

DIRECT ACTION.

ORGAN OF THE INDUSTRIAL UNION PROPAGANDA LEAGUE OF AUSTRALIA.

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Ahem!

"Direct Action" has had such a good many things to attend to in its first two issues that it forgot one of the most important things—*itself*. With all due modesty, it now hastens to make up for the neglect. We believe that a paper with a similar name created some little stir in the industrial world in Australia some few years ago. It died an honorable death. The best we can wish for its successor is that it shall deserve the same fate. Our warmest admirers have told us, in fact, that if the standard of the first two issues is maintained we have already set foot on the broad road that inevitably leads every genuine working class organ to the Police Court. So be it. We wouldn't have it otherwise.

But while sincerely appreciating such enthusiastic praise, it will be a case of "farewell, a long farewell, to all our greatness." If our friends and supporters don't come to our aid with something more substantial than words, "Direct Action" is not ambitious to emulate the example of the "little wanton boys that swim on bladders," and "be left at the mercy of a huge ship that must for ever hide it." It would prefer a subscription, or a donation to the Press Fund to the warmest eulogy, which, in any case, is only calculated to inflate its already "high-blown pride" at its miraculous resurrection.

For the present the literary work of the paper is done by voluntary labor, and circumstances and leisure permitting, will continue to be so. This, notwithstanding the present sales of the paper at a penny per copy (whenever by post) are not sufficient to cover the cost of printing. With an increased circulation this can be done, but the increased circulation is conditional upon our receiving sufficient monetary support to help us over the financial straits during the first six months of our existence.

We believe that if the existence of the paper becomes known throughout Australia to the former supporter of its predecessor, sufficient financial assistance will be forthcoming to ensure its continued existence, not alone as a monthly, but as a weekly.

Meanwhile, remember our printer is suffering from "more pangs and tears than warriors or women have." Therefore, fellow-workers all, boost the paper, advertise it, and pass it on to those all subscribers to it. If not at 2d per copy, then at two bob, two quid, or any other old price you like.

All donations to the Press Fund will be acknowledged through these columns. Receipt of the paper will be an acknowledgment for subscriptions.

Hero-Paupers and Pauper-Heroes.

"The heroes of yesterday are the paupers of to-day," remarked Sydney "Sun" recently, apropos of the number of unemployed ex-servicemen in New South Wales.

No "red-ragger" wants to improve on this statement of his position.

But the paupers of to-day will gain by the "heroes" of yesterday, at the "Sun" has it when the next war is due. Be it Peace or War, Hero-pauper or Pauper-hero is the worker's reward under Capitalism.

The Blind and Purlblind.

The "Daily Mail," the new Sydney daily, recently gave the views of "prominent citizens and party leaders" on "how to save the State." Denison Miller, Governor of the Commonwealth Bank, wants "a constant stream of healthy men and women" coming into Australia. The word "stream" is right. When the exploiters want an abundant supply of cheap labor, turn on the tap, and, presto, the Capitalist State "is saved!"

Premier Dooley wants "men of integrity, brains, and sufficiently broad outlook," so as to make Australia the example for "other democracies." Australia is of how rapidly became an example to a country under the guise of democracy, a country where economic and financial buccaneers; and nobody knows better than Mr. Dooley that "integrity and brains" in the capitalist world are judged by their ability to conform to the buccaneering instinct.

Fuller, leader of the Nationalist Party, is of the opinion that the "salvation of the State" lies in the return to office at the next elections of himself and the band of political mediocrities whom he leads. To expect that Fuller could rise to any higher conception of statesmanship than this would be to expect the impossible.

McElhone, Lord Mayor of Sydney, actually illustrates the petty bourgeois outlook by his postulate that, if "the State's housekeeping be conducted in a level-headed, common-sense fashion, all will be well." Longer hours for the worker and a starvation wage are, needless to add, McElhone's ideal in "State housekeeping" and commercial ethics.

The ideas of Mr. Willis, Secretary of the Miners, on the subject are as mixed and vague as one would expect from the past inconsistencies of this political contortionist. "Modernise the Federal Parliament and abolish the State Houses," he advises. Willis, who prides himself on his "knowledge of economics," has, yet, at 42, appears, to appreciate the elementary fact, viz. not due to forms of government. When he turns his attention from political shadow-chasing to things more material, he is not more happy in his choice of remedies. Following that new cult in the Labor movement, who talk in pseudo-learned style about the "nationalisation of credit," without ever defining what they mean, Mr. Willis glibly says, "Vest the nation's credit in a council of experts responsible to the people." As if the "nation's credit" were a movable, tangible substance, to be "vested" and transferred at will, and at the mere say so of politicians!

Seeing that the ultimate source of credit is, was, and always will be the ownership of the earth and the means of production, Mr. Willis' "Council of experts" would shortly find itself in the same position as Mr. Willis' Council of Action—reduced to the necessity of perpetually inflating long screeds and manifestoes on the suffering workers in a vain endeavor to screen its ridiculous impotency.

Mr. Garden's "remedy" has the merit of reminding us of the old saw that in the kingdom of the blind the one-eyed are kings. He suggests educating "the citizens" to an understanding of what is to be substituted for Capitalism after its inevitable collapse. Mr. Garden, who professes a belief in Communist principles, should be careful, however, not to imply common citizen rights where none exist. Citizenship implies equal rights and opportunities. The worker under Capitalism has only the "right" to work for a pittance, and the "opportunity" to starve if he can't get it. As a Communist, therefore, Mr. Garden should call a spade a spade, and the worker a "wage-plus" not "a citizen."

Mr. Wearne, of the Progressive Party, is of the opinion that we are "too much political." "There is nothing wrong with the country," he adds, "but it wants to be put under better management." There is nothing wrong either with Mr. Wearne's

Union Scabbing at Randwick

Bonus Fiends and Work Gluttons.

To "Direct Action."

I was very much struck by the very direct article in your last issue on "Work Gluttons," and would like to bring under your notice some facts in regard to the Railway and Tramway Service, which are very much in keeping with the sentiments expressed in the article.

At Randwick workshops the armature winders were in the habit of winding one armature per day. They were put on bonus, and it was soon demonstrated that the slowest man could complete a job in four hours—the rest of the time was on bonus work. However, they got their "where the chicken got it." The manager, "the only scientific works manager in Australia," so he claims, informed the men that in future the time allotted for an armature was four hours—not eight. Any work done faster was at bonus rates. The manager won! He cut the time allowance in half.

Again, prior to 1917, a gang of twenty pit men were employed. The manager was always timing the output. After the strike, when the slaves were down and out, they were put on the bonus stunt. Result, eight men are doing the work—the other twelve are "on the bum." At Eveleigh workshops the disease is rampant. Men working on mounting machines were put on bonus, and they worked like hell. To their credit, several refused, but the rest went out for all they could get. Pay sheets were opulent for a time, and the output of iron cast rose from 27 tons to 32 and up to 40 tons per day. Result is that in stock lines the management is over two years ahead with castings, and it is openly boasted by "the boss" that in the event of a strike, run the foundry with a few apprentices, sub-forgers, and odd scabs.

The majority of the bonus fiends are unionists, and were "illy white" in '17. In the brass foundry the same applies, but not to the same extent. Here the boss has them coming and going. The men on the furnaces smelting the brass are on bonus, but the boss arranges it this way: One week they do heavy work—axis boxes and brasses, etc.—and next week they are on light work—small fittings. On the heavy week the furnaces are going like a substitution of Hell, and the quota for the day's work is easily exceeded and a "healthy" bonus is assured. On the light week, however, the quota is not so heavy, and the quota is not reached. The kind master, therefore, averages the work, and the furnace men see their bonus dwindle to a shadow. Next week, however, they come at it again, "trying by individual effort," as our friend Kay says, "to beat the boss." Mr. Block, of immortal fame, is a real rebel compared to these—

To pass on to the forging hammers. A few sets of these men are on bonus work. They have earned the name of "The Scalded Cat Brigade." That explains everything. Make a strong man dirty to just look at them.

In the boiler shop certain of the men, riveting copper stays in boilers, are on bonus. They complete their allotted week's work on Tuesday at midday. The rest is bonus work. Being a mild man, words fall me to express adequately the nausea engendered, but these men are good craft unionists. On one of the hydraulic presses a set of men were given 8½ hours to complete a tube plate. They do two a

day! All good unionists, too! In the machine shop it is not so bad. To quote: "We are only getting a few job a pay extra." If they confined themselves within the limits set by the boss even, it would mean that about 10 per cent. more men would be employed. Some engineers have been out of work 9 months, and the railwaymen were the first to kick at the unemployment levy! Can you beat it?

In the Erecting shops, the men engaged stripping the engines coming in for repairs are drawing, per fortnight—Fitters £3/0/0; Labourers £1/10/0 extra for being good and faithful slaves. There is plenty room for a lot more men, too, by simply keeping inside the limit set by master!

At Clyde repair siding, things are even worse. I believe that a man was in a cold furnace effecting repairs, and had half the brick work pulled down when the forgers brought out a heat from the other furnace and began to work it under the steam hammer. The vibration threatened to bring the bricks down on the man inside, and his laborers asked them to hold up for a bit till the brickie got out "Oh—him, we can't lose a beat!" was the reply, and poor brickie had to hold the shabby bricks up with his back for nearly ten minutes till the forgers were finished. I do not think that comment is necessary. The forging gang were hungry for bonus. Anyway brickies were plentiful and getting cheaper too. Men employed on latins, turning wagon wheels, were allowed 6½ per day as a day's work, and they claimed that it was too much, until the bonus was introduced; they are doing 18 pair now.

Men employed making triple links for trucks, were allowed 27 for a day's work and seldom exceeded it. Upon the bonus racket they do over 50.

These are just isolated instances to show what the work gluttons are doing in the "workers' paradise," the Rail and Tram service. Most of these men hold union tickets and were solid strikers in 1917, and some are even union officials and good labour supporters.

A nasty consequence is that the general laborers are speeded up to cope with the increased output. These men get no bonus, but have recently been reduced three shillings per week; they are too bone-headed or timid to realise that they have a good remedy in their own hands. If the laborer does not get the material ready, and get the product away fast enough, the Bonus fiends will not be able to break records—and good-working conditions. A strong fight will have to be put up in the near future to maintain existing conditions, for Master has just doubled his office space to accommodate the data he has been gathering for four years, in regard to output, and a speeding-up scheme, that will eliminate 51 of those willing to go like Hell. Permanency of employment, Superannuation and Appeals Boards will be useless to the slave when he faces this new scheme which is preparing. The Bonus men are preparing a whip for their own backs, so it is only logical to advise the slaves to get busy on their mates who are scabbing in advance" of the next strike.

S.O.S.

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DON'T POSTPONE IT. DO IT NOW.

remarks so far as they go, though it space permitted a little addendum could be made.

If it should be said that this, our little criticism of the blind and purlblind, is merely "destructive," and that we have no remedy of our own to offer, our reply is that it is intentionally so. Our business, the business of the working class, is to destroy the Capitalist State—not to save it.

Panama and Marine Transport Workers.

BY TOM BARKER.

John Benjamin King, the greatest I.W.W. exponent that ever popularised the industrial unionist ideas in Australia, used to say that the two greatest things in the modern world is compelling the workers to organise internationally and industrially were the Panama Canal and the Diesel motor. Time is proving that, even though J. B. has served seven years in an Australian goal for having two I.W.W. stickers in his possession, since making use of the above statement, he has been a true prophet.

In the marine transport industry these effects are already noticeable, as these two outstanding features are transforming every phase of shipping, and also revolutionising the ideas and the lives of the men who work on ships and in ports. In my book "The Story of the Sea," I deal particularly with both matters, and point out all the labor that they will displace. In regard to Panama I say: "The recent opening of the Panama Canal was another great event in the shipping world, and also had its effect upon the men who man ships."

It shortened the sea distance between San Francisco and New York by more than one half. Instead of the long trip around the South American continent, it is now possible to travel through the locks in Central America. This gigantic enterprise cost millions of dollars, and hundreds of lives—working class lives. It also shortened the distance between Europe and Chile, Australia and New Zealand, and thus abolished the risks incurred by sailing in the low latitudes off Cape Horn. It has made a large difference in the sea distance between the Northern Pacific coast ports and those of the River Plate, and also between the Atlantic Coast ports and the nitrate ports of Chile. It strengthened enormously the position of the United States economically and politically.

It has transferred the carrying of cargo from the U.S. railroads to the ships, for it is now cheaper to send a ton of cargo from Seattle to Philadelphia via Panama than to send it by freight train. Panama has strengthened the octopus of shipping, the autocracy of merchant shipping.

At the end of the fiscal year for 1920 the Panama canal authorities have issued their report. In their report they have proven that this immense canal is going to displace thousands of our class in the marine transport industry. During the past fiscal year 13,599,214 tons of cargo passed through the Panama, without mentioning a minor item of 453,769 tons of government cargo that did not pay dues. This represents an increase of 284 per cent over the previous year. Of this United States ships carried 45 per cent, British ships 32 per cent, and Japanese ships 7 per cent. During the year 2,892 ships passed through the canal, including 1,212 U.S. ships, 870 British, 140 Norwegian, and 138 Japanese. The total income was \$1,276,590 dollars, an increase over the income of the previous year of 751 per cent.

At a conservative estimate deep-water, long distance freights are costing about 2.50 dollars to 3.50 dollars per 1000 miles. Calculating at 3 dollars per 1000 miles, we find that the income at Panama is equivalent to the savings of over 5,800,000,000 cargo miles, or 1,000,000 miles for a ship with 2000 ton cargo capacity. Reckoned at the most reasonable figure Panama is equivalent to 800 voyages. But in considering that an average amount of 1 dollar per ton cargo represents comparative, per cental days of saving to the ship-owner, anything from 1 dollar up to 10 dollars a ton, it will be easily seen that Panama must displace with the need for thousands of ships, particularly when the readjustment, war disorganisation is completed. We can

not compute with any degree of exactness the number of ships that will be permanently put out of business, nor the number of our fellow workers who will be scrapped. But the fact is as J. B. King prophesied, that nothing can meet the needs of the marine transport industry to-day, except the immediate creation of ONE union on the sea, capable of developing the industry and running it for the working class. Again, we must remember that the ships that are scrapped are the more costly, old-fashioned ships, which usually carried big crews, particularly in the engineers' department. The oil-burning ships, with their small crews, will carry the greatest part of the cargo in the future. Panama, like Suez, is saving millions of ship miles, as its annual report proves, and what is more important, is displacing thousands of mates, skippers, firemen, sailors, cooks, stewards, oilers, galley boys, etc. It has almost as great effect in Great Britain as in the United States.

Now we come to the crux of the question, you sons of the ocean. What can Andy Farnush and his yellow outfit do under these circumstances? What did the International (?) Seamen's Union ever do, except leave its chiefs hanging around Washington, pushing along by intrigue and soft-soap, that old Seamen's Act that doesn't mean anything to anybody? Did it lobby the stop the cutting of Panama, or will it alter one of the effects of Panama? It is a question whether Andy and his crew have yet heard that Panama has been opened. It is up to someone to tell them that Queen Anne is dead, and send them to Baffin Land to chloroform the walrus with nice talk. If you think you can get the best of the U.S. Shipping Board, the Chamber of Shipping of the United Kingdom, Panama Canal and Diesel motor with sentiment, sweet reasonableness, the Seamen's Act, and an obsolete agreement signed in way time, you have another thing coming.

The M.T.W. is the only way to get out of things as they are. Every class-conscious man on a ship if he is sick of capitalism, poverty, prison-cells, loggins, hard work and nothing to show for it, must join up with the I.W.W. in the ranks of the Marine Transport Workers Industrial Union No. 510. Unionism of the right kind, with everyone from the bridge to the fire-hole in the ONE union regardless of the workers' nationality or the flag of the ship or the port in which you happen to be. Only Farnush and dear old senile Havlock Wilson have got to go. They are wooden ship men, with iron heads. They learn nothing, know nothing, and the world has gone past them. Mustard plasters are no good for our modern complaints. Panama is good. It drives us to organise, and to organise right. We must have class organisation, and develop sense enough to run ships for ourselves. Say, fellow workers, they are getting wise overseas. In Australia they are doing this thing. Why? Well, just because the I.W.W. showed them the need some years ago. In all the ports of South America they are coming together, and in Germany, England, and Scandinavia. Join the M.T.W., read the literature and fit yourself for running the industry. Do it now!

—Industrial Pioneer.

NOTICE.

All concerned please note that communications respecting the Industrial Union Propaganda League should be addressed to D. McDonald, 30 Marsh Street, Clyde, N.S.W., who is now Secretary of the Sydney branch.

Preparedness.

For Freedom die? But we were never free,
Save but to drudge and starve, or strike and feel
The bite of bullets and the thrust of steel,
For Freedom die? While all the land can see
How strikers writhe beneath thy crushing heel,
And mothers shudder at the thought of thee.

For Freedom die . . . ?
Defend the flag? Beneath whose reeking fold
The gunmen of our masters always came
To burn and rape and murder in thy name.
Defend the Flag, whose honor has been sold
And soiled until it is a thing of shame—
The brazen paramour of Greed and Gold.
Defend the Flag . . . ?

Protect our land? We who are dispossessed,
And own not space to sleep in when we die.

The continent is held by thieves on high,
The brood of vipers sheltered at thy breast,
Your "Liberty" is but a loathsome lie,
We have no homes, nor any place to rest.

Protect our land . . . ?
Resist the foe? We shall, from sea to sea
The lewd invaders' battle line is thrown.
Here is our enemy, and here alone
The parasite of weak-willed industry,
His wealth is red with mingled flesh and bone.

Resist the foe? Aye, crush him utterly.
Resist the foe!
—RALPH H. CHAPLIN.

McGirrism or Industrial Unionism?

The belief in saviours by a large section of the working class is very hard to kill. Even in quarters where we had thought it long ago extinct, there has been a remarkable revival. It is not too much to state that amongst the majority of the workers of New South Wales at the present moment there exists a belief that their own best being for the next three years depends on the outcome of the fight between the rival Labor politicians, McGirr and Dootley.

Sydney Labor Council, which was of late wont to boast of its freedom from Parliamentary superstition, has now repented of its heterodoxy, and worships at the feet of its new god, McGirr, with almost novice-like devotion. Some of those who no longer are declaring that Parliament at best could do nothing but give legal recognition to the various phases of the class struggle as registered on the economic field, are now loudly proclaiming that the 44-hour week and the "living" wage depend on the saving of Mr. McGirr's political skin.

We lay no pretension to being prophets, and it is far from our intention to imply that the Labor Council's new political joss will prove, like his predecessors, to be nothing but a joss indeed, but we do protest with all our might against the implication, whether it emanates from the Labor Council or anywhere else, that the economic position of the worker, either now or in the future, is dependent on the good graces of any politician, or set of politicians, no matter what their label.

The history of the workers' economic struggles and the Capitalists' bears such conclusive proof that any improvement in their standard of living, over and above their mere subsistence, has been due to the strength and fighting spirit of their industrial organisations, that it is difficult to believe that men who so boastfully claim to be the "intelligent vanguard" of the working class movement can be sincere in their appeal for support for their pet politicians.

Whatever be the economic defeats which the workers of New South Wales will suffer

A Letter to the Wharf Laborers.

(By "A Dinkum Wharfie.")

Fellow Workers,—

In spite of our representations to the Labor Government, through Mr. McGillivray, to restore the old conditions on the water front, we are still in practically the same position as the 1917 strike left us. The politicians have not assisted us; in fact, as soon as they were installed on the nice soft cushions of Parliament they promptly forgot us. In the face of these facts, are we going to continue to waste our time waiting for politicians to assist us, or are we going to rally upon restoring solidarity amongst the workers on the water front? It would be well if we adopt the latter course. If we are not prepared to do that, we can well throw in the towel, for our case can be considered hopeless.

There is a saying old and true: "Before we judge others, let us first examine ourselves."

We are to blame in a large degree for the identity on the water front. For some of the members of the other Union are men who applied for membership in our Union a few years ago, and were refused permission to join. On the advice of Billy Hughes, fifteen men per month were only allowed to join. So when the 1917 strike came there were men who desired work on the water front, but were prevented from working when we held sway. Did we not expect the impossible when we expected men whom we had practically starved to stand solidly with us?

Let us examine our system (?) of "picking up at the gate." A boat comes in and about 500 men rush down to the gate. It may take a hundred men to work her. The foreman comes out, and as soon as he is seen there is a wild rush to get as near him as they can. The boss smiles, pulls out his book, looks around, and selects the strongest and fittest men he can see. The lucky ones smile, rush in, tear off their coats, and start to work like hell. They get the work finished as quickly as possible, and get on the "strigger" and starve for another week or two.

Is there anything more degrading than this so-called system? You do not open your mouth to give your opinion, or you get no more work, and in consequence your wife and family starve.

Again, take the scandal of "picking up at the gate" for loading wheat, the hardest job on the water front. A "parcel" boat comes up. The boss comes out, "picks up" the "bulls," and sets them to work. Then you say to each other, "We'll give them sore shoulders," and you rush like hell, tearing your bodies to pieces to try and beat your fellow-workers; in the cook house or the "pub" afterwards you tell each other, "We gave them Hell." We put 5000 bags into them to-day. They won't work the "Bulls" again! You forget the human economic factor drives them as drives you—starvation.

I do not expect the "Work Gluttons" or the "Bulls" to agree with me, but do you not think the Rotary System is a fairer and more sane system than "picking up at the gate"?

To the Rotary System, in which every member has his turn of work, and does not have to cringe and crawl to get it, or buy the foreman beer to establish himself in that gentleman's good graces. He is more independent.

A short time ago, when the Rotary System was in Smeeth Street, the work was so good, and you did not have to fight for seats, like mad dogs over a bone. Take the

Continued on Page 4.

In the near future—the weakness of their organisations at the present juncture certainly put "victories" out of the question. It cannot be too strongly stressed that the extent of those defeats, and the corresponding loss of new life which they imply for Capitalism, will be measured, not by the potentialities of McGirrism, but by the powers of resistance of the industrially organised working class.

A Visit to Jim Larkin.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN AND FRANK HARRIS AT SING SING PRISON.

The December issue of "Pearson's Magazine" contains an interesting account of a visit to Sing Sing by Frank Harris, editor of the magazine, and the renowned comedian, Charlie Chaplin.

The story of the visit is written by Harris himself. The meeting of three such celebrities as Harris, Larkin and Chaplin inside the walls of Sing Sing would itself, no doubt, be a film incident of great value. The article is too long to republish at length, but the following few extracts show that the redoubtable Irish proletarian fighter has earned the respect of even his gaolers:—

"Mr. Henzel (head teacher of the gaol)," writes Harris, "said he was very glad to know me; he had read some of my books and enjoyed them, and said if he could do anything for me he would be glad to; he spoke most cordially."

"There is one thing you can do for me," I answered. "Find out where Jim Larkin is and let me have a word with him." He said he would, adding:

"You know I have to examine all the prisoners to find out how they are educated, so I asked Larkin where he had been educated and how many years he had gone to school. He replied casually, 'Oh, my school days were very short; you can take it that I am unlettered.' That 'unlettered,'" said Mr. Henzel, "told me a great deal, and I soon found out that wherever he had got his education he had got a good deal of it."

"He is one of God's spies," I cried warmly; "a wonderful man. He has got the manners of a great gentleman; you have no idea how perfectly he bore himself at the trial, though there were insulting interruptions from the judge at every moment—spells for him and malvoisin when they were not stupid. Not only has he manners and reading, but wisdom and kindness to boot—an extraordinary man, a great man. He and Debs both in prison. Could any criticism of American government be more damning?"

"They were afraid at first," said Henzel, "but he might be the radical propagandist of the prisoners. If they only knew, this is a worse place for radical propaganda than even Wall Street. The prisoners all think Larkin a damned fool for having come here just because he would talk for others. What have the workmen ever done for them, they say, the poor boob? They all think Jim rather a fool. And you call him one of the nobles!"

"Yes," I said. "We are told pretty early in life to let well alone. It is a good proverb, but no one tells us that it is dreadfully dangerous not to leave ill alone. That's Jim Larkin's fault. He couldn't sit still and see the wrong triumph."

"He still, my soul, he still; it is but for a season. Let us endure an hour and see injustice done!"

Mr. Henzel came to me. "Larkin is in the boot place; he's there now; it's the new room."

Into the next room we went. Mr. Joyce explaining in advance to Charlie all about

A Letter to Wharf Laborers.

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"spud" boat for example: Under the Rotary you got twice as many men to work her, and into the bargain secured 15 hours of work. Now you have less men, and you get 5 hours' work out of her, because under this barbaric system (?) of "plucking up at the gate" you have to work like Hell, or you do not get another job with that foreman again.

The only argument in favor of two unions on the water front is the argument voiced in the interest of the boss. There is only one class of men selling their energy on the water front, and that is the working class. Then there should be only one union.

Yellow-workers let us cast aside our prejudices and organize ourselves into one union. It is our only hope of salvation. The other fellow has no monopoly of faults.

the making of boots, I with eyes for only one man, for one figure. Suddenly on the other side of the room I caught sight of him. I went across and our hands met.

"Jim," I cried, "I have done my best again and again, but our Government is brutally intolerant!"

"You never sent me your books," he said.

"I sent them, Jim," I cried; "but you shall have them. I have a friend here now. Mr. Henzel, the teacher, will pass them on to you; you shall have them within forty-eight hours. We are all still working. You know for you and Debs."

"I know," said Jim; "I know!"

"How are you in health?" I asked.

"Fine," he said carelessly, rearing himself on his full six feet two and throwing out his great chest.

"But you broke your leg?" I questioned again.

"It's first-rate now," he said; "they patched it up; I'm all right; but (this in low whisper) is there any chance they might deport us; I want to get back to my people?"

"I'll see what can be done," I cried, "you may be sure. We'll all do what we can."

"I know, I know."

"I want you to meet Charlie Chaplin," I said, so I brought Charlie across the room and they shook hands. Jim at once excused himself, saying "had better go off," he said; he didn't want to take up the time of the great visitor; he is the most courteous of gentlemen with the best of manners—heart manners.

The visit lasted hours; innumerable things in it that I have forgotten, but when we were in the car again, I drew Charlie's attention to the fact that they were building another prison on the heights to our right.

Charlie turned to me. "Someone has said that prisons and graveyards are always in beautiful places," and indeed the location was beautiful, looking out over the great river, three miles across to the opposite shore.

"What was your deepest emotion, Charlie?" I asked.

"Oh," he said; "the face of the condemned man walking in that yard with the pipe in his mouth and the withdrawn eyes—unforgettable, appalling!"

COME BACK TO EARTH.

There are some brands of revolutionists who have gone so high that the second current has lifted them well above the world's surface and its economic problems. This very good-meaning section of the working class movement does well if it took a casual glance at the real nature of the problems which confront the toilers of to-day.

We can, of course, find many excuses to justify the temporary flight of the imagination, but we cannot countenance a prolonged contempt for the real and practical requirements of the Labor movement.

Class hatred is engendered and class consciousness placed upon an implacable basis by directing the activities of the workers to the everyday struggle on the industrial field, and to the imperative need of an organisation which shall equip them with the machinery that will enable them to perform their historic mission, that is, putting an end to a system of society based upon exploitation.

We must at all times keep the practical side of the Labor movement prominently before the toilers, making it plainly understood that theories can only take practical shape from the realms of abstraction by building up the structure of the new society within the shell of the existing order. Come back to earth, and let us lay the foundation of the new society in the workshops of the world. Industrial unionism is the only form of organisation which can break the shell of Capitalism, and raise the working class into the new order, fully equipped for its new role.

J.B.K.

"Reds in Congress."

This pamphlet, just published by the Labor Council of New South Wales, contains a report of the proceedings of The First Congress of the Red International of Labor Unions, with a "Foreword" by J. Howie, Australian Delegate to the Congress, and a short preface, by E. R. Voigt, of the Labor Research and Information Bureau.

Mr. Howie is impressed with the potentialities of the R.I.L.U. in "the workers' daily struggles against aggressive Capitalism," and describes it as the "General Staff of the workers' army in the class war." In his summing up of the situation, he appeals to the workers of Australia to "line up with the militant working class organization of the great industrial nations," by the adoption of the objective and programme of action of the Red International.

The pamphlet contains the "Conditions of Affiliation" and the Rules and Constitution of the International, all of which bear out our contentions, published in last issue of "D.A.," that the industrial movement in Australia will require radical alteration in form and spirit before its constituent parts are eligible for affiliation.

"The first condition," it declares, inter alia, is that "only those unions can become members of the Red International which carry on the struggle against the system based on classes and against all forms of class co-operation; only those who combat, not by words, but by deeds, the theory of social peace and the efforts to solve the social question by harmonious co-operation with the ruling classes."

If "the first condition" were specially worded to brand as reactionary and to disqualify for affiliation the whole box and dice of the unions affiliated with the Labor Council, it couldn't have done so more effectively. Mr. Howie has a hard fight ahead if he remains true to the impressions he carried away with him from Moscow.

Probably the most interesting thing in the pamphlet, apart from Mr. Howie's confession of faith against the "signal failure" of Parliamentary action, is the report of a speech delivered at the Congress by Comrade Varga, a Hungarian Professor of Economics. It deals with the world economic crisis, and what there is of it (Mr. Howie, unfortunately, is not in possession of 'the full text') sums up the situation lucidly, making clear to all that inevitable breakdown of Capitalism, so much talked about and so seldom explained. There is one statement, however, attributed to Professor Varga—it may be due to faulty translation—which seems to vitiate his whole argument. It is contained in the assertion that Capitalism can only save itself "by finding new markets or cheapening the cost of production by increasing production per worker employed." Varga admits, of course, that Capitalism is unable to find new markets, and is, therefore, driven to increase the productivity of the workers." Against this he places the new psychology of the workers, who, in his opinion, will refuse to accept a lower standard of living and harder conditions.

Were it otherwise, no increased exploitation, whether in the shape of "more production" or less wages, is going to save Capitalism from its inevitable doom. Lower wages and increased productivity, on the contrary, tend to hasten its collapse by reason of the corresponding amount of surplus products which it leaves to capitalist hands, and for which it is admitted, there are no markets.

If lower wages and increased production hasten the economic bankruptcy of Capitalism, why, it may be asked, do capitalists persistently harp on their necessity? The answer is found in the competition which exists between rival capitalists and rival nations. He will survive in the competition, again, who is able to extract the last ounce of surplus value out of the worker's hide. This contradiction between the immediate interests of the individual capitalist and the ultimate interests of the capitalist class as a whole is one of the anomalies of a system which is necessarily "civilisation" tolerates.

Mr. Howie's pamphlet may be had from the Sydney Labor Council, and is well worth study.—T.G.

A Reservoir of Labor.

By Anise.
(Federated Press Staff Writer).

I read in the papers
How some alliance or other
OF MANUFACTURERS
Was begging Congress
To let in immigrants,
Just lots and lots of them,
"Because
American INDUSTRIES need
A larger RESERVOIR
OF LABOR!"

I think it is so expressive
That word
"RESERVOIR"
For it makes me see
A great big oblong lake
With steep mud sides,
Like we have in the park,
Filled
NOT with water,
But with men and women
And children,
All bottled together
On top of each other
As if they had been poured
Into that place
TO WAIT

For the turning of the tap
That will let them drop out
TO A JOB!
Blond faces
And swarthy faces,
Old bearded faces,
Young eager faces,
Straight strong bodies,
And crippled bodies,
ALL WAITING
IN THE RESERVOIR

For some one
Who needs in his business
A man's ARM
Or a woman's HAND,
Or the shaky FINGERS
Of little children,
Someone who has MONEY,
The great power
Which alone can open the tap
And let them out!

And I thought: It is convenient
For the turners of the tap
To have lots of water
In the reservoir.
For it gives them
A good pressure
Wherever they want it,
And they need not be careful
About wasting water
But can let it run out
Till it comes clear and cool
As they CHOOSE IT!
But

What will the folks
In the reservoir do
While WAITING?
Will they lie, I wonder,
Quiet like water,
Or will they,—well
Even the quietest water
Has broken great walls
Sometimes
When there was too much
PRESSURE!

Important Announcement.

Next Issue re UNITY of
PROPAGANDA ACTIVITIES
with the Communist Party.

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