



VOL. 3, NO.75

Registered at The General Post-office Sydney, For Transmission By Posts as a Newspaper.

SYDNEY, June 17 1916. ONE PENNY

Set Barker Free.

Representatives from the I.W.W. visited Tom Barker at Parramatta Gaol last week. Barker looks well and seems to be in the best of spirits. It takes more than the environment of a capitalist bastille to damp the spirits of a working class rebel. Lynx-eyed warders, of course, were present, and matters pertaining to his case were not allowed to be discussed. Barker, however, appeared to be optimistic with regard to his release in the near future. Let's see to it that his confidence in the working class has not been misplaced. Agitation and publicity by word and action are what are needed. Barker is not whining about his sentence and is "doing his bit" cheerfully and with a brave heart. It is all the more incumbent, therefore, on those militants who are OUTSIDE the walls of the prison to do theirs. "An injury to one should be the concern of all."

Resolutions and protests have failed once more in this case, as they nearly always do. "An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth," should henceforth be the maxim of the I.W.W., as of all other class-conscious workers, until Barker is again free.

Commenting on the circular sent by the Minister for Defence to the various organisations which have protested in the case, the "Navy" of June 6, says:—

TOM BARKER AND SENATOR PEARCE.

"We publish below copy of a letter received from Senator Pearce in reply to one of protest sent along by us against the sentence of twelve months' imprisonment conferred upon Fellow-worker Tom Barker.

"Senator Pearce admits that he alone must authorise proceedings. Just so. But after carefully reading Mr. Pearce's letter, this writer can only come to the conclusion that Mr. Pearce is attempting to apologise for a wrong committed.

"In any case this writer is prepared to say that having had more military experience than Senator Pearce will ever have, Tom Barker should be allowed to criticise current events. Why not? Has Mr. Pearce read Federal Hansard? If he has, why doesn't he get to work on some of his fellow-Senators? Say, Ferricks. Or again, he could start on "M.H.R. Yates, of Adelaide, who quoted an article from Glasgow 'Forward,' which was reprinted in the leading Labor weekly paper of New South Wales.

"Many people, besides this writer, are of the same opinion as Tom Barker. This writer is prepared to send newspapers containing facts more shocking than ever have appeared in 'Direct Action.'"

The following letter has been received from the Federated Mining Employees' Association of Australia, Lyell Branch:—

Gormanston (Tas.),

June 5, 1916.

Mr. T. Glynn,
Secretary Barker Defence Committee,
Haymarket, Sydney.

Dear Sir,—I have been instructed to forward you the following resolution that was carried at special meetings of the Lyell branch F.M.E.A. of Australia; also to inform you that copies of the same have been sent to the Minister of Defence, and the member for Darwin, King O'Malley.

RESOLUTION.

"That this organisation protests against the incarceration of Tom Barker and Louis Klausen, for committing no other crime than telling the Truth, and calls upon the Federal Labor Government to liberate the above-mentioned, also demanding of King O'Malley to work to this end, as it is the duty of a Labor Government to preserve and not curb the liberties of the working class."

Yours in unity,

(Signed) E. SKILLERN,
Secretary.

Speeding up on the job means increased profits for master and increased unemployment amongst wage workers. Slow down.

'Boring From Within'

Last week we examined (in order to ascertain the possibilities of success for the I.W.W. in "boring from within" the craft unions) the constitution and objectives of the Typographical Association and the Federated Storemen and Packers' Union of N.S.W.

We will now take (having the same purpose in view) the objectives of the Amalgamated Railway and Tramway Service Association of N.S.W.

On the cover of its rule-book it imprints the striking legend: "All men are brethren!" This clearly shows that the I.W.W. is in error in postulating a Class Struggle. The first clause of the I.W.W. preamble states: "The working-class and the employing class have nothing in common." This does not square with the "brotherhood of man" theory as propounded by the A.R.T.S.A. Consequently the latter organisation will be much obliged if the I.W.W. will kindly delete the first clause of its preamble.

The A.R.T.S.A. is registered under the Trade Union Act, 1881, and the Industrial Arbitration Act, 1912.

Among the objectives of this association is the following:—"To secure to every member the full results of his or her industry by a consistent and complete industrial organisation, by the industrial and economic education of members, and by every legitimate means."

This seems to be in advance of the objectives of many unions. Most union members are so warm-hearted and generous that they do not seem to care whether they get the full results of their labour or not, but would far rather the boss took the major portion. The boss, always willing to oblige, does not disappoint them in this respect.

The A.R.T.S.A. aims then to secure to every member the full results of his or her industry (labour?) by a consistent and complete industrial organisation . . . and by every legitimate means. In the F.S.P.U. objectives, quoted last week, we bumped up against the same insistence that the means adopted for Labour's emancipation must be "legitimate." (These craft unions seem to copy one from another.) If by "legitimate" is meant "legal" means, we are afraid that the boss's law cannot be stretched and strained to give the A.R.T.S.A. the full results of its industry. So long as the last-named organisation is content to creep and crawl to the boss's law, it cannot have a "consistent and complete" industrial organisation; it cannot "educate its members, industrially and economically"; and its so-called "legitimate means" are a delusion and a snare!

Think of a working-class organisation, robbed at the point of production of from one-fifth to two-thirds of what it produces, insisting that the means adopted for stopping this robbery be "legitimate!"

Truly has it been stated that the working-class of modern times is the most servile and degraded known to history. Chattel-slaves were kings and conquerors compared to modern "wage slaves."

The objectives of the A.R.T.S.A. go on to yearn legitimately to secure a "shorter working day." Well, why not take it? No power on earth can make the association work eight hours if it will only work six! As the old proverb says: "You may lead an ass to the water, but you cannot make him drink."

To "take" a shorter working day would not, however, be "legitimate." It is only "legitimate" when the boss "gives" it. As the boss never will "give" until he is compelled, and as the A.R.T.S.A. never can acquire the necessary power "legitimately," we arrive at a deadlock which makes (so far as securing the full results of 'industry' go) the A.R.T.S.A.'s objectives not worth the paper they are printed upon!

However, there is still hope, for the A.R.T.S.A. advocates the "establishment of One Big Union for all railway and tramway employees." "Transport," however, as defined by the I.W.W., covers much more than rail and tramway traffic. For one thing, it embraces "marine" transportation. In this respect, the brains of the A.R.T.S.A. are out-

classed by men with wider views, and who understand far better the necessities of Labour organisation!

The objectives of the A.R.T.S.A. go on to "collect, collate and disseminate information calculated to improve the efficiency of members as workers in the railway and tramway services." Here we have further evidence of the "crawling" tactics of this organisation. To collect information, not to aid in securing members' industrial emancipation, but to make them more efficient workers. Somebody please pin a card on to the A.R.T.S.A.:—"Please kick me!"

This organisation goes on to "promote industrial peace and efficiency by all amicable means, including conciliation and arbitration." Ha! ha! I.W.W.! Where now is your Class Struggle? What price "Direct Action" and "Sabotage" now? Let us promote industrial peace and efficiency by all means, for we receive only from one-fifth to one-third of what we produce!

The final objective of the A.R.T.S.A. is another piece of unconscious irony:—"And generally in industrial matters to assist the workers of all classes by every legitimate means in their struggle for industrial emancipation." Hitherto we have laboured under the belief that there is only one working class. The above organisation might "assist" that class by scrapping its union objectives, and organising upon industrial union lines!

Well, I have finished my examination of the A.R.T.S.A.'s notions of the Class War! R.I.P.—I seem to have been in a graveyard, scanning the inscriptions on tombstones! God help labour when these are the "objectives" of unions! God help the children! Does not the A.R.T.S.A. know that you can't have omelettes without breaking eggs? No Class War, no securing the full result of industry! This "peace at any price" "union" reminds one of the old rhyme:—

"Mother, may I go out to swim?"

"Yes, my darling daughter;

Hang your clothes on a hickory limb,

"But don't go near the water."

The A.R.T.S.A. wants to swim in the "full results of industry" without going near the troubled waters of the Class War! Can't be done, A.R.T.S.A.! Men of much higher brain-power than is evidenced in the composition of your "objectives" have tried that game, but without success. Be Men, not Mice! Don't "crawl" and "creep" to the boss, but stand erect in the dignity of your manhood! Might is Right! Remember

"The good old rule, the simple plan,

That they shall take who have the power,

And they shall keep who can!"

You have the power, properly organised, to "take" all you produce. Your work is not to promote industrial efficiency, not to rely upon conciliation and arbitration, but to so improve your industrial organisation that the preponderance of power shall be upon your side! Then let the boss keep your produce if he can! Get to it, A.R.T.S.A.! "You have nothing to lose but your chains: you have a world to gain!"

A. E. BROWN.

DEMONSTRATION AGAINST CONSCRIPTION.

Mr. T. C. Miller, a representative from the Trade Union Congress which recently assembled in Melbourne to consider the question of conscription, is at present in Sydney on propaganda bent.

A mass meeting is to be held in the Sydney Domain on Sunday next, 18th inst., which will be addressed by speakers from various trade unions, the I.W.W., and the Socialist Party. Resolutions against Conscription are to be submitted to the meeting, which is expected to be one of the largest ever held in the Domain. Workers, roll up and lodge your protest. The danger of Conscription is very real, and is threatening to destroy the few remnants of liberty which the workers possess.

Why do the conscriptionist parsons and pulpiter cut the word "not" out of the 11th Commandment? Christ only knows!

'Direct Action' And The Post-office.

Last week attention was drawn to the non-delivery of "Direct Action" to subscribers. Since then numerous complaints have come to hand. From the number of these complaints which have come in from the Metropolitan area and letters arriving from country districts, it is quite clear that "our" democratic Labor Government is again at the bottom of some scheme to down I.W.W. propaganda.

We know that I.W.W. propaganda is "objectionable" from the standpoint of exploiters and politicians. If it were not so there would be little justification and less sense in continuing it. But while this is so it may be pertinently asked why exploiters and politicians raise such a deafening howl on the score of sabotage when they themselves are such adepts at the gentle art. For the P.O. authorities—no doubt at the instigation of "higher-ups"—to accept money for postage on papers which they never intended to deliver, is an example of sabotage which, unfortunately, the great majority of wage-slaves have not yet learned to imitate where THEIR interests are concerned.

The oftener these examples of Sabotage occur, however, the greater is their tendency to incite suggestions for retaliation. Perhaps it would be wise for those responsible to remember that Sabotage is a powerful muzzler, but one which fits any dog.

The 'Sun's' Advice.

"The workman must give up thinking or saying that he does not care a row of beans what profit the business returns. He is taught by more blitheresome and astuter men than himself to take the wall-eyed view that 'increased profit is no good to him, because it all goes to the boss.'—Sydney 'Sun.' Quite so; the worker must give up "thinking or saying" anything which does not harmonise with what the capitalist press would like to have him think and say, even if the latter is against all his personal experience as well as his common sense." "Direct Action" will present the largest leather medal in Sydney to the working class organisation which is prepared to come forward and say that the boss has ever shared up his "increased profits" with its members. Failing that, the "Sun" might start a referendum on the subject and get the average worker's experience on the matter. To begin with, it might start with the slaves of the Shipping Companies. After that it might go on with the large industrial, commercial and financial establishments in Sydney where juvenile and female labor is sweated on starvation wages while profits and dividends are gloriously soaring. If the "Sun" is still convinced that these workers are taking a "wall-eyed" view of the matter, it might take a glance at the munition factories in Great Britain, where slaves of all ages and both sexes are slaving from 80 to 100 hours per week for a mere living wage, while shareholders are making fortunes in a week. Yes, no doubt it would admirably suit exploiters and their press if the workers would think of nothing but WORK, and say nothing but the Lord's prayer. "At present," adds the "Sun," "they are too often persuaded that industrial dishonesty is admissible." The "Sun" knows that the boss doesn't need any persuasion on that score.

If you are satisfied with "Direct Action," why not get a subscriber?

Build up the sub. list, fellow-workers. It is the nucleus of the One Big Union in Australia.

Slow down on the job and don't scab on the unemployed.

DIRECT ACTION Holman At The Barrier



WEEKLY
OFFICIAL ORGAN
of the
INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF
THE WORLD.
(Australian Administration)

Office: 403 Sussex Street, Sydney,
Australia.

Editor: Thos. Glynn.
Manager: J. B. King.

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.

'The Greatest Curse.'

"The I.W.W. is the greatest curse of any country." So saith Melbourne "Argus," recently, or, at least, it falsely attributed that statement to a member of the Federal Parliament, reference to which is made elsewhere in these columns. The "Argus," however, believes the statement, and is right—from its point of view.

After all what is "a country?" A portion of the planet separated from the rest only by an imaginary geographical boundary; so when the "Argus" speaks of the I.W.W. or anything or anybody being "a curse" to inert matter, we know it must mean something else.

The I.W.W. then is the greatest curse to whom or to what?

Let us see.
In each of these "countries" there is a society composed of two classes—the laboring class and the non-laboring class, producers and non-producers, the class which produces all material wealth and those who "toil not neither do they spin." Now, those of the former class must naturally be a blessing to the "country," for without their labor society could not exist; and as all members of the I.W.W. belong to this class, what does the "Argus" mean when it says we are a curse? Obviously, a curse to the class which the "Argus" represents and the whole horde of political, judicial, professional, and journalistic parasites who help to perpetuate the system upon which that class thrives.

The I.W.W. then, according to their point of view, is a "curse," a "pest," a "disgrace," a "menace," and what-not—and in that fact lies the justification for the I.W.W.'s existence.

Unlike the great mass of workers out of whose toil and suffering the supporters and admirers of the "Argus" derive all material blessings, the members of the I.W.W. refuse to allow themselves to be caught in the mesh of metaphysical abstractions, such as "country," "nation," "community," "state," etc., which the capitalist press so dearly loves to enlarge upon. They think in terms of class interests, and act in accordance therewith. They declare that parasites are a curse, a pest, and a menace to what is called the social organism (another abstraction, by the way), just as the same filthy phenomena are a curse to the physical organism. They have declared their intention to educate their class up to the same mental outlook, and will spare no pains, adopt any methods, calculated to achieve the end in view, namely, the destruction of parasitism.

Yes, the I.W.W. is a curse to what the "Argus" conceives as the "country"; and a curse it intends to remain until the day it develops such force and strength that it will blast the system for which the "Argus" stands to economic damnation. Incidentally, we are grateful to the "Argus" for its tribute of praise.

Beware when the master class speaks of a "prosperous" Australia. It is what the burglar means when he looks forward to a successful season.

"Barrier Miner," of May 31, in its leading article made a vicious attack on the I.W.W. for the reception it accorded Premier Holman on his recent visit there. The article is too long to quote in full, but its nature may be understood by the following letter in reply by Fellow-Worker Ward, which subsequently appeared in "Barrier Daily Truth":—

THE I.W.W. AND THE "MINER."

Sir,—Allow me a little space in your columns to comment briefly upon the leading article of "Barrier Miner" of Wednesday last. I do not for one moment wish it to be thought that I am attempting to disprove the sound logic or to refute the conclusions arrived at by the transcendental genius which inspired the crowning achievement of modern capitalist journalism referred to above. For one to do so would be impossible, to attempt it ridiculous, as I am one of those people who are "intellectually, mentally, and morally too weak and physically too lazy to raise themselves above the lowest stratum in the political or industrial world." Perhaps the ulterior motive which prompts these remarks is that in addition to the above I am, according to the editor of the "Miner," one of those "whose desire is publicity, notoriety, fame, infamy, anything that will make them look big, however ugly in the eyes of their fellowmen"—in fact, a member of the I.W.W. However, to our article, therein our editor makes a confession. He says: "In those centres of intelligence and democracy (from which category Broken Hill is apparently excluded) which have elevated the status of the wage-earner in Australia above the same class in any other country in the world, Broken Hill has a bad name. The bad name aforesaid arises from the misconception that "Broken Hill is populated exclusively by revolutionary Socialists, I.W.W.'s and other people composing ANTI-LABOR political parties disguised thinly as Labor supporters." The capital letters in the preceding quotation are mine, for it must be evident that the "Barrier Miner" is fully qualified to judge as to what is and what is not in the best interests of Labor. The "Barrier Miner's" untiring energy and unflinching devotion to the cause of Labor during the recent 44-hours' trouble is still fresh in the minds of the workers of Broken Hill. One has only to review the recent history of the "Miner" to appraise at its true value this sudden concern for the welfare of Labor. During the recent strike the contents of the "Miner" were so antagonistic to the interests of the strikers that they took steps to impede its circulation; accordingly, when the "Miner" attempts to instruct the workers we should know that such instruction is meant to benefit not the workers but their oppressors. To the I.W.W. is attributed the responsibility for Broken Hill's bad name, and our hearts are glad; for some of us have lived in other parts of Australia and in other countries of the world, and wherever we have gone, Broken Hill has been spoken of as one of the strongholds of militant unionism—a place where injustice has been resisted and working-class advancement taken place more quickly than in other centres referred to above. To the "Miner" this is a bad name; to us it is good—so good, in fact, that I feel tempted to call down the blessings of all the gods on the underserving head of the "Miner's" editor for paying the I.W.W. such a splendid though unintentional compliment. The I.W.W. is accused of doing its best to blacken this community in the eyes of the respectable working men of Australia. The word community in its true sense is not applicable to Broken Hill or any other place in the civilised world to-day. The population of Broken Hill is comprised of two classes—one class composed of workers and another class who live as parasites upon the backs of the workers. The I.W.W. is composed of members of the working class who are out to organise themselves to get power, and kick the exploiting class from off their backs. In my ignorance I do not know what constitutes a "respectable" working man, but I have visions of what constitutes the "Miner's" ideal—a cringing, spiritless thing who is content to submit to any indignity, work all the hours possible for a starvation wage, and when circumstances force him, crawl on his belly into the Arbitration Court, and ask for a little more of what is being stolen from him. Not one word of the article is devoted to an analysis of the principles of the I.W.W., its object and constitution. So limited is the mental capacity of our editor that he confines himself to personal abuse of members of the I.W.W., and abuse of a kind which debars him from criticising anyone else for transgressing the canons of good taste. The editor would do well to familiarise himself with the matter of the mote and the beam, and take a lesson therefrom. I do not intend to descend to personalities anent the editor of the "Miner," although I could do so. For instance, I might call him uncomplimentary things, all of which might be true; but would not prove the efficacy of the I.W.W. form of organisation. In the same way, the editor smoothes the I.W.W. with uncomplimentary epithets and proves nothing, succeeding only in bringing the I.W.W. more

prominently before the workers of Broken Hill. Abuse is not argument, and the I.W.W. is not afraid of investigation—Yours, etc.,

FRANK F. WARD,
I.W.W. Hall,
Broken Hill.

The Spud Cocky's Slaves.

"You ha' eaten our lives and our babes and wives,
And we're told it's your legal share;
But if blood be the price of all your wealth,
Good God! we ha' bought it fair."

—Kipling.

Having bought fairly (?) a lot of wealth for the masters in my 20 odd years of job-chasing round this planet, I claim to know something of the price paid in sweat and blood of body and brain.

In my time I have delved in their mines, dug in their railway cuttings, rotted in their wind-jammers, sweated in their harvest fields, starved in the jungles, and even sweated in their jails. But now having had a go at the potato industry about Bungaree in Victoria, I am satisfied that I have plumbed the depths of wage slavery.

There are two ways of harvesting the succulent tuber, namely, by hand digging with a fork, and by horse drawn machines. In the first case (after buying your own fork in many cases—price 4/6) you will get anything from 6d. to 1s. a bag, according to the crop. If you get up and cook your own breakfast about 5.30 a.m. and work like hell till 6 p.m. (after which you cook your supper) you will have made 6s. or 7s. Have met old men who were making as little as three and four shillings a day. Meat costs 10d. or 11d. a lb. In their cases, spuds boiled in their skins formed their staple item of diet. (Cocky kind: allows you a billy of spuds a day—free!).

For picking up behind a machine the pay is 8s. per day (and of course a billy of spuds) and this is where the efficiency comes in. If there is any sweat hole upon earth more efficient, I would like to see it.

In the paddock in which I had the honor to help keep the farmer and his family, there were four slaves following the machine: myself, another fellow-worker, and two blocks. The paddock was carefully measured off into four equal parts, and this performance was gone through.

At 7 a.m. in a heavy frost, Mr. Cocky mounts his juggernaut, and as he passes up the paddock, each slave in his turn falls in behind with a bag, and from then on till 12 noon, both hands are kept as busy as a clock's hands picking up the spuds. Not two seconds are allowed in which to straighten backs, so scientific is cocky's mode of working, and does a slave stop to light his pipe he falls behind in his task. One hour, 12 to 1 p.m. is allowed in which to run half or one mile to a lousy hut, light a fire boil the billy, bolt some food and rush back to the paddock, there to go through the same performance at the tail of the juggernaut till 6 p.m., at which hour, it now being too dark to see the spuds, slave is released from his bondage.

And let me inform you, fellow-slaves, that of all the slaves I have ever tasted, this is the limit.

Did I hear someone say "Meow?" Well the animal simply can't.

One day, getting real mad, puss flew at the machine and scratched it badly—result, slaves compelled to pass a day in a bug-infested hut, eating up their own tucker without pay till the blacksmith had repaired puss's scratch. Just here I may mention that the cockies lock up their fowls at night and tie a dog to the fowlhouse door; verily, upon occasion the kitten can become a boomerang. However, as far as myself and the other fellow-workers were concerned, the job didn't last long: the juggernaut was often held up at our end of the paddock, and Mr. Cocky compelled to dismount and pick up his own spuds. Growing weary thereat, he sorrowfully parted with the few bob coming to us and informed us that we could not work.

This is the rottenest industry I have ever struck; unorganised, uneducated slaves wander around like travelling scare-crows, seemingly glad to work for little more than tucker. That "little more" they blow in on bad brog at wayside pubs. Bootless, foodless, and half-naked, they are glad of the chance to crawl into the lousy huts provided by the cockies just to earn food and shelter in the cold weather prevailing at this time

of year. Spineless, gutsless, not a kick left in them. In one place, being seven ("wobblers") in number, we made a demand for a higher price per bag for digging, and whilst we argued with cocky, three young slaves stopped in the hut apparently afraid to face the sweater. Our demand not being granted we walked off; immediately the three stiffies crawled out and went on digging at the price we turned down. They afterwards admitted they had only made 5s. a day, and a day of 9 or 10 hours at that.

If ever I am caught around the spud district again, I hope to be, well, conscripted—rather a thousand times would I rot in the capitalist's bastilles than create surplus value for spud cockies. Over the portals of this industry at present can with truth be written, "Abandon hope all ye who enter here."

Yet, who knows?—Some day, even these wretched slaves may wake up to their power, and in their united strength demand at least a living wage. At present they can't afford a sub to "D.A." or having obtained a copy are too tired at night to read it. Still, just as hopeless serfs as these have been educated up to class consciousness; and if any fellow-worker is luckless enough to drift into this field in the future, the light may further spread. There is a vast field of work ahead of us yet (not spud-digging, but organising and educating), so let us gird up our loins for the fight and look to that day when to all grafters we shall be able to sing this refrain:—

You will eat bye and bye,
When you've learned how to cook and to fry,
Chop some wood, 'twill do you good,
And you'll eat in the sweet bye and bye.

—THOMAS O'CONNOR.

I.W.W. Preamble.

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 union; unable to cope with the ever-growing power of the employing class. The trade unions foster a state of affairs which allow 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 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 everyday 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.

FREMANTLE ACTIVITIES.

Hall, 35 Phillamore Street.
Wednesday, 8 p.m., at Hall: Lecture night.

Friday, 8 p.m., at Hall: Economic Class.
Saturday, 8 p.m., at Hall: Business Meeting.

Sunday Afternoon, 3 p.m., Esplanade, Perth: Propaganda.

Local 5 has now a library of up-to-date revolutionary economic working class literature at the Hall, and all rebels after some mental dynamite are invited to blow in and help swell the ranks of the rebel army.

SYDNEY HEADQUARTERS.

All concerned are notified that the address of the Sydney Local is now 403 Sussex Street, Sydney. Correspondence, however, may still be addressed to Box 98, Haymarket.

Barrier Notes.

THURSDAY, June 1.

Things are going along good in Broken Hill, but we have not yet achieved emancipation, despite the fact that we have been honored by a visit from Labor Premier Holman, of which more later.

On Sunday, May 21, F.W. Larkin delivered an address entitled "The Working Class in Irish History," and consequent on F.W. Larkin's popularity, the meeting was held in the Trades Hall, which has three or four times the seating capacity of our own. The Hall was well filled and our fellow-worker handled his subject in masterly fashion, holding his audience right to the end of a lecture which lasted nearly two hours.

In addition to the usual street meetings which are now held on three evenings weekly, a lecture was delivered in the hall by F.W. Ed. Moyle, entitled "Real Working Class Organisation in the Mining Industry." The speaker pointed out the superiority of industrial over craft unionism, real progress towards emancipation was impossible until all workers in all industries concentrated their forces in the One Big Union.

As stated above, Broken Hill has been visited by Labor Premier Holman to whom a civic welcome was given in the Trades Hall, on Tuesday last, May 20th. After several speeches of welcome had been indulged in by representatives of the snobocracy of this city, including, amongst others, such staunch supporters of Labor as the Mine Managers' Association, F.W. McLaughlin, lately from the West, also welcomed Mr. Holman, stating that his welcome would be more cordial if Mr. Holman would pledge himself to assist in bringing about the release of Tom Barker. He was immediately called to order by the Mayor, who was in the chair, and informed that that was not the place for such matters. It turned out eventually that Mr. Holman was ignorant (?) of Tom Barker's incarceration, and also that he was unable to do anything in the matter, which concerned the Federal authorities.

FRANK F. WARD.

THE BISCUIT.

A few issues ago we commented upon the case of Mitchell, late Secretary of the Federated Engine Driver and Firemen's Association, who is now employed by the Broken Hill Proprietary Company as advocate in industrial matters in the Arbitration Court. A more glaring case of treachery on the part of a Union leader is reported in the "Maoriland Worker" in a recent issue.

The President of the Federated Seamen's Union, one Nixon, was actually engaged as assessor by the employers in the Conciliation Court. His position was challenged by the advocate for the Union, but, needless to say, the objection was overruled. What a typical specimen of Union leader Nixon is may be gathered from the address he made to the Court. This working-class champion "considered that the present was not a time for employers and employees to be fighting one another." "When men were at the front fighting for the defence of those who stayed at home, he considered it unwise to increase wages." Another Nixonian gem was that—"They should not take advantage of the absence of their fellow-workers at the front to try and force up wages. He was there to try and protect those who had no one to represent their interests." Presumably, the "unfortunate" bosses.

The history of the treachery of Union officials is one of the blackest in the working-class movement. Usually, however, they had the grace to try and hide their treachery behind at least a pretence of loyalty to the workers' interests. But latest developments would appear to indicate that the Arbitration Court is an institution which enables them to come out and openly "sell" the working class in more senses of the word than one.

The presiding gent in the Arbitration Court remarked in this instance, when overruling the objection to Nixon's appearance, that he (Nixon) was an "honorable man." Yes, of course, most honorable according to the capitalist's interpretation of the word. The Union's advocate withdrew the objection, and "everything in the garden," that is, the Arbitration Court, was lovely. The President of the Seamen's Union is no doubt now pluming his feathers at having earned such a tribute. Meanwhile, shipping companies are multiplying their dividends and the members of the Union

Casey On Industrial

Efficiency.

"P'wat think ye of this new craze for Industrial Efficiency?" sez I to me frind Casey.

"Have iver ye heard the cry of a wolf-pack?" sez he, abrupt like.

"I never have, Casey," sez I with a start, glancing nervously around. "And to tell ye the truth, if I did hear it, I would remove myself to some other spot with immedate haste. But phwy ask ye this?"

"Bekase the cry for Industrial Efficiency is the cry of a wolf when he gits his prey down and bafes his fangs for the death-grip."

"The prey being—" sez I, as a policeman hove in sight.

"The wurking-class," sez Casey. "Av course. Don't they produce the wealth av the wurld?"

"They do that, Casey," sez I. "You and me knows that!"

"Do they get it?" sez Casey.

"They do not," sez I, feeling in me pockets.

"Then, wouldn't it be better to git the wealth we already produce, before projecting extry?" sez he.

"It would that," sez I.

"The wurking-class is efficient on ivery day but pay-day," sez Casey. "It produces a sufficiency all the while, and receives a deficiency on Saturday."

"More wages, Casey?" sez I.

"The immedate problem is to git rid av the unemployed," sez Casey. "P'wat good would a rise of wages do ye, and how long could ye keep it, with all these unemployed yammering at the gate?"

"How can we git rid of the unemployed?" sez I.

"Kill 'em off," sez Casey.

"P'WHATT?" sez I.

"Did iver ye hear how they killed Billy the Beggar?" sez Casey.

"I never did," sez I.

"Billy the Beggar, ye understand, was a great cadger. He used to cadge from a certain nobleman. At last the nobleman got vixed, and employed a man to put Billy out av the way, if ye please. Whiles after the nobleman met the assassin, and he sez to him, sez he: 'Did ye kill Billy?'

"I did that," sez the assassin; 'Billy the Beggar is now dead, and niver will trouble yer honour agen!'

"How—how did ye kill him?" sez his honour, while to the lips. 'I got holt av your honour's cash-box,' sez the assassin, 'and the money in it I give to Billy, and so turned 'Billy the Beggar' into 'Billy the Gentleman!'

"Similarly, the way to git rid av the unemployed is to sit them to wurk."

"There ain't enough jobs already to go round, Casey," sez I.

"Thin stretch thin and make thin go round," sez he. "Rejoice your working-day by so many hours, and your working-week by so many days (if necessary) until iver unemployed man is abstorbed into industry. Thin you can dictate your own terms to the bosses."

"We can't do ut, Casey," sez I; "the unions isn't strong enough."

"I'll show you how to increase the strength av your unionism," sez he. "Git an Industrial Union shillalegh with a One Big Union knob at the ind av it," sez he; "It is very movin' to the systim."

"P'wat systim, Casey?" sez I.

"The Profit Systim," sez he; "where the cry for Industrial Efficiency comes from!" sez he.

A. E. BROWN.

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who trusted their interests to Arbitration are waiting for that coveted "award." How long, O, Lord, how long!

The 'Argus' v. Truth.

In our issue of June 3 reference was made to a discussion which took place in the Federal Parliament during the previous week when the "Honorable" Fowler of Western Australia wished to know what was the "origin" of the income of a certain member of the I.W.W. Melbourne "Argus" reported Labor-Member Finlayson as interjecting: "Hear, hear. The I.W.W. is the greatest curse of any country." The extracts given below from the pages of "Hansard" throw a different light on the nature of the interjection. Apologies herewith to Finlayson. We have no desire to do an injustice, even to a politician.

The remaining extracts from "Hansard" will also be of interest to readers. Matthew's reference to the Barker cartoon and the comments thereon as "silly" are about as amusing as the efforts of politicians to move the Government to do something in the Barker case, where Barker is gaolod for attacking the profit and interest patriots who stand behind it.

Herewith are the quotations from Hansard (Issue of May 20, 1916:—

Mr. Finlayson (Brisbane): On a personal explanation I regret to have to call attention once more to a lying report in the "Argus," of something which occurred here yesterday. I begin to wonder whether the reporters employed by that journal need their hearing attended to or whether they require a course of instruction in languages. The hon. member for Perth, was speaking at the time, and he referred to one gentleman who had spoken in a public place. He said that, the particular gentleman he referred to did not look like a millionaire, but he did not do any work, and I am credited with having interjected: "Hear, hear, the I.W.W. is the greatest curse of any country." What I did say was "Hear, hear, the idle rich are the greatest curse to any country."

Page 8166, "Hansard," May 19, 1916.

Mr. Matthews (Melbourne Ports): 'I hope that by an amending bill introduced during this short session, or by some regulation an effort will be made to alter the operation of the War Precautions' Act. The Government under that Act imprisoned a man named Tom Barker. I admit his cartoon and article were silly in the extreme. They were so silly that there was no need to put the War Precautions' Act into operation against him. No one reads his newspaper.

Mr. Watt (Balclutha, Vic.): What is the name of it?

Mr. Matthews: I think it is called "Direct Action." This man and the cause he advocated were known only to his own small circle; but he has now been made a martyr; himself and his newspaper has been advertised, and as a result he may possibly secure some adherents. It is true of other movements, as it was of Christianity that persecution increases the number of their adherents. This man Barker was sentenced to 12 months' imprisonment, and I say that the man who gave him that sentence, and the Government who are behind his imposition are as silly as the man who received the sentence.

Then there is the case of a man named Scurry who also came under the operation of the Act. He was in the habit of giving addresses to his own little circle. He did not force people to go into his hall and listen to his addresses. Some people describe this man and those who agree with him, as cranks.

There are many people who believe that it is just as well to keep the idea of the brotherhood of man and universal peace alive, and they meet to exchange their views. I want to know how anything these people say can interfere with the war. It is silly to prosecute them; and I wonder why the police take action, why magistrates sentence them, and why the Commonwealth Government allow them to remain in prison for one day.

We placed the War Precautions' Act on the Statute Book in order to prevent persons from doing anything detrimental to the interests of the Empire, in the prosecution of the war. Have Ministers reviewed the case of Barker who was imprisoned? Do they think that what was charged against him was sufficient to justify a prosecution, let alone a conviction?

Mr. Tudor: I understand the Attorney-General has had the matter under review. I do not know what action he has taken.

Speeding-up schemes are put forward in the interests of the boss. You and he have nothing in common.

MELBOURNE NOTES.

I have to report on behalf of Melbourne that the propaganda work of the I.W.W. is proceeding fairly well. Yarra Bank Sunday meetings are listened to intently by big crowds. Alf Wilson, J. R. Wilson and R. Farrall, with N. Jeffrey in the chair, gave out the right stuff to sympathetic audiences. A fight that will have to be fought by this local is for the right to sell literature on Sunday. I believe that this State is the only one where such a foolish and childish law hold good, for it is a fact that you can sell papers on Sunday even in Germany. Fellow Workers Rancie and Johnson were guests of the king over this same business, and as our slogan is "We Never Forget," we expect that in the near future we must fight it again.

We hope in a few weeks to be fixed up with new premises, the old ones being not nearly central, big, or good enough to carry on the business and meetings of the local in.

The capitalist press is devoting yards of space to attacks on the I.W.W. Weak, foolish statements sure enough, but nevertheless giving us a grand advertisement.

Melbourne Local wishes good luck to all the boys throughout the universe, and asks for old members to drop a line to the Secretary to let us know how they are living.

ROLAND, FARRALL,

SHOOT AGAIN.

The following is the cabled report of some incidents which, as will be seen, DID NOT occur in Germany, and is hereby republished, without comment—for obvious reasons:—

LONDON, Tuesday Night.

At the Court-Martial on Captain Brown Colthurst, charged with the murder of Skellington, Henry Dickson, and J. MacIntyre (the two last of whom were journalists, who were shot at the same time as Skellington), the Prosecutor said that a view of the evidence demanded a verdict of murder.

The accused's battalion of the Irish Rifles were stationed at Portobello Barracks. The three men were brought in on the evening of the 25th, and next morning Colthurst remarked: "I am taking out three persons from the guard-room to shoot them."

The guard-room orderly reported the matter to the Adjutant-General, who sent a message to Colthurst. The men, however, were taken into the yard and placed 12ft from the wall. Colthurst formed a firing party of seven men, and ordered them to fire.

At this stage in the statement Mrs. Skellington, who was in court, broke down, and the accused hung his head and turned away.

The Prosecutor, continuing, said that Colthurst explained later that he wished to prevent their escape or rescue.

Lieutenant Dobbin, of the Irish Rifles, gave evidence that he heard firing, went into the yard, and found the three men on the ground. He noticed a movement in Skellington's body, and sent a message to the accused. The reply came back: "Shoot again."

This statement caused a sensation in the court, the women shrieking, especially Mrs. Skellington, and the accused hid his face.

Dobbin added that the accused seemed very excited.

Major Rosburgh gave evidence to the effect that Colthurst said that he had shot prisoners and expected to get into trouble, and possibly to be hanged.

BROKEN HILL ACTIVITIES.

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IT COST HIM NINE YEARS.

Ebert Evans, eleven years old, nigger boy in Des Moines, Iowa, U.S.A., refused to take off his headgear to salute the stars and stripes, as he said the flag was only for the Whites, and not for the Blacks. It cost him nine years in a State Reform School.

Confound Their Politics.

"Oh, the work we do for the favored few,
And the miserable wage we get;
Why, we never can quite make both ends
meet:
If our heads be warm we have frozen feet;
And to make our bondage more complete
We vote for the System yet."
"Exchange."

In the year 1656 James Nayler, an Englishman, was summoned to the bar of the House of Commons to answer a charge of having brought into contempt the Book of Holy Writ. It appears that he had ridden a donkey into Bristol and announced that he was Christ, riding into the New Jerusalem. Naturally enough, he had thereby made a great many people laugh. A motion to execute him forthwith was lost by a very small majority, and the sentence finally passed on him was as follows:—

He was to be whipped all the way from Westminster to the Old Exchange, and there to be pilloried. He was then to have his tongue bored through with a red-hot iron and to have his forehead branded. After this rather unpleasant ordeal he was to be gaol'd for an indefinite period with hard labor.

There was little or no public disagreement with that sentence, for the superstition he had fiddled with the ruling one at the time and for long afterwards. It is not so popular now. In these days most of us workers call ourselves rationalists. Yet what irrational rationalists we are! In the old days spoken of we believed that the Jehovah which the Church had set up could help us out of our difficulties. In these days, we believe that the State which the capitalists have set up is going to be our Saviour; moreover, we compel others to believe the same, or to pretend to. The man who neglects to put his name on the electoral roll will be fined. If he doesn't go to the booth on election day and either vote or pretend to vote, he will be fined again. And it was his fellow-workers who passed this law: it was we, the irrational rationalists, who believe that by making him vote with us we can turn our economic weakness into economic strength, and our economic slavery into economic freedom.

After all, what we believe depends every time on what we happen to have been taught. Myself, when young, was taught by many agencies to believe in voting. And how I did battle for the politicians branded "Labor." In those days. Since then, however, now and fuller teaching and more experience has taught me that the vote to a worker is a fool of a thing, and that the law to the worker is an ass. So now, my working-class reader, let me try to outline to you the arguments and facts which have made me decide never to vote again, until I can vote for an industrial administrator in the New Republic of Labor, and I'll begin with a premise about which there will be no disagreement, viz., employers, and that its normal price is its That we live by selling our labor power to the cost of production—or what the average man can live upon.

Now improved methods of production by continually adding to the surplus of labor to the market, tend to reduce wages even to below the living level. But on the other hand, the workers have the power to resist this reducing tendency by forming corners in labor power, and they have done so to some extent. These corners in labor power are called unions. The action of a number of merchants in cornering a commodity is precisely the action of a number of workers in forming a union, though the accompanying circumstances of each case may show differences. For instance, the merchants rely only upon their corner to get them their price. You don't as a rule hear merchants say, "Let us vote for the Party; they will get us more for our goods." But you do as a rule, hear workers in their unions say, in effect, "Let's all vote for the Labor Party; they will get us more for our goods." Then again, the success of their corner doesn't mean such a great deal to the merchants. It means literally everything to the workers.

To proceed, the workers, having formed their union for corner in labor power, may proceed to enforce their price in any of three ways. They may take their case to the arbitration Court, get a wages board appointed, or go on strike. Take the Wages Board first, and leave out the third man, presuming that he is half one way and half the other. Then the Wages Board is simply a conference between a representative of capital and one of labor. The attitude of the employers' man must be that he is there to agree to whatever the union could enforce were it to strike. He obviously must not agree to a higher one than they could enforce. And if he insists on a lower one, then of course, the strike is bound to follow, rendering the Board sittings a waste of time. Thus on a fairly constituted board, the award will be just what the union could have won by force. Such an award could just as well have been the result of a

talk over a table between the Master and the Union Secretary. Surely there was no need to go into politics to get it.

Next take the Arbitration Court, and ask yourselves what it exists for. It has been claimed by laborites that the establishment of this Court was a moral victory for Labor just the same is claimed for the Reform Bill of 1831. There was no moral victory for Labor in either. Both did as they were designed to do, viz., put a brake on the activities of militant unionism which was in the first case illegal, but in the second legal. And the workers accepted both at their flaccid value—and no wonder. For, at first glance the vote looks a powerful weapon; and at first glance a court of our own to fix wages, presided over by a judge of our own, looks even too good to be true.

But just as we were given the vote to stop us organising, so were we given Arbitration Acts to stop us striking. The Commonwealth Arbitration Court is there—as Justice Higgins and other Justices have said fifty-times in their awards—"TO PREVENT STRIKES." Justice Higgins, who is THE eminent authority on the subject in Australia, has also said more than once, that he is not concerned with any ethical conception of a fair wage, that his duty is solely to ensure industrial peace. Now, to ensure industrial peace, he must award as much as in his judgment could have been won by a strike. Moreover, as will be seen later, he must not award more than that. Out of Arbitration, then, the unions get what they could have taken.

So it also seems foolish to waste time on politics to get an Arbitration Act; to then wait a year or two for a hearing; to then spend a few thousands on lawyers' fees; to then place workers and their wives on oath to make public the sordid story of their weekly struggle for life; to finally get exactly the wage which could have been demanded in the first place.

And a labor union which is foolish enough to do this, and then signs an agreement to be bound by penalties not to strike for a term of years fixed upon, is really agreeing to throw away, for that period, the weapon which really won it the award rate, viz., its industrial strength. A unionism which adopts that policy is a unionism taken leave of its senses.

Of course, many advocates of politics say that both the Board and the Court might be very different if the right men were in power. If they themselves, for instance, were in power, they'd play hell!

And then they'd wake up! If there were any power in a political majority of working-class politicians, the social revolution could be accomplished almost at once as follows:—The Government could pass a law making the Union President the chairman of every wages board. It could also appoint a set of special Industrial Justices from the unions to hear disputes in the Arbitration Court. These officials could then make all awards so high that no profits at all could be made, and render the capitalist class willing to sell their industries for sixpence each.

This shows the right-men-in-power argument to be mere fiddle-dee. No sane man would indulge in such a day-dream. On the other hand, there is plenty of evidence that where even a slightly higher rate than could have been forced is fixed, the award never becomes operative. In Melbourne, a few years ago, the anaemic Clerks' Union struck a nice kind chairman and got an award raising their wages by about a third. Their jubulations soon gave way to panic when the employers began a wholesale sack, and in the end they themselves had to go and petition the Victorian Government to knock a piece off the award. The Government, through the Court of Industrial Appeals, obliged them, and they nearly all got their jobs back. About a year later, the restaurant girls fluked another generous heart on their Board, and they, too, blessed the political method for about two days, and then their bosses issued a new scale of rates for the meals they had at work, and they found that they were now getting less actual wages than previously.

"But they could have struck," some brilliant genius will exclaim, "and made the masters pay them the new award and charge the old rate for meals." Of course they could. The clerks, too, could have told their employers bluntly that that big sack over their new award must be called off or else no clerks at all would go to work. But then, both unions lacked the necessary solidarity. Had they had it, the awards would never have been tampered with for long. Two cases in point of this last occurred in Sydney lately. The Storemen and Packers got an increase to operate retrospectively from a few months previously. The employers managed to get it reviewed and reduced. The union struck, and the original award was restored, though not to be retrospective. Then the clerks at Cockatoo got an award in the Arbitration Court. Their own government set about evading its provisions so skilfully that they, too, had to strike. They won handsomely. Still, think of it. They had waited long for that Arbitration Court to sit on their case. They had spent a lot of money in getting

A Blow From The Bush.

THE QUEENSLAND STRIKE.

(By J. Rice.)

Glory be to God. Profits again resumed. The pastoral slaves in the Hughenden, Winton and Central Districts of Queensland have accepted the bribe that the pastoralists offered, and have stamped to work. The Charleville men have fought on. No fault could be found with this action had the men been Hottentots or Red Indians, but being 99 7-8 A.W.U. "Industrial Unionists" and whose motto was, "An injury to one the concern of all." Anyone who has not got a burst of cranium must now see that it never meant anything but hot air.

The A.W.U. was not officially involved, and had it been so, this ignoble ending could not have been greatly different, for the politicians of the union could not mould their members' minds in any short period; but asserting as they have that they and the members are industrialists, some small show was at least expected.

It was a poorly organised affair from the start, and the straight out license to scab, preached by some touring officials, did not tend to make things better. About the middle of the affair one organiser resigned and was sent on a delegation and formed a central executive of strikers. The politicians of the union were at this time holding an executive meeting on a "Jim" a day, and on the strikers forming their executive it was the A.W.U. executive that made the next move. (This they did in calling for a conference in Rockhampton with delegates from all strike centres. No reasons were given for this conference; they had no terms to offer, so they must have been going to have a go at bamboozling the delegates to recommend some work. It only cost the A.W.U. £700. As the other alternative they thought the slaves might start investing, their pounds in some other union, and spades would then be the officials' trumps.

Myself, not being a possessor of much of this "necessary," I journeyed to the Cloncurry mines. Very little was heard about the pastoral trouble out there; but one thing my experience taught me there was, that the officials of the A.W.U. out very little ice in the mining areas.

The possibilities from the union aspect in the mining quarters is a drift in two directions, one to militancy and one to the dope trough. This possibility is not so marked in the pastoral sections, as rate-work men nearly always get sheep dung on the brain and overlook small details, as the elimination of the competition in their employment.

Shearers will be good unionists when they get wages labour all round in their industry, and as soon as this movement gains the ascendancy the unionism as dispensed by the A.W.U. with their bastard brand of industrialism will sink into oblivion so completely that its one-time members will deny that it ever existed.

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the award. Then because their employers got the idea that it was too high to be consistent with the union's fighting strength, they had to come out and prove that they were equal to enforcing it.

As a matter of fact, it should be evident enough that no government and no employer can possibly adopt such a policy as that of giving labor more than it could take. For the government attempting to do so wouldn't be a government long; it would be charged by its opposition and by the press with being wasteful with the public funds which many workers still believe come out of their pockets. Likewise is every employer forced to buy labor, as well as all other commodities, in absolutely the cheapest market, or else he won't be an employer long. To sum up, all this goes to show that the natural wage is the wage which the workers could have gained by striking or threatening to strike; that if an award be unreasonably low, the workers will annul it by a strike; that if it be unreasonably high, the employers will annul it by any one of the many means at their disposal.

So all rates of wages and conditions of labor that really operate, and have been fixed by political means, only represent exactly what the unions concerned could have demanded and taken. And that being so, we must admit that we have lost by our political activities as far as these things are concerned, lost time, and lost money; moreover, we have lost a lot of energy which should have been used only to build up unionism; and lastly, our militancy has been considerably tamed by the practice of that very questionable virtue called patience.

Other "labor" legislation examined next week.

(To be continued.)

The I.W.W. Press

"DIRECT ACTION."

English. Weekly, 4s. per year. Published by the I.W.W., 330 Castlereagh Street, Sydney, N.S.W.

"SOLIDARITY."

English. Weekly, 6s. 6d. per year. Published by the I.W.W. Publishing Bureau, 112 Hamilton Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio, U.S.A.

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Printed and Published by J. B. King, at 403 Sussex Street, Sydney, on behalf of the Industrial Workers of the World.