



Henrietta Greville.

Trade Unionism likewise merges men
And women, too, into one great design
That shows the sympathy and interest
Of one to be the glory of the whole.
It is the greatest protective shield that
men

Have wrought in forges of adversity,
To bring prosperity unto mankind.
The mothers and the Unionist have
need of recognition.

THIS stanza was a Labor writer's comment on what an interviewing reporter on an evening paper once called "Grevillisms." He crystallised the early morning interview into "Motherhood is the greatest thing in life, but it receives the least care. . . . Without the working man striving for common ideals the country has no future."

The first stanza said:

The blossoming of love
Made motherhood a sacred thing, a thing
divine;
Ah, yes, the mothers and the Unionists
have need of recognition.

Their work for Labor's cause forms the tapestry of these memories. In this our Golden Jubilee year we see as in a mental kaleidoscope activities and associations wherein aspiration, struggle and attainment, following on each other, have laid the foundations of the citadel of Democracy—the Australian Labor Party.

First Union Success.

In the years before we gained representation in Parliament, the political role of women, except in the demand for the franchise, was largely that of following the game instead of participating in it. Despite this, we gave the men much more than our moral support in the frequent clashes between those who insidiously preached "freedom of contract" and workers who combined practically to enforce their rights as human beings to

They Were Girls When They Pioneered the Movement

better conditions,
shorten hours and
gain higher pay.

The women—wives,
mothers and sisters
—endured the hardships which were inevitable in the militancy which characterised the working-class movement from 1889 onwards.

One night there was a great mustering on the mullock heaps. All the men were called up from below, a Union formed and a demand made for £2/10/-! They got it.

Prior to going to the Wyalong rush I dwelt among a placid farming community, and such events were exciting to a degree. I had tried to get out of that atmosphere of stagnant depression by contacting the pioneers who were going from our shores—crusaders for a new order in Paraguay.

Left Behind.

Unfortunately, family obstacles could not be overcome, so the Royal Tar did not include me among its passengers. The project took me to Sydney and enabled me once again to clasp the hand of that doyen of Land Nationalisation—John Farrell—who had been my friend in the Albury days.

Through him I went to see Henry Lawson. He was sitting in a shabby recess in the old "Worker" office. On its humble site now stands the stately edifice of David Jones Ltd.

As a matter of course he sent me to see one who has been affectionately called "dear Mother of the Movement"—Bertha McNamara.

Gentle Anarchist.

Her environment included in its folds many fine Labor workers of both sexes. Mary Gilmore of Casterton, and Rose Scott of Woollahra, strong friends of sweated tailors. At her place I sipped tea with that grand old fighter Frank Cotton and Rose Summerfield, too, a woman of sweet femininity and cultured mind, who later became Mrs. Cadogan. I afterwards met her brother-in-law, Lew Cadogan, a gentle anarchist among the Labor constitutionalists.

Meanwhile, as a result of William Lane's idealism, Mary Gilmore and Rose Cadogan steamed away in the Royal Tar. The Cadogans bought a ranch and remained in America after the New Australia founder had set up Cosme to rid

himself of the malcontents who made it impossible to carry on as he desired.

Mary Gilmore, poetess and Labor philosopher, has given reminiscent talks from time to time on the successes and failures which marked this wonderful phase of work-

ing-class ideology.

After this I settled down to pen and ink activities in the columns of my local paper, supporting and encouraging the men on strike in the Broken Hill mines. To my surprise I succeeded in making the member for the district uneasy. Being only a woman and voteless, this rather surprised me.

Among the miners I met were quite a host of Labor notabilities. Arthur Rae and John Christian Watson were guests of honor at my dining table. When the latter materialised afterwards as the Federal candidate for the district I was quite thrilled.

Armed with my vote, I rushed to become a formal member of the local P.C.S. (I had for years been one in comradeship.)

Fit and Proper.

I shall always cherish the memory that I was duly elected to move the resolution with appropriate remarks that he—the first Labor Prime Minister of the Commonwealth—was a fit and proper person to contest the constituency. I still cherish a letter of thanks which he sent me after his election.

But enough of the country. I wish some able pen than mine could chronicle the work of the city women. It would take pages to record their unselfish work for the Labor Movement.

Kate Dwyer, whose knowledge of industrial matters would shame many of the sterner sex, and whose labors on the Piddington Interstate Commission was simply colossal. And what a galaxy turned out in the great Anti-Conscription Campaign!

Years previously, too, the women's organising committee had run a bazaar and, clear of expenses, raised £1000 for Macdonnell House. Annie Golding, Eva Seery, Minnie Lalor, Mrs. Locke-Burns, Miss Gardiner, Annie Keane, Lena Lynch, Mary Beddie, Florence Ewers, Susan Francis, Gertrude Melville, Lucy Cassidy, Cecily Mason, Grace Cranfield and hundreds of others—a veritable army whose work for Labor can never be forgotten.

Many have passed into the Great Beyond, but their names will always be on the scroll and adorn the historic annals of Australian Labor.

By
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