DIARY WRITTEN BY JOSIAH COCKING, Senior, from Jan.15, 1910 to

List of books & pamphlets read by me. Continued

from page 110 of diary dated from Jan.1887 to May 1893.

Nov. 1900. "The 20th Door", by C.M.
Dec. 16, 1900. The Safe Use Of Steam. 47 pages.
Dec. 23, 1900. The Voyage Of The Beagle, by Charles Darwin.
Jan. 1901. An Appeal To The Young. by P. Krapotkin.
May 1901. Richard Bruce. 313 p by C.M.Sheldon.
May 4, 1901. A Temperance Reading Book. 149 p by J. Ingram.
June 29, 1901. Sketchy Characters Of Goldfields Life. 32 pages.
Sep. 8, 1901. The House We Live In. 218 p by Vesta Farnsworth.
Oct. 23, 1901. Ancient Empires: Their Origin,Succession, & Results.

Nov. 6, 1901. The Great Problems Of Our Great Towns. 19 pages.
Nov. 28, 1901. The Pillar Of Fire. 376 p by J.H. Ingraham.
Dec. 7 1901. Vestiges Of The Natural History of Creation. by R.Chambers. 286 pages.

Dec. 12, 1901. Britain's Social State. 252 p by David Lewis.
Dec. 1897. A Land Of Promise. by Frank Chambers.
Sep./1898. Lantern Slides: How to make them by A.Durer.
Sep. 1898. The Magic Lantern: How to use it by A Mere Phantom.

Sep. 1898. The Public Speakers Guide.
Feb. 5, 1899. The History Of The Steam Hammer. by Rowlandson.
May 1898. Draft Constitution Bill (Australian) 1898.
Feb. 5, 1899. Ingersoll Catechised. by Ed. of "Sanfranciscan".
Feb. 5, 1899. The Bishop & the Doctor.
Feb. 11, 1899. Speculations On Humanity. by J.B.H.
2.

Sep. 18, 1900. The Steam Engine. by Dr. Lardner.
Sep. 1900. Federation In A Nutshell. by R.J. King.
Oct. 1900. Must We Keep the Sabbath Now ?. by J. Bell.
Nov. 1900. Robert Hardy's 7 Days. by C.M. Sheldon.
Nov. 1908%. Miss Lou. by Rev. Roe.
Nov. 28, 1908. Borning Better Babies. by Dr. Foote.
Nov. 8, 1908. Adam Black. by A. Dawson.
Killing No Murder, by William Allen or Colonel Saxby, 1657.
The Shortest Way With The Dissenters. by Daniel Defoe, 1702.
The Crisis, by Richard Steele, 1714. Historic Doubts Respecting Napoleon Buona parte, by Richard Whately, 1819. Advice To a Young Reviewer, by Dr. Copleston. 1807.
July 16, 1906. The Occult Practice & Teaching Of Christ. by Hara.
July 17, 1906. The Burial Of The Remains Of John Pearson Stevens, 10th Mar. 1886.
July 17, 1906, Spiritualism In Harmony With Reason And Primitive Christianity. by W. J. Colville.
Nov. 19, 1906. Representative Men.--Clive, Hastings, Holland etc. by Lord Macauley.
Mar. 1907. Face and Phisique. by Minsdale Stocker.
May 4 1907. Electrical Apparatus Simply Explained.
May 25, 1907. Small Electrical Measuring Instruments.
June 1907. Induction Coils For Amateurs.
June 16, 1907. The Life Of Thomas Arnold, D.D. by E. Worboise.
Sep. 18, 1907. England's Danger. by Dr. Horton.
Sep. 18, 1907. The Secret Of a Good Memory. by J.M. Granville.
Nov. 1908. Simple Photographic Experiments.

TO MAKE INK. Red, the very best. Take an ounce vial & put int a teaspoonful of aqua ammonia or hartshorn, gum arabic the size of 2 peas, & 40 carmine 6 grains of number 40 carmine, and 5 grains of number 6 or 8 carmine also; fill up with soft water, & it is soon ready for use.

@ 4. BLUE INK. Take sulphate of indigo & put it into water until you get the desired depth of color; that sold for in little bottles for blueing clothes is the article desired.
This does well for school children or any writing not of importance to keep; but for book-keeping it is not good.

5. INDELIBLE INK. Nitrate of silver, 11 grains; dissolve in a teaspoonful of water of ammonia. In 2 1/2 teaspoonfuls of rain-water dissolve 20 grains of gum arabic. When the gum is dissolved put into the same vial 22 grains of carbonate of soda (sodium carbonate). When all is well dissolved mix both vials, or their contents, & place the vial containing the mixture in a basin of water & boil for several minutes or until a black compound is the result. When cold it is ready for use. Have the linen or other goods starched and ironed & perfectly dry; then write with a quill pen. If twice the amount is made at a time it will not cost any more, as the expense is only from the trouble of weighing so little of the materials to be used. Soft soap & boiling cannot efface it, nor years of wear. Use only glass vessels."

More books I have read:-

NEWCASTLE LETTER. By "Dandelion"
In days to come the present strike of the Northern, Southern, & Western coal-miners will be referred to as "the Strike of Nineteen Nineteen Nineteen Nine." In several respects it surpasses all previous strikes on the Australian continent. Not on account of its dramatic suddenness, for the strike of 1907 was also sudden; not in the size & number of the miners' grievances, for there were many big troubles to be settled at that time also. But it surpasses all previously-recorded strikes inasmuch as the three mining districts—Newcastle (including Maitland), the South and the West—are all out together; & besides these the seamen & waterside workers are either on strike or only waiting for the word to stop like Grandfather's clock, never to go again until the miners' troubles are settled.
This strike differs, too, from all previous strikes in this very important & significant respect—that it is being conducted by a class-conscious, uncompromising, fearless Socialist, & gives promise of spreading like a bush fire at Christmas time. The strike of nineteen nine is, moreover, being (or rather was) conducted by Peter Bowling on the lines & according to the scientific principles of the New Unionism, until Hughes appeared upon the scene.
Hughes seems to be the wet blanket that for a time has damped the fire of militant fellow-feeling kindled by Bowling & the other Socialists & New Unionists in the minds of the seamen & other waterside workers. Never before in the history of Australasia have so many thousands of wealth-creators acted upon the principle
that "an injury to one worker is an injury to all!" Even
Peter Bowling himself must have been surprised beyond measure
to find that the principles & methods of the New Unionism had
spread so far & fast since he introduced them 2 years ago, as
they have done.
And, in passing, let me say that the evident class-conscious
feeling, which is the real cause of the wide & rapid spreading
of the strike, should encourage us Socialists to keep on sowing
the good seed of discontent. The seeds are falling upon
good ground, & in the near future they will bear much ripe fru-
it.
Peter Bowling is not the only one who is astounded at the spec-
tacle of a united mass of miners, engine-drivers, cranesmen etc.
acting as one man in defying Wade's holey Law. Wade now real-
ises how Moses felt when the Jews defied him & the ten Command-
ments at Mount Sinai; & would like to set the workers at each
other's throats as usual, as Moses did of old. But he is now
Wade in the balance & found wanting.
Not the least of Peter Bowling's surprises was the discovery
that Livingstone Learmonth, the refined, amiable, cultured ex-
warrion & GENTLEman, was not what he was cracked up to be.
Mr. Learmonth has taken off the mask of oily affability that
deceived even the astute C.E.F. president, & showed his true
visage & character by saying that Bowling had brought about the
strike in order to again secure his re-election to the pres-
didency of the Colliery Employees' Federation— or words to
that effect.
Peter Bowling is not the only man who has been deceived by
false appearances. Two years ago the Northern miners were
fooled by the plausible falsehood that arbitration was the on-
ly real & lasting cure for their numerous grievances.
The Labor Party & the day-lie press told them that if they co-
ld get a Special Court established to deal with mining troubl-
es they could safely go back to work.
They got the Special Mining Court, & then opened their mouths
& shut their eyes, so to speak, & waited for what Judge Heydon
would send them. And when the long-expected "settlement" came
it smacked of quassia-chips & bitter aloes. It was a reduction
which the proprietors had not even asked for, & a verdict whic-
h no one this side of Philadelphia properly understands even
yet.
But Judge Heydon is one of the best friends the miners ever ha-
d, inasmuch as he has cured all but the hopelessly stupid ones
of the notion that arbitration in any form can settle the end-
less disputes between the owners & the workers.
After Dave Watkins (the labor member who represents the wor-
kers in the refreshment room or somewhere in the Federal Par-
liament) had come back from his tour arm in arm with the Gov-
ernor-General in the Northern Territory, he said that "the
main question now is the question of defence." He has not yet
had the Soldierly impudence to back that statement up in a
meeting of Minmi strikers & telling them that the main ques-
tion is not that of paltry bread & butter, but that it is the
great & burning question of taking up rifles to defend John
Brown's mines.
Some day--some blessed day in the near future--the main ques-
tion will be how to put a pick & shovel into this military
ex-miner's hands once again. Militarism & laborism are as in-
compatible as oil & water, & will not mix. This fact is just
beginning to dawn upon the minds of the workers. Very soon,
when the whole of the principles of industrial unionism are
understood & acted upon by the workers every man who robes hi-
self in the dirty uniform of the tools of capitalism will be
branded as a traitor & an enemy of the working class. A mil-
itary worker is far worse than a scab, for the soldier-worker
will shoot for his owner, whereas the scab merely works for
him. However, this will be dealt with when the time is ripe.
So far the soldiers have not been called out to do their "du-
ty." The strikers are determined to have their grievances
redressed before starting again. The masters are also deter-
mined not to settle the various troubles until the men do
start; & it is my fervent wish & hope that the masters will
adhere to that resolution until they arouse the whole of the
Australian workers. & then the day of capitalist ownership
of mines & other sources of wealth production will vanish
into the gloom of an everlasting night.

Some more books that I have read:-
Jan. 3, 1893. For The Term Of His Natural Life. By M.Clark.
Jan. 4, 1893. The Convict Ship "Success".
Jan. 9, 1893. Every Man His Own Brewer.
Mar. 12, 1893. Year Book Of Photography for 1893.
Mar. 20, 1893. Father Chiniquy's Lectures.
Mar. 28, 1893. August Stories, or Schooner Mary Ann.
May 28, 1893. Labour Movement in America. by E. & M. Aveling.
June 12, 1893. Political Essays. by Charles Bradlaugh.
July 3, 1893. Is Socialism Sound ?. A debate by Besant v Foote.
Nov. 4 1893. The Fabian Essays On Socialism.
April 1894. Ishmael Pengelly. by J. Hocking.
June 25, 1894. Plain reasons Against Joining Church of Home

Feb. 27, 1895. Ideal Commonwealths. 284 p by H. Morley.


"N.S.W., like most other allegedly Christian countries, has parsons--peculiar persons whose every thought is colored & modified by the nature of their calling. There is one of this class at Balmain. Before a congregation in the Central Mission Hall, the holy advocate of wage-slavery produced a fair sample of latter-day theology & churcoholic economics, which it does the Socialist good to hear. This reverend exponent of the rights of Capital & Labor gravely informed his wondering hearers that the present strike of coalminers was due to a little book which he held in his hand--he did not venture to say he held it in his head, which is the best place carry that little book. He waxed warm with "righteous" indignation at the horrible, diabolical instigators of this strike who carry this mystic little volume in their craniums; & said with much waving of arms & lifting of eyes that the strike is part of a well-defined program of "Anarchist-Socialism." There was no Socialist present, so this silly statement went uncontradicted; & it remains for me to make a few remarks in reply.

In the first place, the man who talks of "Anarchist-Socialism" is an ass. This is not abuse; it is a simple statement of fact. Anyone who has given the least time to the study of the philosophy of Anarchy knows that Anarchy & Socialism are as far apart as Heaven & New York; & for the Rev. Thos. Davies of Rozelle to speak of "Anarchist-Socialism" was to show that he was either ignorant of the meaning of those terms or he was playing upon the supposed ignorance of his unfortunate audience.

Bad as this is, he went further, & said that, "At its roots this (strike) is one phase of a widespread antagonism against the Christian faith as embodied in the organised Christian Church." In plain English, he LIED. That we Socialists do oppose the anti-socialistic tendencies of the modern caricature of the ancient teachings of the Founder of Christianity is true enough; but it is not true that the present strike is aimed at the Christian faith as embodied in the Christian Church. What the strike is aimed at is the combination of Capitalists who own & control the coalfields of N.S.W.

These industrial pirates have, for years past, been slowly making the already hard & miserable life of the coalminers harder & more miserable in order to increase the profits stolen from them.

But the proprietors blundered in their scheme, & instead of crushing the men into submission they crushed them into class-conscious cohesion & open revolt.

It must be remembered that the miners of the North, South, & West are not quite so ignorant of the Rights of Man as they were 20 or 30 years ago, when the earnest voice of the Social-

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ist speaker was seldom or never heard. There has been a
great deal of educational work done during the last 20 years,
of which Harry Hoiland has done much-- & for which he got his re
ward-- jail. But that is not all of his reward. The rapid
spread of the present strike in what were regarded as safe pl-
aces is due not-- as the parson claims-- to the little book he
held in his hands, but to the growth of the Socialistic seed
sown in years gone by Hoiland, Bowling, Batno, Moroney, Thom-
pson, Mann, Tillet, May Hickson, & others.
Instead of the miners being the ignorant tools of the "Brother-
Capital-- and-- Brother-- Labor" fakirs, they have shown that they
have got a very distinct idea of the might as well as the ri-
ghts of the laborers. What Hoiland & others began, Peter
Bowling & others are finishing-- that is the awakening of the
drowsy giant whose labor bounteously feeds, clothes, & shel-
ters all the world except himself.
The present strike is not aimed at the Christian faith, not
even that degenerate, conflicting conglomeration of confused
ideas held by the Christian Church. But stay--
Perhaps the holy man is right after all!
Perhaps the Christian faith has become so far corrupted by the
capitalistic pillars of the Church that the faith of the Church
is the faith of John Brown & Lady Learweek! Unknown to us,
there may be some truth in the pulpit man's charge. Peradventure
while the Church has slept the sleep of the just, the enemy
has stolen what few jewels of ancient truth remained in her
crown & replaced them with paste. Indeed, this begins to look
likely when we remember that when near the end of his sermon
the reverend gentleman said these very significant words:
"A REALLY CHRISTIANISED CHURCH WILL NOT FEAR TO DECLARE THE
WHOLE COUNCIL OF GOD IN THESE MATTERS AND APPLY THE TEACHINGS
TO THE RICH PROPRIETOR JUST AS PLAINLY AS TO THE POOREST
COAL MINER."
A really Christianised Church. Ahem! A really Christianised
Church will not fear! You mean, of course, Mr. Davies, that
the Church is NOT REALLY CHRISTIANISED, & that it DOES fear
to declare the "whole council of God in the matter,
who is aiming at the Church now? Let us be honest & plain
spoken. If Bowling & his merry men are aiming at the faith
of Capitalism, & in striking it have also struck the faith of
the Church, it proves that the faith of Capitalism & the faith
of the Church are one & the same:
"One in faith and doctrine,
One in unity."
But Bowling & the men of the North, South, & West do not aim
at the faith. They are not aiming at anything except the power
of Capitalism, & their first blow has landed in a vital part.
Bowling & his forces will not waste their blows upon an in-
vulnerable part of Capitalism, but will land them on that most
tender spot, Capitalistic unity. Honor among thieves only
prevails while it pays best. Nor will Peter Bowling waste
his time & energy upon an effete & decaying Church that is already deserted by the bulk of the thinking men & women. There is no need to organise & lead the workers against the faith of the modern Church, for the same reason that the farmer does not ringbark dead trees. But, at the same time, if the parasitic champions of Churchianity deliberately try to block the path of the worker in his pilgrimage towards Freedom, they must not be surprised if they are rudely pushed aside. The cry, "Lo, the Atheist!" has sufficed to transform by gone agitators into bleeding martyrs. The venomous hiss, "He is a Socialist," has been enough to set the forces of Capitalism in motion to persecute, fine, & imprison the modern champions of Labor. But the dawn of a better day is nigh. The night of Capitalism has almost gone. The Man with the Hoe is being awakened; & in Markham's words I ask:-

"O masters, lords, & rulers in all lands,
How will the future reckon with this man?
How answer his brute question in that hour
When whirlwinds of rebellion shake the world?
How will it be with kingdoms & with kings
When those who shape him to the thing he is--
When this dumb terror shall reply to God
After the silence of the centuries."
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<tr>
<td>June 21, 1902</td>
<td>The Evolution Of the Class Struggle. Noyes.</td>
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<td>June 26, 1902</td>
<td>Woman &amp; the Social Problem. by May Simons.</td>
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<td>June 26, 1902</td>
<td>Socialists In French Municipalities. By H. Kerr.</td>
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<td>Oct. 25, 1902</td>
<td>Farthest North. by F. L'ansen.</td>
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<td>Nov. 3, 1902</td>
<td>A Tour Round the World In 80 Days. by J. Verne.</td>
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<td>Feb. 1903</td>
<td>The Prince of the House Of David. by Ingrahamby.</td>
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<td>Feb. 1903</td>
<td>Apollo's Orator &amp; the Holy Spirit. by Thompson.</td>
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<td>Feb. 27, 1903</td>
<td>The Sanctuary &amp; the 300 Days of Daniel. Smith.</td>
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<td>Apr. 9, 1903</td>
<td>Spiritualism Vindicated. by J. Tyerman, 1875.</td>
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<td>May 4, 1903</td>
<td>Why We Christians Keep Sunday As A Sabbath.</td>
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<td>May 1903</td>
<td>Wealth &amp; Want. by Evans.</td>
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<td>Aug. 1903</td>
<td>The Baptism With the Holy Spirit. by Torrey.</td>
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<td>Sep. 1903</td>
<td>Manifesto Of The Communist Party. by Marx &amp; Engels.</td>
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<td>Dec. 22, 1903</td>
<td>Why God Does Not Kill The Devil. 48 p by Evans.</td>
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<td>Dec. 20, 1903</td>
<td>Is Sunday The Sabbath ?. 8 p by G. Wilcox.</td>
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<td>Apr. 5, 1904</td>
<td>The Socialist Republic. 48 p by Karl Kautsky.</td>
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<td>Apr. 20, 1904</td>
<td>The Origin Of Man. 34 p by W. Denton.</td>
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<td>June 1904</td>
<td>Christianity And Secularism. by Rev. W. G. Blackie.</td>
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<td>Nov. 1904</td>
<td>Rigid Tests Of The Occult. 139 pages.</td>
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<td>Dec. 9, 1904</td>
<td>An Address To The Clergy. 45 p by Denovan.</td>
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<td>Feb. 1905</td>
<td>A Dead Man's Diary. 218 p by Coulson Kernahan.</td>
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<td>Mar. 1905</td>
<td>Historical Records Of Newcastle. 1797 to 1897.</td>
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<td>July 30, 1905</td>
<td>Steps To Christ. 168 p by Mrs. E. G. White.</td>
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<td>Aug. 6, 1905</td>
<td>The Lord Jesus Christ the True Object Of Christian Worship. by C. Noble.</td>
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Aug. 6, 1905. Emanuel Swedenborg & The New Church. 25 pages.
Aug. 15, 1905. The Last Look: a Tale Of The Spanish Inquisition.
Oct. 1905. Scenes & Stories From The Land Of Idols. 125 p by Pool.
Oct. 1905. One Soweth & Another Reapeth. 30 p by G.W.H.
Nov. 2, 1905. Great Inventors: Their Usefulness Illustrated.
Jan. 1906. Natural Law In The Spiritual World. by Prof. Drummond.
Feb. 1906. Oratory & Orators. 226 p by Wm. Matthews, L.L.D.
Feb. 1906. Health & Power. 36 p by E.D. Babbett, M.D. by A.
June 1, 1906. Altruism. 16 p by Robert Blatchford.
June 2, 1906. The Political Labor Movement. 15 p by Jn Penny.
July 15, 1906. The Occult Practice & Teaching Of Christ. Mara.
July 17, 1906. Spiritualism In Harmony With Reason & Christianity.
Sep. 27, 1906. Uncle Tom's Cabin. 326 p by Harriet B. Stowe.
A visitor from Mars would be struck dumb with astonishment were he to learn the state of affairs in the Newcastle district to-day. Millions of people are willing and anxious to get coal from Nature's storehouse, but are prevented from doing so (except to a very small extent) by a handful of men. These few men, some of whom live in England and have not even seen the coal, are permitted to look up the mines until they have made their united wills a law which the dispossessed miners and other workers must obey. Could any sane person even attempt to justify this position, or imagine a reason why millions of honest, industrious citizens should allow a few men, whether present or absent, to own and control the billions of tons of coal that are so essential for the life and happiness of the nations. Some people decry and deride the idea that it is right, or even possible, for the people to take and hold the full product of their labor by the simple process of taking and holding the whole producing and distributing agencies of the country; yet we have this spectacle of the supposed impossible feat being accomplished, not by the people collectively, but by a comparatively insignificant minority; and the feat would be all the more surprising to a stranger in view of the fact that it is the MINORITY who persistently say, through their papers and parsons, that collective ownership of mines is impossible. What man of common sense to-day will argue that a minority of the people is more intellectual, more honest, or more skillful in the creation, extension, and management of industries than the majority? The part is not greater than the whole! Or who will dare to affirm that a minority—a small section of the people—have a greater right to own and benefit by the coal deposits of this country than the great landless and propertyless mass of the people have?

All power to own and govern should, in justice, be derived from the consent of non-owning people who are economically and industrially governed. And surely THE PEOPLE, in whom the power to govern and the right to own is vested, have a perfect right and the absolute power to regain possession of that which is required for the continued peace and welfare of themselves. Has the planet been made solely for the benefit of a few humans who are in no way superior to the average 20th century Australian worker?

The geologists and chemists tell us that the coal-beds are stored-up sunlight, the accumulations of untold ages of sunshine and showers, locked up in the strong room of Nature for the use of mankind. No man or section of men has any right to claim the sole proprietorship of those accumulations; they are not the result of abstinence nor the reward of industry on the part of the present owners. These coal deposits are
not the hoarded fruits of the toil of untold millions of prehistoric capitalists, but are, like the air & the ocean, the free & bounteous gift which Nature bestows upon mankind. A small unscrupulous minority has, unfortunately, managed to get possession of the gift intended for all, & by its avarice, & manifest inability to promote the peace & prosperity of the State, has provided the majority with an unanswerable argument & reason why the whole of the coal should be the property of the people. For the immediate present the minority is safe in the ownership of the indispensable coal supplies; but in the near future the toiling millions will & must assert their right to use their invincible power to resume possession of the coal fields.

Compensation? Oh, yes, compensation will be given in full measure by the people—after compensation has been paid for the overwork & underpay, the loss of time & health life, the enslavement & debasement of the workers.

Justice, Reason, & Humanity demand that the reign of terror & error shall cease; & that the vast coalfields of this great continent shall be used by, & for the benefit of, the people who are here, & for generations yet to come.

As industry expands, & the forests vanish into smoke & ashes, coal is being used more extensively, & the time must come very soon when the whole of the fires of Australia will be fed by coal. It will then be, more so than now, the indispensable fuel of the country.

When the face of the continent is clean-shaven by the destructive work of the farmers & timber-getters the whole industry & commerce of Australia will depend upon coal. The coalminer will then be what he almost is now, the man whose skill & labor cannot be dispensed with. And, as the colliers are now beginning to show the results of a generation of education & agitation in semi-class-conscious action on the industrial field, the time can not be far distant when they will fully realise their value, & will become fully class-conscious. THEN WILL COME THE DELUGE!

Capitalism with its wage-slavery, wars, & other innumerable evils will be destroyed; & the sun of Socialism will rise upon a continent in which the workers, for the first time, will receive the full value of their labor. The trend & tendency of events are assisting to bring about this result. Paper constitutions & laws are powerless to restrain the incoming tidal wave of industrial, social, & political revolution which will sweep away existing institutions. Capitalism is doomed; Socialism is inevitable. The workers are building the ark of industrial unionism, from which, when the waters subside, will issue the newer & better social system of which the leading principle is absolute justice.
From the L.S. Review" of Dec. 18, 1909.
NEWCASTLE Letter. By Dandelion.
"Allah ! Allah ! cried the stranger,
Wondrous sights the traveller sees;
But the latest is the greatest
Where the drones control the bees !"

Three of the busy Bs of the C.E. Federation—Bowling, Burns, & Brennan—have been arrested by the drones of the industrial hive, & the whole swarm is buzzing ominously as a consequence & are likely to sting unitedly when the time comes to do so. Nature teaches man many things of value when he closely observes her laws & methods. Nature is often very practical in dealing with her problems, & no ideas of sentimentalism deters her from following the most practical course in achieving a given object. In a swarm of bees some are workers, some are drones, & one, by common consent, is lady president, not queen as she is erroneously called. The drones are not idle all through their lives, as some people imagine, for during the early part of their lives they perform a very useful function in the interests of future generations of bees. But as soon as this office has been fulfilled, & they become useless consumers of the stores of honey which the workers have slowly & laboriously gathered, the workers use their common sense & get rid of the idlers in the most effectual manner, & the honey is eaten by those who have the best right to eat it. No self-respecting community of working bees would permit a small minority of its members to live in idleness upon the fruit of the labor of others, nor permit them to monopolise the flowers from which the honey is drawn.

"If there be any among us who will not work, neither shall he eat", is the motto of every sensible bee. Each worker is expected to do his share of the work and no more. There are no poor-houses in the hives, nor are there bloated monopolists drawing profits from the labor of others. One could go on enumerating the instances in which the little insect surpasses the supposed superior Man in intelligence as applied to political economy. There may have been degenerate swarms of bees in ancient ages, but there is no record in modern times of any bees who were so insufferably stupid as to allow a few idle drones to control them. And as for being robbed for absenteeees, by proxy, the very idea is unthinkable to any bee outside of a lunatic asylum.

The bee is part of Nature. Its idea of social justice is natural and right. Hence, as the self-styled apex of Creation—Man—has, from time immemorial, been the victim of his own foolishness & HAS permitted a few drones to hold & control the land and all the things by which wealth is made & distributed, he is asked to consider the busy bee. Intelligence should be respected when-
ever & wherever it is found; & there is no difference in
the principles of absolute justice whether they be applied
to bees or men. In Australia the workers have allowed abo-
about 30 men to get possession of the coal seams. The miners
sank the shafts, opened the tunnels, & finally got the coal.
The 30 thieves looked on.
Explosions, inundations, innumerable accidents have occurred.
Hundreds of men and boys have died in the service of the 30
patriots, whilst these latter remained on the surface, enjoy-
ing the sunshine & fresh air. By
The miners have been chained to eternal poverty to one particu-
lar place, whilst the 30 dreadnought-builders have been able
to steam across oceans, climb mountains, explore valleys, and
enjoy the beauty spots of the world. But there was one crumpled
leaf in their bed of roses!
Social injustice & glaring inequality of opportunity are ba-
sed upon the ignorance of the toilers. This ignorance of the
workers is the cause of disunity & absence of class-conscious-
ness; but, fortunately, this ignorance is rapidly being dis-
pelled in Australia, & we are beginning to find that we are
not able to fight successfully against the few who own the
continent. We begin to understand that if even one of us is
injured in respect of our wages or working conditions, it is
an injury to all, inasmuch as the same injury may be inflic-
ted upon us one by one until all are made to suffer.
Thanks to the unselfish labors & great sacrifices of our agi-
tators, past & present, we are now realising that to stand
alone in the presence of the enemy is to perish; to stand
divided in pure & simple craft unions is to suffer much &
long; but that to extend a fraternal hand to our fellow-
slaves in all lands, & to band ourselves into one vast union
founded upon the principle of justice which demands that the
land & the whole means of producing food, clothing & shelter
shall be the common property of those who toil, is the best
& easiest way to free ourselves from those who own us.
This is the crumpled leaf that hurts!
The pleasant dreams of the empire-builders are disturbed by
visions of an enlightened nation of workers who say that there
can not & shall not be any peace while hunger & want are
found among the millions of toilers, & the few own & enjoy
the good things of life. This dream is being realised in the
State of N.S.W. The ideal which for ages has floated away up
among the dim & distant stars has, like Halley's comet, begun
to descend in its orbit nearer to the solid earth. Fifty years
ago 999 men in every thousand would tell you that capitalism
had come to stay. Twenty-five years ago not more than one in a
hundred would venture to say that the capitalist system would
pass away like the plagues of Egypt, & that freedom was pos-
sible of attainment by the workers. Fifteen years ago perhaps
one in 25 would have the hopefulness & courage to say that he
could discern faint traces of the dawn in the eastern sky; but to-day it would be hard indeed to find a man who is not only convinced that freedom is POSSIBLE of attainment by the united forces of the workers, but is sure that it is one of the PROBABLE events of the future.

We are practically unanimous upon the possibility of being the owners of our own souls & bodies; but we are divided upon the question of how to secure freedom. Fiscalism—freetrade or protection—was the method most favored by the workers a few years ago. Next, compulsory arbitration was the most popular method until it was shown by time & experience to be utterly useless. It is upon this question that the Socialists have had to endure the most bitter & strenuous opposition from the Labor opportunists. It has taken years of hard & earnest work to convince the majority of the miners that arbitration leads to the perpetuation—not the abolition—of wage-slavery. But Peter Bowling & the other Socialist miners have had their arguments clinched by the arbitration courts themselves. None except the most stupid now advocate arbitration. But the intelligent members of the working class are now adopting the principles of industrial unionism as advocated & explained by Biggars, Bowling, Burns, Brennan, Holland & others, & are carrying on the present struggle with the industrial devil-fish on the lines of the new unionism.

This, then, is the beginning of the end. Capitalism & social injustice cannot stand in the presence of an enlightened nation of workers who are bound together by the steel chain of class-consciousness, who use the scientific methods of industrial unionism & revolutionary Socialism. This is the greenhead in the sugar that bites Wade & his fellow proprietors. As long as the workers blundered along the old crooked road of sectional strikes & craft unionism, with its scabbery of one union against another, things were all right for the ruling class & the Labor fakirs, who could sing

"God's in His Heaven, All's right with the world."

But when it becomes evident that the new idea has entered the workers' minds, & that as a result they are resolved to stand or fall together, Wade trusts no longer in a frowning Providence, but sends armed mounted police to Newcastle to shoot the geese who supply the golden eggs.

This is a great strike, but the next will be greater. Strikes will grow in size & effects until the last takes place wherein the workers will take & hold all that all the collective labor of the workers has made & all that the community requires. That will be the end of Capitalism. The aim & object of everyone should be to smash the present system of Capitalism into impalpable dust & erect in its place a social order in which everyone shall have an equal opportunity to enjoy all the good things of this life, & cultivate all the
highest faculties of his or her nature."

From the "I.S. Review" of December 25, 1909.

WAR AND THE WORKERS. By Dandelion.

Centuries before the Christian era there were wars & rumours of wars, alarms & excursions, victories & defeats. War is as old as human folly & greed. No age, no matter how it seemed to be devoted to the study of religion, has been free from this ancient curse. Why has it been impossible thus far to abolish this universal evil?

There are many answers to the question, but the most comprehensive reply is that war is the result of ignorance, & ignorance has not yet been banished from the earth. Ignorance is the primal state of man; ignorance is a condition of mind which is the most difficult to alter. Heredity is not strong enough to transmit the knowledge of the philosopher to his children, so that they shall be born with all of his accumulated learning, & commence life where he left off. Each individual must begin as ignorant as a savage on Terra Del Fuego.

In all ages the laws & customs prevailing among the nations were such that learning had no chance to entirely eradicate ignorance from the minds of men. There have, it is true, been splendid productions of mind in ancient Greece & Rome, but those productions have been confined to a comparatively small portion of the earth, the vast majority being in the darkest night of ignorance when the sun of Grecian learning was at its meridian.

This being so, it is very easy for anyone to understand that the only way in which war can be abolished is by KNOWLEDGE. It has been held as an axiom by those who favor warfare that "the best way to secure peace is to be prepared for war." This sounds very fine & large. It seems to be the utterance of an oracle, & it is adopted by the unthinking members of the community as a safe rule by which to order their actions. But I wish to point out the inherent falsity of the phrase, & show the real truth of the matter. It is only necessary to look at the history of any nation to find that the fact of being prepared for war is no guarantee of peace.

Take for instance the late Boer Republic, which was preparing for war many years before Paul Kruger & his Diet felt that at last their preparations were complete & they could confidently declare war against Britain. Or look at the present state of Germany. Here you see a nation which has been preparing for war for a number of years, a nation which has started all Europe by the rapidity & extensiveness of its preparations for war; & even those who deceive themselves & others by the declaration that peace is made sure by being prepared for war would not dare to say that when Germany's rulers feel perfectly prepared for war they will not make war at the first opportunity. Hence the feverish haste in which more Dread-
noughts & Majestics are being hurried into shape in England; & hence the mystical offer of Ward, of New Zealand, of a Dreadnought to the Motherland.

The truth is that the ignorant warmakers of the world are very much afraid of war being declared by those equipped with the biggest guns, the largest ships, the most invulnerable vessels, & the best trained men on sea & land. These people really do not believe in their own maxim to the extent of relying upon it in time of danger. They then perceive that to be prepared for war is simply the prelude to war.

If no nation was prepared for war it is very evident that war would not begin. People must have weapons of war before they can use them, & must be trained before they can be used with any great amount of success.

Take the case of individual fighters. Would any professional pugilist risk his reputation & prize by entering the arena totally unprepared for the fray? Would he not first equip himself for the battle by developing his mental & physical powers to the utmost degree of which he was capable, & having done so, challenge his rival?

The best way to secure peace is to have every nation unprepared for war.

How can it be done? The answer is this: Firstly, let the working men & women of the world realise the fact that it is they alone who make it possible to begin or continue wars. All the implements of wholesale murder are made by the labor of the workers. All the food, all the clothing, all the forts, in brief all of everything used in warfare is produced by the mental & manual exertions of the workers. In their dense ignorance & stupidity they construct millions of pounds worth of wealth for the express purpose of allowing a few to destroy it. The workers labor, & sweat, and stint themselves through life to rear sons to manhood, & then, when their sons have reached the highest point of mental, moral, & physical perfection to which a lifetime of parental self-sacrifice can lift them, they are willingly sent by their fond, foolish parents to destroy & be destroyed with innumerable thousands of others for the benefit of a few human vipers.

The armies & navies of the world are recruited & replenished from the ranks of the workers. The palsied occupants of the pulpits, & the crafty proprietors of the press, who work for the dominant few, do their best to invest workers with a halo of glory. The more awful the carnage upon the homicidal field the more honor & praise is given to those who have helped to make it so.

Mankind is more ignorant upon the criminality of war than upon almost any other subject. Instead of wholesale murder being held up to universal execration by the leaders of the people it is exalted into a great & noble profession, & those who practise it are honoured with ribbons, medals, & crosses & have their names recorded in history to be admired by future
generations of ignorant people. Working men send their sons to the drill hall, to the cadet corps, & to the camp to be trained in the art of murder. Other workers in other parts are doing the same. Bye-and-bye they meet, & the only result so far as these foolish people are concerned is that they have lost the ones they love for the pleasure of those who hate them. The time has now come when the Socialists of every land must arouse their fellow-workers to see the idiocy of this proceeding. We must try to make our fellow-slaves understand that war is not, & never was, intended to benefit THEM. War is a game played by the rich for their own ends, which are the acquisition of power, property, & unlimited pleasure. If war could be of any benefit to the workers surely we should be rolling in riches at present instead of being always on the verge of starvation. If war is of any benefit to us as workers, why are wars the precursors of famine & disease? It is possible to arouse the workers on this question. The late anti-war movement in Spain is encouraging; & the growing reluctance of the people to enlist in the army is proof that the task of the Socialists will not be so hard as it may appear. Let every worker, male & female, decide that, so far as he or she is concerned, war shall in future be carried on by those who instigate & profit by it.

It is time to put a stop to this horrible business, & in spite of Fisher, Watkins, & the Labor Party, we should, by our refusal to furnish men & materials, make warfare an utter impossibility. Of course it will need the co-operation of the workers to bring about this result, but the spirit of altruism which is pervading the minds of the workers will make the abolition of war comparatively easy. Let us organise upon the lines of the New Unionism, & never stop organising upon those lines until we have an organisation which covers the whole world. Let us throw patriotism, nationalism, & sectarianism to the rubbish heap of discarded fallacies, & never rest until the workers of the world are united in one giant federation to free ourselves from the domination of the minority, & become the owners of the earth & all it contains. When that has been done, the earth will be covered with peace & prosperity, & we shall see the realisation of the aspiration of the poet who said, "Hushed be the battle's fearful roar, The warrior's rushing call! Why should the earth be drenched with gore, Are we not brothers all? Want from the starving hosts depart! Chains from the captive fall! Great God, subdue th' oppressor's heart! Are we not brothers all? Sect, clan, & nation, O strike down Each main partition wall: Let love the voice of discord drown, And men be brothers all! Let love & truth & peace alone Hold human hearts in thrall."
SOLIOQUY OF Jim M'GOWEN.

Jumping Caesar dash my buttons!

Who the blizzard would have thought
That Wade's thirsty mob of gluttons
All this ruin would have wrought?

Who would ever dream O'Connor,
Bulter,Bowling, would be jailed?
Christopher! but I'm a goner!
And my pious fraud has failed!

"Arbitration leads to prison!"
Puss has scampered from the bag!
Hark! the fateful cry has risen,
"Wadges Board means Wageless Lag!"

Bust and dash my blessed buttons!
(Please excuse my plebian Slang)
But the fate of Daniel Hutton's
Torn the mask from off my gang.

Nought can save us now but lying,
Crafty tact & careful talk
Or they'll see that we've been flying
With the sparrow & the hawk!

I must now denounce coercion,
Pull the wool o'er Labor's eyes
Or the army of exertion
Will with blazing anger rise!

Let my piebald Labor Party
Rub the rust from shield and blade,
And with flourish bold & hearty
Charge the ranks of Comrade Wade!

Let us rage in mimic battle,
Fill the air with foaming drink,
Lest the stupid voting cattle
Raise their heads and start to think!

Tell them how we fought & struggled
From coercion to be free,
(Mention not the years we juggled
With the same elusive pea.)

Tell them not our Party, venal,
Favor arbitration laws;
That we voted for the penal--
Wise's striker-jailing -- clause.

Tell it not in Kurri Kurri,
Breathe it not neath southern shies,
How my piebalds, in a hurry,
Passed the Act of Ringnose Wise!

Passed the Act, & hailed him "Saviour!"
Laid aside our swords & pikes.
II.
And, with jubilant behaviour,
All announced, "The end of strikes!"

"Peace on Earth nenceforth for ages!"
Thief & robbed no more would fight!
Paradise (see Hansard's pages)
Burst upon our dazzled sight!

But our Idol Wade has battered
Till her radiant beauty pales;
And her sawdust stuffing's scattered
O'er the face of New South Wales!

Arbitration! Arbitration!
Idol of my foolish heart!
Panacea of the nation!
Thou & I must sadly part.!

Long thy merits have I sounded,
Loudly all thy virtues praised;
Many rostrums have a-pounded—
Voice & arms in honour raised.

Object of my fond affection!
We must part, my Love, my All!
OR OUR CHANCE OF RE-ELECTION
WILL BECOME EXCEEDING SMALL!

From the "I.S.Review" of 20 Feb. 1910.

THE STRIKE BREAKER'S SOLILOQUY.
On hearing of imprisonment of strike leaders.
"Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in
the morning."—Bible. By Dandelion.

I have left my cow in clover,
For my night of weeping's over,
And this day with boundless pleasure
Inexpressible, I hail!
Wade has come back from New Zealand,
And my heart leaps like an eland,
For our schemes have been successful
And our foes are all in jail!

Ha! ha! ha! We have them corralled!
Simpletons! They thought we quarrelled!
I was born a clever actor;
And Greg acted well his part;
He was ill & much dejected;
I had washed & disinfected
Both my lily hands of strikers
And had backed my noisome cart.

I am thrilled & filled with rapture
At the very clever capture
Or the Socialistic leaders
In this most unlawful strike !
And with ecstasy I'm rolling
To be rid of Peter Bowling !
He's the man we Labor members
Of Australia most dislike. !

Now my Sunday smile I'm wearing !
Whilst most sinful oaths they're swearing !
And they couple not Perdition
With the noble name of Hughes,
And consign our judge & jury
To the frizzling flames of Fury --
But we MUST have Law & Order,
And their antics but amuse,

Oooh ! I laugh when I remember
How I gulled them last November
With dramatic declamation
And a call to down all tools !
Caesar ! How they cheered the notion
Thinking I would put the motion
To my union to be carried
And GET JAILED, the gosling fools .

And whose fine finesses was finer
Than to trick the Western miner
Into scabbing on his fellows
In the South & Northern pits ?
Or the ballots we have taken
For the WadgesWadges Board that's shaken
All their flimsy federations
Into unresisting fits ?

I am on a bed of roses:
Nothing now to grief disposes:
I am filled with peace & plenty,
And kind Fortune's smiles I see.
I can safely bang my tabor,
Write my golden "Case For Labor"
In the plutocratic paper
That will write the case for ME.
13.
Why? Because the strike broken!
Why? Because of words I've spoken
Whereby Bowling & his cohorts
In the present fight have failed!
Why? Because I branded Peter
As the starter & completer
Of the awful crime of striking.
AND THUS HELPED TO GET HIM JAILED!

Why? Because I've talked 'em "barmy"
On the need to force an army
Of the landless, toilless toilers
To repel invading rouges And exist on bread & gravy
Whilst they're taxed to build "our" navy
To protect my cow that's poley
And my shares & honest Hogue's.

Bowling's jailed, with sentence heavy!
I'm at large with saint Dunleavy!
We are free as crows & dingoes
On the Labor lambs to prey:
Wildly Socialists protested
That we WOULD have been arrested
Had we battled for the strikers,
And their cause did not betray.

Now with joy I gush & bubble!
Rid of all my foes & trouble,
My election sure & certain
As that salt is in the sea; And the height of my ambition
Is to crawl to a position
Of a jingoistic premier
In a piebald Ministry.

And to gain that consummation
I shall whoop for Arbitration
Twixt the pay-triotic robber
And his servile, plundered "hand";
But I'll yell for bomb & rifle
For the alien thieves who'd trifle
With the sacred rights of Blubber
To the capital & land.

I shall earn my swift promotion
By my PAY-triot's devotion
To the interests of Empire
Till the whole man's painted red!
And at last -- O Heaven's glory!
They shall hear in song & story
14.
How Australia's best strike breaker
Has been knighted by King Ned.

I shall shine--
Oh, vision tarry!
I'm forgetting Holland's Harry!

ALL my brainy foes and rivals
Are not safely lodged with Pete:
Holland all my tricks discloses;
He's the thorn among my roses;
When HE'S in Wade's Case for Labor--
Jail-- my bliss will be complete."

WEIGHED'S SOLILOQUY.
Upon hearing that the Wages Board had been accepted by
the Northern Miners. By "Dandelion."

Oh, this is great & welcome news!
But can it be a fact
That Charlton, Cameron, & Hughes
Have snared them in my Act ?!

Oh, this is joy without alloy!
A taste of Heaven's bliss!
I thank them and my small decoy
For bringing things to this:

Saint Matthew leads the wethers on.
With Cameron's accord
For Klie-knack, Scolds, & trusty John
TO SHEAR THEM AT MY BOARD!

Now I have won where Ringnose failed!
His feeble law has gone.
( The barons under me had quailed
If I had been King John ()

At last, at last! all danger's past,
The strike they've broken down;
The leaders all in prison cast,
And I have gained renown!

Through cow-herd Billy's craft & tact
I stand secure--alone;
And my despised, rejected Act
Becomes the Corner Stone!

On history's impartial page
My name shall ever shine!
And rogues in succeeding age
Shall praise this Act of mine!

Great Drake! I had no need to shake
With-terror—and affright,
I thought that Labor was awake
And that he meant to fight!

I fled across the briny deep
To far New Zealand’s shore;
My very flesh began to creep—
I thought I heard him roar!

But now I’ve landed back again
To watch him cringe & squirm
THIS evidence is strong & plain
That he’s the same old worm!

Now far above the cloudy mists
I’ll bask beneath the sun,
And send all Holland’s socialists
To prison—just for fun.

And if my pirate crew gets back
To power once again
I’ll legalise the screw & rack
For strikers—and the chain!

I’ll watch my Hughesful “Labor” tools
Put acid on the raw
By telling all the woolly fools
THEY MUST OBEY MY LAW!

The softies ask, in wonder, why
These leaders aren’t in jail?
Ha! ha! the joke is large & dry—
And thereby hangs a tale!

Could Moses flood the burning sand
Without his magic rod?
Could Aaron gain the Promised Land
With JOSHUA IN QUOD?

Could "Profit" Balaam fill his purse
With Balak’s shining brass
By taking contracts on to curse,
Without his SPEAKING ASS?

Could David save his hunted life,
Which raving Saul assailed,
Or court old surly Nabal's wife
Had Jonathan been jailed?

Could vile Herodias have chanced
To "dish" John—on a plate
If gay Salome had not danced
When Herod sat in state?

Could Crusoe brave the rolling tide,
Or leave his lonely strand
To kiss his old grass-widowed bride,
If Friday did not land?

Was Judas paid to do his task
By others just as vile?
Was Orchard—
But what softies ask
Would make a monkey smile!

Perhaps, some day, from Cue to Bourke,
They'll learn in Life's dear schools
THAT ANY KIND OF DIRTY WORK
IS DONE WITH DIRTY TOOLS.

Meanwhile my crew is saved from wreck!
Most grateful do I feel
To those who placed blind Samson's neck
Beneath my booted heel!

And I shall Wade through seas of blood
To cut all strikers down
To perish in the gory flood,
AND SO WOULD JIM McGow'n!

From the "International Socialist Review" of Mar. 5, 1910.
THE FALLOACY OF COMPROMISE. By Dandelion.
"The proposition as briefly submitted to the lodges is that
the employees & employers should meet before the Board &
consult as to the method of settlement, that the strike should
be declared off, that the mines should be opened to all for­
er employees under old conditions, & that the wages board
should adjudicate on all on all claims remaining unsettled by
consultation.—"Newcastle Herald". Feb. 18,1910."

It is safe to say that such a proposal as this would never
have seen daylight had Bowling, the strong man of the Federa­
tion, been at the head of the delegate board. It is contem­
ible, cowardly, & compromising, & reflects no credit upon the
author. It does not even propose that the clear, bold uncom­
That Heav'n at last its work may own,
And men be brothers all!"

(Continued from page 15 A).

From the "S. Review" of March 26, 1910.

SOLILOQUY OF RELUCTANT LABOR MEMBERS on being asked to
interview the Minister for Justice re liberating the
strike leaders. By Dandelion.

Now things are so terribly muddled,
Our brains are beginning to reel!
We cannot say whether, befuddled,
We stand on our head or our heel!

Our vision is double & foggy;
The landscape is spinning around;
Our gait is decidedly groggy,
And neither knows whither he's bound!

The Socialists say we're in Russia
And ruled by the knout of the Czar;
We really can't say if it's Prussia,
Or where in the mazes we are!

Grave doubts in our minds have arisen--
Though striking's a horrible crime--
If strikers we ought to imprison
For thirty long months at a time.

We fail, though, to see why the nation
Should suffer the loss of its trade,
And workers refuse arbitration
So wisely ( & McGowen) -ly made.

It's just a few weeks from election;
Our party must pander for votes
Of workers who make the selection
Of wolves to rule sheep & the goats!

That's just where the mystery thickens,
For voters are fickle & queer;
We're blest if we know how the dicens
In such a dilemma, to steer!

We know it is most inconsistent
To ask that those felons be freed;
Because we have been so persistent
With Gregory Wade, Wise, & Reid
In trying to get arbitration
To banish the barbarous strike...
We'll ask-- but with great hesitation,
This eating of words we dislike!

We KNOW Wise's law was defective
(The strikers were ruining trade)
And now it was rendered effective
By penal provisions of Wade.

Our party, it's primal promoters,
Would terribly grieve if it failed;
But STRIKERS ARE ALSO THE VOTERS
WHO SOMEHOW OBJECT TO BE JAILED!

We're following Jimmy McGowen
Who follows the point of his beak,
Which points to the fate, at Glenrowen,
Of Kelly, who fell with a shriek.

FOR HOW WE CAN ASK FOR REMISSION
OF PAINS WE HAVE HELPED TO IMPOSE,
(And cover our black imposition)
Is more than our brains can disclose!

Our party will certainly rue it
And die of exposure & shame,
SO, THOUGH WE SUPPOSE WE MUST DO IT,
WE'RE DASHED IF WE RELISH THE GAME.
THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW, APRIL 9, 1910.

THE AWAKENING OF SIMPLE SAM.

By DANDELION.

Was my wakeful fancy scheming? or asleep and only dreaming
When this legend of adventure came within my mental view?
It's a fable I discredit: you may also when you've read it,
But as I received the story I relate it unto you.

My life started at Mt. Lofty; and my father called "softy,"
"Mum" referred to me as "simple"; and the nabors called me "fool";
But I'm christend Sammy Sollar; and I never was a skolar,
For my father set me graftin' when I shood have been at skool.
I remembr how my father said one mornin', "Sam, I'd rather
Have your absense from this orcherd than your silly company."
So I sholdered swag and billy; sez my father, "don't be silly!
Don't declare no man a liard till you've proved him so to be;
And remember this, my sonny, drones that idle get no honey;
So be aktive, honest, froogal, and be humbel and koutent,
Then, if workish, good, and thrifty, you'll be rollin' rich at fifty;
Take my blessin' and this 'bacca, and REMEMBER!" So I went.
At the rugged Bay o' Plenty, when I reeched the age o' twenty,
I was workin' for a farmer for a bob a day and board;
It was Bay of PLENTY SLAVIN', and the farmer started ravin',
When I wanted higher wages that "'twas all he kood aforo."
Up at dusty Charlotte Waters, with my missus and six daughters,
When I'd reeched the age o' forty, I was livin' in a tent;
And my missus she was froogal and as thrifty as MacDougal
But despite of all her strivin' we could never save a sent.
So my father was mistaken, and my konfidence was shaken
In the balanse of his maksims; but I reckoned it was best
To defur a full deniul till I'd given all a triull;
And purcceeded a chance just lately to subjekt them to the test.
It was joinin' Brumby Stashun I received a grate orashun
From a little cove named Billy (what's his Sir-name I forget),
But his langwidge, fast and firey, was what poets call "inspirey"
And his splendid perryrashun I can fancy hearin' yet!
Sez he traiturs talk of failyer in our buteyons free Austrailyer—
In our flow'ry land o' sunshine where Love wanders in the dell—
But success is sure and certain: let me elevate the kertin'.
From the future for a moment, and permit your eyes to dwell
On a vision of our nascent, blest with peaceful arbitration,
Where the masters trust the workers with the chek-books and the tills,
And the workers love their masters, and there's never strike disasters,
And the radiant sun of freedom shines on valleys and the hills!
Lo! behold the stirdy yowmen! They repel the furin foemen
From their fruitful native country with the workers proudly own!
Hark! they're singin' loud the korus, 'Let the Onion Jack rain on us'!
Let us battle for our country and our freedom and the Thrown!
The effect was 'lectric-thrilly! I shouts 'Bosker! Go it Billy!'
Sez he, 'Linger yet a moment till I drops the kertin back!'
But he koodent get a heerin' for the clappin' and the cheerin'
Till the chareman—our employer—sez it's SILENCE or the SACK!
I remembured Dad's advisin', and his maksim kept arisin'
'Don't declare a man a liar till you've proved his word ontrue.'
So I swallowed Billy's story that we owned this land of glory;
And I wandered to Westralyver, and I traveled out to Cue.
I was hungry and dejekted till I gladly reckoleckted
How that Little Billy told us that our avridge in the bank
Was a thousand and some coppers. (By! but Billy tells some whoppers).
So I entered one quite handey, and was inosent and frank;
And I noticed as the teller dropt nine hundred sovrins, yellor,
On the kounter, and I took them with a feelin' of releef.
Well I thought the man was frantik, by his most surprisin' antik,
As he pointed a revolver and yells 'Antey up, you thief!'
But I pockited the money, and I ansered 'Don't be funny,
It's my AVRIDGE as I've taken; and the balance you have got.'
So he winked at his apprentiss and he sez 'NON COMPOS MENTIS';
Wich my father said is Latin for 'he's off his bloomin' dot.'
Then I anteed and departed somewhat quicker than I'd started;
And the banker started laffin' fit to break his blinded neck.
I was feelin' wild and silly to be hokussed so by Billy,  
But if ever I'm in Sydney he'll bekum a total reck.  
Next I traveled to Broad Arrow, and observed a empty barrow,  
So I started wheelin' ashes; when a josser on the line  
Sez "Who granted you permishun to engage in this position?"  
"Shood the ownur ask permishun?" s'I, "this blessid coun-
try's mine!"  
S'z'e "Your country's Scilly Island!" I replide "Austral-
yer's my land!
I intend to keep this billet, and prokure my daily bread!"  
He replide with *—*— (stars an' dashes); so I nocked him on  
the ashes,  
And I sholdered old Matilda, and deserted him for dead!  
Next I landed at the Boulder, with Matilda on my shoulder;  
I was hungry as a dingo, and my tung was baked an' brown;  
Where a engine was a-haulin' I begun to do some spawlin'  
When a bloated jinger party said "Naow put that hammah  
down!"  
Well, my freeborn blud was boilin' to be always stopt from  
toilin',  
In my sunny, free Austrailyer; so I questiond was it fair  
That the country I was born in only treated me with scornin',  
And the idlers et the bullock while the workers got the hair?  
Then I traveled down to Needham in my frootless serch for  
freedom,  
In my golden land o' sunshine (it was boilin' hot that day);  
Met a Cousin Jack from Tambo; "How art dishin," sez he,  
"Sambo?"  
"Bad," I answered, "fair disgustid, and koot eat a horse an'  
dray!"  
"Harses edden good; theym nasty; ate my mate an' tatie pasty!  
Thee art lookin' fine an' poorly; tell us what's the matter, you?"  
"This," I ansered, "is the matter—I have swallered all the  
chatter  
Of the cunnin' little Billy, and beleived his words was true;  
That this lovely land was ours, where the sunshine and the  
showers  
Make the landscape bloom like Eden with its feelds of golden  
korn,  
And each freeborn, brave elector can subsist on love and neck-
tar,
And a heritage of freedom waits on ev’ry baby born!

“Lor’ mercy, look upon un! Thee’st like purty Poll Tre­gonnan!
She was coortin’ Jan Penberty, poor an’ lean as Pharoah’s kine,
Poll was lovely an’ believin’; Jan was oogly an’ deceevin’,
And to marry her he tould her he was worth a golden mine!
So they married. “Now,” sez Polly, “weth thy riches we’ll be jolly!
Dost tha’ member that thee’se tould me that thee’rt worth thy weight in gold?”

“That’s my value to my mother,” Jan replide; “I’m worth it, rather!
But, my darlin’, I caan’t spend it, for ’tis thee—not me—that’s sold!”

All the country right to Gunnin’ do belong to lawyers, kunnin’,
Banks an’ syndicates an’ gentry that do grab to make a “rise,”
And they’m bleatin’ ’bout defences, while we’m payin’ all ex­penses
To purrctect they in thier mansions while they tell us ‘fernal lies!
We’ve got nothin’ but our muscles, and our lives be mighty tussles
’Genst the gentry that do own us. It is true that we be free—
Free az cockatoos in cages; free to labor hard for wages
When our labor makes them profit; but if not, well look at we!”

So I’m wakened from my sleepin’, and a konstant watch I’m keepin’
For the brazen “Labor” leader who dares tell me I am free!
I’ll declare he’s Annaniers mixed with seven kinds of liars!
And if ever I’m in Sydney little Bill shall hear from me!

Thus the moving legend ended, wherein fact and myth are blended;
There’s a moral in the fable that to you I now reveal;
Never credit what’s asserted by a traitor who deserted,
For his voice resembles Jacob’s, but his hands like Esau’s feel!
SLEEP ON, MY FRIEND, SLEEP ON!

BY DANDELION.

When the poetaster rages in the socialist pages
Of the paper you have borrowed from the Socialist next door,
And your lethargy is shaken by the words 'Arise!' 'Awaken!'
Just politely pitch it flying, and recline upon the floor.
Why should working men in numbers be awakened from their slumbers
By those blatant agitators with their voices or their pen?
Just continue drowsing, dreaming that the continent is teeming
With contented hosts of women and free, independent men
In prosperity and plenty; each with ample wealth for twenty
And each mother gladly welcoming each innocent that's born;
That sweet harmony and laughter's under their domestic rafters
Where benignant Cornucopia upsets her fruitful horn;
That each worker sings and whistles whilst the lovely landscape bristles
With the tassels of the flowers and the waving corn and maize;
That Humanity and Freedom have no plutocrats to bleed 'em.
And kind Fortune's sweetly smiling while she blesses tranquil days,
Let no stupid "Lo, the Dawning!" interrupt your dreamy yawnings
But enjoy celestial visions (they are all that you possess!),
Don't believe the rousing writer or the socialististic skiter
That 'your visions aren't substantial' — You believe the daily press!
For what educated manual would his intellect entrammel
With the statements that are published in the "Socialist Review,"
That a bitter war is raging, in which workers are engaging,
And are fighting for their liberty against the owning few?
When your stupid neighbor's reading those assertions so misleading,
You should promptly end discussion by a well-directed snore!
We have sucked it from our mothers that the rich and poor are brothers
And the only foes of working-men are on a foreign shore.
When the socialists are raving at the parasites for jailing
Honest working men for striking; just you give a sleepy laugh!
Close again your eyes in slumber; let no fact your mind encumber
To disturb your dreams of freedom, or refute the "Telegraph."
When the poet's eyes are rolling in a frenzy, over Bowling,
And he's rhyming rhythmic numbers touching subjects such as that
Don't you listen to his stanzas! dream of "Deadwood Dick in Kansas,"
And of pugilists and horses, and the match on Bingo Flat!
You should emulate the cooter (thus the yarn) from Paternoster,
Who once fainted in the country air where he had chosen to roam,
And his feeble heart was failing till he smelt a putrid grayling.
When he started up, exclaiming, "Ah! that's good, it smells like home!"
So, when socialists are speaking to the workers, and are seeking
To enlighten them on matters that they ought to understand,
Do be careful not to listen lest your fainting eye-balls glisten,
"But continue sweetly dreaming that the workers own the land!"
Yes, be careful! Don't awaken when old Gabriel's horn is taken
And he's blowing blasts of thunder to arouse the dead and gone;
Don't disturb the grass and clover on your grave, but rolling over,
Softly murmur "It's a socialist that's speaking" — AND SLEEP ON!

Jo Comman Ch. For volt, 1910.
THE MAN BEHIND THE PENCIL

By DANDELION.

Open letters being the rule at present I write this open letter to my fellow wage slaves who will this week be granted the privilege (because it is still safe to do so) of voting for a fresh crowd of political savours.

We have been voting for social and political avatars for a long while now, but those of us whose hairs are getting rich with silver threads among the copper strands can say, in the "Arny" phrase, "the harvest is past; the summer is ended, and we are not saved." We have gone to the polls full of hope and bright expectations, and have made the magic sign of the cross on the ballot paper; we have watched eagerly and late to see the elections returns posted up; we have been thrilled with joy to find that "our" men have been elected; and we have waited patiently for the burdens of life to be lifted by a friendly political hand from our backs, but so far we have waited in vain. We are still the landless, toolless slaves of a few. We still work hard and long for very little. We still have to ask men, who are no better than ourselves, for leave to toil. In short, we are members of an oppressed, degraded and enslaved class. We live on hope and short commons, and see what the poet meant when he wrote "Hope springs eternal in the human breast; Man never is, but always TO BE, blest!" We, the workers, never ARE blest; but are always to be in that happy condition if we vote for Jones the Freetrader, or Brown the Protectionist, or Robinson the Liberal, or Fisher the Labor saviour. But when the elections are over, and the member's golden free pass dangles on the resplendent gold chain, we find to our sorrow that the blessings have a nasty habit of falling upon the heads of those who promised to shower them upon us! The years pass on as of yore; and as for "our" members, we hear or read that Mr. So-and-so M.L.A., or M.H.R., visited the theatre, or the show, or the races, or the federal capital site, or had gone to South Africa to look after his mining interests, or had gone on a pleasant tour to the Northern Territory, or was fooling away his time—fiddling while your Rome is burn-
ing—and enjoying himself immensely while you are turning the same old handle in the same old place, and your wife is wondering how she will be able to pay the baker. And the next time you behold your representative (about election time), he is looking well-groomed and uncomfortably fat, while you are right down to your fighting weight. If you complain that those promised cornucopian showers are a long while in coming he will remind you that Rome wasn't built in a day; and will probably tell the barmaid, over his whisky, that he is afraid some of his constituents are becoming extreme socialists. And if you can afford to buy the daily newspaper you will read that your member has become a patron of some Club, or has joined some large sodality or society where there are plenty of voters; while you can scarcely afford to pay the entrance fee and subscription to a friendly society to protect your family from actual want in case you fall ill or get injured at your work. You can see your parliamentary champion riding in his carriage or motor car; and you can view his lovely town mansion and his country residence where he lives in ease; and luxury while you have to tell the rent collector that you'll try to pay up arrears next time! It's now about time you woke up! It's about time that you made up your minds that you will haul in your line and fish in a fresh place. In plain English, you have been fools, and should try to realise the fact.

This week you will be the Man Behind the Pencil. You will be able to place your "representatives" on the list of the unemployed—where they have heard that you have often been while they were touring Mt. Kosciusko, or exploring the subterranean wonders of the Jenolan Caves—or you will be able to give them a fresh lease of life for the next three years. The anti-socialists will remind you, if you complain (which is seldom), that you have yourselves to blame for the political corruption that prevails; and IT IS TRUE! But don't let it be possible to say that again. Don't vote for men who have fooled you in the past and will repeat the crime in the future. Don't be led away by the false cry that, given the choice of two evils, you should choose the lesser. Don't choose any evil—big or small—if it is in your power to reject it, which it will be when you enter the polling booth. "But," you
may say, "what of the glorious franchise for which our forefathers fought; are we to refuse to exercise the power to vote?" That question is easily answered. If you are a Protectionist, and there are two Freetrade candidates standing for election would you vote for one of them, well knowing that if elected he would not and indeed could not truly represent you, but would do all in his power to advance the principles of freetrade? Certainly not! If you voted at all you would be voting against yourself, and would not elect a representative but a mis-representative. If you are not able to vote for what you want—a true representative—a man who will do in parliament what you would do for yourself if you were there—then don't vote at all!" It is better to vote for what you want, and not get it than to vote for what you don't want, and get it."

If you want a continuation of the present rotten state of affairs you should certainly vote for those who are using their power and your apathy to maintain it. But if you desire a complete change—if you wish to become the owner of yourself and of the whole fruits of your labor and the land you live in—vote for those who will help you to do so: that is, VOTE FOR THE SOCIALISTS. They don't tell you that if you elect them they will do wonders for you, and will ease you of your burden. They know better! They know that "he who would be free HIMSELF must strike the blow!" They know that unless you desire, and will CONTINUALLY strive to be free you will always remain the plundered slaves that you are. They know that it is utterly useless for you to turn in your sleep once in three years and snore about liberty! They tell you that if you want liberty you must TAKE it; if you desire the fruit of your collective toil you must make a persistent and intelligent effort and take it; if you are anxious to be Men instead of "hands," and are desirous of enjoying the best things of life you must bring about the change, and get possession of those things by your own efforts on the industrial and political fields. The socialists don't tell you that the daisies must bloom above your graves 200 years before you can secure justice. They don't tell you that you should work for any wage that a capitalist judge fixes for you. They don't tell you that it is wrong to stop working if you are not satisfied with your
conditions or wages; and neither do the socialists tell you that you that, if elected, they will assist the government to make stringent arbitration laws wherewith to jail you if you strike. Above all, they never insult you with the jingo lie that the main question is that of “defence”! They tell you that the “Bread and Butter Question” is the one you have to consider first. But the other parties, or rather the various branches of the Capitalist Party, which includes the so-called Labor Party, tell you that the main question is how to quickly and effectively defend the class that robs you from the clutches of some foreign gang of thieves. They even go further in their brazen effrontery and tell you that they will compel you to work for your masters without striking, they will force you to bear the cost of your master’s defence, they will make you fight to make the native, resident invaders secure in the possession of what they have stolen from you! The “Labor” branch of the Capitalist party openly admit that you do not own the land, and they have the impudence to tell you that you will not only be compelled by law to work when it is to your interest to strike, but that you will HAVE to fight when it is to the interest of your owners to do so. Now, for fear that you may accuse me of drawing the long bow, I give you this extract from the speech of “Labor” candidate A. Gardiner, published on the 4th instant: “The people would HAVE to fight if the occasion arose, and WOULD HAVE to pay for it too!” If you ask, “Who own the land that you intend to coerce the workers into fighting for,” here is the answer in the words of another of the “Labor” candidates, D. Watkins, who said at the same time and place: “The land question is also a matter that the people should seriously consider. At PRESENT HALF THE ALIENATED LAND IN THIS STATE IS OWNED BY 7040 PERSONS!” If you ask what is the state of society which you are to be compelled to fight and pay for the preservation of, here is your answer in the words of “Labor” candidate A. McDougall: “To-day there is abject poverty in the city of Sydney, and what will be the state of things a few years hence if some steps are not taken to remedy present industrial conditions? To-day one of the largest papers in Australia is threatened with boycott for opposing the fusion government; and members of the
civil service in some parts of the State were afraid to take part in the labor propaganda for fear of the consequences to themselves. At the present time children in the country are compelled by their fathers to work long hours, to their physical and mental detriment." Yet, my friends, these same overworked physical wrecks are to have some more compulsion for the traitorous Labor imposters, and are to be forced to learn how to stop bullets with their degenerate bodies for the benefit of those 7040 patriots who are using their "Labor" party to do their dirty work. But perhaps you may say that the city workers and the back-blocks children are the only ones who suffer under capitalism. Well, Miss Hilda Light, in speaking in favor of warrior Watkin's candidature, said, "Work alone is noble," for the worker conserves and enriches human life by his efforts. Labor receives in return for those efforts only the merest pittance, and everywhere we see selfish capitalism trading upon labor." "Work alone is noble!" Then war and its advocates must be ignoble! Yet you are to be forced by a traitorous Party led by Hughes and Fisher, to work under compulsion, and fight under compulsion. But you are free to vote for socialists who advocate perfect freedom. And remember in the polling booth that before you become Fisher's tool behind a gun you should be Men—behind the pencil.

Broken Hill.

The International Club held a meeting last Sunday night and decided to join the Socialist Federation of Australasia; also to change its name to International Socialist Club. Charley Coulls, who is leaving the town for a few months, resigned as secretary and E. V. Cogan was appointed in his place. The Club no doubt will go ahead. We have all the old Groupites in it; also Parker and O'Reilly from Pirie.

Imprisonment Fund.

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FEDERATION WON.

* (With apologies to Sir Walter Scott.)

The year was 1901, the month was March
The First.

When loud o'er Sydney's lovely town a
Joyful clamour burst.

Great bonfires blazed, and banners flew,
And "soldiers" marshalled in grand review,

While Franklin's thunder louder grew
Above the noise and dust.

The efforts of a hundred years are realised—
The old cheers
That rise aloft to stun our ears are Freedom's dying yell.

Base Federation has been won
With bricks of gold and loaded gun;
The democratic hope, undone,
Joins in its own death knell.

Poor fools, how proud! Your manhood's sold.
This "paction" means United Gold.

It's power to crush is now five-fold—repeat, resistance, vain
Those chains you now so thoughtless weild
Shall on your limbs for eye be held,
Till greedy nature, hate-impelled,
Wipes out in blood their stain.

The banded cut-throats marshalled here,
In militant gay, with flashing spear,
What is their mission? Pause and hear
Your children to coerce.

These are the paid and fattened fools
Wealth seeks to watch ye, hapless fools—
Enough! You'll quickly know the rules.
—Now, with me, view the farce.

* * *

The ghost of Parkes led forth the hosts
As also some less noted ghosts—
Poor shades who, when on earth, held posts,
in Fetteration's spare.

Finstance, Barney Ringrose Wise
Pals it incumbent to arise.
And sweated head Toby Barton's eyes
Beheld the scene with glee.

Bold Edmunds of the silver tongue (now
Boasting only half a lung)
A pean to adoration sung—then dodged a
dead feline,
Big Langlee now a mass of ribs
And things, gloomed back at Richard Dibbs,

Whilst hard behind them Holland's nibs
Denounced the Federal Sin.

But vain was now the Social Hope. All
Headless had we reved the rope;
New bound and gagged our way must grope,
In Federation's coils.

Unheading words of portent wise
We closed our hearts, our ears, our eyes,
Till trio-conquered our manhood lies
Bound in the hellish toils.

Sir Guts, with hollow ribs and skull, floats
O'er the pageant sad and dull,
Not blest, as if you—his hull the
Breuec calls mournful through.

For 90 years his bones accrued
Have lain unhonored in the dust,
Where I this betrayed and pledges burst
Have bleached his sabre blue.

With lowering brow and hollow eyes, near
Guts the ghost of Fegan flies—
The "Miner Stateman" had to rise, so
Wrench with Reid was he.

His knuckled bones he clenched and
Grinned.
Then sealed, "I had it sworn, sir,
That wriggling serpent I'd have skinned.
While yet of earth were we."

* * *

Far to the rear a sad-eyed train close up
And swell the pageant's din.
These tumble out from slum and lane,
Where hunger's child is nursed.

No gladness in their hearts nor eyes.
From these no joyous songs arise.
They mourn, alas, that freedom dies.
This day by wiles was secured.

J. Dowling.

annual inspection, Feb. 27, 1883.

The various South African Soldiers' Associations of the Commonwealth have been, for some time concerned about the extensive barterling carried on in military decorations, and on the initiative of the New South Wales Association, the Minister for Defence was approached and requested to have legislation introduced with the object of abolishing such a deplorable practice—as discreditable to the receivers as to those offering the medals for sale. The Minister is evidently disposed to take a favourable view of the request, as, a communication to the following effect has just been received from Commander S. A. Pethbridge, secretary Department of Defence, by the honorary secretary of the South Australian Association, Mr. A. E. Speers:—"I have the honour, by direction, to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 27th ultimo, regarding the sale of military decorations (medals and clasps), by pawnbrokers and others, and to inform you that the question is noted for consideration during the next session of Parliament."

13 B.
SENSATION - WINDING ACCIDENT AT KOCH'S PIONEER MINE.

MINERS' PERILOUS RIDE.

SKILLFUL DRIVER AVOIDS A NOTABLE CALAMITY, 1911.

A narrow escape from what might have been a very serious, if not fatal, accident occurred at the Koch's Pioneer Co.'s mine at Long Gully early yesterday morning.

The enginedriver (Mr. James Ellery) started to oil the engines as usual prior to commencing the day shift, after which he lowered the western cage (a double decker), which had been squared at the surface the previous evening, to the bottom of the shaft. Everything was then apparently safe for the lowering of the miners to the respective levels where they are engaged.

At 7 o'clock the first cage of men, eight in number, was being lowered in the eastern compartment of the shaft, and had reached a point above the 2100ft. level when the drum-shaft, 12in. thick, in the centre of the eastern drum broke. This caused the drum to revolve at a great speed, and, of course, the cage in which the men were travelling down the shaft descended at a correspondingly alarming rate. The enginedriver's suspicion that something was amiss was first aroused by a knocking sound, and he was trying to locate it when he suddenly noticed the difference in the velocity of the ropes. At the same time Mr. P. Kelly, a braceman, was standing at the mouth of the shaft, and, he, too, observing the speed at which the ropes were travelling, rushed into the enginehouse and signalled to the driver to stop the engine. The enginedriver had by this time applied the air brakes, but the friction caused by the fast-revolving drum was causing the wood on the brakes to burn. The cage, however, was brought to a standstill about the 2500ft. level. It was then slowly lowered to the latter level, where the alarmed miners jumped out and gave the signal that the cage was at liberty—a signal which was heartily welcomed by the terrified driver and others on the surface. The men climbed the ladders for a short distance, and went along the level to the Cornish United mine (the next mine south), where they were hauled to the surface little the worse for their exciting and perilous experience.

Had it not been for the action of the enginedriver, who has been employed at the mine for about 15 years, and who acted with commendable promptitude, the result of the mishap might have been appalling, as the men had only a little over 200ft. to reach the bottom of the shaft. Whilst descending the mine one of the men passed the remark, "What a skilful ride Jim is giving us," but he had barely uttered the words when the cage seemed to drop from under them. They at once realised that something unusual had happened, and were very thankful when they were able to land at the 2400ft. level.

The mishap will cause the company to practically suspend operations in the mine for about a fortnight whilst repairs are being effected, thereby throwing about 30 or 40 men out of employment.

The enginedriver was warmly commended by the general manager (Mr. R. Martin) for his coolness and promptitude in applying the brakes, and thus averting what might easily have been a serious catastrophe.

The directors, at a meeting held in the afternoon, decided to forward a letter of thanks to the enginedriver commending him the skilful handling of the engine when the accident happened.

FAC SHAW.
promising minute previously passed when the brains of the federation were not paralysed with fear, be rescinded. "That no more work be done until our grievances be redressed."

No sooner had Bowling & his mates been safely stowed out of the way of the Political Labor League faction than they invited 4 of the "Labor" party to come in and think for them & advise them what to do. Would they advise? Would a duck swim?

This was an opportunity not to be lost, & which would never have come had Bowling been present.

Of course they advised; & the result was what might have been expected! The election is near; the Placida's few white patches are rapidly growing darker in the shadow of the jail provided by the Act of which they support the main principle—arbitration; & here was an opportunity to get even with their anti-arbitration enemies, & at the same time touch up their white spots with legal & political whitewash. They would advise the workers to accept the board:

they would advise ALL workers to accept EVERY board; they would advise them to take those innumerable boards, & together with the white-ant eaten planks of their platform, construct Noah McGowen's Ark in which all parties, robbers & robbed alike, could be saved from the flood of the approaching social revolution! Moses Cameron & Aaron Charlton were appointed to represent the miners before the Board; & in their eagerness they could not even wait to learn the result of the proposed ballot before rushing there. The job was enthusiastically taken by Aaron to lead them out of Brown's Egypt. The ballot resulted in the Board being accepted by the very small majority of 121. About one third of the members never voted, being away fishing or hunting.

"Make hay while the sun shines." Rush & bustle, hurry skurry! was the policy adopted. Be quick & finish the dastardly work that Hughes & Co. began! Rush the Board; rush the ballot; telegraph the returns! Compromise! compromise! Have faith in Scolds! Let us be friends!

Get back to work! Open your mouth & shut your eyes & take what Wade will send you! Let us have an AMICABLE settlement. Let us moderate our demands! The hypnotic spell may wear off before we get the job finished!

ALL THIS AND THE LEADERS IN JAIL!

This country is cursed with cowardice & compromise. It is afflicted with a parasitic party that lives by deluding labor & acting the part of capital's lightning rod, & running Labor's thunderbolts into the ground.

"Take what you can Get" is it's motto. "Compromise" is it's religion. Compromise means "adjustment by mutual concessions." The fallacy of compromise as a working policy for organised labor is in the fact that labor is entitled to the best of everything that the world can furnish. The toilers
have the right to demand the whole fruit of their labor, be it houses, food, clothes, books, furniture, or anything they require. If they demand less than all of their product they are not wise. If they accept less, voluntarily, they are foolish.

If Brown robs Jones of his watch & chain, would you call it a concession if Jones returned the chain & still kept the watch? Not much! Or if Brown stole Jones' fowls, would any sane person describe it as a "Concession" if Brown said, "Let us come to an amicable settlement of the difficulty. I WILL RETURN THE FEATHERS!" Yet this is the kind of that the coalowners are willing to make, & the "Labor" party is willing to accept. "No compromise" should be the motto of the workers. They should demand all they are entitled to have—the earth & its products. They should do as the barons did in England in 1215—demand all they think they should get, & take no refusal, no excuse, no promise, no compromise; but get ALL they demand, or go down in the attempt; & again demand the same thing when they are strong enough to do so. Had Beeby, or McGowen, or Wade's little Billy been at the head of the barons & the people of England, these three great temporising champions of Labor would have modified their demand & altered Magna Charta until Langton—its author—would not have recognised it.

Fancy McGowen's motley crowd with cow-herd Billy at their head cutting off the head of Charles! But no! Fancy refuses to paint such a bold picture; it will only consent to depict them cutting Charley's HAIR! Where would the independent Republic of the United States of America be if Washington had compromised with mad George?

Would chattel slavery have been abolished in that republic if Lincoln had compromised with the slavers? What great blessing has this weary world ever got by the system of compromise? None that I know of. On the contrary, all great reforms have been effected by men who were determined to effect their full purpose or die in the attempt.

And, as the poet asks:

"What good gifts have my brothers but it came
Through search, & strife, & loving sacrifice."

But who would accuse Jim's magpie party of fighting for anything, or of sacrificing anything—except strikers?

Another broken strike is now added to the Laborites' list! Once more they have treacherously fraternised with the enemy & led the workers into an ambush. Nevertheless, the final victory for the workers will come. The new unionism will supersede the old, worn-out craft union. The various flimsy federations of workers will fall to pieces, & their places will be taken by the Industrial Workers of the World organisation which will neither compromise nor retreat, but will demand & obtain the whole world for the Workers!"
From the "International Socialist Review" of April 2, 1910.

"THE LABOR PARTY'S ALPHABETICAL CONFESSION. By Danielion.
Or What They Should Tell The Workers.

A is always arbitrate; "Labor" lawyers like
To appear as advocate: workers shouldn't strike!
Labor on & be content while we take our ease
Till your lives & cash are spent paying lawyers' fees.

B is battling Boxlands Bowling's bands marching off to jail,
Whilst our piebald party stands watching-- on a rail!
Striking is an awful crime in the field or town,
But--by working overtime, we shall put it down!

C will signify cadet( infantile galoot!)
He is jingo Hugnes' pet learning how to shoot;
He will keep invaders out, tighten silken bond:
Of the modest lady scout he is very fond.

D will represent defence,(burning question, that!)
We are sparing no expense fortifying Fat!
Workers haven't ought to lose, scarce enough to eat:
But, though children haven't shoes, Fat must have a fleet!

E for Eastern foe will stand, up in far Japan;
He will steal the banker's land from the working man.
We're aware the enemy's neither Jap or Chow;
The Invador venom's living with you now!

F is Fisher's murder-fleet we intend to get;
Fat will own the lot, complete;YOU will own the debt!
Fisher fishing for a "Sir" uses ships for bait;
When their screws, "our" waters stir watch him jubilate!

G is Gaoling Gregory Wade, we must confess,
Knocks us all to beggary writing to the press!
Showed our inconsistency re the penal claws of claws
And with what persistency we support his laws.

H is Harry Holland's nibs fighting Billy Hughes,
Harry lashes "Labor" fibs in the red "Reviews!"
Holland's pen is like a lance tipped with boiling gall!
He is making Billy's chance very black & small!
With determination, grim, Holland's fought for years;
Prison cannot silence him, nor can bribes or fears!

I invaders indicate swiftly swooping down
Of the A. Co's estate & the mines of Brown,
the palaces of his coaly slaves,
Breaking gilded chalices on their architraves,
Plundering their salaries, burning golden domes,
Wrecking marble galleries in the miners' homes;
All this scene of devilry greets our mental eyes,
And amidst the revelry Baron Sir Foote flies;
But, O working fellow-men worse for us remains!
We can see the Yellow men breaking Bowling's chains!

J will represent the Jail that the strikers hate,
Law and order must prevail; they should arbitrate!

K is Khartoum's gory Kitch, head above the clouds,
Showing "Labor" jingoes which way to fool the crowds.
Socialists from Cairns to Bourke say war isn't right,
But we've helped to make you work, now we'll make you fight.

L is languid Labor Leagues lolling idly by
Whilst our jingoes, by intrigues, drain the workers dry,
Voting millions for "defence" of the few who rob;
When the workers get some sense we shall lose our job.

M is military maid all in khaki clad;
She will never be afraid scouting with the lad;
Soldier-girl with angel's wing folded neath her drum,
She's too modest, far, to bring trouble home to "Mum"!

N is narrow national sentiment we preach;
Socialists, irrational, altruism teach.
They would forge fraternal links binding lands remote;
We care not what nation sinks if Australians float.

O is Oriental lands patriots abhor,
We exclude their "heathen" bands from "our" Christian shore.
Yet, though stupid race-dislike fills our loyal souls,
Through the recent mining strike we have burnt their coals.

P is patch & palliate ev'ry social ill;
You should not retaliate though your owners kill.
Your employers always pay what they can afford;
You should all their laws obey and respect their Board.

Q's the quiet quid pro quo that our party gave,
Whereby Deakin, Wade & Co. hope to rule the wave;
That the Empire might prevail we gave THEM your pence,
They gave union leaders JAIL! We gave those DEFENCE.

R is revolutionists reckless of the "ail;
We are evolutionists crawling like a snail.
They are earnest, active, strong, hopeful, minus fears;
S is stolen salary that we commandeered,
Careless if the "gallery" disapproved or cheered!
Was it not, by law, allowed? We don’t fear or fret;
It is safe to rob the crowd, for they soon forget!

T’s our "holey" trinity—power, place, and pay—
Tripartite divinity unto whom we prey—
"Triune god of Avarice, we present to thee,
Thy appointed sacrifice—bleeding Liberty!"

U’s ungodly uniform that we all admire,
Showy helmets, cuirass, arms to stab & fire.
We have lands that stretch afar, mansions, cash unspent,
And our brave defenders are those who pay the rent.

V is venial verderous (pardonably green)
People cheering murderous soldiers of the queen.
Working fools, by traitors sold, face the screaming lead;
And while we collect their gold they collect their dead.

W is wastefulness, wicked war & woe;
"Labor" men, with tastefulness, make your armies grow!
And our jingoes have resolved "When the Lion roars
Austral men shall be involved in their owners’ wars!"

X the cross is signified when you workers vote,
"Labor" men, undignified, turn to men of note.
And this fact is lucified, by electing dross,
Labor is self-crucified on his self-made cross.

Y is Yankee union, new; "guess an’ calculate
When that darned I. W. double Hughes the traitor,
Or, the old craft-union pack, (Labor’s incubus)
It will give us all the sack and will double us.

Z will stand for zealously; this is how we toil,
Watching rivals jealously, waiting for the spoil,
Viewing plays, beholding sights, jaunting all we can,
THIS IS HOW OUR PARTY FIGHTS FOR THE WORKING MAN!

(Lucified means illuminated.) Dandelion.
Labor Candidate: Mr. Chairman, gentle ladies & electors; It's with pleasure I address you once again On the platform of your Labor-- aw-- protectors, Or the solid "Labor Party, to be plain. We are anxious to protect you from the spoilers Who are waiting on the Oriental strand For a favorable chance to rob you toilers Of your heritage of liberty & land! Where the Union Jack of England's proudly flying O'er the hembire that's--aw-- growing year by year, The oppressors of the poor are dead-- or dying-- And the working slaves have liberty-- Labor Party Dupe: Hear, hear!

Lab. Cand: Yes, the workers all have liberty & leisure Where the ensign of our mighty Empire flies; And the working people all support, with pleasure, England's navy; & they can't afford--

Pie Vendor: Hot pies! (Laughter & cheers.)
Lab. Can: I was saying when the pieman interjected, That you independent workers can't afford To allow your masters' land to be xinfected By the presence of an Oriental horde.
As a Briton I despise ALL foreign races, For they occupy a most degraded plane, And a Britisher who marries one disgraces-- Home Ruler: Why, King Edward's pretty missus is a Dane! (Laughter.)

Lab. Can: When I've finished 'twill be time for you Farrago, I referred to COLORED races, as you knew!
Infidel: Do you know the Roman Pontiff is 'Dago', And that Jesus was an Asiatic Jew? (Applause)
Chairman: Let the candidate deliver his oration, For the meeting can't attend to more than one; And if any person wants an explanation He has liberty to speak when we are done.
Lab. Can: I was saying that the colored men of Asia Are inferior to men whose skins are white; And you independent men of Australasia Know that--
Liberal: COLORED Japs put Russian troops to flight!
Lab. Can: You're aware that we are wholly unprotected; We've no Dreadnoughts of our own to guard our shore, And the enemy is hourly expected--
Socialist: We have heard him coming 20 years or more! (Laughter.)

Lab. Can: We expect to see them swarm our beaches, sandy,
23.

And to ravage all our continent, & kill—
Striker: They are rather late: Wade would have found them handy

Shooting strikers at the mines of Broken Hill! (Cheers.)
Lab. Can: Well, the yellow horde would slaughter in an hour
All you workers, & would make you live on rice:
The Mikado wants a market for his flour—
Socialist: DEAD Australians would declare the diet nice! (Descriptive cheers.)

Lab. Can.: You may ridicule the danger; but our duty
Is to strengthen our defences while we may,
And prepare to fight for domicile & beauty;
For our women—
Socialist: WORK FOR SEVENPENCE A DAY! (Uproar.)
Lab. Can.: For our womenkind are beautiful & loyal,
And are law-abiding citizens who like
To respect their masters' wishes, & the royal—
Striker: You're forgetting the—aw—Tailoresses' Strike!
(Women's cheers.)

Lab. Can.: That deplorable event I'm not forgetting,
For they cherish yet a patriotic spark
For the Empire, where the sun is never setting—
Soc.: It's unsafe to trust its rulers in the dark! (Laughter.)
Lab. Can.: Well, the ladies, I am certain, are respectful
Of the rulers of our Empire, though remote,
For the noble Lords & Commons aren't neglectful—
Socialist: They give suffragettes the PRISON—not the VOTE!
(Ladies' cheers.)

Lab. Can.: We believe in forcing workers into training
To uphold the blissful freedom they've enjoyed,
And the constant work for all that's now obtaining,
And assistance—
Idle Worker: For the starving unemployed! (Cheers.)
Lab. Can.: No, assistance to maintain the ancient prestige
Of our Empire that our foreign roemen dread:
We should battle neath its ensign till no vestige—
Idle Worker: Bust the ensign! That won't give us work or bread.
(Uproar)

Lab. Can.: We should battle for the Empire, I was saying,
Till no vestiges of our enemies remain;
And the battle-flak of Freedom we're displaying
To secure—
Defeated Striker: PETER BOWLING ON A CHAIN. (Commotion.)
Lab. Can.: To secure peace & plenty for the masses,
To protect them from the robber & the sneak,
And to elevate the morals of the classes—
Soc.: AND YOUR SALARIES TO FORTY POUNDS A WEEK! (Applause.)
Chairman: Now these constant interjections are annoying;
It's ungentlemanly thus to interfere,
And the candidate's address you are destroying;
Please keep order till he finishes—
Labor Party Dupe.: Hear, hear!
Lab. Can.: Take this warning: I can hear the muffled thunder
Of the legions who are marching o'er the main;
And those millions from the Eastern seas will plunder
From the seaboard to the arid Western plain!
They will confiscate the motor-cars of miners
And destroy the noble mansions of the poor!
They will commander the fortunes of refiners
And will scatter shearsers' diamonds on the floor!
They'll destroy the marble palaces of bakers,
Put the navvies' ancient castles to the flames!
They'll deprive the Domain dossers of their acres,
And destroy the swagman's golden picture frames.
They'll blacken all the country in their fury:
THE MIKADO WILL DENY YOUR RIGHT TO STRIKE,
And the strikers will be "tried" by judge—NOT JURY—
And imprisoned where his Majesty may like!
All the stations will be stolen from the shearsers;
All the miners will be plundered of their mines,
All the forests will be taken from the clearers,
And the bloated navvies robbed of all their lines!
All the working men will live in rented hovels
While their idle owners spend their useless lives
At the Stock Exchange, or reading trashy novels;
And your daughters will be flunkeys for their wives.
And the culminating point of these disasters
Is the circumstance that you Australians dread;
THAT YOU WORKERS WILL BE FORCED TO ASK YOUR MASTERS
FOR THE LIBERTY TO EARN YOUR DAILY BREAD!
In their factories they'll kill by easy stages,
In their workshops they will bully, fine, & frown,
AND ARREST YOU IF YOU STRIKE FOR HIGHER WAGES,
If allowed to haul the British Ensign down!
Now I earnestly entreat you, in conclusion,
To elect true Labor members as before,
And preserve your fair Australia from confusion
By repelling all invaders from its shore. (Loud applause.)
Socialist: Is the candidate aware that Handy Andy
Is a FISHER for a title, high and real?
Lab. Can.: I'm afraid you mixed no water with your brandy;
He DESERVES it for his PAYtriotic zeal.
Socialist: If the candidate believes in honest dealing,
Could he censure us for giving him the sack
If assisting Handy Andy's crew in stealing
Higher salaries BEHIND THE PEOPLE'S BACK? (Cheers.)
Lab. Can.: We have certainly increased our small—aw—wages
we were legally entitled to ennance;
And the Socialist below, who wildly rages,
Would have stolen too if given half the chance ! (Dissent.)
Lab. Can.: I am thankful for your most attentive hearing;
Your behaviour has been orderly & right;
I'll address you WHEN THE NEXT ELECTION'S NEARING.
Chairman.: I declare the meeting over, friends; good night !

From the "International Socialist Review" of March 19, 1910.

"THE CRAFT UNION MEETING."

By Dandelion.

First Socialist: Sir, I wish to move a motion
That the time has now arrived,
As the party miscalled "Labor" is corrupt--
Labor Party Dupe: What a bloomin' silly notion !
Chairman: Let no member be deprived
Of his liberty to speak; don't interrupt!
First Soc: -- When it ought to /§ be rejected
By the workers as a whole,
And a new Industrial Party formed instead--
L.P. Dupe: - That's the rot what I expected--
Chairman: Order! Sit down, Mr. Cole;
Till it's seconded you'll have to shut your head!
Second Socialist: Sir, I'm seconding the motion,
For I think the time has come
When the "Workers of the World should take the reins;
And I'll pour a little lotion
In the dusty eyes of some,
And expect to be insulted for my pains.
I have come to the decision
From the facts--
L.P. Dupe: Ah! Cut it short !
2nd Soc.: If I cut the member shorter by a head
It would not impair his vision,
Or capacity for thought;
And I doubt if he would know that he were dead!
I have come to the conclusion,
From the facts of modern life
And the history of ages passed away,
That the world is in confusion,
Chaos, ignorance, & strife,
And that this is how the workers stand to-day:--
There's a battle fiercely raging
Twixt employers and employed--
L.P. Dupe: Here that Socialist nonsense comes again !
2nd Soc.: Your politeness is engaging !
And I really have enjoyed
The instructive emanations from your brain !
Now, whilst destitution dire
'Mong the millions shall be found
And the owning few have all the best that goes
(Though the Wages Boards inquire
Why lockouts and strikes abound.)
YET THE WORKERS & THE SHIRKERS WILL BE FOES!
Twixt the classes and their "asses"
Bitter struggles will proceed—
L.P. Dupe: Ah, don't tell no more of your infernal lies
2nd Soc.: 'Tis a problem that surpasses
Why such lengthy *ears* you need,
Is it music?—or for flapping off the flies?
Anti-Socialist: Sir, I raise a point of order!
Will you let such language pass?
Does the speaker not infringe the latest rule?
Chairman: Yes, he goes beyond its border
In describing as an ass
Any member who is probably a mule!
2nd Soc.: Bitter fights with strike & sabre
Must go on, with dark intrigue,
Till all workers come together on the fields
Of both politics and labor—
L.P. Dupe: They should join the Labor League!
2nd Soc.: And we take & hold the fruit our labor yields.
"We should join the striker-jailers"
Says my poor deluded friend;
But clean oil with tainted water cannot mix!
They may square their yards, like sailors,
And may compass ev'ry end,
But at present they are steering for the Styx!
We should take the fruit of labor
On the station, field, & mine
By an economic union of us all,
Let each worker help his neighbor,
And with ALL his force combine,
Then THE CITADEL OF CAPITAL WILL FALL!
And without affiliation
With "political" concerns—
L.P. Dupe: We should all assist McGowen's Labor League!
2nd Soc.: What! Assist con-SILLY-ation?
Help to shackle Gray and Burns?
Bah! Your inane interjections but fatigue!

First Socialist: Mr. Chairman, as the motion
Has been seconded so well
By my comrade who has just resumed his seat,
'Twill be rain-drops to the ocean,
But there's something yet to tell,
And I wish to make the argument complete.
Now it must not be forgotten
That the tendency to-day
Is for power & great wealth to concentrate—

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L.P. Dupe: Bosh! The argument is rotten!
Chairman: Order! Let him have his say!
L.P. Dupe: Oh,! Well, what of closer settlement to date?
1st Soc.: Sir, in answer to his poser,
I must state, in self defence, That they're LARGE estates the Governments divide!
And if he had settled closer To the source of common sense
He would see how much his query helps my side.
Now this tendency to focus Wealth & power by the few Renders separate craft unions out of date,
And it aids the hocus-pocus Of the Labor-fakir crew, off
Whilst BEEB union wipes its neighbour off the slate, each
There's no method in their madness--
L.P. Dupe: All yous Socialists is daft!
1st Soc.: (You were munching nuts when Noah left the Ark)
And it aggravates the sadness When they tell us on the raft WE HAVE INTERESTS IN COMMON WITH THE SHARK!
Now, the quickest way to alter All this stupid state of things--
Single Taxer: Is to tax the unearned increment of land!
1st Soc.: No,! That simply is to palter With the trusts, combines, & rings, Which I scarcely think you Georgeites understand.
These conditions can be ended And our interests conserved
By a Union that could never fail or fall, In which injury intended To ONE member, undeserved
Would be counted as an injury to all!
So I therefore move the motion, For the time is rotten-ripe When the piebald "Labor" Party should depart With McGowen's sleeping potion And his chloroform--
L.P. Dupe: What tripe!
1st Soc.: Tripe & arbitration's onions broke his heart!
(Appause)

"xMrPxduperx Yes, Wade's onions
 Were-- McGowen thought-- a prize !
And he pressed one on each union --"just to try !"
But they found them worse than bunions, To his infinite surprise!
AND THE MORE HE PEELS THE MORE THEY MAKE HIM CRY ! (Loud applause)
L. P. Dupe.: Mister Chairman, what in thunder Has the motion got to do
With this Socialistic, Yankee Union bosh?
Now, unless I sadly blunder
The "I. double W"
Indicates that It Won't Work--
Anti Socialist: No! "It Won't Wash!"
L.P. Dupe: I have not the slightest notion
Of the words them letters fit;
It's a point I think the mover should explain.
1st Soc.: Well, to those against the motion
They will stand for "I Want Wit",
For they fail to see the showers for the rain!
L.P. Dupe: We can thank the Labor Party
For the Arbitration Board
Through which ample work & wages now prevail;
And our thanks should be most hearty
For the chances they afford)
1st Soc.: Yes, OF THROWING STRIKERS' LEADERS INTO JAIL!
...... Chairman: Well, the motion's been debated
Till I think each understands,
And we've other business yet that must be done...
(Sec. reads motion)... You have heard the motion stated:
Those in favor raise their hands!
I declare the motion carried, ten to one!

Copy of a letter from Aunt Mary Rowe to me, dated July 18, 1910.
"Crockett, Cal. U.S.A. July 12, 1910. To Mr. Josiah Cocking.
Dear Nephew, We received your letter telling us of sister
Elizabeth's death. We were very much surprised, as we received
a letter & a table-cover only a short time before; & I was so pleased with it, & shall always cherish it, being that she sent it
to me only a short time before leaving this world. And, while
it must have been a great shock to her husband & children to be
taken away so suddenly, I think it was a blessing to her, because
I think from your letters that she has suffered for many years,
& lived a good Christian life, & the Lord was merciful & at
last took her peacefully home to receive her reward.
And we are told that the young may die, & the old must die; &
I think she lived to a good old age.
You asked Papa on your letter to send you her age & place of
birth: he is not sure about it; but he thinks if you will write to
sister Grace Perkyns, in England, she can tell you.
Papa has not been feeling very well: he thinks he has rheumatism
but I think the work he is doing is getting too hard for him, but he has been at this kind of work so many years that
he doesn't feel that he would like any other.
But I am hoping that he will soon make the much-needed change.
I am happy to say that our family is fairly well at present; &
our youngest son is just graduated from the Grammar School with
a good per cent. And Melvin-- our next son-- is taking a Com-
COPY of a note written by Miss E. Cook, of the Wallsend Primitive Methodist Church, to my Mother, while the writer was in Tasmania on her holidays:

"Hobart, Tasmania 1st Tuesday in April, 1910.

Dear Mrs. Giles--"Greetings". As I cannot come to see you to-day after church, then I will do the next best thing, & write to you. These (views) are a few of the very many pretty spots to be seen here. I am enjoying all the beauties of the Island immensely. How are you, dear? I hope much better. Will not be home for another two weeks. Kindest remembrance from E. Cook."

The message above was written on the inside of the cover of a little book of Tasmanian views. One is a "View of Hobart from Alexandra pier". The second is "Fisherman's Hut, Eaglehawk Neck". The third is "Lagoon at Bellerive". The fourth is "River Derwent near Plenty". The fifth is "View of Hobart from Domain". The last is "The home of the famous I.X.L. Jam. D. Jones & Co. Ltd."

COPY of reference:--
"Personal Memorandum. From the District Deputy Registrar, Court House, Newcastle, 11th Jan. 1911.
To whom it may concern.
Mr. Josiah Cocking has transacted business with this office on several occasions & I have always found him to be thoroughly straightforward & reliable.
G. Newmarch."

COPY of reference:--
"From Blackall & Hunt, Shipping & Family Chemists, Surgical & mechanical Dentists & Optometrists. Importers of pure drugs, chemicals & photographic materials. Newcastle, Wallsend, & Muswellbrook, N.S.W.
Wallsend, 11th Jan, 1911. To Whom It May Concern.
The bearer, Mr. J. Cooking, has been personally known to me for about two years. He is leaving here to look for work, & to anyone requiring his services I can recommend him as a thoroughly reliable, sober, honest, & industrious man. Anyone engaging him will find him a good, reliable man & one to be depended on at all times.
Stuart Trenery, Manager, Wallsend."

COPY of reference:--
I have pleasure in stating that Mr. Josiah Cocking
has been well known to me for over 20 years, & from observation & experience, both in a personal & a public sense during that period I can give a sincerely honest assurance that a more thoroughly reliable, conscientious & clean-lived man finds no domicile in this locality. Mr. Cocking is endowed with intellectual capabilities much beyond the average, liberally supplemented with other commendable qualifications as to health & habits that go for the making of a real "white man". He carries with him the unstinted respect of all worth having in this community; & I will be exceptionally well pleased to hear of his success in the present or any other undertaking he may have under contemplation.

I am &c. A. Cook, Town Clerk.

COPY of reference:-
"Plattsburg, Newcastle. 11/11/11.
The bearer, Mr. J.Cocking, has been known to me for the past two years, & I know him to be a steady, sober, industrious, & reliable man. He has been here for many years & is well known to us as a good workman, & is highly respected by all. He is leaving here to look for work—which is very slack here owing to mines working so badly. Anyone requiring a man could not do better than engage him, as I am sure they will be well pleased with him in every way. Stuart Trenery, chemist & dentist."

COPY of reference:-
"To whom it may concern.
This is to certify that I have known the bearer (Mr. Josiah Cocking) for the last fifteen years & I have always found him honest, straightforward, & sober, & a good workman & always attentive to his work. I have no hesitation in recommending him to anybody who wants a good, steady workman. I am yours truly, Rees Thomas, Nelson Street, Plattsburg. (Rees Thomas, Plattsburg, boot & shoe importer; the Cheap Boot House.)"

COPY of inscription on New Year card from Uncle Walter Perkyns, Jan. 3rd, 1917.:-
"With all kind thoughts for a very happy Christmas.
The hearty greeting wish I send
Is simple but sincere,
May you a happy Christmas spend
With all who love you near!"

COPY of card from Aunt Grace Perkyns:-
"Hath not old customs made this life more sweet?". Shakespeare.
Good luck & Joy be with you this Christmas & through-
mmercial Course at College & is doing well. And our son Gordon is running for Auditor of Santa Clara County, which I hope he will get, but of course someone has to be defeated, but things look very encouraging to him. Just now he resides at San Jose, & is a great "Native Son," & the Native Sons are all working for him. Our son Charles also lives in San Jose, & he was home last week. He saw uncle Jon & aunt Amelia Rowe, & they are fairly well, but growing feeble.

Our daughters are all fairly well. We hear from them, & see those near at home, often. Daughter Ethel has a cold just now. Hoping this finds your family & yourself well. Kindly remember us to Mr. Giles. With love & best wishes we remain your Uncle & Aunt, Robert & Mary Rowe."

(Answered Sep. 18, 1910.)

From P. O'Grady, dated Aug. 28, 1910.

"Mr. & Mrs. Joe Cocking. Your very welcome letter of the 14th came along in due time. It is all very fine blaming me, young man, for the break in our correspondence, but YOU are wholly to blame. You kept putting off writing from time to time till at last you appear to have imagined that you had really written, & that I owed you one, when, as a matter of fact, I was the injured party. It is an old dodge, Joe. When a man is guilty of another he generally puts on an air of injured innocence & wades in full tilt, & bullies the poor beggar till at last he really believes, if he is not the real culprit, he he at least contributed more than a fair share to the result. Hence if you keep on accusing me of neglect or indifference for a bit longer I shall, no doubt, come to believe that I really was to blame for what has happened.

But never mind. In your own words, "I hope you will not blot yourselves out again in that manner." I received the "International Socialist Reviews" all right, & I liked your contributions very much. "The Awakening Of Simple Sam" is tip-top; & as for it being "dangerously near to lying," as you fear, let me give my opinion that if that kind of writing is lying many parts of your cherished Bible—& the most beautiful parts of that— are lying. The Carnish you managed to put in un wasn't too bad at all. If I see you I'd try to put moor av un in what you do write. Yedden too bad. boy! "The Craft Union Meeting" got there neatly too; but what's the sense, Joe, in continually trotting out that old import term "Fakir?"

When Labor members are not doing their duty, or when they act treacherously, as they so often do, why not tell the reading public in plain English? Fakir sounded all right for a little while, but I think it has long since got itself listed under the category of "cant words" in company with those cant phrases of "Anti-sosh.""

Now Joe, I might have got to it a bit earlier in this letter, let us offer our poor condolences in your bereavement. I know
what the loss of a Mother is, as I went through it just after
my 21st birthday. Be thankful that your dear Mother passed away
so easily & quickly. My poor Mother was dying for 3 months, 
was in agony all, or most of the time.
I can't pretend that I am in agreement with our spiritualistic
philosophy, although I have no intention or inclination to
"smile at your expectation of meeting those dear ones who pre-
ceded you in the spirit world whilst you are still in your garb
of flesh". Why should I? You speak of "the hollow philosophy
of Materialism", & seem to think, without any reason, that I am
a believer in it. What the dickens is Materialism? If you
will give me a definition of it I shall let you know, if possible,
whether I am of that cult. At present you have no evidence
again:
I don't believe you will take such a narrow view.
I think, so far as I have read, which is not a great deal, that
the evolutionary theory is a much nobler conception of creation
by an all-powerful God than the crude one suggested in Genesis.

Why jump at conclusions, Joe? You ought to know that
to-day thousands of deeply religious men & women accept the the-
ory that God evolved the worlds & everything, living or dead there-
on, out of chaos. If there is anything that could keep me from
rank infidelity, or Atheism, it is evolution. Joseph Macabe may,
or may not, be a Materialist, I don't care what he is, he presen-
ted the Case for Evolution in such a way that I can imagine many
a one on the brink of despair being led to think & to read & to
see the wonders of life, & to throw doubts, as to an Author of it
all, behind him for ever.
I have little time, anyhow to follow so unprofitable a sub-
ject to any length. I shall do the best I can for all creatures
swhether they were "created" or "evolved", & if that is not enough
I shall be damned for sure. The Bible says there is eternal damn-
ation for those who are too hungry to think & pray & believe; & it
must be true, as the Bible is the word of God. So they say.
Oh, yes, the photo. In a previous letter, the penultimate one, you
said a friend had taken your family group, & that Mrs. Cocking
did not care for them enough to send us one. Now where is that pho-
o? We are all in the best of health, & all toiling away. I hope
you are all well & that you, Joe, are making up for lost time:
that those shins of yours are well. Is it a kind of eczema?
My union—the United Laborers' union—will, I think, have en-
tered upon a "disastrous strike" by the time you will have rece-
ived this. There are there is a foul-mouthed bully named Thom-
spoon foreman on a Government railway job near the city, & the men,
who belong to the U.L.U., will come out on whatever job Thompson is sent to oversee. At a special meeting last Saturday night we decided to give the Minister of Works (John Veran) till Sep. 1st to get rid of Thompson—if not...——————

It will not be a general strike but a refusal to work under it; although it is hard to tell what developments may take place later. All the glut hands in government works are members of the U.L.U., and we number some 3000 all told. By far the biggest union in South Australia. We are the only union that is not dominated by politicians, for which we have no use.

With fraternal greetings to all from all, sincerely yours P. O'Grady.

Letter from Jim Smith to me:

Huntly, 15th Sep. 1910. Dear Joe, I received your letter, & was glad to hear you were getting on all right. We are getting on all right over here. The pit is working every day, & we are having some very fine weather. I am very sorry to hear there is some grievance about the things left in your charge. I never told Ol Sheldon he could have the dining room table or the boiler. I left him the kitchen table & a sitting room table, but I told him I was going to sell the dining room table. I think I gave you a receipt of what was to be sold; but you could let him have the boiler for 6/- if you don't want to take it yourself: but ask for cash. I am sorry my uncle is troubling you about the things. He has no right to have the handling of the money, & don't give it to him. He ought to remember that we are over here without a home & want something to fall back on when the pit starts to work badly. People over here won't give you a helping hand when you get down; it is every man for himself. They will be shortening hands in about 6 weeks time, as they only work about 3 days per week in the Summer. I don't think we will be put off, as they like the Australians for trucking, the best. But 3 days per week is no good—it will only pay for board. We are going over to Canterbury in November—harvesting. They pay from 1/6 to 2/- breaking in. It is easy to get work over there. It is on the South Island. It will cost us about £4 each to go from Auckland; so we will have to be very careful with our money.

Travelling in New Zealand is very dear. I will write Evans a note & tell him I will pay him up as soon as I get settled. It is only a matter of £5 between the 2 of us. I am sending you the "Auckland Weekly". It is the best paper over here—it gives all the news. Also 2 post cards—one of Huntly town, & the other of the "Extended" mine—the one we are working in. You will see the other mine in Huntly town. I will send you the "Auckland Weekly" every fortnight, or every week if I can. I think this is all the news this time as I am not much of a writer. So I will come to a close with best wishes to you all. Faithfully Jas. Smith.

(Answered Sep. 18th 1910.)
Copy of a letter from Mr. H.W. Flett to me:
"Oct. 23, 1910. Dear Sir, Your letter of the 7th instant to hand re Thomas Cocking. A person of that name resided on the Dingo some 20 odd years ago. And in the year 1890 took up a C.P. of 257½ acres & a C.L. of 750 acres on the Wallamba run, where he went to reside. For this land he paid down the sum of £ 25 & survey fees. After 2 years residence he had to pay yearly 1/- per acre on the 257½ acres & two pence per acre rent on the 750. This he paid till the year 1896 when he sold out to a Mr. James Millikin. The unimproved value of this land was set down at £ 1 per acre, but Mr. Millikin had it reappraised & got the value reduced to 10/- per acre. By arrangement Mr. Cocking still lived on this property & kept a few stock till the year 1899 he died from the effects of an accident, having been run over by his own cart.

Mr. Cocking was always in straightened circumstances; this I know, having assisted him on several occasions. And some time before his death he wanted to make a will in my favor as he said he was not able to pay me anything for the services I had rendered him. I then understood from him that he had some family, but that he had separated from them. I tried to influence him to make a will out in their favor, but he would not listen to it & said that they would not have anything to do with him. He would not leave anything to them. I refused to allow him to make a will out in my favor. He then made it out in my son's favor. At the time of his death the property consisted of 257½ acres & two pence per acre rent on the 750. This will has been probated & the proceeds distributed. There was no ready money at the time of his death.

In the year 1896 he was had up for branding another man's beast was tried, but acquitted. The defence of his action ran him into some costs. It was at this time he sold his land.

About his private affairs I know very little; he was not a man talk of them. I believe that he was a Cornishman: & to describe him— he was rather under average height— a spare man— carried no flesh, sharp features, not much side whiskers, & a goatee beard, dark, somewhat quick in temper: age, at the time of his death, between 50 & 60. I am sending your letter to Mr. Millikin asking him to write to you if he can give you any further information. Yours faithfully Henry W. Flett."
From Henry W. Flett, Taree House, Taree, Manning River.
"Re Thomas Cocking. A person of that name resided on the Dingo some 20 odd years ago, and in the year 1890 took up a Conditional Purchase of 257 1/4 acres, and a Conditional Lease of 750 acres on the Wallamba run, where he went to reside. For this land he paid down the sum of £25 and survey fees. After 2 years' residence he had to pay yearly 1/- per acre on the 257 1/4 acres, and two pence per acre on the 750. This he paid till the year 1896, when he sold out to a Mr. James Millikin. The unimproved value of this land was set down at £1 per acre, but Mr. Millikin had it reappraised and got the value reduced to 10/- per acre. By arrangement Mr. Cocking still lived on this property and kept a few stock till the year 1899 he died from the effects of an accident, having been run over by his own cart.... In the year 1890 he was had up for branding another man's beast, was tried, but acquitted.... It was at this time he sold his land." Henry W. Flett, Oct. 23, 1910.

From James Bell, Little Dingo Creek. "I will try to tell you what I know about the Thomas Cocking who lived here about 23 or 24 years ago.... He lived here next to me for a few years, then he selected and leased a lot of ground on the Wallamba River."
stated in her letter that you had told her about your Father: wanting to leave your Mother, & he would start you on a farm; & when you would not he presented you each with a watch & chain. He told me the same; so you see that settles all doubts.

About getting work here I would not care to advise. Of course there is plenty of work, for any one who likes to work, & very fair wages offering, but there is nothing in the mining line. This is, for the most part, a dairying district; & now there is the railway line, of course. Should you come this way-- or your brothers-- we would be pleased to see you. I think I told you in my last letter that I knew very little about your Father after he left here, but I heard he had bad luck; & I don't think the poor old lad had much when he died, but no doubt Mr. Flett has let you know by this. Yours truly, James Bell, Wherrol Flat, Little Dingo, Manning River."

(Answered 30th Oct. 1910.)

Copy of a letter from Mr. James Bell, Little Dingo Creek.

"Mr. Cocking, Sir, In reply to your letter I will try & tell you what I know about the Thomas Cocking who lived here about 23 or 24 years ago. I have no doubt, from your description, that he was your Father. He lived here next to me for a few years, then he selected & leased a lot of ground on the Wallamba River. I helped him over with his cattle & things. He had a nice few head when he left here, also a stallion & some other horses. He had a lot of money when he came here. He told me he had been overseer of some mines in Queensland, & that was how he made his money. He also told me he had a wife & three sons. He showed me the boys' photos.

After he left here I know very little about him, only what I heard. I think he had bad luck on the Wallamba, & he was not very long there when he met his death, I heard, from a fall from a cart. I never heard what became of his place, but I will send you the address of a man who, I heard, was a friend of his. He would be able to tell you about his last years. I heard he died almost directly after the accident. Yours truly

James Bell.

H. Flett, Esq., J.P.
Taree House,
Taree,
Manning River."

Copy of a letter from Jim Smith to me, dated Dec. 9th, 1910. "Huntly, 9th Dec. 1910. Dear Joe, Just a few lines to let you know we are going to shift. We will be leaving Huntly a fortnight Monday, that will be Boxing Day. Tell Mrs. Jeffery and Annie not to write to me after you get this letter, & don't write any yourself. I will let you know when we get settled down again. I remain yours truly Jas. Smith."
Copy of post card from T.W. Garrett to me, dated Oct. 17, 1910.


Sir, with reference to above matters I am directed by the Minister to inform you that in October 1902 a conference (of which I was chairman) was held between representatives of the Colliery Employees' Federation, the colliery proprietors, and the Department of Mines, on the subject of safety-catches on cages.

A copy of my report dated Oct. 23, 1902 is enclosed; also extracts from the report of a committee appointed by royal commission on mines in Great Britain in 1909.

I am to add that the question of providing magazines for explosives at all collieries is under consideration. I have the honor to be your obedient servant, E. F. Pittman, Under Secretary.

Extracts from a Report of a Committee appointed by the royal commission on mines to inquire into the causes & means of preventing accidents from falls of ground, underground haulage, & in the shafts.

From page 33: "Over 20 years have elapsed since the report was written, but we ought to say that the hopes expressed by the commission have not been fulfilled. There are a few such appliances which can be used with wooden or steel guides, & which are fairly effective under certain conditions, but none of them in our experience are absolutely reliable. We are not aware of any safety-catch which can be used with wire rope guides, & as we mention later in our report this type of guide is largely used in this country.

At a very small number of collieries safety catches are still in use, & there are a few cases on record where they have acted satisfactorily; but there are other instances where they have failed—for example, the cages at the Fogg colliery, where the accident of the 4th October 1907 occurred, were fitted with Owen's safety catches, & necessitated the use of suspension rods. The accident was caused by the breaking of one of the suspension rods; & the recommendation made by Mr. Redmayne, who inquired into the accident, was that the safety catches, which were a very doubtful safeguard, should be sacrificed in order that chains might be substituted for rigid rods."

Report of the Royal Commission on Accidents in Mines, 1879 to 1886. From page 35: "In our opinion it is much better to
rely on good material in the ropes, chains, & other tackle, careful periodical examination & recapping, annealing, etc., during their working life, to give a minimum period for the life of a rope, & to allow a liberal margin between the working load & the breaking strain of the winding tackle than to employ safeguards which, under the conditions obtaining in this country can only be considered of doubtful value."

Copy of Pittman's report of the Newcastle conference: -

At the conference there was practically nothing advanced to justify the request of the C.E. F. that legislation should be introduced with a view to compelling the colliery owners to employ safety catches in their shafts. The principal points to be noted in connection with this question are: - 1. The safety catch is not compulsory nor is it in general use in either Great Britain or America, the 2 greatest coal producing countries in the world. 2. The last Royal Commission in Great Britain on accidents in mines reported against the use of safety catches in collieries. 3. None of the authors of the best known text books on mining is in favor of the use of safety catches in colliery mines. 4. Safety catches are very generally used in metalliferous mines, but there the conditions are different to those in collieries. In metalliferous mines, in different parts of the world, where safety catches are employed, the shafts are fitted with wooden guides, & as a general rule, the speed of winding is comparatively slow. The coal mines of N.S.W., like most of the up-to-date collieries, are mostly fitted with wire or steel rope guides, & no safety catch has yet been shown to work satisfactorily with guides of this description.

5. If this request of the C.E.F. were acceded to the owners of coal mines would be compelled by law to entirely alter their shaft arrangements & replace their wire rope or steel guides with wooden ones, at great expense, in order to introduce so-called safety catches, the use of which has been condemned by British royal commission & by the most eminent mining engineers & authors of the day. 6. Another royal commission is at present inquiring into the coal mining industry in Great Britain, & its report should certainly be awaited before a law is passed here compelling mine owners to employ an appliance which has hitherto been unfavorably regarded in those countries most experienced in coal mining. 7. It was urged at the conference that the government should undertake tests of the so-called safety catches in the market with the object of compelling the mine owners to adopt the best of them. The answer to this suggestion is that the tests would be very expensive in undertaking them at the cost of the general taxpayer because, 1. Not a single life has yet been lost through the breaking of a rope in this State. " The tests are at present being made by a royal commission composed of some of the most eminent men in England, and therefore there is no occasion to duplicate them here. It is recommended that the Secretary of the C.E.F. be informed that it is not considered necessary or expedient to introduce
the legislation asked for. Edward F. Pittman, 23/10/1902."

Copy of a letter from Jim Smith to me:-
"Huntly, Nov. 28, 1910. Dear Joe, I received your letter & was glad to hear you were keeping well. The pit is working very bad over here. We are going to make a shift after Christmas. We are only getting enough to pay our board. You can tell Jack he can have the book-case for 2 pounds; I think it is worth it--we could not do it under. Give me a copy of the list I left you; also of what Mrs. Jeffery has bought, & what Ol. owes us. If Jack takes the book-case you can send the money over; if not you had better keep it awhile. I wrote to Annie several times & never received an answer. You can tell Ol to pay what he can. We can understand anyone in trouble--we had enough of it ourselves. You told me to mention someone's name; so it will be Charlie. I remain yours truly Jas. Smith.

P.S. Get the trunk that I left at Mrs. Jeffery's, & put the photos & things that are left in the book-case & lock it up & send the key (enclosed) back to me. Address:- Mr. James Smith, C/o Mrs. Redshaw, Huntly, Waikato District, Auckland."

Another letter from Jim Smith to me:-
"Balmain, 1/1/11. Dear Joe, Just a few lines to let you know how we are getting on. You will be surprised to hear we are in Balmain. We landed here on Friday morning by the Wimmera from New Zealand. A friend of Charlie got work & sent over for him. He starts work on tuesday evening in the Balmain shaft. They pay a good wage here, & it is constant work. I have not got work myself yet, but I don't think it will be long before I get started. Send what money there is for us as soon as possible as I might have some tools to buy. It cost us a good bit to get over here again. When we were in Huntly for the last 2 months we were only getting a living. Don't let too many know we are here as I don't want it to get about. Tell Mrs. Jeffery not to say anything to anybody. I think this is all this time. I will now come to a close with best wishes to all. James Smith, 3 Sorrie Street, Balmain, Sydney."
(Answered Jan. 3, 1911.)

Copy of a letter from J. Smith to me:-
"Balmain, 4/1/11. Dear Joe, I received your letter this morning; also £ 1-16-0. I have not got work. I can't get a job whee-eling. I have a mate asking for me, & I think I will get started next week. I think I will get on the coal. They pay 11/- a day on the coal for 88 skips. Charlie says he has a good job driving, 8/9 a shift. He says there is plenty of air where he is working. I met Arthur Thompson down here, & Harry Dempsey who used to work at the sinking of that shaft near your place. They are working in Balmain shaft. We are having some very fine
re Thomas Cocking deceased.

Sir,

In reply to your enquiries regarding the estate of the abovenamed deceased I have to inform you that Probate of the will of Thomas Cocking late of Wong Wank Wallamba River was granted on the 2nd March 1899 to Henry Rynder. The estate was valued at £114.

A copy of the will of the deceased will be prepared and posted to you on receipt of a postal note for 4/6d.

Yours obediently,

Registrar.

Mr. J. Cocking

Pittown,

Wallamba.
time, so I will now draw to a close with best wishes to all from
James Smith, 3 Sorrie Street, Bairnsdale.

COPY OF A LETTER FROM ME TO MR. HARLIE, M.P.

"High Street, Pittown, Wallsend, N.S.W. Jan. 27 1911 -
Mr. Ke r Hardie, M.P., London, England. Dear Sir, About 3 years ago I got a motion passed by the Colliery Employees' Federation to ask the Government of that time to amend the Coal Mines Regulation Act to provide for the compulsory use of safety catches on all cages in which miners descend or ascend in the coal mines of N.S.W. That request was made by a deputation consisting of the executive officers of the C.E.F. and seven of our parliamentary representatives; Mr. Alfred Edden, our new Minister of Mines being one of them. The result of that was that a conference of C.E.F. representatives, colliery owners' representatives, Mr. E.F. Pittman, Mr. Humble, & another, representing the Dept. of Mines, was held in Newcastle. The conference was resultless, as nothing could be agreed upon, & no motion was passed except a vote of thanks to the chairman. Later a report was written by Mr. Pittman, under secretary, & sent as a reply to the C.E.F. Seeing that it was useless to make a further attempt while a capitalist government was in power, I waited until a few weeks ago; & as a Labor Government now rules here I revived the subject by sending the original motion to the C.E.F., & it was passed, & another deputation interviewed the new Minister for Mines & again asked that the use of safety catches should be made compulsory. The only result was a type-written reply from the Minister, through Mr. Pittman, practically consisting of the reply given 8 years ago. This reply was written by Mr. Pittman, who is strongly averse to making mining safer for us miners.; & he gives an extract from a report of a royal commission, or rather of a committee appointed by the royal commission on mines in Great Britain in 1909. A portion of the report is given from page 33 & 35. In the part from page 33 these words occur:

"At a very small number of collieries safety-catches are still in use, & there are a few cases on record where they have acted satisfactorily, but there are other instances where they have failed— for example the cages at Fogg's colliery, where the accident of 4th Oct. 1907 occurred, were fitted with Owen's safety catches & necessitated the use of suspension rods. The accident was caused by the breaking of one of the suspension rods; & the recommendation made by Mr. Redmayne, who inquired into the accident, was that the safety-catches, which were a very doubtful safeguard, should be sacrificed in order that a chain might be substituted for the rigid rods." In another part of Mr. Pittman's reply he said, "It was urged at the conference that the Government should under—
take tests of all so-called safety-catches in the market with the object of compelling mine owners to adopt the best of them. The answer to that is that the tests are at present (20. -10- 1902) being made by a royal commission composed of some of the most eminent men in England, & there is therefore no occasion to duplicate them here.

Now, Sir, I am writing to ask you to do me the very great favor of sending me the report of the royal commission which made the tests mentioned by Mr. Pittman.

And if you can inform me where Fogg's colliery is, & the name & address of the secretary of the miners' union there. I shall be very grateful. My object in writing to you is to get sufficient information to refute Mr. Pittman's report, & to enable me to show that safety-catches are reliable, & should be introduced here. If you can give me any further information, on this matter or put me in the way of getting any from some other friend of the class I belong to, I shall be much obliged.

As I presume that the reports will not cost you anything, & that members' postage is nil, I enclose no money. But if there is any expense kindly let me know & I shall be glad to send it at once. I am, Sir, yours respectfully & fraternally,

Josiah Cocking, Wallsend, N.S.W.

Copy of a letter from Mr. F. J. Hillman to me:

"Kia Ora, Church Street, Traralgon, 24/1/1911.

Mr. Josiah Cocking, Dear Sir, Your letter under date 30/12/1910 came duly to hand after some delay. I read your communication with very great interest, & heartily concur with your opinion that the humanitarian view of the necessity for the use of safety cages in coal mines should be kept uppermost; & taking that view the question of expense ought not to be considered when it is balanced against human life. However, as the human side of this matter it would be quite fatal for the name of Hillman to appear at all. If the law making safety-catches compulsory be passed, it ought to be, then the firm must fight its own hand independent of any communication that may pass from one to another on the subject prior to that event.

You state that the objections are, first uncertainty; second, expense; third, a good rope a sufficient guarantee. In regard to the first, Hillman's catches cannot fail as long as the working parts receive necessary attention. Like every other piece of machinery, the parts must be oiled & kept in good condition—especially the springs. They never have failed when right precautions are taken, & never will.

Now, in regard to the rope. This is a stupid & fallacious argument. A rope may crystallise & break within a year, to say nothing of five; & if 16 men happen to be on at the time they will be dashed to pieces; but if there is safety gear the accident is only trifling. Some time ago a gage was being hauled to the
surface at a mine in Ballarat, when somehow a skip got loose & began to run out of the cage just in time to collide with the surface framing of the shaft, which was rectangular. The impact was so terrific that the shackle attaching the chain to the rope became disengaged & a skid was knocked clean out on one side. The safety gear operated like lightning & gripped the sound skid, holding a weight of a ton & a half with 2 grippers & the loose skid was caught by the other 2 grippers, preventing it falling down the shaft, which was at that time 200 feet deep. Picture a ton & a half falling 1200 feet, the menace to the men in the various plats, & the possible wrecking of the shaft. Such a calamity the breaking of a rope may bring about at any time. And that rope is just as likely to break with men on as not. Can you not get evidence of ropes breaking within 5 years? Now, in regard to the second objection—expense. Please send some data. We want to know of all the various types of shafts in the district—whether round or rectangular—whether bricked, tubular, or natural, the various kinds of girders used & where they are placed. Send this information carefully & accurately. I believe that all the shafts, or nearly all, will have some alternation to make in them to run safety gear, but do not think the difficulty insuperable. If you can take a run up to the Oakey Park colliery, Lithgow, you will see there a type of cage which I think may be adapted to every shaft in N.S.W. Please direct your reply to Mr. F. J. Hillman, 75 Skipton Street, Ballarat, but let me know at the same time, & I will go to Ballarat & confer with my brother on the business, & send you our ultimate conclusion as soon as possible.Awaiting your reply, Yours faithfully, E.E. Hillman. Please send also approximately the sizes of cages at present in use— their weight & method of construction.

Copy of a typed letter from Keir Hardie to me, dated 9/2/1911:

"Mr. Josiah Cocking, Wallsend, N.S.W. Dear Sir,

In reply to yours of Jan. 2nd, let me suggest that you apply to your nearest Government Agent for a copy of the report, with or without evidence, just as you desire, of the Royal Commission on Mines in Great Britain; also of the Statistical Abstract of the Mines Inspector's Reports, which is issued yearly. I would send you the documents from here, but the cost of postage would be more than the cost of the volumes themselves; & as I expect that Government publications are sold through the Government's offices at their face value in N.S.W. it would be cheaper for both of us for you to get them there. The experiments to which Mr. Pittman refers were carried through at the cost of the Mine Owners themselves, the Government having refused to give a grant for that purpose. Yours faithfully,

Keir Hardie, M.T.S. House of Commons Library."
Copy of a letter from C.S. Langdale to me:

"Mr. J. Cocking, miner, Pittown, Wallsend, N.S.W.

Dear Sir, Having seen an advertisement stating that you have been cured of rupture by the Wm. S. Rice method of treatment, I shall be glad if you will let me know if such is the case, & what his treatment consists of. To this end I enclose a stamped addressed envelope for reply, & trust that you will favor me with same as soon as possible. Thanking you in anticipation, Yours faithfully, C.S. Langdale. 129 Bathurst Street, Sydney, (Answered Feb. 16, 1911.)

Feb. 14, 1911.

Copy of a letter from Robert Dixon to me:

"Turton Road, Georgetown, Mar. 3, 1911. Mr. J. Cocking,

Dear Sir, Apologising for the liberty I am taking penning these few lines. My husband has been ruptured for a number of years. Seeing by the Newcastle morning paper where the Rice method has cured you completely of rupture, I am sure it would be an extreme favor if you would kindly reply if it is a true fact; also if your rupture is of the same nature as my husband's. His is the rupture that comes right down into the purse, on the right side, to a very large size. He has been wearing the steel trusses to retain it. He tried Dr. Langton's remedy--supposed to be a sure & certain cure, but failed to do him any good--which cost me between four & five pounds. I do not mind what the cost is if he could only get cured. Trusting your cure will be a life cure, which will be a blessing to your family. Address is Robert Dixon, Turton Road, Georgetown, Waratah." (I had an interview with Mr. Dixon at his home.)

Copy of a letter from Mr. H. Way to me:

"Elizabeth Street, Ashfield, Mar. 6, 1911. Mr. J. Cocking, Wallsend. Dear Sir, I notice your name as being treated by W. E. Rice, London, for rupture, & being cured by this treatment. If not asking too great a favor, kindly send me a line in reference to-- as I wish to write to this firm myself. Thanking you in anticipation, Yours faithfully H. Way." (Answered Mar. 16, 1911.)

Copy of a letter from J.C. Eldridge to me:

"State Labor Bureau, Custom House, Newcastle 26th April, 1911. Mr. Josiah Cocking, Wallsend. Sir, I do myself the honour to acknowledge receipt of your communication of 24th instant. Subject: Timex. Payment for time lost. Reply. The matter has been referred to Mr. Allan, the District Engineer, whose decision will be communicated to you in due course. I have the honor to be, Sir, Your obedient servant, J.C. Eldridge, Officer in Charge."

Copy of a letter from James Duke to me:

Copy of a letter from uncle Walter to me:-
"Jenkins Terrace, Redruth, Cornwall,
Mar. 31, 1911. Dear Nephew,
I received your kind & welcome letter & was glad to see you were all very well at time of writing. Sorry I hav' kept you so long, but the reason is that Walter & myself have both been very poorly, but we are glad to tell you we are a good deal better now. We have had a long, wet, & cold Winter. We are hoping the weather will change very soon now. I was very much surprised to see about your father. I thought he was dead long a I think it was very wrong to leave his money to a stranger & had sons of his own. You asked about his relations. I don't know anyone home here now. Your father had one sister, & she is in America. She is called Elizabeth Jane. I am very glad to tell you that I received the brooch & hair in the photo all right, & was very glad to have them. I kindly thank you for them. I think you & yo' family are all looking very nice. I think you had a very good choice. I think your wife is a nice looking little woman. You are very much like your father for looks, but
not-in ways. I have not received your stepfather's letter as yet: I am looking out for it. I should like to have a letter from Mrs. Williams. This week I received a letter from your uncle William's son after 4 years. He has buried his brother, Willie Rowe, & his sister Sophie, both in one year. Willie died on the 29th of Dec. 1909, & his mother's brother died in September last; so you see they have their share of trouble. Uncle Billy's son is still in the bank: he is married; & Harry is a doctor of a doctor of a regiment. If I were you, Josiah, I would write to them. I should very much like to have a memorial card if you can afford it. I am very glad to see that your sister Elizabeth Jane looks after her father so well, & hope he is in good health. You say that the times are very dull there, & we see the pits have been closed, but we are glad to see that you have started again. The times here are very bad; & we have had a very wet Winter. It is awfully slack for trades people. I will not keep you so long next time waiting for an answer. Sorry, I kept you so long. I am sending some cards for the children. I hope these few lines will find you in the very best of health. Walter's finger is just the same—he will never have any use for it. We both join in sending our love to all. From your ever-loving uncle & aunt, Walter & Grace Perkyns. xxxxxxxxxx."

(Answered Ap. 7, 1911.)

Copy of a note from Mrs. Peterson, May 3, 1911.
"Dear Sir, Seeing by the papers that you were cured of rupture by the Rice method, will you kindly state whether it is true, & what was the doctor's name that certified to the cure, & oblige,
Mrs. F. Peterson, Hannel Street, Wickham. N.S.W."
(Answered May 7, 1911.)

Copy of Tom Johnston's letter;
"Saint Helen's Street, Holmesville, West Wallsend, June 12, 1911. Mr. & Mrs. Josiah Cooking. Dear Friends & Comrades, You will think I am rather long-winded in getting the information you asked me to get. I had not forgotten, but it seems to be rather difficult to get, through fear of consequences, or some other bogey. On the other hand its no use Oakum's Razor asking for the information direct, because he would simply not get it. Therefore I wrote the questions out & sent them to likely individuals. One chap gave me the information the same evening for Westy. The chap I asked to get me the information for old Seaham has failed me up to the present, & I am having a look around for someone else. I do not want to appear in it because the officials would think I had some ulterior motive, or would perhaps refuse it. Seaham number 2 I reserved for my own own inquiries, & with the assistance of the checkweighman I succeeded. You will find them on a separate sheet of paper."
You will have noticed that I have got into holes again on unionism. My only regret is that I can't make myself clear enough to my own satisfaction. I have a reply to J. Longworth in the office since last Friday. Do you think I deviate any or much from the question at issue when pressed? For myself I do not seem to, & if I do it is unconsciously. When I wrote in reply to Joseph Longworth I was a little irritated, & waited until the following morning to let it wear off, but without success. However, it will never do to funk over it. The people as a whole are terribly ignorant of their position in the working world, & although it is only a short time since the position was little understood by myself.

I am hungry for information & the power to impart it to my fellow workers. Our owners have been working us to death out this way lately, & yet we dare not take a holiday in ignorance of what to-morrow may bring forth. There is always the scrap-heap waiting for us at last.

What do you think of the weekly wage business? It seems an impossible innovation to me; desirable if possible, but under a weekly wage the old, slow, & inefficient will be scrapped very quickly. The colliery proprietors might accept it, as it seems to me it would play into their hands. If they do some will have to quit. Trusting you are all well, same as ourselves, except for the usual colds, I remain yours fraternally, Thomas Johnston.


SEAHAH! NUMBER 2 COLLIER. Depth of shaft 632 ½ feet. Diameter of shaft 18 feet. Winding coal, including changing, 30 & 33 seconds (2 different drivers). Winding men only, 42 seconds (slow driver). Steel rail guides, T pattern, to each cage, both on one side, centre of shaft clear of obstructions. Two cages in the shaft carrying 2 skips of coal each.

For several months I have been working at the sewer that is being constructed from Newcastle to Adamstown, & have no time, except Sundays, to travel; & as I have left the pits (I hope for ever) I have no opportunity to get the Colliery Employees' Federation to again move in the matter of having safety-catches placed on cages in the N.S.W. collieries. But though I have left the mines I still take a keen interest in the matter, & hope that at some time in the near future we shall have a civilised, humane & enlightened Minister for Mines who will introduce a Bill to make the use of safety-catches compulsory.

It seems to me that at present Pittman is the real Minister for Mines & leads Alf. Edden just as he pleases. There is not much chance of having catches put on cages while Edden occupies the
post-of-Minister for Mines. As McGowen is away at the coronation & the Labor Party is minus his vote, Wade may soon return to power again. If he does return to office I shall make another attempt to have the question of safety catches revived by the C.E.F. & by the Southern & Western miners. Hoping that you are quite well, & that you will reply as soon as possible, I remain yours respectfully, Josiah Cocking."

In concluding his letter Tom Johnston wrote:— "I did not get the time of men getting into & out of cages, but assume the time will be much the same in all pits."

Copy of a letter from Jim Smith:—
"To Mr. J. Cocking, High Street, Pittown, Wallsend.
Gipps Street, Balmain, July 6, 1911. Kindly let me know how matters are standing concerning the house & effects. I am sorry that I did not have time to see you when we were up there. We had so much to do in so little time. Everything is going on the same as usual down here, excepting this week. The mine has only worked 2 days on account of bad weather. All of us are keeping well, as this letter leaves us at present. I had a very bad dose of influenza, but I have got over that all right. Write & let me know how things stand as soon as it is convenient for you to do so. I will now draw to a close wishing you every happiness. Yours faithfully, Jas. Smith."
(Answered July 16, 1911.)

Copy of a letter from F.E. Hodson to me:—
"Mildura, Burwood Street, Enfield, June 26, 1911.
To Mr. Cocking, Dear Sir, Seeing in the papers that you have been cured of rupture by the Rice method, I would like to hear from you as to whether it is a permanent cure, or if you feel any effects of it, & how long it is since you have been cured, as I would like to give it a trial. I have a small rupture, but it is only a few months since I noticed it, & my doctor advises me to be operated on, but I don't like the idea of it if it can be cured by the Rice method, I would think it a great favor if you could write me of your cure. I am yours resp, F.E. Hodson."
(Answered July 2, 1911.)

Copy of a letter from Tom Johnston to me:—
"Saint Helen's Street, Holmesville, West Wallsend, July 11, 1911. Mr. & Mrs. J. Cocking, Dear Friends, In reply to yours of June 18, you give me a contract in getting the weight of cages & their mode of construction, & I am afraid it would not be possible to get the information because, in the first place, it will be office information; & if I were to make inquiries
of likely informants. Their lips would close with a snap like a rat-trap. But there was a way to get an approximate estimate of the weight of cages. I had to look up my authorities.

I remember Mr. May used to tell us when calculating the size of a winding rope to assume a load, & the load was always the weight of coal, skip, cage, & chains, & rope itself, & to assume the weight of cage & chains as the same as the same as the coal & skips. On referring to my books on articles on winding. (So as not to confuse the terms, WINDING always means to wind a load vertical, as up a shaft, & hauling is to bring it along a horizontal or inclined roadway, as horse haulage & mechanical haulage by means of a rope or locomotive). Merrivale in his "Notes & Formulae for Mining Students", says—pages 87 and 88—"An iron cage weighs about two thirds of the load of full tubs.; a steel cage abot half of its load; this is all that is needed for any calculation, & is considered good practice in mining circles. In addition to the cage is the chain, which appears to be about 5 or 6 cwt. to each cage. It would be safe, in making calculation, to use steel cages, which are the usual practice now, as they are less dead weight; & if it should come out that a cage is rather heavier than is allowed for in the above estimate—heavier than a cage may actually be,—then that is in your favor, as it will give me more power & greater strength, which is always on the side of safety. In a table I have this comes out very clearly; but cages are a bit lighter than allowed above.

Of course cages with more than one deck would be proportionately lighter, which would be a further factor on the side of safety."

If I can get such a motion on the move through the district you can rely on me doing so; but somehow my fellow workers seem afraid of anything that is brought up by a Socialist. They seem to be satisfied to leave everything in the hands of the Labor Party. It would be interesting to know how many shares the various Labor M.P's have in the various colliery companies in the State; & ask the question if they are likely to legislate to reduce their dividends. Not much! Bill McIlroy has moved in the Abermain miners' meeting a notice of motion to split the miners' federation into 3 unions, namely Newcastle coalfield; Maitland & Teralba series. Now what do you think of a thing like that? It is a great pity the Industrial Workers of the World is only in the propaganda stage. If it had a large membership there might have been a chance of launching it inits concrete form as an Industrial Union pledged to its own politics. Industrial Unionism must never be allowed to affiliate with any independent political body. That would spell ruin to the workers' cause. It is political parties that are putting workers on the rocks. I have no faith in the executive officers of the Federation now. They are continually backing & filling, & have got themselves & the federation into a nice mess. We will get enough Arbitration & wages Boards now, you bet! The new
Industrial Disputes—Bill out—Wades Wade in—every respect; & under it the executive officers of a trades union will become crawlsome creatures, & no mistake,—or get out, & that means the fighting man will get into Jail. But there are men who will do that for their class, & it will be a necessary sacrifice. In England any number of ministers & parsons have gone to jail rather than pay what they termed an unjust education rate; & we have men in our ranks who dare to do the same for their principles.

I have been informed that Peter Bowling has gone into a pub in Sydney, at the Darling Harbour end of Bathurst Street. McIlroy told Tom Hoare last Pay Saturday in Newcastle; & as they were great chums there may be some truth in it. Peter's star has gone down all right!

I had the last word with Longworth in the paper whether that goes for anything. I am not sorry now that I entered the lists on behalf of Industrial Unionism; only I wish I had a more able opponent. I think I succeeded in showing a few of our most able Socialists out this way the possibility of press propaganda. When the Opposition is showing things up it is only justice to show both sides, although I marvelled a bit at the length of time the discussion went on. I only hope the seed fell on good ground. I did my best is the only satisfaction I have. Others might have done better but did not; & I will have a chance to rub it in sometimes. There is a many a chance to get into the press with our doctrine. If I had not Longworth I would have had a smack at "Chrono's economics. Don't a chap get daring? I knew nothing of Socialism until a nephew in England got sending literature; & you urged me to come out as a writer to try the paper; I only hope with success. Best respects to Mrs. Cocking & yourself. I remain yours sincerely, T. Johnston."

Copy of a letter from W. Atkins;

"Mr. J.J. Cocking. Dear Sir, I take this liberty of writing to you through reading an advertisement in the Newcastle Morning Herald re a cure for rupture, where it stated that you were one of a number of persons cured by the Rice method. I now write to you hoping that you will be kind enough to write me about your cure, as I am a young carpenter afflicted with this complaint, & am now wearing a truss. I am naturally anxious to get cured as soon as possible. It is a scrotal rupture. Now, sir, as you have received a permanent cure I am sure that you will be kind enough to send me particulars of your case & the Rice cure. By doing this you will be conferring a great favor on me. Yours respectfully, William Atkins, Post Office, Hanton, via Norpeth. 16th July, 1911.

P.S. Could you answer this next week?"
Copy of a letter from Mrs. A. Holland to me:— 17/7/1911.

"Dear Mr. Cooking, This letter should have been written to you long ago. Harry is very worried over it & asked me again yesterday, while I was at the hospital, to see that you got a reply at once. He is not doing as well as he thinks he should. He can only move his leg from side to side on the bed; it is worrying him very much. He thought that he would be up long before this. There is still very much pain. If you have time you might send him a few lines to the hospital; it would help to cheer him. He seemed very downhearted yesterday. Peter Bowling is going to see him on Sunday. It is killing for him to have to be there when there is so much work to be done. Now there is so much excitement in the Labor ranks. I must say that shut away in the Little Bay hospital is one of the truest & best friends the working class ever had to help fight their battles. & how few realise it! I often think when I am sitting alone with him at the hospital, he has suffered want of every kind, & is now suffering more because of his devoted life to the class he loves too much; for if he had not run himself down in body probably he would not have felt the injury to the knee; for it was not until he had been 10 days in bed suffering with catarrh of the throat & a general breakdown. That was what our house doctors both said, the sickness flew to the knee. He had only a couple of weeks gave it a knocking, but never felt any effects until he had been days in bed. I trust you & your family are keeping in good health. Remember me kindly to Mrs. Cooking. With kind regards I remain yours sincerely.

(Antwered Aug. 5th 1911.) Copied for Holland's "Life".

Copy of a letter from Jim Smith to me:—

"Ultimo 3/9/11. Mr. Josiah cooking. I suppose you will be wondering why I have never answered your letter as you asked me to do. I only received it this morning. I left Balmain a month ago. I think your letter has been there all the time at the old address. I was over at Balmain this morning. I inquired at the place I was staying at, & got your letter. We are agreeable to let Ol Sheldon have the table at the price he asked, seeing he has kept his word as regards to the house. I am sorry to hear that the pits are working badly up there. Work is pretty plentiful down here. Charlie & I have got out of the pit at last, & we mean to keep out. We just got out of it in time; they have worked very badly since we left, & now, I believe, they have given more of the miners notice to leave. We are working at the sugar works at Pyrmont. We are earning better money than we did at the mine. We have had an average of 50/- per week since we started there. We got paid 1/- per hour, & extras for all overtime. I have been off work all this week; I have been bad with influenza. Everybody seems to have
Charlie lost a shift with it this week. We both got it together, but I don't think he got it as bad as me.

You mentioned Annie in your last letter. I thought you knew Annie was living in Balmain. We brought her down during the strike. She has a good home where she is living. They treat her as one of their own. They are a very respectable family. All the family have good Government positions, and they are a Christian family.

Annie has improved a lot since she came to Sydney. I have been trying to get Polly out again, and would have succeeded only for someone putting their fingers where they are not wanted.

Charlie went to see her, and told me if we did not get her out she would die. She is nothing but skin & bones. She will only fret herself to death if she stays there any longer. I went & saw the Under Secretary for Public Instruction, and he told me that there would not be any trouble of getting her out of it if I had a home for her to go to. So I told him that Mrs. Dunbar (that's where Annie is staying) would stand responsible for her.

About a week later I had a visit from a constable, and I gave him all particulars & why she was put there. I also visited Mrs. Dunbar & told her she could have her within a week. He told me he gave a very satisfactory reply; & both the Matron and the Superintendent gave her a good character. I know this to be true because I saw the application. About a fortnight ago I received an O.H.M.S. stating that I could not get her out under any consideration. I blame either my Aunt or Bella for doing it.

I wish you would give me a bit of advice concerning the matter. I don't intend to give it up yet. I will find out who has stopped her from getting out. I wish you would show this to Mrs. Jeffery. I wrote to her some time ago but have not had an answer yet. Give her my new address so she will know where to write to. I think this is all the news, so I will draw to a close with best wishes to you all. I remain yours sincerely, Jas. Smith, C/o Mrs. R. Ware, 342, corner of Bulwarra Road & Macarthur Street, Ultimo, Sydney.

Copy of a letter from Harry Holland to Mrs. Ware.

92 Ferris Street, Annandale. Oct. 12, 1911.

Dear Mrs. Ware, Many thanks for your note. We were all very very pleased to learn that he is doing so well. When I learned that he was going into the hospital to be operated on I was greatly worried for fear he might have an experience like mine. I have had 24 weeks of it now. It is good to know that the doctor's idea of the trouble being a tuberculous growth was wrong. It is also nice to know that he is being treated so well. Since my stay in Little Bay hospital I have a great respect & admiration for the women who give their lives up to the nursing of the sick. Give Joe our best wishes & tell him I shall write to him again shortly. Many thanks for your good wishes for myself. Mrs. Holland & the children join me in wishing that Joe will be quite well very soon. Yours very sincerely, H.E. Holland. I trust your baby is well ere this. I am get-
ting along slowly-- my leg is gradually getting better, & I
am hopping about the house on crutches, but so far I haven't
ventured out or away from the house. But in a week or so I hope
to be about a bit. My first outing will be to visit the hospital
again. The "Coast" will always seem to me like another home.
H.E. Holland." (Original letter was given to Mrs. Holland.)

Copy of a letter from Harry Holland:

" 57 Goulburn Street, Sydney, Nov. 7, 1911.
Dear Joe, Yours of Nov. 4th to hand reminds me that I still owe
you a reply to your previous letter. I passed that along to
Fred Allman, (who, by the way, is the proprietor of a massage
establishment) who said he'd probably write to you. His ideas
& yours are much similar. He is one of the grandest fellows
living, & I am sure you would like him if you knew him.
"The 4th Craft-Union Meeting" arrived safely. "The Third" will
appear next week. The only cause of the long delay has been
length. To run it into 2 issues would largely destroy its ef-
fet-- & between Lithgow & the wharf strike & the Senate Debate
on our Manifesto I have been nearly off my head at times to
device ways to get a maximum of good matter into the paper.
If we only had 2 more pages I would be happy.
I shall use the "Fourth" as soon after the "Third" as possible.
Many thanks for your criticism of verse. I published it sooner
than I ought to have done. One generally-- scrawls these things
off in a hurry-- & its not good to iling them into print with­
out severe revisions. It is only quite recently that I disoov­
ered that I could write anything in the way of verse. I
sat down one night--some months ago-- it was near midnight & I was
feeling quite gloomy & a little dispirited, tired, worn out, &
all that sort of thing; & a thought came to me of how sweet a
thing Death must be--with the eternal rest that it
brings. I started to write "A Dream Of Death", but somehow
every idea prevailed in breaking into "A Dream Of Life" instead.
The result was the first serious effort in the way of verse
(I didn't dare to call it poetry).

Glad you liked the letter to Pring. The trouble is in
criting that sort of thing is to speak the truth plainly and
severely & still keep outside the law of contempt & libel.
Just yet I can't afford to get back to jail if I can avoid it.
When I got ill the paper was making magnificent progress. It
held its own splendidly while I was away; but if I had not got
ill I often think our circulation would have lifted us out of
our financial struggles by now. However, once again the paper
is bounding forward, & if the rocks & shoals of prison or
other disaster keep out of our way I have great hopes of making
it a power (by the way, read our chronological tale of organ­
ised scabbery re the wharf strike, & then ask: "What for.
Do you see the "Telegraph"? Last Saturday week Hughes, in
"The Case For Labor", made a veiled attack on the strikers. On the following Tuesday the Daily Telegraph published a very lengthy criticism from me of Hughes' attitude. Last Saturday he devoted 2 columns of the "Case" in reply to my letter; & to-day the "D.T." again publishes my reply-- a good long column of it. Don't worry--friendly criticism never hurts me-- it helps considerably. I don't object to unfriendly criticism either. We have to learn-- & if criticism is honest no honest man need fear it. Glad to hear you are getting better. With all good wishes, Yours H.E. Holland." (Copied for Holland's Life.)

Copy of a letter from James Ellery:--

"Booth Street, Bendigo, 25th Nov. 1911. To Mr. J. Cocking, Wallsend. Dear Sir, Yours of the 11th to hand & note content. It was a few days late in delivery to me owing to the mine being stopped through the accident. It had to be re-addressed to me in another part of the district; hence the delay. I do not know the nature nor extent of the notice as it appeared in the "Newcastle Herald", but I am sending you a clipping (see page 14 B.) from the Bendigo "Advertiser", which is a fair & clear account of what happened. I thank you very much for the notice taken of my action on that particular day, & hope that I may never have a similar experience.

In the matter of safety appliances to the cages. It has been compulsory since 1879 to have them in Victoria. There is no special make specified: it is left to the discretion of the manager the kind he will put on; but the cage must first be tested & approved by the Inspector of Mines for the district, after which periodical tests must be made by the mining manager & records kept in a book especially for that purpose & produced to the Inspector of Mines on demand, failing which he renders himself liable to a high penalty. All ropes, chains, tackle, machinery, shafts, etc. must be examined & records kept of their condition once a week, same to be signed by the person making the examination, & countersigned by the manager. In reference to guides (or skids as we call them here) they are in number usually of 4x3 hardwood secured to the centres by screws 7/8ths or one inch in diameter, usually about 4 feet apart. There has not been a fatal accident at the mine where I work, nor any previous accident through breaking down of machinery. Instances have occurred, the flying out of clutches & the cages running away, but they have been very few. Hoping that you will be able to do something towards improving the conditions in your district, believe me to be yours truly James Ellery."
Copy of a letter from Mr. A. Rivett:-
"New South Wales Council of the Australian Freedom League for the abolition of the Compulsory Clauses of the Commonwealth Defence Act. 32 Elizabeth St. Sydney, Jan. 21/12. To Mr. J. Cocking, N.S.W. Australia. Dear Sir, Believing that you are against compulsory defence, I write to ask you what are the chances for a series of meetings in your neighbourhood & near districts. Kindly advise me as to best mode of procedure & what places could be visited. Shall be glad to get a line from you as early as possible. Yours very sincerely, A. Rivett."

Copy of a letter to José:-
"Universal Electric Supply Co., Manchester, 24th Feb. 1912. To Mr. J. Cocking, N.S.W. Australia. Dear Sir, In reply to inquiry to hand this mail, we have pleasure in sending under separate cover the latest edition of our catalogue & supplements, which we trust you will find of interest & service. Particulars as to parcel post & colonial rates will be found on page 75; & with reference to the duty on our goods we cannot state what this amounts to, but feel sure same is only a very small matter, as we export largely to your country, sending each week a large number of parcels. You will doubtless obtain the necessary information from your local post offices; & trusting to be favoured with your order in due course, which will have our very best attention, we beg to remain faithfully yours, Universal Electric Supply Co."

Copy of May Hickman's letter:-
"37 Jersey Road, Woolahra, Sydney, 19th Mar. 1912. Dear Mrs. Cocking, Your letter came duly to hand, & in reply thereto I can only say that I am convinced that Christian Science is indeed a beautiful religion & will heal physically, mentally, & morally in proportion as it is understood. It is neither auto-hypnotism nor auto-suggestion, quite the opposite. It teaches the government & supremacy of one universal power--good. Now, I am not prepared to teach or explain Christian Science. I am only a student myself & can only recommend you to earnestly study the Science & Health With Key To The Scriptures, by Mary Baker Eddy. I fancy there is one in the library at Newcastle if you could get it. I have not seen Mr. Holland for some time, but have been thinking of him lately. I would like to see him quite restored to health & strength again. With kind wishes, sincerely yours, May Hickman." (Answered May 27, 1912.)
Copy of a letter from Aunt Grace to me:—

"Jenkins Terrace, Mar. 12, 1912. Dear Nephew & Family, I now take the pleasure of answering your kind & ever welcome letter, & am very glad to see that you are getting well again. I was very anxious about you until I heard from you. We were very sorry to see that you met with an accident with your bike, but I hope by the time you get these few lines you will be better. No doubt your wife & family were delighted to see you home again all right. I should be sorry if anything happened to you. I hope you will be spared many years yet with your wife & family. I see that your brother Bob has got married, & you think she will make a good wife. I hope she is, for I think he deserves it after waiting so long. I think he ought to wait until the writer came out to him. We thank you very much for the map.

Although we do not understand it very much we like to look at it. We thank the children for the cards. I have not received a letter from Mrs. Williams yet. I had a letter from my brother Robert at Christmas time, & he was very well, but his wife has been in hospital 4 weeks with bad legs. Robert is the only one that writes. I never hear from your uncle Billy's family. The last letter that Billy wrote was that before he died he told his wife to do the same for me as he used to do—that was to send me a present every Christmas. But I never hear from them since they have buried a son & daughter.

You said you will send me a copy of the photo of your brother Bob & his wife. I should very much like to have it. Don't forget. Your sister Elizabeth Jane promised me her & her husband's photos, but I have never got it. Give them our love. I should think Elizabeth Jane could write a letter for her father. I should like to have a letter from William John.

Dear nephew, I am glad to tell you that Walter & myself are fairly well at time of writing. It is awfully bad times here on account of the coal strike in London. Everything is dearer. Coal is 2 shillings a hundred; & we don't know when it will end. Christmas is past & gone. We had spent a very quiet one. It is nothing like it used to be. Walter has caught a bad cold somewhere. We will now close with best love from your ever-loving aunt & uncle. Give our love to your wife & brothers & sister. Tell them to write. Good bye. Kisses for the childrenxxxxxxxxxxx.

Copy of Lottie Slone's letter to me:—

"Broken Hill, May 23, 1912. My dear Cousin, Just a few lines in answer to your ever kind & most welcome letter, which I received. I was very pleased to hear from you again. I hope you are better by the time this reaches you. We are all quite well up here just now. Dear Cousin, you say you are in the hospital, which I am very sorry to hear. What has been the matter with you? We are having real dry weather up here, & everything is very dear. I was out at aunt Lizzie Vercoe's & was asking her about your
friend Will Trezise, & she told me that he went mad some years back. I am sending my photo with my husband, taken together; also my younger sister Ollie, with this letter. I trust you received it all right. Mother & Father are quite well again. Father is working a little at stone cracking. He has no need to do that, only he feels that he can't be idle. He does as much work as he likes & comes home when he likes; he is his own boss.

Now, dear cousin, I would very much like to have your photos of all of you. I am getting one copied off of Mother & Father by next pay day. I will send you it then. I hope you won't keep me waiting so long for an answer as I have kept you. So, trusting to hear from you soon I will now close with my fondest love to one & all. I remain your loving cousin, L. Slone.

(Answered June 11, 1912. Photos sent to Lottie Slone:- Our family group with Nelly Pettigrew; Bobby's memorial; Walter by himself; also son Jack's photo.)

Copy of Mr. Gullick's letter to me:-
"Government Printing Office, Sydney, 22nd July 1912.
Sir, I have to acknowledge receipt of your communication of the 12th instant, & to inform you that no stamps were found enclosed therein as stated. The Commonwealth Defence Act is, however, out of stock at this department, but might be obtained direct from the Government Printer, Melbourne, price 1/- & postage I have the honor to be, Sir, Your obedient servant W.A. Gullick, Government Printer. Mr. Josiah Cocking, "allsend, N.S.W."

(Letter sent to Melbourne Aug. 4th, 1912.)

Copy of a letter from Mrs. Holland;-)
"2 92 Ferris Street, Annandale, Sep.11 , 1912.
Dear Mr. Cocking, I suppose you are like many more, wondering what the trouble is between the Executive & Harry. Well, I wish you were only close enough to hear the full facts, but I will send you some correspondence that will stagger you when I get it back from Allman, Harry's good friend that has always had a cheering word for him in his sickness. I sent him the circular to read, along with Harry's reply to that scab Denford. Winspear & Jorgenson have been the 2 leaders in the dirty affair, & Denford helping them for all he was worth, & some of the other scabs I will name so that you can blow them up) - Rouse; James; Witmore, & Druhmel -- those are the most important ones -- also Blumenthal. You will be astounded when you see the circular & Harry's reply. I hope you will send Winspear & Jorgenson a letter that will make them wonder what hit them. All their dirty work they have been doing behind Harry's back. Allan refused to work the machine, being work that he had done for Jorgenson, but when he read the circular he told Jorgenson that he would not work it any more, his work was on the type. He attended the Executive meeting as a delegate from Leichard Branch, & he told them that the Manifesto was the work of scabs,
that every man who knew his father's life & voted for the manifesto would be a scab. Allan was asked to withdraw his remarks, but he refused & said he would use the word scabs as often as he liked. With that Jorgenson jumped up & punched him on the shoulder. Mark Askew, delegate from Newtown, got up & walked out of the meeting along with Allan, but came back by request. The scab element now try to deny that Jorgenson punched Allan. Jorgenson is a big, powerful man & Allan is only very slight & short, but he has that same true spirit & noble principle that his Dad has. He defended his Father manfully; & I am sure if there is any spark of manhood in one of those traitors they will not do other than admire his pluck & esteem for his Father. They are doing their best to damn the paper. The very fact that they publish their squabbles (see "Council Notes" in the last paper). The cutter in Grace Brothers' tailoring factory asked a young woman that lives nextdoor to us if she knew what was the trouble or dispute in the ranks of the I. Socialists. He is a Labor Party man; & he told her he had been buying the paper & saw the Council Notes; & for that reason I am writing to some of Harry's old friends to let them know. I have written several letters this week. Harry has been too self-sacrificing & too good to have his name dragged in the mud by those scabs. I wrote to Peter Bowling some time ago about the first part of their underhand work, but I didn't know then of the circular they sent out. The acting editor admitted to the meeting that he, Denford, & Jorgenson sent it out. You can guess how worried we all have been over the affair. They are trying to oust Harry & put Winspear in his place. Give my best regards to Mrs. Cocking, & accept same from your old friend, A. Holland.

P.S. Please excuse this scrawl. I detest letter writing & have a happy knack of leaving out words, making it difficult to understand my letters."

(Answered Sep. 15, 1912. Copied for Holland's Life.)

Copy of my letter to J. Russell:--
"High Street, Wallsend, N.S.W. Oct. 9th, 1912.
To Mr. J. Russell, secretary, Muunt Kembla Miners' Lodge.
Dear Sir & Comrade, This is a private letter, which I am writing for a double purpose; firstly to let you know that I sincerely sympathise with you in your trouble over being victimised by the rascally company. I suffered in the same way 2 years ago, & I know what it is to be thrown out of work for battling for the class I belong to-- the indispensible despised working class. I hope to hear soon that your comrades in the unions have forced the company to reinstate you in your employment.

The second object of this letter is to ask you to assist me in my efforts to have the "Coalmines Regulation Act amended to provide for the compulsory use of safety-catches on cages in which
miners descend & ascend. To do this I require a good deal more information than I at present possess on the matter. Amongst other things, I wish to know whether safety-catches are in use in your district, & if so, where they are used, what kind of safety-catch is used, & whether they work satisfactorily or not. Also what kind of guides or runners they work on—iron, steel ropes, or wood. I am only acquainted with 2 kinds of safety catches—Hancock's & Hillman's, & both work on wooden guides into which strong springs force the catches if the winding rope breaks.

I shall be very thankful indeed if you will give me all the information you can on this matter, & give me the name & address of any one, in any part of the world, who can give me further information. I would also be much obliged if you would send me Peter Bowling's address. Kindly reply as soon as you can, & oblige Yours sympathetically Josiah Cocking, Wallsend, N.S.W.

Copy of my letter to the Government printer:—
"Wallsend, N.S.W., Oct. 9, 1912. To the Govt. Printer.
Dear Sir, As I have been informed that the Victorian Mining law provides for the compulsory use of safety-catches on mining cages in which miners descend & ascend, I would be much obliged to you if you would kindly let me know as soon as possible what is the price of the Mining Act in which the use of safety-catches is provided for. I would enclose a stamp for reply, but I suppose N.S.W. stamps are of no use to you. However, when sending for the Act required I will enclose extra postage. I am, Sir yours sincerely, Josiah Cocking." (See reply on page 55).

Copy of my letter to Tom Gibson:—
"Wallsend, Oct. 13, 1912. To Mr. Thomas Gibson, 32 Parry Street, East Perth, W.A.
Dear Tom, That letter of yours in this week's "International Socialist" came in very handy to me, for it gave me your address. I am very glad to see that you are still alive & kicking against Capitalism, & hope your labors will be rewarded with success. But that is not what I am writing this for.

As you probably know, I have been almost alone for the last ten years, battling, as well as I was able, to have the Coal Mines Regulation Act amended to make the use of safety catches compulsory in this State. Just recently I brought the matter on again by a motion sent to and passed by the C.E.F. Edden wriggled, & hinted that he would have to withdraw his Bill. As I hear that safety catches are used at the Boulder, W.A., I thought you would be able & willing to assist me by telling me a few things I badly want to know so as to be prepared to answer the objections & arguments of under sec-
 Secretary E.F. Pittman against the introduction of safety catches into N.S.W. collieries. You have had a long & varied experience amongst mines, & are therefore capable of answering some, if not all, of the following questions:- 1. At what mine in W.A. are safety catches used? 2. How long have safety catches been used in West Australia? 3. What are the names & addresses of safety catch makers in W.A.? 4. Have any accidents ever happened through the use of safety catches? 5. Is their use compulsory by law in Western Australia? 6. Do safety catches ever act when they should not? 7. Have they ever failed to grip when necessary? 8. What is the usual speed of winding with men on? 9. Have any lives been saved through the use of safety catches? 10. What is the price of a cage with catches? 11. Is the same cage used for winding ore & men? 12. What weight will the safety catches hold? 13. Do they often get out of order? 14. Are they expensive to keep in repair? 15. How deep is the deepest shaft where they are used? 16. What kind of skids or guides are used in W.A.? 17. How are wire ropes tested when in use? 18. In what countries are safety catches used? If you cannot answer these, Tom, perhaps you know someone who can; & if so kindly send me his name & address. I am writing to Jabez Dodd, the secretary of the Boulder miners. We are all well here, & hope you & Mrs. Gibson are enjoying good health too. Kindly reply as soon as you get 5 minutes to spare, & give me all the information you can re catches. I remain yours fraternally Josiah Cocking.

NEW RIBBON. Copy of my letter to Jabez Dodd:-
"Pittown, Wallsend, N.S.W. Oct. 13, 1912. To Mr. Jabez Dodd, Miners' Secretary, Boulder Block, Boulder, W.A. Dear Sir,
For the last ten years I have been trying, through the Colliery Employees' Federation, to have the N.S.W. Coal Mines Regulation Act amended to provide for the compulsory use of safety catches in cages. I was speaking with Mr. Robert Stephens yesterday, & he advised me to write to you for the information that I require. If you are the Jabez Dodd who used to live at Jerusalem, near Kadina, South Australia, you must know me well, & I know you and your father, & Hedley, your brother. But whether you know me or not, I feel sure that, in the interests of your fellow miners in this State, you will be courteous enough to give me the information I require. I am anxious to find out the names of all the mines in Australia where safety catches are used on cages in which miners descend & ascend; & ascend; & as you
probably know as many mines as most people, I would be very much indebted to you if you would answer the following questions as fully as possible:-

1. At what mines in W.A. are safety catches used?
2. How long have safety catches been used in W.A.?
3. What are the names & addresses of makers of safety catches in W.A.?
4. How many accidents have occurred through using safety catches?
5. Have any lives been saved by using safety catches?
6. Do the catches ever act when not required to do so?
7. Have they ever failed to act when necessary?
8. Is the use of catches compulsory by law in W.A.?
9. What is the usual speed of winding with men on?
10. What is the price of a cage with catches complete?
11. Is there a separate cage used for winding men & ore?
12. What weight will the cages hold?
13. Do they often get out of order?
14. Are they expensive to keep in repair?
15. How deep is the deepest shaft where they are used?
16. What kind of skids are used—rope, rails, or wood?
17. How are winding ropes tested when in use?
18. In what countries are safety catches used?

This is a very big order, but I trust you will not find it too hard to answer. If you are unable to answer any question, perhaps you can give me the name & address of someone who is able to do so. Of course whatever you write will be secret & safe with me, & your name will be withheld unless you desire me to divulge it. Hoping to hear from you shortly, I remain yours sincerely

Josiah Cocking.

Copy of my letter written in reply to Tom Johnson's letter in the "Newcastle Morning Herald":-- Wallsend, ct. 17, 1912.
To the Editor, Sir, In reply to the question asked by Mr. T. Johnston, I wish to point out that there is a very cheap and effective plan besides the 2 excellent remedies he mentions to overcome the slight evil of safety-catches acting when not when not required to do so. At the Wallaroo Mines in South Aus., at Taylor's shaft, which is about 700 fathoms deep, the cage in which the miners are lowered & raised is a separate conveyance altogether from the one in which the ore is raised. The cage, or man-gig as it is called there, is only used to send the employees down the shaft in the mornings & bring them up in the afternoons. When the miners have been sent down, the man-gig is slid out of the way by a pair of hinged skids or guides, the rope is taken off & is shackled on to the skip or cage that is used to raise the ore. This conveyance has no safety catches on it; consequently the speed of winding is not interfered with. This method could be adopted at the collieries in this State, as only one or 2 minutes are required to take the safety cage off & put the ordinary cage on. It seems very strange that an
alleged "Labor" Minister requires to be asked repeatedly by the long-suffering miners to make their occupation a little less risky by the adoption of safety appliances on cages, whereas a Victorian Capitalist made their use compulsory by the Mines Act of 1904. I am Sir, yours sincerely, Josiah Cocking."

Copy of my letter to Mr. Cunningham, secretary of the Federated Mine Employees' Association, Zeehan, Tasmania.

"Dear Sir, This is a private letter, not intended for publication; but before mentioning the reason why I am writing I wish to say that you and the sufferers by the terrible accident at North Lyell have my sincere sympathy. I am a miner & know what a miner's life is, & know how hard it must be for poor unfortunate miners' wives & helpless children to be deprived of husbands & fathers. I watch the papers from day to day to see how the entombed men are faring; & I was horrified to-day to read that nearly half of the men had perished. It is a scandalous shame that there is not another shaft where the men could have been raised when the fire broke out. I hope that everything possible will be done to help the widows & orphans, & that the calamity will be a warning to the Government to see that in future all mines shall have more than one shaft so that there there may be means of escape when an accident happens in one part of a mine. Mining could & should be made much safer by minimising known dangers; & this brings me to the subject upon which I am writing to you.

For 10 years past I have been endeavoring, through the Colliery Employees' Federation of this district, to secure an amendment of the Coal Mines Regulation Act to provide for the compulsory use of safety-catches on cages in which miners & others are lowered & raised in the mines. But, unfortunately, I have been almost alone in my battle for this reform, for, although the C.E.F. readily & repeatedly carry motions in favor of introducing safety catches, the most of our members are quite ignorant upon the subject, & I am not so well-informed as I desire & require to be. I would therefore feel very grateful to you if you would kindly answer, to the best of your ability, the following questions, or let me know the name & address of someone who is able & willing to do so:

1. In what Tasmanian mines are safety catches used?
2. What are the names & addresses of the makers of safety catches used in Tasmania?
3. How long have the catches been used in Tasmania?
4. Have any accidents happened there through using catches?
5. Have any lives been saved by using safety catches?
6. Do the catches ever grip when not required to do so?
7. Have they ever failed to grip when necessary?
8. Is their use compulsory in Tasmania?
9. What is the usual speed of winding with men in the cage?
10. What is the price of a safety cage & catches complete?
11. Is the same cage used for winding men & ore?
12. What weight will safety catches hold?
13. Do they often get out of order?
14. How deep is the deepest shaft where they are used?
15. How are winding ropes tested when in use?
16. What kind of skids are used at Mt. Lyell mine?
17. Are the catches expensive to keep in repair?
18. In what countries are safety catches used?

This is a very long list of questions; but I have no doubt that though I am a stranger to you, you will do your best to answer them, & thus help me to assist our suffering fellow men. Of course I will not divulge your name unless you wish me to, as there is always the danger of the owners' black list. Hoping that the men still missing will soon be found alive & well, & that I shall soon hear from you, I am yours fraternally Josiah Cooking.

Oct. 17, 1912.

Copy of my letter to Mr. Kirkwood:-

"To Mr. A. Kirkwood, Helensburgh, Oct. 27, 1912.

Dear Sir, For about 10 years I have been trying, through the Colliery Employees' Federation, to have the Coal Mines Regulation Act amended to provide for the compulsory use of safety-catches on cages in which miners are lowered or raised in the mines of the State. So far I have been almost alone in this matter, but it is now necessary for me to get assistance in the shape of fuller information on the subject than I now possess. As you may be willing & able to help me I am writing this to ask you will kindly answer the following questions, in numerical order, as fully as possible, & give me all the information on the matter that you possess. (Here follow the questions in the preceding letter.) Of course the questions deal mostly with your district; but if safety catches are not used there perhaps you can tell me of some mines where they are in use.

I wrote to Mr. J. Russel & he referred me to you & gave me your address. I am writing to everyone who is likely to help to bring about the reform I aim at; & I intend to do my very best, with others, to achieve my object. Of course if you do not desire to have it known that you have assisted me I will not divulge your name; you may safely depend on me in that matter.

If the cages are not in use in your district you would greatly assist us by sending a notice of motion to your district worded like this:—That Mr. Edden, Minister for Mines, be requested by the Executive Officers of the Illawarra Colliery Employees to amend the Coal Mines Regulation Act to provide for the compulsory use of safety-catches on all cages in which persons descend or ascend in the coal mines of this State." It is the substance of the motion I sent to our C.E.F.; & it was adopted unanimously. Trusting that you will do your best to assist us in this
matter, & hoping to hear from you soon, I am yours fraternally,
Josiah Cocking, Wallsend. N.S.W."

Copy of letter from J. Cohen, Victoria.
"Department of Mines, Melbourne, 15th Oct. 1912. Mr. Josiah
Cocking, Wallsend, N.S.W. Sir, In reply to your letter of the 9
instant, addressed to the Government Printer, Melbourne, I beg to
inform you that the Mines Act of 1904 (number 1961) provides for
the use of safety catches in mines. This Act may be purchased
from the Government Printer at the price of 1/3. I am sending to
you, under separate cover, a copy of the general Rules contained
in the above-mentioned Act, in sheet form. Yours obediently J.
Cohen, Secretary for Mines."

Copy of a letter from Mr. James Russel:-
"Kembla Heights, Oct. 19th, 1912. To Mr. Josiah Cocking, Wallsend.
Dear Sir, I beg to acknowledge receipt of your letter, & wish to
sincerely thank you for your kind wishes in connection with the
trouble I am now in through no fault of my own, but brought about
by the Owners because I was doing my duty to my fellow-workers;
& if they never give me another start I will always do the same.
A man's honour should be more to him than money; & in the end I
will have what is more to me than everything else, namely a clear
conscience & the good will of my comrades.
In connection with your other request re the safety-catches used
at the different mines, I may state that all the collieries on
this coast are tunnels, with the exception of South Clifton & Hel-
ensburgh, & I have not worked in either; but if you were to write
to Andrew Kirkwood, miner, he may be able to give you some infor-
tation. I showed your letter to Mr. Peter Bowling, who is at present
the Secretary, General Secretary of this Association, & he told
me to give you his address so that you could write to him if you
wished. The following address will find him:—Mr. Peter Bowling,
Miners' General Secretary, Woonona, "South Coast."
I will send you a copy of the local paper with a report of my
case, so that you can see for yourself what reason I was dismissed
for, & what is going to be done in the Matter.
Again thanking you for your kind remarks, & trusting you will be
successful in your efforts with regard to the safety-catches to be
used on all shafts, I remain, Sir, Yours faithfully, James Russel
Sec. Illawarra Colliery, Mount Kembla Branch Employees Associat

Copy of Winspear's letter:—
"The International Socialist", 115 Goulburn Street, Sydney,
31st Oct. 1912. Mr. J. Cocking. Dear Comrade, Mrs. Montefiore
has left South Africa & is now in London. Her address is 128
Lyceum Club, Pimlico, London. I hardly think she would be able
to furnish the information you require. If you were to write to
A. Crawford, Editor, "Voice Of Labor", P.O. Box 1539, Johannesburg, South Africa, I think he would get you the information you require. Many thanks for your verses, "Handy Andy's Dream", also the verses from the "Bulletin" by E. Fisher. The latter are in type & should have been in last week but for a delay in the lino office. I am glad to inform you that we are gradually smoothing out the differences between the Socialist Labor Party & our party, & are hopeful that intime the old feelings of resentment will be gone. Thanking you for kindly interest in "International Socialist" & your valuable & helpful assistance, I remain yours fraternally W.R. Winspear.

Copy of letter from Jabez Dodd:--
"Western Australia. Colonial Secretary's Office, Perth, 20th Oct. 1912. Dear Sir, Your letter addressed to myself as secretary of the Miners' Union, Boulder, has been forwarded to me by the present secretary. It is now some 18 months since I relinquished that position, but I will endeavor to secure the information for which you ask. I am the same J.E. Dodd of Kadina whom you used to know, & I think I remember you when you were in the Wallaroo Mines. I will write to you more fully when I get the information which you desire. With kind regards, Yours faithfully, J.E. Dodd, Honorary Minister."

Copy of a letter from aunt Grace to me:--
"Nov. 28th, 1911. Jenkins Terrace, Redruth. Dear nephew, I now take the pleasure of answering your kind & welcome letter. Very sorry to hear that you have to undergo an operation. I hope you will get through all right & be spared many years for the sake of your wife & family. I hope you have got a good heart. I should have written to you before, but I was waiting for the memorial card. I am glad to tell you that we received it all right, & I think she is looking very nice. It is the first we ever saw like it. We thank you very much for it. Dear Josiah, when you have been under the operation will you write & let us know now you are getting on? We shall be anxious to know. Do you know how it happened? I have missed your mother very much—the only sister that used to write to me. You had a good mother. She worked hard to bring you up. It would be very hard if anything happens to you. I shall be thinking about you until I hear from you again. I hope you will soon be well again. You made a mistake in your mother's age; she was 77 when she died. Tell your brothers & sister I should very much like to have a letter from them. I am glad to see that Robert has a good housekeeper. I hope she will look after the children all right. You must not get out of heart; there is always somebody going under operation home here.

I never hear from William's family, nor John's. I had a letter
From Robert; he has been bad with rheumatic. Robert has only two children at home now—all the others are married. I hope you will never forsake writing to us while you live, for we are always waiting to get a letter from you.

Tell Mrs. Williams I should very much like to have a letter from her; & I should like to have a letter from your father. I hope he is well. We have had a very hot summer; & now it is winter, & it is very cold. We cannot expect any other now, it is nearly Christmas. I am glad to tell you that we are both fairly well at time of writing; but work is very slack. We are sending you a Christmas card each for the children, & hope you will like them.

Dear Josiah, I hope you will be spared for Christmas, & many more; for the sake of your wife & family. Give them all our love.

No more news. I must now. I must now close with love from your ever loving Uncle & Aunt. Wishing you a merry Christmas & a happy new year. Write soon & let us know how you are getting on.

Kisses for the children xxxxxxxx.

(Answered Jan 2, 1912, & Bob's & Annie's photos promised).

Copy of Jabez Dodd's letter:

Western Australia. Colonial Secretary's Office, Perth. 3rd Dec. 1912. Mr. J. Cocking, Pittown, Wallsend, N.S.W.

Dear Sir, Enclosed you will find reply to your questions as received from the State Mining Engineer. I am posting you a copy of our Mines Regulation Act, from which you may obtain much useful information. Yours faithfully, J.E. Dodd.

Mines Department. Office of the State Mining Engineer, Perth, 30th Nov. 1912. The Hon. J.E. Dodd, M.L.C., Honorary Minister, Colonial Secretary's Office, Perth. Sir, In reply to your letter of the 26th inst., to the Hon. the Minister for Mines, I have the honor to supply the following replies to the questions therein: 1. Cages & skips used in vertical shafts in W.A. for raising or lowering men are required to have safety catches & safety detaching hooks. Those used in inclined shafts may have to be similarly provided when required by the Inspector of Mines, but owing to there being no satisfactory type of catch on the market suitable for use in inclined shafts it has not been customary to require them.

2. Safety catches have been more or less in use in W.A. for 20 years, but were first required by law in the Mines Regulation Act Amendment Act, 1899.

3. Almost any & every foundry supplying mining material makes safety cages. There are a great number of different types, some patented, others not so protected. A large number of safety cages are described & compared in Reports of Royal Commissions on the subject in Victoria & South Africa obtainable from Mines Departments of those States, & to be seen in the larger Public Libraries.

4.5. Very few, if any, serious accidents have occurred in W.A.
The Hon. J. E. Dodd M.L.C.,
Honorary Minister,
Colonial Secretary's Office,
PERTH.

Sir,

In reply to your letter of 28th inst., to the Hon. the Minister for Mines, I have the honour to supply the following replies to the questions therein:

1. Cages and skips used in vertical shafts in W.A. for raising or lowering men are required to have safety catches and safety detaching hooks. Those used in inclined shafts may have to be similarly provided, "when required by the Inspector" of Mines, but owing to there being no very satisfactory type of catch on the market suitable for use in inclined shafts it has not been customary to require them.

2. Safety catches have been more or less in use in W.A. for over 20 years, but were first required by law in The Mines Regulation Act Amendment Act 1899.

3. Almost any and every foundry supplying mining material makes safety cages. There are a great number of different types, some patented, others not so protected. A large number of safety cages are described and compared in Reports of Royal Commissions on the subject in Victoria and South Africa obtainable from the Mines Departments of those States, and to be seen in the larger Public Libraries.

4. Very few, if any, serious accidents have occurred in W.A. from use of safety catches, though occasional slight injuries have been caused by their coming into action when not required to do so. There have been a good many cases of accidents due to the catches failing to act, but damage has fortunately been confined mostly to the machinery and shafts.

5. The use of catches is compulsory "when required by the Inspector" of Mines, and in all important mines their use is so required in vertical shafts. Discretion is exercised by the Inspectors in the case of prospecting shafts and small mines in the earlier stages of development.
8. Speed depends on the nature of the winding engine. The speed on ordinary geared hoists is required by law not to exceed 200 feet per minute when within 100 feet of the surface and 500 feet per minute in any other part of the mine when raising or lowering men. The large first-motion winding engines often run at 2000 to 3000 feet a minute when winding rock but reduce speed considerably when winding men.

9. Prices are very various, according to size, number of decks, and nature of fittings. Cages for the smaller metalliferous mines may be got for about £30 new. Any foundry will give quotations.

10. Men and ore are not to be hoisted together but trucks of ore are commonly loaded into the same cages which are used for carrying men at other times. In many inclined shafts special man-skips are used for carrying men, which are not suitable for carrying ore.

11. The catches and skids on which they grip must be proportioned to the weight of the cages and loads to be carried, which may be from a few hundredweight up to 5 or 6 tons. Those for cages intended to run at higher speeds must be strong enough to resist greater shocks than those worked at lower speeds. All must have a very large reserve of strength to resist the great stresses which are thrown on them when the catches come suddenly into operation.

12. All safety catches require regular attention to ensure their being maintained in good working order. There is a good deal of difference in the amount and nature of the attention required by various types of catches.

13. Repairs are not as a rule expensive, but reply to the question 12 involves a certain amount of regular expenditure for labour and material.

14. The deepest shaft in W.A. using safety cages is 2,800 feet deep.

15. Wooden skids are practically the only sort used in this State. In inclined shafts the skips run on railway rails of various dimensions proportioned to the weight of loads and speed of winding.

16. Winding ropes are required to be examined daily by a competent person to see that they are in good order and the results of his examination are regularly recorded. The ropes are required to be tested, before being put in use, by having a portion tried in a testing machine, and the breaking strain must be at least 8 times the ordinary maximum gross working load inclusive of weight of cage or skip and rope.

The copy of the M.H. Act 1906 and Regulations here-with will show your correspondent the statutory requirements in all these cases. Information on most of the other questions could have been obtained quite readily by consulting a good
text book of mining in a Public Library.

I have the honor to be,

Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

[Signature]

STATE MINING ENGINEER.
From the use of safety catches, though occasional slight injuries have been caused by their coming into action when not required to do so. There have been a good many cases of accidents due to the catches failing to act, but damage has fortunately been confined mostly to the machinery and shafts.

7. The use of catches is compulsory "when required by the Inspector of Mines", but in all important mines their use is so required in vertical shafts. Discretion is exercised by the Inspectors in the case of prospecting shafts & small mines in the earlier stages of development.

8. Speed depends on the nature of the winding engine. The speed on ordinary geared hoists is required by law not to exceed 200 feet per minute when winding, within 100 feet of the surface, & 500 feet per minute in any other part of the mine when raising or lowering men.

9. Prices are very various, according to size, number of decks, & nature of fittings. Cages for the smaller metalliferous mines may be got for about 30 pounds new. Any foundry will give quotations.

10. Men & ore are not to be hoisted together, but trucks of ore are commonly loaded into the same cages which are used for carrying men at other times. In many inclined shafts special man-skips are used for carrying men, which are not suitable for carrying ore.

11. The catches & skids on which they grip must be proportioned to the weight of the cages & loads to be carried, which may be from a few hundredweight up to 5 or 6 tons. Those for cages intended to run at higher speeds must be strong enough to resist greater shocks than those worked at lower speeds. All must have a very large reserve of strength to resist the great stresses which are thrown on them when the catches come suddenly into operation.

12. All safety catches require regular attention to ensure their being maintained in good working order. There is a good deal of difference in the amount & nature of the attention required by various types of catches.

13. Repairs are not, as a rule, expensive, but reply to question 12 involves a certain amount of regular expenditure for labor & material.

14. The deepest shaft in W.A. using safety catches is 2800 feet deep.

15. Wooden skids are practically the only sort used in this State. In inclined shafts the skips run on railway rails of various dimensions proportioned to the weight of loads & speed of winding.

16. Winding ropes are required to be examined daily by a competent person to see that they are in good order; & the result of his examination are regularly recorded. The ropes are required to be tested, before being put in use, by having a portion tried in a testing machine; & the breaking strain must be at least 8 times the ordinary maximum gross working load inclusive of
64.

weight of cage or skip & rope. The copy of the Mines Regulation Act 1900 & Regulations herewith will show your correspondent the statutory requirements in all these cases. Information on most of the other questions could have been obtained quite readily by consulting a good text-book of mining in a public library. I have the honor to be, Sir, Your obedient servant, A. Montgomery, State Mining Engineer.

Copies of extracts sent by Jabez Dodd from W.A.:

"Says the "Sun": "We never heard a more manly speech or one deserving a fuller publicity than that delivered by the Hon. Jabez Dodd, M.L.C. when he was being thanked in the Kalgoorlie Council Chambers for settling the trouble between the engineers & the mineowners. It was by no means Mr. Dodd's first appearance as a peacemaker. He has been recognised for years as the wise councillor—the Nestor of trades unionism on the goldfields. Labor's best friend is with us as well as its staunchest champion never knew a man who could hit harder or straighter", said a representative of the Chamber of Mines; but I have never dealt with a fairer or more upright man."

Perhaps, coming from the other side, that is a higher compliment to Mr. Dodd than any paid him by his constituents when he became a Minister. But there was one remark he made that ought to ring round Australia—and that rings none the less truly because it is heard so seldom. Mr. Dodd said, in effect, that sooner than see Labor back down on its own creation—the Arbitration Court, he would resign his seat in Parliament, & his position in the Labor Movement, & nobody who heard him could have doubted his sincerity. For the good advice Mr. Dodd induced the engineers to accept he has laid Kalgoorlie & Boulder a new debt. Many men might have said the same, but perhaps not many would have been listened to. Mr. Dodd's value in industrial disputes, not only as an influence for peace, but as a man who will condone no infringement of the accepted rule, would be difficult to overestimate."

"Speaking in the Upper House on the Workers' Compensation Bill Mr. Dodd delivered one of the most masterly discourses ever uttered in Parliament on the miners' behalf. No point was left untouched & no supporting argument left unused. The speaker showed his thorough knowledge of conditions underground & how keen is his sympathy for the suffering toilers. Those who voted against the measure or sought to amend it could hardly have done so with clear consciences after listening to the speech—unless indeed they sadly lacked intelligence & feeling. It is lamentable to have to record that in the Labor camp a man like Dodd has enemies. If those who sneer at & would down him had a fraction of his commonsense & sympathy for the workers, Labor would have a much better chance of ruling "eastern Australia for a lengthy period." 1911.
Labor members speaking of the late lamented Arbitration Amendment Bill do not appear to err on the side of generosity regarding the part played by Jabez Dodd in that most splendid failure of the Party up to date. Yet Dodd's advocacy of that measure should rank as an easy first amongst the efforts of Labor's at Harvest Terrace. The fight then put up by him bears the unmistakable imprint of solid ability in every line, & was sufficient in itself to make the reputation of any man with a keener sense of self advertisement. But Dodd didn't even mention Dodd in that connection during the recent parliamentary invasion Boulder. Neither, so far as I could hear, did anyone else."

Copy of a letter from Miss Kizzie aunt Grace Perkyns:

"Jenkins Terrace, Redruth, Cornwall, Oct. 15, 1912.

Dear Nephew & family, I now take the pleasure of answering your kind & ever welcome letter, trusting it will find you all in the very best of health, as it leaves Walter & myself. I am very glad to see that you are able to work again, & hope you will continue so. I am very sorry to hear of my cousin John Williams' death. It is a very sad case. I suppose they were too old to remove. I see the change did not do them any good. I am very sorry to hear that he was not prepared to die. I see they were in low circumstances. I always thought they had money. I have not heard from more of your uncles since you last wrote. If you have heard from uncle Robert write & let me know. I don't know the reason they have not written to me. I think Billy's family are very unkind to me. I wrote 2 letters, but they never answered them. I should very much like to have a letter from Robert & John. Robert promised to send me his wife's photo; I am waiting to see her.

I have not received a letter from your father. I should very much like to have one, & one from your Sister, Elizabeth Jane. I was very sorry to see that Nelly had broken her arm. I hope that by now she is better.

Trade is very slack at present. I hope your leg is well by this time. I hope your wife & children are all well. I see you are talking about making telephones. I wish you could fix one so that I could speak to you. I see you are very clever at taking photos. You will be a gentleman in the end.

Dear Josiah, we have not much news to tell you. We are glad to see you are still working in the colliery. I see you have a preacher for a mate. Sorry to see he was fooled out there under Government, from home here. They don't find things as they thought; they wish they never went. They are not treated like they ought to be. I hope you will write to me always. I will write to you for the sake of your Mother.

I must now close with fondest love from your ever-loving Aunt & Uncle, Grace & Walter Perkyns. Write soon." (The writer, Mabel Harry, wishes to be remembered to you all.)"
Copy of a letter from Lottie Slone:—

"Broken Hill, Nov. 4, 1912. My dear Cousin, Just a few lines in answer to your ever-kind & most welcome letter, which I received. I was very pleased to hear from you after so long a spell. Well, dear cousin, I am not well again, I have a very bad cold. We have shifted up into Chapel street now. My poor old Dad (Stephen Giles) has been sent away to Parkside (Mental asylum) since the 4th of September, but I am very pleased to say that he is a good deal better, as he works about in the garden. He made his will some time ago before he went mad, but he never signed his name to it, & the Government wants to claim the property; but the doctor down there said he is in his right mind to do it now, & that he is able to come out; so Mother is having him put into the Salvation Army home for aged men. He feels more contented in there. We sent for him to be taken out.

My dear nephew is dead 12 months on the 28th of Oct., & his father is dead 12 months to-day—the 4th of November. And poor old grandmother Tyrrell—Sam's mother—was buried a fortnight tomorrow. You must know Mrs. Tyrrell: she was 74 years old when she died. Well, dear cousin, you still want me to find that Mrs. Trezise. Well, the next time I go out to aunt Lizzie Vercoe's I will go & find a Mrs. Trezise that I know, from Kadina. Mother thinks it must be one of her sons. I will let you know when I write again. I will send you one of our dear Fred's photos as soon as I get one taken off.

Trusting to hear from you soon, I still remain your loving cousin Lottie Slone. (nee Charlotte Giles of Wallaroo Mines, South Australia.) P.S. My younger sister has got a lovely little daughter, 5 weeks old. She is called Edna Violet May Norris. My address is Mrs. H. Slone, Chapel Street, off McCulloch street, Broken Hill. Mr. Barnett is the head man of the Union here."

(Answered 10th Mar. 1913.)

Copy of a letter from Tom Johnston:—

"Saint Helen's Street, Holmesville, West Wallsend, Oct. 28, 1912. To Mr. & Mrs. Josiah Cocking. Dear Friends, In answer to yours of the 20th instant, we are pleased to assure you that we are very much alive & kicking at present. I am pleased you like the photo. I struck poverty a blow when that was done. My arm is much stronger—strong enough, in fact, to do light work if it could be found of a suitable nature, but it won't get coal yet awhile. I got the Accident Fund allowance—an accumulation of 26 weeks, & just as it was decided that I should have it I went to Tasmania after a job that would have been suitable if I had been successful, but it was otherwise, so I had to come back. I found that the money was passed for payment, & owing to me being away was to be a final payment, of course, I wanted to remain until I got suitable work or got into some way of making a living; & through my political friends of the Political Labor League on
I was humbugged about, & have to go & be examined by Dr. J. Harris on Wednesday, & I suppose that means "no more money", & "can do light work", etc. I have applied for light work but am unable to get it. Fancy a Socialist being considered in any way!

Now, in connection with the the subject of safety catches which are in use all over Australia, I believe, & are compulsory for winding men-- what does it matter to us what the cost of introduction into our coal mines may be; the greater the cost the greater the safety as a rule, at least in these things. If safety catches could be introduced at a cost of, say, £5, they would not be as strong & effective as those costing £50, or perhaps not as safe. There is one in use in England--no, it's an appliance to prevent overwinding. I have some information at home here, but finding it is a job, I am in favor of absolute safety in all operations of underground work, regardless of cost. Life & health first of all--profits last. And from the point of view of a Socialist profits take no place.

Profits mean the exploitation of the working class; therefore I decline to hunt around for cheap appliances for the Capitalist class. It is sufficient for me that these appliances can be had & are actually in use. Look at the Mount Lyell affair--it was simply murder--actual brutal murder. The men went on strike against the unsafe condition of the mine; & I understand this was the first shift after the strike, when the pump chamber got on fire, & no attempt was made to warn the miners for upward of an hour. The man in charge of the pump had 2 to look after--1 at 700 feet, & 1 at 1100 feet, & he had to climb up and down; & when he went up to the 700 feet he found it on fire & rushed off to let the boss know; & it was an hour after before any attempt was made to warn the men; & they had found out themselves by that time. And, would you believe it ? there was only 1 shaft to the mine & only one means of exit, & that was the shaft. There was a tunnel but it had fallen in & was closed & no one could get out that way, & it had been in that state for months & the miners had remonstrated against the condition & ultimately went on strike. The Government inspectors are the same all over--they are scions of the Capitalist system, & tools thereof, & as a consequence are very careful not to touch profits, dividends, etc., curse them! And it seems that the working class, in the lump, have no knowledge of themselves to set about making alterations; & their false leaders are only after l.s.d., not principle. I have been for having a run in to see you but have not been able through scheming some means of earning a living. There was an ad in Saturday's paper for a night watchman--must be over 50 & married. I put in an application but don't expect anything. It is possible that it is a 30/- a week job for man & wife to do the cleaning etc.; so good to Thomas at that rate. However, I may hear about it. Trusting you are all A.I. we remain yours sincerely T. & S. Johnston.
Copy of Mrs. Holland's letter:—
"92 Ferris St., Annandale, Nov. 18, 1912. Dear Mr. Cocking, the
enclosed pamphlet entitled "To The Members of the Australian
Socialist Party", I am forwarding to you so that you will see
for wrath; & to let Harry's best friends know what has been done;
not that I wanted to take part in the fight any more than to
write them a letter that would have a good influence. I feel
sure if someone had done something like that they would not have
sent out such a lying attack as Denford's letter was. The move­
ment is suffering as a result. They let that beastly thing get
into outsiders' hands. One of the members said he saw it in an
outsider's hand in one of the cook shops. I am sorry you have
misunderstood me. W.R. Winspear is the man. You will remember
that he got into jail for house-breaking, & while there his young
hung herself. She was a sister of Frank Drake, Ironworkers'
Secretary. I forgot to say that Harry has accepted a position
in New Zealand. I am selling our few sticks, & will get
away by Dec. 14th if possible. Trusting you and your family are
well. Kind regards. A. Holland." (Copied for Holland's Life.)

Copy of a note from Cuthbert Richardson:—
"Wallsend, Dec. 30th, 1912. Mr. Josiah Cocking. Sir, When it is
convenient for you to go to Dr. Bean take this letter with you
& give it to him. Yours etc. C. Richardson, sec. to Wallsend
Miners' Accident Relief Committee."

Copy of letter from Tom Johnston:—
"St. Helen's Street, Holmesville, West Wallsend, Dec. 30, 1912.
Mr. & Mrs. Josiah Cocking. Dear Friends. Your letter to hand. I
am not going to say it was welcome, because it was not, simply
because of the news it contains. I was pleased to hear from you
all the same because it shows some little improvement. You & I,
Joe, must have killed a Chinaman some time in our lives, as
people say that brings them ill luck. I got a surprise—a rude
shock, so did Tom Batho who was here on a week-end visit, & I
can assure you he looked it. However, it is said misfortunes
never come singly, & yours have had the average family this year.
Let us hope it is the last, & Fate has something better in store
for us next year. I am pleased to say I have work to start with
next year & be my own master, as far as a man can be under the
Capitalist system. I have got a hawker's or peddlar's license
& a stock of goods to sell, & I intend to make a start as early
as possible. It is dated from Jan. 1 to Dec. 31, 1913 & no longer,
to quote the thing itself. I will give you a call shortly & talk
over things. I hope you succeed in getting on the Accident Fund
& that you have a better Committee to deal with than myself. I
got put on & put off in the one breath, so to speak. I got 27
pounds, & then £ 3. The first lot took a millstone from around my neck in the shape of debt; & the next £ 3 was spent on goods to sell; & on the next day I applied for a license. Since then I have added another £ 4 worth-- I am therefore fairly ready. I wrote to the Accident Relief Board in Sydney on my own case, & am to be examined by Dr. Dick to-morrow, & if successful I ought to get about another £ 7-10-0.

Now I have another story of misfortune to unfold to you. On account of myself being off work so long our Lizzie went out to service, & 3 weeks ago went to Dr. Dick's at Stockton. She was there a week, & when she was lighting a primus stove (oil). It was faulty, & she did not understand the thing. When she lit it to heat a flat iron it would not burn right, but it seems to have created an explosive vapor inside somewhere, & exploded, & the consequence was that she has been in bed 2 weeks suffering from burns, & will be a long time before she is recovered enough to resume work. So there you are again you see!

She is at Stockton at some friends of ours. Bob & I have been batching, & I had Boxing Day on my lonesome. They are talking about coming home to-morrow, tuesday; but I am afraid she is too weak to travel. She had 8 or 9 hours delirium, & had morphine injected, but it was ineffective for hours. However, it is no use repining, but look to some way to recover from all our misfortunes, & treat the matter as philosophically as possible. I sincerely wish you may have a much better year during 1913, & your economic position may recover & a prosperous new year. Mrs. Johnston will get a shock when she reads your letter.

Yours sincerely, Tom Johnston.

Copy of a letter from Jabez Dodd, M.L.C.:-

Dear Joe, Your letter came to hand last week, & as to-day is Sunday, & I have a little time in hand, I am answering it.

First of all I am deeply grieved to hear of your misfortune, & sincerely trust it may not be so bad as you anticipate. Health troubles are the worst of all. I have been a cripple through rheumatism the last 3 years. Twelve months ago when our Ministry was selected I had to use 2 crutches, a fact which cost me the Leadership of the Legislative Council & a portfolio. I am much better now, but my hands & knee are still very bad.

Well, the dull, sleepy boy of Kurilla picky tables is at present controlling all Labor matters such as Arbitration, factories, friendly societies, early closing, etc., & is a Cabinet Minister. You will remember I was hard of hearing, & was so extremely sensitive about it that people often got a wrong impression. Even now I lack confidence at times.

I left Kadina for Broken Hill in 1889; mama & came here in 1895; was one of the founders of the first union in Coolgardie; went to Kalgoorlie in 1898; became secretary of the Aus-
Australian Workers' Union in 1901; & have gone on until elected to the Ministry when my resignation took place. I stood in a selection ballot for the Senate six years ago, in which I was to be selected, & came fourth. It is no egotism when I say my friends beat me because they did not know who would fill my place as secretary. We have 34 members out of 50 in the Assembly here, but only 6 out of 30 in the Council, which is the property chamber. Our fight is a very hard one indeed. You will find copies of a few newspaper cuttings which may interest you; & I will try & send you a few Hansards of last session that you may see that the humble picky boy is keeping his end up.

I see hundreds of Kadina chaps here, & have been privileged to help many of them. And unfortunately in my official capacity have followed many of them to the cemetery. Cudden Gray is at Broad Arrow, although I have never seen him. Billy Williams is underground manager of the Lake View, & Foley, his brother, is a boss in the back country. Charley Prideaux is underground foreman. Art Yelland & Albert Sivham of Moonta, shift bosses at the Perseverance. Parry Huxtable was boss at the Boulder. Jack (Ladder) Yelland & "Father" Yelland, his brother, died at Boulder. Phil Nankivel also died up there. Jack Hall & Duck Huxtable are at Boulder also. These are some of the older generation whom I think you know. Poor old Hedly, my brother, was killed 12 years ago at Wallaroo Mines. Foster died 6 months later, aged 27; & Arthur, my youngest brother, died last year at 33. Father passed away at the age of 79 in August last. He preached right up to the last; & he could talk better politics than many a young man. Alf & George are both foremen in Wallaroo Mines to-day.

I went through to New Zealand 2 years ago, & called in at Kadina. The old place is, as you say, wonderfully changed. There is no scrub at all now, & I became downhearted when driving along the roads where all was bush in our days. We Jerusalem boys used to love the scrub; & some parts of it were very pretty in Spring. There is not a particle left now. Kadina is rebuilt. It is one of the finest little towns in S. Australia. The farmers are all millionaires & red-hot Tories. Nearly all of my old schoolmates who were in the old Fifth Class at Wallaroo Mines School have made good. I am not sure if you were in that class. Andrew Ferguson is lecturer at the Adelaide School of Mines. Carrie Ferguson, his sister, died. Will Ham is a School Inspector. Dick Hand is Headmaster of Victoria Park School—a suburb of Perth. Art Yelland & Harry Williams are foremen. Arnold Quick is engine fitting or engineering. His father, Captain Quick, died last year. Teddy Bluett is a commercial traveller. Gunner Williams was a mine boss in Broken Hill; he also scored well as a pianist. Fred Mitchell had a big drapery store at Boulder, but he is now living in Adelaide. Georne Sands made a lot of money here, & is now sharebroking...
in Adelaide. Harry Cowl (Hallen Cawley) has been surface boss at Broken Hill for years. His brothers, Will & Art, work underground at Boulder. Joe Collet & the 3 brothers Davey, of Jerusalem died in South Africa (Harry, Joe, & Jim.). Abby Southwood is now a member of Parliament. Jack Snell (cricketer) is here in Perth. Arty Trembath was killed in the Hill, & Jacky died 2 years ago at Boulder. Jimmy Oates Thomas works at Iva nhoe mine, & his father is also living up there. You remember Ike & Dick Davey: they became mine bosses & did fairly well. Schroeder, who was my schoolmaster, is now a bank manager, & was at Boulder. I think Bob Wilshire is still alive. I married a daughter of John Johnston, storekeeper, of Kadina, who used to be in Burden's store. We have 5 boys, 2 of whom are working in the engineering trade. A lot of those Kadina people are exceedingly puffed up, but a few years in the West makes one feel sorry for them. I can remember Jack, your brother (Shelley) pretty well. He was roper for a time, & I think he was carting for old Jack Webster when I was on Taylor's tables. Poor old Jack is dead, & so is Bill Stevens. I cannot remember Bob so well. If you see any chaps from Boulder over there they will give you my pedigree. I don't know whether a chap named Bill Bradford lives near you or not, but if he does just ask him if he knows Dodd Well, my hand is nearly knocked out, so I must finish. I am very glad to hear from you, & would like to have a chat over old times. Some day I may call in & see you. I nearly forgot to tell you old Jack Gray died at Boulder. He was a strong supporter of mine. My first lesson in unionism was at Wallaroo Mines when Billy Nicholls was president of the union, & W.G. Spence came over to speak. I saw Billy over here. I went through 2 strikes at Broken Hill. The great trouble in the Labor Movement is jealousy & superficiality. The rank & file do not read enough enough. We shall never do any real good until we get hold of the land values of Australia & wipe out the indirect taxation which is crippling us. Some day we shall do it. Kindly give my regards to your brothers. With best wishes to yourself, Yours sincerely J.E. Dodd."

"The death of the Hon. J.E. Dodd's father has called forth many expressions of sympathy for & goodwill towards our worthy goldfields M.L.C. Possibly no public man of the State has a greater hold on the people than has Mr. Dodd. The one stumbling block in the way of his doing even more good work is, strange to say, jealousy of his power on the part of certain Laborites who should know better."

Copy from Sun. I was going to send you a few paragraphs but have not time to get them."
Copy of letter from Lottie Slone:-

"Broken Hill, Jan.14, 1913. Dear Cousin, Just a few lines in answer to your letter. I was very pleased to hear from you once more. I am sorry to hear of your trouble, because to have anything wrong with the eyes is very bad; but I hope it is not too bad. We had a very quiet Christmas here. Poor old father is still away, & I am sure he will never come back. Mother is having her share of trouble. The Govt. wants mother to give the deeds of her house in place of Father's keep. They get his pension now, so Mother has gone to Adelaide to see if she can get them signed over to her. My husband has been ill a few days, but is better again. I was 33 on the 4th of this month. One of our A. M.A. band has gone over your way for a trip. Four poor men were killed this year, & last year there were 21 killed. It's very sad. The heat is very trying here, & I am not well. Sorry to hear of poor Bob having such bad luck. It must be very hard to lose one's partner in life. Excuse this short letter as I am in a hurry. Trusting to hear from you again, I remain your loving Cousin, Lottie Slone."

Copy of a letter from Mr. A. Rivett:-

"N.S.W. Council of the Australian Freedom League for the abolition of the compulsory clauses of the Commonwealth Defence Act. 32 Elizabeth St. Sydney, Feb. 11, 1913. Dear Mr. Cocker, I have to thank you for your encouraging letter. As you advised, I have written to Mr. Thomas Johnston of West Wallsend. I am very sorry to learn of your accident & consequent weakened sight. Trust things may turn out better than you expect, however. I want to do a week up your way & hold as many meetings as possible, inside & out—in side small for organising purposes. When hear from Mr. Johnston will write for further. With best wishes Yours for the fight, A. Rivett."

Copy of a letter from Aunt Grace to me:-

"Jenkins Terrace, Redruth, Feb. 14, 1913. Dear Nephew & Niece, Many thanks for your most kind & ever welcome letter. We hope these lines will find you much better than when you last wrote. I have been thinking very much about you; I thought there was something gone wrong that I did not hear from you. I was very sorry to hear about your eye. I hope it will soon be better. I was sorry to hear about your wife. I hope she is better by this time. You seem to be very unfortunate, but I hope the new year will bring you & all the family health & wealth & happiness. I think your poor brother Robert is unfortunate; it is a very bad case. I hope the baby will be well looked after. Tell him to cheer up, & give him our love. Dear Josiah, you said you had lovely weather there at Christmas. We haven't anything but rain for 7 or 8 weeks, but it is a little better now. I am glad to tell you that Walter is enjoying very good health at time of writing. I am glad to see you are
trying to go on the disablement list. I hope you will be successful. I think you deserve it—after suffering so much. It must have been very bad to have the ulcer burnt off with a red-hot needle. We see that if you succeed you will get 457 a week.

Home here they are not allowed more than ten shillings a week under the Insurance Act. I had a letter from your uncle Robert & they are all very well; but uncle John is very weak and feeble. I have not heard from my brother Billy's family since I wrote to you last. You said you hope we had a merry Christmas. Well, I don't think we ever spent a worse one, for it was rain all the time, & trade is very dull this time of year; but we must look the bright side & hope for a better one next year, if we are spared. I have been expecting a letter from your father; & tell Bob I should like to have a letter from him.

Give Mrs. Williams our love & tell her I would very much like to have a memorial card of her late husband, John. I am very glad to hear you praise your wife so much; you ought to be proud of her. You must put up with a bit of hot temper, as you know she is not by herself. I am glad to hear that the children are all well. I am glad to see that Nelly Pettigrew has recovered from her broken arm. I should like to have a letter from them. Give them our love when you see them.

My dear nephew, I hope you will never stop writing to me as you are the only one that writes from there. If all is well I will send you a paper next week. I see that Bob has lost a goodwife. I hope someone will be kind to the boys; it is very unfortunate for them to be left again. I suppose they are fine boys by this time. I wish they were nearer; I would do anything for them. I am very sorry to hear about your brother Jack's wife. I hope she will get on alright.

I must now come to a close, hoping these few lines will find you much better. The writer wishes to be remembered to you. Although I don't know you I am sorry to see you are so unfortunate. I hope you will soon be better. You wanted to know my name. I am called Mabel Harry. I am single. If you see a nice young man out there speak a word for me; there are enough old maids about. Love to all. We are sending a few cards to the children. Good bye, & may God bless you all. From your ever-loving aunt & uncle, Grace & Walter Perkyns. Write soon & let us know how you are getting on."

(Answered March 29th, 1913.)

Copy of a letter from Mr. A. Rivett:-

"New South Wales Council of the Australian Freedom League for the abolition of the Compulsory Clauses of the Commonwealth Defence Act. 32 Elizabeth Street Sydney. Dear Mr. Cocking,

Thanks for your note received some time ago. I wrote to Mr. Johnston as suggested & have heard from him, & am seeking to arrange a run up about Ap. 21st. Am sorry to learn about your
Trust is not so bad as you feared; & that you may yet have
the full use of it, for-sight is most precious. I must see
you if I get up. The battle is going steady down here, but the
opposition to the Act is growing. Thanks for your interest.
With best wishes, Yours against the sword, A. Rivett."

Copy of a letter from Lottie Slone (nee Charlotte Giles).
"Broken Hill, Ap. 27th, 1913. My Dear Cousin, Just a few lines
in answer to your most kind & ever-welcome letter which I re-
ceived. I was very pleased to hear from you again. I hope you
will excuse me for keeping you waiting so long for an answer, but
I have been away on a holiday, over to Malmbury, that is
50 miles from Melbourne. I was away 6 weeks. I was very ill before
I went away. I enjoyed real good health over there, but as soon
as I got back I got bad again. Poor father is just about the
same. He does not seem too bad to me. He is always wanting to
come home; & mother is afraid he might do himself harm.
I don't know if you know how poor father cut his throat, or not; & they put him down to Parkside. Every time anyone goes to
see him he said he got to be killed at a certain time. Aunt
Lizzie Vercoe wished to be remembered to uncle Charlie. My
younger brother met a man some weeks ago & he said his name is
William Trezise, & he promised to meet my mother at 6 o'clock,
but he never turned up. I would very much like to meet him for
your sake, for you are always asking for him. Thomas Hancock
was up here at Easter for a holiday. I never saw him. Mother
is talking of taking father out some time next year & going
over to see her brother; & they might go & see father's
brother too at the same time. When you write again let me know
how your eyes are getting on. I hope they are better again. I
hope you will excuse this short letter as I am not feeling too well to night. I will now close, trusting to hear from you soon
I will still remain your ever-loving cousin Lottie Slone.
Good night. Mrs. H. Slone, Chapple street, North Broken Hill." 

(Answered Oct 5th 1913.)

Copy of a note from Robert Cameron, senior. ;
"Wallsend Lodge, Wallsend Lodge, May 31 1913.
"Dear Mr. Cocking. Enclosed cheque for £ 9-19-3 being
sum raised by levy on your behalf. Trusting that your future
will prove brighter for yourself & family, I am Robt. Cameron,
secretary. Mr. J. Cocking, Wallsend."

Copy of letter from Tom Batho;
"Sydney, Ap. 28, 1913. To Josiah Cocking, Wallsend. Dear Com-
rade, & friend. I have received a communication from my old
friend, Tom Johnston, in which he informs that you have open-
ed a little business, & wishes to know if I could supply half
gross stationery for 12/- half gross. Yes, but I have a bet-
I am prepared to supply one gross with name printed thereon, at 24/-; one half to be paid within 1 month from delivery— the balance whenever it is convenient for you to do so. With your name on packet you should do good biz. It's a good line, & will also assist you with "Zak". You could even, at a pinch, peddle it without a licence as it would be your own "make-up"; & no licence is required to hawk goods made up by the seller. Don't think I am actuated by philanthropic motives in the foregoing proposition. I am doing it from a purely business standpoint; & if my proposal fits you with our knowledge of one another we could, I think, work together to mutual advantage, & this, I have learned, is what is known as "good business".

While sorry to learn that you have been pushed so hard against the wall of adversity, still it is no use of me pouring out my sympathy— for sympathy is so cheap today that one hardly knows whether it is genuine or spurious. Nevertheless you seem to have for the past 10 years a grinding time; & I'm only too glad to be able to send a word of cheer to one who in bitter days did what lay within to aid a Cause & men who fought therein.

Good cheer, Joe; may you succeed! It's a long lane with no turn. My life & your life are so inseparable in their hardships & infirmities that fellow-feeling rings in the spirit of affinities. My lamps, too, are gradually dimming. One has gone; & if I stay at printing much longer the other may depart. Such is our blessing! Withal we are not dead until we become absolutely lifeless, & some bright spark may yet light up our lives, & though it may shine for only a brief spell, still make us feel that it was good to live. Re packets— I am starting to print them, & when I hear from you where to forward— what railway station— I will book them immediately. Don't distress yourself re cash, because you may as well have packets as they lie with me. A hint: if you are asked for a pennyworth of writing paper you could take out of packet the paper; & if someone required a pennyworth of envelopes sell them; & the penholder you could easily get a penny for, & with nibs 1½ d. See? And whatever envelopes— that is cover envelopes— you had left you could post to me, & thus save a little extra printing. That's up-to-date capitalism, Joe! So there! Selling this way you are did more to the good.

So, anticipating you writing re address, agreeing to my proposition, for what you cannot sell over the half-gross order I will take back; so my action will ensure you no loss.

Wishing you luck, I remain yours sincerely, Thos. Batho.

Copy of Mr. Turford's letter:-
"Catherine Hill Bay, Ap. 11, 1913. To Mr. Josiah Docking miner, WallSEND. Dear Sir, Please I am taking this liberty to write & ask you if such is the candid fact that you have been cured of rupture by Mr. W.S. Rice, Stonecutter street, London. I have a single rupture in the groin, & I noticed in an advertisement
where Mr. Rice would cure rupture without operation; so I got in communication with him, & he sent me numbers of names of different gentlemen throughout the world who have been cured by his treatment; & Mr. Cocking's name is one that has been cured. So we living so close, although strangers, I thought to try to find out for myself if these facts are candid & truthful before I went into any contract with Mr. Rice. Please let me know if the treatment is reliable & oblige. Yours sincerely Robert Turfford. Please find stamps for reply. I am well known to Mr. Albert Johnson of ferry boats on the lake."

(Answered May 2nd, 1913.)

Copy of note from Tom Batho:-
"To Mr. J. Cocking, Wallsend. Forwarding envelopes by to-day's train to Wallsend. Your letter I have perused. Thanks. Gives me subject matter for paper. Of course I do not agree-- else I'd take up the stand suggested. However, more later on that score. Say, though, the five pounds you anticipate may be put to better advantage immediately than placed to my account. See?. I undertook to supply the half gross at my risk & don't want you to pay it out of money that could go towards varying stock, which is necessary to do any good. So please do not distress yourself. I'm getting bread, anyhow. In a hurry. Just dotted this down to let you know goods were sent. Yours sincerely Thos. Batho."
And alluring fires of wreckers glow,
While the raging, roaring typhoons how:
Or where reptiles hiss in the rushy fen—
Are they there, dear Father, those savage men?
"Not there, not there, my child!"

Your eyes have seen them, my simple boy;
Your ears have heard their loud songs of joy:
Dreams cannot picture a class more gay;
Pleasure & leisure attend their way:
Time cannot breathe on more painted bloom;
They have robbed the people of standing room,
And they're HERE, yes, HERE, my child!

We hear them prate of those "foreign" lands,
And "yellow peril," & native strands:
Sonny, O heed not their lying tale,
It is doubly false, & besides it's stale!
No one can plunder this land from you,
For its grabbed, my son, by the monied few,
And they're HERE, right HERE, my child!

You see them enter the private bars,
Or see them ride in their motor-cars;
You see them buy at the Stock Exchange;
You read their travels in regions strange; You can hear them
You can hear them bet on the crowded course,
And see them marry & soon divorce,
For they're HERE, just HERE, my child!

They own the gums, the she-oaks & pines;
They own the stations & fields & mines;
They'll show you deeds for their estates & mills,
And fertile valleys & scrub-clad hills;
They own the factories, engines, tools,
They own your father & other fools,
Right HERE, yes HERE, my child!

We live in debt while they live in sin;
We do their work, & they "do us in";
We keep them up, while they keep us down;
We think we're free, but we fear their frown,
And they give us leave, if we pay the rent,
To remain where our cheerless lives are spent,
And live here in fear, my child!

We fear to say what we really think;
We fear our owners, & cringe & shrink
When our bosses swear at their servile pack
Who dare reply lest they get the sack;
But we cheer their words with a mighty shout
When they say "Brave men, keep invaders out!"
But they're here, that's clear, my child!

So look no more for invaders, child,
To come in swarms, o'er the ocean wild;
Your foes are here in the mines & fields:
They have the land & the loot it yields;
They don't invade like a swarm of bees,
For it's safe to come by two's and threes,
AND THEY'RE HERE, RIGHT HERE, MY CHILD.

Dandelion, 30-5-10.

THE THIRD CRAFT UNION MEETING. Nov.11, 1911.
(Written for the internationalx Socialist, by Dandelion

First Socialist: Mr. Chairman, fellow workers,
If in order I now move:--
That the mover shall be Chairman till he dies,
And his family be shirkers
Who'll do nothing to improve
The condition in which ev'ry lies;
And when hoary Age has hollowed
Out my sunken eyes & face,
And the victory at last by Death is won,
That my footsteps may be followed.
And my elevated place
Shall be given to my eldest living son:
That my grandson be successor
To his father when he flees
To the region of the high & mighty dead:
And my great-grandson possessor
Of the Chairmanship— & fees—
Political Labor League Jingo: Bah! Yaaaaxx you drunken
F@@gl-you're off your bloomin'head!

First Soc: I but follow the example
Of the drunken Lords & kings
(Whom your loyal labor leaders all adore.)

Whose licentious hoofs would trample
On a shining angel's wings
To obtain their fill of guzzle, gain, & gore! (Applause.)

But my subject's not devotion
To a monarch muchly wed,
Nor a broken-hearted mother left to die
In a city Nova Scotian,
For the vacant throne of Ned;
And my theme is not the sacred marriage tie!
I was moving that the billet
Of the chairman shall be mine,
And the office be monopolised for aye,
That succeeding Coles shall fill it
In a never-ending line
Till the trumpet sounds on Resurrection Day!
I contend we shouldn't trample
On the royal precedent
Which through centuries has slowly broadened down;
And the evidence is ample
That the people are content
Though their monarch's either profligate or clown!
If you've ever read the story
Of the gory queens & kings—
P.L.L: Jingo: It's a fable only idiots believe!
1st Soc: I believe one record party
Through your wriggles, twists, & stings,
That your ancestor in Eden tempted Eve! (Applause).
But I'm tempted into straying:
If those animals you have read
You are certain all my statements to endorse,
And this fact there's no gainsaying,
That elections were by force,
And the monarch's rode in triumph o'er the dead.
The position gained by slaughter,
On the fields of bleaching bones
Is a vantage which you loyalists applaud;
And each loyal son & daughter,
Of the rulers on the thrones
Was promoted by the exercise of fraud.

Now, for instance, there was Billy
(Who was Rob-the-Devil's whelp),
He destroyed a hundred thousands in his fight,
And informed the people, silly,
He was king by Heaven's help,
And was ruler of the land by SACRED \textit{RIGHT}!
There were Rufus, Henry, Stephen,
Who were profligates & thieves;
They succeeded to the "glory" of the throne;
And their villainies were even—
Loyal Orangeman: It's a libel none believes.
1st Soc: You can't credit any fact you've never known!
(Hear, hear!)

I was saying that atrocious
Were the misdeeds of the pack
Who by Henry, John, & Richard were displaced,
But their crimes were less ferocious
Than the infamies of Jack;
And Gehenna by his presence is disgraced!
There were Henry Third & Edward.
(Who was foremost of the name),
They were lovers of the ladies & the gold,
And good Edward tended bedward
Minus decency or shame
But the infamies of Henry mayn't be told!

Now, when Edward crossed the border
Which divides this Earth from Hell
His successor was his son—just in his "teens"—
Single Taxer: Sir, I raise a point of order,
Need the mover fully tell
All that Davidson has said of kings and queens?
Chairman: Well, the mover is contending
That at his male descendants down
Should be favoured with the privilege, not small,
Of the Chairmanship unending,
Be they genius or clown,
And he's quoting legal precedent—
P.L.L. Jingo: What gall!
Chairman: But there's really no occasion
For the mover to repeat
All the murders & the infamies and things
From the time of the Invasion
Till the Coronation feat
Of the useless, parasitic queens & kings.

1st Soc; Mr. Chairman, I intended
To expose the royal crime
And the follies of the rulers on the throne;
And my argument extended
From remote to modern times;
But your ruling is to let the theme alone.
I must mention this, however,—
I maintain an honest life,
I'm industrious & sober as a judge—
P.L.L. Jingo: I maintain you're extra clever!
1st Soc: Well, you don't maintain your wife (Laughter)
For you're loafing on her earnings as a drudge!

I'm industrious & loyal
To my children & my wife;
In my cupboard there's no skeleton concealed;
And my parents, though not royal,
Both preserved a blameless life,
And have never for divorces yet appealed.
I could understand the reason
Of the opposition now
If hereditary leeches were more fit
To become our kings—
Loyal Orangeman; What treason!
P.L.L. Jingo: You disloyal, stupid cow! (Uproar).
1st Soc: You will grovel to King Satan in the Pit!
If you favor men of slaughter--
Boss' Tale Bearer: Will the mover tell us first
How he differs from the ocean, vast & clear?
P.L.L. Jingo: Well, the ocean swallows water
To assuage its mighty thirst,
But the mover swallows lakes of stagnant beer! (Applause).

1st Soc: You remind me of the story
Of the wicked, wanton spree
Of a father, mother, daughter, & a guest,
Who were filled with liquid glory
(All were drunken as could be)
And enjoyed each lewd remark & ribald jest:
But their spree abruptly ended
When the guest, licentious, swore,
For such language filled father's heart with pain,
And the naughty guest descended--
On his eyebrows-- near the door
Where he laughed until he sobered up again! (Laughter)

If you favor men slaughter
As hereditary kings,
And in silence long submit to royal knaves,
You should grant my son & daughter
All the Presidency brings;
They'll be honest from their cradles to their graves!

Second Soc: Mr. Chairman, It's a pity
That the mover spoke so long,
For it limits me in seconding his plan:
There is no one in this city
Who is mentally more strong
Or more honest than the mover-- he's a MAN!
Let's adopt his splendid motion
To exalt him over all,
Let us sing "God save the President", & pray
That the Lord of earth & ocean
Will prepare a special stall
For our Chairman when at last he's called away!

Let his family be favoured
More than any in the Lodge;
Let us pamper up his daughters & his sons,
Let their food be rich & flavoured;
Give the common fare to Hodge
While his children bear the burdens-- & the GUNS!

Let the mover have a palace
Where the golden wattle nods
In the zephyrs neath the sunny Southern skies,
Let him sip, from golden chalice,
All the nectars of the gods,
And enjoy each blissful moment as it flies!
Let's conduct his wars, rapacious,
Let us minimise his crimes;
For his victory, when murdering, let's pray!

Let's refer to him as "Gracious"—
Loyal Orangeman; That was done in ancient times!
2nd Soc.: That's the reason why it should be done to-day!

Let us load the chairman's tables
Till the weighted timbers groan
With the viands & the flowers rich & rare;
Let's feed horses in his stables
While our starving children moan,
And their bodies, for his bullets, let's prepare!
Let's procure him, when elected,
All the fruitful earth can bring;
Let His Majesty be honoured—and his clan—
P.L.L. Jingo: That's the nonsense I expected:
You would make the man a KING!
2nd Soc.: It's impossible to make a king a MAN!

Let's provide our Chairman's nippers
Each ten thousand pounds per year
And a motor car & royal yacht to ride;
Let's encase in jewelled slippers
All their gracious feet—
Single Taxer: Hear, hear!
And present them with the people's land beside.

2nd Soc.: We should decorate a carriage
For our Chairman—have him crowned
With a diadem to grace his gracious head—(Laughter).
Home Ruler: And a morganitic marriage—
Loyal Orangeman: Fools disloyal should be drowned!
Home Ruler: All the idiots but loyalists are dead!(Cheers).
2nd Soc.: We should always let him gamble
On the "noble sport of kings"
And maintain a mob of jockey boys to ride;
And His Majesty should ramble
With a lady friend who sings
Of "The Sorrows Of a poor, deserted Bride!"

And to demonstrate we're loyal,
Though our children are in rags,
We should celebrate his birthday with a spree
And should worship all that's "royal"
In processions, waving flags--

Orangeman: Well, the Union Jack's the ensign of the free!
2nd Soc.: Yes, the ensign of freebooters
Who own forest, field, & town,
And who freely rob a hundred million slaves:
It's the ensign of freebooters
Who shoot striking workers down, (Applause)
And are free to give the poor untimely graves!

Does the ensign save the toilers
From the bayonet & lead
When they're striking to obtain enough to eat?
Will the ensign of despoilers
Feed your orphans when you're dead,
Or prevent your wives' eviction to the street?

We should worship, I was saying,
Both the Chairman & his clan,
And should grovel in processions, waving flags--
P.L.L. Jingo: Will you never finish braying?
2nd Soc.: You remind me of a man
Who was nicknamed, by the youngsters, "Johnny Rags!"
Johnny's feeble mental power
Is affected by the sun,
But with imitative instinct he's endowed;
He will linger in a shower
Till he sees where others run,
Then he follows in the footsteps of the crowd! (Laughter).
Let's regard it worse than arson
If a member speaks the truth
Re the failings of the Chairman--
1st Soc.: He's a toff!
2nd Soc.: Let us purchase Press & parson
To mislead the minds of youth
And delude the minds older workers--
P.L Jingo. Oh, pull off!
2nd Soc.: If I pulled that gassy bladder
Off your shoulders, where it lies,
It would surely soar aloft, the moon to greet,
And the members would be sadder
When they noticed, with surprise,
That your thinking part's located in your feet! (Laughter.)
In conclusion, I will mention
That the Chairman and his wives
Should for ever be exempt from honest toil
And receive the best attention
Of your daughters all their lives--
P.L.L. Jingo: Oh, depart & get a drink of fusel oil!
If we follow ev'ry nanny
Where its stupid fancy goes
We shall quickly make our Lodge a total wreck;
And disaster looms—

**Endxma:** Yours is hanging by her toes! (Cheers.)

**P.L.L. Jingo:**
2nd Soc.: All your ancestors hung, justly, by the NECK!

(P.L.L. Jingo: Sir, this idiotic motion
To exalt a working man,
And to favor his descendants when he dies,
Is a Socialistic notion
Which all loyalists should ban,
"For it's patent that the mover only tries
To degrade the reputation
Of our rulers to the dirt:
For kingdom all our monarchs had to fight;
And the honour of the station—
1st Soc.: Well, remove your loyal shirt,
And I'll fight you for the Chairmanship to-night! (Uproar)
Chairman: I remind contending members
That the time is very late,
And entreat you to preserve the Union's name
By not fanning glowing embers
In the process of debate
Till they're heated to the point of roaring flame;
And, though members may get nettled
And their garments would imbue
With the crimson flood that flows in bitter fight,
Yet no bloodshed ever settled
Any question yet—

**P.L.L. Jingo:** That's true!
2nd Soc.: I'm surprised at your admission of the right!

**P.L.L. Jingo:** I oppose the mad suggestion
To invest a common man
With the privilege and right to be a drone
And transmit the "right", sans question,
To his family and clan,
For that privilege belongs to kings alone!
Ev'ry monarch's made in Heaven
Of a purer, finer clay
Than composes common carcases like mine—
Chairman: Hark! The time-piece strikes eleven!
1st Soc.: Let the member have his say!

**P.L.L. Jingo:** And our monarchs always ruled by right divine.

(Derisive laughter)

They are gifted, noble creatures,
Full of genius and skill;
And their records are devoid of any stain;
They are beautiful of features,
And would never try to kill,
Though their armies & their navies we maintain!
They are seraphim descended
To this sinful, earthly sphere,
Though denuded of their plumage & their wings
And are constantly attended
By celestial guards—
L. Orangeman: Hear, hear!—'
P.L.L. Jing o: Who preserve the spotless lives of kings & queens & kings

Were our monarchs whisky drinkers?
Did they frequent any course?
Did they gamble at the races? Tell me that!
Weren't they sober, lofty thinkers
Who were strangers to divorce at
And have never been disgraced in baccarat?
Whose inventive brains have lifted
All the burdens from our bones,

(But the labor-saving engines they have made)

(But the labor-saving engines they have made)

But the seraphim most gifted
Who have occupied our thrones,
Where they fostered science, liberty, & trade?
Who have written all the novels
And the volumes of renown?
Who discovered ether, chloroform, cocaine?
Not the workers in their hovels,
But the wearers of the crown,
Notwithstanding all the sneers of Thomas Paine.
It's a statement most disloyal
To declare that God is king!
It's a notion of uneducated clods!
From the annals of the royal
I have ample proof to bring
That in attributes our kings are really gods!! (Dissent)

Now, the motion I'm opposing—
That the union shall appoint
An hereditary chairmanship, I'll foil,
For the mover is proposing
Most profanely to anoint
Just a common jackeroo with—
Home Ruler: Castor oil! (Loud laughter)

P.L.L. Jing o: No! With sacred oil; & waters
From the holly Jordan's springs
To baptize him—just a common jackeroop
But such are for daughters
And male offspring of our kings
2nd Soc.: Kings are twopence farthing each in Timbuctoo!

P.L.L. Jingo : Your republican derision isx.
Is disloyal, & will fail
To procure the motion's passage by the Lodge;
And when taking the division
Let intelligence prevail
To defeat this stupid, Socialistic dodge!

Chairman: Well, my thirstiness gets stronger
As the arguments get weak,
And I cannot spit a sixpence-- I'm so dry! (Smiles)
It's unwise to stay much longer;
If no other wants to speak
I'll permit the mover briefly to reply.
1st Soc.: As the Chairman's dry-- & married--
Let's conclude this hot debate
And enable him to get a bite & sup.
If my motion isn't carried,
In concluding, I would state
That we only brought the motion--

Voices: Put it up! (Division taken)
Members rising) Chairman: For a moment please be seated;
In conclusion I declare
That the motion has been lost by twenty-one!
1st Soc: I am thankful it's defeated,
And my pleasure you may share.
For we only brought the motion on for fun!!

Read "The New Books Of Kings", by Morrison Davidson.

Copy of a letter from aunt Grace:--
"Jenkins Terrace, July 8, 1913. Dear Nephew & Neice. Many thanks for your kind & ever welcome letter, which we were glad to receive; also the postcards. We were sorry to see that your daughter Florrie was so sick. We hope by the time you get these few lines she will be quite well again: we are glad to see the rest are all well. This leaves us fairly well at present. We hope you will soon get the picture show benefit, if you have not had it. We see by your letter you have started a business. We hope you will succeed. I think you ought to sell tea, for there is great profit in it; & if you do I should like to try a sample of it. I hope your eye will be better soon; it must be very painful. We have 2 picture shows here. We think they do well. They are very nice pictures, & the shows are nearly always full. Dear nephew, I had a letter from Robert telling me the sad news of brother John's death. I don't know if he wrote to you or not. He died on the first of March, & was buried on the 4th. He had
Robert had a telegram & went to see John, but he died soon after Robert got there. He stayed there until after the funeral was over. Robert said that John was a great sufferer, & it was a great relief when he died. Robert's wife could not go, as she has a bad leg. We hope your uncle John has gone to a better land to meet those who have gone before. The wife nor the family did not write to me. We have not heard from Billy's family since we wrote to you last. I don't know if you have or not. I do not know the reason why they don't write to us. I suppose your children are growing fast; they will all be able to work after a while. I hope you have had your paper before this time. I am glad to see that your wife will make a good business woman, & we hope your shop will prove a success. We were sorry to see that Bob's baby is dead, but we think it is best off. We are sorry for Bob to be so unfortunate, but we are glad to see he is spared for his wife & children's sake. We are glad to see that he has a light job. We are glad to see that Liz-Jane & family are all well. Tell them that we would like to have a letter, & also from your father. Remember me to Mrs. Williams. Times here are very dull, & work is very slack. It's not much like summer time; we have had a lot of rain, but we hope to have better weather soon. We see you have electric bells in your shop; we have them here just the same.

Dear Mr. Cooking, just a few lines, hoping they will find you in the best of health. I thank you for the few lines you wrote to me. I am glad to see that you appreciate my kindness to your uncle & aunt. Of course I would do anything that I could do for them. You need not to ask me to do you that favor if I am alive, as it is no trouble for me to write a few lines at any time. I am glad you can understand me, as I am not the best of writers. I will send you a photo when I have it taken. I thank you once more for your kindness. Let me remain yours sincerely Mabel Harry. P.S. I forgot to thank you for the postcard. We have no more news for the time. Goodbye, & may God bless you all. With love from your ever-loving uncle & aunt, Walter & Grace Perkyns. Please write soon. xxxxxxx. Answered Oct. 25, 1913.

Copy of a letter from Fred Allman:—
"Royal Chambers, Hunter Street, Sydney, 26-6-1913.
Friend Cooking. Hope it is well with you and yours. Tis many moons since I had the pleasure of reading your good screeds. I rarely see the "International Socialist" now, & have severed my sympathies with that section of the Movement, after the shoddy way they treated friend Holland. It seems to me there is just about as much—certainly no more—comradeship in the 'Socialistic' as there is in anything else in these days. That is why I often feel so strangelly on the necessity for a real "spiritual
basis before any real change in our social economic system
can ever be properly effected. The Syndicalism of England
seems to offer a safer basis for the material side, but it
can very soon as insecure as our present system unless
founded on righteousness in human nature; and how few of us can
approach this plane in all its purity.
It is good to know that Holland has fallen upon his feet in
New Zealand. They seem to be able to appreciate a true man
when they see him. I have had several letters from him since
he started on "The Worker".
I really started out on this letter to ask you if you have
ever heard of or know anything of a mine somewhere removed
from Newcastle which yielded tin oxide in association with
other mindral & sulphide ores. I am told that there is a
big proposition, but the ore cannot be treated by any known
process. A friend of mine called on me to-day & asked me if I
knew anyone at Newcastle who would give him information
about it. I thought of you as the only person I could apply to.
All he knows of it is that Newcastle is the port; he does not
even know the name of the mine. Anyway, if you have ever heard
of one answering the description kindly advise me of all the
particulars you can get hold of. Some of your comrades may
know the mine. Yours faithfully Frederick Allman.
I see that the bishop-- Dr. Golding Bird-- has been going nap on
on compulsory military training. I sent them along some
stiff literature to ponder over.
Let me know re mine as early as you can. F.A.

Sat. July 27, 1943. We have now received the following
letter from Grace:-- "& "War B 4, Prince Henry, Little
Bay, 15.7.1940. My dear aunt Jinnie, I received, a letter from:
Mum telling me how sick uncle Joe is. I felt I felt I couldn't
go to sleep without trying to scribble you a few lines. It's a
rather a hard job when you are lying on your back.
I do want you to give my love to uncle Joe & tell him I can
only pray for him seeing we are so far away from each other.
You know what my liking has always been to uncle. I am looking
forward to being home next week-end, the 27th July.
Naturally you are feeling worried. & perhaps very tired,
aunt Jennie, but these are the times when we must trust
in God to keep us. I guess Florrie is at home with you: how
lovely it is for her to be able to nurse her Dad! She will be glad of
her experiences now. I heard from Nellie: the week before I came here. It's time for the lights out now,
so I will finish up with lots of love to all. God bless you!
Your loving niece Grace".

Today is our Fred's birthday. Walter came home in his car late
89.

last night. He is quite well. He has bought a reversible waterproof coat for 30/- to wear at Kosciusco in a fortnight's time when he & John Rose have a holiday at that frozen place. No, in a month's time, when Walt will have a 3 weeks' vacation. Since my last entry in this diary I have been too weak & ill to type anything. In the interval I have left Max Stemler whose treatment failed to strengthen me. Dr. Bourke gave me 6 injections of heparin, & I am taking 3 green polli (something) tablets a day to put iron into my blood.

A few days ago, we received the following letter from Arthur:

"Post office, Thursday, Dear Everyone, I am now a papasite again, for to-morrow I go out to work in the car. It has been in dock getting new rings & bearings. The rings weren't, too bad, but I thought that I might as well renew them while the car was down. The bearings, on the other hand, were really crook; they are a non-adjustable type, so they had to be renewed. Before I had that job taken down the plugs would oil up every few miles. It's great to be out here now in this country of winter sunshine, although, owing to the drought, the brown ground is covered with ugly sere grass.

Last week-end I was working on the car, putting in a new floorboard, as a matter of fact, when I heard a booming voice that I knew emanated from a blare in Dubbo Army. Being a bit short of shekels they were holding an open-air min Trangle. To cut it I cadged a ride, went, dirty as I was, while the others were holding an open-air in Narramine I had a shave & them sat in the car & waited for them. The Dubbo folk are pretty kind-hearted. I had one & a half offers to drive me home on Sunday night--nearly a hundred miles of running round the country at large for 3 solid hours. I refused both of them and went home in a slow, bumpy, noisy goods train which got me home about 2 a.m. Mrs. Paix, who is much better, insisted on my taking a travelling rug so that I wouldn't be too cold. I curled up in it, stretched out on the seat, & slept for about half the way home.

There was a sports day here yesterday. I wasn't there. I worked although the town school took a holiday. It was just as well I did, for I'd have been pounced on by the ladies selling things, & well & truly fleeced. At the mock court held during the day, one bloke worth about a hundred thousand was fined a cool hundred dollars. Did the local squatters shell out in the appeals? The total of the donations was near a thousand dollars, & the full day's takings were 2750 golden shekels & those in a town of less than a thousand people. I don't know of any news up here. I'm sorry to hear that Sad has not been as hot lately. Do hope he's better now. You must have had a pretty full house when all the prodigals returned last week-end. I wish I could have been there. That's all. Arthur."
Copy of Fred Allman's letter to me:

"Royal Chambers, Hunter Street, Sydney, 3. VII. 1913.

Good Friend, your most interesting letter in response to my inquiries re mines is all the more appreciated in the knowledge that you should write so promptly & under such difficulties. Now, with regard to your eye trouble: I am indeed sorry to learn that such care is necessary; but it is really the only thing to do with weakening eyesight. All things in Nature rest at times, & our organs & nerves no doubt need the same spell from strain if we would retain them unimpaired. Of course I don't know what the trouble is in your case; but in my own experience I had to give up reading at night & do very little writing for some time. I found that bathing the eyes night & morning in warm water with a little boracic, & then gently massaging the eyes) — also stimulating the brain areas of sight—sitting at the back of head—by heavier massage, gave me great relief & strengthened the sight very considerably—so much so that it has improved on the former state. I can sympathise with your desire to write, & am sorry that your crisp, clear, and opnoise contributions to the International Socialist have to cease; but rest to the eyes is essential—so don't strain them to write to me again. We went along to the mines, & though unable to locate my friend's "Mount Morgan" we secured some valuable books & information. The work you spoke of is, the officials say, out of date now. I have not written to Harry. Holland!"

Copy of a letter from Aunt Grace:

"Jenkins Terrace, Oct. 28, 1913. Dear Nephew, Just a few lines, hoping this will find you all well. It leaves us fairly well at time of writing. I have been thinking a good bit about you, as you have not answered my last letter, hoping there is nothing wrong. I hope your eyes are better by this time. If you were not able to write I should think Robert would write for you. I had a letter from brother Robert this week. He is not well; he suffers with rheumatism. I hope your father, brothers, & sister are all well. Dear nephew, I am glad to tell you that I am much better now than I have been. I caught a very bad cold & could not move my neck. I suppose you have fine weather all the year around. I hope you are doing well with your shop. Write & let us know all the news, as we have much to write. I have not heard from brother Billy's family. I suppose your brother Bob is married. Well, I must now conclude with best love, hoping your wife & family are all well. If you see Mrs. Williams remember us to her. Walter is still working a little. Please write soon. Goodbye for the time. From your loving uncle & aunt, Walter & Grace Perkyns. xxxxxxxxxxxxxx. Kisses for the children.

P.S. I wish to be remembered to you. Hope you are all well. Mabel Harry."
Copy of a letter from O.W. Jorgenson:-
"The International Socialist", weekly organ of Revolutionary Socialism & Industrial Unionism, 115 Goulburn Street, Sydney. Jan. 17, 1914. Mr. Josiah Cocking, Wallsend. Dear Comrade, (Y91) poem on the Fifth Craft Union Meeting same safely to hand. I should have acknowledged receipt of same at once, but expected to be able to publish it in the same week. The linotype, however, made a bad job of setting it, & this caused delay in revising. I hope to get a start with it in next issue. Thanking you for your able effort, & trusting that your sight will improve, I am yours fraternally, O.W. Jorgenson.
(Answered Jan. 26, 1914.)

Copy of a letter from O.W. Jorgenson;-
"International Socialist", weekly organ of Revolutionary Socialism & Industrial Unionism, 115 Goulburn Street, Sydney. Jan. 17, 1914. Mr. Josiah Cocking, Wallsend. Dear Comrade, I have received from the editor a letter from you with 1/- enclosed, & stating that you do not receive the 6 papers sent to you ever since the inception of the "Int. Soc." I beg to inform you that the paper has been forwarded weekly from the office & should certainly have come to hand; nor have I had the slightest intimation of stopping same, & I shall be very much obliged if you will still continue to forward same. If you will inform me how many numbers have missed I shall at once forward a copy of each; & if there should be any further delay in your receipt of the usual 6 copies kindly inform me at once so I might be enabled to trace where the fault lies. In view of this kindly inform me how to dispose of the 1/- you forwarded, & oblige yours fraternally O.W. Jorgenson.

Copy of Winspear's e letter;-
"The International Socialist", 115 Goulburn Street, Sydney, 20th Jan. 1914. Mr. J. Cocking, Dear Comrade, Your poem on the Fifth Craft Union Meeting came safely to hand. I should have acknowledged receipt of same at once, but expected to be able to publish it in the same week. The linotype, however, made a bad job of setting it, & this caused delay in revising. I hope to get a start with it in next issue. Thanking you for your able effort, & trusting that your sight will improve, I am yours fraternally, W.R. Winspear.
(Answered Jan. 26, 1914.)

Copy of a letter from aunt Grace;-
"Jenkins Terrace, Redruth, Cornwall, Jan. 27, 1914. My dear Nephew & Niece, Many thanks for your kind & welcome letter, which I was glad to receive; also to see that your eye is much better, & that you have started to work in the Wall-
I am very sorry to hear that your little boy is so sick, & I hope by this time he is quite well. I am glad to see that your children are growing to help you. I was sorry that you did not get the paper, but it was sent all right. We thank you for the Christmas cards. We spent a very quiet Christmas, the weather being very wet. We have very cold weather since Christmas. We hope you had a merry one, & we wish you a happy & prosperous new year. We hope your wife & family are quite well. We are both fairly well at time of writing. We received the picture books & thank you very much for them, for we are very fond of books. We think you have lovely gardens there; I should like to be there to see them. We are glad that Florrie is well again. You said you will send us Charlie's photo. We should be glad to get it.

I had a letter from uncle Robert Rowe at Christmas, & he has been very bad with rheumatism, & he suffers a good deal in his head. He has worked very hard, but now he is put into an office, & it's not so hard for him. Amelia—John's wife—has not written since brother John died. I am sorry to hear that your brother Jack has been ill; he ought to give up working in the coal mines. I am sorry that your brother Bob is so unlucky. We should very much like to have all your photos when you have a little time to spare. The times here are dull & everything is very dear. We hope it will be better soon.

You say that Lizzie Pettigrew has a chance to be married; but tell her, if she doesn't love, not to marry; but we know that money is very enticing. Tell Bob & William John that we would like to have a letter from them at any time. When you see Mrs. Williams remember me to her. I haven't heard from brother Billy's family since I wrote to you last. I don't know why they have not written. Hoping that this will find you all in the best of health. We are always glad to hear from you. Good bye! From your loving aunt & uncle, Grace & Walter Perkyns.

I thank you very much for the Christmas card you so kindly sent. I hope you will have better luck in the future. Mabel Harry, the writer.


Portion of a letter from Jabez Dodd:

"although many are opposed to it. I am afraid you are somewhat bitter, old man. I do not think Andy Fisher would willingly go wrong; but I think they go along the line of least resistance. I cannot understand them over the military craze at all. For our party to advocate conscription is enough to make an angel weep.

I am very glad to hear from you at any time. You remember
93.
You remember Jack Snell who used to play cricket. He died here last week.
I was the means of getting him a job away from the goldfields.
I saw Will Oomi, or "Coley" in Perth, a few weeks back.
We are in the midst of a strike here now which is likely to be disastrous to all concerned, & which will not do the slightest good. Although you do not believe in arbitration I cannot see the use of running your head against a stone wall to no purpose. We must use our heads, not our hands; & I am convinced the first step in our upward march is to secure the values of the land which we have created.
Some day I will come & have a yarn with you about old times.
Yours sincerely J.E. Dodd."
Arthur was born until 4-6-1918.
Jabez Dodd was in great form on Wednesday night last week when addressing a meeting in the North Perth town hall in support of the candidature of Fred Davis. Jabez has been a member of the Legislative Council for four years, and is consequently in a position to speak authoritatively with regard to the high jinks carried on by that body when engaged in a slaughter of Labor measures to make a fat man's holiday.

The speaker created much amusement by pointing out what socialists and anti-socialists of the Upper House are. The road from Perth to Fremantle, he said, was much used by wealthy people in Perth and the port, who owned motor-cars and consequently they were fervently in favor of the road between the two places being nationalised. The Hon. C. A. Plesse also wanted to see the road nationalised between Perth and Wagon, because he travelled along that route in his motor car. And that great anti-Socialist, the Hon. A. Sanderson, likewise wanted to nationalise the Welshpool road, because it was the most direct route from Kalamunda to Perth. Mr. Sanderson, strangely enough lived at Kalamunda.

Some of the country members of the Liberal Party had also been in favor of the State manufacturing its own implements, while the Hon. Vernon Hamersley had actually advocated that the State should build and run its own ships to carry farmers' wheat to its markets overseas.

Mr. Dodd then referred caustically to the manner in which the Upper House obstructionists had dealt with the Factories Act Amendment Bill. They had met in caucus, decided to put up the Hon. H. P. Colebatch to oppose the measure, after which it was to be rejected without further debate. He had never heard anything in his life approaching the unparalleled ignorance displayed by Mr. Colebatch in his speech against the measure. He did not think Mr. Colebatch could possibly have read the bill, yet after his ignorant speech, no-one else spoke on his side of the House, and the measure was straightway turned down.

With regard to the Irrigation Bill, the opposition had also adopted obstructive tactics. Under the conditions laid down by them no Irrigation Bill would be possible, since as the result of the amendments they put in the bill there was nothing to prevent any landowner diverting a stream and preventing the man lower from getting any water.

As a goldfields member, Mr. Dodd spoke feelingly with regard to the Mines Regulation Bill, and bitterly denounced the callousness displayed by the Tory members of the Upper Chamber. The fact that the bill was drawn up with the object of protecting the lives and limbs of the miners made no impression on the Tories at all, their sole regard being to look after the interests of the mine-owners. The speaker pointed out that although the mines of W.A. had paid £22,000,000 in dividends the shareholders who had drawn the money had done nothing in return for the goldfields, with the exception of a fountain which had been placed in Victoria Park, Kalgoorlie, by Mr. Do-lette. Most of these shareholders lived in London, and cared nothing for the comfort of the goldfields people, so long as they drew their dividends.

Yet it was the interests of these people who the Tories in the Council placed before the safety and welfare of the miners.

Mr. Dodd showed clearly what humbugs the Tories in the Council were when the question came before them of the employment of foreigners in the mining industry. The Government in their Bill desired to limit the foreigners to one to every ten Britons, being of opinion that a greater proportion would spell danger to the welfare and safety of all the men employed on the mines. The Tories fiercely denounced what they described as the Government's narrow attitude, and waxed eloquent upon British countries being a haven of liberty for all. But there was when the Workers' Compensation Bill was under discussion. The self-same members who had such a tender regard for the foreigner now declared that no compensation should be given to the wives and children of foreigners killed on the mines unless the dependents in question lived in Australia. In their greed for gain and dividends the Tories were quite prepared to see starve the wives and families of the foreigners whom they professed to love so much.

Mr. Dodd made reference to other Bills which had met with similar treatment in the Upper House, and his words made a great impression upon an audience which had doubtless fondly imagined it knew something of the lengths to which Toryism will go in the defence of wealth and privilege as against the interests of common humanity. He drove the point home with sledge hammer force that the Legislative Council, which claims to be a fair and impartial house of review is nothing more than a clique of the narrowest type. "The Council caucus" said Mr. Dodd, "is ten times more hide-bound than the Labor caucus. It does not hold formal gatherings, but meets in little recesses in the corridors, and decides what a member is to be put up to move the rejection of any particular measure.

It was a terrific indictment, and electors would do well to bear Mr. Dodd's word in mind when they go to the poll to-morrow. They must either cast their votes on the side of privilege and selfishness or else for fair play and common humanity.
Copy of a note from A.W. Crooke:
"State Forests Department, Victoria, 28-5-14. Dear Sir, As a fellow sufferer may I ask of your goodness that you will favor me with full particulars of your cure by Rice's process. Faithfully A.W. Crooke. Mr. Cocking."
(Answered June 28th, 1914.)

Copy of Mr. Milliken's letter:
"Sunny Bank, Failford, 1st June, 1914. Dear Sir, I received your letter inquiring about your father. Should you have come out to the Wallamba we would have been able to give you all particulars, but perhaps you will come later on. No doubt you heard how the accident occurred. While carting firewood the horse bolted & he was thrown out & the wheel passed over him. But no one knows exactly how it occurred, as he was alone. He was found by a Mr. Hardy. He was alive when found, but never regained consciousness. He was dead before I reached the place. He made a will in favor of Mr. H.W. Flett of Taree a few years before his death. Mr. Flett got all the household effects, implements, & cattle, & he sold the household effects to a Mr. Carter. He is buried in the Willow Point cemetery on the Wallamba River. There is no headstone to his grave. I have only been there twice, but no doubt it would easily be found.

Your father was very well off when on the Dingo, but his health a short time after he came out he lost most of it in some mines in Queensland through the dishonesty of the manager; & he also had to send money away to clear some debt after the mine was closed. I think that was why he sold the place to me. He was manager of some mines in Queensland before he came to the Dingo, but his health broke down & he was in a Melbourne hospital for a long time. I never saw any photos, but will speak to Mr. Carter. The doctors told him to go on the land as the mining did not suit his health. Any other information that I can give you I will be only too pleased to supply if you write any time. I can only add that I cannot speak too highly of your father. I always found him strictly honest in all his dealings, & I think that he was one of the most straight forward men that I have ever met. I remain sincerely yours James Milliken.

Address, Mr. Milliken, Sunny Bank, Failford, Wallamba River."

Copy of a letter from William Robert Winspear:
"The International Socialist!" 115 Goulburn St. Sydney 15th July, 1914. Mr. J. Cocking. Dear Comrade, Your verses, "The 6th Craft Union Meeting" came safely to hand, also the others on war. The first should have appeared before this, but I have been so busy with one thing & another that I have been unable to fix them up so that the lino operator can set them as I want them to appear. Regarding your query whether or not editors like the
same stuff sent to various papers; there is a sort of feeling in journalistic circles that I writer should send each particular piece to a particular paper. After a paper has published a piece the writer is at liberty to republish it as often as he desires, provided that, in the case of paid-for contributions, permission is granted by the paper which purchased same. An editor has no claim on writings which he has not paid for. But journalists are generally expected, when they reprint same, to acknowledge the paper originally publishing them; also the writer's name or cognomen. Personally, I like to have first call on matter as I like the "International Socialist" to have original stuff which no other paper has at the same time. After I am done with it anyone is at liberty to use it. A good many papers avail themselves of this liberty, & copy largely from our columns. Some journalists call it piracy, plagiarism, & other ugly names; but as it is spreading our views why should we object? We are hoping to bring out a small booklet of the verses that have appeared in the I.S. an we use any of yours that may be desired? Thanking you for your able verses, Yours fraternally, Wm. Robert Winspear, managing Editor."

Copy of a letter from A. Kirkwood;
"Helensburgh June 5th, 1913. Dear Sir, You will think me rather a queer man not answering your letter sooner, but I could see there could be nothing done this sitting of parliament & in the meantime I lost your letter, but I will do the best I can without it. 1. Safety-catches are not used in any of the shafts in the Illawarra district. They are all rope skids except at Balmain & South Clifton.
2. Men ride in the same cage as the coal comes up in.
3. I cannot give the cost of cages & safety catches as they vary so much with each installation. Some of the colliery engineers could give you the cost.
4. I know of only one accident in a shaft with safety catches. That was in the Park Pit, Cleveland, Yorkshire, Eng. This happened about 30 years ago. Twelve men were in the cage when the rope broke. The catches acted successfully & hung them in the shaft, & so saved their lives. This is from information received, but very reliable.
5. I have never seen safety-catches used, only on wooden skids. I am told there is a safety-catch for rope skids, but not very reliable as it is liable to cut the rope skid when it grips.
Well, Mr. Cocking, I am sending you some information from a friend who has a mine manager's certificate, although I don't agree with all his ideas; & I hope you are successful in your mission; & anything I can do I will only be too willing to help you. Signed Alexander Kirkwood. P.S. I mentioned your name
to a brother-in-law of mine from Newcastle, & he knows you
very well. His name is James Pitchford. He used to work in
Elermore Vale colliery. I have forgotten most of the questions
you asked me, but if you send them along again I will try to
answer them. Never mind a stamped envelope. A.K.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS BY MR. COCKING.
"Safety catches are not used in any shafts in the Illawarra coal
field.
2. Men ride in the same cage as that in which coal is carried.
3. Estimates of cost of safety-cages cannot be given because
they necessarily vary with each installation. Goninan & Co. of
Newcastle, N.S.W. would probably supply information.
4. I know of no accident with safety-catches because it is
rarely that they are used.
5. Wire ropes are used at Helensburgh & Coalcliff; steel rails
at Balmain & South Clifton.
6. Each winding rope is attached to a detaching hook which, of
course, does not prevent an overwind, or prevent any accident
to an ascending cage. They merely prevent an ascending cage
being pulled over the poppet head. The detaching hook has
only been called on once to detach the rope from the cage at
Helensburgh; & the hook (a King & Humble) did it most admir­
ably. At Balmain 11 overwinds took place, & the hook (an Umerod
or some name like that) acted on every occasion. At Coalcliff
an overwind device is installed. This apparatus absolutely
renders impossible an excess of speed in the shaft, or an over­
wind almost under any condition. Wooden guides are not used
much used nowadays, especially in deep shafts where fast wind­
ing must be obtained. Wire ropes are used for guides up to
depths of, say, 1200 feet; over that depth metal guides, gen­
erally in the form of steel rails, are used. I don't know
what speed men are wound at, but at least half the speed that
coal is wound. I judge from your letter that you do not possess
much technical knowledge of modern winding practice. It is
necessary therefore to answer your question in detail; that is the speed of winding coal. At Helensburgh
the shaft is 1050 feet deep; 2 skips end to end; & carry from
20 to 27 cwt., averaging 22 cwt., is lifted in 27 seconds by a pair
of 4" by 60 engines direct coupled to a 15 foot cylindrical
drum. The speed at the beginning of the first second is, of
course, nought; at the end of the first second 6 feet 6 inches,
& goes on increasing in speed at the rate of 6 feet 6 inches
per second per second. In technical language the acceleration is
6 feet 6 inches per second for about 9 seconds, when full
speed is reached—the speed then being about 3500 feet per
minute, which continues for about another 9 seconds: at that
time the engine is slowed down at the same rate (called retardation)
as it is speeded up or accelerated; so that you see the coal may
travel at a great rate for the greater period of the wind. The
average speed is about 234,0 feet per minute. If you write to "The Science & Art Of Mining", Wigan, Lancashire, England, asking them through the correspondence column for particulars of safety-catches, in regard to type of catches, where installed, conditions under which they are installed, whether any accident of any kind has occurred, or any other technical matter like that, I have no doubt that mining students in England will supply you information. In regard to the weight they will have to resist, I should think that it should at least ten times the weight of one winding rope, cage, chains, & detaching hook together with the maximum number of men carried. Whilst admiring the good work that I think you are doing, the installation of safety-catches is to be deprecated because, 1. They are certainly the most unreliable apparatus known to mining engineers.

2. Even if they act the men are liable to be thrown out of the cage. 3. I know of no accident due to the breaking of the rope; & in all cases, this is so because the total weight is known, also the breaking strain of the rope, & in all cases ten times the breaking strain is taken. If a reliable safety catch were installed the factor of safety, which is ten, would at least be reduced to five, & there would be no need for overwinding devices.

4. There is a tendency for the safety-catch to act when not required, with disastrous results to the shaft fittings, etc.

5. Responsibility is taken off the engine driver, which is bad.

I am sorry if I have not supplied you with the information you require, but if you write to the paper I mention you might receive greater information. However, I hope you will not be successful. I hope that you will turn your influence & ability to provisioning of an overwinding device, also a detaching hook at every shaft where men are wound, together with a safety coupling to ropes, & every winding rope will support ten times the load that it is called upon to lift. It is inconceivable that this is not so, but I am told that in the Northern district some small ropes are in use. If you cannot obtain a copy of the latest English Act it shows you what modern mining legislation is, but of course the miners of England send men to parliament; we send comedians, & as a result out new mining Act threatens to become a beautiful comedy.

If there is anything that I have left out, a line will at least receive a reply. In looking over this I find that I have not supplied you with the method of testing the rope. You know that it must be examined daily by some competent person (per Coal Mines Regulation Act) but when the rope is first put on it is expected to last 2 years, & about 200 ft. extra is put on each winding rope to allow for recapping at intervals of 6 months. I should say the rope lasts 2½ years.
When that is done 2 skips of bricks are run up & down the shaft & then allowed to swing at meetings in the shaft for some hours. The rope then remains in use 6 months, when a length equal to the circumference of the drum is cut off. The end cut off is twisted open, so that any broken wires, internal corrosion etc., may be found by inspectors. Then a large number of wires are tested by hanging weights to find the tensile strength. They are then bent over themselves a certain number of times, & other tests are applied to them to test for bending, contortion, etc., which is satisfactory. The tubes of bricks are run on the cage, etc., the same as if the rope is new. It is impossible to get a better test than this because the greatest strain on the rope is at that point nearest the capel.

I regret that I have mislaid your letter, so that not only am I writing from memory, but the questions that I have endeavoured to answer as fully as possible are from memory also.

I am enclosing a description of 4 overwinding devices, which you will return when convenient. I will forward a sketch & description of safety-catch for every kind of guide when I come." (The concluding portion of this letter is lost.)

Copy of a note from Harringtons;-
"386 George St. Sydney. 16, July 1914. Mr. Jos. Cocking, WallSEND. "Ear Sir, We have pleasure in quoting you as under for 1 improved model Eineman Imperator bio, 10m. fireproof boxes, 3 spools, 2 lenses, triple condenser & double £ 77-10-0.
3 extra reels at 8/- 1-4-0
1 rheostat 70 volts 60 amps 4-0-0
1 pair of rewinders 1-15-0
1 coil (110 yds.) 7/16 (special arc cable 5-0-0
1 coil 16x114x1mx 1/18(110 yds) ditto 12-6.
1 8 horse power De Dion engine direct coupled 112-0-0
20 volt 60 J. Russel dynamo 7-0-0.
1 switchboard 10-0-
1 arc lamp 100 amperes 3-5-0
1 screen 18 feet 17-0-0
1 electric sign (name of theatre) tickets, carbon, etc., catalog"

Copy of a letter from aunt Grace;-
"Jenkins Terrace, July 21, 1914. Dear Nephew & family, Many thanks for your kind & ever welcome letter. Glad to see that you are all well. We are fairly well. We are glad to see that your eyes are better. Sorry to hear that Walter had bronchial pneumonia; but we seem you found a remedy that cured him. We think it is a grand thing. We will see the editor of the "Cornubian about it. I had a letter from Mrs. Williams & she said that her niece was gone to Swansea to see about some money, & she said she would give us a call, but we have not s
seen her yet. That's the reason we did not write to you before. It's you Aunt's & mine that died in Swansea. Will you ask Mrs. Williams the meaning of it & let me know as soon as you can? I am glad to see that the children are all well, & I hope they will continue so. Glad to see that the pit is doing well, & you have had a trip to Taree. You said you have been so long waiting for that trip. I hope you enjoyed yourself. I have not heard from Billy's family since I wrote to you last. I do get a letter from my brother Robert sometimes. When I heard from him last he had rheumatism. We hope you are having lovely weather. It is very nice home here now. I am sending you a postcard of the exhibition. We had nice weather the first day--crowds of people--but the second day was rainy. This last week we had fine doings in the Free Church. It's the annual Conference--about 10,000 preachers here now. Is Bob getting on well? Is he married yet? I should like to have a letter from him. If he ever gets married. I hope he is luckier than he has been. Hope these few lines will find you all in the best of health. Sorry, but I forgot to thank you for the photo. We think he is looking grand. We think he is a pretty boy but sorry to hear he has been so sick. We hope that by the time you get this he will be much better. We must now close with fondest love from your ever loving aunt & uncle, Grace & Walter Perkyns. Goodbye, & may God bless you all. Please write soon & give our love to your Father, Sister, & Brothers. Love to all from Mabel Harry.

Copy of Mrs. Holland's letter;--
"107 Ohiro Road, Brooklyn, Wellington, N.Z. July 25, 1914.
Dear Mr. Cocking, Your good letter to hand, & I cannot tell you how delighted I was to hear from you & to have your message to take to the jail on the 8th of August. I know how pleased poor Harry will be to hear that you have not forgotten him. I am sorry to hear that your little lad is troubled with that wretched disease, but he has a good chance of getting rid of it. Our youngest boy, Cedric, had such a queer little cough. To-night I bought him a bottle of Baxter's Lung Cure: it is said to be splendid. If it doesn't shift his cough I will take him to a doctor. He is continually coughing. He will be 8 years old on Sep. 20th. Your Charlie has a dear little face. I know how anxious you & Mrs. Cocking must be. Harry has just been 3 months in jail since his sentence; & 1 month before. When he was first arrested bail was not allowed; but when his case came on & in the inciting charge the magistrate discharged him, then he was allowed out on bail. He will get 3 months taken off for good conduct; so that some time in Nov. he will be free. He feels the cold terribly there. He said in his last letter that he could scarcely hold the pen-- it
was so cold.
You are getting cold weather over there this year, but it can't come near this place. Today it is dreadful—wind, rain, & hail. Wellington is a beastly windy place. There are some parts that it is almost impossible to get near with the wind. I won't forget one day & night last Winter. We were living on one of the hills, not far from here. It was a terrible climb in good weather, but on that day I sent the children down the street to post our Australian mail, & coming up our street they had a terrible fight with the wind & rain to get along. When they got to a cross street, which is noted for a terrible corner, on a windy day, they tried to cross; & Harry—then 9 years old—was blown right off his feet. He could neither get up nor speak. His sister—11 years then—was in an awful state. She couldn't get him up but screamed when she found he was choking with the wind; & if it hadn't been for a man coming behind them & seeing the state the boy was in, I believe he would have died. The man had to put them behind him & get along that way. When little Harry was safe at home his thought was, "How will poor Dad get home on his crutches," & the very thoughts of it nearly sent him into hysterics. You would need to be here to realise the force of the wind. I often long for a hot sunny day like we had in Australia. There is very little sunshine in Wellington, even in the middle of Summer; & right through the Winter we have to have a couple of heavy blankets & a quilt on our bed; & in Newcastle you want only the sheet. Harry is only allowed 1 letter a month, & can write one; but now that he is 3 months there they may let him have other letters. So you can write to the Terrace Jail, Wellington. I am sure Harry would be so glad to get a letter from you. You can tell him anything but matters dealing with his own case. One
of the last things Harry said to me when he went away was to be sure & send you the papers with his trial. I sent you his speech; but in case you didn't get it I will send you another over, & I will also send you the book on the Waihi strike. Remember me to Mrs. Oocking. I often think of you both.

With kindest regards, yours sincerely A. Holland.

I will post you this week's "Worker", I have not1 here for this mail."

Copy of Harrington's letter;-

"365 George St., 16th July, 1914. Sydney.

Mr. J. Oocking, Wallsend. Dear Sir, Your letter of 11th inst. to hand with inquiry for which we thank you & have pleasure in sending you under separate cover a copy of our latest Cinematograph Catalog wherein you will find prices & particulars re the Machines, Engines, etc. that we stock, & we feel sure you will find it of value & interest. We are enclosing herewith an estimate for a complete plant comprising the Ernemann All Steel Bioscope, latest model, fitted with double lamp double lamp house, triple condensers etc. & an 8 H.P. De Dion engine direct coupled to a J.L. dynamo. This outfit is absolutely the best to be had, & we might state that the Ernemann is without doubt far away ahead of anything of the kind on the market; & for silent movement, steadiness of picture, & wearing qualities it has no equal.

In the event of the above outfit being too expensive you can of course substitute any other machine or lighting plant as listed in our catalog. We can recommend the Limelight plant as being the next best, & feel sure that in the event if your deciding that the expenses in comparison receipts will not permit you to go to the expense of an electric light plant we do not think you can do better. The Limelight Plant is, as you know, a gas plant, but is very simply manipulated, & the instructions for the manipulation of same are very simple. The cheaper machine as listed by us are also of the latest & most up-to-date pattern, & will compare with every other machine at similar price on the market.

In connection with expenses for running a show we can only assume what these might be as we are not cognizant with the conditions attached to the particular district where you intend to have your show, but you being aware of the amount of rent for the hall & the probable amount you intend to spend in music & attendants which added to the cost of film hire (approximately for a real good program £ 2-0-0 per night will give you some idea of the cost.

Complete & free instructions go with all outfits, & you could either have this by correspondence or by a personal visit to our show room at the above address. Should you require any information do not hesitate to write to us as we are only too
pleased to supply complete particulars; & trusting to have the pleasure of filling your order, we are yours faithfully Harringtons Ltd."

Copy of Harrington's letter:-
"386 George St., Sydney, Aug.17th 1914. Mr. Josiah Cocking, Wallsend, N.S.W. Dear Sir, We regret that notwithstanding our request we have not yet been favoured with a reply to our previous letter in regard to your inquiry for a catalog. No doubt other matters have occupied your attention, and the subject of your letter has, for the time being, been held over. We trust, however, when you do go into the matter you will favour us with your consideration & reply. Thanking you in anticipation we are yours faithfully,Harringtons Ltd."

(Answered Aug. 30th.)

Copy of a letter from steamship company:- 15-9-14.
"Union Steamship Company of New Zealand Limited. To Josiah Cocking, Wallsend., N.S.W. Dear Sir, In response to your favor of the 12th inst, the fares from Sydney to SanFrancisco are, First Class £ 40, Second Class £ 25, Third Class 16 pounds; children under the age of 2 years are carried free; between the ages of 2 & 6 years ½ fare is charged, & between the ages of 6 & 12 years full fare is charged. However, an allowance is made to families, & if you will therefore kindly advise us the exact age of each member of your family, & at the same time advise in which class you intend travelling, we shall be pleased to quote you the exact fare for your party. The amount of luggage carried free for each passenger is 40 cubic feet, first class, & 20 cub. feet for second & third class passengers. Any excess over these allowances is charged at the rate of 1/6 per cub. ft. Consumptives are not allowed to land in the United States, & the law is extremely strict on this point. Are any of your family suffering from the complaint? As a matter of fact immigrants are not on any account allowed into the United States unless they are in a state of good health & free from any mental or physical defects. Providing passengers can pass the medical examination, the amount of money each person must possess is 50 dollars (approximately £ 10 each.) Under separate cover we are posting you a handbook which will give you much useful information regarding the voyage, but if, after perusal, you require any further information we shall be pleased to supply same on again hearing from you. The name & address of the American Consul in Sydney is:- J.P.Bray,esq., American Consul General, American Consulate, Mutual Life Buildings, Martin Place, Sydney. Our steamers en route to San Francisco call at Wellington,N.Z., Rarotonga, Papeete, (Tahiti). The sailings are as follows:- October 10th & every 28 days thereafter.Yours faithfully D. Walla,Manager."
Copy of a letter from the Consul:—

Josian Vocking, Esquire, Wallsend, N.S.W. Sir, Your letter of Sept. 27th in which you express a desire to come to the United States with your family, has been received & read with attention. Inasmuch as you are so near to Newcastle I would suggest that you call in person on the American Consul at that place & ascertain from him the particulars you desire. I am, Sir, Very respectfully yours John Bray, American Consul-General."

Copy of Harry Holland's letter:— 107 Ohiro Road, Brooklyn, New Zealand. 25th Aug. 1914. Now that I am free once more I want to thank you for your letter forwarded to me at the Terrace Jail & handed to me a few days before my release. I cannot reply to it in detail at this stage because I am confronted with a huge pile of letters, all awaiting brief replies; & I expect to have to start work again to-morrow. I was released on Saturday, the 15th, the government refusing to give information to anyone as to the hour of release. They were ludicrously afraid of a demonstration. The Social Democratic Party members, however, took Mrs. Holland, self, Allan, Roy, & Leila to parliament house & entertained us there at luncheon, along with a number of representative unionists & Socialists. The Rev. Hobday, Church of England parson, also took advantage of his parsonship to visit me weekly at the jail—was also there. Last night there was a demonstration to welcome the released men & to further demand the release of those still imprisoned. The old Opera House, one of the largest in New Zealand, was crowded to overflowing with an enthusiastic audience, notwithstanding that a "patriotic" demonstration was taking place in the Town Hall at the same time. We had a magnificent meeting, but the daily papers scarcely noticed it.

Your letter, apart from one or 2 brief notes, was the only communication I was allowed to receive in addition to my wife's letters; & I can't tell you how pleased I was that they let me have it. I remembered that when I went into Darlinghurst jail 18 years ago, "Creer Libel", you were the first to write to me. When I entered Albury for my share of the Broken Hill trouble you were again among those who wrote cheering words; & you will understand why I should appreciate your letter to me while at Wellington jail as a result of the greatest industrial upheaval Australia has yet seen. We were released on account of the war; personally I should have preferred to remain in jail rather than find myself free for such a reason. Fortunately there was no smooching whatever to secure our release, & from the first day I made it clear that I did not want release except as a matter of principle. In this respect the enclosed cutting from the leading Tory paper at Dunedin is informative. By the way some of the Tory papers are howling that parliament has been stultified by the entertainment of myself at luncheon at Parliament House.
Funny, isn't it? But I must pull in! I sincerely hope your boy will be improving in health. We are all well—I came through the prison experience much better than I could have hoped. Our people are (anxious) I should challenge one of the ministers in the forthcoming election. I don't know. I am not much enamoured of parliamentary work—and still I recognise the opportunity is one could speak from the floor of the House on straight Socialist lines, I am sorry that you are having such a heavy experience with your eye. I have been singularly fortunate so far in that respect. Mrs. Holland joins me in sending greetings & every good wish to Mrs. Cocking & yourself & all the family. Yours fraterally, H.E. Holland.

P.S. Allan, our second eldest boy, returned to Sydney by last Friday's boat. P.J. Fletcher (Quaker Peace Councillor) travelled by the same boat. H.E.H."

From Horderns:— "New Palace Emporium, Brickfield Hill, Sydney, Sep.2, 1914. Mr. J. Cocking, Pittown, Wallsend. Dear Sir, In reply to your favor we beg to inform you that the book "Germany Of To-Day" is now out of print. Herewith we return your money, viz 1/2 & trust same will reach you safely. We are yours truly Anthony Hordern & Sons, Ltd."

From R. Bear:— "Memo from Sir Robert Bear, publisher & importer, Sydney, 67 & 69 Market St. Sydney, Sep. 15, 1914. Dear Sir, Your favor of the 11th inst. to hand, for which please accept our thanks. I regret that I cannot supply nor obtain at present the book "Germany Of To-Day". I do not think copies will be available in a fortnight's time."

From Mr. Stanford's secretary:— "42 Russe St., Melbourne, Victoria, Sep. 13, 1914. Mr. J. Cocking, Wallsend, N.S. W. Dear Sir, In answer to your letter to Mr. Stanford I have to inform you that Mr. Stanford has been away from California for over 50 years & is unable to answer with certainty many of your questions. Some of the questions he can answer, such as that concerning military training, which is not compulsory. Labor conditions in California, as in other parts of the world, fluctuate. Hours of employment are longer, wages higher, & cost of living more expensive, Education is not free, as it is in, say, Victoria State Schools; the same facilities for obtaining an education there do not exist. I have a son, 27 years of age, a professor in a Northern State University. He spent 8 years at the Melbourne South College, 2 years at the Melbourne Technical College. Some time as a student at Government Metallurgical Laboratory, Victoria. Entered the Stanford
University, California, where he graduated in 3 years in mining engineering, geology, & metallurgical chemistry. Returned to Victoria when he was unable to obtain employment owing to the disinclination of the authorities to recognise foreign university degrees. Returned to California to study for master's degree at the University, whilst there, through the influence of the university, obtained a position as head metallurgical chemist of a large Pacific Coast Steelworks, whilst engaged there accepted the offer of a partnership in the mining engineering department of the S. Dakota Government University, where he now abides. This would tend to show that there are good openings, opportunities in America for competent persons, both male & female. Cannot say as to the cost of fares to California, but I believe it takes about 21 days to reach there from Sydney. Shipping Company in Sydney will supply all information in their power. Yours truly Wm. J. Crook, Secretary.


"Mr. Josiah Cocking, Wallsend. Dear Sir, In reply to your kind inquiry of the 27th Sept. we regret to say that the songs you require are now out of print & cannot be procured in this city. The book, "Germany Of To-Day" also cannot be procured, but we are quoting the following which we can recommend: "Germany & Good Faith", 3/6 posted. "Germany & England", 3d. (This is a prophecy by the well known author, R. Blatchford.). Hoping to receive an order from you, we are yours faithfully, E.W.Oole."

Copy of a letter from Mr. James Millikin:--

"Sunny Bank, Failford, 19-10-1914. Mr. J. Cocking. Dear Sir, You will think me a long time in replying to your letter, but Mr. Carter promised to give me the date of your Father's death, as I did not know the exact date; but he has not fulfilled his promise so far. As regards the will, I always thought it was in favor of Mr. H.W. Flett. I made a mistake in the person who first found your Father after the accident. It was a boy named John Matheson. He was then conscious & told him both his legs were broken. I saw Carter, but he never got any photos. Perhaps Mr. Flett may have got his photos or papers. I will ask him when I see him. I will be pleased to give any information I can, if required. Hoping you will excuse me for not replying at an earlier date, yours faithfully James Millikin."

Copy of Polly Smith's letter:--

"Harbron, Collingwood St, Drummoyne, Sydney, 9th Dec., 1914. Dear Mr. Cocking, Just a few lines to ask you to send me one of those big books belonging to my Mother; there are 2 of them. I am not quite sure if they are cookery or not. Anyhow, I would like you to send one of them. One of them has got the dat
of all our ages, & the date that Mother sailed from England; also Father's death: send it. And there is still another book I would like you to send; the name of it is, "His Sombre Rival". I got it for reciting the 20th psalm in the Bible. You will see my name in it. I was out seeing my brothers the other night, so I asked Jim about; so he told me to write up to you for them, & to tell you that he told me to write, as he thought that Annie & I were of age now to know how to look after them, & that they would be of use to us now. He has given one to Annie & me. So he also told her that she could write & ask for hers. Of course Annie is married now & has her own home. The brothers are living at 14, Glebe Road, Glebe, Sydney, that is if you care to write to them. Well, I hope you won't disappoint me in sending them, Mr. Cocking, as I shall look forward to them coming; & I hope you will know who is writing— it is Mary Smith that used to live next door to Mrs. Jeffery— Jim's sister. Jim was telling me that you are minding a few things at your place for him; so Annie & I both happened to mention these books: so Jim told us to write for them if we like. I was up your way 10 months ago seeing Mrs. Jeffrey; I came up on a holiday from Sydney. Well, I think I will draw to a close now. I remain yours sincerely, Miss M. Smith.

P.S. Write & let me know before you send them, Mr. Cocking, so that I can look out for them for fear they might go astray."

(Addressed to 15 Bryant St., Tighes Hill. Answered 27-12-1914.)

Copy of a letter from Aunt Grace:

"Jenkins Terrace, Dec. 3, 1914. Dear Nephew, Many thanks for your kind & ever-welcome letter. Glad to see you are all enjoying good health, as it leaved us at present. We see by your letter that everything is very bad there owing to the war. It is just the same home here. I thank you very much for the picture book you sent us; we are very fond of pictures. You can send as much as you like. Everything is very dear, & the war is still going on; it's bad for everybody. We are very sorry to hear that Jack has lost his infant son. We are glad to hear that your boys are getting on so well; we see that Jose is growing into a fine boy. My dear Nephew, don't let them go to the war if you can keep them at home. There is a large crowd gone from here, but did not want to go; & now they are training them at 16. The Germans are very cruel; they are killing infants & women. We think it is awful. It will be a blessing when it is over. We heard that the Australian men are coming home here. We thought you may be with them. We hope your brothers will not go. We hope Charlie is better by this time. We should very much like to see you all home here. How is Bob getting on with his housekeeper? Remember us to him & tell him we should very much like to get a letter from him. We are glad to see that you are still work-
If you see Mrs Williams tell her that I have not seen her niece yet. She promised to come, but has not. I have never had a letter from Amelia since your Uncle John died; I think it is very unkind. I hear from Robert sometimes. He was all right when I heard from him last. I never hear from brother Billy’s family. I don’t know if they are living or not. You did not say anything about your eye in this letter; I hope it is all right. Well, I have not much news to tell you, but we hope these few lines will find you all in the best of health. We are fairly well, but we think a lot about the war: we don’t know when it will end. We will now close with fondest love to all. From your loving Aunt Grace & Uncle Walter Perky. Goodbye, & may God bless you all. With fondest love to all, I remain your affectionate friend, Mabel Harry (the writer). P.S. We should very much like to have your photo. (Answered Feb. 1st, 1915. Two “Sydney Mails” sent; photo promised.

Copy of a Christmas card from Tom Johnston:—Dec. 1914.
“To Mr. & Mrs. Cocking & family. Wishing you a year of Happiness & Prosperity. Glad greeting & good wishes
For a year of pleasant days,
Of happy hours & sweetest flowers,
And fair unclouded ways!” Clifton Bingham.

Copy of Polly Smith’s letter:—
“Harbison, Collingwood St., Sydney, Jan. 13, 1915. Dear Mr. Cocking, I received your kind & welcome letter & was very disappointed when you refused me the books; so I wrote to Jim a couple of days after for his permission to get them, but he did not answer; so I went out to his place yesterday afternoon; so he wrote a letter to you & told me to put it in with mine & send it to you. I also told him about the book-case, & he said that it did not matter, & he thought it was very good & kind of you to take care of it. He also said that he would write to you a long letter later on to let you know how they are getting on. Don’t forget to send me my book, Mr. Cocking, please, that I got for reciting the 20th Psalm: you will see my name in it. Well, I think I will draw to a close now with kind regards to all, hoping that you are all keeping well.
Annie’s married name is Mrs. Wise. I cannot give you her address until they have shifted into their own house; they are boarding at present. Jim’s address:—14 Glebe Road, Glebe, Sydney. I remain yours sincerely, Miss Mary Smith.”

Copy of Annie Smith’s letter:—
“Balmain, 13, 5, 1915. Mr. Cocking. Dear Sir, Just these few lines to let you know how things are. Jim told me to write to you for the book & the rest of the other little things that are there, I would like you to send them down to me, & let me know
now much they cost you, & I will send the money up to you. I am putting Jim's note in so that you can see I have got his permission to send for them, & oblige, Mrs. A. Wise. Address:—
24 Rose Street, Balmain, Sydney."
(Answered Sun. May 15th, 1915.)

Copy of Jim Smith's letter:—
Rose Street, Balmain, 18th May, 1915. Mr. Cocking, Dear Friend,
I am writing you these few lines for Annie who is ill in bed
with her child, a baby girl who was born on Sunday morning last.
She wants you to send the things & she will pay at this end.
Send them to the Central Railway Station, & let her know when
you are sending them. Well, Mr. Cocking, I hope things are bet-
er in Newcastle than here. They are putting all the single
men off so they will go to the front. I don't think I will go
so long as I can get a living. Charlie has been gone about 3
months: he is on his way to England on the Ambulance Reserve.
He is a motor driver. I hear from him at every port they call.
Well, I think this is all the news, so I will draw to a close
with best wishes from your sincere friend, James Smith, per
favor to Mrs. Annie Wise."
(Answered May 20, 1915, & books etc. sent in a box by rail.)

Copy of a letter from Aunt Grace Perkyns:—
"Jenkins Terrace, Redruth, Aug. 2, 1915.
My dear Nephew & Family, I am very sorry I kept you so long. I
have been thinking very much about you. You will be sorry to
hear I have been very sick for 4 months with my liver & kidneys
& under the doctor for treatment. I am thankful that I feel bet-
er again these last few days. Hope I shall get on again after
a bit. Of course I am weak: it will take some time to get up a
little strength. If you know of anything that you think will do
me good, let me know when you write, for you know about many
things. Thanks for the pictures you sent us; they are very nice.
The war is dreadful, so many thousands slain. When it will be
over we know not. Everything is very dear; it is hard to live.
Not much work. All trades feel it very much. This week the Ger-
mans sank a troopship, over 700 lives lost. They are doing all
the harm they can do. This letter is short, but a longer one
next time. Shall be glad to hear from you soon. Hope your wife
& family are all well. Give our love to your brothers. Hope they
are all well. Walter is fairly well. With our very best love to
you all, from your loving uncle & aunt, Walter & Grace Perkyns."
(Ans. Oct. 10, 1915.)

Copy of a letter from Jim Tamblyn:—
"59 Vivian St., Boulder, 14-6-1915. Dear Joe, You have no idea
how delighted I was to receive your letter last week after these
long years. Well, old chap, I've a long yarn to spin, & I am af-
raided it will have to be continued in our next. I hope to hear from you again in the near future, & I can assure you that I will give you all the news I possibly can, but it will be in instalments. Am rather late in starting to-night as I have just finished writing home to mother, but I thought it would be just as well to make a start. Now where am I to begin. It must be a mingled yarn. It was like old times to read of you & yours—Jack, Bob, Liz-Jane, mother, & Charlie; give my love to them all & tell them that I hope they are enjoying the best of health, & are happy & doing well. I have often looked back on my boyhood days, as is only natural, & many, many is the time I've wondered what have become of you. From time to time here in the West I have met men from Newcastle & have never failed to try from them to dig you up. It was rather a peculiar way you discovered my address, wasn't it? Murder will out, Joe. Well old chap I'm pleased to say my wife & family are all enjoying the best of health. If I can dig up a photo or 2 later I will send you one. The wire is at a school to-night learning first aid to the injured; & the Dr. is giving them their first lecture. She has already passed the home nursing examination. Our family at present are 5. We had 7—five boys, 2 girls. Harrold, 21 last 24th of May; born Broken Hill; 5 ft. 11. Lillie if alive would be 19, born at Wallaroo Mines. She died with rheumatic fever, July 1910 (which nearly killed her mother; 14½ years, a fine lump; one would take a lease of her life. Next is Jim, born Boulder; 5 ft. 11 socks. Leslie next 2 years later, died, result of being scalded when his next brother, Clem, was 3 days old. Clem is now 15 years. Next comes Jack, & Jack's a lad, 9 next October. Then Dorrie, 5½, born a few weeks before her dear sister left us. The 10 are a fine lot of boys, & I think chunks off the old block.

Now for my own people. Father died in Wook. Mines about 10 years ago. Mother is still alive & fairly well, living with Bertna (in Kadina) who is now Mrs. Fred Harris, town clerk of that noted town. Bertna is our youngest sister. Brother Bill— or Will as you like—is, too, in Wallaroo Mines. He came over here in the very early days & chased the elusive weight (gold) but with no great luck. Some 15 years ago, when Les was scalded & Clem born, he with his mate were blown up in the Lake View mine here—bored into an old hole, or supposed so. His mate was killed instant, & he had 6 months in the hospital & came out minus his right eye, & never the same man since. Shortly after he returned to Wallaroo Mines through urgent request from mother, & has never left it. Liz, the other sister, married a chap from Adelaide named Tom Halian; they are in business in Kadina, & seem to be doing all right; 2 children,— Ken 12, Lola /. My other brother, Frank, is also at Wallaroo Mines. Never left it. Timekeeper etc. at the old one (Wallaroo Mines) He married Florrie Ralpin; 5 children— 2 girls, 1 boy.
110.

This 13, Freeda 11, Ralphie 8. They are all O.K., & seem to be doing much like myself with 3 meals a day & nothing in particular to worry about.

My aunt from Wallaroo Mines, Mrs. Harry Gray, died there last Christmas. Sam, one of the boys, the second, (Harry was the eldest) got killed in Wallaroo Mines underground, leaving a wife & 3 children. He married a Grose. Harry is somewhere in W.A. — a real Robinson Crusoe — no one knows his whereabouts, & has not written home for donkeys' years. You may be pleased to know that old lady White, your next door neighbour, is still alive. I had a "Wallaroo Times" over the other day.

There was a par about the old lady giving a birthday party; so if I mistake not, Bill Hanton was killed in a mine accident around about Johannesburg, South Africa, a few years ago. I was chatting some time ago with Jabez Dodd, junior, here, & he asked me if I ever heard from you or knew your address. Jabez is looked upon here as one of the ablest politicians in W.A. He is a great Laborite & is a member of the Upper House, but unfortunately he is a martyr to rheumatism, & at the present time is in England undergoing a special treatment under the best doctors there. It seems a great pity; no doubt he's clever, but his hearing is against him (very deaf) always was a bit that way at school, but now he's really a physical wreck, screwed up all roads. His eldest boy, about 20, is at the Ivanhoe gold mine, in the fitting shop, with my brother. I will advise you later when Jabez returns, & give you his address. I am sure he would be delighted to hear from you.

Jabe is also a local preacher, like his Dad. The old chap, of course, is dead, as also a couple of his brothers, killed in Wallaroo Mines. My boy Jim is junior clerk in the office of the Ivanhoe gold mine, £ 3-10-0 per week & a bonus every year. He gets £ 3-10-0, & his next rise will be £ 4-0-0. My job this 8 years has been manager of a big boot concern, £ 4-0-0 a week; so taking things all around I cannot complain. Well old chap I'll close for the time as it is getting late, & it's been raining all the night & very cold. Kind regards & best wishes from your old friend Jim Tamblyn.

(I answered Jim's letter, & sent the Spiritualist pamphlet, "A Tremendous Statement", on June 20th, 1915)

Copy of a letter from Jim Tamblyn; 10

# 59 Vivian St., Boulder, 15-2-1916. Dear Joe, I must ask your forgiveness for not writing before. I think I am getting lazy as far as writing is concerned. To-night is the only off night I have this week. To-morrow (Wednesday) is inspection day for the Town Council; Thursday night full Council meeting; & on Friday night is our Rifle Club meeting; & I might state that I am often in this bad way. Last December I contested a vacancy in the Town Council & was up against a red-hot pot in
a Labor candidate, & got through all right. I believe, Joe, I'm as good a Laborite as my opponent was, but he applied for the Labor ticket & support; & I went on my Pat Malone. We have 2 par'ties in Council, which to my mind should never be (Labor & Town). Mind, I'm a Laborite, but not in municipal matters. I thank you very much for those beautiful views you sent me of your district. My eldest boy, Harrold, came back from an 8 weeks jaunt in the East last week. Spent Christmas with wife's relatives in Adelaide, went up to Kadina for the New Year; then on to Melbourne for a week: from there to Sydney, & from there to the Blue Mountains. He has an uncle at Wentworth Falls, post & telegraph master, the wife's brother. I should have liked him to have taken a trip up to see you, but not sufficient time. You may yet see some of us up your way. I have never been to Sydney, & have promised myself that trip one of these fine days. Jabez Dodd was up here last week. First appearance on the fields since his return from the Big Smoke. He gave a lecture in Kalgoorlie town hall on Sunday afternoon on "My Trip To England"; also preached in our church (Queens) in Boulder at night, & gave his lecture on Monday night to a big crowd. He certainly looks much better than he did before leaving; but he tells me that the old enemy holds him just as tightly as ever. He carried a walking-stick in his last visit here, but this time he had a crutch. Poor old Jabez! even now one of the smartest & most level headed men in this State. Respected by all parties & creeds. "Parliament House, W.A." will find him, Joe. He will, I am sure, be pleased to hear from you. What sort of Christmas did you put in? One of the old times, I hope; plenty of cake & swankey! We all had a very enjoyable time, & everything went off splendidly. If not too late I wish you & yours a Happy & Prosperous New Year! All at home (Kadina) are O.K. Things over there seem to be flourishing all round.

Well, old chap, for some years I have devoted my time to gardening, & have a pretty spot here both front & back. Flowers & fruit, the firmer all the year round; roses in particular. You know I must have a hobby of some sort. For several years I was very successful in raising homing pigeons—imported some of the best from England & raced them from the farthest point possible in W.A., 500 miles, with the best of results. Got some gold medals which I won with them. My second boy, Jabez, keeps a few now. I've given the game best. We had the largest racing club here in W.A. My pet now is the rifle; have been rifle shooting about 15 months, & jolly sorry I never took it on 10 years ago. But I cannot complain; our B. team here won the Goodreads Competition last season, & I was one of them. Am hoping to get into the A this season, but we have a big membership, so one has to go a bit to get in the first 8.

This is a game that cannot be learned in a little while, it
Jabez & yourself was always with your books; 'bout I suppose, Joe, I couldn't help it—I was never happy unless at cricket, football, or with a gun in my hand; & I suppose it will be thus to the end of the chapter.

We sent you a small parcel during Christmas, which I trust reached you safely (It was a silk handkerchief, & it came to J. C.). Clem, the third boy, left school before Christmas & is working in a softgoods warehouse, & likes it very much. He is going to the Technical School at night. He plays the piano very nicely. We have had some Labor trouble here lately, but thank Goodness it is all over again, & things are getting normal once more. Harry Gray was here the other day. He has been laid up with an accident in a mine at Ora Banda, about 30 miles north of here, about 3 months ago, & it is going to take him a long time to get properly well again. The other brother, Frank, is in Egypt with the anzacs.

Well, Joe, I'll close for the time, hoping you & yours are all well. Remember me to your Mother, Charley, Jack, & Bob. With kind regards & best wishes I remain your old friend Jim Tamblyn.

Copy of a letter from Aunt Grace Perkyns:—

"To Mr. Josian Cocking, 15 Maitland Road, Tigne's Hill, nr Newcastle, N.S.W. Australia. Jenkins Terrace, Dec. 5, 1915.

Dear Nephew, we now take the pleasure of answering your kind and ever-welcome letter, which we were glad to receive; also glad to see that you are all well. I was thinking a great deal about you as you never answered my last letter. I thought you were sick.

As for myself, I am much better than when I last wrote to you. I was laid up for 4 months. I suffer a lot in my kidneys, but I don't drink very strong tea. You said your Mother used to suffer in her kidneys, but I know she used to like a good cup of tea. I am very glad to hear that you have a good place to work in; also good pay. You said you get $4 a week. That's more than some men get here in a week. I am glad you have your children at home to help you; & when it's well with you remember me. The war is still going on. I hope you will never be called up. There are hundreds gone from home here who may never return. They are saying that all the young men have to go. We think it is awful that so many are being killed. Dear Nephew, we see that you have a very heavy rent; & we hope you will succeed in buying your own house. You did not say anything about Bob, if he is married or not; if so I hope he will be luckier than he has been. I have not heard from Chili since I heard from you last. I have heard from Robert, & he is doing very well. He is a boss in the silver mint. They have 9 children, & the last daughter is just married when she last wrote to me. You did not say anything about your father; we hope he is well. Remember us to him. We hope these few lines will find you & your wife & children quite well. Uncle Walter has a very bad cold at present. We are
having Winter here with very wet & cold weather, when you see
Mrs. Williams remember us to her. I will send you the "Cornubian"
with this letter. I am sending some cards for the children. I
hope they will like them. You said you were going to send us
some more pictures; we shall be very glad to have them. You want
to know about Mabel Harry: well, I am glad to tell you that I
am quite well at the time of writing you these few lines. Trust­
ing you have spent a merry Christmas, & wishing you a happy new
year, with love from your ever-loving aunt Grace & uncle Walter.
xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx.xxx.

Copy of a letter from Aunt Grace:-
"To Mr. Josian Cocking, 10 Henson Avenue, Mayfield, Newcastle, N.S.
W., Australia. Jenkins Terrace, Redruth, Aug 1, 1916.
Dear Nephew & Niece, We now take the pleasure of answering your
your kind & ever welcome letter, which we were glad to receive;
also glad to see you are all well as it leaves us at present.
We see you have been busy shifting, & we hope you will get on
all right. We thought you were sick as we did not hear from you
for such a long time. We think yours is a nice house, & you are
a lucky man to have one like that. We were sorry to see that you
had a fire. You were lucky to be in at that time, as you don't
know what would have happened. We are very glad to see that you
are working in a good place, & that your boys are getting on so
nicely. We shall be very glad to have your photo when you get
the opportunity of having it taken. I would like to see it very
much. Well, the war is still going on, making everything very
bad. It doesn't seem to have any end to it. Nearly all the
young men are gone from here, & still more going. It is very
sad so many being killed. We have hope it will soon be over, as
work is very slack & the price of food is double. People can
hardly make 2 ends meet. If you have a trifle to spare I would
be very glad to have it as times are so bad. Don't distress
yourself in any way. I hope your wife is all right by this time
& has another soldier for the king. We are having very bad weather.
We are glad to see that Charley is getting on so well & getting
rid of his consumption. We hope he will soon be well.
We see that Jose is a member of the Salvation Army band. We see
you are a musical family. We are glad to see that Bob is able
to work again & is getting on all right with his housekeeper.
Tell him I would very much like to have a letter from him &
William John. Remember us to your sister & tell her that we
would like to have a few lines from her at any time. Would
like to have a look at you in your new house. You have every­
thing convenient. Well, we haven't much news. Hoping these few
lines will find you all in the best of health. Hope you
will not keep us long without writing, as we are always glad
to know now you are getting on. Must now close with fondest
love from your ever-loving aunt Grace & uncle Walter Good
your wife is alright by this time, & has another soldier for the king. We are having very bad weather.

We are glad to see that Charlie is getting on so well & we hope he will get rid of the consumption. We see that Joe is a member of the Salvation Army band. We see you are a musical family. We are glad to see that Bob is able to work again & is getting on alright with his housekeeper. Tell him I would very much like to have a letter from him & William John. Remember us to your sister. Tell her we would like to have a few lines from her at any time. Would like to have a look at you in your new house. You have everything convenient. Well, we haven't much news. Hoping these few lines will find you all in the best of health. Hope you will not keep us long without writing, as we are always glad to know how you are getting on. Must now close with fondest love from your ever-loving Aunt Grace & Uncle Walter. Good bye; & may God be with you until we meet! With love from Mabel Harris, xxxxx. P.S. Kindly excuse mistakes.

Answered Sep. 23rd, 1916.

COPY of a letter from Aunt Grace Perkins:--
Jenkins Terrace, Redruth, Cornwall, Jan. 3rd, 1917.

Dear Nephew & niece, Many thanks for your kind & ever-welcome letter which we were glad to receive. Hoping these few lines will find you in the very best of health. I have been very poorly but am a lot better now. Walter has a very bad cold. The weather home here is awful; rain almost every day. We see by your letter that you have been shifting. I hope you are getting on by this time. It is something to do. We should think you had a very nice house; & hope you will like it alright. Well, we are having a cold & wet winter & with the war its dreadful. I hope you will soon pay for your house, & then you will feel more comfortable. We are glad to see that Charlie is getting rid of his consumption. We hope he will soon be well & be a help to you. I have been waiting for that photograph you promised, & would also like the photo of your house when you have time to take it. I am very glad to hear that your wife is alright. I hope your boys will never go to war, as we are having bad news almost every day; & still more going. We wish it was over. The price of everything is almost double. I had a letter from Uncle Robert, & he is obliged to give up working owing to rheumatism. All his children are married except one, & he has been away from home 4 years, & now he has come home to spend the Winter with his parents. He travels for a company of some sort. Well, Christmas is over once more; & it was very quiet home here. We hope had a merry one; but the war makes the difference. A good many sad homes this Christmas. We hope the new year will bring us all good luck & peace. We are sending the child-
ren a few words. Tell Bob & William John would like to have a letter from them. Well, must now close with fondest love from your loving Aunt Grace & Uncle Walter. Good bye; & may God be with you till we meet. With love from Mabel Harry. Kisses for the children. xxxxx.

(Answered March 4th, 1917).

COPY of printed letter from the Education Dept.:-

"Award of Bursary admitting to a course of secondary Education under the "Bursary Education Act, 1912.""


Sir, I am directed to inform you that, as a result of an examination held on 6th November, 1916, the Bursary Endowment Board have awarded your son, William John Cocking, a Bursary admitting to a course of Secondary Education. This Bursary will be tenable at the Newcastle Public High School. It will comprise an allowance of ten pounds (£10) per annum, payable at the end of each school quarter, together with a grant of text-books not exceeding in value One pound Ten shillings (£1:10:0) per annum. The continuance of the Bursary will be dependent upon the satisfactory work & conduct of the student during each school quarter, as shown by the report of the Principal of the school. This Bursary is awarded subject to the production of a Birth Certificate showing that your child was not less than 12 years & under 14 years of age on 1st January 1917 & subject to your signed undertaking that he will remain at school for such time as may be necessary to complete the Secondary School Course. The Bursary is available only on condition that it be take up promptly at the abovementioned school. Yours faithfully P. Board, Chairman, Bursary Endowment Board.

Students may select a State High, or District School in which provision is made for a 4 year course, or a Secondary School registered under the Bursary Endowment Act. In choosing a registered school it is to be understood that the matter of fees is one entirely between the Bursary winner & the school authorities. If a State School be chosen, it should be, if practicable one convenient to the student's home.

In the case of Bursary holders who must necessarily live away from home in order to attend the school they have chosen—selected the allowance will be £30 for the first year's course, £30 for the second, £40 for the third & £50 for the fourth year's course. Text books will be supplied to Bursars attending State High or District Schools. Bursary holders at Registered Schools are advised to purchase their own text-books &
apply to the Chairman of the Bursary Endowment Board for a refund. Receipted accounts should be furnished in each case, accompanied by a certificate from the teacher that the books are necessary for the school course, & that they are actually in the possession of the Bursar. Birth certificate to be produced if not already forwarded.

Mr. Josiah Cocking, No. 7, Henson Avenue, Mayfield.

(Answered Feb 24th, 1917.)

COPY OF A LETTER FROM PEARL TOMLINSON—(Jack Reed's daughter): "Iwana, Hermitage-Flat, Lithgow. 8th May—

Copy of a letter from Pat O'Grady:
Adelaide, S.A. Aug. 5th, 1917.

Dear Old Joe & Mrs Cocking, I have had a few surprises in my somewhat chequered career but none more pleasant than that experienced when I handed your delightful letter last night. I was delighted. Your letter is dated July 29th, & I received it Aug. 4th. Now that is not too bad; & I daresay its journey came to an end quite as rapidly as you expected. It was like this—Roy Tom, who was born at Federal Terrace, Wallaroo Mines, while you still lived there in 1900—runs a hairdressing saloon in Flinders street, in the A.W.U. buildings. My union meets also in the A.W.U. Hall. I am president of my union. The fact is known to most of the secretaries at the trades Hall, where the letter was addressed to. The fact that Tom is Roy Tom is also pretty generally known at T.H. Someone of those secs probably told the postman all about it, & as Mr. Dooley would say, "there you are!" Anyhow I read the welcome letter on Saturday evening last.

Well, I am glad to have heard from you again. I am not sure whether I had any letter from you, or you from me, since I came to Adelaide to live, but I have a notion that a letter, or perhaps 2, passed. You ask how we have been getting on during "all these silent years". Well, considering everything, "meddlin" as Cousin John would say, I had a bit of a struggle "fust along". Hod-carrying is not easy; & I found that the weight of 12 heavy bricks on the shoulder, almost continuously, caused what I thought was rheumatism, but which I have reason to believe was merely defective circulation of blood; because directly I gave up the hod-carrying the pains vanished—almost. I have been now for over 4 years employed in breweries. I am now at the Walkerville brewery at Southwark—near Hindmarsh.—one of the Western suburbs. It is the largest snake-juice factory in the State.
I have been there just over 3 years & now regard myself as an old hand. As I stated above, I am President of the Liquor Trades Union. Will, the eldest boy, is one of the smartest barbers in Adelaide, & Tom, the youngest boy, is also a barber. Will is on wages—65/- per week; while Tom is in his own saloon & doing fairly well. Kitty, the eldest girl, is married & at present living with her husband. His name is Arthur W. Hill, a jiu jitsu teacher. Frank, the second boy, is in camp, & is at present at Maribyrnong camp in Victoria, but expects to be leaving for England either this month or next. He has been in khaki about 11 months now. Of course he is of age & did not need to have my consent, which I need not tell you I would not have been given, I had not even a chance to persuade him not to enlist, as he enlisted one Saturday afternoon & told me about it on the following Monday evening. Anyhow he has dodged the transport for about 1 year, & I am confident that he will come through without having fired a shot. He is in the Artillery. Alice is with us at home, & is working at a clothing factory. She gets 25/- a week.

She is not yet married, but there is a certain young man who seems more than casually interested in her. She is the second girl—you know "Curley". And last, but not least by a caskful, comes Nora. I must devote a whole paragraph to Nora. She is the baby. She came to us while we were living at Kadina after we left the Mines 9 years ago last April. Tom, the then baby, was 8 years old at the time, & we naturally thought he would remain baby; but Nora persisted in elbowing him aside, & is now firmly established as the baby. Tom got the huff & grew up—grew up to such purpose that he is now the tallest in the family. We have only the 6; 3 boys & 3 girls. They are all strong & healthy, although Alice looks somewhat thin lately. The Mother is well & hearty; & I have not been better these 20 years. I eschew tobacco & refrain from tea-drinking, while intoxicants I take very very sparingly—usually a glass at knock off time, & sometimes I even forget that one. But since I have knocked off smoking & tea-drinking I have felt a new man.

I have just returned home from a Socialist lecture on "Palliatives" by Victor Cromer at A.W.U. Hall, & it is now nearly midnight; so if you will excuse me I will postpone any further disclosures till next time.

I hope you will condescend to write occasionally, & not stop abruptly as you did before. Give my best respects to your good wife & the rest of your now alarmingly numerous progeny. Tell boy Jose that I remember him all right. A Kadina (Jerusalem) woman, Mrs Clinch, is staying a few weeks with us, & she tells me that poor old Tom Barrett died a few weeks ago. As we so often move into new add—
resses you had better always always always--address P. O'Grady, c/o 16 Franklin Street, Adelaide, South Australia
Yours P. O'Grady."

(Answered August 13th, 1917.)

"COPY of a letter to Jose from McIlroy:-
"From P. H. McIlroy, "The Home-craft Shop", 365-7,
Swanston Street, Melbourne, Sept. 17th 1917.
Mr. J. Cocking, Newcastle. Your letter re boiler fittings to hand, but regret that I am not able to quote
on Model boiler fittings, as I have no stock, & do not anticipate being able to replenish until some time after
the close of the war. Yours truly P. H. McIlroy.
To J. Cocking, No. 10 Henson Avenue, Mayfield, Newcastle

COPY OF Aunt Grace Perkins' letter to Josiah Cocking,
10 Henson Avenue, Mayfield, :-
Jenkins Terrace, Redruth, Oct. 3rd, 1917. Dear Nephew & Neice, Many thanks for your kind & ever-welcom letter
which I was very glad to receive, also to see you are all enjoying good health. As for myself I am fairly well, but Walter is very poorly. Many thanks for the photo. I think he is a fine boy. Thanks also for the picture book; it passes the time away nicely. I was very glad to see that Jose is getting on so well. I hope he will succeed.
I see he has to drill. This war is awfully bad; we wish it was over. Very glad to see that your brother Jack is getting on alright; also his wife & children. We are very glad to see that Rob is out of the hospital & has started to work at the Steelworks. I see his housekeeper is back with him again. Well, dear, the times here are dreadfully bad. We don't know what will be done if the war lasts much longer. The prices of food are awful. The men are not half paid for their labor. Walter has not done anything for months, as he is sick. Well, the air-raids have done some damage in London again this week. People are afraid to live there. We hope you & your boys will never have to go to war. Well, dear, we have had a lovely Summer; but it is started Winter—quite dark & cold. I have not had a letter from Robert since I heard from you last, nor have I heard from Chili. Your letter was 3 months coming. I hope you will get this sooner, as the mails are not regular since the war. I suppose by this time you are getting on fine with your house. We should very much like to come out there & see it, but we can not walk out there. Will you kindly send a photo of it when you have time? We should like to see it very much. Well, we hope these few lines will find you in the very best of health. Remember us to Jack & Rob & all the rest. We should very much like to have a letter from them; also from your Father. Must
now come to a close with fondest love from your ever loving Aunt Grace & Uncle Walter. Goodbye. And now may God be with you until we meet. Hope to hear from you again soon. Mabel Harry wishes to be remembered to you all, xxx xxx xxx xxxxxx for the children. (Answered 26c-14th second, 1917.)

COPY of a letter from Pearl Tomlinson:-
"Iwana, Hermitage Flat, Lithgow, 6th May, 1918.

Dear Aunty & Uncle, I received your ever-welcome letter. Was glad to see by it that you were all well, as this leaves me the same. Aunty, dear, it must be a hard strain on you to keep all those children. You only had Joe when you were here. I would not know him if I saw him; he is quite a young man. Aunty do try to get Joe to have his photo taken. I am frightened of breaking the glass I am so ugly. Do send me Uncle's, your own, & Joe's photo. I suppose Uncle got quite a shock when you told him that I had written to you. Your baby is a darling little boy; who is he like-- Uncle, or yourself?. Kate is alright. Her eldest son, Will, has been at the war 4 years. He has been wounded twice. Poor old Granny is not too well; she is fretting a lot over poor dear Mum. Uncle Ted & all are well. I will now draw to a close, Aunty, dear, with love & kisses from your ever-loving niece, Pearl, xxx xxx xxx xxxxxx Remember me to Joe & all the others. For darling little babyxxx. I might come down at Christmas."

COPY of a letter from Harry Holland:-
"House of Representatives, New Zealand. June 18th, 1918.

Dear Joe, By to-day's Australian mail I received your very welcome letter. I recognised your handwriting at once. I need not tell you that both Mrs Holland & myself were delighted to hear from you. In Feb. of this year I fought the Wellington campaign against the Government candidate, J.P.Luke, Mayor of Wellington; & in spite of the fact that the Prime Minister, Mr Massey, & Sir Joseph Wood came into the fight on Luke's behalf we succeeded in reducing the Tory Liberal majority from 4757 in 1914 to 414 in 1918. Wellington North is the Potts Point of New Zealand; & the 2600 votes I polled there alarmed the Government. The Wellington North fight was undoubtedly the greatest battle ever fought by Labor in these Islands. When the Government vacancy occurred as a result of the jailing of Paddy Webb there was a unanimous demand that I should accept the candidacy, & my election was unanimous. In each previous election Paddy had been returned with Liberal support. This time the Tories & Liberals united behind a Liberal candidate, & the fight was straight out on 3 issues: Socialism v Capitalism; Anti-Conscription v Conscription; Peace & negotiation v War to the bitter end. You can imagine how bitterly the enemies of Labor fought. They poured out lies & slanders
night & day, & left no effort unmade to involve me under the War Regulations. The campaign (my second within 3 months) was far more bitter & strenuous than was Wellington North, & the whole Labor Movement is agreed that the victory was the greatest ever won by Labor in New Zealand -- because it was the first time that Labor had ever succeeded in defeating the Tories & Liberals in a straight-out fight. So acrimonious was the campaign that I have been more or less ill ever since.

But I have spoken at a number of demonstrations, & am booked for Auckland (400 miles away) next Sunday. Shortly I shall be touring New Zealand on an organising tour-campaign. The smash-up at Waitu in 1912 & the defeat of the general strike in 1913, & the general anti-Labor nature of the War Regulations have convinced most of us that Labor solidarity is the essential; & we are working more or less unitedly to this end. The industrial organisations have a long way to go before solidarity is achieved. The Arbitration Court on the one hand, & the reactionary viewpoint of the chief officials of some of the larger organisations on the other hand, militate against complete solidarity. On the political field we have the trade unions, the Socialist organisations, & women's & other societies organised into Labor Representation Committees with a National Executive located in Wellington, & which take the field under the name of the New Zealand Labor Party. Its objective is Socialisation of the means of Production, Distribution, & Exchange. & I of its main planks is Repeal of Conscription. Here in Wellington the active propagandist party of Socialism is the Social Democratic Party (Marxian) & we run lectures every Thursday & Sunday evening. It was the Social Democratic Party influence that succeeded in getting the Socialist objective adopted by the Labor Party when it was first formed. But I must bring this scrawl to a close.

I thank you for your sound advice & shall endeavor to make good on the floor of the House.

Mrs Holland sends love to Mrs Cocking. Your family, like ours, will be growing up now. With every good wish. Yours fraternaly H. F. Holland.

COPY of letter from Newcastle Water Board:--

"Hunter District Water Supply & Sewerage Board. Newcastle N. S. W. HOUSE CONNECTION FORM.

29th July, 1918. Tenders invited for house connection to sewer. Sir, Referring to your application for a plan of drainage & estimate of cost for connecting the under-mentioned property with the Board's sewer:--

Location of the property.

Situated in-- Henson Avenue.

Municipality of-- Waratah.

Occupied by-- Mr J. Cocking."
Owned by—Mr. J. Cocking. Registered number—17,248. Drainage plan No. 9,695.
I beg to advise that the drainage plan & specifica-
tions have been prepared & tenders for the work invited.
These tenders will be opened at the Board’s offices,
Newcastle, at 10 a.m. on Saturday the 3rd proximo, &
the applicant & tenderers may be present if they so de-
sire. Alfred E. Fry, secretary. Mr. J. Cocking, Henson Av-

COPY of a letter from Aunt Grace:—
"To Mr. Josiah Cocking, Henson Avenue, Mayfield. July 31
1918. Dear Nephew & niece, Many thanks for your ever-wel-
come letter, which I was so glad to receive, also to hear
you are all quite well. I am very well at present, but Un-

Cocking, 1, Cocking Avenue, North Waratah."

closenecle Walter is still very sick. He does not seem to be im-

proving. Well, dear, we received the order alright, & many
thanks for it. I am sure it’s very kind of you. I hope you
will never want it. Also the illustrated papers. They are
very nice to look at; & Mabel Harry also thanks you very
much. I am very sorry to tell you that Walter has not worked
for 12 months, & everything is such a price. But we must make
the best of it. The war is still going on; we wish it was over
so many being killed. We hope you won’t have to go. Well,
Josiah, we were very glad to hear about Jose. We hope he will
get on. We are glad to hear that Charlie is getting better.,
& we hope he will improve. We see he is learning to play a
brass instrument: that’s alright. Very glad to hear your family
is getting on so well. Well, we see that your brother Bob is
working at the Steelworks: also his 2 boys. We hope they will
get on alright. Remember us to him. We were very sorry to hear
about little Walter; but we hope these few lines will find him
& all the rest in the very best of health. You said you wish
we were there with you. We would like to very much, but we know
we shall not be able to cross now. We are sorry we have kept you
so long without writing, but M. Harry has been very sick & cou-

ld not write. Hope you will excuse us. There is a lot of sickn
home here. They call it the Flu. They say it’s in the air, per-
haps; so I hope you don’t get it, anyhow. Well, dear, news is v

ery scarce home here, as everything is very quiet. We are hav-
ing lovely weather at present, but we have had a lot of rain

The doctor said it is good; it will wash away the compla-

ints. Hope you & your wife & children will enjoy the very

best of health. I am glad to say I had a letter from my
brother Robert; & he is much better. He sent me a photo
of his eldest son; he is in the navy. We hope you &
your family will prosper. We know you have a large one.
Must close with fondest love & kisses from your loving
Aunt Grace & Uncle Walter. Love to the children from
M. Harryxxxxxxx. Walter. P.s. Hope to hear from
m you soon. Love to all xxxxxxx.
COPY of a letter from W. Jose:

36 Webster Street, Bendigo, Victoria, Oct. 20th 1918.
To Mr. J. Cocking, Henson Avenue, North Waratah, N. S. W. Dear Sir, Your kind, informative letter to hand of Oct. 13th. I wish to tender you my sincere thanks for giving me the benefit of your experience re Mr. Rice's treatment for rupture. I was very pleased to hear that your testimonial in his pamphlet is genuine.
& as you say you never kept a copy I will write it here as it appears in his pamphlet:—"Just a few lines to express my gratitude for the painless cure you have effected. Before ordering your treatment I wrote to a gentleman in Victoria who replied that his reported cure was quite true. That gave confidence; & I sent for your appliance & lymphol, which was promptly despatched; & I obtained immediate relief. During the time that I used the treatment I worked hard & in awkward positions, & the appliance was always comfortable. Since I have been cured I have applied for admission into a Friendly Society, & when the doctor was making the preliminary examination I reminded him of the rupture for which he treated me when I first suffered from it. He declared that I was cured."
Your testimonial attracted my attention, as your age is about the same as mine, & my occupation has been the same—mining—although I am not working underground at present. I have been ruptured now about two years, & am wearing the ordinary truss. I have been greatly encouraged by your experience & advice to try Dr. Rice's treatment; & as I am a total abstainer from liquor, & have been practically all my life, & my occupation is now light, & at my own time, I think I have a fair chance of being cured. Why the professional doctors cannot do the same as Dr. Rice puzzles me; evidently he possesses knowledge they know nothing about. Anyway, at a later date I will let you know how I get on under Dr. Rice's treatment. Yours thankfully, W. Jose."

COPY of my letter to the Temperance & General Society:—
"No. 10 Henson Avenue, North Waratah, Dec. 3rd, 1918.
To Mr. J. McK. Henry, General Manager & Secretary, Temperance & General Mutual Life Insurance Society, 301, Pitt Street, Sydney, N. S. W. Dear Sir, I am writing these few lines to notify you that I met with an accident yesterday evening at about 5 o'clock whilst at work at the Steelworks at Port Waratah. I am not able to work, & shall probably be unable to work for a week or more. The accident happened through a loose board being placed over a pit where I had to work; & when I stood on the board it gave way with me, & I fell & badly bruised my right leg. I was treated by Mr. C. Salter, the ambulance man at the Steelworks, & he sent me home in a
sulky. I have been in bed almost ever since. Dr Crotch called to day & told me to rest the leg, as it was badly bruised. He also gave me a certificate, which I enclose with this. The accident was not due to my neglect, as the board appeared to be in its usual place. In compliance with clause 6 of the conditions of my policy, I wish to inform you that my weekly earnings during the last 3 months have been three pounds, ten shillings & seven pence, & I shall not receive more than that from any society, or other source, on account of the accident. If you require any more proof than the doctor's certificate that I am unable to work through an accident, I will try to furnish it. My policy number is 730,569, & the date of sealing is 4/6/15.

Thanking you in anticipation for further instructions re my claim, I am, Sir, Yours sincerely, Josiah Cocking.

COPY of typed letter from Harry Holland:-

"N.Z. Library, General Assembly, Jan. 7th, 1919.

Dear Mr. & Mrs. Cocking, for Christmas card & accompanying message. We appreciate both very much. You ask how we are progressing. Well, as far as the Labor & Socialist movement is concerned we are sweeping along. I am posting you a copy of last "Worker" with a record of last year's successes. In the recent session of Parliament we got in some good work; but I fell a victim to influenza plague & lost 3 weeks of opportunity. My principal speeches were on the Address-in-Reply (limited to one hour) the Austrian surrend er, -- in which I explained the Capitalist basis of warfare & dealt with the secret treaties; the bill to impose disabili ties on aliens; & the bill to disfranchise conscientious objectors. (limited to ½ hour on each of the 3 last 3 occasions). Peter Fraser & I put on record matter that had never previously been read in Hansard. On some occasions there was intense bitterness displayed by our opponents. They were almost flabbergasted when we told them we cheerfully accepted the brand of revolutionary socialist. I shall endeavor to send you a Hansard with the Austrian speech. The Hansard reporters are not always accurate, but generally speaking the reports are correct. The exposure made by myself of the treatment of the Conscientious Objectors at Wanganui barracks created a sensation, & the officer responsible has been suspended, & is to be court-martialled. But the court-martial is not going to result in anything. He will be tried by his fellow military officers, & you know what that means. Early next month the whole Labor Party -- 5 Representatives & 1 member of the Legislative Council -- will be touring New Zealand on a propaganda campaign. We are insisting that the M.P. shall be organiser; & the free passes are to be issued to this end. I bring with all good wishes for all the best the New Year. Yours fraternally, H.E. Holland.
I COPY of a letter from Aunt Grace Perkins:-

"Jenkins Terrace, Redruth, Cornwall, Feb. 25th, 1919

Dear Nephew, Just a few lines hoping they will find you all in the very best of health. As for myself I am fairly well, but Uncle Walter is very sick, & has been for some time. There is a lot of sickness here. Glad to hear your children are making good progress. Let us hope they will continue. Sorry to hear there has been so much sickness there, but hope you & your wife & family will enjoy the best of health. Well, we have had a lot of rain this Winter, & very cold, but hope very soon we shall have Summer. The weather has been awful. Uncle Walter has not done any work for 12 months, & is in bed at present. Well, dear, we thank you very much for the Christmas card, & glad to hear you had a merry one; but it was much better here than it has been for years. Now the war is over everything seems to be different; but the prices of things are awful. We don't know how to live, but hope it will soon be better. Well, give our love to Bob & tell him I would like to have a letter from him.

I had a letter from Uncle Robert. Glad to tell you he is a lot better, & wishes to be remembered to you. Well, I have not much news this time. Hoping these few lines will find you all in the very best of health. Hope you will not keep us long, as we are always waiting to hear from you. Remember us to all. Hope the children are all well. I must now close for the time with fondest love from your ever-loving Aunt & Uncle. Good bye, xxxxxxxxx. Dear Friend, many thanks for the card you sent me. Wishing you a happy & prosperous New Year, I remain Yours sincerely, Mabel Harry. P.S. Hope to hear from you soon. Many thanks for the books; I was so pleased to receive them, as it passes the time away. Love from Aunt Grace.xxx.

(Answered May, 1919.)

COPY of a letter from Editor Vaisey:-


Dear Comrade, Thanks very much for recent contributions. I enclose a clipping from "Daily Telegraph", which I think you could make something out of. If you study it a little you will get the hang of it. Wishing you well,

Yours fraternally, Vaisey.

P.S. I have secured the "International Socialists" you sent me some time ago. I will return them probably next Sunday. V.

The clipping is as follows:-

"BOLSHEVIK SOLDIERS.

"WE DON'T INTEND TO PAY."

Melbourne, Thursday.—That Bolshevik teachings have influenced some of the soldiers settlers in Victoria to such an extent that they are now contemplating the repudiation of the debts they owe to the Government,
was announced by the Minister for Lands, Mr. F. Clarke, in the course of an address to a conference of representatives of soldiers' organisations & business interests. A certain Bolshevik element, said Mr. Clarke, had crept into the Manifold Estate, in the Western district. The men began by asking, not merely for £300 worth of cows, but £1000 worth, & a six-roomed instead of a four-roomed, house. He promptly suggested to them that they were loading themselves up with a heavy debt that they would have great difficulty in whipping off. Three of them, "as boldly as brass", answered, "Pay—we don't intend to pay."

(I wrote some verses on this; for "The Argus", but it ceased publication, so they were not printed; & I did not keep a copy of them.)

COPY of a letter from James Dodd, M.L.C.:--
Legislative Council, Western Australia. Parliament House, Perth, March 23rd, 1919. Mr. J. Cocking. Dear Joe,

I received your card at Christmas time, & wrote you a letter, but, when I came to get the address, found that my wife, like all other women, had put it away so safely that it could not be found. However, it was discovered this week in a drawer. I was glad to know you are still alive, & trust your injury will not prove permanent. You seem to be having the influenza over there, & I am afraid fear is the worst factor in the disease, & does an immense amount of harm.

Christmas, as you say, is not like the old Wallaroo, & I have heard few carols, or "curls", since leaving the old town. After all Wallaroo in the old days could show a few points to up-to-date industrialism. More work is done in Broken Hill & Kalgoorlie in one shift than in two of old Wallaroo; & they had a 40 hour week on 2 shifts. They have such now.

I had young Captain Hancock out to see me last September. He seems far & away above the average manager, & has effected wonderful improvements. Here our miners are dying very fast with miners' disease. In Wallaroo Mines there is very little of it. Speaking of school anniversaries, I have a letter before me asking me to speak at one in Boulder at Easter time. I don't preach, but sometimes give an address in a church. Politically matters are very mixed everywhere, & the ending of war always results in such a state. I am not now a member of any party. I may join up with the National Laborites, but I am heartily sick of all parties. The U.L.P. seems to me to be the limit in hypocrisy, & the others are not much better. They are continually fighting for places, & quarrelling over non-essential things, neglecting the great issues at stake. Thousands preach Socialism who, when it is put into practice prove anti-Socialists. Contract work is bad in many respects, but compare the old "omn"
Jabez E. Dodd's account" (owner's account) with contract & ask yourself if any mine could ever pay on the owner's account system. I am more of a Single Taxer than anything else. The land question is the root of all; & Senator Grant has got a good grasp of the subject. I suppose you have studied the question. If not, get hold of Henry George's books on the question & have a go at it. & I am satisfied that a lot of preconceived opinions will go overboard. We have got one boy back from the war, & the other one was alright when we heard last. I saw Mat Charlton here some time ago. He seems to be a very good man. I have had a very bad time the last two years. Up till 6 months ago I was unable to move for months & have a look at you. I have some friends over there now— a Mr. & Mrs. Briggs. The lady is Mat Charlton's sister. Billy Reynolds from Matta Flat is living near me now. Well, I hope yourself & family are well. I should love to have a reunion of those who are left of our old picky boy crew. They were a good lot. Yours sincerely Jabez E. Dodd.

George Kellow & Jack Humphreys died here the other day.

COPY of a letter from editor Macdonald:—
"The Daily Standard", the Labor Daily Newspaper Company Ltd Adelaide Street Brisbane, April 10th, 1919. Mr. J. Cocking. Dear Sir, We have versifiers on our staff, so are not requiring anything in that direction unless it is short & particularly good. I have referred your suggestion re music printing to our manager, & have also sent him the/- note for copies of the paper. Sincerely yours T. Macdonald, editor.

COPY of a letter from A. Vernon:—
The United Labourers Protective Society, Trades Hall, Sydney, 16th April 1919. Mr. J. Blackford, Secretary, U.L.P. Society. Sir & Bro. Your letter to hand explaining Bro. Jos. Cocking's case: also Mrs. certificate was laid before the Executive last evening, & I have been directed by resolution to inform you that they cannot recommend the payment of accident pay as the time having elapsed according to the rules of the society. Yours fraternally Arthur Vernon, Gen. Secty.

COPY of letter accompanying that above:—
"4 Cleary Street, Hamilton, 22/4/19. United Laborers Protective Society. To Mr. J. Cocking. Dear Sir, I beg most respectfully to inform you that your case was dealt with by the Executive. I also forwarded it on to the parent society of the A.P.S., & I regret to say that owing to the time having elapsed, according to rule they cannot recommend the pay
ment of accident money. I sincerely regret your misfortune, but feel sure you must understand my position. Like yourself, only a servant carrying out instructions. Enclosed you will find a copy of the reply sent me by the general secretary of Sydney. Again expressing my sympathy with you, I am yours respectfully J. Blackford, Branch Secretary.

(The explanation of these letters is that I joined the United Laborers, & shortly afterwards met with an accident that kept me off work for 12 weeks. I did not know that according to the rules I was entitled to a pound a week; but I discovered the fact after I started to work again, & I then applied for the 12 pounds that I should have been paid; but I had unwittingly violated a rule by not sooner sending a claim & a doctor's certificate; so the executives took advantage of my ignorance & refused to pay me.)

COPY of Sister's letter:-
Reed Avenue, Lithgow, April, 1919. Dear Joe & Jinny,
Just a few lines to let you know that poor old Grandad passed away peacefully on Saturday at half past 12 o'clock. I have written all particulars to Jack, & he will tell you everything. This epidemic has cast a gloom over everything, although, thank God it was not that that our dear old Father died with. Will you please write me the name of his Father & his Mother's maiden name if you know it; also where he was born. I have his marriage certificate, but want all other particulars for his insurance. When I receive them & all is fixed up we will get nearly 12 pounds, which will be a very big help to Jim. We did all we could to keep him with us, but God wanted him; & our loss is his gain, for if anyone deserves a Heaven it was our Dad. My heart seems broken, for I miss him so much. Don't fail to drop me a line, Joe, Your loving Sister, E. J. Pettigrew.

P. S. Since writing this yesterday, which I could not post, Ethel Pettigrew's little girl, 18 months old, has died. We are all well so far, but there is a terrible lot of sickness & death everywhere. I will write again when I get settled.

COPY of a letter from Sister to Brother Jack:-
"Reed Avenue, Lithgow, April 30th 1919.
Dear Brothers & Sisters. I am writing these few lines to let you know that at last I have lost my dear old Father. He started to fail the week after you left, & he never rallied. He had a horrible cough; & I got him to go to bed. Jim got the doctor in & he gave Dad medicine, & I rubbed his back & chest continually. He was only in bed 3 days. He had a little to eat the day before he died, but at sunset he seemed to lose consciousness.
He only spoke twice after that—once to ask what time it was, & once to say that he would not be long now. I did not see him go myself; Nellie & Jim did.

He just took two long breaths, & was gone. He had no pain from the first; only a fight to get his breath. Jim sat up 2 whole nights with him & never left him until the last. Jack, there is only God that knows how I shall miss him. I feel my heart is broken, for I loved him dearly. He never did a wrong thing to anyone, & was no trouble. We had no funeral at all, as the undertakers are too busy with this dreadful plague. His death certificate has senile decay on it, so it was not plague that took him from us, I am thankful to say.

We got the hearse, & it took him away at 9 o'clock this morning. You will feel it as hard as I do that you could not have had a funeral; but he is just as happy as if he had a large funeral. They are charging double for everything now; & it will cost us about 14 pounds to give him even the funeral he had. You can rest assured that we did all we could to keep him with us; but we ought to be thankful that we are spared at all. This epidemic is terrible here. I don't know how it is down there. Florrie has been in bed a fortnight with ordinary influenza, & Lizzie has had it too; & Nell & I are nearly run down. After you left us our baby was nearly gone. He had an awful time; & we had the 4 of them in bed. Thank God the others are better now; & my poor old Dad is safe with Mother. We are indeed orphans now, but we can only strive to live so that we shall all meet again.

We got a nice black coffin with silver mountings; & we have the number of the ground he is buried in so that we can visit him when we are able. I cannot write any more now, Jack, but I want you to let the others know. Jim tried to wire to you on Friday evening— Saturday evening, but owing to the holidays he could not do so. I will now conclude, hoping to hear from you soon, & remain your Sister in sorrow, F. J. Pettigrew.

(Answered May 19th, 1919.)

COPY of a letter from D. Baker:

"The Broken Hill Proprietary Co. Iron & Steel Works, Newcastle, 25th April, 1919. To Mr. Josiah Cocking, 10 Henson Avenue, Mayfield.

SUGGESTIONS.

Dear Sir, Referring to your letter of April 2nd containing a number of suggestions, I have to advise that suggestion No. 1,—Additional door on ore shutes— is not considered practicable on account of the duplication of levers required. Suggestions 2 & 3. The doors on the larry cars are supposed to be repaired each time a car is taken off, & should be kept reasonably tight. Suggestion 4 is considered a good
sidered a good one, & I have asked Mr. Noyes to give it a trial. Concerning suggestion No. 5 I have to say that each department on the plant is under the management of a person who is responsible for the results obtained in that plant, & therefore it should not be necessary to appoint any other man than the Works Superintendent to supervise the operations of any department; & if a man were appointed to do this he would simply create friction with the superintendents of the different departments. The suggestion, therefore, is rejected. Yours truly David Baker, Manager.

COPY of a letter from W. Collins:-
"The Labor Daily Newspaper Company, Limited, Proprietors of "The Daily Standard", 233 Adelaide Street, Brisbane, 28th April, 1919. To Mr. Jos. Cocking, 10 Henson Avenue, North Waratah, near Newcastle, N.S.W. Dear Sir, Enclosed pleased find receipt for 1/-, amount received from you for paper forwarded, & which we trust reached you safely. With regard to printing, we have to advise that we do not undertake this kind of work, but thank you for giving us the opportunity of executing your order. Yours faithfully, The Labor Daily Newspaper Co. Ltd. W. Collins, acting secretary."

COPY of Maria Allen's letter:-
"Wallaroo, 5th May, 1919. Dear Cousin, Your letter came as a great surprise to day, & I am taking the liberty of answering it on behalf of Mother who is not able to do so. Within the last month she has lost her memory. She remembers her brothers & her sisters, & has almost gone back to childhood. Her state of mind has been brought on through trouble & worry. Her youngest son, Ted, went to the war & is still away. It played on her mind; & she is far from strong in body; so that we may expect her going from us at any time. We only hope she will be spared to see her son again. I am her daughter Maria. You will remember me, I expect. I lost my eldest son through the cursed war. He died on arrival in England of meningitis. Harry lost his wife nearly 2 years ago. He has a good position as Foreman Stevedore on the wharf. He was very much attached to his wife, & feels it keenly. It would take too long to give you all details of the family. I don't know if you know of Aunt Jane Hancock's death two years & a half ago. Her family with their families are living in Wallaroo Mines. Uncle Steve Giles is still at Broken Hill. He is also very feeble in mind & body. Aunt Lizzie Vercoe is also there. I will write to them & try to get the information you want. You have my deepest sympathy in your loss. It is very hard to lose even the aged. I can never get over the loss of my darling boy. It has taken all the interest of life from me. I have another boy just turned 20, & a girl 23. She was on a visit to Sydney & the Blue Mountains, but had to hurry home on
account of quarantine regulations & her duties. She is a music teacher, & has done well in her profession.

I must conclude my letter. I am not much at letter-writing now; so you must make the best of it. Dad is still living; he is a tough old customer, but failing now. Hoping you will get the information you want, with kindest regards I remain your Cousin M. Allen, Hughes Street, Wallaroo, South Australia."

COPY of a letter from Aunt Eliza Giles:

"McGowan Street, Broken Hill, May 11th, 1919.
My Dear Nephew & Neice, Just a few lines in answer to your sympathising letter which I received, & I was very pleased to hear from you. Steve is not too well, but he has not lost his memory. He is very feeble on his legs. He said he thought his brother Charlie was dead before, as he has not heard anything about him for a long time. Please will you write & let us know how poor old Charlie died? Did he die peacefully, or did he have a hard death? What was his proper age? Steve said he must have been about 80 or 82. We had a letter from Vie (Maria) & she asked us if we knew Charlie's Mother's maiden name. Steve knew her name: he said it was Maria Sturgess. When you write please let us know how all the relations are getting on. We have just buried our eldest son, Charlie he died of a cancer; & my youngest daughter has buried her 2 young children in 5 weeks. So we have been having a lot of bad luck lately. My other boy, Steve, has been away to the front for about 3 years, & is coming home this month. He has not had any trouble up to the present time. I will still remain your loving Aunt Eliza Giles. No. 543, McGowan St., Broken Hill, N.S.W, We are writing to Vie later.
(Answered May 22nd 1919. A copy of the above was sent to Sister on the 19th of May.)

COPY of a letter from J.S. Garden:

"The Workers' Industrial Union of Australia.
One Big Union Organising & Propaganda Committee; Labor Council, Trades Hall, Sydney, 28th May, 1919.

Dear Comrade, Enclosed please find official receipt for 1/- Paper will be sent till the sub is cut out. Thank you for the poetry. I handed the verses over to the editor. They were too late to appear this issue, but will be submitted for the July edition. Trusting you will receive the "O.R.U." O.K. Yours for the Cause, J.S. Garden, Secretary. Committee: A.W. Willis (President); A. Rutherford; J. Kilburn; F.F. Judd; A. Rae; O. Schreiber; W. Morby; R.W. Ogressoran; A.C. Edwards; J. Howie; A. McPherson; C. Burns; G. McCarthy; G. Neilson; C. Thompson."
COPY of a letter from D. Healey:

"Socialist Labor Party, Rawson Building near Pitt St. Sydney. To Mr. Josiah Cocking, Dear Comrade, Many thanks for your subscription of 3 shillings to "The Revolutionary Socialist" & for your interesting little poem I think that it will be very suitable for publication, although I cannot say what the other members of the Press Committee think yet. With best wishes, D. Healey, financial secretary."

Copy of a letter from T. Audley:

"One Great Union of all Wage-Workers.

An injury to one is an injury to all.


Publishing offices; 44 Victoria St. Melbourne, Box 12, P.O., South Melb. Aug. 30th, 1919.

To J. Cocking, Newcastle, N.S.W. Dear Fellow-Worker, Your letter received. Yes, I received your P.N. note for 2/-, & I forwarded on to you 3 copies of August issue of "O. R. U. Herald". The pamphlet, "New Democracy" is not ready, being held up by the strike. No printer would do the work; in fact we had a job to get the Herald out. Anyhow, a copy will be sent on to you as soon as possible; & as I presume you did not receive the 3 copies of the Herald I will send you another lot. You mentioned about a poem in your letter. I did not receive any. The last one was on Paul Freeman, & that was used. I am glad to report that the W.I.U. is making headway here, & I only wish it was making the same headway in all the States. Like yourself, I am convinced that the W.I.U. has got the goods, & is the soundest industrial union there is. The W.I.U. is making good progress in U.S.A., Canada, & Great Britain, & has lately pulled off some successes in U.S.A. I would be pleased if you would let me know of anyone who you think would sell the "O.R.U. Herald" for us in Newcastle; & I would get in touch with them. Trusting that you will still continue to favor us with matter for the "Herald". Yours frankly, Thomas Audley."

(Answered Sep. 3rd; addresses sent.)

COPY of Mrs. Jones' letter to Mum:

"Helensburgh, 11/9/1919. Dear Mary Jane, I was more than pleased to hear from you, & that you & your husband & family are so well & happy. I am going through Newcastle next Saturday on my way to Murrurundi to my son's, so if you would care to see me I would love to see you to come to the station. I am sure you will know me. I will look out for you. I will hold a flower in my hand. The train leaves"
Sydney, at 9 o'clock Saturday morning. I hope you receive this note in time. I will tell you all the news when we meet. So, good bye till I see you. Best love from your old friend Mrs. M. Jones. P. S. I will bring you a photo with me.

COPY of Jabez Dodd's letter:

"125 Raglan Road, North Perth, 15 Sep. 1919.

Owing to being particularly busy in writing during the first part of the year, & an extra turn with my old enemy in the Winter, I have failed to fulfil my obligation to write to you. I thank you very much for your recipes for treatment; I have now commenced a partial trial of one of them. The others have been used in some form or other; & I honestly believe it will be difficult to find any remedy, I am unacquainted with. My trouble, unfortunately, is said to be microbic, & is termed rheumatoid arthritis, the very worst form of rheumatism. I made good improvement last Summer & Spring, but the Winter has beaten me again. However, I am like Henly, the consumptive poet, & shall not yet give in, although the task is pretty hard at times. I have simply toiled for doctors the past 9 years. I am glad you were better when you last wrote; & sorry to hear that poor old Charley Giles has passed away. I remember him very well, though it must be 35 or 37 years since I saw him. Personally I never worry over the future state of any decent living man or woman. If there is a God he is too good to inflict punishment upon the vast majority of his creatures who never did an ill deed. Now, Joseph, you say I should get my high ideas out of my head; & you are the same plain Joe C. with corns on your hands. Well, I think I can show more scars, corns, & twisted joints than you can, & these brought about, not altogether by my slavery under Capitalism, but by years of strenuous battling & fighting for industrialism. My trouble is almost solely due to the years of my union secretaryship, battling for compensation, studying in arbitration cases, attending scenes of accident, inquests, & funerals, supervising the union of 2500 men; & a score or other matters, which necessitated an eighteen hour day 6 days a week, & small leisure on Sundays. I do not complain, because there was a lot of pay, & no man ever abused me during my long term, & they treated me well. You pin your faith to Socialism, & I am afraid you or nobody else can define it. I confess to being a Socialist in some things, & a land-taxer in others, & an individualist on many others. Can you tell me whenever Socialism, as commonly understood, has succeeded; or do you believe emulation is ever going to successfully supersede a restricted competition? I do not believe any mine will ever pay under Socialism; & I am awaiting the British Nationalisation settlement with interest. The War-
dilta mine was a fair example of a Socialistic mine; & many of our State enterprises are glaring examples of how not to do things. Not only that, but every stage can show where Socialism in practice does not square with Socialism in theory. Sitting on a verandah, as I have to do, for many weary months in the year, I have a long time to think, read, & see. I notice here 2 systems running side by side; & will try to show you the defects of each. First the evil of unrestricted competition is seen in a different tradesman's cart going to every house delivering wood, bread, meat, groceries, etc... The utter waste, folly, & idiocy of it all is appalling; & organisation is certainly required to alter such a system. Co-operation will, I believe, eventually overcome this problem of distribution. On the other hand I see Socialism in practice. The sewerage mains were completed 3 years ago under State enterprise & day labor. There is here a block, between 2 cross streets, of 16 or 20 houses. They all wanted connection, my own included, & instead of doing that block simultaneously, a motor van would deliver a few bricks in our street, a few more a mile away, & so on. The same course was adopted with timber & plumbing material. Then a gang came along to do the excavating, other men to lay pipes in; after that a man to cement the closet floor & raise the walls a few feet with bricks. This man needed a laborer; then a carpenter put in 2 pieces of timber & 3 half sheets of iron on the roof. A plumber then had to put in the connections; & a plasterer had to plaster a small part of the bathroom. All these men had a boss; & when my little jobs were done they had to go half a mile to do the rest. You or any old picky-boy of Wallaroo Mines, would have done the lot, except the plumbing. The men did a fair day's work, but the job cost = £57:16:0; about twice as much as a contractor would have done it for. Twenty per cent is added for administrative costs. One prominent unionist & Socialist was employed by the Department on the staff, & he found 16/- per day men booking up overtime not worked on a 12/- a day man's house. This experience is not singular by any means; & I am safe in saying it is rife everywhere under State Socialism. You know what miners used to do underground at owner's account in Wallaroo Mines; & where one man will do a fair thing 20 will not. Now, why not concentrate all reform forces on the land question first? That is the main question. Unless land values are returned to the community you can pass a thousand laws & be no further advanced. Other evils can then be attacked if necessary. All the talk of "economic determinism", "class consciousness", fundamental bases & so on is, to my mind so much beating of air. As to the Jap; he may be as good a man as you or me, & better, but his ideals are not ours, & I would not like to see him flood Australia. The contemptible,
sneering, goading policy of many papers towards the Japanese is, however, to be deprecated. Such talk always breeds wars; & I am sorry to say the chief offenders seem to be the Labor papers & Labor politicians. There is one great point about State Socialism also which must not be overlooked, & that is the tremendous power given to politicians to place friends & schemers, Religion, sport, friendship, & a thousand other things, except merit, are responsible for jobs under State enterprises. I have seen some abominable creatures obtain jobs through politicians; & you will find men saying anything to get into parliament, & doing anything to remain there. The real test of fitness is character. Let us socialise our public utilities & settle the land question, & we shall do something. Get rid of unemployment & you get rid of strikes & low wages. When employers are looking for workmen instead of men looking for work, most of our problems will be solved. Ours is a glorious world, full of beauty & all man desires, if we only manage it right. Don’t make the mistake of the French revolutionists & the Bolsheviks, in trying to set it right, & overcome one terror by another, until a new Napoleon will set it right through rivers of blood. Let us try to put a little stamina & character into the legislators, & we shall soon make a forward move.

Well, I have scribbled too long. I will try & send you a speech I recently made in the House on Land value Taxation, & railway freights, I trust you & family are well; likewise your brothers. With kind regards, Yours sincerely, Jabez E. Dodd.

P.S. Dear Joe, sometimes well-meaning friends publish private letters. Please do not publish this. J.E.D.

COPY of a letter to Mum from Mrs. Morris:-

"Lithgow, Oct. 15th 1919. Dear old Friend, Just a line to let you see I have not forgotten you, & never will. I do hope you are all well down your way. We are all well up this way again., I am pleased to say. It takes me a long time to pull together, but if all goes well I am coming over in the cool weather for quite a long time. Mrs. Fowler was telling me she was having a chat to you. It does her good to have a talk to someone lively. She was saying a Mrs. Jones called to see you. Is it the Mrs. Jones that lived near us? --the one you wanted me to get the address of? Well, Mary, it is raining to day: we wanted it very badly. The 8 Hours holiday passed off well; it was a lovely day, for it is a good day’s outing. Well, Mary, I trust Florrie is doing well; also your boys & Mr. Cocking & your dear self. I am not writing any news as Maggie is coming over, & she will tell you all the news. What about coming for a trip when you get a chance? You know where I live, &
you would be real welcome. So now with love from
all to all I remain your old friend, Eliza Morris."

COPY of a letter from the Socialist Labor Party:-
"Socialist Labor Party, Rawson Street; Buildings, Ce-

tral Street, Sydney, 17th Oct, 1919.

Dear Comrade, As you are probably aware, the S.L. P. has
contested every Senate election, except one since Feder-
ation, & the General Executive has decided to contest
the forthcoming election, under the law this party has
to deposit £25 with the nomination form for each can-
didate. This penalty on the expression of opinion on the
political field by socialists is largely an attempt to
prevent us taking part in the elections. We appeal to yo
u to assist us in defeating the ulterior motive which ac-
acted the imposition of this penalty. We understand
that nominations close on Nov. 14th, & the money must be
in before that date. The Executive is asking for 75 mem-
bbers & friends to guarantee one pound each, or to take a
collecting card for obtaining funds. The cards are now
obtainable at Headquarters. We will be pleased if you wil
let us know what you can do in the matter, at your ear-
liest convenience. Fraternally yours, the General Execut-
ive."  

COPY of letter from Aunt Grace Peryns:-- (No date).

Mr. Josiah Cocking, 10 Henson Avenue, Mayfield, Newcastle,
N.S.W. Australia. My Dear Nephew & Neice, With pleasure I
now answer your kind letter. Was glad to see yourself & fam-
ily were well. Trust this will find you the same. I re-
ceived your letter & paper alright, & gave Miss Harry her's.
Mabel has left for America; she is out there before now, so
the paper was sent on to her. Walter is still very bad; weak
as a baby, but don't suffer from any complaint—it's all
weakness. It's more than 2 years now since he has done any
work. The price of living & clothing home here is dreadful;
& the rent is going up. We can hardly live. It's really worse
now than when the war was on. As for myself, I am better than
I have been; but I had a fall 2 months ago & sprained my foot,
so was laid up with it, but glad to say it's a bit better
now. You were saying about your Stepfather's death. It was
sad for his daughter; she must miss him very much. I am sor-
ry for their loss. When you see or write to them give them
our kindest love. I have a kind neighbour; she will write
for me & do all she can, Her Mother & Aunt were reared
with your Mother & went to school with us. I see by your
letter that Robert is to be married. He can't have Mabel
now, but I hope will have a good wife, as he has been so
unfortunate with his wives, poor man! Give him our love
when you see him. We are having lovely weather just now.
We both send our kindest love to you. Ever your loving Aunt & Uncle, Grace & Walter Perkyns.

COPY of a letter to Mum from Mrs. Jones:-
Wilson's Creek, Helensburgh, Sunday, Nov. 23rd, 1919.
Dear Mrs. Cocking, I am sorry to have not written to you before now. I hope you will forgive the neglect, I have been very sick since I came home. I think I got a cold coming home. I am feeling fairly well again now. I hope yourself, husband & family are quite well. I will always like to get a letter from you. I will be at home here till after Christmas. I am getting Mr. Jones' grave done up, so I will not go away until it is completed. It will be completed for Christmas. I have really no news to give you, so accept my warmest wishes for a very happy Christmas & a prosperous new year. From your well-wishing friend, M. Jones. To Mrs. J. Cocking, 10 Henson Avenue, Mayfield, N.S.W.

COPY of Sister Elizabeth Jane's letter:-
Reed Avenue, Lithgow, Dec. 25th 1919.
Dear Brother, Sister, & family, I have just received your welcome letter; also little Jim's cards. When we got our Christmas cards we did miss Jimmy's & Nelly noticed it first. I said "I'm sure they have forgotten him; you see if they don't find it out & send him one after". I knew my brother wouldn't harbour such unjust thoughts of our little comforter. He has grown a beautiful boy, intelligent & bright. His Dad thinks there never was a boy like him. Now, Joe, change the subject. I cannot understand you saying I had not answered your letter, as I answered Joe's the day I got it. I thought I had passed quite out of your life. We are all well here at present, but we nearly lost baby Vera last week. She had enteritis, but she has quite recovered. Rob Woodward is leaving us for Newcastle tomorrow. He doesn't like the pit, & he is going back to his own work again. We shall miss him very much, but he must please himself. I thank you for asking us down to see you, Joe, but it is past our powers of endurance to visit down there yet. I have been out to my child's grave to day, & Joe, I pray that you will never have to suffer what I am suffering. I had her for 24 Christmasses, & to day I have not got her. When I think of the years to come without her I feel my heart almost stop beating. She was to me what your precious first-born was to you; & nobody will ever be to me like her. Her baby is a sweet, frail little thing; & a living reminder of her precious Mother. Florrie is mothering her for me, & if ever there was a good girl she is one. God has indeed provided one to care for a motherless child. Nelly has been working at the laundry ever since Florrie left but she left it yesterday to begin a new life fraught
with perils & changes. She is to be married Jan. 10th to Bob White, a steady, nice boy. She will be married quietly at home at 3 o'clock, & leave for a week's honeymoon in Sydney. She will live with me for a few months to keep near baby, & then go into her own home. There will be no one here to the wedding but Mat & Ada & family. Charley Pettigrew will be best man, & Florrie bridesmaid. Jim is keeping in good health & doing fairly well. How are Jack & family? Is Willie Cocking married yet? I do not get letters from anyone down there but Mrs. Beecher. Ethel Pettigrew is working at the laundry, getting 33/- a week. She is a nice, quiet girl. Uncle Mat is not enjoying good health now. The miners are having 10 days holidays, but he is not going anywhere. Are you still working at the steelworks? Since writing the first part of this letter baby has taken very ill again. She took bad on Christmas eve. The doctor says she will have to be very careful of her. We have to starve her for 48 hours. Poor little soul! She is so frail that I think we shall have hard work to keep her. We have not been outside the house for the whole week. Now, Joe, I must conclude, as Jim & Bob White are painting Nellie's bedroom, & we are very busy. I will send you one of Vera's photos as soon as I get some printed. Bob got some done, but I don't think he has any left. With best wishes for a bright & happy New Year, free from care & sorrow, from Sister Elizabeth Jane Pettigrew.

Dear Joe, I am enclosing a letter I wrote to you on Christmas day, & Lila has just found it in the drawer. I really thought it had been posted. I have been waiting for an answer to it. I don't know what you must think of me (don't write your opinion). Since writing baby has quite recovered, & is just splendid. Also Nellie was married last Saturday week. It was a quiet wedding, Joe; how could it be otherwise? The spirit of our dear lost one seemed to be in the room with us. I wonder does she see us? If so she will know how we miss her. Florrie has gone out to her grave with flowers; also to dear old Grandad's. What an eventful year this has been to us, & what sorrow it has brought! Rob White is working in the pit with Dad, & getting on well. Do you ever see Jack or May? Nellie is sending them a piece of wedding cake: also yourselves write as soon as you can, Joe, (& don't forget to post it). I remain your loving Sister, E. J. Pettigrew.
Bye, & may God be with you until we meet!
With love from Mabel Harry. xxxx P.S. Kindly excuse mistakes."
(Answered Sep. 23, 1910.)

Copy of Sister's letter to Jose;—Read Avenue, Lithgow, 1919.
My Dear Nephew, We were pleased to get your letter to-day, &
you must forgive me not writing before, but Bob & I have torn
up half a writing pad trying to write to our friends, but could
not do so. Our minds have not yet regained their balance, & I
am afraid it will be a long time before we can realise just
what we have lost. I am afraid, Jose, that I loved my precious
girl with a sinfully selfish love, for everyone else has been
forgotten by me since I lost her. No one knows how I suffer,
& I pray constantly for comfort, too. Everywhere I go in the
house I miss her; everything I touch was made by her, & then
her poor little baby is an everlasting reminder.
We never had our clothes off for a fortnight after she was
born, & even now she is a fragile flower. She weighs 8 lbs 6
ounces with her clothes & shawl on. She is coming on slowly,
though, & I hope for her poor Father's sake she will be spa-
red. Poor boy, he is like a snip drifting on endless sea.
He cannot sit or stand in one place; & if he sees me crying
it is the end of him. I have to bury my grief until al-
one.

Poor little Jim has been very ill again with asthma. He
was in bed for 3 days, but he recovers as quickly as he gets
ill. The doctor says it is hereditary. I fear he is right, t
too; but he has hopes of him growing out of it. Bob has not
started work yet, but hopes to start in the pit with Dad nex-
t week. Bob White has been gassed again at the furnace, & is
thinking of leaving it to go on the coal too.
Florrie has left the laundry as we cannot do without her wit-
the 2 children; & I can tell you, Jose, it is a loss to us,
for her money was a great help. However, when Bob starts wo-
work it will be better. Nelly has not been well, but is all ri-
ght again. But poor old Dag! he is a wreck. He seldom speaks
of our loss, only when he looks at Baby, but you know how he
loved our lost one. Her boxes came up last week & it was a
new trial for they are like many coffins which cannot be
opened. Ernie Pettigrew is to be married on Saturday, but
they are having no wedding party, of course. They are going
to live with auntie Ada. Poor boy, I am afraid he will be
sorry some day, for he is only a boy & will not find his mis-
take until too late.

How are auntie May & family getting on? I have not had a
line from her. Tell your Father, Jose, that his letter did
me a lot of good, for it breathed of a better world where
she is, & gave me hope of a meeting to be longed for. The
work has been fairly good, but of course, ad has a bad pla-
ce. I have got the promise of another house just across the
road from this, & I hope to be over there soon, as I shall not be well in this place. Now Jose, this is the first letter I have written since then, & if it had not been for you I could not have written this, but I have a different love for you than any of my nephews, & I hope you will always write to me, & come & see me when you can. Give our love to your Dad & Mother, & of course Jack & the others. We remain your loving aunt, uncle, & cousins."

Copy of letter from Sister:- "Head Av. Lithgow, Ap lo-1920

Dear Brother & Sister, I now take the opportunity of answering your welcome letter, which I would have done before but have been too ill in bed for over a week. The Dr. said it was quinsy & nervous prostration, but whatever it was I have recovered from it, & although very weak I am able to resume duties. We are all well here & baby is splendid. She has six teeth, & is almost walking. We are having lovely weather just now. The holidays passed off quietly. Nearly everybody that can go goes away to the city. Nelly & Bob intended going to Penrith, but stayed at home because I was not well. Florrie had Monday for a trip to Katoomba & enjoyed herself splendidly. The mines are working away again, but with our usual good luck, Jim has cavilled a very bad place. However, he never makes less than 20/- a day, & generally works 9 or 10 days a fortnight. It enables us to live & pay our way, but even that is something to be thankful for, I suppose. I do not wonder that you are disgusted with the state of affairs, & if I were a man I would not only think, but would tell people what I thought. I suppose it would be like knocking my head against a stone wall, but I would have the satisfaction of knowing that I told them what I thought of them—the providers I mean. As I am only a woman, & a fool at that, I have to put up with things as they are.

We had a stylish wedding here to-day; the bride was Hoskins' general manager's daughter. Her father gave her a £120 piano, & her mother a beautiful sewing machine. They had 150 guests at the town hall for the breakfast. I do not know what Hoskins gave her, but I suppose a cheque. Whatever it was, you may depend he would get it back out of his men in double quick time. He is building a memorial church here, which will cost him 50,000 pounds, in memory of his 2 children who died some years ago. It would suit him better to give his men a bigger wage & better housing. He thinks it will make him look a better Christian.

I have not heard from Bob Woodward this week, & we expected him up to-day. I hear that Waisen Island is closing down.

It will be dreadful for the families who have homes down there, if it does close down. It is 12 months to-morrow since
COPY of a typed letter from Harry Hollander:

House of Representatives, New Zealand,
207 Happy Valley Road, Wellington, N.Z., Jan. 5th, 1920.
Mr. Joe Cocking, 10 Henson Avenue, Mayfield, Newcastle, N.S.W.

Dear Joe,

Your letter of Nov. 21st came to me at Greymouth while I was electioneering, & I could not get an opportunity to reply to it at that time. I was travelling & talking almost night & day. Because the House remained in session late in the year I only had a little more than 3 weeks in which to cover the electorate, & was faced with the disadvantage of having new ground to get over. My old electorate of Grey was wiped out as a result of the last redistribution, & the new electorate, the Buller, included a large number of centres new to me. Most of my travelling had to be done by car, & I had to speak twice & 3 times in one day. Fortunately, most of the electorate is made up of the coalmining centres, & these gave me thumping majorities. I came through with a majority of over a thousand. My opponent had the backing of the Liberal & the Reform parties (Reform here means Tory) as well as the endorsement of the P.P.A., which is an organisation on the same lines as Dill Mackesy's effort 15 or 16 years ago in N.S.W. My opponent was a Catholic, but that didn't prevent the extreme Protestant element from supporting him—they said the issue was one of loyalty versus disloyalty. My opponent was also a returned soldier with the rank of lieutenant; also a coalminer—underviewer for the Westport Coal Co.

I am glad you were pleased with "Armageddon Or Calvary". It involved very heavy work, & I felt that if I had more time I could have made it a more effective production. It aroused the ire of our N.Z. Defence Minister. I will send a copy to the Newcastle Argus, as you suggest. The book has been well reviewed by the "Brisbane Daily Standard" & the Queensland railway men's paper. By the way, we, (the Labor bodies on the West Coast of the South Island) have taken over "The Grey River Argus" & are now running it as a Labor Daily. I am returning there in a week or so, when I shall assume control of the paper for about a month to get it into decent mechanical & journalistic shape. I will then send you some copies. In the new Parliament we have eight straight Labor representatives; & 5 of these have made reputations as international Socialists. The other 3 also call themselves Socialists, but prefer evolutionary to revolutionary. We lost 2 seats & won 5. Bob Semple lost Wellington South, & Andrew Walker lost Dunedin North. In each case Liberals, Tories, & P.P.A. combined to defeat Labor. I am confident that we shall make a better fight next session than we did last; & in my opinion our 5 Labor members made the best fight last session that has ever been put up in
an Australian Parliament. I do not know whether I sent you a copy of the debate on the address in reply, & the "Peace treaty," but in any case I will send you another copy. Last session we divided the House over & over again on various fundamentals, driving the Tories & Liberals into one camp on almost every occasion.

Mrs. Holland joins me in sending kind regards to Mrs. Cocking & yourself & family, & in wishing you both a very happy & prosperous New Year. Yours fraternally, H.E. Holland. P.S. I am just posting a lengthy letter to old Tom Batho, who has fallen on evil days.

COPY of a letter from F. Slater:
"The Newcastle Sun" 127 Scott Street Newcastle
Mr. J. Cocking, Henson Avenue, Mayfield. Dear Sir,
Enclosed herewith find postal notes to the value of 5/- being the amount awarded for the 1st prize in our 113th Postcard Poem Competition which was won by you. Accept my congratulations on your success. Kindly sign & return the enclosed voucher at your earliest convenience. Yours faithfully Frederick Slater, Managing Editor.

COPY of a letter from F. Slater:
"The Newcastle Sun" 127, Scott St., Newcastle, 28th Mar. 1934
Mr. J. Cocking, 10 Henson Avenue, Mayfield. Dear Sir,
Enclosed herewith find postal notes to the value of 10/- being the amount awarded for the 1st prize in our 116th Postcard Poem Competition which was won by you. Accept my congratulations on your success. Kindly sign & return the enclosed voucher at your earliest convenience. Yours faithfully Frederick Slater, Managing Editor.

COPY of a letter from Jose & Ivy:
"C/o Mrs. H. Armitage, 35 Ryng St., Orange, March 24th 1928.
Dear Mother & Biddy, I have endeavoured during the last two days to get my husband to write to you but his laziness is terrific, & I am (doing it)."

(Concluded on page 146.)

The last time that I wrote in my diary was on the 10th of March, 1904. Since then I have not continued my former practice of writing my diary, but I have decided to resume my writing as I think that a diary is a handy book of reference. The most notable events in our family since March 1904 are the birth of our son, Charles Ernest Cocking, at Wallsend, N.S.W. on Mon. Sep. 18th, 1905; the birth of our daughter, Florence Ellen Cocking, at Wallsend, N.S.W. Tuesday, July 9th, 1906; the birth of our son, Frederick George Cocking, at Wallsend, N.S.W. on Tuesday, July 27th, 1909; the birth of our son, Walter Perkyns Cocking, at Wallsend, N.S.W. on Tuesday, January 10th, 1912; the birth of our youngest son, Arthur James Cocking, on Sunday, June 4th, 1910, at Henson Avenue, Mayfield East, N.S.W. Among the saddest events during those 12 years are the death of brother Bob's first wife, Ethel Maud Cocking, (nee Robinson), who died in the Newcastle N.S.W. general hospital of enteric fever, & left 2 sons, Jim & Bobby, on the 25th of Feb. 1907; the death of my dear Mother, during sleep, on Sunday, May 8th, 1910, at Pitttown, Wallsend; the death of brother Bob's second wife, Annie, whose maiden name was Thornton, in 1911. She left a baby girl who lived only 3 months; the death of my step-Father, Charles Elijah Giles at Lithgow, N.S.W., on the 19th of April, 1919; the death of my Sister's eldest daughter, wife of Bob Woodward, on July 21, 1919; & the death of my Mother's Sister's husband, Walter Perkyns, in Nov. 1919, at Redruth, Cornwall.

Uncle Walter was a bootmaker. He married my aunt Grace, whose maiden name was Rowe.

I received a letter from aunt Grace 2 days ago in which she said that uncle Walter had passed away. They only had one child—a daughter—who died when she was almost a young woman. Our Walter is named after uncle Walter.

This evening I sent a letter with a money order for 50/- to aunt Grace, whose address is "Jenkins Terrace, Redruth, Cornwall, England. Of that sum my brother Jack gave a pound; brother Bob gave ten shillings, & we gave one pound. Charlie registered the letter & posted it the Mayfield post office.

This being New Year's Eve, our Jose, Charlie, & Florrie have gone out with the Salvation Army carol singers. Bob Woodward visited us this evening. He has just come from Lithgow & intends to start at his old trade of ship-building, at Walsh Island. He reports that his baby, Vera, is coming on well now, though she has been ill of enteritis. Bertie Cocking & his girl-friend, Miss Clarice Hughes, also visited us this evening. Old Mrs. Mantle has just died at Lithgow. She was the Mother of Jack Tomlinson's or Reed's) wife, Kate, who died at Lithgow in Feb. 1910.
Copy of a letter from Jim Tamblyn:—
"Boulder, 14-1-19. Dear Joe, your Christmas card to hand. Pleased to hear from you after so long. After you left Tigh-e's Hill you sent me your new address, which I lost. Turned the house upside down in search of it, & never found it. The present address I got under lock & key. Well, old chap, I was sorry to hear of your accident; & I trust you have resumed your work again ere this. Our little crowd are all O.K. The eldest boy, Harrold, is in Kadina at present; & one of the others—Clem—has just returned from a holiday jaunt at Albany. Sorry to inform you that my elder brother, Will, passed out of this sphere of action last October. He was not really well for a long time, & eventually left Wallaroo Mines for Broken Hill, for a change, but while there he had to go into a hospital, & after about 3 weeks passed away. We had the remains brought back to Kadina & interred with those of Father's. The old lady is still living in Kadina with Bertha. She married Fred Harris, who is Town Clerk of that centre. Lily, the other sister, is also in Kadina, married, & in business there. Frank is working in the office at Wallaroo Mines. I was back there last Easter. Had a 5 weeks holiday, & intended doing Sydney & the Blue Mountains, but after doing 3 weeks at home (couldn't get away) I found the time all too short to go further afield, so left it for a future visit. I had a really good time in Wallaroo Mines; one of the very best times I ever spent there.

Well, another Christmas has come & gone with its remembrances of bygone happy days! How they crowd on one's mind at that season of the year! We put in a quiet time here during the holidays. Heaps to eat & drink, so there was not much to complain about. We reared 12 young ducks, & got through the last pair last Sunday.
The local Rifle Club had a Christmas shoot. Plenty of prizes, all suitable for Christmas; poultry, sucking pigs, box cigars, bottled ale, etc., & fowls, turkey. Dragged out 1st prize—a dressed turkey. The great Butchery Business in Europe at last has closed with act No. 1. I wonder how many acts are to be played before we get settled down to normal again. I am sending you a few snapshots, Joe, of the family. The boys & self do a little at it for pastime. Hope you & yours are all well. Kind regards from your old chum, Jim Tamblyn.

P.S. None of us went to Wallaroo Bay this New Year, Joe. Hard luck! Plenty of carols here at Christmas. 59 Vivian Street is our address, but Boulder City will find me; well known here."

(Answered Jan. 27, 1919.)
Later I received a Christmas card entitled "W.A. Goldfields In A Nutshell". There is a picture of a nut that opens, & inside are 12 little views on a folding sheet. On the back Jim Tarnlyn wrote "Boulder, 18-1-20. "Dear Joe, Yours to hand. Pleased to get it. I'm on my little own; the family are all down to Albany for their holidays, 5 weeks. Sorry to inform you that my Mother passed out ill Kadina last December 5th. I was in Perth at the time, & no boats or trains going. All well. Yours Tam."

Jim also sent a blue print of himself sitting in a billy cart with a white billygoat in the shafts. On the back he wrote, "Father on a visit to his brother Frank, timekeeper, Wallaroo Mines, 1918."

Jan. 1, 1920. In 1914 we shifted from Wallsend to Tighe's Hill & we paid Mr. Shoesmith ten pounds for the fixtures of a shop on the corner of Bryant street & Maitland Road, Tighe's Hill. The shop was & is the property of old Mr. Robinson. We paid him a pound a week for the shop, & sold fruit, vegetables, soft drinks, lollies, groceries, drapery, ice-cream, & many other things. We stayed in the house & shop about a year, & then we sold the business & fixtures to "Rattler Sam" Heath, a boiler maker who worked at the steelworks with Jose. Mr. Heath paid us £16 (sixteen pounds) for the business & part of the stock. We then moved into a new weatherboard house at number 10 Henson Avenue, Mayfield East, which was built & owned by Mr. H. Dee. We made a written agreement with him to buy the house from him for four hundred & seventy pounds (£470), of which we paid a deposit of fifty (£50) pounds on the 19th of Feb., 1915. We still owed Mr. Dee twenty five pounds to make up the full £75 amount of deposit required, which was seventy five (£75). We paid those 25 pounds at the rate of a pound a week until we had paid the whole deposit. In the meantime we paid one pound per week for the house to Mr. Dee. We continued to pay Herbert Dee four pounds per month until the 29th of Dec., 1917, by which time we had reduced the amount owing for the house to £268.

About that time a very big strike occurred through the railway workers objecting to the introduction of the card system, & a large number of unions came out on strike in sympathy with railway men. The United Labourers' Union, of which I was, & am, a member, also came out. Thinking that we would be better to deal directly with the Newcastle & County Building Society, which really owned the house we are buying, than to deal with Mr. Dee, We paid Stanley Johnson, solicitor, seven pounds fifteen shillings to have the house account transferred, with the house, to us. The unpaid balance on Mr. Dee's account with the society was £283-12-10, while our balance due to Dee was only £268 (two hundred & sixty eight pounds). The difference was due to the fact that Dee paid the Society £311-3 per month, while we
paid Dee four pounds per month. However, we took the liability for the extra £ 15-12-00, thereby making the amount we had to pay the Society £ 283-12-10. We have been paying off that balance with interest & insurance added, at the rate of £ 4-0-0 per month, though the amount we are required to pay is £ 3-11-3 per month. The account was actually transferred on the pay-book of the Society on the 14th of June, 1918.

Jose & I worked to-day, but son Jack worked only 2 hours at the Steelworks laboratory, & came home & went to Port Stephens by steamer. Bob Woodward slept here last night, & this morning he went to Swansea to see his parents. Jose, Charley, & Florrie came home about 3 o'clock this morning.

The carolling party collected &£ 7-7-7. In the "Lithgow Mercury" of Wed. Dec. 17, 1919, under the heading of "Deaths", this notice appears:— "Mantle.— At the residence of her son-in-law, Hermitage Flat, on the 10th instant, Ann Mantle, relict of the late John Mantle, aged 87 years & 3 months."

In the same paper the following is published in the news column:— "The death on Tuesday afternoon, at the residence of her son-in-law (Mr. T. Sandell) of Mrs. Ann Mantle, removes one of Lithgow's oldest inhabitants. The deceased, who had reached her 87th birthday, came to Lithgow with her parents at an early age, & was married at Bowenfels at the age of 19. She had resided in the neighborhood of Lithgow ever since. The cause of death was senile decay. Deceased has left 4 sons.— Messrs William, Edward, James, & Henry Mantle, all of Lithgow."

That old lady was the Mother of Jack Reed's (or Tomlinson's) wife, Kate. Jinny saw the old lady when Jinny & Jose went to Lithgow to attend Lizzie Woodward's funeral.

Our boy Jack did not go to Port Stephens, for he missed the steamer; so he went to Speer's Point, Lake Macquarie. He has just come home (—20 p.m.) during the last 5 years our son Jose has been studying electricity at the Newcastle Technical College; & during the last year he has been taking a course of 22 pounds. He also took a course of lessons from Mr. Jack Uroke, & got an electric motor-driver's certificate.

Jan. 2, 1920. Jose, Jack, & I worked at the Steelworks to­day. The number 2 blast furnace closed down to­day for want of iron ore, but there is enough to keep number 1 blast furnace going for about 6 weeks. If the Engineers Strike continues beyond that time it is likely that we shall all through want of iron ore. More rain to­day. On the day after Boxing Day I gave Jack Enright, the big American, a copy of Bret Harte's "Poems & Sketches," & on the back leaf I wrote
with him, ha' ha'. We are having a good time, & have been sitting by a fire for 2 days, as it was too cold & wet for us to go out. This morning we went to Avondale Dairy.

It was a very nice walk; & this afternoon we are going to Lucknow gold mine with the Fords in the Ford. They have been very good to us trying to make us comfortable in our lodging department; & as you see, they have succeeded very well. Instead of staying at a hotel we are with a private family who are indeed everything you could wish them to be.

It is just like home, as nothing is too much trouble, & we do exactly as we wish. Their Father was a Health Inspector here for 20 years, but he died 18 months ago; & they seem to grieve very much. He must have been a very good man, from what I can gather. I am sitting here with earphones on my head writing this; but you know it is impossible to do things at once; so if you find mistakes you will know I was confused with the music & song which is now flying into my ears. I think we will be staying till next Wednesday; from whence I know not where, but most likely Bathurst for a day or so. So Good Bye. With love to all from Jose & Ivy."

"To Jack Enright.
Remember, friend, my bold request,
My pleading & my prayer
Regarding those whom you love best:
yield not to dark Despair!

The past retrieve. In future live
A life approved by God:
To be forgiv'n we must forgive
Or bear the onst'ning rod.

Life, love, & hope He does confer;
None, therefore, should repine;
And 'tis natural to err
Forgiveness is divine.

I picture, friend, in waking dreams,
Muc'n happiness for you,
With home restored, for love redeems!
O may my dreams come true!"

Jack Enright left his home in the lakes region, U.S.A., about 20 years ago, & left his wife & 2 daughters. He has not been back since as he thinks that he would not be welcome. On Christmas Eve I asked Jack to give me the name & address of his wife, so that I could Christmas cards to his wife & daughters & tell them where he is, but he would not do so, although I pleaded with him a long while. That
is the "bold request" alluded to in the first verse.
I sent a "Sydney Mail" to aunt Grace Perkyns this evening.
Yesterday big Jack Robinson, who works on the number 1 blast
furnace, returned "One Big Union", and "Economic Discontent"
which I had lent him. Charlie posted a letter to the Red
C. Company, Melbourne, about some coupons.
The "Eastern" came in to the steelworks this a.m. to-day.
Our son Jack has been studying chemistry & other subjects
for about 2 years at the Newcastle High School. He gained
a bursary, while at the Tighe's Hill, which entitled him to
the sum of ten pounds per year, & free books. He was to have
stayed at the High School for four years, but at the end of
two years we took him away to go to the Steelworks to be
"nipper" at the blast furnace. He was at that job a few
weeks, & then he was paid off, as he was only in the place
of a boy who was ill. Then Jack started as nipper in Tom
Teal's gang at the Steelworks. He worked at that for a few
months, & then he got a start in the Chemical Laboratory,
where he is still working for 25/- per week. He also attends
the Chemical Class at the Technical College.

to the Newcastle beach for the afternoon. Jose & I worked
as usual all day. Jack worked until noon only, & then went
to the beach & joined the others. It is rumoured that on
Monday next there will be a large number of men put off wo-
work at the Steelworks through the Marine Engineers' strike
& the consequent closing of number 2 blast furnace. During
the last few months I have attended the sittings of two
spiritualist circles -- one held in George Price's house in
Lindsay street, Hamilton, & the other held generally at
the Honeysuckle Hall, in Cook's Hill, Newcastle. The leader
& organiser of this circle is Mrs. Arncliff, a Scotch lady,
who lives at Cook's Hill. She is a medium who gives spirit
messages. I have been under the control of a spirit who is
called "Old Jones", there, on several occasions, & have
spoken on spiritual subjects. About 30 people usually att-
end. At the circle at Mr. Price's house the sitters are
usually Mr. & Mrs. Price, Mr. George Roach, who is a loco
driver, Mrs. Merchant, who is an old widowed lady & is a nu-
urse, Mrs. E. Lord, & myself.

Mon. Jan. 5, 1920. This morning Jinny & I saw one of the
most beautiful sunrises that could be seen. The eastern sky
was cloudy, & the sun lighted the clouds with the most lo-
vely colours imaginable. Jack & Jose went to work at mid-
night last night. Salvation Army adjutant Murray & wife
had the farewell meeting at Tighe's Hill hall last night.
I worked yesterday as usual. Alf. Jordan has promised to lend me a book on the life hereafter. I have begun to read "Cobbett's Advice To Young Men." It is a good book, but it has some defects; for instance, he advocates the use of wine in moderation, but only in moderation because the cost is high; if it were low, he seems to say, wine should be taken quite freely, as it was in England when the price was only 4 pence a gallon. He also advocates dancing, which I think is very dangerous for both sexes. Brother Bob sent us a copy of the "Sydney Mail" which contains a portrait of Sir Ross Smith, the man who, with his brother Keith & 2 mechanics named Bennet & Shiers, flew in an aeroplane from England to Australia.

Tuez. Jan. 6, 1920. Yesterday I worked on the trestles as usual. Last night I went to the Honeysuckle Hall & attended a spiritualist meeting. There were about 20 persons present, & Mr. James was chairman. Mrs. Arncliff gave messages, of them being given to a man near me. It purported to be a message from a boy who had died, & who in earth-life had been helped by this man. He could not, at first, remember any such boy, but when reminded by the medium that it was in connection with his work at some engine shed, he remembered. The message was that as the man had helped him in his earth-life, the boy would now assist him & take care of him. I also received a message from someone through Mrs. Arncliff, that I would have a new control who would be more appreciated, as his speeches would be shorter, plainer to the people, & more easily understood. Copies of the spiritualist paper, "The Harbinger Of Light", & some copies of a leaflet on the difference between Spiritism & Spiritualism were distributed gratis freely amongst the sitters. I had a chat with Mrs. Nealer, who introduced me to her husband. During the sitting Mrs Arncliff referred to the death of Mrs. Clayton, who was a medium. I remember Mrs. Clayton, as she prayed long & earnestly for divine light & guidance at a sitting about a month ago. Jose & Jack went to work last night at 12. Heavy rain last night.

Wed. Jan. 7, 1920. Yesterday there was a party of men on top of number 2 furnace, & one of them struck a match to find whether there was gas there. Immediately there was a loud explosion of gas, & a young married man named Andrew Burt was severely burnt. His cap was sent flying in the air like a bird. He was brought down & the ambulance man met him at the bottom of the furnace & put some yellow liquid (probably picric acid) on him. Poor Andy was taken away on a stretcher to Newcastle hospital, but he died soon after.
Last night I attended a spiritualist meeting at George Price's house in Hamilton. Those present were Mr. & Mrs. Price, Mrs. Merchant, the 2 Roach's, & myself. Some one who did not give his name, spoke through me to the circle, "Before you go I wish to say there'll be another meeting day; And ere you all depart from here I wish you all a bright new year." I lent Mrs. Price a copy of "The Harbinger Of Light." Heavy rain fell again after I got home. Jack is expecting to be put to the work of testing steel, which will be a slight promotion, but there will be no rise in his wages. "The Revolutionary Socialist" arrived yesterday with a portrait of Karl Marx.

Fri. Jan. 9, 1920. Poor Andrew Burt died at 8 o'clock on Wednesday night. He was conscious until 6 p.m., when he was given a sleeping draught. His father is John Burt, a Scotchman, who lives near the Wallsend gasworks. Andy was married to a girl named Cornish, & they had one child—a girl. Andy & his wife were living apart, & his parents were keeping the girl with them. Andy was buried at Sandgate yesterday. Joe Carter took up a collection yesterday, at the steelworks, to buy a wreath for Andrew Burt. This sudden death of a young man (25) is another proof that we should all be ready to die, & should not live carelessly as though we were going to live on earth for ever.

Yesterday Alf Jordan lent me a book entitled "Beyond Death's Barriers." It denounces Spiritism, as the author, G. Teasdale, calls Spiritualism, & maintains that the dead are dead indeed, & will remain dead & unconscious until Jesus comes again. Teasdale argues that all the phenomena of spiritism is due to the deception of Satan & his wicked angels. This may be true, but there is not much evidence given to prove it. Teasdale relies mostly on Solomon's declaration that, "The dead know not anything." I pray daily to the great Source of life & light for guidance on the matter, & I hope to know some day what the truth really is.

Yesterday Jinny took Florrie, Charlie, Fred, Walter, & Arthur out to Speer's Point, Lake Macquarie, for the day. They saw brother Jack & May & their family there. Jack has something wrong with his feet, & has not been at work for 2 days. The weather was fine, & Jinny & the youngsters enjoyed the outing, & returned home at 8 p.m. Lionel Carpenter called to see son Jack last night. Lionel is out of work. He has been working as a chemist at the Waratah soap works, but as soon as he got a rise in wages he was paid off.

Sun. Jan. 11, 1920. Yesterday the steamer "Macedon" came to the steelworks with 7000 tons of iron ore. There are 3 more vessels to arrive with iron ore; so we may be able to work a
Mr. Josiah Cocking,
Wallsend,
NEWCASTLE. N.S.W.

Dear Sir,

Your letter of the 30th ult. to hand which we thank you, and regret to note that "A" has decided not to purchase an outfit.

We trust however, that should the matter again come under your notice, you will bear in your mind;

Hopeing to hear from you at some future date, and thanking you in anticipation.

We are, yours faithfully,
HARRINGTONS LTD.
fortnight longer than we would have worked. Lionel Carpenter could not get work at the steelworks when he applied yesterday. Young Gallagher told me yesterday, on the trestles, that he had a half plate camera to sell for £6-10-0. Jose is thinking of buying a lathe from a man who works at the steelworks. He wants £12-10-0 for the lathe. Jose got him to hold the matter over for a fortnight to see how the marine engineers' strike affects the steelworks.
Brother Jack's foot is still so much swollen that he is not able to work; so he is camping at the lake. Brother Bob has old Mrs. Ford back with him as housekeeper.

Mon. Jan. 12, 1920. The Iron Monarch came to the steelworks to-day with iron ore. Charlie & Florrie went with Bertie to Speer's Point this evening to stay with their aunt May for a few days. Last evening I went to the Tighe's Hill Salvarsy hall, where the new officers—adju­tant & Mrs. Drury—were welcomed to the corps. Mrs. Drury is a sweet singer, & her husband is a good speaker. Bert Austin introduced me to his wife, who is a daughter of old Eli & Mrs. Burgess. I also became acquainted with Miss Violet Cannon, who volunteered to lend me a book. Arthur Burgess called here this evening & told us that Mr. Kinley, the head boss of the electrical department at the steelworks, said that Jose is the best of the 3 electricians on the ore-bridges.
I intend to give Alf Jordan, of Lambton, a book entitled "The New Democracy & The State," which has been adapted from W. Paul & L.H. Morgan. In the back of the book I have written the following verses:-

"TO ALF. JORDAN."
Alf, this book is but a token
Of my very great respect
For your virtues as a thinker & a friend.
May our friendship ne'er be broken
By unkindness nor neglect
Till our pleasures & our sorrows here shall end:

May we then be re-united
In supernal realms above
Where wage-slavers & impostors are unknown,
Where our lives will not be blighted,
And we'll dwell with those we love,
And all honest souls shall reap what they have sown:

Ere we reach that blest position
Let us think, & write, & read;
Let us labor with our muscles & our brains
To improve the sad conditions
Of the slaves who work & bleed,
And we'll surely be rewarded for our pains!

Yesterday Alf gave me the book entitled "Beyond Death's Barriers", which I have read & intend to read again.

Tues. Jan. 15, 1920. This morning I began to reperuse the book; "Beyond Death's Barriers". Its first sentences are: -

"When our first parents were placed in the garden of Eden they were earnestly warned against a danger that threatened them. Satan, an apostate angel & the adversary of man, exercised his power to entice them to disobedience—to partake of the forbidden tree."

Now, I think that that statement is wrong. Genesis 3:1 says: - "Now the serpent was more subtle than any beast of the field"; & chapter 3 shows that the SERPENT, not Satan, tempted Eve; & verse 14 says, "And the Lord God said unto the serpent, Because thou hast done this," etc. God blamed the serpent—not Satan, unless the serpent was Satan in disguise.

Tuesday

Thur. Jan. 15, 1920. Last-Saturday evening I went to Price's house & sat with Mr. & Mrs. Price & Arnie Hoacn. The only thing of importance was a speech, through me by "Old Jones" who said that he had been hurt by the remarks of Mrs. Arncliff at her circle in Honeysuckle Hall; & that he was sorry to find that his services were not as well appreciated as he had thought they were. He wished us all a final farewell.


The third of the 4 steamers expected arrived at the steelworks yesterday with iron ore. I gave Alf Jordan "The New Democracy" yesterday. Son Jack was in the new lab yesterday testing steel borings for caroon.

I did not attend the usual meeting of Mrs. Arncliff's circle last night. Florrie & Charlie are still at the lake with brother Jack & May. I received a typed letter from Harry Holland, M.P. yesterday. He was elected again to the N.Z. parliament by over a thousand of a majority.

Last night I looked through a hymn book entitled "Redemption Songs", which Violet Cannon lent me, but I could not find the hymn that I want. Jose is afternoon shift.

Sat. Jan. 17, 1920. Yesterday was pay day for Jose & me. My pay for the usual 14 days was £ 8-1-0. Florrie & Charlie came home from the lake last evening. I lent Alf Jordan "Put Up The Sword", by Adela Pankhurst, yesterday.
There has been another conference of the shipowners & the marine engineers, but the strike is not settled. One shipowner said afterwards that the ships would all be in commission again by next Monday. I met Jack MacLoughlin yesterday. He works in the rail-mill. I also saw Bob Woodward last Tuesday on the way to the Hamilton railway station to get some tools which he expected from Lithgow. He has started again at Walsen Island at his old job of ship-building, but he is not a boss now. Walter was 8 years old yesterday.


The "Barwon" came to the steelworks wharf with iron ore. She is the last of the 4 that were expected with iron ore. The marine engineers' strike is still on; but conferences are being held, & they may bring about a settlement.

Lizzie Woodward (nee Pettigrew) died at Lithgow on the 21st of July, 1919.

After reading Adela Pankhurst's book—"Put Up The Sword" I wrote the following verses, but they were not printed.

PUT UP THE SWORD.

No jingoistic poet, I,
To praise the fratricidal blade
And wholesale murder glorify;
I like to call a spade a spade.

That war is murder, who denies
That knows its nature & its cause—
The plots of rulers, & the lies
Of those who mould the nations' laws.

The cause of warfare stands revealed
As lust of power, praise, & pay:
"Thou shalt not kill" is not repealed,
Though empire makers rush to slay.

Put up the sword, you foolish men
Who labor for a paltry wage
And leave the shovel, pick, or pen
In masters' battles to engage.

What benefits do you derive
By building empires o'er the earth?
For freedom can you cease to strive,
Or suffer less from pain & dearth?
Are wages higher, labors less,
Conditions better than before?
Are you relieved of your distress
By shedding conscript workers' gore?

Put up the sword, you profiteers
Who manufacture guns for gold
Regardless of the widows' tears
And starving orphans, bare & cold.

You loosen War's infernal flood,
Contemptuous of millions killed,
And fatten, vampire-like, on blood
Which patriotic dupes have spilled!

You compass earth, & sea, & air,
With machinations dark & deep,
To loose war-demons from their lair,
That wealth & power you may keep.

Base soldiers crucified the Lord
For rulers in the olden time:
You slaughter still, with gun & sword,
And glory in your shameful crime.

Put up the sword, you men of God—
Ravenous wolves in clothes of sheep!
Ten millions rot beneath the sod,
And thousands in the mighty deep.

They heard your false, alluring cry
Resounding over vale & hill,
Inciting them to still defy
The sacred law—"Thou shalt not kill".

You almost worship kings & lords,
And venerate each wealthy drone
Who tighter ties the crimson cords
That binds each subject to the throne.

May workers see the sin & shame
Of war, & peace in future choose;
For war is Master's cunning game
Of "heads I win, & tails you lose".
Fri. Jan. 23, 1920. I have been busy solving an acrostic puzzle in "Stead's Review" of Jan. 10, 1920, of which the clues are:—

1. "An, noble matron, soon thou'lt be the beacon which is brought to me.

2. A royal symbol this would be if you would only add the B.

3. Nous is required to make this light appear at once both clear & bright.

4. Joined to a watch which has no hands a lesson to the sluggard stands.

E. Insert a Roman number here, eternal "She" will then appear. I. The sixth & last you here do see, it's not in front. How could it be?"

The solution is:—

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It was Jack's pay-day today. His fortnight's pay is £ 2-10-
He has started to work in the little laboratory at the open hearth furnaces, & is on the afternoon shift.

We have received a letter & a piece of Nelly Pettigrew's
wedding cake, from Liz-Jane, which is as follows:—

"Reed Avenue, Lithgow, Dec. 25, 1919. My dear Brother & Sister & Family, I have just received your welcome letter, also little Jim's cards. When we got our Christmas cards we DID miss Jimmy's, & Nelly noticed it first. I said I am sure they have forgotten him; you see if they don't find it out & send him one after. I knew my brother would not harbour such unjust thoughts of our dear little comforter. He has grown a beautiful boy, intelligent & bright. Jim thinks there never was a boy like him. Now, Joe, to change the subject! I cannot understand you saying that I had not answered your letter, as I answered Jose's letter the day I got it. I thought I had passed quite out of your life. We are all well at present, but we nearly lost Lizzie's baby Vera, last week. She had enteritis, but she has quite recovered. Bob Woodward is leaving us for Newcastle tomorrow, he does not like the pit, & he is going back to his own work again. We shall miss him very much, but he must please himself. I thank you for asking us down to see you Joe, but it is past our powers of endurance to visit down there yet. I have been out to my child's (Lizzie's) grave to-day, & Joe, I pray God that you never have to suffer what I am suffering. I had her for 24 Christmases, & to day I have not got her. When I think of the years to come without her my heart almost stops beating. She was to me what your precious first-born son is to you; & nobody will ever be to me like her. Her baby is a sweet, frail little thing, & a living reminder of her precious mother. Florrie is mothering her for me; & if ever there was a good girl she is one.
God has indeed provided one to care for a motherless child. Nelly has been working at the Laundry ever since Florrie left, but she left it yesterday to begin a new life fraught with perils & changes. She is to be married on Jan. 10th to Bob White, a steady, nice boy. She will be married quietly at home at 3 o'clock, & leave for a week's honeymoon in Sydney. She will live with me for a few months to help to rear baby, & then go into her own home. There will be nobody here to the wedding but Mat & Ada & family. Charlie Pettigrew will be best man, & Florrie bridesmaid. Jim is keeping in splendid health & doing fairly well. How are Jack & family? Is Willie Cocking married yet? I do not get any letters from anyone down there but Mrs. Beecher. Ethel Pettigrew is working at the Laundry & is getting 33/- a week. She is a nice, quiet girl. Uncle Mat is not enjoying good health now. The miners are having 10 days holidays, but he is not going anywhere. Are you still working at the Steelworks? Since writing the first part of this letter baby has taken very ill again. She took bad on Christmas Eve. The Dr. says we will have to be very careful with her. We have to starve her 48 hours. Poor little soul; she is so frail! I think we shall have hard work to keep her. We have not been outside the house for the whole week. Now, Joe, I must conclude as Jim & Bob White are painting Nelly's bedroom, & we are very busy. Write soon. I will send you one of Vera's photos as soon as I get some printed. Bob got some done, but I don't think he has any left. With best wishes for a bright & happy new year free from care & sorrow From sister, Elizabeth Jane Pettigrew.

Dear Joe, I am enclosing a letter I wrote to you on Christmas day; Lila has just found it in the drawer. I really thought it had been posted. I have been waiting for an answer to it. I don't know what you must think of me (don't write your opinion). Since writing baby has quite recovered & is just splendid. Nelly was married last Saturday week. It was a quiet wedding, Joe; how could it be otherwise? The spirit of our dear lost one seemed to be in the room with us. I wonder does she see us; if so, Joe, she will know how much we miss her. Florrie has gone out to her grave with flowers; also to dear old Grandad's. What an eventful year this has been to us, & what sorrow it has brought! Bob White is working in the pit with Dad & is getting on well. Do you ever see May or Jack? Nelly is sending them a piece of wedding cake; also yourselves. Write as soon as you can, Joe, (& don't forget to post it). I remain your loving sister, Elizabeth Jane Pettigrew."

Mon. Jan. 26, 1920. This is Anniversary Day, but I have to work as usual. I went to the Salvation hall last night & hear-
ed adjutant Druery speak on Dives & Lazarus. That story told by Jesus I take to be true; & if it is true it proves that the dead are conscious; & it therefore disproves the doctrine of the 7th Day Adventists & the Christadelphians that the dead are absolutely dead, & unconscious, & will remain so until Jesus returns to the earth. I am still reading the book—"Beyond Death's Barriers."

On Saturday I received from Harry Holland, M.P. N.Z., 3 pamphlets. One is "Boy Conscription", & it exposes the moral & physical degradation that results from military training camps. The second is "Samoa", which deals with the plots & intrigues of the ruling class in Samoa. The other pamphlet is "Indentured Labor, Is It Slavery?", which shows that it is slavery with abominable brutalities added.

Son Jack is day shift this week, & Jose is dog-watch—12 p. m. to 8 a.m. Charlie posted my solution of Stead's acrostic on Saturday. Bert Austin promised to give me another new "Stead's Review" & some old ones. Jose repaired an electric light switch, for someone in Margaret street, on Saturday night. Jack is getting along well in the new lab. at the open hearth. The engineers' strike is still unsettled.

Wed. Jan. 20, 1920. Yesterday I received a postcard from Jim Tamblyn, Boulder City, W.A., telling me that his that his Mother died last December. She was one of the handsomest women I know. Her husband—old Jim Tamblyn—was a boss timberman at Wallaroo Mines, S. Aus., for many years. Their family consisted of Will, Jim, Frank, Lily & Bertha. Old Jim died at Wallaroo Mines over 20 years ago, & Will died last year. The Tamblyn family was very respectable.

I went to Price's in Hamilton last night & sat with Mr. & Mrs. Price, Mrs. Merchant, & George Roach, the loco driver. "Old Jones" spoke through me & explained why he returned. "Annie Jones" also spoke through me with a woman's voice. I bought Jack London's book, "Burning Daylight", last night.

Fri. Jan. 30, 1920. This is pay-Friday for me, & I shall have £8-1-0 to draw. Last Wed. Bert Austin gave me a lot of old "Stead's Reviews". Yesterday, I sent a long letter to my sister, Elizabeth Jane Pettigrew, who is living at Lithgow. Last night I wrote part of a letter to Harry Holland, M.P., & included my verses, "Put Up The Sword". Later I wrote the following verses:—

"You force the children of your slaves
To learn to kill on sea & shore,
And fill the fields with nameless graves,
That thieves may rob for evermore.

To shield the wealth of those who rob
You blight the earth with death & pain;"
And widows wail & orphans sob
For those you wickedly have slain.

Sat. Jan. 31, 1920. Last night I finished writing my letter to Harry Holland. J inny & Jack went to Newcastle, & she bought him a new suit of clothes, & a claw-hammer for me (5/-). Jose went to a boilermaker's place yesterday & wound an armature for him—the first he has wound. Bert Austin gave me "Stead's Magazine" for Jan. 24, 1920, It contains the following acrostic:—"Time was, when out of the weary seven, Town dwellers got but one day.

Now 3 they claim, life's dough to leaven,
Saturday, Sunday, Monday.
1. A pronoun here you have got to make.
Which is the best". The best you must take.
2. He has no head. He has no tail.
To find him search the nearest jail.
3. To-day's affairs may be forgot to-morrow;
Drink this & think no more of joy or sorrow.
4. A feathered biped that cannot fly,
Tis wingless, that's the reason why.
5. A King we want here but very much fear
He would not be ready to appear.
6. The sweet young woman had some "brass"
For she as lawyer's clerk did pass.
7. 'Tis often wise, so have no fear,
Should you incline to linger here. (Note:—Light 3 is reversed)

Thur. Feb. 5, 1920. Last Tuesday I lent Jack Enright a book entitled "The Philosophy Of A Future Life". On Tuesday evening I went to Price's house & sat with him & Mrs. Price, George Roach & his brother Archie Roach, & the old lady. Archie, who is a clairvoyant, said he saw a curly-haired baby on his knee. The old lady was very much interested in the baby, & repeatedly asked the medium about her daughter who seemed to be living a great distance from the sea. Someone sang, through me, the song "Sitting By The Gateway Of A Palace Fair", etc., "Old Jones" & John Henry Jackson spoke through me. The meetings have now been suspended until a month has passed. Meet again Mar. 9, 1920.

Mon. Feb. 9, 1920. Yesterday morning I lent Ted Freeman the book entitled "Burning Daylight". I worked as usual on the trestles; & at night I attended a meeting of the Salvation Army at the hall. Five or 6 went to the penitent form.

Sat. Feb. 14, 1920. Last night being pay Friday night I went Newcastle & bought a ½ lb. of glue at Sorby's to mend the accordeon; a packet of ordinary photographic plates for Charlie, ½ plate size, & "Stead's Review" for Feb. 7th. I listened to
Gardiner, M.P. speaking, & then came home. This morning I am writing the answer to Stead's acrosticas as follows:-

Stead's review
H o b U
R o o A. went to Newcastle beach & found Jinny,
T. e D Charlie, Fred, Walter, & Arthur, on the sar
E ger i A d. They had got there before me to see
R a ilw a. Y. the surf carnival. Brother Jack, Bertie, G:
Grace, Alf, Frank, Tilly 7 May were there too. Jack Gibson
& George Sheldon were talking with brother Jack, & I had a
chat with them. Adjt. Druery, who is in charge of Tigne's
Hill Salvarmy corps, came over to us, & we talked with him on
religion until after 9 o'clock, & then we all came home in
the same tram. Adjt. Druery lent me a book entitled "When
The Holy Ghost Is Come", & I have read more than half of it.

Tues. Feb. 17, 1920. On Sunday night I went to the Trades
Hall & heard Scott Bennett speak on "The Social Unrest".
The audience was very large, & was singing "The Red Flag"
when I arrived. There was an orchestra on the platform, &
a man sang a song, but I could not hear the words clearly
as he was drowned by the music. Jack Baddeley was chairman.
A collection was taken in aid of the Broken Hill miners,
who have been on strike 9 or ten months for a six hour day
& a rise in wages. I bought 2 pamphlets, & came home in the
tram with Les Thompson & Cecil Robinson.

Wed. Feb. 18, 1920. Jose has almost finished fixing up his
lathe, which we bought for him last Monday for £ 12-10-0.
It is made for turning metal, but Jose is going to adapt it to
turn wood. Joe Hughes' father died yesterday of a cancer
in his stomach. Poor man! He must have suffered a great
deal. I hope he was prepared to die. "One by one they cross
the river !

Mon. Feb. 23, 1920. Last night I went to the Salvarmy hall
& heard Adjt. Druery speak on "Sin". On Sat.I lent Frank
"The New Revelation", by Conan Doyle, & "Facts Versus Fal-
lacy". Bill Johns, the safety inspector, returned these books
to me on Saturday. An old man named Butcher died suddenly
yesterday in Greive's street. I hope that his life in the
world he has so suddenly entered will be more pleasant than
his life here. Jinny went to brother Bob's house yesterday, &
he gave her a copy of the periodical named "Work", for Jose.

Fri. Feb. 27, 1920. Yesterday I lent Jack Enright one of the
Bridgewater Treatises. He has one of my books besides, that
is "The Philosophy Of A Future Life". Last night I read
Oliver Goldsmith's play entitled "She Stoops To Conquer".
This is pay day for me. My pay will be £ 8-1-0. The engineers' strike is now over. They have accepted the terms offered by the owners concerning some points, & will go to arbitration on the others. Son Jack went to Goorambong yesterday with Vestal Stead to get blackberries. Our Florrie won the second prize at the Newcastle show for a damelc sock. Jinny & Florrie saw Daddy Longlegs at the pictures last night. Jose has received the diagrams of the wiring of the ore-bridges from the manufacturers. Johnny Cummings has committed suicide at Taree. His youngest son was killed at the war, & some think that the loss has driven Johnny insane. Frank Burgess is married to Johnny's daughter May.

Sat. Feb. 28, 1920. Bert Austin had the forefinger of his left hand caught in the noise engine yesterday, & had to be taken to the hospital. Jinny went to Wallsend with Fred, Florrie, Jack, & Charlie to attend the harvest festival. I stayed at home with Walter & Artie.


Wed. Mar. 5, 1920. Last night I finished reading "The Printer Boy, or How Benjamin Franklin, the Printer Boy, Made His Mark." 204 pages, by M. Thayer. It is a very good book for lad's to read, for it shows that industry, honesty, & true piety are the chief factors that make life successful. Brother Jack started again yesterday after being off work through illness since last Wednesday.

We have received the following letter from Sister:-

"Reed Avenue, Lithgow, Mar. 5th, 1920.
Dear Sister, Brother, & family, Just a few lines to let you know we are all well, & trusting you are the same. We are having lovely weather just now, & we spend a lot of time out of doors with baby & little Jim. You know, Jinny, since my trouble I cannot sit still, & I have not had a good night's rest. I try so hard to recover my spirits & surrender my will to the will of God, but it is so hard. Baby has grown a lovely child. She has 4 teeth & weighs 19 pounds. She calls Dad all day long. Her little features resemble her precious mother's, but her hair & eyes are like Bob's. She is the brightest child you ever saw, & so intelligent. Little Jim will say, "Kiss your little brudder"; & he just loves her. He stands back at all times for her.

Dad & Bob are doing well together, though Dad has a bad leg again. Florrie has grown into a quiet, reserved girl, & never has the baby out of her sight. Lila has also grown tremendous & is getting famous at school. The education at this school is better than the Ordinary, I think, for she often struggles..."
through work that the higher class had down there. Nelly is
a much married wife with all the cares of life on her shoul-
ders (one would think) but they are doing well & are very
happy together. I received a letter from Bob to-day, & he
says Bertie Cocking has bought his house. Bob Woodward, I mean
The house of Cocking must have flourished exceedingly. I won-
der do they ever think of their broken-hearted sister who
is striving to reach the Heaven they preach so much about.

If they knew the good a letter does to one in such sorrow as
mine they would try to mix their Christianity with Duty.
However, Joe, with all the prosperity & good luck they canno-
t get away from the fact that the same Mother reared us. It
seems so hard to think that Jack's children are enjoying the
house & furniture of my child. God has indeed chastened me
& spared him. You will wish I never wrote to you if I write
like this, but I often feel as I do to-day.
How is our Bob getting on? Are young Jim & Bobby well? I
have not seen Ada for 6 weeks. We don't visit since "we got
our fortune". I will now conclude this horrible letter as
you have said enough! When are you coming up to Lithgow ?,
or are you, too, getting too flash? Do not wait until Win-
ter, for this is not a bad place on a bright, sunny day.
Tell Joe to write me a long letter again. I remain your
loving sister, Elizabeth Jane Pettigrew."
(Answered on Mar. 3rd, 1920.)

Fri. Mar. 5, 1920. May & brother Jack went to Katoomba for
a fortnight's holiday yesterday. From there they will go to
Lithgow to see sister Liz-Jane & family.

Sun. Mar. 7, 1920. Noyes, the superintendent at the blast
furnace, has not gone back to America yet, but I hear that
he is to leave next week. Last evening Fred Redhouse turned,
on Jose's lathe, an armature channel in a magnet steel to
make a magneto for his bike. Fitters fixed the new door on
the transfer car yesterday. I have written the following
verses for "The Newcastle Argus", owned & printed at the New-
castle Trades Hall by Zenas Vaisey & Mr. Aneizark. :-

Ten Million Pounds Reward.

Ten million pounds in shining gold
Should certainly be paid
To any person bright & bold,
To any man or maid,
Who finishes this mighty task:-
Arouse all sleeping slaves,
And all the tricks & lies unmask
Of ruling, robbing knaves!
They have the workers hypnotised
In mills & mines & marts,
With mental powers paralysed
By hocus-pocus arts.
They poison infant minds in schools,
Train youthful slaves to slay,
And lying press & pulpit tools
Lead older slaves astray.

The wage-slaves think that they're as free
As eagles in the wing!
In masters' wars, on land & sea,
They fight like anything
For "freedom", & "their countries' flags",
For "empires", & for "thrones".
They kill & die in gory rags
To save the lying drones!

Will someone earn thus rich reward
And reap eternal fame
By making slaves put up the sword
And guns, for very shame?
A modern saviour he would be
Who'd contradict each lie
And make the workers clearly see
That they work, fight, & die

Supporting lazy, pampered swine,
In idleness & sin,
Whose paunches swell with viands fine
While honest folk are thin!
If such a saviour lives to-day
Wreathe laurels for his brow,
And introduce him sans delay—
HE'S BADLY NEEDED NOW!

Twix. Thur. Mar. 11, 1920. Last Tuesday I went to the Central Mission Hall in King street, Newcastle, & heard Mrs. Eva Wheeler, the prohibitionist, speak on "Our Flags". There was a large audience. She is a good speaker, but she almost ruined her lecture by her silly flag flapping & pro war drivel. No questions were asked.

Last night I sat with Arthur Roach, & Mr. & Mrs. Price. "Old Jones" spoke & sang through me, & "Mike" spoke through Mr. Price, who also asked who "Jinny" is, & told me that my thoughts are a lot on her. He thought she is still in the flesh.

Jose fixed an extension tube on the gas burner yesterday, & took some pattern of his steam engine, to be cast in brass, to Newcastle.
Ten Million Pounds Reward.

Written for "Newcastle Argus," by "Daisy."

Ten million pounds in sterling gold
Should certainly be paid
To any person bright and bold,
To any man or maid,
Who finishes this mighty task:
Arose all sleeping slaves,
And all the tricks and lies unmask
Of ruling, robbing knaves!

They have the workers hypnotised
In mills and mines and marts,
With mental powers paralysed
By hocus-pocus arts.
They poison infant minds in schools,
Train youthful slaves to stay,
And lying press and pulpit tools
Lead older slaves astray!

Wage slaves think that they're as free
As eagles on the wing
In master's wars, on land and sea,
They fight like anything,
For "freedom," and "their country's flags,"
For "empires" and for "thrones"
They kill and die in gory rage
To save the lying drones!

Will someone earn this rich reward,
And reap eternal fame,
By making slaves put up the sword
And guns for very shame?
A modern saviour he would be
Who'd contradict each lie,
And make the workers clearly see
That they work, fight and die!

Supporting lazy, pampered swine
In idleness and sin,
Whose paunches swell with viands fine,
Whilst honest folk are thin!
If such a saviour lives to-day
Wreathes laurels for his brow,
And introduces him sans delay—
He's badly needed now!

Sat. Mar. 13, 1920. Yesterday was pay day for Jose & me. I went to Newcastle in the evening & bought at Hewitt's a 3/10 drill (1/3), a 4 inch triangular file (10d), & a 2 & a 3 brace bit, for 4d. each. I also bought "Stead's Review" for Mar. 1st (d), & I ordered "Tregellas' Cornish Tales" at Hunter's book shop. I listened awhile to Mr. Dooley, M.P., speaking, & then to Arthur Rae & Macdonald. I took my verses "Put Up The Sword", & "Ten Million Pounds Reward" to the "Argus" office & put them under the door.

Tues. Mar. 15, 1920. Instead of going to the Salvation Hall last Sunday night I stayed at home & wrote a 4 page letter to Jim Pettigrew (sister. The Aeon (I think) brought in a cargo of iron ore for the steelworks on Sat. night or Sunday morning, so we shall be able to work on. I have finished reading a true story in the "Boy's Own Annual" that Mother bought for me when I was a boy, at Wallaroo Mines. Although I have had the book since 1904 I had not read the story, which is entitled "The Voyage Of The Evangelist", or "Canoe Travelling Upon the Rivers & Coasts Of Australasia" by the Rev. Fred.C.B. Fairway."

Thur. Mar. 18, 1920. I went to Price's house last night & sat in a spiritualist circle with Mr. & Mrs. Price. Mrs. Merchant, young Arthur Roach, & a strange lady, "Thompson" spoke through me on "The proper way to conduct a circle;" & he explained that saint Paul's phrase, "as through a glass darkly" meant through smoked glass. "Miki", speaking through Mr Price, said that there was a woman between 40 & 50 years of age, named Elizabeth, near me. I don't know who she could have been. I lent Mrs. Price "The New Revelation", by Con-
an Doyle. The "Kapoi" came in at the steelworks yesterday with limestone. Old Mrs. Ford visited us at our house last evening. She is still housekeeping for brother Bob.

Fri. Mar. 19, 1920. The "Argus" to-day contains my verses entitled "Ten Million Pounds Reward". Brother Jack returned with May from Katoomba & Lithgow yesterday. He said that Jim Pettigrew & family were all well, & that Lizzie Woodward's baby is coming on well. I gave Bill Johns, the safety inspector, a copy of "The Harbinger Of Light" to-day. Harry Noyes has gone away for a six months holiday, but no one is appointed in his place. Old Mr. Stacker was knocked down by a railway train at Hamilton a few days ago, & died a couple of days afterwards. Bob Woodward was boarding at Stacker's house at the time.

TEN MILLION POUNDS REWARD. An Open Letter to "Daisy" by "Dandelion".

Dear Daisy, While I sympathise With you in your desire That plundered workers shall arise And take all they require— The ocean & the land, the air, The wealth that they produce— And live with peace & freedom, Sweet Daisy, what's the use Of urging us, in language terse, To make slaves understand That they should own the universe And all its wealth command, Instead of being burdened slaves Who willingly engage To labor for the idle knaves For just a living wage? The workers now have all they want, A job, a wage, a sky, An army, & a flag to flaunt, A navy to defy Conscripted slaves of foreign lands Who sometime may invade "Our" shores, at masters' stern command, For "liberty" & trade! If workers' weary lives are spent in poverty & pains, It's not for want of argument; Is it not want of brains?

(See "Newcastle Argus" of March 19th, 1920.)
AN OPEN LETTER TO "DAISY."

BY "DANDELION"

Dear Daisy,—Whilst I sympathise with you in your desire
That plundered workers shall arise
And take all they require—
The ocean and the land, the air,
The wealth that they produce—
And live with peace and freedom fair?

Sweet Daisy, what's the use
Of urging us, in language base,
To make slaves understand
That they should own the universe
And all its wealth command,
Instead of being barred slaves
Who willingly engage
To labor for the idle knaves
For a living wage?
The workers now have all they want,
A job, a wage, a sty,
An army and a flag to flaunt;
A navy to defy
Conscripted slaves of foreign lands
Who sometime may invade
Our shores, at masters' stern command,
For "liberty" and trade!
If workers' weary lives are spent
In poverty and pain,
It's not for want of argument,
Is it not want of brains?


Sunday, the 21st, Violet Sheldon, wife of George Sheldon, was operated on by doctor Gardiner who was assisted by 3 other doctors, whilst a 4th one looked on, as he is only a student. The operation was done at the Sargy home, Islington. Two tumours were removed from an internal organ where they had been growing for a long time. This is the 5th time she has been operated on; the other operations were performed when she was single. Violet is progressing fairly well now, & will probably recover.

Wed, March 24th, 1920. Bill Johns is going back to his carpentry work, & Mr. Curtiss, ex-boss of the carpenters, is to
taKe Bill's job of safety inspector. He has been supervising the work of erecting cottages for the B.H.P company, in Grebert street, Mayfield.

Thur. Mar. 24, 1920. Last night I went to Price's place in Hamilton, & sat with Mr. & Mrs. Price, Mrs. Merchant, & Artur & George Roach. I was used by "Bob Smith," a back blocks worker, to deliver a message of warning against wrong doing. Nothing unusual happened until nearly ten o'clock, when an ex-parson named Ebenezer Jones spoke through me & gave an account of his fall from the ministry through the wiles of a pretty woman. The burden of his speech was "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, & all necessary things shall be added unto you." He concluded with a prayer. Violet Sheldon is progressing well.

Fri. Mar. 26, 1920. Yesterday was payday for me & Jose. Last night I went to the Newcastle & Suburban Co-operative Store in Wickham, & paid five pounds, part payment for 10 shares in the Society. I bought 3 books in the second-hand shop in Hunter street. One is entitled "Pictures Of Travel In Far Off Lands"; another is "Travels In Mexico"; & the third is "Wonders Of Land & Sea."

Mon. Mar. 28, 1920. Last night I went to the Sarmy meeting at Tighe's Hill. Bert Austin was there & told me that his finger is getting better slowly.

I have written the following verses:

"Ten Million Pounds Reward. Daisy's Reply."

Dear Dan 'De Lion, here's my hand
In friendship! (not to wed);
You seemingly misunderstand
How workers are misled.

You argue that if they're content
With economic chains,
It's not through lack of argument,
But rather lack of brains. X

The wondrous aeroplanes that fly
Where lightnings flash & flame
Above the earth, you'll not deny,
From clever workers came.

The toilers make each mill & mine,
Though little they possess;
And everything, From Poles to Line,
They manage with success.
Ten Million Pounds Reward.

DAISY'S REPLY

Dear Dan De Lion, here's my hand in friendship! (not to wed),
You seemingly misunderstand
How workers are misled.

You argue that if they're content
With economic chains;
It's not through lack of argument,
But rather lack of brains!

The wondrous aeroplanes that fly,
Where lightning's flash and flame.
Above the earth, you'll not deny,
From clever workers came.

The toilers make each mill and mine,
Though little they possess;
And everything, from Pole to Pole,
They manage with success.

Their fertile brains invent, improve,
Employ, most things of worth;
Which skilful workers make to move,
Or stand upon the earth!

Could brainless idiots do this?
Though workers live in chains
Of servitude, instead of bliss,
It's not through want of brains.

The toilers are not taught the truth,
That workers make all wealth,
But suffer want, in age and youth,
'Through' idle robbers' stealth!

The loafers have them taught to work,
That profits may not shrink;
But herein, all their troubles lurk:
'They're never taught to think!'

But papers like the "Argus" bright,
Which toilers all should read,
Are trying hard to spread the light,
And surely will succeed!


By J. B.
the Bible, lead a Christian life, & prepare for an existence in the spirit world. He also sang 2 verses of "Each gentle dove & signing bough". Mrs. Harrison is an American.

Fri. Ap. 2, 1920. Yesterday Charlie went to Hunter's & paid 3/- for "Tregellas' Cornish Tales". I read a part of it last night. When Jinny, Jose, & I were in South Australia, in 1901, a young man named Ernie Rose bought a copy of "Tregellas' Cornish Tales" for me in Moonta; & when we returned to N.S. W. in 1901 I read the book to Mother. I heard that Ernie Rose is now a boss in the rail mill at the steelworks. Jinny & Florrie went to the Co-op. store last night & bought new suits for Walter & Fred. This is Good Friday. Son Jack has 5 holidays, but I have to work as usual.


Mon. Ap. 5, 1920. Bert Sheppard lent me a book written by William Le Queux, entitled "Rasputin the Rascal Monk." The 158 pages deal with the very remarkable career of Rasputin, who was a sham monk of the Greek Catholic church in Russia, who is said to have imposed upon the czar of Russia & on the czar's wife & daughters by means of bogus miracles. Rasputin is said to have corrupted the whole imperial Russian court, & to have been guilty of the most obscene blasphemy & immoral practices in company with some of the highest ladies in Russia. The author also charges him with being a secret agent or spy for Germany during the war of 1914 to 1918. The whole story seems too improbable to be true. I read the book through at the steelworks yesterday, as there was little to do. In the evening I went to the Army meeting.

Tues. Ap. 6, 1920. We have received the following letter from Mother's sister--aunt Grace Perkyns:

"Jenkins Terrace, Redruth, Feb. 29, 1920.
My Dear Nephews, I just received your kind letter & the money order, for which I thank you & your brothers for so kindly sending it. I am sure I can't tell you how grateful I am to you all for your kindness in sending this to me, as I never expected so much. It's so good of you! I hope you & your brothers will never want, & will be blessed with all the
The world can give, for you have done more than some sons would do. You wanted to know how poor Walter was buried. He was buried quite respectable. I had to apply to the Parish, as I put him in a club at 3d a week 5 years ago, & could not get it. It was £3-10-0 (three pounds ten), but the age was wrong. He was 27, & I put him in at 20, so lost the money. As that was the only club he was in he never made any preparation for burial whatever, nor me my myself. I think it very foolish that we did not, but not being any scholars we did not do it. So Mr. & Mrs. Webster went to the Relieving Officer, & he sent a lovely box; & the gentleman Walter worked for sent the hearse, & the men walked behind. It was, as everyone said, very nicely carried out. He died the 7th day of November 1919. His birthday was on the 3rd, now 9 years.

He died on Friday, & was buried on Sunday at the Wesleyan minister. If your dear mother was living she would break her heart. I am left all alone; but still she is in Heaven too; & I hope by God's help, to meet them all again, where we shall never part again. Tell Robert I will look around for someone for him. I don't know of anyone now, but will let him know if I do.

I received your letter & cards all right. Mrs. Webster thanks you for thinking of her. I was sorry to see that your Sister's daughter has died, poor thing, & the dear baby left. Sorry for her husband, too; it's a great loss to him. I sent a letter to Chili & had no reply yet; & I also sent 4 or 5 letters before, telling how Walter was laid up, & I myself could do but very little, but no answer. It's very unkind of them. I heard from brother Robert, & he sent me a pound & promised to send a little again when he could, but he has been laid up four years; so I can't expect it, as I daresay his children have to keep him; but his wife writes such nice letters to me.

I received your pictures & thank you for them. They are very nice, & I like to look at them. Now I have told you all for the time. I would come out to you, perhaps, if I was younger, but I am in my 80 now; that's rather too old for travelling now. I forgot to say I have been very poorly indeed, but I am glad to say I am better now; & I am very comfortable. Mr. Webster is as kind as his wife. I am all right with them. He works at a smelting works, smelting tin. There are hundreds of men here out of work. This is after the war. No one will lay out money to give the men work. Now with my kindest love to your wife, & brother's wife, & all their families, I remain your loving aunt, Grace Perkyns.

I also received the following letter from Mrs. Webster, who writes for aunt Grace:

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"Jenkins Terrace, Redruth, Dear Mr. Coiking, I am writing you as a friend also. Although we have not seen each other it seems as though we have been friends. We have heard so much about you & your letters. I always read over, as Miss Harry would read them too fast they would say. Well, you wished me to speak plainly concerning your aunt. Well, I have done all I can for them for years now. I do all their bit of shopping & get her pension money every week, & her bit of washing, & keep her house clean as it is more than 12 months since she has been able to go out or do any work. Of course she can wash up her dishes & do a bit of dusting sometimes; but the last time she was out, 12 months ago now, getting her pension, she fell down in the street with lightness in the head, & when she came in she looked ill & all of a snake; so I thought she had a seizure stroke as she is very snaky & nervous at times. Since of course she is now 80, or will be in June, we can't expect much other now; & to be plain, they never had living good enough for old people by the time Mr. Perkyns had the doctor & medicine to pay for; & it's 3 years since he did any work, dear old man. When he was working he did not get much money; & a few years ago he was laid up with a bad finger that threw them out of the way. Well, to cut a long yarn short (as my husband says), no one could be much poorer than they, but they would starve rather than complain to anyone. I never saw anyone more honest. Nothing more than they could pay for.

Well, we can't suit ourselves with a house yet; they are very scarce home here, but I hope we shall soon as our landlord has been & rose both the rents--Mrs. Perkyns' & ours, since Christmas, & not a bit of garden, only a small yard. Your aunt is quite willing to go with us; as she told me to tell you she can't live by herself. She has never been upstairs unless I go with her to put her to bed, since he died. She comes down & comes in here to her breakfast about 9 o'clock, & stays the day until she goes to bed, unless sometimes she goes in for an hour or 2 when her fire is lit. She likes to keep the house warm, as they are very wet, cold houses: no back doors. We have the trains running at the backs of our houses. We could not see her put away, & she would break her heart to go in the workhouse. Mr. Perkyns has a nephew's wife here in the town, who wanted very much to sell her bit of furniture to bury Mr. Perkyns; so my husband said,"Where is Mrs. Perkyns going to then?", & she said, "In the workhouse." So we put our feet down to that, & words we had; so she has not been here since, only to ask her to sign to sign a paper for £5-15-0. She had him in a club & left us go to the parish to bury him. Too proud to follow the dear old man, but would sell the few sticks to bury, & she have Mrs. Perkyns put off anywhere, b
but no! Hard words we had about it. Then she had the cheek, after the dear old man was buried a few weeks, to come; but Mrs. Perkyns wouldn't sign the paper for her to see it; so she never had it. So she's not been here since, nor we don't mean for her to. A hard-hearted wretch, & eat out with pride, too. Poor thing, her sons were too proud, & she too, to come because they (uncle & aunt) were too poor. Thank God I am not of that kind.

You wanted to know my maiden name: it was Tabb. Mother was Martha Perryam, & her sister Emma Perryam. Mrs. Perkyns & my mother always visited each other, & always lived near by. Mother used to walk out with your uncle John (Rowe), so they have told me, for a while before she met with' father. So you can see we have been rather closely connected a long time now.

Dear Mr. Cocking, I will close for the time, trusting this will find you all quite well, & hope to hear from you again soon. My husband joins in sending kind regards to you all. Ever your sincere friends, Harry & Emmie Webster.

I hope I have put this plain enough for you to read, as I am not a very good writer, & the ink is rather bad to write with. God bless you for your kindness!


Thur. Ap. 5, 1920. Last night at Price's I sat with Mr. & Mrs. Price, Mrs. Merchant, & George Roach. Michael Fay spoke through me on Ireland & its struggles for home Rule. He predicted the dismemberment of the British empire & the triumph of Home Rule. "May the curse of Cromwell rest on the British enemies of Ireland!" was the emphatic wish of Mr. Fay. He sang a verse of "The Wearing Of The Green". Interviewed Mr. Kinley, boss of electricians at the steelworks, yesterday, re Jose's prospect of getting a change from shift work to day work. He was very naughty & said that there was no prospect of getting a change.

I lent Bill Johns, sanitary inspector, "Tregellas' Cornish Tales" to-day. I have written the following verses:-

"Ten Millyun Quid Reward:"The Socialistic Cove" Chips In."

Sir, Yool pardon me intrushin,
But I've lobbed at this konklushin,
That yer paper's allus open to a bloke
as wants ter chip;
An' I tell yer soft an' aisy;
That I'm backin' sister Daisy.
In 'er skrap with 'Dandelion who would give a kove the pip!
First orf, Daisy sez (but better
Than I'm writin' in me letter)
That the bloke what wakes us grafters should be chuck'd
Ten millyun quid;
Then the dopey Dandelion
Roars,"It aint no use a-tryin', kos the koves as do the
yakker got no brains below their lids !"

Strike me lucky ! if we're silly
Who 'as knocked ole 'Olman's Billy,
An' wiv Yoozes kurst konskripsin wipes Fat's eye-
Joose orf the floor ?
If the miner an' the navvee
Aint a-got no blinkin' savvee,
Who is startin' One Big Union to give freedum to the poor?

When that union's farely started
It'll learn the chicken-eared
'Ow to play the game an' kollar all our produks
from the jump.
It'll give the grafters freedum
From the shrewdy pots wot bleed'em
An' who squeal,"Don't stop the 'andle of the grine stone
or the pump !".

Take this orfice, Dandelion:
Jist cut out yer stunt denyin':
That us grafters may be wakened,
Or we'll drop you've got a tick !
In konklusin'-- I'm the chappy
Wot kood make Miss Daisy happy,
Fo she's jist the glassy alley wot a dinkum kove
wood pick !"

Mon. Ap. 12, 1920. Last Saturday Jose bought a heart-
shaped gold pendant for his brother Jack as a birthday
present. William John Cookin was born at Wallsend, N.S.W.
on Monday, April 27th, 1903. Last night I wrote part of
a letter to aunt Grace Perkyns, whose address is "Jenkins
Terrace, Redruth, Cornwall, England". I also enclosed a
birthday card for her.

Fri. Ap. 10, 1920. Last night I finished my letters to aunt
Grace & to Mrs. Webster. We are going to send 30/- by
money order to aunt Grace. I sent Florrie to the post
Office this evening with the "Sydney Mail", & the
"Illustrated London News" for aunt Grace & Mrs. Webster.
They only cost a penny each to send. Violet Sheldon is
getting better slowly; she is still at the Army Home at Islington. The number 2 blast furnace was started again yesterday. We received a letter from sister yesterday. They are all well, & Vera has 6 teeth & is coming on very well.

Poor Liz-Jane is very despondent still over the loss of her father & her daughter Elizabeth. Jinny received a letter from Eliza Morris, Lithgow, to-day. This is our Jack's pay day. His pay was 45/-.

On Wednesday night I went to Price's as usual & sat with Mrs. Merchant & George Roach. Near the end of the sitting George went to sleep & some one sang "Rock Of Ages", in Welsh, through him. He does not know the Welsh language, but Mrs. Merchant said us that she was well acquainted with Mrs. Phillips, who both died a few years ago. They used to sing that old hymn, in Welsh, on their voyage to Australia with Mrs. Merchant, who had the impression that it was Mr. Phillips who sang the hymn through George Roach.

When George awoke he was surprised to find that he had been used as a medium to sing the hymn. This is the best piece of evidence of spirit return that I have received at the circles at Price's house. Michael Fay, the old Irish patriot, spoke a little through me, but as no one seemed to take any notice of him he stopped speaking. To-day's "Argus" contains my verses,"Ten Millyun Quid Reward"; A Soshalistic Cove Chips In."

Sat. Ap. 17, 1920. To-day Bill lent me the book entitled "Is Home Rule Rome au Rule", by Joseph Hocking. I read a part of it this evening, & found that Hocking thinks that home rule WOULD be Rome rule. I have written the following verses:-

"Ten Million Pounds Reward. Dandelion's Reply."

Dearest Daisy, I'm delighted
To accept your friendly hand!
It is fortunate you don't desire to wed,
For my wifey WOULD feel slighted
If I placed a golden band
On your finger-- & her hair is golden red!

Kindly pardon this digression
From the subject to discuss:
Can the workers be awakened from their sleep
And aroused to take possession
Of the land which nurtures us, And the sources of product
And the sources of production take & keep?

That most modern slaves are clever
In the handicrafts & arts,
And create all structures made to stand or move,
Is a statement that I've never,
Since this controversy's start,
Had the slightest inclination to disprove.

But it's my sincere conviction
That most working men are fools,
Notwithstanding that they're clever at their toil.
I defy all contradiction
And assert they want not tools,
NOR THE OWNERSHIP OF INDUSTRY & SOIL!

See them work for "living wages"
In the danger, sweat, & grime,
Where a third of their existence has been spent!
Though each Socialist still rages,
They regard it not a crime
To be robbed of profit, interest, & rent!

See them labor 8 hours daily
And be paid for 3, or less;
Hear them read which pug or race-horse won to-day
In their masters "kept press", daily,
WHILST THEY STARVE THE LABOR PRESS!
Is that evidence of intellect, I pray?

See them rush like stupid cattle,
And in masters' wars be slain,
In response to plutes' & parsons' jingo lies!
See slaves murder slaves in battle
And display their lack of brain
Where the worker by the hand of worker dies!
In compassion, gentle Daisy,
Take the Socialistic Cove, X
And in matrimonial bondage with him dwell,
Lest love-itis drives him crazy;
Place his trilbies on a stove
And instruct him how to argue—and to SPELL!

\[X \text{ See "Argus", April 10, 1920.}\]

We have received the following letter from my sister:— April 10, 1920. It is 12 months to-morrow since our Dad left us, & I am wondering whether to put a memorial in the paper, but I have decided it is utter waste of money. It can do him no good, & I can never forget him. I fancy I can see his dear old face at my side all day long. I know he is past all grief & pain, & is resting. If it was not for my family I would like to be with him & all the rest of those who have left us. I often picture the time, Joe, when we were all together. It seems ages ago. I am trying so hard to reconcile myself to my lot, & I think I am succeeding a little. Of course I have such a lot of worry with the 2 little ones I have to rear. Jimmy suffers a great deal with a chest trouble; the doctor says it is asthma. Of course I know he has inherited it from his grandparents on the Hopwood side, who all suffer from it. He is a strong, sturdy little chap & he may grow out of it. We must just hope for the best. Vera is as hard as nails. She never gets a cold, & is a healthy little brown block. I will now conclude by sending our love to you all. I hope you will write soon, as I long for a letter from you. I remain your loving sister, E. J. Pettigrew.

Tues. Ap. 20, 1920. Last night all of us except Arthur & myself went to the Salvation Army concert given by the Tigne's Hill corps at Islington. Jose's mate worked a double shift to enable Jose to attend. This evening Flurrie got a money order for 50/- to send to aunt Grace Perkyns.

Wed. Ap. 21, 1920. This evening Jack went to the Newcastle Technical College, & I went to Price's at Hamilton & sat with them & Arthur & George Roach. Michael Fay & 2 or 3 others spoke through me.
Ten Million Pounds Reward. 5.

"DANDELION" RPLY.

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To accept your friendly hand,
It is fortunate you don't desire to wed,
For my wifey would feel slighted
If I placed a golden band
On your finger—and her hair is golden red!

Kindly pardon this digression
From the subject to discuss:
Can the workers be awakened from their sleep,
And aroused to take possession
Of the land which nurtures us,
And the sources of production take and keep?

That most modern slaves are clever
In the handicraft and arts,
And create all structures made to stand or move,
Is a statement that I've never
Sincere conviction to disprove.

But it's my sincere conviction
That most working men are a race
Notwithstanding that they toil
I defy all contradiction
And assert they want not tools
Nor the ownership of industry and soil!

See them work for 'living wages'
In the danger, sweat and grime,
Where a third of their existence has been spent!
Though each Socialist still rages,
They regard it not a crime
To be robbed of profit, interest and rent!

See them labor eight hours daily
And be paid for these, or less;
Hear them read which pug or racehorse
Won today
In their master's "kept press" gaily,
Whilst they starve the Labor Press!
Is that evidence of intellect, I pray?

See them rush like stupid cattle,
And in master's wars be slain,
In response to plotters' and parsons' jingo lies!
See slaves murder slaves in battle,
And display their lack of brain
Where the worker by the hand of worker dies!

In compassion, gentle Daisy,
Take the "Socialistic Cove"*
And in matrimonial bondage with him dwell
Lest love his drives him crazy;
Place his tribbles on a stove,
And teach him how to argue—and spell!  *


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Thur. Ap. 22, 1920. This evening Jinn
y, Jack, & Fred went to the Tique's Hill pictures & saw a representation
of the notorious Kelly gang of bushran
gers. I have finished reading "Is Home Ruin Home Rule?", by Joseph Nooking.

Fri. Ap. 23, 1920. Alf Jordan has lent me a book entitled "The Ragged Trousered Philanthropists". This is my pay day. My pay was, as usual, £ 8-1-0. Joe was paid £ 10-1-9, but he had to pay back one shilling. Matters which had worked a double swindle for him so that he could attend with the band at the Arnprior Band contest. Jack went to Newcastle & paid the Co-op. store bill, & paid in five pounds more as share money. We now have ten paid up shares. The "Argu
s" to-day contains Dandelion's Reply.

Sat. Ap. 24, 1920. We have to pay 5/-
income tax for Jose on £ 108 income
last year. Bert Austin is driving the
steam winch that pulls up the coke skip
at number 2 blast furnace, & tilts
the table to make them run back. He
had to kill his horse which was accident-
ally starved almost to death on his
farm at Cardiff. It was only suffering
uselessly, he said. I have finished
reading "The Ragged Trousered Philan-
thropists". I have written the follow-
ing verses:-

"Ten Million Pounds Reward; Daisy's
Second Reply."

Dear Dan De Lion, I regret
The truth of all you say
Regarding toil & sweat
For insufficient pay.

I also mournfully admit
That your philippic's true
Concerning those who "did their bit",
Whereof they sorely rue.

But, notwithstanding that you're right:
This granite fact remains
Though workers still for markets fight
They're not devoid of brains!
We Socialist is now surprised
When social ills he finds,
For working folk are hypnotised
By knaves who poison minds.

And Socialists should not despair
Though workers are asleep,
For through the dark nocturnal air
The dawn will surely creep!

Already in the Russian sky,
Across the ice & snow
The golden gleam we can descry
Of morning's ruddy glow!

In Austria & Yucatan
The workers are awake;
And in Australia, too, dear Dan,
They'll also rise & take

The ownership of seas & lands
And mighty tools of trade
Whereby, with workers' clever hands,
All needful things are made.

Let's educate & organise,
Despite of drought or flood,
To capture this transcendent prize
Without the loss of blood!

You counsel me to wed the Cow
Les, he should be o'er tasked
With thoughts of love; but girls who throve
Have waited until asked!

Wed. Ap. 28, 1920. This evening I went to George Price's
& sat with him, Arthur Hoach, & Mrs. Merchant. Mrs. Price
intended to sit with us, but while putting her baby (Lucy) to
sleep she fell asleep herself. Michael Fay, the Irish patriot,
spoke through me & denounced the priests for taking payment
from him, in earth-life, by the pretence that they held the
keys of Heaven & Hell, & would let him enter Heaven at death.
He said he had been wandering about in spiritual darkness
ever since he died, & had not seen Heaven.
He was advised, by a member of the circle, to forgive his enemies
& then ask God to forgive Him, which he promised to try to do.
Matthew Thornton then spoke, through me, of the various spheres or places of residence of the spirits. Miki spoke through George Price.

Thur. Ap. 29, 1920. I lent Alf Jordan "The Philosophy Of A Future Life", by J. Dick, yesterday, & I returned "The Ragged Trousered Philanthropists". Adjutant Drury came this evening with the "Articles Of War", & son Jack signed them. The adjt. also lent me 2 copies of "Life" containing an article by Pitchett against Spiritism; & an article on "The Time Wonder Of The Bible", which the adjutant wishes me to read.

Fri. Ap. 30, 1920. This is son Jack's pay day. He has got a rise in wages from 25/- a week to 65/- . He brought home 70/- this evening. Rainy.

Thur. May 6, 1920. Last Sunday, at midnight, I re-started working shift work, watering the ore etc. in the bins at the blast furnace. On Tuesday the manganese furnace was started again; but I hear that iron ore is smelted there— not manganese ore. Last night I went to Price's & sat with them, George Roach & Arthur, & Mrs. Merchant. Someone spoke through me without giving a name, & laughed about a drunken man whom he had met. George Roach was partly controlled by the big Indian, & Mr. Price was controlled by another Indian who did not speak English. Afterwards I was influenced by "Silly Billy" who only said a few words; & after him the Parson spoke briefly through me. Then "Michael Fay" spoke through me for 15 minutes & said that he now realised that he must pray for himself & not depend on priests. He was gradually forgiving his enemies, & was being forgiven.
In Austria and Yucatan
The workers are awake
And in Australia, too, dear Dan,
They'll also rise and take
The ownership of seas and lands
And mighty tools of trade
Whereby, with workers' clever hands,
All needful things are made
Let's educate and organise,
Despite of drought or flood,
To capture this transcendent pride
Without the loss of blood!
You counsel me to wed the 'cove'
Lest he should be overtasked
With thoughts of love; but girls who throve
Have waited until asked!

Luv a 'duck! Is Dan a wowser,
Or a jingo "Boo! in Towser!"
As got chucked a arf a quid a 'ead fer soolin' mugs to war?
Duz 'e kid as I'm so silly
I'd go stoppin' led fer Billy,
An' 'ad nevr took a tumbel to the joke wot war is for?

We'llur dun fer king or sirder,
War is simply legal murdur
As is karrid on fer markits where the screrdy pots kan sell
Wot's bin pinched frum loyul worksirs
By them pay-triotik snirkurs!
Struth! 'll war is wholesale slauter, an' it's Sundy name
is 'Eil!

If Dan 'ad to be a mucker
At the age o' ten, fer tucker,
Wen the Westly winds O' Wintur kep 'is toze an' fingurs Kool,
'E wood-probably probly spel no bettur
'N I'm ritin' in me lettur;
An' I'll argy 'im fer marbles! If I kan't spel I'm no fool!

Dandelion sez I'm krazy
Thru me luv fer gentel Daisy:
Well, yer worship, I pleed gilty-- I'm luv-dotty, I'll allow;
An', as darlin' Daisy's waitin'
To be ast, I'm 'ereby statin'
That the band'll play to-morra! Gee! I'd like to 'ear it now!

The "Newcastle Argus" has ceased publication through the machinery being sold by Mr. Pogonoski, the owner. The verses, "Marry Me, Son," above were not printed in that paper, but in "The Toiler", which started after the "Argus" had ceased.

I received "The Revolutionary Socialist" & "The One Big Union Herald" yesterday. Jose received "The Electrical Review". Bob Wright's death is announced in yesterday's paper. He lived at Wallsend once, & was a Socialist speaker. He was only 35 years of age. He left 9 children, the eldest being only 10. His wife is old Billy Hepplewhite's daughter, of Wallsend. At one time Bob was the secretary of the Newcastle hospital. Last Sunday Mr. Burkle, a German, lent me a book entitled "Telepathic Hallucinations" which I have read, & sent it back this evening. He also lent me "The Creed Of Christianity", by W. R. Greg., & "Psychical Research", by Sir W. H. Barratt.

Sat. May 8, 1920. This morning I finished reading "Psychical Research".

Thur, May 13, 1920. Yesterday Jinny went to W. N. Paling, Newcastle, & paid a deposit of £8 for an Esty organ, style $32, number 412300. We shall have to pay £1-12-0 per month. The full price, time payment, is £55-12-0. The £8 pounds deposit brings this down to £57-12-0. Mr. Henderson, the sec. of the Newcastle & Suburban Co-op. Society, called this morning to offer to sell us his organ for £21-0-0, but as we had made arrangement with Paling we refused to accept the offer. Yesterday I paid 2/6 on a share in the new paper which Zenas Vaisey is trying to start in place of the "Argus", which is now called "The Toiler".

Fri. May 14, 1920. Yesterday our Esty organ was brought, & the case was brought in another cart, by Bacon. Glace Burgess played the organ for the first time, & Mrs. Wallace came in & had a look at it this morning. Jose is busy turning, on his lathe, a part of his steam engine.

Mon. May 17, 1920. This morning's Advocate contains an account of the trial of Mrs. Annie Belinda Turnbull on a charge of manslaughter of Mrs. Berry, at Sydney. Linda will receive her sentence on Monday. Brother Bob was here yesterday to look at the new organ. He promised to give me something to send to aunt Grace. I am day shift this week, Jose is 4 to 12, Jack is from midnight to 8 a.m.
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I have written the following verses:


No hope exists for Man, for all are born in sin;
Since earthly life began mankind's been vile within!
Through all the ages past men lived in sin and despair,
And while the earth shall last they ever shall they'll remain!
No theories, nor schemes to remedy our greed—-to remedy our greed—
No Socialistic schemes did e'r, or shall, succeed!
Man's nature is most vile of all created things;
His heart is full of guile; his tongue with venom stings!
Philosophies have failed to cleanse his soul of dross;
And Man has ever nailed his saviours to a cross!
Skill, learning, science, art, environment the best,
No virtue can impart to Man's impious breast!
There is a plan, divine, which would have well sufficed
to alter man's swine—-the plan of Jesus Christ!
But if we still reject salvation through his name,
We henceforth may expect eternal want & shame!
No Socialistic plan shall save us from the rod—
No "Brotherhood of Man" sans Fatherhood of God!"

Thur. May 20, 1920. There was a terrific explosion at the number 1 blast furnace yesterday afternoon. The fitters were doing something to the bell at the top of the furnace, when the gas ignited & exploded & blew a very heavy iron cover up into the air. It fell on the river side of the trestles where I was working. Chris Iverson & Michael, the Greek, were very badly hurt, & were carried away on stretchers. Big Dick Davies, the boss, & Bob Menzies, the boss, had their eyes injured. The iron cover that blew off was so heavy that 11 men were required to carry it back to its place. Last night I sat with Mr. Price, Arthur Roach, & Mrs. Merchant. Mrs. Price had to go to bed with Lucy, the baby. While we were singing "Old Jones" sang through me, "I am thine, O Lord, I have heard thy voice". He also said a few words "Michael Fay" then made a long, rambling speech through me, the gist of it being that he had continued to pray for himself, & is now on the upward path.

I met Will Cocking with Vera on the way home, as they were going to Wickham. Our Jack paid 2 pounds for the chemical apparatus of a man who has been studying chemistry at the Technical College. Belinda Turner has been sentenced to 5 years imprisonment for manslaughter. She has previously served seven years in jail for a similar crime. Her mother was an atheist.
The following is a copy of the telegram that brother Jack sent to my Mother when he & stepfather Charles Giles were on the way from Wallaroo Mines, South Australia, to Henry Vercoe who was a contractor on the railway at or near Queanbeyan, N.S.W.:—

"Electric Telegraph, South Australia. Kadina station, June 5th, 1885. Telegram from Redfern railway station addressed to Mrs. Chas. Giles, Wallaroo Mines. Arrived in Sydney all well. About to leave for Henry. From Chas. Giles. 4:30."

Note:—Charles Elijah Giles' first wife's name was Mary Jane Tucker, who died at Kapunda, South Australia, & whose baby died there one week later, a week old. His Mother's maiden name was Maria Spurgess; & his Father's name was William Giles. William & Maria Giles had two sons—Charles Elijah & Stephen—and three daughters—Maria, who married Henry Brickman who was a sailor, & who deserted her & his children—Maria & Harry—and was a worthless man; Jane, who married William Hancock of Wallaroo Mines. He was a very big man, & died of lead-poisoning at Broken Hill. Maria Giles' third & youngest daughter was named Elizabeth. She married Henry Vercoe, a brother of Silas. Young Maria Brickman married a man named Allen, of Wallaroo Bay. Their daughter is a music teacher there. Their son was killed in the great war. Young Harry Brickman married a widow at Wallaroo Bay, but she died. Charles E. Giles married my Mother, Elizabeth Cocking, at Wallaroo Bay in 1875. They had only one child—Elizabeth Jane—who married James Pettigrew, of Wallsend, whose children are—Elizabeth, who died at Lithgow, N.S.W.; Nelly, who married Robert White of Dapto; Florence, who married a widower named Les. Daley, of Dapto; & Lila, who married a man named Richardson at Dapto. Charles E. Giles died at Lithgow on the 19th of April, 1919. My Mother—Elizabeth Giles—died at Wallsend, in her sleep, on the night of Sunday, the 8th of May, 1910.

The following is a copy of the nomination paper that I wrote as secretary of the Wallsend Political Labor League:—


We, the undersigned members of the Wallsend Political Labor League, hereby nominate Mr. David Watkins as a candidate for selection by the abovenamed League."

John Bailey Robinson, Wallsend.
Henry Tildesley, Wallsend.
Josiah Cocking, Plattsburg.
John Reynolds, Wallsend.
John Proudlock, Wallsend.
Charles Joseph Vial, Wallsend.

I hereby agree to allow myself to be nominated as above.
D. Watkins.

The following is a copy of Mum's reference:
535, Bourke Street, Surry Hills.
August 8th, 1890.
This is to certify that Mary Jane Anderson has been
living in my employment as general servant for nearly
eleven months, & during that time I found her honest &
most trustworthy, & can recommend her to any person.
If further reference required apply to the above address.
Mrs. John Purcell.

COPY of document appointing me as Poll Clerk.
"Submission of Australian Federal Constitution to the El-
ectors of New South Wales, under the Australian Federation
Enabling Act of 1895 & Amendment Act of 1897.
(Regulation No. 13.)
Appointment of Poll Clerk,
To Josiah Cocking, I appoint you to be a clerk for taking
the Poll in connection with the submission for acceptance
or rejection of the Australasian Federal Constitution to
the Electors of New South Wales, & to act as such at Pol-
ce Court, Plattsburg on the third day of June, 1898.
Given under my hand this 28th day of May, 1898.
John R. Nash, Returning Officer for the Electoral District
of Wallsend.

COPY of the front cover of the rule book of the Wallsend &
Plattsburg Social & Literary Society:
"Rules of the Wallsend & Plattsburg Social & Literary So-
ciety. Officers 1896-1897.
President, Rev. Wm. Stewart.
Vice Presidents, Mrs. Richards, Mrs. Michell & Cox.
Messrs W. Conn, M. Moran, E. Henry, A. Ross, D. Watkins, M. H. R.,
A. A. Yeates, M. A.
TREASURER,
Mr. L. R. Horne.
COMMITTEE,
Mrs. E. Henry, Mrs. T. Firkin, Miss Walton, Messrs D. Wat-
SECRETARY.
Trebor Edmunds.
Officers 1905-6, President, M. Moran, Vice Presidents,
ELECTOR'S RIGHT
RESIDENTIAL QUALIFICATION

ELECTORAL DISTRICT OF
Walton

Walton DIVISION.

THE HOLDER HEREOF,
Elizabeth Taylor
of High Park, a person whose name is signed hereunder,
is, if enrolled, entitled to vote at Elections of Members of the Assembly in the above District, being qualified in respect of Womanhood and of Residence in such District.

J. T. Smith
Chief Electoral Officer.

15th day of
November, 19[.] Walton, NSW
Abovenamed.

[Signature]