

Pirates on the air in protest

By a Staff Reporter

The first anniversary of the death of pirate radio, killed by the Marine Broadcasting (Offences) Bill, was marked in London yesterday by two sombre—and small—demonstrations, and a short pirate broadcast from somewhere in west London.

The broadcast, by a station which called itself Radio London Three, transmitting on 204 metres, came early in the evening and lasted for about one hour. It consisted of pop music and "plugs" for free radio. Mr. Philip Flanders, of the Free Radio Association, said.

"I know it is against the law, and although I did not have anything to do with it, I knew it was going to happen. It is an attempt to keep the issue of free radio alive."

Mr. Flanders and five other intrepid free radio adventurers held an all-night vigil outside the headquarters of the G.P.O. in St. Martin's-le-Grand, E.C. A single candle flickered on top of a home-made coffin, and surrounded by wreaths.

The group, remnants of a larger body of about 50 who marched in procession from Trafalgar Square, wanted to throw a wreath in the Thames, but permission was refused.

Earlier, a coffin of polished oak and gleaming brass fittings, hired from an undertaker, was borne to 10 Downing Street, by members of the National Commercial Radio Organization.

They planned to walk with the mortal remains of pirate radio from Trafalgar Square to the Prime Minister's residence, but were advised by the police that they might be committing an offence by marching through the streets with an empty coffin.

Instead, a car was provided, and it was met at Downing Street by the pallbearers, Miss Caroline Peters, Mr. Martin Rose and Mr. David Prewitt. They bore it as far as the policemen on duty would allow.

At No. 10, Mr. Frederick Hasler, chairman of the organization, delivered a protest letter, and the coffin returned whence it came. Mr. Hasler said afterwards: "We will do this again."

The car provided was actually my old estate car. I picked up the coffin on the previous day and it had been in the car all night in our drive at Thame — much to the interest of our neighbours. In the morning I drove down the M4 much to the interest of passing coach passengers who looked into the back of the estate car. I met Martin, Caroline and Fred Hasler in the Mall.