in Brighton. I'll try to get some women from Deal involved. Di's van looked very battered, and I'm not surprised. Since I last saw her she had been involved in so many actions I can understand why I can never make contact with her. On one, she was being harrassed by 4 tanks in front and behind, and a helicopter bouncing on and off the roof of her van! She really is an amazing woman. A woman also from Southampton, ~~also~~ told a hair raising story about trying to find the convoy near Tidworth and then going to make a phone call to other contacts. The first three phone booths were out of order and when she got to another one and was inside making a call, a tank with gun poised drew up outside the box with armed soldiers looking out of the turret. She finished her call and in great fear went to her car and drove off. She wasn't followed or anything, but this is meant to be peaceful England and as she said, she pays her taxes to be defended by soldiers not to have them point guns at her from a tank!

In the end last night, Maureen, Sue and I were joined by potter Angie from Norfolk, then Jane came back, so we decided that ~~Jane~~ I would have the CB and we would all sleep near the fire. Just as we were about to go to bed, Julie arrived with a bicycle and flat tyre. Anyhow we all flaked out and slept within calling distance of each other. Maureen told us this morning that the ~~crossing~~ police had shown much interest in our night watchman's hut and long ladder found by Jane, so we have just stashed them in the bracken and tidied up ready for an eviction which must come soon.

30th, 31st July

Monday really was a quiet day, apart from more visitors. We had a stream of them in the afternoon. All with exactly the same questions. The ~~xxxx~~ opening one is 'Howlong have you been here?' and the next one is 'What do you do all day?' We had a long discussion among ourselves about this and decided that these questions were really quite logical, as the visitors wanted to talk to long term residents, and not make fools of themselves by asking questions of other day visitors, and the second questions follows on, to get us to talk about ourselves and find out what makes us tick. In contrast to them, we do look pretty scruffy, we sleep in the open, we break the law by getting into the base, and perhaps most important of all, we are still at Greenham. Many of the visitors have gone to other gates, and have been slightly shocked (so they tell us) that at some gates the women are 'punk' and sit on each other's laps!! There is no answer to these remarks, but we just remind the visitors, that these women are at Greenham and that particularly on the North side, they have much more to put up with in the way of evictions and much more uncomfortable living conditions and lack of privacy than we do at Orange. Some visitors seem almost hostile, but they do come, and without their help it would be harder for all of us to exist. Perhaps we are all there for ~~four~~ our own personal reasons as well as cruise, and I tried to explain at one time to some visitors about the enormous support we get from each other, and that, for example, although I had lived for 20 years in Deal and knew masses of people, if I was in trouble or needed help, I knew that without doubt I only had to ask almost any woman ~~for~~ from Greenham for help and she would give it to me without question, and gladly. There would be no excuses that she was busy that day, or had relatives coming to stay, or a dinner party; she would just say, yes, come. There is a closeness which is hard to explain to any outsider, we are safe and secure with each other, although there are so many differences between us. We can, each one of us be ourselves, and are accepted as such. And because of this we become stronger.

The expected evictions never came, although we had everything tidied up. Maureen even found a cheque and a £5 note in the food containers. The cheque was very wet, but still legible, dated March. We dried it and put it in the brown van. Orange Gate still has an account of its own and half the money goes still go to oppressed and deserving women in the world. We did agree that the next amount should be sent to the Pacific Fund quite soon. Zoh will make sure it gets to the right source.

I still had stomach problems, so spent some time lying on the

big mattress, taking it easy, but I didn't feel like eating. Later in the afternoon Penni came back <sup>for the night</sup> from Wales with two women and Jodi. Then Jay and Barbara arrived to ask if we wanted to help in an action at Burghfield as they expected the Polaris missiles to be brought from Faslane and wanted to blockade them. They have observers all the way, and once it leaves Faslane, it should give us enough time to prepare a reception, no matter what route it takes. I said I was interested and would drive others to a rendezvous once I had checked by phone to Jay at Jill's house the next morning. As it turned out, by the time I had left nothing had happened, but it was a good idea, and we can try again. The convoy comes down south every few weeks.

We had another musical evening, in fact it was a pretty musical week. Jane has her cello, Ruth the tin whistle, Susan her mandolin, and Angie her violin. Actually Maureen and I feel rather out of things, as we agreed that we are the most unmusical people we know, but the musicians all agreed that they had to have an audience, so they wouldn't throw us out of Orange camp. Dee told the story of Hansel and Gretel and we all made the right <sup>sound effect</sup> noises, Susan sang a blues version of Goldilocks and the three bears, we had a load of Irish and Welsh songs, then we all drifted off to bed. Maureen said she would do night watch, and I said she could wake me early and I would take over. It had been raining slightly all evening, but by this time it had cleared, so I went to bed again near the fire in the gortex, but the rain started again sometime in the night and I wasn't all that worried when Maureen woke me at about 5.45, so I sat by the fire and made coffee and had a read. Dee got up and decided to walk to Blue, then one by one, the others all drifted over to the fire. We had been rather short of wood, but as usual we were provided for just when we needed it. Visitors keep us supplied and we have large logs given by Newbury Council. Mind you they don't know they provide them, but there are a load of Work Experience youngsters around, picking up litter and putting posts in the ground to stop cars being driven or parked near us, so to save them work, and to help us, they bring us these posts for the fire. They are excellent and burn slowly for ages. In return we give them cups of tea, and when it rains, ~~xx~~ instead of getting soaked picking up litter, they take some from our pile and shelter with us. It's a very good arrangement. Someone gave us a few sacks of wood shavings and these are marvellous for getting the fire started when there is just a pile of ash, as it's been too hot to have much of a fire going all the time, but we still need hot drinks and food.

We had many long discussions about the convoy, and what we are going to try and do next time is to blockade its return from inside rather than outside the base. This idea of 'cat flaps' makes sense, and quite a lot will be made, fairly ~~xxx~~<sup>near</sup> gates and also quite close to the areas where the inner barbed wire rolls can be pulled back for patrolling purposes. This means that the cuts should not show too much, and anyway it will only be fence and wire close by, that are cut. As soon as the convoy is brought out (we will obviously try to stop that happening as well), women will go inside the base each night and stay all night near Yellow, Orange, Blue and Indigo, which are the only gates that vehicles use, and have prepared with them paint bombs, etc, and attack from inside, rather than outside the base. We think it should ~~work~~ work well. I have asked that as soon as the convoy does come out, that I want to be told, and will come to Greenham instantly.

On Tuesday morning Maureen, Susan, Penni and her Welsh friends all left, so Ruth, Jane, Julie, Angie and Lorraine who has come back to live with us, and I were left. Ruth and Lorraine went for a water run, when Jill from Red turned up and said they were being evicted. ~~xxxxxx~~ we rushed round to get everything organised, and Jill went to find the brown van, and I put a load of stuff in my car, mainly the really important items, like the cello, violin, and pick axe and spade, the Brick Lane chair and personal possessions. Ruth and Lorraine came back, having dropped off the full water containers down the road, and we loaded food and almost everything in. We saw the red muncher at the end of the road, where it stopped to pick up the bags of rubbish collected by <sup>our</sup> work experience friends, then blow me down if the muncher didn't turn round and go back along the north side again. We had evicted ourselves for no reason! Actually we were very glad that they hadn't come, as we now have a lot of mini benders round the place, both in the rabbit meadow and also near the fire. During the rest of the day we were finding our wood stock which we'd chucked in the gorse and unloading the van as hunger overcame us. We had (well, the non vegans) fresh herb scrambled eggs and souped up tinned soup, then Angie and Julie decided to leaflet the American houses just outside the base near Blue. I said I'd take them, as they had a lot of walking to do, as that night they wanted to leaflet the American houses inside the base.

The camps along the north side were very empty of possessions as the women weren't sure that the muncher wouldn't be back later that day, and I stopped on my way home at Red to find out if the bailiffs had evicted their secret bender near their garden. I talked to the real Jenny Williams for a while then came back to Orange. Suddenly there was a shout~~ix~~ from the gate and 4 women from Emerald came and

joined us. They had been inside the base, leaving visiting cards under windscreen wipers and inside cars. They had got into the base near the silos, having previously made their cat flap, so just had inner wire to cut, and this had been done while visiting women from Blue had created a diversion and lots of noise. This break in during broad daylight and so close to the silos was really great, and they had not been detained for more than 15 minutes after they got inside.

After the four women had eaten and had a coffee, Angie and Julie arrived back. They had been detained by the Americans~~ss~~ who had called the police and they had been taken inside the base for questioning. They told the ~~xxxxxx~~ Emerald women that they wanted to go in the base that night, and they said they would support them and cut, and a visitor who had just arrived said she would take them to Newbury to get more leaflets photocopied, as there were only a few left.

Margaret came back, so Ruth and Jane decided to get a lift from me to London and on our way we dropped off the Emerald women. Margaret and Anne Francis have had a hard time with their Crown Court case. Anne is in prison, but Margaret was let off on a suspended good behavior sentence of four months. They had a very hard time during this trial, as they were kept in Holloway and had to drive to Reading court every day, when they were either in court ~~in~~ or in the cells. I do admire their strength, I don't think I could do it. One evening we had a talk about prison experiences, particularly about the ordinary women who were there. It really is another world, and those who had been inside all felt that prison was not the right place for many of the women who turn up there, particularly those with visa problems.

Driving Greenham women to London is always an amusing experience. Jane spent a lot of time trying to wipe <sup>1k</sup> some of the dirty peanut butter which was sticking to her face, then had a dry teeth cleaning session with the brush tied round her neck. Ruth during the journey was putting socks and shoes on her filthy feet, and they both maintained strongly that London was only a suburb of Greenham. I think I agree with them, but I did find a bath most <sup>1</sup> essential in this large suburb before I did anything else.

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30th August - 2nd September

Having had a few totally peaceful days in Wales, Orange Gate was reality this time as I could no longer park my car in the usual place as the council have ~~now~~ completed the circuit of posts, so now all vehicles are on the road leading to the rabbit meadow. I was warmly greeted by Reading Anne and Sally, and Ruth and <sup>Jane and</sup> met Susie, Johanna and Pattie, who were all having breakfast/lunch. There was a long discussion going on about lending the brown van to Yellow to take Verity and other women to Teepee Valley in Wales for a few days. We had been evicted that morning and one of the problems about lending the van is that we keep an enormous amount of gear in it. It is quite essential at eviction time and part from that, it belongs to Marjorie, a Quaker, and we are responsible for it. Yellow women are not reknowned for their care of vehicles, but Verity is ill and does need a change and help. Anyway it was left that they could borrow it as long as we had a replacement big enough to load all our stuff into, and enough time to do this. I told the women about my wedding ring story, and also how Ellie, Clare and I had been to the pig shit festival a couple of weeks before, and they told me about the welsh Camp, swimming with the dolphin, and the arrests for walking along a road! I showed Anne the Alternative Energy leaflet, as she is hoping to go there soon and work there for a couple of months after Sally goes back to America in October. We also discussed the 10 million women ten days, and what would have to be done in the way of shit pits and extra water supply. Everyone is quite convinced that a great many women will turn up and the whole thing will be a great success, but there are going to be many problems. Apart from Sally going home, Ruth and Miranda are also returning to Australia and New Zealand. Orange Gate won't be the same without them, but other women will come and live instead.

After a while, and a few cups of coffee, Anne and I did a water run round to Yellow, and talked to Rebecca Johnson and Jane Denmet and some others. Anne assured me that I was the only women she ever got soaked with on a water run, but I don't think this is fair as she was the one to splash us both. We then did a circuit as our pick axe had been lent either to Blue or Red. Blue Gate camp is quite different now. The council have put piles of earth on the usual site, so the women put wooden crosses on each mound, and moved themselves back into the woods in a much nicer place. They have a fantastic mobile kitchen on wheels, and the odd bender as well as tents. They look very comfortable, but hadn't got our pick which was urgently needed for another shit pit. We went on to Red and they said that they had borrowed the pick, but unfortunately during their eviction, one of

women had hidden it in a safe place, but had now gone on holiday, and they couldn't find it! They lent us another tool, and then showed us their new bathroom, which was really impressive. Gateism is getting stronger, or perhaps it should be called oneupwomanship! On our way back, we got a couple of bottles of beer, and then had supper, which was quite up to standard, in fact very good indeed. Its getting dark earlier these days, and we were sitting round the fire, when the familiar roar of a sports car sounded. Jill and Jay back from holiday in France. I was not surprised to hear that Jill had only managed one week in Peru, and jumped on a plane and come home. She and Jay had gone to France for a week, but then stayed three. It was good to see them back again. The night watch from Abingdon arrived, so we were all able to go to bed. This is as essential for the vigilantes as for the convoy coming out, as in the past few nights, they had taken pot shots with an air rifle, slashed a tent, which luckily was not occupied, burnt and torn books, chucked stones etc. I slept quite soundly in a very makeshift shelter near the old camp fire place ~~near~~ <sup>by</sup> Sally and Anne, having consumed my share of French plonk provided by Jill and Jay after the beer, and the <sup>disturbed</sup> ~~previous~~ <sup>when I had</sup> night <sup>been</sup> walked over and peed on by a kitten.

We had moved the fire and kitchen the other side of shit pit lane as we felt it was slightly more sheltered, and also we could see Orange Gate clearer from there. I don't think it will be so good in the rain, but its not so windy here and a slight change of scenery is good. The kitchen tucks in nicely in the trees and the pram/washing up area is good. The next morning I got up and had a good wash and decorated a tree with knickers that I washed, then had a word with Anne and told her that we needed a slatted floor for the washing area, as feet, particularly when wet pick up more dirt than one washes off. Well in no time at all we made this amazing bathroom. A slatted floor, towel rail, clothes hooks, a low table (which had been given as fire wood the day before) and all that was missing was a top which we made from a wide plank. We put all the soap, toothpaste, toothbrushes, shampoo etc on it, and on the ground the 'body bowl', a water container and 'shower' which is a watering can. I put an upturned bucket to sit on, and we even found a piece of mirror for the table as well. A most elegant bathroom. The only trouble was that we couldn't find the hammer to nail the slatted floor together although we looked in the oven of the van where it is usually kept, but the next day I found it in the pram. Where else would we keep a hammer?

On the whole Friday was a very domestic day. I did a marathon washing up session in the morning, got the kitchen in good order, moved firewood nearer the new fire place, talked to visitors, picked

up my book about half a dozen times, but never read more than a few words ~~xxxx~~ before I was interrupted or distracted by something that was going on. Ruth left that day, so I moved my sleeping bag into her shelter. Julie arrived and sometime during that day informed me quite seriously that I was three times her age. God, that really made me feel good! Jan and Leslie arrived from Kent during the evening, and five women, the Guildford night watch came. During the day we had visitors from Horsham and others from Lewis, I'd walked to the phone and heard from John that we had been burgled and his computer and disc drive and been taken, and his waterproof gear had been nicked from his top box on the moped. By the end of that night my *shaky* faith in human (male) nature had worn a lot thinner.

Anne was quite convinced that something was going to happen that evening, so went off to bed at about 8.30 and asked me to wake her at 11.30 as that is about the time the vigilantes are on the prowl. By 11pm she was back at the camp fire with the night watch, so as there were six women round the fire, I felt it was quite safe to go off to bed. I couldn't get to sleep. Perhaps Anne had infected me with her fears. Some time later, actually 12.30, I heard a noise, something hitting the ground quite sharply, then silence. I listened intently, but there was no sound of footsteps running away. A few seconds later, Anne and the Guildford women came running up to make sure the sleepers were OK. Then I heard Ann call 'Fire!' and got out of my sleeping bag into my clothes. The fire was at the other end of shit pit lane, on a piece of common where I'd put my tent some months ago. We rushed for water which was in containers in the van where Anne and I had put it yesterday. I grabbed one, and ran (well, towards the end staggered) with it towards the fire. A large area of common was ablaze, with sparks leaping across the paths. Luckily the wind had died down by this time, otherwise the damage would have been much worse. We tried to put water on it, then discovered that another quite separate fire had been started further away, and we put some water on that. Women had asked the soldiers at the gate to call the fire brigade and police, and the police came quickly, although the fire brigade took ages, and when they did arrive, were delayed further by the wooden posts blocking all paths round the edge of the common. The police inspector was very concerned about the fire and about the vigilantes in general. He asked us to take note of car numbers with prowling male occupants, and said that he had had a couple of plain clothes men watching the area for a few nights, but was too short staffed to patrol all the time. The fire by this time *had* almost died down, and the firemen were beating out the last of the smouldering patches. We were all very depressed by the fire, but the next morning we realised that it had just leapt across all the tinder

dry gorse and bracken, and had not done nearly so much damage as we thought. In fact, someone had stashed a bundle of firewood some time previously and it was still there barely scorched, with everything ~~black~~ blackened round it.

We went back to our beds, but I didn't sleep much. In fact I think I heard every leaf in a square mile rustling, and was quite glad to get up early in the morning.

It was the first Saturday in the month, when we really get an influx of visitors. Anne had been telling us about a design she had seen for an oven, and all she needed was two oil drums. Well Jane had seen one not far away, so we went and fetched it back to the camp. The rolling it back along the road was the most fun part of the exercise, as the instructions as to its use were, first remove one end. Easier said than done. These things always are. Eventually we managed, although we hadn't got a big variety of tools. Most of them were various sized bolt cutters, and the largest worked at the cutting with a pipe wrench and hammer to pull back the metal and then have another go with the cutters. When we had finished, we shoved the drum in the ditch, and put burning paper in it to get rid of the kerosine dregs and smell. Anne thought that a dustbin for the inner part of the oven would be much easier than a second oil drum. I'm sure she's right.

While this noisy ~~work~~ work was going on our visitors were arriving. First about a dozen in a minibus from the South London women's Hospital sit in. They were great. Full of stories about happenings there with the most ineffectual security guards and authority in general. They have a real battle on their hands, but I'm sure they are strong enough to succeed. They produced food and a box of wine, which they shared with us. I'm certain we will meet again, and I promised to stay at the hospital sometime soon. We did have an idea for an exchange visit of hospital and Greenham women. We could go there and have hot baths (there are 47 in the hospital) and they could have a few days in the country.

After they left, we had a few minutes quiet then a brightly coloured bus arrived from London. A vast number of women piled out, and rather foolishly I asked if anyone would like a cup of tea or coffee. They all did. It felt rather like the beginning of the ten million women, but they were lovely, supportive and friendly, and when they were about to go, and woman in a wheelchair gave me a pound to go towards some drink for that evening, I was really touched. Then Eileen turned up. She wanted a lift to Blue to do with communication and I took her round there, then on back to her house. We talked for ages, and she said that I could put my car in her field during the

ten days if I wanted to, as I am scared of something happening to it. It does sound selfish, I know, but it is my freedom and independence.

By this time Liz had turned up and Jane's sister Tammy, and Jay was still hovering round wondering how Jill had got on at home. We went to phone, but Jill was on her way back, and all seemed to be fairly OK. A meal was prepared by Liz, which was good, then we all felt we needed a drink, so four of us went off to Thatcham where we arrived at the Office ~~xxx~~ Licence 2 minutes after it closed, so rushed to Newbury, then back to the camp. We sat and talked and some of the women sang. It was ~~xxx~~ one of those really good Orange Gate evenings. No one wants to leave the fire to go to bed. It's good to sit there with good company on a warm summer night round a camp fire, with a drink. The night watch was shared out, and I stayed up until about 1.30. I did feel that we might have vigilante trouble again that night, but I wasn't disturbed, and slept soundly. I got up at about 9, went to get my washing things from the car, and looked at the brown van. Something odd about it. Sally was near me and I asked her when the back window had been broken, and we realised it had been done during the night. There was a hole in it the size of my fist, and the rest of the glass was completely crazed. We told the others and were sitting discussing when it happened when a Red Gate woman came along and said that she knew before us that the glass had been broken from the soldiers on watch at her gate. It appears that one of the guards at our gate had seen a man do it! The guard had been talking to a couple of the women for ages and had never mentioned it to them, and the incident took place when we were all awake, fairly early on in the evening. I can't be bothered to talk to the soldiers, there aren't many of them around anyway, and when I hear of things like this, I realise it's a complete waste of time trying to communicate with them. We will tell the police of course, and let them get information from the guard.

Before I left I had a good wash in the bathroom and changed into clean clothes for London. I hope the bathroom isn't evicted, but it is well back from the fire area, so should be alright. Sally and Anne were going a little later as Anne had to be in court in Wales for Tuesday. ~~Refxxx~~ We all had a late breakfast of scrambled eggs and toast. We will all meet again soon. I plan to be back at Orange Gate on the 18th September, which is in just over two weeks time, ready for the 10 million women.

One amusing thing happened on Saturday. I was talking to Jane Dennett and discovered that her first job on coming to Greenham was to clean out the Peter Darlington van ready for Norman and me to collect. She agreed with me about the filth and chaos, and said she was amazed I'd come back again, and I said I was amazed she'd stayed!