

Anti-Conscription Army Songs.



SOLIDARITY FOR EVER

By Ralph H. Chaplin

(Tune: "John Brown's Body")

When the Union's inspiration through the
workers' blood shall run,
There can be no power greater anywhere
beneath the sun.
Yet what force on earth is weaker than the
feeble strength of one?
But the Union makes us strong.

Chorus:

Solidarity for ever!
Solidarity for ever!
Solidarity for ever!
For the Union makes us strong.

Is there aught we hold in common with
the greedy parasite,
Who would lash us into serfdom and
would crush us with his might?
Is there anything left for us but to organise
and fight?
For the Union makes us strong.

It is we who ploughed the prairies, built
the cities where they trade,
Dug the mines and built the workshops;
endless miles of railway laid.
Now we stand, outcast and starving, 'mid
the wonders we have made;
But the Union makes us strong.

All the world that's owned by idle drones
is ours, and ours alone.
We have laid the wide foundations; built
it skywards stone by stone.
It is ours, and not to slave in, but to
master and to own
While the Union makes us strong.

They have taken untold millions that they
never toiled to earn,
But without our brain and muscle not a
single wheel can turn.
We can break their haughty power; gain
our freedom when we learn
That the Union makes us strong.

In our hands is placed a power greater
than their hoarded gold,
Greater than the might of armies magni-
fied a thousandfold;
We can bring to birth the new world from
the ashes of the old,
For the Union makes us strong.

"NEVER GOES"

(Tune—Take it to the Lord in Prayer)

Are you tired of fat's aggression?
Of the war do you feel sick?
Would you take a frank suggestion
From the boys who're going to kick?
All your rulers are designing
To compel you fight their foes.
If against them you're inclining
Come and join the "never goes."

Is your backbone made of jelly?
Is your courage in a can?
Has your heart dropped in your belly?
Would you prove you are a man?
When they've passed this conscript binder
To augment your many woes,
Send them back the sly reminder
You have joined the "never goes."

If you're not a bally weakling,
But a man who has a heart;
If you're not a crawling creepling,
Come with us and play your part.
All of us are meaning action,
We are giving blows for blows;
Come and swell this growing faction;
Come and join the "never goes."

When they'd sieze us for a soldier,
And would force us with their might,
We will send them out our older,
That for them we'll never fight.
We are going to stand together,
"All for one," our motto goes;
Solidarity for ever—
We're the never, "never goes."

BUMP ME INTO PARLIAMENT

(Tune: "Yankee Doodle.")

Come listen all dear friends of mine,
I want to move a motion,
To make an Eldorado here
I've got a "bonzer" notion.

Chorus:

Bump me into Parliament;
Bounce me anyway-ay;
Bung me into Parliament
On next Election Day.

Some very wealthy pals I know
Declare I am most clever;
Where some may talk for an hour or so,
Why I can talk for ever.

I have the poor man's cause at heart;
I stand for revolutions;
The quickest way to bring them on
Is talking "constitutions."

I know the Arbitration Act
Like a sailor does his riggings.
So if you want a small advance
I'll talk to Justice Higgins.

The question's asked—"what would I do
If e'er the Germans came here?
A regulation I would make
To say they sha'nt remain here.

BUMP ME INTO PARLIAMENT

(Continued)

To keep the cost of living down'
A law I straight would utter;
A hundred loaves for a tray I'd sell;
With a penny a ton for butter.

'Tis said that kids are getting scarce,
I think there's something in it.
By extra laws I'll incubate
A million kids a minute.

I've read my bible ten times through,
And Jesus justifies me;
The man who does not vote for me,
By Christ I he crucifies me.

THE BUTTON THAT HE WORE

(Tune: "The Wearing of the Green.")

I met a working man to-day who wore
in his lapel
A photo of a plutocrat, and a Union
Jack as well.
I looked into his toil-worn face, and a
simple look it bore.
I could tell he was a bonehead by the
button that he wore.

He asked me how I got along; I told
him pretty tight;
That for a country where men starved
I would refuse to fight.
He said he stood for Empire, though
he could'nt find a job;
He praised the British Navy—and he
bummed me for a bob.

I asked him many questions then
why he was knocked about.
His answer it was usual, for he had'nt
thought it out.
"Thank God this Country's free," he
cried, "and the people own the land."
But why the copper moved us on
he could'nt understand.

I told him how the rich grew rich by
plundering the poor;
And that for us to organise was the
sure and only cure
The message I kept driving home his
frozen brain did thaw,
And now with every one round here
he's shouting "Stop the War!"

He took the buttons from his coat
and flung them to the wind.
He made a resolution that he never
will rescind.

He's pledged to solidarity, and a wiser
look he bears;
You can tell he is your comrade by the
button that he wears.

There is a striking similarity between this song sheet and the better known Women's Anti-Conscription song sheet – as shown on the previous page – produced one year earlier in Melbourne by the Women's Anti-Conscription Committee for distribution during the 1916 conscription referendum.

Thirty-Nine Articles of a No-Conscriptionist's Faith:

Conscription is despotism, mental and moral.

Conscription is the negation of democracy.

Conscription destroys individuality and crushes conscience.

Conscription is based on the barbarism "might is right."

Conscription puts military before civil law.

Conscription sounds the death knell of trades unionism, and spells industrial coercion.

Conscription is the protege of the war-mongers.

Conscription is clamoured for by those exempt patriarchs, parsons, politicians, policemen and petticoat primms.

Conscription is the foster child of the armament rings.

Conscription stands on the exploded fallacy "if you want peace, prepare for war."

Conscription is approved by ecclesiastics; its severest condemnation.

Conscription takes peaceable men and hurls them in deadly conflict against brothers with whom they have no quarrel.

Conscription, when once imposed, is rarely, if ever, lifted.

Conscription in Australia will provoke the gravest crisis she has ever faced.

Conscription should be negated by every mother, otherwise she may sign the death warrant of her own son, or it may be another mother's son.

Conscription is an immorality, and a thousand referendums cannot make it moral.

Conscription outrages a Britisher's truest ideals and traditions.

Conscription has made no appreciable difference to the fighting force of England, whilst it has created a moral impasse with its conscientious objectors.

Conscription in Australia will not hasten the end of the war by one five minutes.

Conscription takes the bread-earner of the poor wife, mother and child, but never the bread-earner of the rich wife, mother, child.

Conscription is for such as think "the country rotten to the core and not worth fighting for" (vide Mr. Hughes).

Conscription has landed Europe in hell.

Conscription keeps her there.

Conscription has sent 300,000 British children of school age into the munition and other factories.

Conscription yokes women and mules together in ploughing the fields of conscripted Europe.

Conscription is anti-Labor, anti-Liberal, anti-human, anti-Christian.

Conscription is Toryism, Jingoism, Prussianism.

Conscription means that within a year after the passing of the Referendum every male between 18 and 45 will have been conscripted.

Conscription breaks the heart, blasts the home, and blights the soul!

Conscription of boys of 14 is Australia's biggest infamy.

Conscription is the trump card of junkers, Kaisers, and would-be dictators.

Conscription unites Pilate and Herod, and crucifies humanity.

Conscription was bludgeoned on England by the howling Northcliffe press. This same malign influence is hounding Mr. Hughes in the same direction here.

Conscription for Australia means a war tax of £50 a year for every unit of her population.

Conscription is a cattle drive, and the creatures yarded are less than sheep.

Conscription creates the Censor.

Conscription is the last refuge of the political plunger.

Conscription in the hands of William of Pymont will be as perilous as conscription in the hands of William of Potsdam.

Conscription is a denial of God, a betrayal of man, and a rejection of the one vital principle for which Christ lived and died.

When Joseph Chamberlain perpetrated that South African blasphemy, the war against the Boers, he gloried in the fact that all the Churches were with him. Mr. Hughes can now claim the same satisfaction in his design to enslave the Australian democracy. Synods, Conferences, and Presbyteries are with him, and this is one reason why his proposals are likely to miscarry, for the workers distrust anything the Churches support.

"I object at any time, against my will, to kill somebody else against his will, at the will of somebody else that won't kill."—Mr. W. Fraser.

Compulsionists, clerical and political, who won't do the killing, might cogitate on these words a few moments before saying their prayers.

The argument of conscriptionists that the more men Australia can throw into the war the sooner it will end, is the argument of the simpleton who says the more inflammable material you bring to a fire the sooner it will extinguish. But for conscription, this hell-fire in Europe would have been out long ago. Australia is now asked to put her last man into the blaze, in order to stop it. Can simplicity go further?

Oh Mothers of Men!

Oh mothers of men, the priests of Moloch call you

With martial clamour to their red campaign,

They drape with bunting, chains that will enthrall you -

When they have seared your souls with brand of Cain.

Oh mothers behold! the flames of Moloch yearning

The grinning god sits on his fiery throne,

Will you give up your children to the burning?

Oh mothers of men! vote No and save your own,

The hour draws near, who will you vote for then,

Moloch or Christ? Think! Oh mothers of men.

Oh mothers of men, whose sons like lassoed cattle

Are rounded up for Nero's gala hour,

Will mother-love prove to be idle prattle

Or holy womanhood, a mighty power?

Hark! from the ring appealing souls are crying.

Thumbs up! Thumbs up!! though Neros rage and groan,

Man born of woman, unto woman crying.

Up! mothers of men, vote No and save your own.

The hour draws near, who will you vote for then,

Nero or Christ? Think! Oh mothers of men.

Oh mothers of men, the homage and the glory

Are not for those who pull the galley oars,

The slaves who fight in chains and fetters gory,

Would scorn the victories of a thousand wars.

Stain not Australia, Conscription is pollution,

Let not the children of the years to be,

Cry shame upon us, for their persecution,

But rather bless us, that we kept them free:

The hour draws near, who will you vote for then,

Devil or Christ? Think! Oh mothers of men.

—M. Browne, Drummoyne.

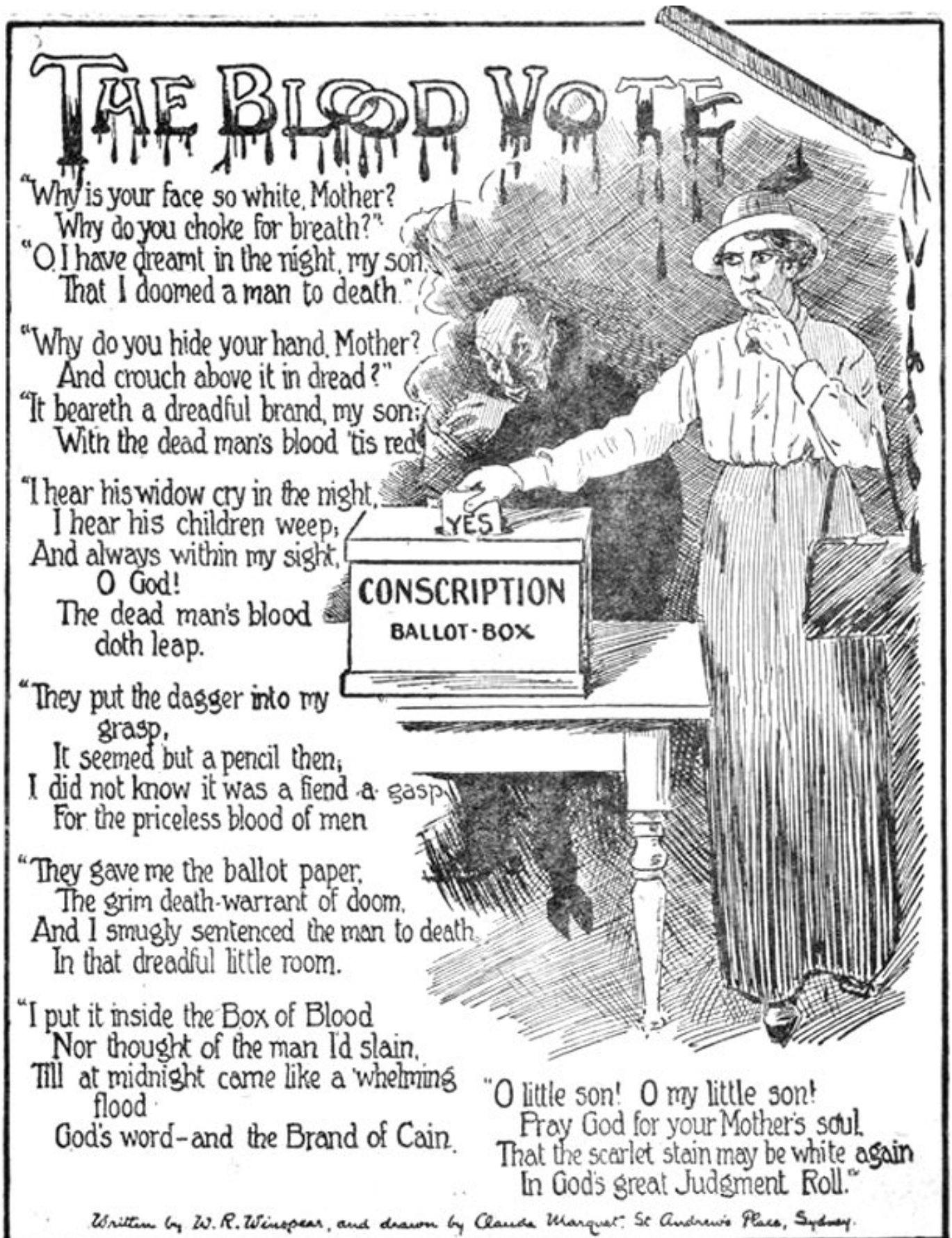
"It will take a good deal to convince me that conscription in Australia will not cause more evil than it would avert."—Archbishop Mannix.

Authorised by H. CHARLESWORTH, Hon. Sec., Anti-Conscription League, Trades Hall, Sydney.

The Kingston Press, 33-42 Oxford St., City.

This anti-conscription flyer shows the close link between the powerful Sydney Trades Hall and the Anti-Conscription League. The poem *Oh Mothers of Men!* Presents an interesting Christian argument against war and conscription at a time when most of church hierarchy was pro-war and pro-conscription. The quote from Archbishop Mannix, who was resolutely anti-conscription, points to the complexity of a loose alliance.

THE BLOOD VOTE



"Why is your face so white, Mother?
Why do you choke for breath?"
"O I have dreamt in the night, my son,
That I doomed a man to death."

"Why do you hide your hand, Mother?
And crouch above it in dread?"
"It beareth a dreadful brand, my son;
With the dead man's blood 'tis red."

"I hear his widow cry in the night,
I hear his children weep,
And always within my sight,
O God!
The dead man's blood
doth leap."

"They put the dagger into my
grasp,
It seemed but a pencil then,
I did not know it was a fiend a-gasp,
For the priceless blood of men"

"They gave me the ballot paper,
The grim death-warrant of doom,
And I smugly sentenced the man to death,
In that dreadful little room."

"I put it inside the Box of Blood
Nor thought of the man I'd slain,
Till at midnight came like a 'whelming
flood
God's word—and the Brand of Cain."

"O little son! O my little son!
Pray God for your Mother's soul,
That the scarlet stain may be white again
In God's great Judgment Roll."

Written by W. R. Winspeare, and drawn by Claude Marquet, St Andrew's Place, Sydney.

Fraser & Jenkinson, Printers,
3435 Queen St., Melbourne.

For the National Executive,
J. CURTIN, Secretary.

This leaflet written by W.R.Winspeare, and drawn by the cartoonist Claude Marquet was sent out to homes across the country. Watching over the ballot box is a devil like likeness of pro conscriptionist William Morris Hughes. It was authorised by John Curtin who was to become Australian prime minister during World War 2.

THE WORKER

Australia's Pioneer Co-operative Labor Journal.

Vol. 27—No. 1329.

BRISBANE, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1916.

Price, One Penny.



SAVE AUSTRALIA—VOTE NO!

An influential power across Australia was the *Worker*, organ of the Australian Workers Union (AWU). Edited by Henry Boote, the *Worker* attracted the some of the best intellectual talent of the time—cartoonists, writers, poets—including Mary Gilmore, W. R. Winspear, Claude Marquet, Marie Pitt, Bernard O'Dowd, J. K. McDougall, E. J. Brady, Henry Lawson, Sid Nicholls, Mick Paull, Dick Oviden, R. J. Cassidy, Francis Ahern and Dick Long.

WATCHMAN

A Weekly Journal of Social, Political and Religious Progress.

VOL. XVII.—(New Series).—No. 1.

SYDNEY, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1917.

Registered at the G.P.O., Sydney, for Transmission by Post as a Newspaper.

The Dishonor Vote.

The following lines in answer to the lines entitled "The Blood Vote," in "The Worker," appeared in our columns last year just after the Referendum. It has been suggested that they may be of interest on the present occasion:—

"Why is your face so white, mother?
Why do you look so ill?"

"Oh, I have learnt that I helped, my
son,
A nation's honor to kill."

"Why do you hide your hand, mother,
And crouch above it in shame?"

"A dreadful deed it hath done, my
son,
It hath smirched a country's name.

And crouch above it in shame?"

"A dreadful deed it hath done, my
son,
It hath smirched a country's name.

"I hear Great Britain's sorrowing cry,
I feel the world's disgust,
And always I think of Australia, son,
Whose promise hath turned to dust.

"They put the weapon into my hand,
It seemed but a harmless pen—
I did not know what a dreadful thing
I was carelessly doing then.

"They gave me the ballot paper—
Our heroes' help or doom—
But alas! I forsook our heroes gone,
In that frightful little room.

"I put it in that little box,
Nor thought of the thing I'd done,
Till I knew that our brave boys' work
abroad
By me had been all undone.

"Oh, little son! Oh, my little son!
Pray God for your mother's soul:
That the deep black stain may be
white again
On God's great judgment roll."
JANET E. STINSON.
Queen's-road, New Lambton.

The Argus, Thursday 26 October 1916, p. 12.

Williamstown Chronicle, 28 October 1916, p. 12.

"THE BLOOD VOTE."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ARGUS.

Sir,—This morning, upon answering the postman's call, I found under the door a printed circular entitled "The Blood Vote," which on reading I consider both a disgrace and insult to any Australian mother. Had I had any idea of voting "No" on the 28th this printed matter would certainly have changed my mind. Anti-conscriptionists must realise at last their case to be a very weak and hopeless one when they resort to sending such things as the above circular to any woman.—Yours, &c.,

(Mrs. A. L.) N. FLOCKHART.

Camberwell, Oct. 24.

"THE BLOOD VOTE."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "CHRONICLE."

Sir,—I had a letter left at my house this morning called "The Blood Vote," postage not paid. As I have an only son and two grandsons at the front, I think the above circular a downright insult to anyone having relations or friends at the front. I ask any reasonable man, is it humane or right to turn one's back on them and vote "No." The above document has emanated from rebels and traitors to their country.—Yours, etc.,

W. BANNISTER.

Mason street, Newport.

Letters to the editor, like these to Melbourne newspapers, before both the 1916 and 1917 Conscription referendums, provide evidence that "The Blood Vote" in leaflet form (*Authorised by John Curtin*) was widely distributed by hand in many electorates in Australia.

Warrnambool Standard, 2 August 1916 p.

MEETING AT BROKEN HILL. LOYAL COUNTER DEMONSTRATION.

(Reuter.)

Broken Hill, Tuesday.

An anti-conscription parade, held by 118 processionists on Sunday afternoon at Broken Hill was hooted by the crowd. There was a large attendance at the subsequent meeting, but the words of the anti-conscription song were drowned by the crowd singing "Rule Britannia." The chairman said that 800 had signed the pledge to resist compulsion.

WORKERS OF THE WORLD UNITE.

THE

INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST

No. 1207

Official Organ of the Australasian Socialist Party.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 8th, 1917.

Registered at the General Post Office, Sydney, for transmission by post as a Newspaper.

Price: One Penny

The Rights of Minorities.

A GEM FOR REFERENCE.

The following is extracted from an address by Mr. Justice Higgins, of the Commonwealth Arbitration Court, to the Workers' Educational Association of New South Wales—

CONSCRIPTION!

And Women.

Workers, Unite!

Workers of the world, unite.
You have Need, and you have Right,
Rouse and make a ringing fight:
Vote for liberty.
Cast your ballot brave and true!

The International Socialist, 8 December 1917 p.

The women of Australia are coming into prominence again just now. The time may be counted by days, when they will be asked to decide at the ballot box whether they will assist in locking Australia in the shackles of conscription, or whether they will utilise the glorious opportunity of striking a hard blow at the chains which are ready to bind them.

The conscriptionists are calling upon us, women, and imploring us to save our Empire by voting 'Yes,' the 'antis' are impressing upon us the importance of voting 'No,' and keeping our country free; which are we going to do? I myself do not believe that the women of Australia are going to conscript the manhood of this country, themselves and their children. I have more faith in them than that. Let us consider for a moment what it is that we are asked to do, and I am sure after a few minutes' thought, every working-class woman will have no difficulty in deciding what her course will be.

First of all, we are asked to give the Government power to send reinforcements to the front; that is what the National Party call it. Conscription does just as well ! That means that we are to take away from men the power of doing what they will with their own lives...



The flagrant and dishonorable abuse of official trust to which certain "anti" types will descend in order to spread their pernicious gospel is in evidence in a copy of the latest "Telephone Guide," dated March, delivered at Kew last week. Between the leaves of the book, and bound into the book as a whole with the other official leaves, is a copy of a pamphlet of "anti-conscription army songs," dealing with such topics as a "maiden's sacrifice," the "greedy master class," "incubate the kids" and "bump me into Parliament." It is not known how many leaflets have been distributed in such a manner, but the binding up of this particular leaflet in the guide under review proves almost conclusively that it is the work of an employe or employes in the Government Printing Office, whose low conception of their obligations as public servants makes it highly desirable that their identity should be established and fitting punishment imposed.

It is clear that this article from the *Age*, refers to the Anti-Conscription Army Songs broadside as seen above. The title of the song sheet is mentioned as well the name of one of its songs "Bump Me Into Parliament." The topics referred to tally well with the song sheet so "greedy master class" is close to "greedy parasite" in "Solidarity Forever." and "incubate the kids" refers to the second last verse of "Bump Me Into Parliament." The only missing topic seems to be "maiden's sacrifice."

That the version of "Bump Me Into Parliament" has three extra verses in the song sheet compared to other published versions suggests that it was repurposed for the song sheet which was published in 1917 and distributed for the second WWI conscription referendum.

The only extant copy of the Anti-Conscription Army Songs sheet was apparently collected in 1918 by W. G. Spence, a political ally of then prime minister William Morris Hughes who insisted on the introduction of conscription. The fact that the leaflet it was placed and bound into an early telephone guide dated March 1918 and printed in the Government Printing Office shows the reach and support that the anti-conscription movement had in Australia, a reach that was reflected in the no votes in the two referendums of 1916 and 1917.

The Examiner.

[REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE, HOBART, FOR TRANSMISSION BY POST AS A NEWSPAPER.]

LAUNCESTON, MONDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1916.

CONSCRIPTION SONG YES! YES! YES!

From Messrs. Allan and Co., Melbourne, we have received a new national service song, the words of which are by Mr. W. M. Fleming, M.P., and the music by F. D. Millar.

The Prime Minister (The Hon. W. M. Hughes) says, "I commend the song to the people of Australia; let them tell in music the patriotism which is in their hearts"; and the Hon. T. Givens says, "Mr. Fleming's verses ring with a true national spirit, and voice sincere and genuine Australian aspiration." The music is spirited, and the song goes with a good ring, and is bound to become popular.

The words are:—

We're asked to back Australia,
To keep her pure and free.
We're asked to back Australia,
What will the answer be?
For hearth, and home, and honor,
For mothers, sweethearts, wives,
For children and for country,
For those who've given their lives.

Chorus.

Australia stands impatient,
She waits to curse or bless,
And this shall be our answer,
Yes! Yes! Yes!
And this shall be our answer,
Yes! Yes! Yes!

The boys who went to guard us
Across the wide blue sea,
Are calling us to back them,
What will our answer be?
Can we who cheered them going
Deny them in their need?
We'll see them through in triumph,
Their honor is our creed.

Well before World War I began, the labour movement began to publish songs and poems that aired the possibility of resistance to conscription into the armed forces. The issue was one of basic rights as the examples below from New Zealand and Australia illustrate. *In New Zealand the Passive Resisters' Union (PRU) was formed in the early weeks of February 1912 by a group of apprentices employed at the Addington Railway Workshops in Christchurch. Within a few weeks over 200 youths had joined, pledging 'to resist coercion, conscription and compulsory military training under all circumstances, and in defiance of all pains and penalties which may be imposed'* (Ryan Bodman, "Don't be a Conscript, be a Man! A History of the Passive Resisters' Union, 1912-1914", Masters Dissertation, University of Auckland, 2010, p.8.)

Published in *Maoriland Worker* 29 March 1912 p. 2.

THE SONG OF THE PASSIVE RESISTERS.

Sing it, Everybody

By E.H.C.R

They are up against a problem, and they don't know what to do;
They think they're going to make their soldiers out of me and you;
But take our tip, we're not the stuff to fail the P.R.U.,
And take the oath in Godley's conscript army.

CHORUS

Hurrah, hurrah! No conscript oath for me!
Hurrah, hurrah ! We'll stand up with the free !
We'll pay no fine, we'll bide our time,
To jail we'll go with glee,
And bear the brunt in glorious light for Freedom.

The craven prosecutors, they can do their level best
To coax us and coerce us, but we'll stand their vicious test;
The liberty our fathers fought for, we will fight for too,
But not within the rank of conscript army.

For men who want "a reason why"— the soldier's creed won't do.
Then buckle up your courage, boys, and we will see this through,
In spite of jibes from magistrates and threats from "men in blue,"
We'll have no truck with Godley's conscript army.

As published in *International Socialist* 18 April 1912

THE CONSCRIPT WHO WONT: HIS SONG.

(Tune: "Marching through Georgia")

They are up against a problem, and they don't know what to do;
They think they're going to make their soldiers out of me and you;
But take our tip, we're not the stuff to make a servile crew,
And take the oath in Pearce's conscript army.

CHORUS

Hurrah, hurrah! No conscript oath for me!
Hurrah, hurrah ! We'll stand up with the free !
We'll pay no fine, we'll bide our time,
To jail we'll go with glee,
And bear the brunt in glorious light for Freedom.

The craven prosecutors, they can do their level best
To coax us and coerce us, but we'll stand their vicious test;
The liberty our fathers fought for, we will fight for too,
But not within George Pearce's conscript army.

For men who want "a reason why"— the soldier's creed won't do.
Then buckle up your courage, boys, and we will see this through,
In spite of jibes from magistrates and threats from "men in blue,"
We'll have no truck with Pearce's conscript army.

— Maoriland Worker (adapted)

A PATRIOTIC SONG.

The toast "Australia, and the Day We Celebrate," was honored at the Melbourne A.N.A. Foundation Day banquet by the audience rising and singing to the tune of "Men of Harlech," a song written by Mr M. M. Phillips, one verse and the chorus of which runs as follows:

Work together, native born,
In the soil by plough shares torn,
Sow the seed and reap the corn,
Bid all fear begone.
Sink the shafts, rich metals gaining,
Shear the sheep, your efforts straining,
In your time on earth remaining,
Lift your country on.

Chorus.

Side by side advancing,
Never backward glancing,
Do ye uphold
Your land of gold,
Its wealth by toil enhancing.
Honor ye the founder's story,
Those who ploughed and mined before
ye,
Bear Australia's Flag to glory,
Natives to the fore.

Years before the start of World War I, there was a massive build up of the expectation of a war that would involve Australia. The leadership of the Federal Australian Labor Party, the first social democratic party in the world to form a government, was determined to shoulder the onus of preparing for war and was passing draconian legislation that would include compulsory military service in defence of the Empire.

By 1910 the Newcastle coal miner poet Josiah Cocking was publicly warning that such compulsion was anti-democratic and proposing that it was particularly unjust of the government to encourage worker's sons to be coerced to "defend the property of the wealthy class."

Newcastle - Morning - Herald

AND
MINERS' ADVOCATE

Registered at General Post-Office, Sydney,
for transmission by post as a newspaper.

Incorporated with "Memoranda Check" /
(Chartered 1882)

NEWCASTLE, SATURDAY, AUGUST 27, 1910.

Newcastle Morning Herald 27 August 1910, p. 13.

A PROTEST.

Mr. Josiah Cocking writes to protest against the action of the Federal Labour party in bringing forward a bill to compel the workers to give up their sons for military purposes. He declares that compulsory military service is against the wish of democracy, and that it is unjust to compel the sons of workers to defend the property of the wealthy class.

To Arms!

**Capitalists, Parsons, Politicians,
Landlords, Newspaper Editors and
Other Stay-At-Home Patriots.**

**your country needs
YOU
in the trenches!!**

WORKERS

Follow your Masters

A CALL FROM THE DARDANELLES



“Coo-ee-
Won't YOU
come?”

ENLIST NOW

Issued by Authority of THE DEFENCE DEPARTMENT OF THE COMMONWEALTH. — S.T. LEIGH & CO. LTD LITHOGRAPHIC PRINTERS, SYDNEY.

Issued by Authority of THE DEFENCE DEPARTMENT OF THE COMMONWEALTH
S.T. LEIGH & Co. Ltd LITHOGRAPHIC PRINTERS, SYDNEY.

Government enlistment posters joined in hegemonic battle with cartoons and posters of the anti-conscription movement ... this poster and the poem on the next page from the protestant journal the *Watchman* use the same appeal to young Australians to enlist to fight for Empire, King and Country, an appeal that was also aimed at voters in the referendums of 1916 and 1917. This spare but coloured poster is from 1915.

Editor Fined £50.

Tom Barker, editor of the weekly paper connected with the Industrial Workers of the World organisation, was the defendant in cases' heard at the Central Police Court, Sydney, last Week. He was charged with a breach of the War Precautions Act in printing and publishing a poster contravening section 28 of the Act.

The Crown alleged that on or about July 22 last defendant printed and circulated a poster bearing the following words :—

**To Arm's.
Capitalists, Parsons,
Politicians, Landlords,
Newspaper Editors,
And other Stay-at-home Politicians
Your Country Needs You in The
Trenches.
Workers, follow your Masters**

Evidence for the Crown was that the poster had been displayed in the city and was torn down by order of the Government.

Defendant was fined £50, in default six months in prison and ordered to enter into a recognisance in £100, with sureties in a same amount, to observe regulation No. 28 of the War Precautions Act during the currency of the war in which Great Britain is engaged. Fourteen days were allowed for payment.

A Notice of appeal was given.

A second, information against defendant in the summons jurisdiction was that he had committed a breach of the Printing Act in issuing a poster which did not bear the name of the printer or publisher. In this case the magistrate, Mr. Macfarlane, imposed a fine of £20, with 6s costs, in default three months imprisonment.

Tom Barker, one of the best known leaders of the IWW in Sydney, eventually served a prison sentence in Sydney. After his release he was deported from Australia, spending sometime in Chile before returning to England. He became the Mayor of St Pancras Council in London and was famous for insisting on flying the red flag on the town hall every May Day.

Bendigo Advertiser, 16 August 1915, p. 7.

THEY'RE CALLING.

(By J.H.C.)

"Coo-e-e!"

Listen to Australians calling,
Calling from the Dardanelles;
Some are wounded, some are falling,
Where the tide of battle swells.
Soldiers falling,
Calling, calling,
"Coo-e-e!"

Listen to our fellows calling
From the far-off Dardanelles.
For their Empire, fighting, falling.
Midst the storm of shot and shells.
Heroes falling,
Brave men calling,
Coo-e-e!"

Back in thunder send your answer,
Answer from this sunny land:
"Comrades, brothers, we are ready,
Ready now to join your band,"
Comrades falling,
Brothers calling,
"Coo-e-e!"

"We are coming! We are coming!
Coming now with hearts aflame,
Coming fast, to join you, heroes
Fighting for old England's name."
Men are falling,
Hark! they're calling,
"COO-E-E !"

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Heroes falling,
Brave men calling,
"Coo-e-e!"**

**Back in thunder send your answer,
Answer from this sunny land:
"Comrades, brothers, we are ready,
Ready now to join your band."
Comrades falling,
Brothers calling,
"Coo-e-e!"**

**"We are coming! We are coming!
Coming now with hearts aflame,
Coming fast to join you, heroes
Fighting for old England's name."
Men are falling,
Hark! they're calling,
"COO-E-E !"**

DANDELION BITTERS.

By "Dandelion"

Fling out the flag, let it flap and rise,
On the breath of the 'eager air.

— Francis Adams.

We have flung the flag; see! it flaunts and waves in the light of the Southern Cross;
'Neath the gaudy rag are a million slaves, 'neath the heel of our Owner's Boss!
For a hundred years we have wiped the sweat from our faces, in field and mine;
And of blood and tears we shall wipe them yet if our forces we don't combine!

Shall we fear our foes ; and remain content to be hewers of wood and stone?
Shall we toil for those till our lives are spent, or produce for ourselves alone?
Shall we listen yet to the cry of "creed" or of "color," or "flag," or "race,"
Shall we bleed and sweat to supply the need of the authors of our disgrace.

Shall we cultivate, in these Austral States, at the Labor mis-leader's call,
An insensate hatred of "foreign" mates, when together we stand or fall?
Shall we shoot or hang ev'ry man that's black, or affront ev'ry man that's brown?
To appease the Gang on our bended back who divide us to keep us down?

Let's respect each man, be he black or tan, and discard stupid racial pride,
Let's adopt the plan to despise and ban only those who are black inside!
Must the workers live in depths of Hell? Shall we never attempt to rise?
Should we want, and give to the drones who dwell on the mountains of Paradise?

Let us join our hands round the whole wide earth, and unite with a nobler aim—
Let us bravely stand with all men of worth and this fact to the world proclaim:
That we mean to fight in our solid might (not with bombs, but with active brains),
For the reign of Right, and for Justice bright, and for freedom from wage-slaves' chains!

To the drones and kings—and all useless things —we shall proffer the pick or pen;
And no man will sing "God preserve the king," but "God save all our fellow-men."
And we mean to keep what we make and reap, from the Line to the Polar Skies;
And the word shall leap o'er the rolling deep, that the World is our Final Prize.

“Dandelion” was one of the many pen names under which the autodidact poet Josiah Cocking published his poetry and songs. Cocking taught himself to read and write and to use a typewriter, he kept a diary for many years filled with his typing and interspersed with cuttings of his verse as they were published. His diaries have recently been digitised and made available online by the University of Newcastle:

see <http://libguides.newcastle.edu.au/jcocking>

Cocking was a coal miner and steelworker who lived in the Newcastle area, and an active unionist and a member of the Salvation Army. His verse shows him to be an opponent of racism and was a lifelong proponent of workers' rights, a follower of the American founder of the IWW, Daniel De Leon hence his pen name Dandelion. His forthright opposition to conscription caused him to be expelled, for a time, from both the Salvation Army and his Miners' Lodge. Much of his verse was published in the Miners' Federation journal *Common Cause*, over a period of 50 years.

THE ROAD TO EMANCIPATION.

By Lone Wolf
(Tune: "Tipperary")

Now, workingmen, you know you live a life of misery,
So join the union of your class, determined to be free.
Don't let the master gouge your lives for many years to come,
But organize upon the job and put him on the bum.

CHORUS:

It's the road to Emancipation, it's the right way to go;
For the toilers to run the nation and the world, both high and low.
Kick in, and do your duty; for it's up to you and me—
It's the One Big Union of the Workers that will bring prosperity.

Don't be a meek and lowly slave like lots of those you meet;
Don't be a servile scissor bill and lick the bosses' feet.
Don't let them starve you off the earth, don't fear their prison cell,
Make your laws in the union hall—the rest can go to hell.

Now, workingmen, the masters they have no more jobs to give;
You must form the taking habit if you ever wish to live.
Postponing meals is suicide on the installment plan,
So organize to get the goods, and take them like a man.

This song was part of an IWW “hymn sheet“ published in August 1917 as a “photographic reproduction” in a number of Australian newspapers eager to show the readers “What the Government is Fighting” in its determination to outlaw labour movement dissent during World War I.

That newspapers of the period published such material allows the historian a valuable insight into the politics of the time. The IWW handout above seems to have not survived in any collection, so its publication in facsimile at the time is of great significance today, allowing us to assume that many of these songs became part of the repertory of the demonstrators. The IWW use of parody and popular hymn tunes illustrates the way these sung messages entered and influenced the stock of such lyrics in Australia.

In his recent study of the long history of scurrilous and political verse historian Robert Darnton observes:

“Most people in most societies share a common repertoire of tunes, which is peculiar to their culture and which they carry around in their heads. Whatever the origin of these tunes—religious, commercial, operatic, patriotic, or (for lack of a better word) “traditional”—they have a powerful capacity for transmitting messages. They fix themselves in the collective memory and work well as mnemonic devices, particularly in societies with low rates of literacy. By improvising new words to old tunes, songsters can send messages flying through oral communication circuits”

Darnton, Robert. *Poetry and the Police Communication Networks in Eighteenth-Century Paris.*

Nursery Rhyme

One year, two year, three year, four,
Comes a khaki gentleman knocking at the door;
Any little boys at home? Send them out to me,
To train them and brain them in battles yet to be.
Five year, six year, seven year, eight,
Hurry up you little chaps, the captain's at the gate.

When a little boy is born, feed him, train him, so;
Put him in a cattle pen and wait for him to grow;
When he's nice and plump and dear, sensible and sweet,
Throw him in the trenches for the grey rats to eat;
Toss him in the cannon's mouth, cannons fancy best
Tender little boy flesh, that's easy to digest.

One year, two year, three year, four,
Listen to the Generals singing out for more!
Soon he'll be a soldier boy, won't he be a toff,
Pretty little soldier with his head blown off!

Mother rears her family on two pounds a week,
Teaches them to wash themselves, teaches them to speak
Rears them with a hearts love---rears them to be men,
Grinds her fingers to the bone---then, what then?

One year, two year, three year, four,
Comes a khaki gentleman knocking at the door;
Little boys are wanted now very much indeed,
Hear the bugles blowing when the cannons want a feed!
Fowl-food, horse-food, man-food are dear,
Cannon fodder's always cheap, conscript or volunteer.

(Furnley Maurice)

Frank Wilmot wrote much of his early poetry under the pen name Furnley Maurice. Politically he had been involved on the fringes of the Victorian Socialist Party.

Wilmot saw World War I primarily in terms of its folly and wickedness; his pacifist leanings were expressed in his 'To God from The Warring [Weary] Nations' (1916) and he worked against conscription. His 'Nursery Rhyme' was set to music in the 1960s by Chris Kempster and became one of many Australian songs of protest against the Vietnam War.



The Daily News.

TELEPHONES.
A 2802
A 4699
A 4712
Fremantle—519.

EST. 1882.

With which is Incorporated "The Inquirer and Commercial News," Founded 1840.
Registered at the G.P.O., Perth, for transmission by post as a newspaper.

PERTH, W.A., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1916.

There was also the following extract from a letter from "I.W.W., Australian Administration," signed "Tom Barker":

*"Don't forget to hang on like hell as the I.W.W. is going to own this country in a couple of years. Keep the local going, for the future belongs to us."
The letter was evidently written to Local No. 6...*

The following song, or verse, was found in a chest discovered at Horrocks' house, Kalgoorlie. It was put in as an exhibit:—

Anti-Conscription Song

Wanted, fifty thousand men,
Cowards need not apply;
Men with muscle, voice, or pen,
Conscription to defy.

Wanted, men of great tact
Pluck, and common sense,
Eager to defy the Act,
Passed in Fat's defence.

Wanted, honest men to-day,
Pearce's gaol to fill;
Men of nerve who dare obey
God's "Thou shalt not kill!"

Let not curst conscription's breath
Blast this country, new;
Spreading loathsome vice and death,
To enrich a few.

Wanted, men in every clime,
Stubborn men, who vow
To resist this traitor's crime,
Come—you're wanted now.

Truth

As Conducted by JOHN NORTON.
MELBOURNE, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1916.

FROM THE FRONT. – SOLDIER'S NO-CONSCRIPTION SONG.

The following lines are sent to us for publication by Private A. J. Hewitt, Anzac Mounted Division. Egypt, and are interesting as showing the feeling of many of our soldiers at the front on the Conscription issue:—

We don't want Conscription out here, Mr. Hughes.
This war, O Hughesie, we are not going to lose.
This talk about Conscription gets right on our nerves,
While the volunteer fights for the country he serves.

If a conscript were here, he would get a crook spin:
If he just said boo-hoo, he'd be bashed on the chin;
For we're all willing fighters, and don't want chaps here
Who would rather be in Australia drinking their beer.

Oh, no, Mr. Hughes, you're on the wrong track ;
The chaps around the pubs, you should give them a pack,
And send them to work in the wheatfields of grain,
To ease the poor cockies from troubles and pain.

For we've men enough here to carry things
So don't pander to Fat, showing the worker your scorn.
You want, workers to go, Fat's darlings to save ;
When you talk of Conscription it makes a man rave.

Australia's best manhood is now over here.
On Anzac they suffered, and fought without beer.
Your blanky Conscription is rather too late.
You've just now woke up, when we're at the Huns' gate.

Why don't you get busy, and collar some spies?
It's through a fat German that Kitchener lies
In the deep briny ocean. I think it's a shame
To let Germans roam; but who is to blame?

Then six o'clock closing of pubs is a joke.
Why not let the beer-soakers have a good soak,
Then send them to the country, some scrub land to clear,
For the brave volunteers who are now over here?

I think, Mr. Hughes, this is all I will say,
Don't waste money on Conscription, but just raise our pay.
For a man that is married, a shilling a day
Is not much to draw, so, Hughesie, hooray!

[A. J. Hewitt, 458. Anzac Mounted Division, 2nd L.H.F. Amb., Egypt.]

I.W.W. AND THE STRIKERS.

THIS IS WHAT THE GOVERNMENT IS FIGHTING

During the processions of strikers in the streets of Sydney "hymn sheets" of the I.W.W. were distributed and used.

The following is a photographic reproduction of one of the "hymn sheets." Note the bottom line, "Join the I.W.W."

Demonstration on the Domain. Sunday Next, 2.30 p.m.

Against Illegal Association Act Amendment.

SONGS OF FREEDOM.

CASEY JONES, THE UNION SCAB.

(By J. Hill).

The Workers on the S.P. line to strike sent out a call;
But Casey Jones, the engineer, he wouldn't strike at all;
His boiler it was leaking, and its drivers on the bum,
And his engine and its bearings, they were all out of plumb.

Chorus:

Casey Jones kept his junk pile running;
Casey Jones was working double time;
Casey Jones got a wooden medal,
For being good and faithful on the S. P. line.

The Workers said to Casey, "Won't you help us win this strike?"
But Casey said, "Let me alone, you'd better take a hike."
Then someone put a bunch of railroad ties across the track,

And Casey hit the river with an awful crack

Casey Jones hit the river bottom;
Casey Jones broke his blooming spine;
Casey Jones was an Angeleno,
He took a trip to heaven on the S.P. line.

When Casey Jones got up to heaven, to the Pearly Gate,

He said: "I'm Casey Jones, the guy that pulled the S.P. freight"

"You're just the man," said Peter; "our musicians went on strike;

You can get a job a-scabbing any time you like."

Casey Jones got a job in heaven;
Casey Jones was doing mighty fine;
Casey Jones went scabbing on the angels,
Just like he did to workers on the S.P. line.

The angels got together, and they said it wasn't fair,

For Casey Jones to go around a-scabbing everywhere.
The Angels' Union No. 22, they sure were there,
And they promptly fired Casey down the Golden Bank.

29

SOLIDARITY FOREVER.

By Ralph H. Chaplin.

(Tune: "John Brown's Body").

When the Union's inspiration through the workahs bleed shall run,

There can be no power greater anywhere beneath the sun,
But what force on earth is weaker than the feeble strength of one?

But the Union makes us strong.

CHORUS:

Solidarity forever!
Solidarity forever!
Solidarity forever!
For the Union makes us strong.

Is there aught we hold in common with the greedy parasite,

Who would lash us into serfdom and would crush us with his might?

Is there anything left for us but to organize and fight?
For the Union makes us strong.

It is we who plowed the prairies; built the cities where they trade,
Dug the mines and built the workshops; endless miles of railroad laid.

Now we stand, outcast and starving, mid the wonders we have made:

But the Union makes us strong.

All the world that's owned by idle drones, is ours and ours alone.

We have laid the wide foundations; built it skywards, stone by stone.

It is ours, and not to slave in, but to master and to own,
While the Union makes us strong.

They have taken untold millions that they never toiled to earn,

But without our brain and muscle not a single wheel can turn.

We can break their haughty power; gain our freedom, when we learn

That the Union makes us strong.

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JOIN THE I.W.W. BRING THIS WITH YOU.

H. Cook & Co., Printers, 209 Castlereagh Street.

HOLD THE FORT.

(English Transport Workers' Strike Song).

We meet to-day in Freedom's camp,
And raise our voices high,
We'll join our hands in union strong,
To battle or to die.

CHORUS:

Hold the fort, for we are coming,
Union men be strong,
Side by side we battle onward,
Victory will come.

Look, my comrades, see the Union,
Banners waving high,
Reinforcements now appearing,
Victory is nigh.

See our numbers still increasing;
Hear the bugle blow,
By our union we shall triumph
Over every foe.

Force and long the battle rages,
But we will not fear,
Help will come whenever it's needed,
Cheer, my Comrades, cheer.



THE ROAD TO EMANCIPATION.

By Lone Wolf.

(Tune: "Tipperary").

Now, workin' men, you know you live a life of misery,
So join the union of your class, determined to be free.
Don't let the master gouge your lives for many years to come,
But organize upon the job and put him on the bum.

CHORUS:

It's the road to Emancipation, it's the right way to go;
For the toilers to run the nation, and the world both high and low.

Kick in, and do your duty; for it's up to you and me—
It's the One Big Union of the Workers that will bring prosperity.

Don't be a meek and lowly slave like lots of those you meet,
Don't be a servile scissorbill and lick the bosses' feet.
Don't let them starve you off the earth, don't fear their prison cell,
Make your laws in the union hall—the rest can go to hell.

Now, workin' men, the masters they have no more jobs to give:

You must form the taking habit if you ever wish to live,
Postponing meals is suicide on the instalment plan,
So organize to get the goods, and take them like a man.

All workers, "The Army of Production," in One Big Union, regardless of age, creed, color, or sex, is invincible.

Labor is entitled to all it produces. An injury to one is an injury to all.

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Worker, 11 October 1917, p. 3.

The Cause of the Poor

Adela Pankhurst, what have you done?
Meddled with poison? Handled a gun?
Robbed on the highway? Looted at large?
Here is the verdict; here is the charge ;
Nine months' jail from Notley Moore.
Openly pleading the cause of the poor.

Flouted the law ? Is the ocean in fault
That soils the beach whoever cries "Halt"?
William of Bendigo, could you control
That ocean of pity, a good woman's soul?
Nine months' prison from Notley Moore.
(Adela, why did you plead for the poor?)

Pimps, politicians, and food profiteers
Wait for the verdict with anxious ears.
Priestess of truth versus men of the mire,
Hearts of clay versus heart of fire.
Nine 'months' silence from Notley Moore.
(The law's far above the cause of the poor.)

McIndoe prosecutes; Moore's in his place.
Hand up the Bible; call up the case.
She was heard to declare, not a mile from the House,
No child should be starved to fatten a mouse.
Nine months' quod from Notley Moore.
(Don't worry the House with the cause of the poor.)

Moore had a mother, a sister perhaps,
Mac. may be married, like commoner chaps.
God pity women—maid, mother, and wife—
Keep them from want all the days of their life.
Nine months in Pentridge from Notley Moore.
(Hominy's cheap—tell that to the poor.)

Anzac soldiers, What do you think?
When brave little women are dragged off to clink?
You that were wounded in Liberty's name,
How do you like your country's shame?
Nine months' clink from Notley Moore.
(Win-the-War Hughes hasn't time for the poor.)

Here is an instance:

"Martha Wilkinson, working at the York Munition Works, left without notice. She was suffering from inflamed knees (for she had to stand $10\frac{1}{2}$ hours seven days a week), and a piece of steel injured her eye. The doctor attending her testified she was unable to work; the factory doctor said she was fit to work. The firm prosecuted, and (under martial law) the Court decided that, as the doctors disagreed, she should return to work for **A MONTH TO TEST** if she were **REALLY UNFIT**.

WOMEN VOTERS, do you intend to place similar conditions on Australian girls? Vote "**NO**," and protect your womanhood and the future motherhood of a young nation.

Twenty thousand women are engaged by the Grocers' Association in England, and are only receiving two-thirds of a man's wage though doing a man's work.

On the Glasgow tramways, 400 women are employed at 4d. per hour for the same work men were and are still paid 9d. per hour.

Women agricultural laborers in England and Scotland are working **SIXTY HOURS PER WEEK**, and receive **7/6 PER WEEKLY WAGE**.

Women letter-carriers receive from 7/6 to 15/- per week; men get 25/- to 26/-.

Vote "**NO**" and prevent Conscription making blacklegs of the women workers in Australia.

Three hundred thousand children of school age (from nine years old) are working in the factories for 2/6 to 7/6 per week.

Women voters, **THINK OF THE CHILDREN!** Will you fetter the Australian children? Vote "**NO**," then such conditions cannot be introduced in Australia.

CONSCRIPTION MEANS A DISHONORED MANHOOD, A DEGRADED WOMANHOOD, AND AN ENSLAVED CHILDHOOD.

Vote "NO," "NO," "NO," on Oct 28

Kate Dwyer, 79 Annandale-st., Annandale.

HOW WOMEN WILL BE AFFECTED.

Women citizens, do you realise that Conscription, if passed, will not only conscript human life, but will also impose industrial conscription under which **MEN AND WOMEN ALIKE WILL SUFFER?**

Women will be the greatest sufferers, for, though they must perform men's work, **THEY WILL NOT RECEIVE MEN'S PAY.**

In Great Britain a striking example is given in the "Woman's Dreadnought" (May 6th, 1916).

Miss Maiv McArthur states: "In a hand-grenade bomb factory a woman's actual working hours are stated to have been 93 per week, and her pay 2½d. per hour. Five days per week she works from 6 a.m. to 8 p.m.; Saturday, 6 a.m. to 5 p.m.; Sunday, 6 a.m. to 6 p.m.

This terrible sweating has been brought before the House of Commons

WAKE UP!

WOMEN OF AUSTRALIA, VOTE "NO," AND PREVENT SUCH CONDITIONS BEING INTRODUCED INTO OUR GLORIOUS FREE LAND.

Men get a war bonus of 5/-; women get a war bonus of 2/-. This was to have been taken from the girls, but one thousand had courage and went on strike.

UNDER MARTIAL LAW.

MAN OR WOMAN, SICK OR WELL, DARE NOT LEAVE WORK WITHOUT NOTICE.

NO-CONSCRIPTION VICTORY ANNIVERSARY.

SOCIAL EVENING

To Celebrate the above, will be held in the
SOCIAL DEMOCRATIC LEAGUE HALL,
43 Wentworth Avenue,

Wednesday, October 24

AT 7.30 P.M.

Music, Oratory, Singing and Fellowship. All
the best Speakers will be there.

REFRESHMENTS. ADMISSION, 1/-.

Read "The Social Democrat," 1d. weekly.

Leader (Orange), 24 October 1917 p. 3.

GRAND Euchre party and social, in Oddfellows' Hall, October 29, to celebrate no-conscription victory.

Euchre and dance starting at 8 sharp; refreshments provided.

Tickets 2/6. Chas. W. Curran. Hon. Sev. P.L.L.

Warrnambool Standard, 10 January 1918 p. 3.

"NO" VICTORY CELEBRATION.

Arrangements are being made to hold a monster celebration of the

"No" victory in Warrnambool at an early date, and all anti-conscriptionists are invited to see that delegates attend a preliminary meeting to be held next Saturday evening to discuss the details. The place of meeting will be announced to-morrow.

A banquet and social, to celebrate the "no conscription" victory, will be held in the Kirkstall Mechanics' Hall on Wednesday night, 23rd January. Prominent Labor members will speak.

Westralian Worker, 11 January 1918 p. 5.

A correspondent to the "West," writing in answer to several insane attacks upon the anti-conscriptionists of this State, put it very neatly, thus:

"It would be interesting, to know what particular form of punishment they prescribe for the thousands of disloyal No voters who are at the front fighting for loyal Yes voters, who stay at home."

Newcastle Morning Herald and Miners' Advocate, 26 October 1918 p. 5.

MEETINGS.

ISLINGTON PARK MEETING.

FREE SPEECH CAMPAIGN,

SUNDAY (TO-MORROW), AT 2.30 P.M.

Speakers: A. J. H. Jones, W. G. Jeffrey, and others. Celebration of Great No-Conscription Victory of October, 1916. Toilers, roll up in thousands.

TO-NIGHT (SATURDAY), Royal Exchange Hotel, Newcastle, at 7.30.

Free Speech Committee Meeting, Trades Hall at 3 p.m.

3566. A. HILL, Secretary.

THE SOCIALIST LABOUR PARTY,

MR. W. G. JEFFERY, of Sydney, will deliver an Address in TRADES HALL TO-NIGHT (Saturday), October 26, on

"THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE NO CONSCRIPTION VICTORY IN AUSTRALIA, AND ITS LESSONS FOR THE WORKERS."

Workers, Roll Up, and hear this Address.

W. WALSH, Hon. Secretary.

3547 Hon. Secretary