

# DIRECT ACTION



VOL. 1 NO. 14 Registered at G.P.O. Sydney. SYDNEY, OCT. 1, 1914. ONE PENNY.

## Revolution! Our only Hope

Even a cursory examination of the situation throughout the capitalistic world must suggest that some radical remedy must be applied in order to cope with the economic evils brought on by the war. Capitalist society stands self-condemned, not alone by its positive action in making a holocaust of its ignorant and deluded slaves, but by its very helplessness to cope with the social misery which the war has brought in its train. Once more it is clearly illustrated that whatever is to be done for the working class must be done by the workers themselves.

Mr. Wm. Holman, the "mighty" Labor Premier of N.S. Wales, only a few days ago made a miserable confession of his own impotency to an unemployed deputation, and, incidentally, endorsed the contention of Industrialists that Parliament is but a helpless straw, in a capitalistic storm, and at worst a willing tool in the hands of profit-loving dividend-hunting Capitalism.

The workers should be thankful, says Holman, that a sympathetic Government is in office, and this pampered renegade to the workers cause has then the effrontery to inform the deputation, in effect, that if the crisis develops they may yet be thankful for the crumbs which fall from the capitalistic table—a table which of late years has become so over-burdened with the unpaid product of labor, that a war costing incalculable millions is conceived as the only method of preventing its collapse.

Of less interest is it, however, that the workers are, by the logic of events, brought face to face with the falsehood and treachery of their trusted Messiahs, who have so frequently told them that "Parliament in the hands of the people can decree anything," that is the fact that, even were these "saviours" ever so sincere, they are absolutely helpless when face to face with the economic situation which the war has created.

This is the cause, not alone in Australia, but in every country of the globe. Capitalism has been shorn of its mask of hypocrisy; the pretense that capital is employed for social benefit, and that the "capitalist is the working man's best friend" is rudely cast aside, and the starving worker is insolently told to go to Hell—or go to war, which is the same thing.

As a profit-making machine he is for the time useless, and capital is more profitably invested in supplying the "sinews of war"—that is, in securing the worker a "dying" wage, rather than providing him with a "living" one. Both in its positive and negative aspects this method of employing capital is well calculated to get rid of a superfluity of wage slaves.

Just as the whole situation, however, has proven once more the evils inherent in capitalist society, and laid bare the sham and inhumanity of its pretended civilisation, so the necessities of the case must in the near future compel the workers to take matters into their own hands, and put an end to a system so direful for them.

That millions of the world's wealth producers must starve while the capitalist class are engaged in settling their quarrels—quarrels



WON'T THEY BE EDIFIED?

Chicago Daily News.

in which the workers have not only no interest, but of which they do not even know the meaning—is a situation that all the braying of war trumpets and the patriotic outpourings of the politician can not long conceal.

There will come the day of reckoning, and the remedy for the evils from which the workers suffer will suggest itself, not, in words, but in action. **Revolution, and revolution alone, is the only way out.**

Begging for work, for doles, has never accomplished anything; less than ever can it now be relied upon. Revolutionary agitation is the need of the moment. The workers have their economic freedom in their own hands once they desire it.

To inculcate that desire is the work of every true revolutionist. As for "immediate needs"—well, "when the Devil drives," why starve? You are bound for Hell in any case.

F.G.

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A few weeks from now, the Labor freaks in Macquarie-street will find that promises will not be very satisfying to the hungry and homeless.

A little soap in the boiler talks business to the most refractory boss.

### MEMBERS.

Owing to the increase of our printing work, and the contemplated publication of several new pamphlets and song books, the Press Committee has obtained power from the organisation to have a motor installed to turn the printing machine. It will displace quite an amount of unnecessary tea and toast labour power. And it will cost about £8.

That is a lot of kudos these hard times, but we have got to have it. Come on, you revolutionary Diesel engines, many hands make light work. The Press Fund is the greatest factor in Australia for emancipation. Come through!

### JOLTS.

Calloused hands and narrow foreheads go well in company.

A little sugar in the concrete will make a few more jobs for the unemployed.

It is untrue that the Labour politicians are legislating themselves Justice Heydon's £2 8s. a week during the war.

Ye unemployed, get together and lose your consciences.

## 'Direct Action'

Wants 10,000

Subscribers. Get Busy

### The Futile Labor Party

The 6th of September has come and gone, and the working class of Australia have decided to continue the useless method of returning members to the House of Representatives. The Labor Party, with their dubious and scabby record, are to go back to the Government benches for another three years' sponge on the workers.

The Premier, ex-miner Fisher, says that he will give the life of the last man in Australia in order to kill the workers of other countries in the interests of Capital. I tell you, workers, that the men we put into Parliament to improve our conditions have betrayed us even as Judas betrayed Christ.

One of the planks of the Labour Party's platform was the abolition of the Upper House. Did they do anything in this matter in New South Wales, Westralia or Queensland where they had the power? Oh, but I forgot New South Wales, for they have done something. They have actually increased the number by adding several more, and it is alleged that they were not even Labour men.

Another of their planks was the abolition of State Governors. What have they done to decrease the number of these expensive loafers? Why the Federal Labour Party, led by "Last man" Fisher, have loaded us with two more, one to the Federal capital, and one to the Northern Territory. So now thanks to our Labour Party, instead of seven Governors, we have nine, without mentioning the Governor of the Commonwealth Bank with his enormous salary and unlimited wooden shoe philosophy, in organisations.

The fact that the Labour Party has to fill these positions with members of the employing class shows conclusively that their ability never ranges above mediocrity.

Listen, you workers, who have been mesmerised by the political hypnotists. About two years ago a dreadful accident occurred in Tasmania in which forty-two miners lost their lives, leaving their wives

and children destitute. Subscription lists were started and the matter was brought up before Parliament. The Fisher Government generously voted the large sum of £2000, at the time when the much-talked-of £2,250,000 surplus was lying in the Treasury. Some months later, four men belonging to the other class lost their lives in a useless expedition to the South Pole. Subscription lists to assist their wives were started all over the world, and Fisher and his Party rushed to head the list with £4000.

One of these days, workers, you will tumble to the dirty game that is going on, and you will clean out the whole herd of hypocritical shysters and bunco-steerers, by kicking them to Hell out of it.

Well may the working-class say, "Save us from our friends!"

What is the solution? Industrial organisation, Direct action. By adopting these methods you can develop the power to control the machinery of production and distribution, and make your own terms just as the exploiter does now.

Parliament is a failure, as no worker has any say in placing laws on the Statute book, unless it is suitable to the capitalist class, and if the boss favours it, then it must be useless to the working-class. The Upper Houses of the States, and the Federal High Court, of Australia stand over the Parliaments, and guard the sacred rights of the possessor against the encroachments of the dispossessed. Fisher, Hughes and Co. know this, and they also know that Direct Action is the workers' only hope. And they value their jobs.

Fellow toilers, ignore the ballot box, organise industrially, in that direction lies certain emancipation.

P. RILEY, Portland, Vic.

### "IMPORTANT!"

MORE ADVERTISEMENT.

Mr. Reader, by the time you get this organ of discontent, the editor will be enjoying a week's holiday at our Hard Labour Party's private hotel at Long Bay.

Fellow-workers Jones, Lane and Reason will go out there as soon as the detective force can find the road that they are swagging on.

The police force had the boys fined in July last, but the Hard Labour Party remitted the fines in a fit of blue funk, but left the costs standing. The Law and Order Department can't get the 8/6, so they are collecting the mutton as the carcasses blow in.

F. W. Donald Grant had his handle appended to a cop's notebook on Sunday last for taking up a collection on the Domain. 59

All of which is very thoughtful of the Govment and their John Hop department, as we are bursting for advertisement.

Besides we have 300 I.W.W. miners here from Broken Hill, and more coming. And there will be something doing in Sydney town. So, slaves, listen for the announcements, bring your song books, as the I.W.W. is going to talk "whaffor" to the Macquarie-street democrats.

F. W. Reeves is back in town, Goldstein will be here on the 2nd, and there are about six speakers besides, and more coming.

The I.W.W. is going to paint Sydney red, until the powers that be cease jailing propagandists of Industrial Unionism.

They can jail men, but they can't jail ideas. Do your worst, Sweeney!

Gez, won't we get the unemployed going!

THE EDITOR.



## Direct Action



OFFICIAL ORGAN

Of the

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THE WORLD.

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Ill., U.S.A.The Boss's  
Nightmare

Mr. E. A. Craig is the president of the Auckland Employers' Association. He is full of wise saws and modern instances. He is full of information. He is bursting with ideas.

Say on, McDuff!

"An attempt had been made during the general strike movement in N.Z., by the leaders to paralyse the trade and commerce of the Dominion. It was plainly shown on that occasion that the country would not permit a section of the people to hold up the wheels of industry. He believed that the average workman desired to be left alone, to live in peace with his fellow worker and his employer. The worst enemy the worker had was the so-called syndicalist leader, who professed to fear neither God nor man. The sooner the sane and moderate section of all unions took a hand in the government of their union the better for the worker. They should attend meetings and take more prominent and active part in the proceedings, and by their moderation, discount the fanatical element, which, as a rule dominates workers' meetings."

"After such a lapse of time it was possible to view the late disturbance with calmness and judgment without feeling. It appeared to him that logical conclusions might be drawn from the strike, showing that the teaching of the I.W.W. principles was a menace to the industrial peace of the community and inimical to the best interests of the workers. The futility of strikes to redress apparent or real wrongs had been fully demonstrated. It was imperative that the employers of the Dominion should organise upon some comprehensive system to combat the pernicious teachings of the professional labour agitator. It is necessary that something should be done in the direction of disseminating literature to the workers upon vital labour problems, having well-written and interesting articles which would be appreciated by the sane worker. Arbitration under a legally constituted Court had been

proved to be the best method of dealing with industrial disputes. To him it appeared patent that all syndicalist leaders were out to cripple the capitalist, forgetting that the interests of capital and labour were identical and inseparable, and without each other neither could succeed."

Mr. Craig then hoped that the sinner right-thinking, and trustworthy leaders would get the meal tickets, and push out the "irresponsibles." So does the leader.

Mr. Craig hasn't got tickets upon the I.W.W. principles (mark the flattery, slaves!), as they interfere with the "sponging" business, at which the Employers' Association are past masters.

A delightful little pamphlet could be written explaining to the worker the reason why he lives in Remuera and Potts Point, and why his poor "identical and inseparable" employer has to make shift with three boarders in Freeman's Bay and Woolloomooloo.

We agree with Mr. Craig again, the same working man wants to be left alone. He don't like a foreman or a "sponge" gazing down the back of his neck. As long as you leave a sane worker (that is, an I.W.W. man) alone on the job it will remain a job.

If there is so much identity of interest, and inseparability between the slave and the "sponge" Mr. Craig might, in a moment of generosity, explain why the Employers' Association, and the unions are in existence. And war chests, blacklists and bludgeons.

Yes, Mr. Craig, some strikes are futile, but the ever successful one is that which takes place on the job, the slow down process, and a hundred and one little tricks and actions of the red hot worker, who cuts a hole in the purse that nourishes the "sponge." And the beauty of it is, Mr. Craig, that the boys are drawing their wages, and there are no starving wives and children to bear witness to the fact that Freeman's Bay and Remuera are twin souls.

And if it is good for labour to have short hours and long pay, well, seeing that the well being is identical and inseparable, then it will be good for you too, Mr. Craig. Won't it?

The I.W.W. regrets that the Employers' Association has had such a strenuous and trying time during the strike, and also extends its sympathy to those members of the Association who were incinerated in the Hantly mine fire. We recommend a little sabotage to Mr. Craig as a sure cure for mine disasters.

The I.W.W. is, and has been particularly interested in "sponges" and "suckers." And they look forward to the day when the Auckland "sponges" Association will be developing their biceps and brains upon "the identity and inseparability" of a No. 4 shovel.

When I come in contact with a nice educated man like Mr. Craig, I am prone to be confidential and so I say, "Sleep on, McDuff, and the I.W.W. will distribute nice tracts on sabotage stunts, the general strike, and the pedigree of sponges."

And, brother, those nice, sane, right-thinking workers of yours, are just bursting with I.W.W. stunts, so beware of "Direct Action."

TOM BARKER.

## The Soldier.

The soldier is an anachronism of which we must get rid. Among people who are proud against the suggestions of romantic fiction there can no longer be any question of the fact that military service produces moral imbecility, lechery, and cowardice, and that the defence of nations must be undertaken by the civil enterprise of men enjoying all the rights and liberties of citizenship, and trained by the exacting discipline of democratic freedom and responsibility.

For permanent work the soldier is worse than useless; such efficiency as he has is the result of dehumanisation and disablement. His whole training tends to make him a weakling.—Bernard Shaw.

Capitalism  
and the War.

The capitalist class of Europe, having seen fit to declare war, in order to kill off thousands of the unemployed, whose rapidly growing ranks are becoming a menace to them all over the world, are being ably seconded by the politicians, priests and plunderers of all descriptions.

Liberal and Labour, Catholic and Protestant, boxing promoter and avowser, have united as one to urge the worker to take up arms to fight for an Empire they don't own. Surely the day is fast passing when the few who hold the many in subjection shall be able to so mislead the workers.

Workers, you have nothing to gain by volunteering to fight the battles of your masters. Dismiss from your minds, all geographical boundaries; tear down once and for all those rags of flags that have long helped to keep the workers of the world divided.

The Capitalist class recognise no boundaries, their field for exploitation is the earth, their flag is the almighty power of the purse, their subjects are the servile, obedient workers of all nations, and their one fear is that the workers become sufficiently intelligent to think and act along the same lines.

Remember, the day you don their uniform of slavery; that day you help to set back the clock of working-class progress. That day you take the oath to be prepared at the bidding of a parasite class to bludgeon, maim, and murder your fellows in other parts of the world, you insult your intelligence, you deny your manhood, and become a traitor to your class, a thing worthy of the contempt and derision of every self-respecting man. Be men and prove your manhood by refusing to butcher men of your own class.

Make class before country, your motto. Your class have made the Empire for the few to live in, and to enjoy the fruits of your labour. When the Empire is in danger, let those who own and control it, fight for it. Remember, the Empire owner's extremity would be your opportunity. Carry your minds back to South Africa, did the maiming and killing of thousands of your class improve the conditions of the workers of England?

Did it remove the grim spectre of starvation which was haunting the workers, or did it rather intensify the poverty by throwing on to the scrap heap, thousands of men, many of them, as the result of war discharged as "medically unfit."

Unfit to fight for a master, no longer able to produce profits for a master, their lot, starvation and the poor house, with a grand "finale" in a pauper grave.

The war promoter obtains increased profits by the replating of used armaments, a new army of slaves, and a new country to exploit. Must you experience these things for yourselves before you take note? Will thoughts of the Empire's greatness carry consolation to the widows and orphans of those who in this war have already answered the last roll-call.

Workers of Australia, awake and be men!

Remember in the piping times of peace it is you who are the despised, and oft times rejected of men. When your masters quarrel and try to set you at each other's throats, remember that you have interests in common with workers of all nations. Organise to fight the war promoters!

Workers of the World! Unite! You have no country to defend. You have a common enemy to fight! Stand up shoulder to shoulder in the One Big International Union of your own class.

Throw overboard the shackles of patriotism and wage slavery. Remember you have nothing to lose and a world to gain, and if you would be free men in the true sense of the word, it is you and you alone who must first strike the blow.

C.E.L.

## The Dishwasher.

## Jim Seymour in Industrial Worker.

Alone in the kitchen, in grease laden steam,  
I pause for a moment, a moment to dream,  
For even a dishwasher thinks of a day  
Wherein will be leisure for rest and for play;  
And now that I pause o'er the transom there floats  
A stream of the Traumer's soul-stirring notes,  
Engulfed in a blending of sorrow and glee  
I wonder that music can reach even me.

For now I am thinking, my brain has been stirred,  
The voice of a master the lowly has heard;  
The heart-breaking sob of the sad violin  
Arouses the thoughts of the sweet "might have been";  
Had men been born equal the use of the brain  
Would shield them from poverty, free them from pain,  
Nor would I have sunk in the black social mire  
Because of poor judgment in choosing a sire.

But now I am only a slave of the mill  
That plies and remodels me just as it will,  
That makes me a dullard in brain-burning heat  
That looks at rich viands, not daring to eat;  
That lives with its red, blistered hands ever stuck  
Down deep in the foul in describable muck,  
Where dishes are plunged, seventeen at a time,  
And washed in a tubful of sickening slime.

But on with the clatter, no more must I shrink,  
The world is to me but a nightmare of work;  
For me not the music, and laughter, and song;  
No toiler is welcomed amid the gay throng;  
For me not the smiles of the ladies who dine,  
No warm, clinging kisses begotten of wine;  
For me but the venting of low, sweated groans  
That twelve hours a night have instilled in my bones.

The music has ceased, but the havoc it wrought  
Within the poor brain it awakened to thought  
Shall cease not at all, but continue to spread  
Till all of my fellows are thinking or dead.  
The havoc it wrought? 'Twill be havoc to those  
Whose joys would be nil were it not for my woes.  
Keep on with your gorging, your laughter and jest,  
But never forget that the last laugh is best.

You leeches who live on the fat of the land,  
You overfed parasites, look at my hand;  
You laugh at it now, it is blistered and coarse;  
But such are the hands familiar with force;  
And such are the hands that have furnished you drink.  
The hands of the slaves who are learning to think,  
And hands that have fed you can crush you as well  
And cast your damned carcasses clear into hell!

Go on with the arrogance born of your gold,  
As now are your hearts will your bodies be cold;  
Go on with your airs, you creatures of hates,  
Eat well, while the dishwasher spits on the plates;  
But while at your feast let the orchestra play  
The life-giving strains of the dear Marseillaise—  
That red revolution be placed on the throne  
Till those who produce have come into their own.

But scorn me to-night, on the morn you shall learn  
That those whom you loathe can despise you in turn,  
The dishwasher vows that his fellows shall know  
That only their ignorance keeps them below.  
Your music was potent, your music hath charms,  
It hardened the muscles that strengthens my arms,  
It painted a vision of free dom, of life—  
To-morrow I strive for an ending of strife.

## The Preamble of the I.W.W.

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 interest 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 wages 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.



## News from the Sunny West.

The advent of fell-workers McMillan and Daly, of the Broken Hill local, caused much fluttering in the Socialist and Labor dovocotes of this State. Speaking before the Fremantle Socialist Party, McMillan in a scathing criticism of the present Labor organisations, pointed out how the Labor movement in Australia had been diverted from its original aims, and prostituted by profit-hunting politicians.

In terse and vigorous language he demolished the pretensions of the political-cum-industrial Socialists, who urge upon the workers the necessity of capturing, by political methods, the machinery of oppression and exploitation. The speaker pointed out that this machinery was already captured, and used by Labor politicians, to further oppress and exploit the worker. Unavoidably so, as the machine was designed by capitalists to protect and advance their interests, regardless of the workers' welfare.

As one speaking with inside knowledge, the veteran Industrialist detailed the history of the Labor movement in Australia, and told of the spirit animating the workers in the pre-political days, when jail, starvation, police espionage and black-listing was the common lot of the rebel worker, and how in spite of the repressive tactics of the ruling class, the Cause advanced by heaps and bounds, until political action became the watchword, and the Labor Party became respectable. Since the advent of "Labor" politicians, complete stagnation, if not retrogression, has been the most outstanding feature of the movement.

The workers, politically organised, rule Australia and several of the States therein, and yet are forced to beg the "right to live." Instancing the present Prime Minister as an example of the futility of political action, the speaker pointed out that although Andrew Fisher rules Australia for the third time, the workers have still to put in the greater part of their life working for bare existence.

In concluding his address, our fellow-worker advised his hearers to contrast the methods of the I.W.W. with those of the "Labor" party, craft-union and political, the absence of high-salaried officials in the one, and the horde of parasites in the other, drawing from £4 to £28 or £30 per week, while their paymaster, on the bread-line, is reproached with disloyalty if he grumbles or demands results.

"FLANEUR."

## To Correspondents.

- J.S. (Bulls, N.Z.)—Thanks. But-ton coming.  
 Local No. 4 (Wellington, N.Z.)—Glad to hear that you are doing the work.  
 P.R. (Portland, V.)—Article was too late for pre-election issue, so we re-adapted it.  
 T.R. (Wellington, N.Z.)—Thanks.  
 J. O'Neil (Freemantle, W.A.)—Thanks. Come again.  
 E. L. Royals (Adelaide, S.A.)—Next issue.  
 P.R.—Next issue.  
 T. McMillan (Kalgoorlie, W.A.)—Send in a report of progress, please, as the boys from the Hill are interested.  
 A. Colman (Masterton, N.Z.)—Thanks. Will go through the matter. Write again.  
 Locals Pirie and Broken Hill—Please send reports of progress in by 8th and 22nd of next month.

## NOTICE.

Contributors and correspondents are requested to write on one side of the paper only. Snappy news pars are welcomed, but for God's sake don't be long-winded. Life is too short.—Ed.

## Carmichaelisms! From the Locals.

Some time ago the Labor fakiry located in Macquarie-street decided to send its Minister for Mise-tu-tion for a joy trip around the world in search of a Director of Music—at a salary of £1,250 a year—for its Chambre d'Yells which is being erected on the site of the stables in the Domain. This structure, of course, is not intended for the children of the workers, who are producing the wherewithal to build the institute and maintain it.

The arts in which the working-class children are to be instructed under our benevolent Labor Government, are those of the factory and the workshop, and that at an age when they ought to be in the playground.

While on the trip the Minister was instructed to study the latest methods by which the children could be trained to become more intelligent, more servile and obedient in the interests of the boss.

In company with Hollis, M.L.A., another member of Slim Willie's organisation he was doing the sights of gay Paree, when he discovered that a strong anti-militarist feeling was abroad, so strong, in fact, that the authorities, acting as ever in the capitalist interests, were bayoneting and bludgeoning the French workers for daring to gather together to protest against the murder of their fellows.

Had the description of the workers of France come from a vitriolic capitalist pen we should have expressed no surprise, but when it comes from one whom the workers of New South Wales have lifted out of the mire and placed on the cushioned seats of Parliament we are a bit surprised.

We all recognise the part played by environment, and must confess that it has altered Carmichael some.

Not content with referring to these workers as the scum of Paris, then XX "rates," hoodlums, larrikins, Apaches, and various other complimentary terms, he has to wind up with a glorification of the uniformed bludgers for the splendid way in which they handled the people and put in the boot, for the gallant charge they made on the unarmed workers with fixed bayonets.

If the workers of New South Wales understood him as well as we of the I.W.W. it would send him back to the class whom he so candidly refers to as the rabble.

Wake up, workers of New South Wales. When your representative was sufficiently amused by the brutality of the armed thugs he called a taxi and drove away. Why not have done with these puppets who haven't sufficient brains to make out a report to present on their return, but are compelled to use the brains and knowledge of another member of your class, and table it as their own.

C.E.L.

## Huntly!

Forty-five miners have been incarcerated at Huntly, N.Z. They have been callously murdered by a gang of the most rascally pirates who ever scuttled a ship, a gang of dividend drawing sharks to whom naught is sacred save their bank balances, a gang of patriotic bank shouters, who grab their blood tinged gold from the tears and sorrows of widows, the hunger and desolation of orphans.

How long are ye workers of N.Z. going to empty the glittering accumulation at the feet of the Allison and the Ralphs? How long are ye going to pay tribute in sweat, blood and life to this loathsome brood?

Are ye men that ye allow your brothers to be slaughtered like sheep in the pithing pen? Arise, and exact in private property, in ised effort, for some slight recompense for our murdered class brothers.

Arise, ye workers!  
Shoo the boss off the job.

## Wellington, N.Z.

This Local has been having a trying time lately as it has lost most of its active members, who have had to leave Wellington for economic reasons. Fellow workers Hanlon and Staines have left for a trip through the United States and Mexico, from which we expect them to return in a year's time.

The local has had to curtail its activities considerably on account of the war, as the plugs prefer to hang round the Evening Ghost office and read the war junk stuck up on the board. Probably, they will wake up when they find the patriotic boss begins to cut down their pay envelope, which is inevitable, seeing that there is already over 1,000 unemployed in Wellington.

One gratifying feature of the war is that the scabs and special constables are going to the front. The S.D.P. are intent upon a victory at the ballot box, and rumour hath it that direct actionist and saboteur are likely to be bedeviled by the vote worshippers.

Nothing has been heard of the S.D.P. reps. in Parliament yet denouncing the war, but I suppose that is due to the fact that there is a plank in the platform which provides for military training (probably for shooting Social Democrats of other countries) it is not surprising.

H. J. Wrixon, Sec. Treas.

## Sydney.

The activities of this local have been hampered slightly of late by rain. The Domain meeting was abandoned on Sunday, the 13th of Sept., but at night a large meeting was held at Bathurst-street, which was followed by a meeting in the Hall at Castlereagh-street.

Mrs. Katz was the lecturer, and she dealt with her subject, "Woman: Past, Present and Future," in a convincing, and interesting manner. We hope for another lecture at an early date.

Generally, propaganda is going on very satisfactorily; literature and paper sales are very good. An influx of Broken Hill members have arrived, as things are very bad on the Barrier on account of the closing down of the mines.

## A Letter to the Editor.

Fellow Worker,—I trust that you will give me space in "Direct Action" to give your readers my impressions of so-called unionism. Craft unions are mere fallacies, as no doubt thousands of workers are realising to-day, and it is only compulsion that makes me take out my union ticket.

For some time I have been employed by the Australian Gas Company. As soon as the war broke out, word was passed round that all men were to be placed on half time during the crisis.

A special meeting was called to be held at the Trades' Hall, at which it was agreed unanimously that we should share and share alike. This was done for a month during which time we worked week about, until some of the "seniors" kicked up rough, and said that they were entitled to the whole loaf instead of half of it. Another meeting was then held, at which it was decided that senior men should be kept on constant, which means that 400 of us "juniors"—as they term us—are cast on the streets without a job.

But there is one gratifying thing before us. Industrial Unionism is the talk of the hour among the workers, and I feel certain that is getting a strong hold as our class begin to realise more and more that it is the only type of unionism that can emancipate them.

Capitalism has been top-dog too long, let us go forward with a determination to win, let us break the shackles of tyranny that have enslaved us, and declare with a common voice, "Industrial Unionism for ever."

A.H.S.

## His Master's Voice.

The oracle has spoken! He hath lifted up his voice, and reiterated with embellishments the pained screams of His Master's editors, the frenzied howls for blood of His Master's pulpiteers.

His Master spoke, he mastered the words and parrot-like he spoke again and again.

He took His Master's voice to the Trades' Hall, and secure in the possession of His Master's political job, the applause of His Master's press, and the cheers of His Master's hypnotised subjects, he announces that Australia will give 100,000 men to murder other men in the interest of His Master.

Self hypnotised, he cannot understand why Socialists and Industrialists should not be loyal to His Master. He cannot understand how anyone could be meanly, unless he worshipped at the shrine of His Master.

They wound him up on a political job, boosted him for 30,000 meek eyed thralls to vote for, gave him the name of Senator, termed him "sane." And so the green-eyed cockle, spruiketh at the Trades' Hall His Master's gas, patriotically saith his little say, and earns his hard earned pay.

The decoy duck is ever worth its coat of paint, the bell-wether a fulsome feed, the oracle His Master's political job.

But woe unto thee, Sir Oracle, the Industrial Union is seeking Thy Master's power, and in the day of triumph, the strong will split open the worm-eaten skulls of the slyphocants, and throw their loathsome carcasses to the dogs.

—TOM BARKER.

## Important.

Fellow workers and locals are invited to send in reports of activities, news pars, and short snappy articles. Above all, don't send long, windy articles about nothing in particular, as the writers are bound to be disappointed. Anything of a personal nature will not be entertained, although criticism is always welcomed. The first idea of the organisation is to propagate the tactics and structure of the I.W.W. and, therefore, necessarily, this paper will express those ideas primarily.

Should any subscribers fall to receive acknowledgment of their subscriptions the receipt of "DIRECT ACTION" will be equivalent to such.

Should any subscriber not receive his paper he should immediately notify Manager, 330 Castlereagh-street.

On the expiration of subscriptions the number of the last issue due subscribers will appear on the wrapper of the paper

## How to Join.

Any wage worker wishing to join the Industrial Workers of the World can obtain information by applying to the nearest local I.W.W. secretary. If there is no branch of the I.W.W. in your district you may become a member by making application through the post to any secretary listed in the paper.

Do you agree to abide by the constitution

Will you diligently study its principles and make yourself acquainted with its purposes?

Name  
 Occupation  
 Industry  
 Street Address  
 City  
 State

The above applicant, having subscribed to the principles of the preamble, and having answered in the affirmative to the questions, expresses his desire to become a member of the Industrial Workers of the World, and is therefore recommended for membership.

To Local Union No.

Initiation

By

Cut this out, fill in. Post to Sec. Treas., with Initiation Fee.

## N.Z. STRIKE PRISONERS.

All the strike prisoners in Wellington have been released, with the exception of Edward Colclough, Albert Anderson, Tony Stuparich

## Literature in Stock.

- Capital: Karl Marx, 3 volumes, per vol. 8s.  
 Value Price and Profit: Marx, bound 2s. paper 6d.  
 Sabotage: Pouget, bound 2s, paper 1s.  
 Right of the Lazy: Lafargue, bound 2s, paper 6d.  
 Militant Proletariat: Lewis, bound 2s.  
 The Evolution of Property: Lafargue, bound 2s.  
 The New Unionism: Tridon, paper 1s 8d.  
 Mr. Block Cartoons: Rilbe, paper 8d.  
 One Big Union: Trautmann, paper 6d.  
 I.W.W. Songs: 64 songs of rebellion, paper 6d.  
 Eleven Blind Leaders: Williams, paper 3d.  
 I.W.W.: History, Structure and Methods: St. John, paper 3d.  
 The Revolutionary I.W.W.: Perry, paper 3d.  
 Revolution and the I.W.W.: Pease, paper 3d.  
 How Capitalism has Hypnotised Society: Brown, paper 3d.  
 Song Book: Australian Edition, 15 Songs, paper 2d.  
 Social General Strike: Roller, paper 2d.  
 Direct Action v. Legislation: Smith, paper 2d.  
 Sabotage: W. C. Smith, paper 3d.  
 Economics of Labour: Quelch, paper 2d.  
 Summary of Marx's "Capital": paper 2d.  
 Anti-Patrolism: Gustave Hervé, paper 2d.  
 Economic Discontent: paper 2d.  
 How to Overcome the High Cost of Living: Dougherty, paper 1d.  
 Industrial Union Methods: Trautmann, paper 1d.  
 Wage-Labour and Capital: Marx, paper 1d.  
 An Appeal to the Young: Kropotkin, paper 1d.  
 Chunks of I.W.W.ism: A.H., paper 1d.  
 "Solidarity": I.W.W. American Organ: Subscription, 7s 6d per annum, posted: Single copies, 2d.  
 "The Voice of the People": The Lumberjack's I.W.W. organ: Subscription, 7s 6d per annum, posted: Single copies, 2d.

Look out for "Hunger," a play, by Ben Legere, in three acts. Will be off the press shortly.

Postage paid on all orders of 1/- or over.

Lit. Sec., I.W.W. Local No. 2, 330 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

and Pat Hassett. Get busy, you "Direct Action" brigade, use the wooden shoe—the old sabot—and make it a costly experience for the class who are keeping them away from their friends and families.



# The Diesel Motor.

## It's Economic Significance.

By Barbara Lily Frankenthal.

### From the International Socialist Review.

Day by day more of the work of the world is taken up by machinery. In a bulletin recently issued by the U.S. Government, it is estimated that four and one-half million factory hands of the United States turn out a product equal to the hand labor of forty-five million men.

This means that 90 per cent. of the work in the factories is done by machinery, or that one man, with the help of machines, is enabled to produce ten times more than he needs; in other words, to satisfy the wants of one man for one day, a factory worker requires only one hour, instead of ten, as he is working now. For whom does he work the remaining nine hours?

The bankers, brokers, merchants, soldiers and the whole gang of parasites do not produce one day's need in their whole lifetime; they make money, but do not create wealth. But, one might say, the capitalists furnish the machines. But it was the steel mill workers, who did that. The capitalists keep them alive while they are building the machines and then take the machines away from the workers, by power of police, if necessary.

But to come back to the story. A very large part of the machinery in use, is driven by steam power, which means largely coal power, and both the getting and the burning of this coal involves a terrible waste of human labor.

First the coal is dug from the mines, where one third of it is lost or left in such shape that it cannot be used. After being brought to daylight, it is shipped by railroads or ships, sometimes thousands of miles before it comes to the steam engine. Here it is shoveled and burned beneath the boiler to transform the water into steam, by which operation perhaps 90 per cent. of the heat escapes unused through the chimneys.

The steam is led into the cylinder to give the piston the to and fro movement through its expansive energy, thereby turning the power wheel. It so happens that ordinarily not more than five per cent. of the stored energy in the coal becomes available for human needs. Even the finest quadruple-expansion engines with all the modern devices for superheated steam, etc., to augment their capacity, do not use more than 15 per cent.

By far a greater advance is represented by the gas engines, in which, by first turning the coal into gas and then exploding this in the motors, more than double the amount of energy now becomes available. In the best types of gas engines the yield rises as high as 25 per cent.; and in Germany the residual products from turning the coal into gas far more than pay the cost of doing this, so that the gain is clear. But all this is commercially feasible only in the great manufacturing centres and the cities, and, consequently, the gas engine, in spite of the great saving it achieves, has yet but a restricted field.

For quite other reasons the same is true of the gasoline, benzine and similar motors such as are used in automobiles. Here the price of petrol is almost prohibitive for commercial purposes and has become increasingly so with the enormous extension of the use of motor cars.

However, we are now on the eve of a new epoch in this line through the invention of Dr. Rudolph Diesel, the German engineer, who so mysteriously disappeared last October on his voyage to England.

It is now 20 years since Dr. Diesel published the first sketch of his remarkable theory and of the motor which was to realise his idea. The motor is simplicity itself. Every schoolboy knows that if air is compressed very sharply it becomes hot and can be used to ex-

plode powder, etc., in a tube. Dr. Diesel's plan was to use the stroke of the piston to compress a considerable volume of air into a very small space, so as to put it under a very high pressure; and at the instant the pressure reached a maximum, to force into this chamber a jet of vaporized oil. The compression was to be so high that the air would instantly ignite the oil and burn it under highly favorable conditions. It is a true burning, and not an explosion, as in the ordinary gasoline motor of the automobiles. His idea was taken up by some of the engine works in Germany, but it required fully four years to effect a commercial device. The superiority of the new motor was evident from the first. Actually it realised a full third of the theoretical heat energy of the oil, and this latter did not need to be gasoline or other expensive essence, but could be ordinary crude oil, such as comes out of the earth. The device is self-igniting, requires no auxiliary system and little or no attention.

It was soon found, however, that the new motor had to be made with exceptional care, and that, therefore, the cost of its development for commercial use was high. The fact that capitalists are not interested in progress as such, but in profit, explains why it is that, in spite of the great economies it achieves, the Diesel motor is now only becoming widely known.

In Germany, at the current price of crude oil, the Diesel motor produces power at a rate from a quarter to a half cent. per horse-power-hour. In the United States the cost is rather less. This is far beyond the economy of any other form of engine, and four or five times cheaper than the ordinary steam engine. Its only concurrent is waterpower, and waterpower is not everywhere available, and often requires a heavy outlay that it may be utilised. Crude oil on the other hand may be shipped and stored much more easily than coal, and the supply of it is very large and widely distributed over the earth.

The escaping hot gas from the Diesel motor can be employed for heating, and the by-products which can be obtained from it will, it is estimated, under proper conditions, more than cover the cost of the original fuel, so that the Diesel motor promises to rival the waterfall in figure as a producer of the world's power. Like the waterfall, it will, under the most favorable conditions, mean that the expense will be simply the fixed charges of a plant and the cost of maintenance.

It is already evident that the Diesel motor will largely displace steam and this will first make itself felt upon the ships, not merely because it realises four or five times the power from the amount or volume of fuel, but it only occupies, together with the motor, about a quarter of the space required for a steam engine and its boilers and coal bunkers. This new motor has been successfully tried on railroad locomotives and experiments are under way with a view to introduce it for driving automobiles. Most of the leading engine works in Europe have taken up the construction of the Diesel motor in all sizes. A large number of middle sized ships and various municipal power plants are already driven by it. In the United States a powerful company has just been organized for the purpose of constructing these motors, and the General Petroleum Company in California is going to erect a plant in San Francisco for the construction of motor ships for the coastwise trade, which, of course, will force the owners of steamers to follow.

Indeed, the development of the crude-oil and coal-tar industry has been so rapid that the running of a Diesel motor may become a

source of profit sufficient to cover all charges, and will actually mean power without cost. Consider what this will mean when, at no distant day, nine-tenths of the work of the world will be done by machines operated free of expense! What the Diesel Motor Means to

### the Unskilled Laborer.

Unskilled labor is synonymous with cheap manual labor. Why is it cheap labor? Because it is worth little? No, quite the contrary; all the brains of the world could not accomplish anything without the manual, executive labor. It is the creative part of work, while brain effort is the directive one. What is the use of a man that has superior brain and excellent ideas, but no arms to bring them into reality?

The low valuation of manual labor has no original basis. The workers, not having free access to either the sources or the means of production of wealth, are compelled to sell their labor power at the market price. The market price of any commodity is determined by the cost of production of that commodity, varying somewhat according to the relation of supply to demand. The market price of labor power is determined by the cost of production of that labor power, not by the production of that labor's product. Unskilled or manual labor is cheapest everywhere because there are so many who have a chance to do that kind of work, as there is nothing to learn. If so many had a chance to become lawyers, the municipal lodging houses would be besieged by lawyers. As to the cheapness of production, the labor power of the Diesel motor leaves everything far behind. A Chinese laborer in China receives about 10 cents for a day's work, because it does not require more to keep him alive. One horse power of the Diesel motor turns out at least three or four times the amount of the work of the Chinese laborer for sixty minutes every hour and twenty-four hours every day, without grumbling, rest or sleep, and all this for 10 cents. All the "Diesel motor man" requires is a little oil for his stomach and a little bit of oil for his joints; he never strikes, nor does he care for holidays. This machine requires no food when out of work. In short, this is indeed a "willing and loyal" worker for the employer.

To give an idea of the fearful competition of the Diesel motor, one must imagine an invasion of hordes of strong and tireless men from an unknown country that are willing to work incessantly for twenty-four hours every day for about 10 cents. Wherever there is work done by a gang that possibly can be done by machine power, the "Diesel motor men" will take it away from the unskilled laborers, those extravagant gentlemen who ask a fair wage for a fair day's work.

### To Firemen and Machinists.

Fireman? The Diesel motor will fire him. It has no use for firemen, no more than it has for coal-passers. A turn of the valve of the oil-supply pipe is all that is necessary to do away with the dangerous work of the firemen and coal-passers.

The motor itself is so simple and so well regulated that trained machinists can be dispensed with. While they might be preferred, the number of their jobs will be greatly reduced. So, for instance, in the engine and boiler-rooms of these big modern ocean steamers about 300 to 400 coal-passers, firemen and machinists, are now employed. If Diesel motors are installed, thirty or forty machinists and helpers will be amply sufficient to run them.

To be concluded in our next issue.

## Broken Hill News.

### "I.W.W. Exodus."

There has been a great deal of unemployment on the Barrier, due to the war, and the closing down of the mines. Many cases of distress were reported, and the unemployed set up an Unemployed Committee after they discovered that the politicians and the A.M.A. did not intend taking any steps to alleviate the poverty.

At an I.W.W. meeting, the organisation was asked to assist by their militant tactics in obtaining results.

A demonstration was held subsequently outside the Trades' Hall, at which it was given out that the water had been turned off at several working class homes by the Water Company. A body of men immediately obtained picks and shovels, marched to the mains, and turned on the water again.

After this had been done, word came through that a woman had had her furniture seized by a hire purchase merchant, and that the sale was taking place at South Broken Hill. The large crowd immediately captured a tram car, and proceeded to the sale, which was suddenly stopped when the crowd arrived. The merchant, knocking at the knees, released the furniture, and gave an undertaking not to molest the woman any more while the war is on.

Cases of distress also came before the Committee, who promptly notified leading grocers to attend to the wants of those in trouble. By the persuasion of a large crowd of unemployed, the cockroaches became quite amenable.

The Unemployed Committee, and its militant backbone became such a nuisance to the Mayor and the authorities, that the benevolent Labor Government decided to provide a special train to convey 500 out of town.

At first, they wanted the men to pay the fares, but a little persuasion convinced the Tin Gods that they meant business.

A large percentage of the miners that left the Hill by train, were members of the I.W.W., and all the way enroute to Sydney, the cookies, and "way backs" were treated to a lusty rendering of "Longhaired Preachers" and "Hallelujah."

At Tarlee the boys scared jimmy out of the railway officials as they swept into the refreshment room and took charge.

Further down the line, the porters locked the doors so that the miners couldn't get out, but as the train crept into the next station they hopped out of the windows.

At Melbourne, some of the boys got lost for a while, and the boys sabotaged the department by holding up the train for a hour and a quarter, until they turned up.

At various places on the line, the country people mistook the train load for soldiers, and cheered, and waved flags, which didn't raise any enthusiasm amongst the miners, but many curses.

The train was stopped four times between Melbourne and Sydney, as a little sabotage.

During the trip, the authorities started to feed the mob on shoddy tucker, but after burying a waiter with stale pies, the food took a turn for the better at the next stations.

At one station the Starvation Army was holding a meeting, and had a shock when 500 rebels flew off the train with their song books and started to hold an I.W.W. meeting, with songs and choruses.

The bulk of the men are still in Sydney, and as soon as things get lively here, they will bring their "Direct Action" philosophy to play, towards waking up the employing class, in general, and the Labor politicians in particular.

And, by the way, I.W.W. songs are becoming the rage, and a movement that evolves its own songs is worth while and some count.

Many of the Broken Hill I.W.W. are left there, some are in Sydney and Melbourne, whilst F. W.'s McMillan and Christensen and others have gone to West Australia, to start locals over in the Sunny West.

This scattering of the rebel clan will give a great impetus to the One Big Union propaganda in the land

of the Southern Cross. Go to it boys, you have captured Broken Hill and Port Pirie, lets turn our attention to every camp, mine, factory and farm in Australia, and by direct action and militant tactics make our movement be feared by boss and Labor politician alike. McDUFF.

### PORT PIRIE.

Things are very slack owing to the war, but as soon as things get a little worse, we will stir up the powers that be. Militant tactics and Direct Action gets the goods.



### Adelaide Activities.

Meets every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock, at Oddfellows' Hall, Mooltan-street, off Flinders-street.

Educational classes are held each alternate Wednesday, and all workers are requested to attend.

The fee for membership is 2/6. Dues 1/- per month.

Slaves interested in bettering their conditions should attend our open-air meetings, which are held opposite Cowells, Victoria Square every Saturday night.

Any further information desired will be furnished on request by H. T. KELLY, Secy., 13 Wilcox-street, Adelaide. Up-to-date Library and Reading-Room

### List of Locals.

Adelaide Local No. 1: H. Clarke, Secy. Treasurer, 105 Gilles St., Adelaide, S.A.

Sydney Local No. 2: J. B. King, Secy. Treasurer, 330 Castlereagh St., Sydney.

Broken Hill Local No. 3: A. O'Malley, Sec. Treasurer, Sulphide St., Broken Hill, N.S.W.

Port Pirie Local No. 4: T. Cherrington, Secy. Treasurer, Ellen St., Port Pirie, S.A.

### N.Z. LOCALS.

Auckland Local No. 1: G. Phillips, Secy. Treasurer, Kings Chambers, Queen St., Auckland.

Christchurch Local No. 2: E. Kear, Secy. Treasurer, Madras St., Christchurch.

Dunedin Local No. 3: Wellington Local No. 4: F. Hanlon, Sec. Treasurer, 21 Pipitea St., Wellington, N.Z.

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