

# HOW WE WON MOTHERWELL

By J. T. WALTON NEWBOLD

**A**FTER four years of intensive effort and continuous campaigning, during all of which—to use a simile of naval warfare—we have had our crews sleeping by the guns, we have captured the Motherwell and Wishaw Division of Lanarkshire by a majority of more than a thousand votes.

More than that, we have increased the poll of December, 1918 from 4,135 to 8,262.

We have changed over from the I.L.P. to the Communist Party. We have lost our official connection with the Labour Party but have regained the Trades Council and Labour Party endorsement.

At the Parish Council Elections a united front of Labourists and Communists has gained four seats, putting the secretary of the Communist Party branch at the top of the poll.

During this election we had two miners' candidates—each of them now an M.P.—to open the first big meetings, the one in Motherwell and the other in Wishaw.

We had, in addition to James Welsh and Joe Sullivan, that sturdy and unbeaten warrior, Duncan Graham, whilst Maxton sent his good wishes.



J. T. WALTON NEWBOLD

Communist Member for Motherwell

In the last minute, on the polling day, a stream of abuse of unbelievable vileness was directed against my wife and myself and the secret injunction went out to beat "they Communists" at any cost and by any means.

That explains the size of the Orange Candidate's vote. All the forces of reaction—from certain clerics of the Roman Church to the Salvation Army—were roused against us.

Nothing, however, could have been more inspiring than the rally of the men, women and children from the "single ends," from "the butts and bens," from the "miners' rows," from the squares, closes and tenements and from the "models." From one of these latter they turned out over a hundred strong and voted *en masse*.

My first voter in one ward was an old woman of 75. Another was a woman from Craigneuk, with shawl over her shoulder and baby wrapped tight therein, who never missed a meeting. One old woman only knew the candidate as "that man they are all talking about for the working class," whilst Wm. O'Donnell, aged 96, an old Irish Land League campaigner, also gave his vote for me. One palsied old veteran of industry came trembling to the poll.

At night, I was escorted from booth to booth by hundreds and hundreds of children and women whose men were on the "burroo," all shouting and singing "Vote, vote, vote for Walton Newbold!"

When the news of the victory was known, the unemployed, thousands strong, led by that prime organiser of the triumph, John Donnelly; with the tireless advertiser, Tommy M'Namee; the chairman of the Motherwell branch, James White and that fearless woman comrade, Mary Boyle, formed a gigantic escort through the Burgh, with the sickle and hammer emblazoned banner at the head, which completed the

(Continued on Page 5)

---

---

## HOW WE WON MOTHERWELL

(Continued from Page 4)

horror-struck consternation of "the highheid yins o' the toon."

From every side street, the workers poured out to rear their shouts of welcome and delight and to take up the cry: "All Power to the Working Class!"

Going up Wishaw's business street, how the column cheered as it passed the school whence, years before, the leading reactionary had tried to get Mrs. Newbold—then Madge Neilson—dismissed because she was a Socialist!

Labourists, Socialists, Communists were over-joyed.

We had cracked the hardest electoral nut in all Scotland.

We had won the greatest political event in Scotland since the Midlothian campaign.

We had hoisted the Red Flag of the Communist International over the Heart of Lanarkshire, a shire wherein six out of seven seats have been conquered for the United Working Class Front!