

*Railroad*, 10 May 1935, p. 7

# A SOLDIER'S THOUGHT — ANY DAWN

"THEY DO NOT LIVE ON  
AS THOSE THAT ARE LEFT LIVE ON."

DAWN —  
SILENCE —  
BLACK CANYONED STREETS  
BUILDINGS — LIGHT RIMMED  
AGAINST THE EASTERN SKY  
FIRST GREY,  
NOW, PEARLISH GREEN  
A PATCH OF LIGHT  
DULL —  
CHILLED —  
FROM SUN, AS YET UNSEEN.

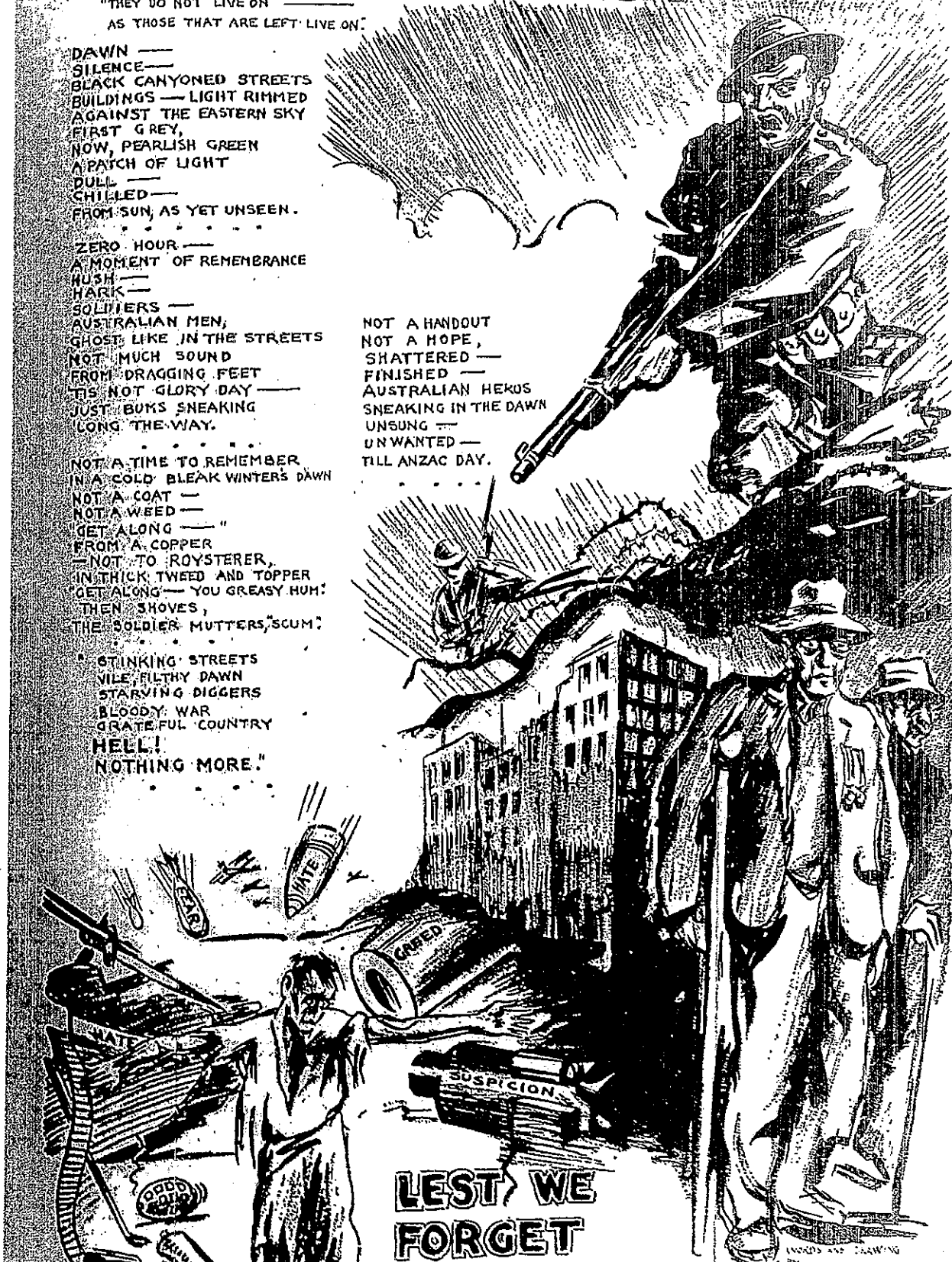
ZERO HOUR —  
A MOMENT OF REMEMBRANCE  
HUSH —  
HARK —  
SOLDIERS —  
AUSTRALIAN MEN,  
GHOST LIKE IN THE STREETS  
NOT MUCH SOUND  
FROM DRAGGING FEET  
TIS NOT GLORY DAY —  
JUST BUMS SNEAKING  
LONG THE WAY.

NOT A TIME TO REMEMBER  
IN A COLD BLEAK WINTERS DAWN  
NOT A COAT —  
NOT A WEED —  
GET ALONG —  
FROM A COPPER  
— NOT TO ROYSTERER,  
IN THICK TWEED AND TOPPER  
GET ALONG — YOU GREASY HUM:  
THEN SHOVS,  
THE SOLDIER MUTTERS, "SCUM."

"STINKING STREETS  
VILE, FILTHY DAWN  
STARVING DIGGERS  
BLOODY WAR  
GRATEFUL COUNTRY  
HELL!  
NOTHING MORE."

NOT A HANDOUT  
NOT A HOPE,  
SHATTERED —  
FINISHED —  
AUSTRALIAN HEROS  
SNEAKING IN THE DAWN  
UNSUNG —  
UNWANTED —  
TILL ANZAC DAY.

**LEST WE  
FORGET**





*Rev. Road, 10 June 1935, p. 7*

June 10, 1935

THE RAILROAD

# JUBILEE

**JUBILEE !  
PAGEENTRY !  
"FEU DE JOIE"  
GUNS THUNDERED  
PEOPLE SHOUTED  
BUNTING FLAPPED  
SIRENS SCREAMED  
— THERE WAS SOUND  
OF MARCHING FEET  
TO MARTIAL MUSIC  
— A DAY OF REJOICING  
A MAN HAD HELD  
A JOB  
FOR 25 YEARS  
GOD SAVE THE KING**

**MISERY !  
POVERTY !  
PEOPLE SUFFER  
HUNGER  
PRIVATION  
POLITICIANS PROMISE  
PARSONS' PREACH  
— THERE IS SOUND  
OF SHUFFLING FEET  
MURMURS OF DISCONTENT  
— SOON  
THE TIME OF RECKONING  
THE WORKERS HAVE HAD  
NO JOBS  
FOR YEARS  
GOD SAVE THE KING**

1910-PROGRESS-1935

RELIEF DEPOT

FACTORY  
CLOSED

WORDS &  
DRAWING BY  
HARVEY

The busby bags, the primrose  
pants,  
Ride out the Palace gate,  
The bugles shrill as thousands  
cheer,

They mark the Honored  
Guest.  
The Great P.M., the Empire  
Man,  
Whom money cannot buy,  
Has been imported like the

The Rajah had to look his best  
To see the King go by.

The men of meat, from Tooley  
Street,  
The moneybags of 'Change,  
The General' Guild, the law-

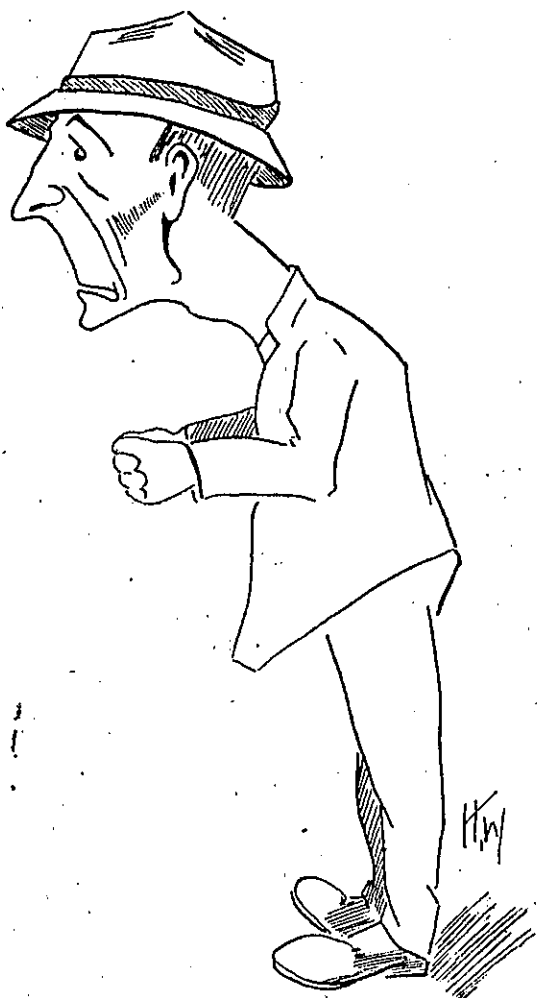
Are scions of a reigning house,  
Part of the regal scheme.  
For all we know they're in the  
show  
Without their knowing why,  
It's just another Royal task  
To see the King go by.



Mr. John Warren, who has succeeded Mr. J. ular as Locomotive General Works Manager, leigh, served his apprenticeship with the Atlas ineering Co., Hay Street, Sydney, and joined the lway Department as fitter, at June, in 1884, equently being transferred to Redfern and then Eveleigh, where he worked up to leading fitter, eventually became foreman of the old, and then new, erecting shops at Eveleigh. rom Eveleigh, Mr. Warren went to Newcastle Works Manager, where he remained until 5 years, when he was appointed Assistant Works nager, Eveleigh.

Mr. Warren has been of great assistance to the lway and Tramway Institute, inasmuch as he always been a warm advocate for Technical cation, and his help and advice has been much reciated by the Council.

Mr. Warren is also an active member of the & T. Literary and Scientific Association.



A well-known identity of the Carriage Cleaning Branch

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## Woman's Page

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE:

"A Ministering Angel Thou."

\*\*\*\*\*

Miss Nightingale now habitually took her place in the operating-room to hearten the sufferers by her presence and sympathy; and at night she would make her solitary round of the wards, lamp in hand, stopping here and there to speak a kindly word to some patient. Said a poor fellow writing home: "To see her pass is happiness. We lay there by hundreds; but one could kiss her shadow as it fell, and lay our heads upon the pillow again content." And there were very many such testimonies. How admirable was the anagram found by some clever person: "Flit on, cheering angel!" Overborne by work and anxiety as she was, she yet made time to write many a consolatory letter to bereaved friends at home.

She would on occasion be on her feet for twenty hours at a stretch. It is well here to transcribe Longfellow's beautiful poem of.

**Santa Filomena.**

Whene'er a noble deed is wrought,  
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,  
Our hearts, in glad surprise,  
To higher levels rise.

The tidal wave of deeper souls  
Into our inmost being rolls,  
And lifts us unawares  
Out of all meaner cares.

Honour to those whose words or deeds  
Thus help us in our daily needs,  
And by their overflow  
Raise us from what is low!

Thus thought I, as by night I read  
Of the great army of the dead,  
The trenches cold and damp,  
The starved and frozen camp;

The wounded from the battle-plain,  
In dreary hospitals of pain,  
The cheerless corridors,  
The cold and stony floors.

Lo! in that house of misery  
A lady with a lamp I see  
Pass through the glimmering gloom,  
And flit from room to room,



r. The result of June shoot was: A. Mc-  
on, 1st; H. Savage, 2nd; F. Eldridge, 3rd;  
kins, 4th; F. Stanley, 5th; and A. Ellis, 6th.  
A smoke concert was recently held which proved  
a success. The programme was good, and  
appreciated by the large audience present.  
Gret to report the death of Mr. M. J. Kannane,  
the oldest members of this Depot. The late  
Kannane was an ex-loco. driver, who, at the  
of the conversion from steam to electric  
n, joined up as a driver at Waverley in 1902;  
sequently became a first-class signalman at  
Junction, where he remained for some years.  
His funeral was largely attended by representa-  
from every depot, and many floral tributes  
sent by his friends and comrades. We offer  
our sympathy to his relatives.



A well-known identity at the Sydney Railway Station

## ROZELLE DEPOT NEWS.

A smoke concert, the first since the Club's affilia-  
tion with the R. & T. Institute, was held in the  
Glebe Town Hall on the 11th ult. It was largely  
attended by the members, and the visitors included  
Messrs. Keegan and Quirk, M's.L.A. Mr. T. Palmer  
presided, and Mr. S. Stevens (Social Delegate)  
carried out the arrangements in a satisfactory  
manner. The programme was opened with a selec-  
tion by the Club Orchestra, and the same was,  
together with all the other items, much appreciated,  
and the artists and others who assisted were thanked  
by the President.

The extension to the Branch Institute premises  
recently granted by the Commissioners is a great  
improvement, and is much appreciated by the  
members.

It is hoped that at no distant date a second billiard  
table will be installed, which will be an additional  
inducement for others at Rozelle Depot to become  
members.

## PEARLS OF COMFORT FOR THE DEAR ONES OF OUR FALLEN HEROES.

They are gone, the stalwart and strong, the gift of  
God the Life-Giver,

Never more shall we hear from their lips the  
magical music of "Mother";

But to God have we given our best, and with the  
All-Father we leave them,

Striving to hush in our hearts the cry of Rachel in  
Rama. —Ethel Hewitt.

\* \* \*

Beloved souls, legion of song and story

Ye shall uplift us from the vale of tears;

Ah! lead us by the pathways of your glory

Throughout the lonely years.

—M. E. Mason.

\* \* \*

Think of them now amidst the beloved faces.

Safe from the dark night and the bitter pain,

Walking together in the greenest places,

Glad with no memory of a field of slain.

—Pamela Hinkson.

\* \* \*

Now Heaven is by the young invaded,

Their laughter's in the House of God.

—Katharine Tynan.

\* \* \*

His country's honour was his goal;

Patient, unswerving, brave

His mind, his heart, his work, his soul—

His very all, he gave. —Jessie Pope.

## Annual Stocktaking.

Members are requested to return their Library  
Books by the 31st August, 1918. No issues will  
be made after 24th August, 1918.





# WAR FASCISM

## CLASS WAR FIGHTER ...

They stole years out of my life.....  
They dressed me in convict drab, tacked  
a number on my breast and caged me up, away  
from life, away from the communion of my fellows.

My crime was that I dared to raise the banner of discontent  
that I had dared to stand toe to toe with fellow workers and  
exchange blow for blow..... So they heaped contumely  
upon me..... Humiliated me..... Tried to break my  
spirit..... Tried their damndest..... All because I  
carried the banner of Revolution..... **TRIED TO BREAK  
MY SPIRIT..... THEY FAILED!!!!!!**

How in hell could they succeed? **I AM A FIGHTER..**  
I will go on fighting.... They may range their phalanxes  
of organized thuggery against me..... They may bash me..  
...malm me..... goal me.... but do what they will....  
**I WILL RAISE HIGH THE BANNER OF REVOLUTION**  
..... stand toe to toe and exchange blow for blow  
with them..... **BECAUSE I HAVE KNOWLEDGE AND  
COURAGE.... BECAUSE EVERY FIBRE  
OF MY BEING DEMANDS THAT I  
MUST FIGHT AND KEEP ON FIGHTING...**  
beneath the banner of Revolution..  
.... for the emancipation of my class..

WORDS BY "KENNO"

### FACTORY

## STRIKE!

## CLASS PURPOSE

Harvey



"The Crimson Path"

"The Crimson Path" by Geoffrey Cumine  
 as it first appeared in Railroad, 10 November  
 1933 with George Finley's striking decoration  
 "Hornell Brown".

George Finley (93,  
 5 San Jose Ave  
 Lawson  
 (047) 59-1167

November 10, 1933

THE RAILROAD

# ARMISTICE DAY



## THE CRIMSON PATH

By Geoffrey Cumine

We thought—so credu- lous is youth— That we might do a deed—	We thought—and laugh to think we thought— That men might go their ways—	Aye, so we thought . . . It is not sweet To think again to- day—	But ponder it, ye elder- men Who lead the nations now:	Remember such as set the path Whereon the soldiers died . . .
To hold aloft the torch of truth—	In hope and peace, when blood had bought—	Of all that made the price complete— The lives that went to pay . . .	Think—of the mandlin speeches then, Think—of each bro- ken vow.	Unheeding of the after- math They lied, my Lords, they lied.

a world

prize





1914

LIFE WAS DEAR  
AND THEY SO YOUNG  
HEALTHY  
COURAGEOUS  
AMBITIOUS —  
THE YOUTH  
OF EVERY LAND  
IN AUGUST 1914

WORKERS LIVES WERE CHEAP  
TO THE VICIOUS  
FAT  
SCHEMING CONTROLLERS  
OF THE GREAT MONEY TRUSTS  
IN AUGUST 1914

LIFE WAS HOPELESS  
AND THEY SO YOUNG  
SHATTERED  
HELPLESS  
ANNIHILATED  
MEN —  
SOLDIERS  
OF EVERY LAND  
IN NOVEMBER 1918

MEN  
DEAD IN MILLIONS  
WERE PROFITABLE  
TO THE ENRICHED  
BLOOD GORGED  
PLUTO CRACY —  
SMILING  
WELL SATISFIED  
IN NOVEMBER 1918

**WAR!**

GORE DRIPPING  
FESTERING RED  
GHOULISH  
IMMINENT  
THE IDEA  
IS BROADCAST  
BY "PATRIOTS"  
HOPEFUL AGAIN.  
YOUNG MEN  
OF EVERY LAND  
THINK  
IN 1935

THEY SEE  
THE SAME MONSTERS  
WHO GLUTTED  
PROFITED  
IN SEAS OF BLOOD —  
SHOUT A THREAT  
MAKE WAR MONGERS  
TREMBLE  
IN 1935

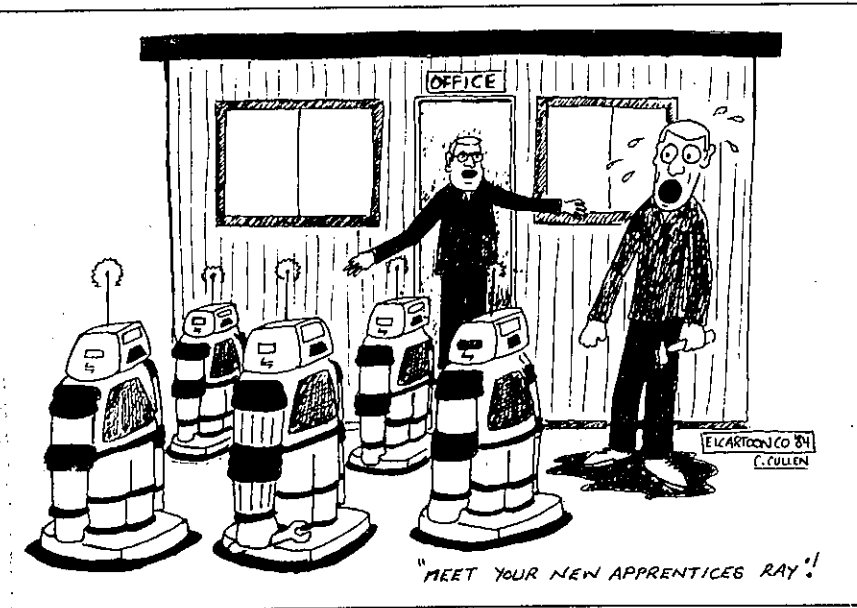
1935

ORGANISE  
AGAINST  
THE BOSSES'  
WARS

DAILY DOPE  
WAR PLANS  
PROCEED  
APACE

Words -  
Drawing by  
HARVEY

Balance 10-10-1912 10-10-12



Cartoon by Chris Cullen, Elcar, Chullora.





## EVELEIGH LOCO NEWS

We wash in dirty buckets, where  
germs abound galore,  
We crame our clothes in lockers,  
50 years of age or more.  
For years we've fought & struggled  
for real amenities,  
But according to the "Rail Heads"  
they're liabilities.  
Workers needs can't be considered,  
If the Boss can improvise,  
So the "Rail Heads" constant, years  
old cry,  
Is "can't be done --- no use to try"  
"Confound", the men's conditions we  
must economise.

