

One Union. One Label. One Enemy.



VOL. 4, NO. 123 Registered at the General Post-office, Sydney, for Transmission by Post as a Newspaper. SYDNEY, May 26th, 1917. ONE PENNY.

Workers: Attention!

Defence and Release Committee,
403 Sussex St., Sydney.
May 4th, 1917.

Fellow Workers,

We wish to draw your attention to the fact that at the last meeting of the above committee we decided to send a delegate to Central and North Queensland. The mission of the delegate is to place the case before the workers of Queensland the detailed account of the greatest outrage upon the working class of Australia. That is the gaoling of our twelve class brothers. We need funds, for this venture, will cover a large area, and include all the mining towns, sugar mills, wharves, and mines. The delegate will be one of our best organisers and a fluent speaker, who is thoroughly in touch with the facts of the case, the delegate will lecture on the "Conspiracy Charges," "Industrial Unionism," "The Class War" and other subjects of working class interest. He will leave Sydney for Townsville about the second week in June, and will lecture in available halls, and hold open air meetings, visit the meat works, wharves, railways, and then go north to visit all the sugar mills as far as Cairns, and inland sugar centres; he will then return to Townsville, and possibly go to Cloncurry mining centres, then to Ayr, Bowen, and Mackay, Rockhampton, Mt. Morgan and other districts, as funds roll in. As this tour cannot be carried out without the necessary cash, we are appealing to all rebels, members, and sympathisers with the I.W.W. to at once get busy to get out a subscription list and make up as much cash as possible, and send the proceeds to the Sec. Defence and Release Committee, 403 Sussex St., Sydney, by the first week in June if possible. A collection will be taken up at each meeting, and the delegate will endeavour to form a Defence and Release Committee at each centre to help per medium of subscription lists on the job to collect what they possibly can in order to help financially towards the release of our fellow workers in jail, also to provide for the wives and children. This appeal, fellow workers, is to you; we hope you will get busy and let us hear from you by the first week in June. If you are not on the job by then do your best when you are there.

Yours fraternally,

A. SINCLAIR,

Hon. Sec. Defence and Release Committee

MELBOURNE.

A combined demonstration was held at the Yarra Bank a fortnight ago to protest against the continued imprisonment of the I.W.W. men. Several leading Melbourne organisations were represented, and a motion was carried unanimously, demanding the release of our imprisoned fellow-workers. The meeting was lively and enthusiastic to the end, and good results are expected. The collection amounted to £5. "Direct Actions" and songs were selling well, and having a telling effect.

A successful May Day meeting was held by the I.W.W. on the Yarra Bank, which was very successful. All the speeches rang with the true international spirit.

Fresh places have been invaded by our propagandists for the purpose of spreading the One Big Union idea, and more meetings are to follow.

Despite all the attacks from the authorities, the I.W.W. makes steady progress in Melbourne, and new members are continually joining up.

Yours sincerely,

NORMAN JEFFERY

"By organising industrially we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old."

Index Expurgatorious!

"DIRECT ACTION" Prohibited Through The Post.

The One Big Union is the Thing that Hurts the Boss.

I. W. W. IN AMERICA.

OFFICIAL MONTHLY BULLETIN.

APRIL, 1917.

Thomas Tracy, one of the seventy-three members of the Industrial Workers of the World, charged with the murder of a deputy sheriff on November 5th at Everett, Washington, is still on trial at Seattle, Washington. The prosecution has rested its case, and has no other evidence to offer, except what may be given in rebuttal. If justice is done, Fellow-Worker Tracy and his fellow-members will go forth free men at the conclusion of these trials. The witnesses for the defence have shown up the brutal outrages perpetrated by the authorities and business men of Everett. The awful methods of cruelty adopted would lead one to believe that the members of Commercial Club had taken lessons from the Spanish Inquisition. To all right minded people it is evident that the members of the Industrial Workers of the World are got the ones who should be on trial. It is the members of the Commercial Club who should be tried for murder. May 1st has been fixed by the Everett Prisoners' Defence Committee as a day of country-wide meetings in behalf of the boys in jail. REMEMBER MAY 1st! Send all funds to Herbert Mahler, Secretary-Treasurer, Box 1878, Seattle, Washington. Have some Everett Defence stamps put in your membership book.

Since the last Bulletin, President Wilson has proclaimed a state of war against the Imperial Government of Germany. A volunteer army has been called for, and possibly, conscription measures will be passed by the United States Congress. All class conscious members of the Industrial Workers of the World are conscientiously opposed to spilling the life blood of human beings, not for religious reasons, as are the Quakers and Friendly Societies, but because we believe that the interests and welfare of the working class in all countries are identical. While we are bitterly opposed to the Imperial Capitalistic Government of Germany, we are against slaughtering and maiming the workers of any country. In many lands our members are suffering imprisonment, death, and abuse of all kinds in the class war which we are waging for social and industrial justice.

Elizabeth Gurley Flynn will speak of the Everett prisoners at Minneapolis, May 10th.

St. Paul or Milwaukee, May 11th, Milwaukee or Rockford, May 12th, Chicago, May 13th, Detroit, May 14th, Toledo, May 15th, Cleveland May 16th, and New Kensington, Pennsylvania May 17th. Members in these cities should do their utmost to make these meetings a success.

On May 30th, a mass meeting of Agricultural Workers' Industrial Union, No. 400, will be held. The place of meeting will be announced later. It is urgent that all members of No. 400 that can possibly do so, be in attendance at this meeting. Not only will a programme be outlined for the coming season's work, but plans will be made to protect the organisation and its members from yeggmen and hi-jacks. Characters of this kind are as detrimental to the working class as the exploiters themselves.

The Construction Workers' Conference to be held April 29th, at Omaha, will be an important meeting. Members of sterling quality should be selected as delegates to this conference, as there the ground work and the foundation stones of one of the greatest industrial unions will be laid.

Chicago Recruiting Union is holding an interesting series of educational meetings, and doing splendid work in lining up members for the Industrial Unions. Accounts of the meetings will be published from time to time in the press.

Members will have an opportunity, after the harvest season to take a course in English, public speaking, book-keeping, and typewriting at the Smithville, Minnesota, Workers' College. Tuition nominal. Board and room, 22.00 dollars per month.

Eight Annual Convention Proceedings can be secured at 50 cents per copy.

REMEMBER, STICKERETTE DAY, SUN-DAY, APRIL 29th. STICK 'EM UP!

With best wishes, I am,

Yours for Industrial Freedom,

WM. D. HAYWOOD,

General Secretary-Treasurer,

I.W.W.

Defence Agitation.

HUGHENDEN, N.Q.

MAY 6th, 1917.

At a general meeting of workers here this afternoon, it was carried unanimously: "That in the opinion of the workers of the Hughenden district, the sentences passed upon the I.W.W. men in Sydney were harsh, cruel, and vindictive, and, in the interests of justice and fair play, we demand their immediate release."

It was also decided to send out subscription lists through the town, and all the shearing sheds in the district, to assist in the maintenance of the wives and children of the imprisoned men.

A collection is also being taken up for the purpose of defraying the expenses of an able I.W.W. speaker to tour the North.

Cheer up. Things are moving.

Yours for Solidarity,

CHARLIE HICKEY.

Hughenden.

SOUTH COAST.

Things are moving along steadily along the South Coast. Release and Defence Committees have been organised at different centres, and good work is being done for the boys in jail.

A speaker has been selected to travel the Northern Coal Fields in conjunction with a speaker from the Sydney Committee to place the case of the men in jail before the Northern miners and prepare them for the fight.

Several debates of an extremely interesting nature have eventuated here of late. Fellow-Workers Barker and Laidler visited the Coast last week, and had an excellent meeting in the Hall at Coledale.

Pertinent questions, and some good discussion terminated a highly educational night.

The I.W.W. propaganda is having a telling effect upon the coals along the South Coast, and the One Big Union dope is getting hold.

Fortnightly lectures have been arranged, and we intend to get the best speakers on industrial subjects to address the workers.

The I.W.W. is here to stay, and with a little more educational work the red card will be recognised on the job.

Yours for the One Big Union,

BENT AXLE.

SYDNEY.

Outdoor propaganda is still going at its highest, and the good old fight for Freedom has not relaxed. With the approaching winter, and the impropitious elements, we will have to seek shelter inside, but the agitation will not cease, and the work of Industrial Organisation will go on the same as before.

The last two Sunday nights our platform inside has been occupied by Fellow-Worker Laidler, who dealt out the good industrial matter in his familiar style. Mrs Laidler also gave a short discourse, and interested the women in the audience with her logic.

Overflow meetings outside the hall are the usual thing on Sunday nights. We have tried every hall in Sydney, including the Town Hall and the theatres, for Sunday night lectures, and although many are not in use, the I.W.W. cannot secure any for lectures. The boycott is a powerful weapon. It is being used against the I.W.W. now, but the future is with us, and the time is not far distant when we will apply the boycott against the boss. The parasites smile now, but remember that "he who laughs last laughs longest."

The I.W.W. is not only here to stay, but it is here to grow, and that is plain to a blind man.

Forward the One Big Union.

DRUMMER BOY.

Persistent agitation, combined with education on the benefits to be derived from organization, should be one of the prime objects in industrial centres, where the growth of unionism has been slow, where wages are low, and hours are long. No lasting results can be obtained without effort, patience and tenacity of purpose. Every new member gained adds to the permanency and potency of the organization.

Direct Action

WEEKLY
OFFICIAL ORGANof the
**INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF
THE WORLD.**

(Australian Administration)

Office: 403 Sussex Street, Sydney,
Australia.Subscriptions: 4/ per year; New Zealand,
6/ per year; Foreign, 8/ per year.**HEADQUARTERS, I.W.W. (Australia):**
403 SUSSEX STREET, SYDNEY:**GENERAL HEADQUARTERS: 164 W.**
Washington Street, Chicago, Ill., U.S.A.

Organisation.

It is recognised, in all spheres of life, that Organisation is essential to achieve any great feat. Without Organisation we have confusion and chaos, with Organisation we have harmony and success.

The masters, with their systematic, well equipped, and international organisation, have been successful for a large number of years to hold the working class in complete economic and intellectual thralldom. Without a sound organisation the owners of Capital would find themselves facing a very precarious position at the present moment. The master class has been saved through effective organisation, and the lack of organisation on the side of the workers.

It is only through the old fashioned methods of unionism that the workers are condemned to drag out their miserable lives in industrial hells producing profits for a parasite class. It is only because the workers are NOT PROPERLY ORGANISED that they are forced to herd in unsanitary hovels, amid such revolting conditions that should shame any community claiming to be civilised. It is for the WANT OF ORGANISATION that thousands of workers see themselves unemployed, tramping the streets hungry and starving.

In the face of such self-evident facts, it is time the workers took a tumble and organised.

How to organise should be the one important question of to-day, to-morrow, and for all time. How can we perfect our organisation should be the PARAMOUNT QUESTION for the working class.

We have seen a political party rise to power, then go smash and collapse; we have seen a Parliamentary organisation grab the reins of government, carry on for years, then totter and fall; we have seen our political idols turn traitors and desert; we have seen their successors lean to the side of Plutocracy and neglect the workers.

Parliamentary organisation for the workers has been too expensive, too painful, and too disappointing for them to want any more of it. Parliamentary action must now be thrown overboard by all live workers. Politics must be shunned and abandoned by all active toilers in the fight for freedom.

The political game is not only played out, but it is ROTTEN AND CORRUPT. It is not safe to touch by anyone wishing to keep clean.

There is only one thing left for the workers to do, that is ORGANISE INDUSTRIALLY—at the point of production—on the job. The industrial arena is where the slaves must mobilise, organise their army, and do battle with the enemy.

Despite the wonderful organisation and the unscrupulous tactics of the enemy, the workers with scientific Industrial Organisation can defeat all the insidious devices, and frustrate all the nefarious designs of the plundering master class.

Organised Labor is MORE POWERFUL than all armies and navies; it is SUPERIOR to kaisers, kings, or emperors; it can OVERTHROW dynasties and despots. Organised Labor has the POWER to stop exploitation, put the boss to work, and give the worker the full product of his toil.

Having been convinced that Industrial Organisation is absolutely imperative to the working class, it is only logical that the "busy human bees" should attempt to make their organisation as perfect as possible.

The I.W.W. does not claim to be perfect, far from it, but it does claim to be THE MOST ADVANCED, MODERN, AND SCIENTIFIC FORM OF ORGANISATION IN EXISTENCE TO-DAY.

In the Industrial Army there should be no division. The ranks of Labor should not be divided. No man, woman, or child who works for wages should be deterred from joining the Industrial Union. The workers, at all times, should be able to show a solid phalanx to the enemy.

The I.W.W. say that sex, colour, nationality, or religion should not hinder anyone from joining the One Big Union. We believe that THE WORKERS OF THE WORLD HAVE INTERESTS IN COMMON, and their fight is identical the world over. This being so, they should all be in the ONE UNION, fighting the same fight, against the common enemy which exists in all lands alike.

The only questions necessary to an applicant for membership in the I.W.W. is, is he or she a bona fide wage worker, and is his or her industrial record clean? If the above questions are in the affirmative, there is no reason in the world why the individual concerned is not eligible for a place in the Industrial Army. No other questions are of any importance; no other questions matter to Organised Labor.

A serious bar to effective organisation is highly paid union officials. Once an individual is financially raised above the working class, he ceases to think as a worker, he seeks a different environment, and lives a different life to the toiler. His outlook in life is different, consequently he CANNOT loyally serve the working class. Sitting in an office is more congenial than slaving in a factory, a mine, a ship, or in the field. Anyhow, why should the toilers pay their servants more than they get themselves? Such an idea is preposterous!

All paid officials of the I.W.W. receive no more than the average wage existing in the district where they are working. This being so, the paid officers of the I.W.W. cannot lift themselves above the workers, and have no chance of becoming "aristocratic" like many trade union bosses.

The initiation fees and dues should be kept down to the lowest possible minimum, and the financial barrier should never be a bar to prevent any worker from joining the Industrial Organisation. Large treasuries are also discountenanced by the I.W.W., as big banking accounts are often valued more than the lives of the workers. Unions with large treasuries have often been found wanting in times of industrial trouble. The fear of endangering their banking account has been responsible for many treacherous acts.

The monthly subscription to the I.W.W. in Sydney is 1/ per month per member. In some of our locals it is more, in some it is less, but in no instance in Australia has the monthly subscription been more than 2/ a month.

The I.W.W. believes in just charging enough in dues to enable it to carry on from month to month. Big banking accounts are not necessary, as the I.W.W. does not believe in long starvation strikes. To try and fight the boss with money is suicidal. We believe by EFFECTIVE JOB ORGANISATION we can get all we want in the way of reforms without leaving the job.

The I.W.W. does not support the idea of turning the organisation into a friendly or benefit society. There are plenty of such institutions in existence to-day if the workers wish to belong to such, but the Industrial Organisation must be free and untrammelled to fight the battle of the toilers which will ultimately banish all the ills and diseases from which the workers now suffer.

The I.W.W. makes no time agreements with the employers of Labor, and refuses to affiliate with any other body.

It is an axiom that INDUSTRIAL UNIONISM IS THE ONLY HOPE OF THE WORKING CLASS. It is the only way out.

The I.W.W. is the only sound scientific Industrial Organisation in existence to-day.

The fundamental unit of the I.W.W. is the Local Industrial Union. All the workers in an entire industry must be organised into the Industrial Union covering that industry. The Industrial Unions are then brought together under Industrial Departments, and the Industrial Departments linked up into One Big Union of the working class.

The I.W.W. has six departmental heads and under these six headings we believe

LESSONS OF THE ELECTIONS.

Although the result of the recent elections is of very little importance to the working class, we can nevertheless learn something from them and draw a good many conclusions from the way in which such an event is seen to be affected by that maudlin middle class monstrosity called public opinion, and how a political appeal to the people in practice must strengthen all the influences that are most inimical to the working class. The elections have resulted, as it was natural that they should result, in the return to power of men who are determined to do what they can to suppress and enslave a working class that ventures to maintain its distinction from the governing classes of capitalist society.

It might have turned out differently. Instead of having a political party in power that confesses to be out to fight militant and aggressive proletariat, we might have had a political party pledged to bring success to the same anti-proletarian forces as the political party now in power, but at the same time pretending to safeguard the interests of the working class. It should be far more advantageous to have a gang of openly declared enemies to deal with than a gang of prevaricators who will shake your hand in hypocritical friendship, but with whom you know you would not be safe in the dark. A political party cannot serve two masters. Whatever party were returned to power was pledged to do what it could to bolster up a policy which means ever increasing exploitation and robbery from the working class in order to keep going a social organisation designed to murder where it cannot any longer rob beneath the shadow of the emblems which make every crime sacred and every brutal outrage a manifestation of Christian charity.

In order to be successful, a political party must appeal to the least intelligent group in the community. It is useless for it to appeal for the most rapacious exploiters alone, because there are not enough of them; it is useless to appeal to the enlightened working class, because it is too small; it must pander to the gullible multitude. A political party which does not back up the momentarily most fashionable fallacies and superstitions is lost. That is why, when two great rival political parties are in the field, competing for the soft seats reserved for those whom the world want to boss it, there is always the merest shadow of a difference between the policies of the two parties—a difference which it would often be difficult to discover under the most keenly discerning high power intellectual microscope. And the points on which we are sure that both political parties must agree are those on which their activities will be most detrimental to the workers.

IMPORTANCE OF AGITATION.

Men blame us for the bitterness of our language and the personality of our attacks. It results from our position. The great mass of people can never be made to stay and argue a long question. They must be made to feel it through the hides of their idols. Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty.

Power is ever stealing from the many to the few.

The manna of popular liberty must be gathered every day or it is rotten.

The hand entrusted with power becomes the necessary enemy of the people.

Only by uninterrupted agitation can a people be kept sufficiently awake to principle not to let liberty be smothered by material prosperity.

Every government is always growing corrupt. Every secretary of state is by the very necessity of his position, an apostate. He is an enemy to the people, of necessity, because the moment he joins the government he gravitates against the popular agitation, which is the life of the republic.

The public that sinks to sleep trusting to constitutions and machinery, politicians and statesmen, for the safety of its liberty, never will have any.

The whole of the working class can be organised.

The Departments are as follows:—Mining, Transportation and Communication, Manufacturing and General Production, Construction, Public Service, and Agricultural, Fisheries, Land and Water Products.

With the above six departments linked up into One Big Union, and a General Executive Board supervising the whole, the workers will not only be able to get any reforms they want, but will be on the eve of EMANCIPATION.

That is what we call ORGANISATION. Workers, what about it?

N.R.

and disastrous to the progress of the world. Politics is the visible expression of public opinion; and public opinion is never intelligent nor even benevolently non-intelligent because it is manufactured by the interests which hold the destinies of the community and the happiness of untold millions in their hands and fostered by the ignorance of the bulk of those they have enslaved. It is left to a few of the slave class to work for the emancipation of the whole of their class. And these few can never be represented in politics, because public opinions must treat them with contumely as inimical to the vested interests.

Therefore, it is just as well for all who have the interests of the working class at heart to realise that they have to organise their forces in spite of the politicians and public opinions and outside of the Government. It is only to be expected that at times such organisers should be persecuted and even proscribed by the powers that be. But so far from this indicating failure or mistakes, it should be considered the surest sign of success so far as possible under disadvantageous circumstances.

The complete rout of the so-called Labor Party at the recent elections should be a great object lesson to the workers. In spite of the fact that the "Labor" Party stood for almost everything that was inimical to the interests of the workers, it was totally defeated. The mere suspicion that it might be dangerous to the capitalist forces was enough to damn it in public opinion. How hopeless would it be to have a real political working class party successful! But the result may at least be that the workers of Australia will at last see how hopeless is the panacea of political action, how insubstantial the shadow. It may force them to combine on the industrial field to fight their avowed enemies, not because they see clearer now, but simply because in their blindness they have been stampeded into an alleyway from which there is no other escape. It is only in adversity that men learn to know their friends. It is only under the stress of dire necessity that the more sluggish are lashed into action.

Now is the time for the workers of Australia to wake up to the fact that they have only themselves to rely upon. Their political saviours have failed them, as they must always fail them when the test comes. It is better so, because it is more plain and straightforward. Whatever fights against oppression and slavery have to be fought in the near future will have to be fought on the industrial field—the only field on which the workers are masters of their own destinies if they know their strength.

H. CHRISTOPHERSON.

Another Victim.

The 'Unlawful Associations' Act was responsible for another victim last week in the person of Fellow-Worker Wilson. It was alleged that, in the course of a speech in the Sydney Domain, J. R. Wilson made statements likely to interfere with the production and transportation of materials for war purposes, and as a consequence was handed out six months by His Wash-Up. An appeal was lodged, and last week Fellow-Worker Wilson faced his Honor, only to meet the same fate as he met in the Lower Court. The verdict of the Lower Court was upheld, and Fellow-Worker Wilson was carted off to durance vile for six months for having the courage to say things which the law-makers are too cowardly to utter.

Fellow-Workers, remember the Twelve are still in jail. What are you doing about it? Remember, they fought for you. Will you fight for them?

If this outrage is allowed to go unchallenged then it is time the toilers threw in the towel, and quit the earth.

New occasions teach new duties; Time makes ancient good uncouth; They must up ward, still and onward, who would keep abreast of Truth; Lo, before us gleam her camp fires; we ourselves must Pilgrims be; Launch our Mayflower and steer boldly through the desperate winter seas; Nor attempt the Future's portals with the Past's blood-rusted key.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

The Editor, Norman Rancie, 403 Sussex St., Sydney, N.S.W., is responsible for all unsigned articles which have appeared in "Direct Action," and will be until further notice.

Labor to Capital.

Baying at the Moon.

The Underlings.

I have builded, amassed and created,
All the wealth of the world as it stands;
I have tolled in the shadow of sorrow,
I have wrought in the United lands.

I have sweated and strained in the midnight,
From the forge to the pit of the mine;
I have turned from the raw all the splendid,
Here a home from the towering pine!

I have wielded and wielded and shapedened;
I have given my life for my bread;
By the brawn of my being I've laboured
From the break of my day to my bed

I have tolled when my hours are numbered,
I have slaved when the candle called Life
Was flickering, faltering fading,
And dimming with hunger and strife!

I have said not a word—I have yielded;
I have come at your beck and call;
I have given my best to your splendor,
I have given my life and my all.

From the earth I have harvested iron:
In the field I have garnered your bread;
And the price you have paid is my hunger,
My rags and my under-paid deal!

I build you a mansion of beauty;
And I live in a hovel with Care—
When I ask for my meat you assail me,
And add to the burdens I bear!

But out of the Great God: Power.
I rise as a monarch supreme!
I touch with my wand the grim timbers,
And lo! there is truth to a dream.

Is it an iron rail wanting?
By a thousand fast bands—it is there.
Or a ship for the ocean eternal?
Lo! it creeps from my close-guarded lair.

I have pondered, recovered, re-fashioned,
I have made and re-made and repaired
I have sold all my time to creating—
My breast to the weary world bare.

I have crept to my bed in the darkness,
I have hungered and starved in the cold;
And my children have gathered around me,
With a story that never is told!

I have seen the small hands that are lifted;
I have heard all the cries and the moan:
Of the wan and the broken upholders,
Who carry your burden—your stone!

You have branded me deep as a traitor,
You have hounded me into the night;
Because I have asked for the pittance—
That is mine by the might of my right.

You have lited in your ease and your splendor;
You have taken my daughters as toll;
If I dare say a word you but spurn me—
To you I'm the borrowing mole!

I have fought all your wars—you have snek-
ered;
I have bled—you have sneered in my face;
On the cross you have maimed me and nailed
me
And this is your payment—in Grace!

But out of my slumber I'm rising,
The shackles shall fall at my feet,
For the quaking hosts will be gathered,
With a thro' like the ocean waves' beat.

For I am Labor—triumphant!
And the hour shall come—and the day,
When the stamp of my might will be graven,
And my rule shall enkindle the way!

For then it shall be decided,
Shall man be a slave to a man;
Shall Hell that is Earth be the bargain,
Shall the fear of Protest be the ban!

Shall the Clutch that is God, that is Money,
Oppress and degrade at its ease;
Or out of the world shall the broken,
Step forth on the Morn of Release!

As the Dawn that comes out of the Darkness,
As the Spring that comes out of the snow—
Will my rise to my power be likened,
For the Seeds of Unrest will I sow.

—Robt. Page Lincoln (in "Labor Review").

Once to every man and nation comes the
moment to decide,
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood for the
good or evil side;
Some great cause, God's new Messiah, offering
each the bloom or blight,
Parts the goats upon the left hand, and the
sheep upon the right,
And the choice goes by for ever, 'twixt that
darkness and that light.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

TREASURER THEODORE'S INDIGES-
TION.

By Tom Barker.

The effect of champagne upon one time proletarian stomachs sometimes produces peculiar results. Mr. William Morris Hughes, Prime Minister of Australia, in dealing with the results of the recent Federal elections at a bun fight in Melbourne the other day said, in toto, "That instead of Labor being defeated, the elections were really a victory FOR Labor. We (the National Party) will give Labor a fair deal." Note the soothing influence of two quarts of the best floating about in his stomach. Benevolence personified.

Contrast that with the scintillating repetitions of Mr. Theodore, Treasurer of Queensland, at the Eight Hour banquet held in Brisbane on May 7th. Mr. Theodore, possibly under the impression that Gordon Brown or Jack Burke were somewhere seated at the groaning tables, took the Industrial Workers of the World to task. Possibly an I.W.W. waiter may have been responsible for spilling the mock, or dinkum, turtle soup down the patrician's expansive shirt front, with its convenient display of the new Russian ensign, and, incidentally, the favorite colors of the I.W.W.

The speech was a repetition of that of Mr. Hughes, delivered, to a highly enthusiastic crowd of professional union officials at the Sydney Trades Hall just prior to William's famous visit to London. Mr. Theodore, possibly from a recently acquired air of good taste, carefully omitted to drag the famous Bengal tiger into the discussion, which rather detracted from a boom advertisement.

Strip Treasurer Theodore of his glad rags, his good job, and his fine office, and who is he. Sling him a pair of dungaree pants held up a web belt over the hips and a pair of bowyangs around the knees, a drab woollen shirt, a pair of brogans and an old felt hat. Now we have Theodore, the miner, the organiser, and the strike leader. We have the man who gave many I.W.W. men their first lesson in fighting the boss. We have one of an army of social outlaws, who were cursed by every boss, legislated against by every politician, and spurned by every "right thinking person."

And Theodore to-day, and Theodore then, are merely object lessons of what Senator Ferricks defines as "the mellowing influences of environment." The country north and south of the Queensland boundary lines, abound with innumerable eloquent examples. And Mr. Theodore will find, after the sublime effects of the "cham" has worn away, and he gets back to normal, that the Labor Party was defeated on account of the working people getting sick of the business of being sold, by the examples.

And it may be interesting to ex-Fellow Worker Theodore to remember that Mr. Hughes, who originated the line of argument used by Mr. Theodore against the I.W.W., that although Mr. Hughes was vigorously applauded by his audience at that time, that the members of the same audience were responsible for his expulsion a few months later. So Mr. Theodore need not take his applauders too seriously. It may have been merely sarcasm.

But whereas Hughes was fairly consistent, Theodore is not. Two and a half years ago, Theodore gave an address in Russell street, South Brisbane, for the purpose of uniting the efforts of the Labor and the Socialist Parties. At question time he affirmed direct action, sabotage, and ca' canny. And now he says, "That an unclean spirit has crept into the Labor movement." If that is the spirit of political dependence, political opportunism, and political somersaulting, then says I, let the Bengal Tiger have the thing for breakfast.

There are three things that won't kill the I.W.W., eight hour banquets that celebrate an eight hours that we haven't got, hashed up speeches, and comic opera acts of Parliament.

We have never seen a boss put up a worse case against the I.W.W. Mr. Theodore says the I.W.W. are not numerous in Queensland. If it is true why make a noise about a minor matter. Or perhaps it may be that the average I.W.W. man has some sting in its composition. And the greatest fault from the Treasurer's standpoint is that he is not accustomed to vote for anyone to do anything for him.

The Labor Party in New South Wales repudiated the I.W.W. sympathisers of that organisation and refused to go to the ballot. Certain individual members took the part of the I.W.W. men in gaol. They got very large majorities, because the I.W.W. is of some account in Sydney, just like it is in North Queensland.

Both the Federal and State Labor Parties in this part of the world has been as bitter in their attacks upon the I.W.W. as the National Party. I, myself, have been gaoled twice by the New South Wales State Labor Party, and once by the Federal Labor Party. Two men, Harry Melrose, of the A.M.A., and J. R. Wilson, of the I.W.W., have been gaoled with the absolute acquiescence of the Labor members in the House of Representatives and the Senate. The Labor Senators would have thrown the Illegal Associations Act out, but they were too cowardly to act the part of men. Only Senator Mullan out of the whole caboose had the sense to speak against it. So if the Labor Party—or the "movement"—gaoled members of the I.W.W. and other militant working class organisations, they have no room to holler when militant men refuse to vote for the guys that have used the boot on them. Peter Bowling may call for cheers for the head of the system that gaoled him, but that is not the way with the I.W.W.

Those that are not with us are against us, and no sugary-mouthed pipe-dreamer at five hundred per, can side track us. We know a politician by the smell, it isn't even necessary to open his mouth.

The I.W.W. didn't arrive, but like Topsy, it grewed. It grew out of the increasing exploitation of labor, the ever growing insecurity of the decencies of livelihood, and the ever widening gulf between those who have, and those who have not. The class war is a grim and stern reality, and the campaign for the abolition of the Upper House, unsuccessful or otherwise, means nothing. And Mr. Theodore ought to know that.

And if there are half a dozen I.W.W. men who can precipitate a big industrial upheaval, there is also a few leaders in the political world who have an equal power to sell their movement to the enemy. The bosses could always buy security from working class attacks if they gave a £1000 a year job to every worker when he woke up. But the system won't run 5000 editions of Mr. Theodore, Treasurer. So the boss has to fight.

"Irresponsibles," "anarchists" and other champagne begotten bricks don't hurt us. We have lived through three years of them, and grown extensively. They act as a boost to us. Personally in the past three years I have visited nearly every part of Australia, and have met no real opposition to the I.W.W. in the ranks of the industrial workers. In fact, they are taking to it like a duck to water. And in the North of Queensland the I.W.W. is making phenomenal progress in the sugar fields, the mines and the shearing sheds.

Any movement that was worth while has had to face brutal and fiendish persecution, and misrepresentation from the alleged leaders of Labor. The I.W.W. is still in the working class movement. Some of our alleged working class detractors have been fired out recently.

Go to it, Mr. Theodore, talk us off the map. Bay at the moon, it is good exercise for the throat. It is easier work than describing the constitutional difficulties of getting rid of the Upper House. It may appeal to craft union officials who fear the advent of the I.W.W., which will abolish their nice easy jobs by tightening up the loose organisation of to-day. Besides, you will get cheap applause from the "Daily Mail" and the other sausage wraps. You will make political capital out of it, and get in before Tolaine and Peter Airey.

But you will find it poor stuff to throw round at union meetings or working class audiences. They are waking up. When in doubt blame the I.W.W. They have broad backs and big hearts. But they can't buy an advertising medium like the galoos who try to talk them out of existence.

"The I.W.W. is an unclean spirit. Its members are irresponsibles and anarchists." Words, Words, WORDS. What the hell does the moon care for the melodious howl of a stray jackal who is contemplating leaving the pack.

By PHILIP GREEN WRIGHT.

The masters stand at the head of things;
They are lords of work and pay;
And we must run till the set of sun,
Because the masters say.
For we, for we are the underlings,
And the lords of bread are they;
And we must eat though they screw and cheat,
And when they nod, obey.

Sometimes there is work for every one,
And sometimes, barred each gate;
And why is it so, the masters know
We only wish and wait.
They know when the freights will begin to run,
And the factory whistles blow,
And the fires burn and the spindles turn:
These things the masters know.

We work and work at things we must,
We don't so greatly care,
By the rushing flame, and the roaring loom,
In the coal mines killing air.
We fashion gems for a dote of crust,
And slinks with a rag for pay;
And the things we make, the masters take,
To make their women gay.

There is wit and grace and courtesy,
When the masters meet and dine,
And the lives of men are ticked off then,
Over the nuts and wine;
For before them they somehow seem to see
All that the future brings.
Our minds are dull as we mull and mull
Over those puzzling things.

We shape the clothes that the masters wear
With such easy air of right:
We mine the coals that warm their souls,
As we shiver at home to-night.
We build the yachts that the masters bear
With their graceful swallow wings:
For they are free, but we, but we,
Are only the underlings.

Our minds are dull, we mull and mull,
But we're waking, masters; ay,
We're waking now and with knotted brow,
We're wondering dimly, WHY?
Only wondering, slow and vast and dull,
Brutal to do and dare:
But if ever we shake ourselves awake,
MASTERS OF BREAD BEWARE!

Economics.

If the I.W.W. is ever to grow into a virile, militant organisation, able to wage successfully the struggle of the proletariat against their capitalistic masters, the education of its membership upon matters that are of vital concern to the working-class is essential.

Every member of this organisation, if he is to be a member in fact, as well as in name, must have a thorough grasp of Industrial Unionism, and must understand the class-struggle, and all that it portends.

In the past our propaganda has been hampered by the fact that many industrial unionists have not had sufficient knowledge of these subjects, and as a result could not scientifically deal with the present system of society and its institutions.

A study of political economy—the science of the means of producing wealth and its distribution is of the first importance to every revolutionist. We are seeking to destroy the capitalist system of production, but that is an impossibility until we first of all understand the structure and aims of that system.

Therefore, it is the intention of Sydney Local to hold regular economic classes to spread this knowledge among the working class, and thus help to speed the day when, by our knowledge, we will be able to abolish the wage-system and rear in its stead a newer and sabbier form of society.

ECONOMIC CLASS.

EVERY SUNDAY AT 11 a.m.

ALL REBELS ATTEND!

HUGH MCCUE, Instructor.

MY MADONNA.

I hated me a woman from the street,
Shameless, but, oh, so fair!
I bade her sit in the model's seat,
And I painted her sitting there.

I hid all trace of her heart unclean;
I painted a babe at her breast;
I painted her as she might have been,
If the WORST had been the BEST.

She laughed at my picture and went away
Then came, with a knowing nod,
A connoisseur, and I heard him say:
"Tis Mary, the Mother of God!"

So I painted a halo round her hair,
And I sold her, and took my fee,
And she hangs in the Church of St. Hilare,
Where you and all may see.

The Justification and the Objective of the I. W. W.

"The army of production must be organised, not only for the every day struggle with capitalists, but also to carry on production when capitalism shall have been overthrown. By ORGANISING INDUSTRIALLY, WE ARE FORMING THE STRUCTURE OF THE NEW SOCIETY WITHIN THE SHELL OF THE OLD."

Thus, the I.W.W. justifies its existence. Only an intelligent organised working class can save the world from chaos when the present competitive system has collapsed. No doubt, it is just on the verge of collapse. The present war is rapidly knocking the supports from under it. Millions of men will be released when the war is over to look for a place in the slave market, but their places have already been filled by cheap labor, or labor saving machinery. Industries supplying war material will close down for want of a market. The financial pressure will be so great that the greatest crisis of the age will appear—and then?

History has a habit of repeating itself, and we know what has happened when people rush through the streets, crying for bread. The system that has been responsible for that lack of bread has been overthrown.

With the different charitable institutions of the capitalist system or the religious and political pedagogues be able to save the situation? I think not.

Already the revolution has started in Russia, and if we are to listen to the daily papers we can hear the rumbling in Germany and Austria. We can even hear it in countries not at war—Norway, Sweden, and Spain.

The capitalists, in straining at a gnat, have swallowed a camel, in trying to get markets for their surplus products, and thereby save a crisis of over-production. They have turned loose a thing that is going to smash their crisis-making system to pieces.

Politicians can build barriers, but they will be swept aside, and great will be the rush because of the obstruction. Indigestion is the fate of a glutton.

The I.W.W. is trying to build a life-boat to carry humanity to the industrial Commonwealth when the rotten old tub of capitalism sinks. But the politicians here are pinching the timber and slinging it at one another. So it's up to the worker to see that we get the material and that our builders are left alone, and those in prison are released to go on with the good work.

The I.W.W. points out to the workers, the only way they can save themselves. That is by organising industrially, in such a way, that all craft lines are eliminated, and instead of scabbing on, and fighting the members of a craft union in the same industry, we should form up in an industrial union, which would be a part of the One Big Union, the I.W.W.

With solidarity and intelligence, we could demand, take and operate industry for the benefit of the world's workers.

The millions of people on the verge of starvation, the periodical crisis, criminal wars and the arrogant gluttony of the capitalist class, proves them to be unfit to carry on the management and ownership of industry any longer.

THE SCAB.

Well, I ought to be getting a large reward, For never owning a union card; I've never grumbled, I've never struck, I've never belonged to the union muck, My reward in Heaven, I'm going to claim, For all my work and worry and pain, Which has taken a lifetime of Scabbing to win,
So open, Saint Peter, and let me in, Saint Peter sat and stroked his staff, Despite his high office, he had to laugh, "I have heard of you and your gift of gab, You are what is called on earth a scab," And he rose up in his stature tall, And pressed a button upon the wall, Said he to the angel who answered bell, "Escort this thing round to Hell,
Tell Satan to give him a seat alone, On a red hot griddle up near the throne, But even the devil won't stand the smell Of a roasting scab on a griddle in Hell. He would cause a revolt, a strike, I know, 'If I send him down to the hells below, Go back to your Master on earth and tell, There is no room for a Scab even in Hell."

If the happiness and prosperity of the Commonwealth come before the happiness and prosperity of a class, then the workers should be up and doing.

Hughes and the clique of politicians behind him cut no ice. The thing to get at is the power behind him, the great financial and industrial oligarchy that is the power that decides the policy and finds the election expenses. Hughes will be dropped like a hot spud. He is not a diplomatic politician, but a fool to be used just now, but to be cast aside into political oblivion very shortly.

Men view the affairs of the world from the different economic positions in which they happen to find themselves. It is self-interest that is the basis of their economic views.

The powers that be, owning the sources of education and information, and the power to keep before the world THEIR view of the way that society should live.

But some workmen have found, or have taken time to have a look at the world through working class spectacles, and have found that the self-interest of the Capitalist class have blinded them to the course of economic evolution. They find that the present system is tottering on the verge of collapse, and the only way to save the disaster is by building a new society—the Industrial Republic—within the shell of the old (Capitalism).

These workmen finding that the foundations of the new society would have to be international and world-wide, gave the name of the Industrial Workers of the World, to their movement.

The I.W.W. came into being not as a destroyer, but as a saviour.

The destruction of the present system we DIRECT ACTION—SEVEN.

can leave to itself. It is rapidly being crushed out of existence by its own weight.

The Industrial Republic is not an utopian scheme; it is the only scientific system that can replace Capitalism.

Today, the workers co-operatively run industry. The Capitalist is nothing but the extractor of surplus profits of industry. Organised industrially, the workers would be the greatest power on this earth, and that the happiness of society as a whole comes before the greed of a class. Might is right; so what's the matter with the workers owning the tools of production? That the I.W.W. should be followed by malediction, and its advocates thrown into prison is to be expected as the reward of trying to ease the lot of suffering humanity.

Every progressive movement has had to face the same malignancy. But the workers have a chance now to show that they will have no more of it. By getting a hustle on and demanding the release of our fellow-workers, we will show the Capitalist that we have certainly caught hold, and will continue to cheerfully battle for the new system of society, in which the inhuman slaughter, the starving millions and the horrible debaucheries of the present system will be thought of only with a shudder and a fierce determination never to allow such on earth again.

JAMES POPE.

BRISBANE LOCAL.

ROOMS, OVER POST OFFICE,
STANLEY ST.—STH. BRISBANE.

MEETINGS.

Alternate Tuesdays—Business Meeting.
Alternate Tuesdays—Educational Class.
Friday, 8 p.m.—Outdoor Meeting, Market Square.

Sunday, 8 p.m.—Trades Hall, Lecture.

Literature Secretary,

W. TREMBATH.

Financial Secretary,

G. E. BRIGHT.

REDFERN ST. WOOLLOONGABBA,

BRISBANE.

ALL MEMBERS PASSING THROUGH ARE
INVITED TO LOOK IN. GOOD LIBRARY.

SLAVES WELCOME

In connection with the visit of the Governor-General to Casino (N.S.W.), it was found that no local caterer was willing to provide the banquet. "Applications to caterers in Lis more and surrounding towns were without result. After the suggestion that estates be brought from Sydney, it was decided that the Governor be entertained at HIGH tea."

Don't smile That's Economy—Higher-up Economy—again!

Women! Who shall one day bear
Sons to breathe New England air.

If ye hear without a blush
Deeds to make the roused blood rush,
Like red lava through your veins,
For you sisters run in chains,—
Answer! Are ye fit to be
Mothers of the brave and free?

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Mr. Block.

A CRITICAL ANALYSIS.

Please give me your attention. I'll introduce to you a man that is a credit to our Red, White and Blue. Why is Mr. Block a credit to "Our Red, White and Blue?"

"Our Red, White and Blue," of course, is our national flag and a credit—being one who will sacrifice all personal interests to uphold the glorious privileges of being top-dog over all other dogs, and shout loudly that slaves never shall be; though we are quite prepared to make slaves of everyone else.

From this we arrive to the fourth line:

"His head is made of lumber and solid as a rock."

What is meant by saying that his head is made of lumber, is that lumber, being wood, that so far no brains have been discovered there, wood being a good conveyor of sound, sound passes right through it, making no impression. No doubt, if you were to tap the head of Mr. Block, a dull vibration would be the response. "As solid as a rock," That emphasises that countless efforts have been made to penetrate the thickness of Mr. Block's skull, so far, no results having been obtained, scientists have finally concluded that rocky "or of a rocky nature" is the fittest description.

"He is a common worker and his name is Mr. Block."

A common worker means an ordinary garden variety, not one of the hot house exotics, often called a hand. At election times this term is not used. While the election is on, Mr. Block is the nation's most valued assets, and he often swells visibly at being told so. When he goes on strike, he becomes one of the lowest criminals. All this, of course, is strictly from the national standpoint.

"And Block, he thinks he may be Premier some day."

It is good for Mr. Block to think this. It keeps him contented; he is always willing to raise the Premier's salary, picturing to himself the day that he will proudly occupy that office, with his foot gracefully resting upon his opponent's neck, and his ragged shirt-tails fluttering in the breeze. But this day never seems to come nearer. Chasing round after a job, or dodging his landlord, absorbing most of Mr. Block's attention.

This is where the chorus comes in:

"Oh, Mr. Block, you were born by mistake, You take the cake, you make me ache."

The "me" mentioned here is, probably some one who is trying to teach Mr. Block something, evidently calling Mr. Block's attention to the conditions he is living under, and striving to convey to Mr. Block's dim understanding that if he organised he could demand what he liked.

"Tie on a rock to your block and then

"Jump in the lake,

Kindly do that for Liberty's sake."

These lines are fairly obvious, and denote that Mr. Block's would-be educator, has become thoroughly disgusted with his abortive efforts and has thrown up the sponge in despair; having come to the conclusion that individuals of Mr. Block's type are a menace to his fellow-men, as by their general ignorance they are better dead, being a clog in the machine of progress.

And now to the second verse:

"Yes, Mr. Block is lucky; he found a job, by gee!"

The sharks got seven dollars, for job and fee;

They shipped him to a desert and dumped him with his truck;

But when he tried to find his job, he sure was out of luck;

He shouted, "That's too raw, I'll fix them with the law."

The intrinsic meaning of this verse demonstrates the exceeding innocence of Mr. Block. No one but a person of Mr. Block's brainlessness would imagine that the law existed for the common garden variety of worker, the sharks like Billy Hughes understood that Mr. Block was their meat and acted in accordance with a natural law, the survival of the fittest. If Mr. Block appealed to the law, he probably got 14 days for vagrancy, or wasting the time of the court; if he had any money left, the court probably got that too. The last two lines of the third verse are the most pregnant of meaning:

"Said Billy Hughes, 'You see,

'You've got our sympathy!'"

This is meant to convey that when Mr. Block had Billy Hughes' sympathy, it was the only thing that he had got. It was the only thing that he was fitly to get, and as an individual it was the only thing that he ever would possess. Billy Hughes could spare it, and he gave it to him, generous and freely.

The next three verses are devoted to proving the peculiarity, denseness and general idiocy of Mr. Block, but enough has been said to show that insects of Mr. Block's type are plague-spots in the ranks of intelligent workers, and ought to be sponged out wherever found.

WYATT JONES.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

TO 16th MAY, 1917.

W. Bone, 1s; H. Walker, 4s; H. D. Johannsen, 4s; Edward O'Brien, 4s; Frank Gaudry, 4s; T. A. Jones, 2s; S. T. Bendon, 2s; D. Bombardieri, 2s; W. Scott, 2s; P. A. Kilderry, 2s; R. Murray, 2s; Municipal Library, Broken Hill, 4s; R. Wagg, 2s; M. Ryan, 2s.

PRESS FUND.

G. H. Reade, 2s 11d; "Vancouverer," 2s; T. B. M., 2s 6d.

SUBSCRIBERS.

Every person sending a four bob sub, gets a free song-book, as well as the education. Write to-day. No intelligent man can live without "Direct Action." Write to-day, and we'll put your name in the books.

THE MANAGER.

STATEMENT OF PRINCIPLES.

The working class and the employing class have nothing in common. There can be no peace so long as hunger and want are found among millions of working people, and the few who make up the employing class have all the good things of life.

Between these two classes a struggle must go on until the workers of the world organise as a class, take possession of the earth and the machinery of production, and abolish the wage system.

We find that the centring of the management of industries into fewer and fewer hands makes the trade unions unable to cope with the ever-growing power of the employing class. The trade unions foster a state of affairs which allows one set of workers to be pitted against another set of workers in the same industry, thereby helping to defeat one another in wage wars. Moreover, the trade unions aid the employing class to mislead the workers into the belief that the working class have interests in common with their employers.

These conditions can be changed and the interests of the working class upheld only by an organisation formed in such a way that all its members in any one industry, or in all industries if necessary, cease work whenever a strike or lockout is on in any department thereof, thus making an injury to one an injury to all.

Instead of the conservative motto, "A fair day's wage for a fair day's work," we must inscribe on our banner the revolutionary watchword: "Abolition of the wage system."

It is the historic mission of the working class to do away with capitalism. The army of production must be organised not only for the every-day struggle with capitalists, but also to carry on production when capitalism shall have been overthrown. By organising industrially we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old.

SYDNEY LOCAL

— No. 2 —

403 SUSSEX STREET, CITY.

— ACTIVITIES —

MONDAY, 7.30 p.m., SINGING CLASS.

TUESDAY, 8 p.m.—SPEAKERS' CLASS.

THURSDAY, 8 p.m.—BUSINESS MEETING.

FRIDAY AND SATURDAY—PROPAGANDA

MEETINGS IN DIFFERENT PARTS OF

CITY.

SUNDAY, 10.30 a.m. ECONOMIC CLASS.

SUNDAY, 3 p.m.—PROPAGANDA MEETING

IN DOMAIN.

SUNDAY, 7 p.m.—PROPAGANDA MEETINGS

BATHURST STREET AND OTHER

PARTS OF THE CITY.

SUNDAY, 8 p.m.—LECTURE IN HALL.

BEST WORKING-CLASS LIBRARY IN

SYDNEY.

ALL SLAVES WELCOME.

BOSS NOT ADMITTED.

TOM BARKER.

Sec. Treas.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Admirer: If you would only do something, instead of only admiring, things—would it much better.

P. O'L.: Of course you could get the sack. Don't waste time trying to educate the boss. Get at the slaves.

J. J., Surry Hills: Your literary outburst held over for repairs. Probably be ready to appear in public about the year 2000.

"Anzac": Yes, quite right. We believe you, too; but we are not allowed to say such things.

W. F. T.: Unintelligible. Write in English.

W.A.: All matter intended for publication must be written in ink, and on one side of paper only. This rule must be strictly adhered to.

THE NUMBER OF THIS PAPER IS

123.

Published by Tom Barker, of 28 Francis Street, Sydney, for the Workers' Defence and Release Committee, at 403 Sussex Street, Sydney, and printed by H. Cook and Co., 200 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

Social and Dance.

IN SOUTHERN CROSS HALL

ON MAY 26th, 1917.

In aid of the Wives and Children of the I.W.W. men in gaol.

GOOD MUSIC.

Tickets, 1/-

MRS. WATERHOUSE, Sec.

MISS E. SACHS, Treasurer.