French Turn Back Moscow-Bound Group

The San Francisco-Moscow Walk for Peace was turned back at Le Havre, French port, on June 13, as the members attempted to begin the Continental portion of their journey. As 400 French pacifists and sympathizers cheered them and waved banners calling for unilateral disarmament by France, five of the participants jumped overboard from the British Railways steamer Normannia and attempted to swim ashore. Four of those who jumped and were captured did so under CNVA sponsorship; they were Jerry Lehmann and Regina Fischer of the U.S. team, Barnaby Martin, 22-year-old British CO, and Guinilla Myrén, a Swedish girl who worked in Mexico with AFSC recently. A fifth, Robert Kingsley, jumped on his own initiative, and after eluding capture in the water, it was rumored he hid in a cafe and later took a train to Paris.

CNVA walk leader Bradford Lyttle stated that the marchers decided to make the jump in order to “affirm their right to carry their message to the peoples of all countries.” The 27 members on the boat, of several nationalities, were returned to England on the Normannia, where they were greeted at Southampton on June 14 by a group of British supporters. British Government and Immigration officials placed no barriers on the free entry and exit of the walkers, with their banners and leaflets in six languages, and efforts continued to secure their admission to France.

The walkers still expect to be at the East-West frontier town of Helmstedt on Aug. 6. They plan to reach Berlin Aug. 16, Warsaw on Sept. 5, Brest at the Russian border on Sept. 13, Minsk on Sept. 28, and Moscow on Oct. 25. Peace News, international pacifist weekly published in London, reports that A. J. Muste has obtained assurances from Moscow that although there is no agreement there with the walk’s policy of unilateral disarmament, visas will be granted and handed to the walkers in Warsaw. The walkers will be permitted to go through the Soviet Union on the route chosen by the committee, it is reported, and will walk long stretches of road in Russia through marshland, with no villages for overnight halts. They plan to follow a route which in the past has been traversed by invading armies of Napoleon and Hitler.

Activities in Great Britain, in addition to considerable walking, included a large welcoming rally at Trafalgar Square and a vigil at Aldermaston. Ed Lazar, just returned from India, joined the walk in England.

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Peace Walker Swims Ashore at Le Havre, France

Mrs. Robert Kingsley, Durham, N. H., received a report on her husband’s entry to France while a provisional member of the San Francisco-Moscow Peace Walk. This was a letter from him written on June 13. A part of that letter follows:

“Today at precisely 6:34 p.m. I and four others of the American-European march for peace, jumped off the British Railways ship Normannia. We landed in the water near the quay and swam ashore. The other four members were immediately apprehended by the French police. I have been told that they were put back upon the Normannia which sails at 11:30 p.m. for Southampton, England.

“At 6:34 Scott Herrick of the San Francisco-Moscow walk gave the signal to begin our demonstration. The French authorities had been notified 15 minutes earlier of our intentions. We attempted to inform them earlier but they would not accept our note.

“When the signal was given, I stepped from my position on the second deck to a ladder and climbed down to the rail of the deck below. I took this route because rumor had it that the British crew had orders to stop us and four of them were leaving over the rail watching me. I climbed over the rail, worked my way, belly in, back out, to my desired release position. The British seamen made no move to restrain me. As I neared them I said something like, ‘Thank you, friends—so long.’ I jumped backward to clear the ship. The water was not too cold, but it was oily and foul. I went very deep and swallowed water, also I lost my best pair of eye glasses. I came up again and began a side crawl to the quay. The tide was out and many rocks were exposed. There was an iron ladder up to the quay.

My clothing dragged at me terribly. ‘To back up a moment in my story: We had been told by the two British seamen that the French police would fire on us. Karl Meyer pooh-poohed this, but I was not so sure. As I began to swim and finally reached the quay, I was sure was a shot. I paused and looked around. It was only Regina Fischer dropping into the water.

‘I kept moving and reached the rocks. I found a good foothold, climbed up, and waited for Regina and helped her up. Meanwhile Jerry Lehmann appeared at our side. I paused to put on my spare glasses; Regina started up the ladder. No police as yet. Our French supporters bunched around that point, screening us from the police. Regina and I reached the top and began distributing our wet leaflets. I never saw Jerry Lehmann again.

‘Presently, a policeman came up to Regina and took her by the arm. I was amazed he did not see me. He led Regina away, and the crowd immediately closed around me and shuffled me to a position about ten feet away. I had since passed out all my wet leaflets in quite soggy handfuls. At this point I eased back to find out what the other swimmers were doing. I expected arrest at any moment. Barnaby and Guinilla were swimming toward a concrete ramp nearly two hundred yards up the way. They swam the length of the bridge and at that point were apprehended by a police boat. The police kept throwing lines and life preservers to the swimmers who avoided them, swam around the boat and finally reached the quay where they were taken into custody.

Meanwhile I yelled something to Erica, still on the Normannia, and did not understand her reply. Still no arrest! One of the French supporters put his coat around me; another gave me a cigarette. At this point I was approached by my host who introduced himself and suggested we go for coffee. Still no arrest although many photographers kept snapping pictures and I was soaking wet. My host and I walked boldly off the quay over to a small coffee shop. He bought me coffee. Again photographers approached and took pictures of me at the coffee bar. The proprietress rushed at the photographers, scolding them severely. She evidently did not wish publicity. My host suggested I wring out my wet clothing in the rest room, but she objected strongly and I came out as wet as before.

‘A car approached outside and drove us to another small cafe where we stopped briefly. The conversation was in French and I missed the significance of the stop. Then we drove to my host’s home. I had a bath and a meal and was presented with dry clothing. I rinsed the salt water out of my clothing and my host’s wife put them into the oven to dry.

‘How the police missed me we have no idea. I took no evasive action, did not hide or pretend to be other than I was—a soaking wet American on French soil illegally, with no money and no passport.”

Late word from Kingsley was that the other four swimmers tried again to get ashore at 11:30 p.m. on June 13. Police used spotlights, all were arrested and held until the minute of sailing, then hustled aboard for the return to England. Kingsley’s plans to continue to march were changed, and he went by train to Paris with Pierre Martin to try for a DeGaulle appointment to clarify the team’s non-violent, non-political position. The French team at press time planned to march as scheduled, to Belgium.