



## The government's message to NHS staff



**IT'S YOUR FAULT  
YOU'RE AT RISK**

**A SHORTAGE** of personal protective equipment is leaving NHS workers at risk – so far over 20 have died of Covid-19. But in Friday's press briefing, health minister Matt Hancock blamed care staff themselves for the shortage, accusing them of misusing it. Here's what he said: "There's enough PPE to go round, but only if it's used in

line with our guidance. We need everyone to treat PPE like the precious resource that it is. That means only using it when there's a clinical need, and not using more than is needed... Many items of PPE can be used for a whole session, not be changed after treating each individual patient." He then repeated: "There's enough PPE to go round."

# Segregated homes not fit for heroes

## NHS WORKERS STILL FACE POOR DOORS

NURSES WHO HAVE responded to the appeal to come back to work at St Thomas' Hospital have been pleasantly surprised at the quality of accommodation being offered in luxury apartments in the Aldgate/Whitechapel area. Owners and developers will let properties out on short lets while they are not selling. However some have been appalled by the segregated entrances policy of some of the luxury blocks, otherwise known as "poor doors" – meaning that nurses have to use what would be the old servants' or tradesmen's entrances. One such block is One Commercial Street, where Class War waged a year-long campaign against

the separate doors.

As yet, Class War have no evidence that this building is one of those in use as such. But social housing tenants there have to use a dark alleyway after a long night shift, facing harassment and threats.

Meanwhile at the front entrance – reserved for owners of luxury apartments in the complex – sits an all-night concierge under chandeliers with a top-range sports car on display. The concierges have been told their area of responsibility is strictly the inside front doors and under no circumstances to allow entrance by any of the poor-doors users.

Boris Johnson is a firm supporter the segregated entrances



– and how ironic that he was more than likely being tended by nurses living in poor-doors developments. Boris and Hancock are prone to ending their orations with the "we're all in this together" – apart from when we use separate doors.

## OUR CARE HOMES HAVE BECOME CHARNEL HOUSES

MATT "HERCULES" HANCOCK should face a war crimes tribunal in the Hague for allowing the current massacre in our care homes to proceed as it has. We are hearing too many reports from across the country of care homes where 15 to 20 residents are being found dead every morning – one home in Yorkshire found 40 dead.

We're hearing that paramedics have been told not to collect any elderly people from care homes who are showing symptoms of Covid-19, and only to collect their corpses. Previously they would have been taken to A&E.

Patients are understandably frightened. Staff are frightened as well – frightened that they can't automatically make patients better, can't make the situation better; and frightened for themselves, their loved ones and their colleagues.

Care home morale is at an all-time low. One care assistant told *Class War Daily*:

"We know a lot of the people coming in. It's absolutely heartbreaking – we can do nothing for them except wash and cuddle them, putting ourselves on course to pass the virus to them and their families. Then we see Hancock on TV saying there are loads of supplies and we should use them more than once. Even once would be an improvement – **we haven't got any.**

"There's a kamikaze mood growing among some care assistants who go on wearing no PPE and cuddling the residents. It's almost a rational response to what they are facing. It's like a medieval charnel house – that's all I can say."

ON THIS HOLY DAY, A REFLECTION ON RELIGION AND AUTHORITY

# EASTER BLUNTDAY

UP HERE IN the unholy badlands of North East Scotland's big smoke – I like to call it Aberdingdong – we have been cited as the most non-religious part of the UK. I felt quite honoured: it's far more exciting than our annual Britain in Bloom award. You see, our parks are so pretty, with the rich and parsimonious past residents of Aberdingdong leaving huge baizes of green, flowery, bonny spaces throughout the city. It's always been a wealthy place: a port, the fish trade mafia and now the greasy poles of the oil trade that our now rich and parsimonious residents like to slither up and down for their financial sexual-deviant kicks.

That's it up here – we worship money more than anything. Well, maybe fish, oil and money – they are our gods. The rich were buried with their gold here, as established when they got leave from Thatcho to dig up



the ancient cemetery in the city centre to build a shopping centre. They were digging up pots of dubloons. We were trying to get in with metal detectors, but the coppers were guarding it at night.

My grandparents were both cheuchters or from the country-

side, both from poor huge families. My grandad was from Turriff and one of 13 kids. He was sold to a farm at 12 by his wicked buggler of a father (his words); he ran home but got a good hiding and was dragged back to live and work on the farm. He had to stay in the barn with the beasts, as he called them. He kipped down beside them at night and kept a deep and very protective love of animals his whole life. He said all that time was about was hunger and misery. He was born in 1907, so in 1919 Turriff was still in the realms of Brigadoon crossed with Tenko. The only time he got a treat was when the farmer and family went off to the kirk every Sunday and the scullery maid would come out and give him an egg – *a fucking egg*. He lived on brose, which is just very watery porridge, and Skiter's broth, which was a soup made from water and stones when you had fuck all else.

My nana was from a family of 14 and a real seventh daughter of a seventh daughter. She went away to train at Perth to be a nurse when she was 14. All her sisters became nurses or went into service for the rich.

In their days, it was the kirk who upheld their rules in their remote and tight communities. If you strayed from their path

you had to go in front of a panel of kirk elders who judged and punished you. My nana and grandad told stories of young girls made pregnant then taken to be shamed and sometimes expelled from the town on the orders of the kirk. They didn't like people having illicit sex or drinking. They punished you for debt – that was a big one; see, worship the money – wonder where that comes from. Theft and a good bit of sheep rustling was all dealt with by the kirk elders. They were feared rather than revered and they seemed to profit from their cruelty.

That's what my grandparents taught me. In World War II my nana cleaned a local church – *a whole fucking church*. I can barely imagine scrubbing a whole kirk. They taught me that the kirk was not a good place, that the folk inside could be more cruel and wicked than most, as they use the pedestal of their idea of religion to look down on others, to make themselves feel more lofty or whatever.

My nana used to say with a clever smile that “the folk that go to that kirk every Sunday are the ones that need to be in there”. “All it does is cause trouble” – that's another thing she said.

No religion, no bosses and no fucking husbands.

## On the bread line

An update from our comrade in Cornwall working with a local group delivering food to people who can't afford to eat in the midst of the corona crisis

SO I WAS BACK at Street Kitchen today. We must have packed 75 bags of food to deliver around South West Cornwall, from Pendeen to St Ives. Then when we got back from deliveries the others must have packed another 25. Things are now getting really tough for people, no doubt we'll have more numbers added to the list by Friday. I'm talking about single-parent families, pensioners, homeless who have been put into hotels and B&B. They are getting no help from the people who are meant to be helping them. We met a couple who have been homeless for four years, who have been moved to Penzance and put in a B&B, who haven't eaten for four days. We drove

back to Street Kitchen, made them up two bags of food and delivered to them. They were so grateful, they're now added to our list.

This is the reality of what's really going on: people are hungry. Still no show from our scumbag Christian fundamentalist MP Derek Thomas – the man is lower than the spittle that collects at the corner of my mouth. The school here are feeding the kids and they called us to donate 38 homemade pasties because they can't serve them tomorrow. *That's* community – not a blukip cunt who somehow is meant to represent the town. He's got to be made history when this ends – let's make the rich pay for Covid.