FROM AUGUST 18th 1932
TO AUGUST 10th 1933.

M.

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Thur. Aug. 18, 1932. Charlie has had some addition made to his crystal set. I drew my pension of thirty one shillings again to-day. There has been no reduction because of Walter's increase in wages, but I thought there would be.

Fri. Aug. 19, 1932. This morning's issue of the Waratah-Mayfield Weekly contains my verses, What Is An Empire?. I have written the following note to the Fleming H. Revisall Co., 21 Paternoster Square, London. "Dear Sirs, In the book, "Q.E.D.", or New Light On the Doctrine of Creation", by George McCready Price, published by you, there are references to various works, some of which I would like to buy. Among them are: - "Lois Pasteur, His Life & Labors; "Mendel's Principles Of Heredity; "A Critique of the Theory of Evolution", by Prof. Morgan; "History of Geology; "Founders of Geology"; by A. Geikie; "The Glacial Nightmare", by sir Henry H. Howarth, and "The Fundamentals of Geology; "Back to the Bible; A Text Book of General Science; "Poisoning Democracy; "The New Theology & a Textbook for Colleges"; by G. Price. If you can supply me with these books please let me know the price of them at your earliest convenience.
Yours sincerely, Josiah Cocking."

Sat. Aug. 20, 1932. Yesterday I walked to Newcastle & paid the water rates & the Co-op. store bill. I bought "Routledge's Temperance Reciter"; "Robert Raikes, the Man Who Founded the Sunday School"; & "Spelling & Punctuation", for sixpence each, at Mrs. Robinson's bookshop near the Wickham railway gates. Last night I walked to Hamilton & took part in a meeting of the S'Army. This morning I shall post "Doubting Thomas Convinced"; "Sunday Insegration"; & "What Is An Empire?", to the war Cry.

Sat. Aug. 27, 1932. Deputy Matron Skelton died & was buried this week. She was connected with the Newcastle General Hospital for several years. Our son Charlie started to work as a painter at the Steelworks yesterday. Jose got the job for him. Last night I was at Hamilton with the army & read 2 Peter & made a poor speech. I lent Jim Stansbury "The Gospel of the Hereafter". Yesterday morning I wrote these verses:

WHAT IS A MARTIAL HERO?.

A dolt who'll rush through flame & flood
To shed a conscript worker's blood
And leave a widow crying
In misery & want, to drag
Her orphans up beneath the "Flag of Freedom", ever flying.

A fool who kills by bay'net thrusts,
And does the dirty work of Trusts
That murder men in millions
And utilise "Heroic" sets
To bomb poor sleeping children's cots,
And gain uncounted billions!

Some poets prostitute their nibs
By writing patriotic fibs
To praise some blood-stained hero
Who "nobly" used his lethal arms
To murder men & burn their farms
And copy cruel Nero.

Let poets write the shameful facts
Concerning heroes' hellish acts
On babies, maids, & mothers,
And truthfully describe the screams,
The execrations & the streams
Of blood from mangled brothers! ---

The agonies that victims feel
When limbs are torn by flying steel
From shells produced by parsons ---
The wolfish anger that consumes
The fools who fight amid the fumes
Of cannonades & arsons! ---

The immorality & crime,
The foul diseases & the slime
In which each "hero" revels! !
O let the jingo poets tell
The naked truth that WAR IS HELL,
And martial heroes devils!

Dandelion.

Tues. Aug. 30, 1932. Last evening I attended an open-air meeting of the army, & afterwards heard a lecture entitled "Inasmuch" by major Pearce, in the army hall in Bryant street. I enjoyed it very much. Afterwards I bought a peg-bag, 9d, & a bag apron, 1/3, to help the self-denial fund. This morning I revised "Doubting Thomas" to give it to the Tighe's Hill songsters. I lent Bob Gibson "God In the Slums". The War Cry, predated Sep. 3rd, contains my verses, "Ride In A Car"
Fri. Sep. 2, 1932. Yesterday morning I wrote these verses:-

New Nursery Rhymes: 

Ba, Ba, Black Sheep.

Ba, Ba, Black Sheep, have you any wool?
Yes, Sir, golden—three bags full;
One at the banker's, one on the shelf,
One in my pocket— used by myself.

I sell poison—alcoholic drink—
That makes drunkards fall & sink.
I rob children starving in their cots;
I make fathers turn into sots.

Ba, Ba, Black Sheep, have you any shame?
Not the slightest! Why should you blame?
I buy licence, therefore I may sell
Liquors that send my victims to Hell.

What care I for misery & pain
While my trade yields ample gain?
I take the mothers' pleasure & health,
Is the fathers' good name & wealth.

Ba, Ba, Black Sheep, have you any fear
That the wrath of God is near?
Will stolen wealth for your sins alone
When you appear at God's judgment throne?

Will your licence save you from the gloom
Of an endless, hopeless doom?
Can hoarded wealth your spirit save
When your vile body lies mouldering in the grave?

Tues. Sep. 6, 1932. Charlie gave up his job at the steelworks. He said he can earn more as a musician. Walter has been put on the staff at Walsh Island & is to have a fortnight's holiday yearly. He will be paid for overtime if it is worked in any day but Sundays & holidays. I visited brother Bob at the Waratah Benevolent Home last Thursday & took a bundle of War Crys, "World's News" & "Workers Weeklys" to him. Ethel—Jim Cocking's wife— slept here on Thursday night with their son Douglas. They have an all-electric, 5 valve wireless receiver. Yesterday Gladys sent a note by Joyce's lad to say that she was ill, so Mum went to stay with Gladys until Jack came from work at 5 p.m. She got a nurse to attend to Gladys. Yesterday Charlie & Fred began a carpentering job for a barber, which they did not finish until this morning after working at it all night. Last Sunday I was out with the Army all day, but not at night. I gave Bram Lucas
4.
a copy of Doubting Thomas on Sunday for the use of the
longsters. Yesterday I wrote

WHAT IS DEATH?

Is death extinction, or a change
To other phases, new & strange,
Of infinite existence?
Shall ev'ry Christian now alive
That undesired change survive
With pleasure & persistence?

Should we accept the dogma, bold,
Believed & preached by saints of old,
That spirits are immortal?
Shall we behold a spirit-sphere
Of life & light, when leaving here,
And enter at its portal?

Shall we embrace the friends we love
And fraternise with them above
In some celestial mansion,
Or roam the skies for evermore
And countless other worlds explore
In limitless expansion?

Is earth-life but a primal stage
Of action, where we all engage
In work, with tears or laughter
'Mid brief scenes of peace & strife
Before we taste eternal life
In bliss or woe hereafter?

God grant that we shall all survive
The change called death, & all arrive
At golden gatesSupernal!
Mqy ev'ry sinful soul believe
On Jesus Christ, & thus receive
God's gift of life eternal!

Last Saturday I wrote these verses:-

WHAT IS LIFE?

What is this elusive power?
Does it lifeless atoms dower
With its attribute of action
To construct organic cells?
Has it consciousness that's latent
Which at length it renders patent,
By repulsion & attraction,
In the organs where it dwells?
Is it true, as Moses stated, That Jehovah had created On this planet life & motion And the mystery of mind When the elements were parted? Or has life, self-acting, started In the dismal depths of ocean, Thus evolving human kind?

Is this life-force independent Of a Mind divine—transcendent— Was no wise Designer needed To create all living things? Are organic forms potential, And a vital force essential In all atoms that succeeded In creating eyes & wings?

Or is life a clever fairy Quite invisible & airy, Changing Earth's primeval status Where the slimes of oceans spread? Has she solved the old enigma Of the ovum & the stigma, Bridging thus the wide hiatus 'Twixt the living & the dead?

Or is life some skilled mechanic Shaping atoms inorganic Into matter protoplasmic, Filled with vital force & fire; Making creatures in the waters— Giving changing sons & daughters Fins & filaments, fantastic, As environments require

But these questions seem defiance Of the latest words of science:— "Life proceeds from nought but living Creatures in air, sea, or sod!" No spontaneous generation Is observed in all creation; One alone all life is giving, And His honoured name is GOD! Dandelion.
Thur. Sep. 8th 1932. This morning I received the following letter:

"The Salvation Army, Territorial Headquarters, 140 Elizabeth Street, Sydney, 5th Sep. 1932. Dear Mr. Cocking, please forgive my delay in acknowledging receipt of your poems, "What Is an Empire?" & "Sunday Desecration", together with the song service, "Doubting Thomas". I thank you for them. I am afraid the last named is not in our line, but our London office issues a periodical called "The International Demonstrator" which contains all manner of items of that kind intended for use on the platform, & if you like I will forward the manuscript to the editor, or should it be preferred, return the manuscript to you for sending to the editor direct. Regarding the pamphlet against war, I shall be pleased to consider it with a view to publication in serial form, if suitable. I am pleased to hear from you; God bless you.

Yours sincerely, Ernest Webb, Brigadier, Editor-in-Chief."

This is my reply:

"Dear Comrade, Your kind letter dated 5th Sep. is just received although it was wrongly addressed Maitland East, & I hasten to thank you for your generous offer to send my verses on "Doubting Thomas" to the "International Demonstrator". If you succeed in getting them printed in that paper I would like you to send me the issue containing them, as I never see it. If you have a spare copy in your office I would be pleased if you would post it to me so that I may see what kind of contributions would be suitable for it. I will send my pamphlet to you very shortly, & if you find it unsuitable I would be grateful for its return. With this I enclose some more verses, hope you will approve of & use them. Yours fraternally, Josiah Cocking.

Sat. Sep. 10th 1932. Rainy & Cold. This week's "Waratah-Mayfield Weekly" contains my verses: "What Is Capitalistic Education?". Yesterday I collected 5/6½, mostly in pennies, on Maitland Road, Mayfield West, for the Self-Denial fund. My target is 5/-.

Gladys Cocking is out of bed, but is not quite well. I have received this note:

"The Salvation Army, 140 Elizabeth St., Sydney 10th Sep. 1932

By Dear Comrade, With pleasure I will send your poem on "Doubting Thomas" to the "International Demonstrator" in order that you may see what kind of production this is. I will enclose, with compliments, a copy of one of the recent numbers. Thank you for your further contributions. With all good wishes "Ours sincerely, Ernest Webb, Brigadier, Editor-in-Chief."

Gladys was attended by a doctor yesterday. The Miners' Federation is threatening to have a general strike to combat
Stevens' & Lyons' wage-reductions. Yesterday Fred Redhouse gave me a big sheet of black backlite used for wireless receivers. He is shifting into another house in Waratah st. Last Sunday Bob Gibson lent me "The People's Life of Christ by Paterson Smythe. On Saturday night I lent Bob Gibson & Edna Davies some books. Mum slept at Gladys's house again last night, & has been there all day to-day. Charlie & Fred are cleaning & repairing the A.J.S. motor cycle that Charlie bought a few days ago for ten pounds. This morning I began to copy out my verses that were printed in the International Socialist Review. I intend to copy all I have written & collect them into a few books.

Fri. Sep 16, 1932. This morning I wrote these verses:

WHAT IS HELL?

A condition & location
Where the blessings of salvation
Are denied to unbelievers
In the truths of Christ, the Lord,
And to sceptical blasphemers
Who describe the Saints as schemers
And unscrupulous deceivers
Who imposed with one accord.

It's inhabited by liars,
Be they novelists or friars
Who invented tales to frighten
Or amuse unlettered men;
And by hypocrites who gammon
To subserve both God & Mammon
While professing to enlighten
Erring souls, by voice or pen.

It's the home of crafty robbers
And of jingoistic jobbers
Who contrive to fleece the masses
And accumulate vast wealth!
It's the residence of plotters
And of ravenous garrotters
Who compose the preying classes
That subsist by fraud & stealth.

Hell's the hopeless home, eternal,
Of warmongers whose infernal
Diplomatic instigations,
Through their agents, lead to strife--
Thugs who make & sell munitions
Which produce the vile conditions
That prevail where foolish nations
Waste, in warfare, wealth & life.
8.
There unscrupulous & clever
Rogues & tyrants dwell for ever,
Shorn of honour, wealth & power
And of valued earthly things;
There the orphan-making "hero"
And blood-guilty men like Nero
In dishonour shrink & cower
With all martial kings & queens.

Vain are power, pomp & riches --
Vain are busts in temples' niches --
Vain the stupid praise of masses
For all martial deeds of gore --
Vain are mansions rich & royal
And applause of subjects loyal
When each unsaved sinner passes
Into Hell for evermore!

Sat. Sep. 17th 1932. This is Mum's 58th birthday. Ivy gave her
ten shillings, & Florence gave Mum a glassflower vase & a pair
of gloves, but as Mum has plenty of gloves Florrie will exchange
them for some dress-material. Charlie went in the ambulance car
to Booral to play at a concert last night, & returned this morn-
ning.

Mon. Sep. 19 1932. Yesterday I attended every meeting of the
S'army. Captain Lyell was with us all day as a "special". At nigh-
t there was an after-service in which the soldiers gave special &
gifts. I have collected 5/6 for the self denial fund. My targe-
t was 5/- . This week's War Cry contains my verses, "Sunday Desec-
tion". Gladys is still in bed & is likely to stay there some mon-
ths yet.

THE CONFESSION OF A JOYKILLER. (To Tom Malonè).

I have cometo the conclusion
That I'll answer your effusion
On my fancied aim to hinder
Or prohibit or destroy
All your pastimes, games, or pleasures
Which you now esteem as treasures;
And to burn all cards to cinder
And kill ev'ry harmless joy.

As you're not devoid of gumption
You'll perceive that this assumption
Is entirely unfounded,
If these lines you will peruse,
And you'll see that you've mistaken
My intention, & farsaken
9.
Reason's high domain that's banded
By the lowlands of abuse.

I would kill no joy nor pleasure
Which conforms in kind or measure
To Commandments carved for Moses
On the quaking mountain peak;
But I own that I am willing
To perform a deal of killing
Of each pleasure that imposes
On the ignorant & weak.

I would kill the joy of betting
And of mercilessly getting
Helpless children's bread & butter
Which a mother's hands should carve;
I would murder all such thieving
Of the gamblers who are leaving
Famished urchins of the gutter
In the cold, to steal or starve.

I deplore the degradation
Of a person or a nation
Who perceives no harm in robbing
Little children of a home
By the pennies, dice, or euchre
In the quest for filthy lucre,
And, regardless, hears them sobbing
Under Winter's starlit dome.

I would slay the joy of sinning
At a "Two-up" school by winning
All the wages of another
Who should hand them to his wife
Whom he vowed to love & cherish--
Not to make her pine & perish
While he gives a heartless "brother"
All her money & her life.

Any man who robs a mother
Of her living is no brother,
Though financial on the pages
Of "fraternal" unions' books.
Ev'ry man should help his fellow,
Be he white, black, brown, or yellow--
Not deprive him of his wages
By the "winning" ways of crooks.

I would kill the joy of killing
On a battle-field, & spilling
All the life-blood of the workers
In the wars their masters made;
For no pastime is absurder
Than committing wholesale murder
In the interests of shirkers
To increase their foreign trade.

I would slay the joy of arson
So beloved of ev'ry parson
Who defames the name of Jesus
By extolling martial strife
On the fiendish fields of battle
Where the workers die like cattle
To enrich some callous Creesus
Who luxuriates through life.

I would kill the joy of drinking
Alcoholic dope, & sinking
To the bestial, swinish level
Where the vile & dirty dwell,
Thus enriching ev'ry brewer
Who would make men's chances fewer
Of resisting any devil
Who entices souls to Hell.

I would slay the joy of swearing,
And destroy the bliss of tearing
All the honour from the holy,
And respect from names divine;
Though I lose the approbation
Of a whole degraded nation
And am counted worse than lowly
By all pearl-despising swine.

Any word or any action
Which gives joyful satisfaction
To my sisters & my brothers—
Minus sin—ml will applaud;
But whoever draws his pleasure
In the very smallest measure
From the sins & pains of others,
I esteem as but a fraud.

I would kill the joy of lying
And the pleasure of defying
All the laws of the Creator
And commandments of the Lord:
I would place a strong restriction
On all lying works of fiction
From the Poles to the equator;
For a liar is abhorred.
Let us truthful be, & sober
From November to October; Let us drink the joys of
Let us drink the joys of living
In the home, the field, or wood;
but remember that, when drinking,
We of others should be thinking,
For we always should be giving
An example that is good.

Let's enjoy the trees & flowers
And the sunshine & the showers,
The resplendent tints of morning
And the hues of ev'ning skies
Let's enjoy each changing season
And employ our gift of reason
To discard our doubtful scorning
For a faith that never dies.

Let's shake each domestic rafter
With our music, fun & laughter; Let us study all Life's
Let us study all Life's mazes
Till they're fully understood,
And be careful to remember
That from Jan. until December
We should clear our minds of mazes
And delight in doing good.

I entreat you, O my brother,
To remember home & Mother
And how lovingly she taught you
In the Narrow Path to tread,
Ere her noble soul ascended
And her gentle voice was blended
In the praise of Him who sought you
In the Heaven overhead.

And remember you are gifted
With an intellect that's lifted
Far above the brutal rabble
That despises psychic truth,
Use your mighty mental forces
In enlightening discourses
To the ignorant who babble
The insanities of youth.

All your faculties were given
To assist the ones who've striven
To resist the wrongs of ages
"n... And to battle for the right;
to eradicate all error,
Sin & sorrow, strife & terror,
Through the holy Book whose pages
Fill the mind with truth & light.

I would kill the joy of dancing
Where a sinful horde is prancing,
To the music of a fiddle,
Clad in garments short & thin;
For the most seductive devils
Will attend such godless revels
With their master in the middle
To entice the horde to sin.

I would kill the joy of racing
Where the covetous are placing
Heavy wagers with a stranger
In the hope of unearned gain,
Quite indifferent that winning
Others' goods is greedy sinning,
And regardless of the danger
That the riders may be slain.

In conclusion I must mention
That it's my avowed intention
To oppose what's wrong & rotten,
Though you deem me but a foe,
And while I enjoy existence
All that's wrong shall have resistance
Though I soon may be forgotten.
I am yours sincerely Joe.

Tues. Sep. 20, 1932. Last night I read & spoke at an army meeting in Elizabeth street, Tighe's Hill, & afterwards heard a program given by the Merewether corps in the hall. There was a "blue bird" fair held in the hall which began last Saturday & will continue until to-night. Charlie has put his A.J.S. motor bicycle together & started it this afternoon. Drummer Harry Smith was out with the drum on Sunday night. Gladys is still in bed. My quarterly contribution to the Gardeners' Lodge is now only three shillings. This afternoon I finished reading "A People's Life Of Christ", 25 pages, by J. Paterson Smyth.

Tues. Sep. 27, 1932. Yesterday I had a front tooth extracted because it was decayed. To-day I wrote out "A Killjoy's Confession", & "What Is Hell", for the War Cry. A bundle of Reynolds' Illustrated News came to-day from Mrs. Webster. Hilda Lightis to lecture on Russia at Carrington to-night.

Mon. Sep. 29th, 1932. So—off we walked to Newcastle & gave
Thur. Sep. 29, 1932. On Tuesday I walked to Newcastle & gave our share book to the Co-p. store. I bought a First French book for 2d. & a History of England, 2d., at a second hand shop. I saw a book entitled "Geology For Beginners" in a shop near the Wickham railway gates & had it put away for me until I return, as I did not have 1/6 to buy it. I walked from there to the Carrington picture palace & heard Miss Hilda Light speak a large audience on Russia. She has recently returned from Russia & was pleased with the condition of the people there. I sat next to Mr. Gearing, who was the last ganger I worked for on the Newcastle to Sydney road at Moonee mooni creek. He is not a ganger now, but works at the new sewerage construction from Carrington to Tighe's Hill. I walked hom by the Carrington to Tighe's Hill road. To-day I received my usual 31/- pension, but I expected to find that it had been stopped by new federal law. Jack's wife, Gladys, is still ill, but hopes to be able to get up next week.

Sat. Oct. 1, 1932. I attended a meeting of the army at Hamilton last night. Those who spoke were Mr. Ralph Carpenter, Mary Goodwin, Harold Vaughan, Peter Lucas & King. The adjutant spoke last. No visible results. Very few listeners. I had a chat with Ted Lee of Wallsend after the meeting ended, & we listened for a while to the Christian Brethren preaching, & singing to the music of an organ. On Thursday evening I bought the book, "Geology For Beginners", for 1/6. It is by W. Watts. Charlie has advertised his motor bicycle for sale for £16 cash. This morning he has several callers to see it. On Thursday night I heard Mr. Clifford lecture on Russia in the Newcastle town hall to a very large audience.

Monday Oct. 3, 1932. This morning I walked to Newcastle & bought "First Studies In Plant Life" In Australasia", 217 pages by W. Gillies, M.A.; & "Some Noble Souls", 350 pages by Elizabeth Severns, at Gainey's near the Tech. Yesterday morning I was with the army, but in the afternoon I was at the Tighe's Hill picture palace & heard Mr. Clifford lecture on Russia, to a large audience, mostly men. Mr. Russell also spoke on the danger of war being made on Russia. I asked, "Are the Russian workers heavily taxed to provide money for the State enterprises?" The reply was, "No, the money is provided by the Soviet banks."

Last night Van Eik (pronounced eek) began a series of religious meetings in Newcastle. Arthur went to hear him.
IN RUSSIA

Australian Delegation

LECTURE BY MR. CLIFFORD

At the Newcastle Town Hall last night Mr. H. Clifford, of Sydney, one of the delegation that visited Russia for the purpose of seeing conditions existing under the new regime, gave at considerable length an account of his experiences and travels. There was a large audience, and many written and verbal questions were put to the speaker at the end of his address. Mr. G. Irwin presided.

Mr. Clifford said that at the outset he would tell his hearers that the delegation, which had returned from the Soviet Union, was the first of its kind to leave that country. Never before had the workers sent forward on such a mission. The delegation had remarkable historic significance. It indicated that the workers of this country were no longer prepared to accept from the Press, or from any other source, information without first investigating it themselves. The delegation was a definite step forward for the workers of Australia. It was, he said, but he hoped it would not be the last, and on the next occasion he would like to see a delegate representative of the workers of the Newcastle district sent.

The delegation of which he was one consisted of representatives of the engineers, building trades, railways, textile industries, and a school teacher. It comprised 12 members, representing the States of Queensland, New South Wales, and Victoria. Five of the delegates were remaining in the Soviet Union; the other seven were now back in Australia.

In Russia they were given a wonderful reception, and were assisted in their inquiries in every way possible, Mr. Clifford said. They found many Russian workers who knew Australia. He met workers there who knew Newcastle, Sydney, and other places. Those were workers who had now returned, and were working in industry in their own country. They came forward and asked how conditions were; what was the position, and what were the changes that had taken place. Sorry the delegation members were not in the Russian cities; that conditions had not improved; whereas, so far as conditions in the Soviet Union were concerned, they were improving not only from year to year, but from month to month.

PRODUCTION AND WAGES.

Mr. Clifford gave examples of the working of industry, and stated that there was no such thing as the lowering of the money wage. The position was the other way; the cost of production was being decreased. The cost of living was reduced to an even greater extent. The delegation was given a splendid opportunity of coming into contact with people of all kinds, and they saw at first hand how the different nationalities, between which formerly there had been constant friction, were now working harmoniously, and were in many cases living under forced conditions. The position was absolutely ridiculous. As far as what the workers' work was concerned, it was practically any kind of job. There was no lifting of big weights, and throughout the timber country there were boxes for the workers who had to carry, warehouses, and medical stations. The worker in the timber industry was provided with everything. As the delegations talked with the Russian workers, they saw in them that haughty, terrible, simple, and they saw among the factories in the capital cities. The visitors were conducted to the factories, and the Russian operative were both anxious to learn and anxious to explain anything they knew.

FIVE-YEAR PLAN.

The significance of the Five-year Plan and its success was dealt with by Mr. Clifford, who also gave much information relative to improvements effected in many directions as a result of the activities of the workers themselves, operating through their own chosen rank and file bodies. The general attitude of capitalism, he said, was to go backward rather than forward; but in the Soviet Union they overcame their difficulties by the application of more and more machinery. The hours of labour were seven a day, and, in dangerous industries, an hour less. At present time, in all the capitalist countries, war preparations were going on. The delegations in their travels through Europe saw how obvious were those preparations. Italy and France were practically armed camps. The situation was such that it was likely to bring about war at any moment. The workers in Russia were conscious of this, and were preparing against any imperialist attack. They did not want war. They wished to be left alone.
I have written the following verses:

TO THE SELF-RIGHTEOUS.

"I shall not be condemned", you say,  
"I'm not a wicked sinner;  
Whatever debts I owe I pay;  
I never back a winner;  
I help the unemployed who call  
By purchasing a ticket  
Admitting to a play, a ball,  
A football match, or cricket;

I go to church three times a week --  
Hear sermons ev'ry Sunday  
Explaining why I ought to seek  
Salvation ere next Monday;  
I never gamble, drink, nor smoke,  
But study good behaviour,  
And seldom crack a vulgar joke;  
So I don't need a Saviour!"

Hark, friend! Saint John, in chapter three,  
And eighteenth verse has stated  
A solemn fact which you should see  
Before you are belated!  
Eternal life you'll not receive,  
Although you may be "steady",  
If you do not on Christ believe  
You are condemned already!

Do not rely on faithless deeds  
To save from condemnation;  
What ev'ry unsaved sinner needs  
Is faith in Christ's salvation.  
Morality can never save,  
And ritual is heady:  
Unless your heart to God you gave  
You are condemned already!

Dandelion.

The following letter should have been copied into my diary for May, 1932:— "Friday May 27th, 1932. To-day I received the following letter from the deputy commissioner of pensions: "Commonwealth of Australia. The Invalid & Old-Age Pensions Act 1908-1931. Notice of the grant of pension. To Mr. J. Cocking 41 Ingall st. Mayfield East. I have to acquaint you that your claim for a pension has been allowed, & a pension certificate will be issued to you on
To the Self-Righteous

"I shall not be condemned," you say,  
"I'm not a wicked sinner;  
Whatever debts I owe I pay;  
I never back a winner;  
I help the unemployed who call  
By purchasing a ticket  
Admitting to a play, a ball,  
A football match, or cricket;

"I go to church three times a week—  
Hear sermons ev'ry Sunday  
Explaining why I ought to seek  
Salvation ere next Monday;  
I never gamble, drink, nor smoke,  
"But study good behaviour,  
And don't crack a vulgar joke;  
So I don't need a Saviour!"

Hark, friend! Saint John, in chapter  
And eighteenth verse has stated  
A solemn fact, which you should see  
Before you are belated!  
Eternal life you'll not receive,  
Although you may be "steady,"  
If you do not on Christ believe  
You are condemned already!

Do not rely on faithless deeds  
To save from condemnation;  
What'ev'ry unsaved sinner needs  
Is faith in Christ's salvation.  
Morality can never save,  
And ritual is heady:  
Unless your heart to God you gave  
You are condemned already!

—Dandelion.

application to the postmaster at Tighe's Hill. You are entitled to payment in advance as from 26-5-32 at the rate of 31/- per fortnight. The total amount already due on 25 May 1932 is £1-11-0. Place, Sydney.

Date 25 May 1932. Special attention is invited to the notice on the back hereof. Notice to Pensioners. The amount of a pension is liable to be affected by changes in the income or property of a pensioner or his wife (or husband). See sections 24 & 25 of the invalid & old-age pensions Act, 1908-1931. In order to avoid danger of overpayment & consequent necessity for a refund by the pensioner, pensioners should satisfy the Deputy Commissioner of Pensions of any change in their financial circumstances (including those of pensioner's wife or husband). The following are examples of cases which should be brought under notice:—

Increases in income, increase in banking account, change of address when pensioner has been living in a home owned by himself or his wife (or husband); receipt of money from sale of houses or land, legacy, insurance, or other source.

I went to the Tighe's Hill post office & drew my first pension of 31/-, & was given a book-like certificate containing instructions & dates of future payments. I gave mum 24/- at Mayfield I bought a hanger for my spectacles for a shilling. In the evening I went to Hamilton & took part in 2 openair meetings of the army & spoke in one. Roy Taylor also spoke. I met Ted Lee, who asked me about my pension. Afterwards I listened to Mr. O'Neill, one of the "All For Australia" candidates for election to the State parliament. He denounced Langism.
Copy of a letter from sister Elizabeth Jane Pettigrew:-

"Marshall st. Dapto, 6-10-32. Dear Joe & Jinnie, Just a few lines to let you know se are all well. I suppose you are sharing this terrible weather just now. We women feel it badly, but it is the poor men who suffer most. Wongawilla has taken a new lease of life for the past 2 months & is still working, despite the bad weather. Jim is still working in the fitting shop & doing well. They have put him to almost every sort of work out there, & in & out of the mine, but I hope he will finish up as a fitter. He seems to take to that work most. Dad is well & still ploughing along. He is very stooped & old-looking, but his work is light & he can keep it up. If work continues for a few more months it will place everybody here on a more comfortable footing. All the family are well & send their love to you all. We have been in quite a muddle for the past 5 weeks. Bob White has had his little house pulled down had a nice new place built for him. It is not a big place, but it is very comfortable & has every modern convenience; also it is built on the sunny side of his ground. Nellie’s health started to fail in the old place, & we all advised her to put her money out on a healthy place. She was able to pay cash for everything, & Bob is still making big money. He has every opportunity to get on, for she only has Pearl to keep, & Bob has regular work. They came home with me while their place was being built & shifted into it yesterday. Les Duley is working just now, & their children are growing lovely. Florrie is still the same motherly girl; she comes home every chance she gets. She has had Lila & her baby staying with her for the past 3 weeks. The baby has been seriously ill, & had 4 vaccine needles in a fortnight, & though he recovered it left him very weak. Lila brought him to Florrie while she got a bit strong herself, for the worry & strain knocked her out. George Richardson came up every week-end. His people came for Xmas on them last Sunday, & I got a letter from her yesterday saying the holiday had done both her & Barry a lot of good. I spent a few days down at Jamberoo with her while Barry was ill, & George’s people were very nice. They are all quite happy together, & though money is scarce they have love at home, & what more can we wish for? I still have a girl with me to do the floors & help with everything. I only give her a few shillings a week, but she is very fond of us all & quite contented. Her father has not worked for over 2 years, so she is glad of the few shillings, & the girls are good to her. Well, Joe, enough of my affairs. I hope you are all in good health & some of your family working. If you did not write sometimes I would never know how any of my
family is getting on. Grace Cocking used to write, but even she has turned me down. Tell Florrie we are still in the same place, & if she comes to spend any of her holidays with us I will take her down to see Lila & the baby. I must now conclude with love from us all. Your loving sister E.J. Pettigrew.

P.S. We had a juvenile ball here last week & Pearl got a prize of 5/- for the best paper dress for the tiny tots. She went as ?&, she looked such a dainty, we think that no wonder she got the prize. She is over 11 years old, but she is so very thin & fragile looking, though she seems quite strong. She is a lovely little soul, & so old-fashioned! She often speaks of aunt Jinny & her holiday with her. If you see Bob will you ask him if he would like me to write to him or send him anything. Old Matt is still well; also the girls. Maggie Dunn is having a struggle just now; none of her family are working.

Tues. Oct. 11, 1932. Yesterday I wrote an 8 page letter in reply to sister. I received this letter from Brig. Webb:-

"The Salvation Army Territorial Headquarters, 140 Elizabeth st, Sydney, N.S.W. Oct. 8th 1932. Dear Mr. Cocking,

I must apologise for making it necessary for you to write about the manuscript of your pamphlet, "Christian Soldiers". As soon as it arrived I read it right through & laid it aside. Then I went away for a few days, & it was overlooked. I hope you will forgive me. With most of what you have written against war I warmly agree. But I am afraid I cannot publish it. There can be no question that Christ came to give us the New Commandment, & that Commandment transcends all others. War & all that follows in its train of murder & rapine is outrageously opposed to it, & therefore cannot stand. But war is not likely to be eradicated until the Millennium. It is instinct in the human nature, & only the spirit of Christ, who is the Prince of Peace, will outroot it. The last great conflict was declared to be "a war to end war", but the failure of the nations to agree on a policy of disarmament is proof that warlike intentions still lurk. The frightful lessons which the great war taught have not been learned.

I cordially agree with your suggestion to contribute to the War Cry in London. The editor is personally well known to me, & I will gladly write him a letter of introduction if you so wish. Perhaps if you sent me a few pieces I could forward them with a recommendation, & so establish a link which you could maintain. If you won't mind me saying so I think you should keep your pieces short. The one which you have just sent me on a "Joy-
killer's Confession" contains 17 verses, which no editor these days, unless he were publishing a column -- could afford to look at. Four long verses, or 6 short verses are quite long enough for convenient handling. I like your style. Sometimes it can be very telling, but space is the arbiter. May God bless you & make you a blessing. Yours sincerely Ernest Webb."

This morning I wrote a reply to Brig. Webb. To-day I got a bundle of papers from Mrs. Webster, & this from H. Groves:

"90 John St., Singleton, 9th October 1932. Dear bro. Cocking. Just a few lines to let you know that I have not forgotten you. It is a very long time since I promised to write to you, & I trust you will excuse me for not writing ere this, but I don't get much time for writing to anyone. I have been extra busy during the last 2 weeks working with sheep. Shearing is on now & I do the mustering & then take the sheep back to their paddocks after being shorn. I expect the shearers will cut out this shed on Tuesday next. The new government is not finding much work for the unemployed yet. I suppose Christ-rejecting is the cause of all the trouble; the majority of people do not want to hear of God or religion. Commissioner Maxwell is coming to Singleton on the 25th of this month. Well, now Joe, I hope you will excuse this short note, but news are scarce in Singleton. Yours fraternally bro. Herb. Groves."

I wrote a 6 page reply to Herb's letter.

An extract from the World's News of May 17, 1941:
BORER CURE. To eradicate borers: first soak the places where holes are seen with petrol. Then make up white lead in oil to the consistency of thick cream. For every pound of white lead add a tablespoonful of arsenic. Mix them well together. Then, with a paint brush give a very thick coat of the mixture where previously soaked with petrol. Next take a painter's stripper or a carpenter's scraper & scrape the mixture off. See that the holes are quite filled. If not, then go over it again with the paint & scraper. Before putting it on the paint may be tinted to the colour of the wood with either burnt umber, yellow ochre, or burnt sienna. A couple of months ago a subscriber who had discovered some mysterious dark stuff, on a shelf, labelled "Fly Killer" & found it effective in killing flies, asked for information as to its ingredients. as no one to date has replied to the inquirer, I believe that it was a fifty-fifty solution of formalin & treacle. Formalin is deadly to flies but harmless to human creatures. Make up a solution of fifty of formalin to fifty of treacle or honey. Then mix a tablespoonful with a little water. Place a piece of
blotting paper or any absorbent brown paper in a saucer & pour the solution over it. Any flies settling on the paper will in a few minutes be found dead near the paper."

Charlie has bought another A.J.S. motor cycle for £9-1XX9XXX £9-10-0 & he & Fred are cleaning & repainting it. My pamphlet was returned from Sydney to-day (Wed.).

Here is a copy of a letter from Florence:

"Nurse's Home (Newcastle), 11-10-1932. Dear Mammy, You see the corners of the envelope are not cut, so I suppose you have already come to the conclusion that the dip. wogs have not got my throat. I don't know whether it was the throaties, but something has made my throat pretty good to-day & so I did not report it & by the time I made up a letter to write & thank throatie people my throat will be just back to normal. This is my morning pass & I am going down the street to collect my book. Hurray. Tons of love. From your very obedient daughter Florence."

Sat. Oct. 15, 1932. Jose, Ivy & I went by car to Newcastle town hall last Wednesday night to hear Mr. Van Eyk preach. I think he is either a very good man or a very bad one, but I don't know enough of him to say what he is. Arthur heard him last night when about 30 people went to be healed of deafness, blindness, etc. & some seemed to be cured. I have written the following verses:

WHAT IS MIND?

What is mind? Is thought a motion
Caused by some phosphoric potion
Coursing with the red corpuscles
Through the arteries & veins?
Or is thought a mere vibration
Caused by potent irritation
Of the nerves in skin & muscles,
Carried to receptive brains?

Or is thinking but a function
Of grey matter in conjunction
With each sentient convolution
Of the organ where it's wrought?
Or is thought a radiation
From a cerebral formation?
THE OCEAN
Accident & Guarantee Corporation, Limited.

Newcastle Branch,
71, Hunter Street,
Newcastle.

10th October, 1932.

J.C. Cocking, Esq.,
41 Ingall Street,
MAYFIELD.

Dear Sir,

RE FIRE POLICY NO. 966142.

This policy does not fall due until the 28th inst. but I am enclosing herewith your Notice at this early date as I would like to point out that Messrs. G.W. Pinfold & Co. are not now Agents for this Corporation.

As I trust you will favour us with a continuance of this insurance our Representative will be pleased to call on you about due date of the policy.

You might note that our Newcastle Branch Office is at:-

No. 71, Hunter Street,
Newcastle.

(Directly opposite the N/cle P.O.)

Yours faithfully,

DISTRICT MANAGER.
22.

Have the sages no solution
Of the puzzle -- conscious thought?
Or has Haeckel solved the middle
Of the problem in his "Riddle
Of the Universe", long written
For the scientific few;
Has he proven that from matter
Springs all thought? or did he chatter?
And has he, like others, bitten
More than Atheists can chew?

His monistic evolution
Theory is no solution
Of the problem of the ages
Which has baffled men like God;
Nothing short of revelation
Shows the cause of cerebration,
And it's given in the pages
Of the Testaments of God!

Though psychologists are groping,
And apparently are hoping
To discover thought arising
From the actions of a brain.
And materialists would sever
God from all his works for ever,
All their searching & surmising
Touching mind are all in vain.

Mortal mind has been created
By the Lord, as Moses stated,
Free to do as God has bidden
Or oppose his moral plan.
Mind was made at life's beginning
Free for holiness or sinning,
But its nature still is hidden
From the scrutiny of man.

Tues. Oct. 18, 1932. To-day I wrote to the Registrar
General for the name of the mother of Mary Jane An-
derson whose birth is registered in the Gateshead
Registration District, England. Also for the name &
address of the Registrar for that district; also for the
address of the person to write to for an electoral roll of
Gateshead. Two copies of "Reynolds Illustrated News"
came to-day from Mrs. Webster. I have also written a letter
to the registrar of births, marriages & deaths, Gates-
head registration district, Durham, England.

Wed. Oct. 19th 1932% I have written to adjutant J.O.
Williams for information re Thomas Anderson.

They have received notices that they are discharged from employment at the Newcastle General Hospital, but may be re-employed if they will accept the lower wages offered. Gladys is still in bed and is being attended to by Mum, who sleeps at Jack's house.

Copy of a letter from Mrs. Eliza Morris:

"No. 3 Waratah Lane, Lithgow, Oct. 20th 1932.
Dear Mary, You will wonder what has become of me, keeping you so long without writing. However, you must excuse me as I have had Harry very sick for a long time, but thank God he is on the mend & the rest of us are well, & I trust this will find you & all of your care quite well. Well, Mary, I do hope some of your family are working. Things are very bad: I don't know what is to become of the world if there's not a change soon for the better. The closing down of the State Mine has made a big difference in Lithgow. Fancy 200 men all out of one mine at once. Through the closing down Bill is transferred to Grafton, such a long way from home, but I suppose he must be satisfied he has work to go to. Maggie won't be going for a while. Well, Mary, how is Florrie? I suppose she is quite settled with the nursing; I think it is very nice. I think this is all I can say, only it is very cold & there will be a big frost in the morning. So, with love to all the family & yourself from all at home & myself I remain your old friend E. Morris."
Sir,

I am directed by the Registrar-General to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 18th July last respecting documentary evidence of the Birth of Mary Jane Anderson on 17th September 1874, and to inform you that the Indexes of Births registered in England and Wales in the years 1872 to 1876, both inclusive, have been carefully searched for an entry in that name containing particulars agreeing with those furnished by you, but without success.

The sum of 2s/6d, the amount of the Search Fee, has been deducted from your remittance of 5s/1d, and the balance of 2s/7d is enclosed herewith.

I am to add for your information that in these circumstances and in order to assist you as far as possible in the matter search was made to cover variations of your particulars and an entry was found of the Birth of Mary Jane Anderson registered in the December Quarter of 1876 in the Gateshead Registration District. The Registrar-General is unable to say in the absence of information as to the place of Birth and the mother's name, whether or not this Entry is the one sought, but the month of Birth agrees with your particulars, though the day and year of Birth differ, while the name of the father does not appear in the Entry. If you so desire, a Certificate of the Entry will be sent to you on receipt of the fee therefor, viz. 2s/7d.

I am, Sir,
Your obedient Servant,

Mr. J. Cocking,
41, Ingall Street,
Mayfield East,
Via Newcastle,
New South Wales,
Australia.
What sins, or what atrocious crime
Have I committed in my time
That I am here impounded?
Why make me wait, & long & fret
For liberty within this net
By which I am surrounded?

The Lord created me to run,
Or soar beneath the summer's sun;
Or build in shady bowers
And breathe the balmy springtime breeze;
Or perch upon the verdant trees
Amidst the fragrant flowers.

But here I pine within this cage
Where ev'ry season seems an age,
Debarred from life's rich treasures;
Condemned, though innocent, to waste
My life in jail, without a taste
Of Nature's sweetest pleasures!

And those who jail me; why are they
Called Christians while they disobey
The law Christ gave in kindness—
"Do unto others as you would
That they should do to you". Ah! could
He shame them in their blindness!

How long would rise their loud complaint
If I had placed in caged restraint
The Christians of each city
Who jailed each inoffensive pet
And made its sun of freedom set
Without the slightest pity!

Far better were I deaf & blind,
For then my guileless hopeless mind
Would not be thus tormented
By glimpses of the azure sky
And verdant fields where sparrows fly
In freedom, quite contented!

I hear the "Christians'" lame excuse
For their prolonged, unjust abuse
Of lovely-feathered creatures
To justify their cruel wrong:—
"I love the music of its song,
Its plumage & its features"!
26.

Methinks when such cold 'Christians hie
To Judgment, when their bodies die,
They'll find themselves mistaken!
What mercy can such souls expect
When Christ's commandment they neglect
And mercy they've forsaken?!

Printed in the "Gosford Times".

Sat. Oct. 22, 1932. To-day I wrote a letter to William Macwell, commissioner, Salvation Army, 140 Elizabeth st. Sydney, asking him to issue an order that no works of fiction shall be given as prizes to juniors. The "Waratah-Mayfield Weekly" contains my verses, "What Is a Martial Hero?"

Copy of a letter from Oliphants, London:-


Dear Sir, We are not able to trace all the books you mention in your letter of Aug. 19. We can supply "Mendel's Principles of Heredity", price 15/-; "Founders of Geology", 10/-;
If ordering above please add extra for postage as all are net prices. Yours faithfully Oliphants, J.W.
Mr. Jos. Cocking."

Mon. Oct. 24th 1932. Yesterday I was with the army all day, but not at the indoor meetings at night. Major Drieden, Winnie's father, was with us all day. My verse, "To the Self-Righteous" are in last Friday's "War Cry". Jose, Ivy, Daphne & Keith were here all day yesterday. Florrie came home last night. Charlie is still trying to adjust the timer on his bicycle. Gladys is still in bed, & Mum spends most of her time at Jack's house with her.

Wed. Oct. 26, 1932. I have finished reading the book entitled "Some Noble Souls", 350 pages by Elizabeth Severs. I have written the following verses:-

MAKERS & LOVERS OF LIES.

"Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, & may enter in through the gates into the city. For without are dogs, & sorcerers & whoremongers and murderers, & idolators, & whosoever loveth & maketh a lie Revelations 22: 14 - 15."
Why read falsehoods in defiance of the Lord, so true & kind?

Set the young a good example, for the proof is plain & ample.
In the book of Revelations, of the novel-reader's fate;
If you make or love a novel, in a mansion or a novel.
Then, with scum of all the nations, you shall mourn outside the gate.

Read that precious book—the Bible, which the atheists now libel;
Read of prophets old & youthful, and of Christ in Galilee.
If you would be free from error and from ignorance & terror, read whatever's good & truthful, and the truth shall make you free.

There are truthful books of travel:
There are works that will unravel tangled mysteries of science to your dark, lie-laden mind:
There are tomes of useful knowledge by enlightened men from college:

It is my sincere conviction that the way to treat all fiction is, if borrowed, to return it to its owner, all unread; or, if yours, to take no chances, be it novels or romances, but proceed at once to burn it, and read truthful books instead.

There are truthful books of travel:
There are works that will unravel tangled mysteries of science to your dark, lie-laden mind:
There are tomes of useful knowledge by enlightened men from college:
**THE TWO FORMS**  
Oct. 27 1932,  
Dole Questionnaire  
OLD AND NEW LISTS

Copies were made available yesterday of the question form issued by the Department of Labour and Industry during the regime of the Labour Government, and which subsequently was withdrawn from issue on the South Coast, and not issued at all in the North.

The 31 questions in the form issued by the present Government are set out, with the relative questions in the previous form (22 questions) in the parallel column, as follows—

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>NEW FORM.</th>
<th>OLD FORM.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Surname.</td>
<td>Surname.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Address.</td>
<td>Address.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Previous addresses during last six months.</td>
<td>Previous address.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Have you or your family previously received food relief?</td>
<td>—</td>
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<tr>
<td>Are you married, single, or widower?</td>
<td>—</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Are you residing with your wife? If not state reasons and give whereabouts of wife.</td>
<td>—</td>
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<tr>
<td>Give electoral roll and number.</td>
<td>—</td>
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<tr>
<td>What is your usual occupation?</td>
<td>—</td>
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<tr>
<td>Labour Exchange and registration number.</td>
<td>—</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Age, date, place of birth.</td>
<td>—</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>If not born in Australia, give name of ship on which you arrived in Australia, date of disembarkation and place.</td>
<td>—</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Give name and address of last employer.</td>
<td>—</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>State date of leaving last employment, giving duration, and reason for termination of services.</td>
<td>—</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>What have you earned or received during the last two weeks?</td>
<td>—</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Give particulars in regard to each member of your household, living at home and living away from home (occupation or school attended; income or earnings last 14 days).</td>
<td>—</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>If single, give names and addresses of parents, and reasons why they cannot support you.</td>
<td>—</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Do you own the house in which you reside? If so, attach last rate receipt.</td>
<td>—</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Particulars of rent or board and lodging.</td>
<td>—</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Do you own or lease, or have you an interest in any property, business?</td>
<td>(See above.)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Give overdue, benefit, or assurance society of which you are a member.</td>
<td>—</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Particulars of family endowment.</td>
<td>—</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Have you or any member of your household any money on hand, in the bank, or otherwise invested?</td>
<td>—</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>State amount withdrawn from bank during last 12 months by members of household.</td>
<td>—</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Do you or any member of household own or use a motor vehicle of any kind?</td>
<td>—</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Does applicant or any member of household own registered motor vehicle?</td>
<td>—</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Is applicant, or any member of the household, the owner of any family pet?</td>
<td>—</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Is applicant, or any member of household in receipt of, or eligible for assistance from a Government department—wages, military pension, child welfare, pensions, workers' compensation, Chief Secretary (invalid and old age pensions not eligible).</td>
<td>—</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Give particulars of income from rooms sub-let, boarders.</td>
<td>—</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>What are you making to support yourself and family?</td>
<td>—</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Are you able to provide in any degree for the sustenance of your wife and family?</td>
<td>—</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Do you possess any livestock?</td>
<td>—</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The Assistant Minister, Mr. Hawkins, has stated that five of the questions contained in the new form were already answered on the declarations on the coupons which the recipients signed, and that only seven are new questions.
Brother Josiah Cocking,
41 Ingall Street.
MAYFIELD EAST.

Dear Brother Cocking,

Maxwell,

The Commissioner desires me to reply to yours (undated) addressed to himself, in reference to the character of books given to our Young People as awards.

I am satisfied that the question raised is a very real one to you, when you say, as you do, that some of your boys are away from the Army to-day, through reading the books received by them as prizes at the Corps. Your experience, however, so far as I know, or can learn from others, is unique. I sincerely hope that is the true position.

Coming now to your expressed attitude with regard to books described by yourself as "books that are not true"; I find it difficult to see where you draw the line. I think, however, that it must be admitted by all unbiased minds that whilst there is far too much trashy fiction read by the Youth of to-day, there is at the same time, a great variety of books, termed fiction, that are undoubtedly helpful.

A reasonable censorship is exercised over the books sent out as prizes for our Young People. We require that books given at the Annuals be purchased through our Trade Department. Occasionally an undesirable book may be issued, but when discovered, immediate steps have been taken to throw it out. We appreciate your sincerity in this matter, as in all things, and the high purpose you express - to protect our children from harmful mental food. Still, we are unable to go all the way with you. I would also
assure you that your letter will cause us to continue to more carefully than ever watch the character of books sent out from our Trade Department.

Trusting this finds Mrs. Cocking and yourself well. May God bless you both.

I am,

Yours sincerely,

[Signature]

CHIEF SECRETARY.

THE SALVATION ARMY
Sydney West
Divisional Headquarters


Mr. Josiah Cocking,
41, Ingall St.,
MAYFIELD EAST.
My dear Mr. Cocking,

I received your letter, and enclose you herewith a list of publications all of which would prove not only of interest to you, but also a safe and sound statement by reputed authorities.

Should you desire to purchase you would deal direct with Wm. Tyas, and include extra for postage.

I am afraid any thing I might write for the "War Cry" would not find favour with the Editor.

Some day I may adventure to brave the great man's wrath, and bask in the sunshine of his favour.

With kind regards.

I am,
Yours faithfully,

Lieut-Colonel.

Encl.

R. GOLVIN

The Salvation Army
Congress Hall Corps
140 Elizabeth St.
Sydney

JUBILEE YEAR CELEBRATIONS
December 3rd—11th, 1932

16th November, 1932.
Dear "Dandelion,"

We have been so charmed with your poems in the "Cry" that we fain would impose upon your talents and generosity and ask whether you would write us a Jubilee Song.

The "Cry" dated - November 19th, gives an outline of the Jubilee activities.

This favour will indeed be esteemed as such.

God Bless You,

Yours in the Jubilee Spirit,

[Signature]

MAJOR
I wrote the following verses some months ago, but forgot them:

WHAT IS MODERN WARFARE?

A game that's played for rogues by fools
Who make themselves the object tools
Of those who issue orders
To shoulders, parade rifles parade
And perpetrate the murder trade
Within their neighbours' borders.

No thoughts of pity, nor of shame,
Deter the tools who play Pat's game,
For all are eager slayers
Of conscript working men, who die
That drones in luxury may lie
By robbing all the players.

Stupidity & lack of coin
Impel no parasite to join
Corps formed for human carving;
But thousands of the poor enlist
In order that they may count
Instead of slowly starving.

That paupers, robbed of native lands,
Would thus enlist in martial bands
To aid their rulers' thieving,
And wade through Winter's freezing icy flood
To shed their fellow-paupers' blood
Should be beyond believing!

Yet there the paupers' armies stand,
Prepared to ravage any land
And fill it with disasters;
With shame & pity thrown away
They're eager to destroy & slay
For rich, rapacious masters.

I wonder will there come a time
When working men in ev'ry clime
Shall love Earth's sons & daughters
Regardless of their race or creed,
And cease to make their fellows bleed
In rulers' senseless slaughters!

Fri. 28th Oct. 1932. Last night Gladys became the mother of her second son. They are both well. Mum has been with Gladys since Wed. & is still there. Yesterday I wrote a letter to the agent of the Ocean Insurance
Company £2-10-0 to renew the 550 pounds insurance of our house. To-day Mr. Pinfold's agent came to me about the insurance as Mr. Pinfold is no longer the agent of that company; but the agent was too late. Fred & Charlie have got the motor cycle going all right now. To-day I finished reading "Heaven and Purgatory", a pamphlet of 57 pages by J. F. Rutherford. It was lent to me by Ralph Carpenter. There has been a lot of trouble at Cessnock & other places about the questions which recipients of the dole have to answer. I have pasted a copy of the questionnaire on page 28.

Sat. Oct. 29th 1932. To-day Florence has been at home. I have read "The Kingdom", a pamphlet of 62 pages by Judge Rutherford. Ralph Carpenter lent it to me.

Tues. Nov. 1st, 1932. Yesterday son Jack & the undertaker & the grave digger buried Gladys' second son, Frederick Robert Cocking, who lived only two days. I was out with the army all day on Sunday. Captain Lyell led the inside meeting in the morning, & Peter Inocas led at night, when a little girl went to the penitent's form. There was a monster meeting of unemployed in Islington park on Sunday afternoon, when a good number of dole forms were publicly burnt as a protest against the questionnaire. Yesterday I received this from Mrs. Webster:

"Greenfield Terrace, R3druth, Cornwall, England, Sep. 25 1932
My dear Friends, With pleasure I now write you these few lines to say how pleased we were to receive your last letter, which I intended to answer before, but the truth is I have been having some holiday--been out & off just every day. Dear friends, in spite of all I have had a very nice time--not a lot of money to spend, as my son (the one I have at home) has not worked since the beginning of April. Of course he had the dole: but for that we should have been very bad off with the others: thousands now around; it's awful to think of, & the worst of it is it's caused by the ones who have promised to do so much. It makes you feel at times to doubt everything. Well, dear Mr. Cocking, we were glad to see that you & your family were well at the time you last wrote to us. We trust that when this reaches you, now, you are all enjoying the best of health & a fair measure of God's blessing. There is no shortage yet, only the money to buy with. My husband sends kindest remembrance to you all. He is delighted to see that you like his papers, you are very welcome to them. We read them first, so it doesn't put us out by letting you havethem. We thank you for sending in the past. We are all well, & Pa is very much better. His heart, as you say, is all the better for rest. I hear quite often from Mrs. Chinnock. She sent me some snaps of herself & husband & daughter & grandchildren--"
such a nice-looking party. She writes very nice letters &
tells me not to forget to write as soon as I can again.
You say you may call on her: you will, I think, find her ver-
y nice. She sent me some views of your new bridge, & I think
she said that she could just see it, or just where it lies.
Oh! We have had such a lovely Summer. We have had, too, plen-
ty of visitors. Our beach & hills are lovely & the air so bra-
cing. Kathleen spent her holidays home here; & we went for day-trips: it's just what I like best. We hope to see your so-
son if he can manage to come this way. It will be nice. He
can tell you, too. He can tell you more news in a short time
than I can write you; & I am not a very good writer; not the
enlightener that you are, but there! never mind! I tell
them here I can't be everything. I am wonderful to be as I am
for an old lady nearly 58: can't be first & last. I have been
on the trot all the Summer. I enjoy scenery; so we have
walked miles around, & I have had different cousins & friends
who have been here seeing us. Pleased to see that your daug-
ter likes her work at the hospital to tend the poor suff-
erers. What a lot now suffer from all kinds—mostly can-
cer & by road accidents. What patience & love for
mankind one must need so to work on. I went to a convalescen-
t home to see my eldest sister who was there, an inmate, for
rest. I saw a young woman whom I never expected to meet, wit-
h a smashed leg, poor thing; knocked down by a motor. She
had been there months, & she says how good the nurses were to
them. She, poor girl, was a school-friend of mine, the only
girl, & so kind to her invalid mother whom for years she wait-
ed on. I said it's returned. God always cares for us. Now,
my dear friend, was hoping to send you our photos, but they're not come out one bit
nice; so we must try to get them & send them out for you to s-
see by Christmas, which won't be very long now. Remember us
kindly to dear little Dulcie's mammy & daddy. Now they must
miss the darling! I miss my dear boy to-day just the same
as when he went, & yet I feel his presence near me. When I'm
singing I feel he is so near. He used to sing lovely, & would
say when he was ill "Sing, Mammy, sing!" Now dear friend
accept our best love to you all. Ever your friends, Emily
& Harry Webster."

"ed Nov. 2, 1932. To-day I bought a Christmas War Cry for 1/-
to send to Harry Webster. I have written a 4 page letter to
send with the War Cry, & enclosed a copy of "What Is a Martial
Hero?" Here is an extract from the 1933 almanac:
25, Anzac Day. Sun, May 9th, Mothers's Day. Mon. June,
Day. 5
Fri. Nov. 4th, 1932 Yesterday I registered the Christmas War Cry at the Hayfield post office to send it with some "Suns to the Wbsters I bought a small "Cruden's Concordanc in Hayfield to give to Jose. Fred has to inquire about some painting, at Newcastle, to day, for Mr. W. Williams, who is his employer, & who is a patient at Wallsend hospital where he has been treated for pneumonia. This morning I finished writing the following verses:

TO THE SELF-MADE MAN.

You say, "Behold my wide domains extending over bush & plains Beyond yon shining river; Behold my flocks, my motor-car, My mansion on the mount afar: No God has been the giver

Of all the boundless wealth I own: My brawny arms have ploughed & sown In mild or stormy weather; I've laboured hard from morn till night, And floods & fires I've had to fight To get my wealth together!"

My boastful friend, your ample wealth Could not be yours without the health And strength with which you've striven— The hearing, feeling, & the sight, The land, the rainfall the light Which God has freely given.

Though "Nature" is the name you give To what enables you to live, It's really nomenclature; And you should gratefully confess That God provides what you possess, For He created Nature!

Sent to War Cry 4-11-32.
Copy of a letter to Mum from Mrs. Eliza Morris:

"No. 3 Waratah Lane, Lithgow, Oct. 29, 1932. Dear Mary,
Just a few lines asking you or Florrie, or both, if you will go to the Mater Misericordiae hospital in "Waratah & ask to see Mrs. Sandell. She is Mrs. Jack Fowler's sister, Ruby is her name. Ted Sandell is her uncle. We would very much like you or some of our friends to see her & to know how she is, as Mrs. Fowler is very anxious about her. There is a friend of Ruby writes to Mrs. Fowler; so now, if you don't mind, going as soon as you can & write me we will be on the look-out for a letter. Kindly remember us to her, & we hope she is doing good. Well, now, how are you all getting on? It is such a long time since I received your letter. We do hope someone is working by this, & that you are all well. We are all fairly well at home just now.
My brother Jack keeps about the same. You will see about Lithgow; it is in a very bad way. We are waiting to see how the State mine goes. So now, Mary, I will close. Love to you all from home. I remain your old friend S. Morris,

Tues. Nov. 8th, 1932. I walked to Newcastle yesterday & had our store dividend of £3-6-0 applied to paying our bill. I bought a new hat for myself (1/11). I bought a book at Rainey's, opposite to the Tech., for 6d. It is "Australian Physiography", 180 pages by Charles H. Barton. I also bought a book of 9 photographs of Newcastle for 3d & a book of Australian Animals for 6d. Last Sunday I visited brother Bob at the Waratah Benevolent Home & found him well, but suffering from slight injury to his knee that was caused by a fall while mowing the lawn. I gave him a "Wide World Magazine", & he gave me a bundle of "Punch" & other papers, including "Crit". Last night I spoke at a meeting of the Sarmy & attended the rally meeting, where I saw Cols. Cross & Calvin & brig. Annette Calvin promised to send me a list of books against Evolution. The War Cry of Nov. 12th 1932 contains my verses, "What Is Truth?" This morning I wrote to Calvin re those books. This afternoon I prepared a "Newcastle Souvenir" consisting of 9 photos, & an "Australian Animals" book to send to Harry Webster, also a letter describing the photos.

Mon. Nov. 14th, 1932. Last Friday night I walked to Hamilton & took part in an Army meeting in Beaumont street. Afterwards I met Ted Lee of Wallsend & had a long talk with him. He is an old friend whom I first met in Wallsend when brother Bob & I started to work in Wallsend colliery in 1886 or 7. On Sat night I attended an open-air meeting in Elizabeth street at which there were adjt. Johnson & his wife & daughter Gwen. Yesterday I was at knee-drill, the meeting in Northumberland
38.

street, & the holiness meeting. Rain prevented a meeting in Islington Park. I did not attend the night meeting. Mum started to go to the Mater hospital yesterday to see Mrs. Mantle, but the rain stopped her & she went instead to Jack's house. Gladys is now able to get out of bed for a little while, but is very weak. Fred Anderson, the Wallsend tinsmith, is dead. (X)

Last Friday I received Maxwell's letter (page 29) but am very much opposed to his idea that pious lies are good for children to read. Rain again today. Charlie & Fred have finished painting at the Newcastle Court House.

Mon. Nov. 21, 1932. I paid Jose's one pound to the Hunter River Bowkett society in Hamilton last Friday night & attended the Army's open-air meetings there. On Sat. night I attended a meeting in Elizabeth street, Tighes Hill. Yesterday I was at all of the meetings but two. Annetts led the holiness meeting.

Tues. Nov. 22, 1932. Today I wrote the following verses to send to Major McIlveen:

Grandfather's Song. (Tune, "Good Old Jeff").

It's fifty years ago today,
But I remember well
When first I heard the Army play
And Gospel tidings tell
I never shall forget the throngs
That listened with delight
To new Salvation Army songs
And witnessed ev'ry fight.

Chorus:
The pioneers have left this sphere
And joined souls gone before,
But aged soldiers still revere
The names of Booth & Gore.

I recollect the brave John Gore,
Arrayed in guernsey red;
Upon the South Australian shore
His gallant soldiers led,
Devoid of any doubts or fears
He dared all Satan's host
And through the mant trying years
Deserted not his post.

Yes, half a hundred years ago
Gore's pioneering band
Attacked the bold, disdainful foe,
At William Booth's command;
With cornet, tambourine & drum
They noisily behaved
And told, near mansion, cot & slum,
How sinners may be saved.

Thank God for their unselfish toil!
The Gospel seed they've sown
Upon Australia's virgin soil
Has marvellously grown!
They dwell forever with the Lord,
From earthly cares set free.
Now let us all, with one accord,
Proclaim their Jubilee!

Their tasks, unfinished, now devolve
On those they left behind;
So let each soldier now resolve
To work with willing mind:
And, notwithstanding smiles or tears,
Let love for sinners burn
Throughout the coming fifty years,
Or till our Lord's return!

To major McIlveen, 22-11-32.

Sat. Nov. 26, 1932. Yesterday I walked to Newcastle withdrew all of the money that we had in the Commonwealth Bank, which was two pounds, seven shillings & fourpence. I hunted through astle to buy a cheap dictionary containing Bible names & their pronunciation, but could not find one. I bought "The Life of Lord Shaftesbury" for a shilling. I paid the Co-op. store bill.

Last night I walked to Hamilton & spoke at an army meeting in Beaumont street. This morning I intend to send Art to brother Bob to ask him to go to Newcastle to see some spectacles, to exchange dictionaries with me. Today I finished writing these verses:-

GET READY. (Tune:- "When my Final Farewell").

If Jehovah has given you plentiful wealth
And powers of body & mind
And blessed you with children & excellent health
Because He is loving & kind,
You should not delay till your riches decrease,
Or physical powers shall fail,
But gratefully vow that your sinning shall cease,
And prayerfully wait for the call.

Though you squander your time in the pleasantest ways,
Indulging in dancing & sport,
And seem to far from the end of your days,
40.
The merriest life may be short,
For Gabriel's call may be heard with surprise
To summon the great & the small
Before God's great throne; so be faithful & wise--
Prepare to respond to the call!

(To W. Cry, 2-11-32.)

Tues. Nov. 29, 1932. This morning I wrote these verses for
the Jubilee secretary, 20 Brampton Avenue, Marrickville:

THE PIONEERS. (Tunes: "auld Lang Syne", or "Good Old Jeff").

It's fifty years ago to-day
Since Cauty & Sutherland
Began the great Salvation fray
At William Booth's command.

Chorus:
Yes, fifty years ago to-day
Our comrades fought the foe;
We thank the Lord for victories
Won fifty years ago.

The boys who fought so bravely then
For God, & truth & right,
Have now become the noble men
Who carry on the fight.

The girls who stood, serene & brave,
Amid the hostile throngs
Still tell that Jesus came to save,
In speeches & in songs.

But some have entered into rest
On that supernal shore
Where faithful warriors are blest
With life for evermore.

They toiled to sow the Gospel seed;
They watched it germinate;
And now a harvest, rich indeed,
We reap in ev'ry State!

Let's emulate those pioneers
Who made their lives sublime;
Let's work for God, in spite of sneers,
Through all the coming time!

(To W. Cry, 29-11-32.)

ed. Nov 30, 1932. Last evening I was out with the army in
Elizabeth street, Tighe's Hill, & afterwards attended the anniversary & distribution of prizes, in the hall. Most of the prize-books seemed to be novels. I met brother Jack in the inside meeting, & he showed me his right leg, which was so sore & swollen that he had to stay away from work yesterday. Brother Bob sent me a letter on Tuesday, saying that he would go to Newcastle & buy a pair of spectacles, & would return the "Concise English Dictionary" that I gave him. Mum went to Newcastle yesterday & spent about ten pounds on household necessities, & bought a wristlet watch for Walter for about six pounds. Gladys & young John were here all day. May Bob & a young Syrian--a friend of the Bobs--were here a little while in the evening. They came from Raymond Terrace in a motor-lorry. Last night, in the Tighe's Hill hall, Bram Wright, who is now a lieutenant, gave us a lecture on "Twelve Months an Officer." He spoke well & gave several instances of answers to prayer. Mostly corps cadets were present.

Copy of a letter from Mrs. Morris:--

"No. 3 Waratane Lane, Lithgow, Nov. 25, 1932. Dear Mary, Just a line to thank you for going to the hospital; was so sorry Ruby had gone; she is not very well, so I am told. I am so sorry you got wet, but trust you suffered no ill effects. It is nice to get a wetting; I don't like it myself. I do hope Gladys is much improved by this. Sorry she had such a bad time. She will need to take great care of herself for such a long time. I trust you & the rest of your family are well. Welcome all fairly well at home, thank God. It is very hot to-day & I am quite knocked up, but I wanted to thank you for your trouble. Poor Maud was glad someone went to see Ruby & inquire. Jack is a little better this week; he is up & down. Would like him to keep well. Well, Mary, I won't write any more this time. Love to you & all at home. I am your old friend Morris."

Copy of a letter from the secretary of the Jubilee effort.

"THE SALVATION ARMY
Pioneer Congress Hall Corps
Officers 148 Elizabeth street, Sydney.
Captain & Mrs. T. Sutherland

JUBILEE YEAR CELEBRATION
and lient. A. Canty IONS, Dec. 3rd to 11th
Dec. 3rd 1882. 1932.

Major & Mrs. A. W.
McIlveen & Capt. R. Dyment.

Mr. J. Cocking
40 Ingall St.
Mayfield

Dear Brother Cocking, it is truly good of
All communications to be addressed to the Hon. Jubilee Secretary.
20 Framton Avenue, Marrickville

December 3rd—11th, 1932

November 25th 1932

Mr. Joseph Cockin
44, Ingall St.,
Mayfield East,
Via Newcastle

My dear Comrade,

Your splendid Jubilee song to hand, and your letter in which you state your definite practice of never making an attempt at any effort without Divine guidance, has impressed us very happily, and make your excellent productions most acceptable and fully explain their unvaried excellence.

Your generous invitation to tell you if the message was not in order compel us to point out that our Jubilee both Corps and Territory centre round.

Captain Tom Sutherland - his splendid wife and Lieut. Alex. Cautz.

The first meeting was held on December 3rd 1882 in the Protestant Hall, Castlereagh St, so your reference to Gore as the pioneer here has no place in fact, although his work was here for years prior to his translation and is a blessed memory.

You will therefore, see, I hope, the force of our remarks. If you can do another, well, many welcomes and sincere appreciation. If not, do not trouble but accept our appreciation for what you have sent.

May God bless you and the Jubilee.

Yours in its freedom,

Hon Sec. Jubilee effort
you to furnish us with your later effort which is quite good & will be very useful. We are devising means to-day for its effective use, & it will be passed on to the "Cry" for our "absentees" to share in the blessing of its inspiration. Greeting & those of the Jubilee too & Yours (scribble.)

Mon. Dec. 5, 1932. Last Sunday I was out with the Army in the evening. I did not attend the open-air meeting on Sat. night, as Mum went to Mayfield corps anniversary service & recited a chapter of Isaiah. Yesterday I was at knee-drill, the street meetings, & the holiness meeting, but went to the Mayfield citadel meeting in the afternoon & at night, when some children were given prizes by Capt. Duck Chong, a Chinaman, who speaks excellent English. Arthur has finished with his school examinations & with school for a while.

Verses--"Are You Prepared?"--which I wrote on the 19th of March, 1926, are printed in the Sydney War Cry of Dec. 10th 1932. On Sat. I bought a Cookery Book for Mum as a Christmas present. It cost six shillings. I also bought a sixpenny book on lolly making. Brother Bob returned the dictionary that I gave him.

Wed. Dec. 7th 1932. The widow of Tom Pinks is trying to get $825 from the Vicars Commonwealth Steel Co. as compensation for his death, which, she claims, was due to dust that Tom inhaled while at work for the company. The case is part heard. I worked with poor Tom E.H.P. Steelworks, filling trucks with small coke, called "breeze"%. He was a Cockney.

Mon. Dec. 19, 1932. Yesterday I was with the Army bombarding Tinwood in the morning. Corps cadets conducted the holiness meeting, with the help of Mrs. Lucas. I was also at all of the other meetings. Bob Gibson, Jim Lucas, & I went to see Jessie Carpenter, who is suffering from rheumatic fever, but we were too early to see her. This morning I received a letter from Brigadier Ernest Webb, editor in-chief of the Sydney War Cry. Last Saturday I filled in the forms issued from the pensions office, & gave them to the Right's Hill postmaster.

Charlie has begun to make a lolly stand for Jose.

Dec. 20, 1932. To-day I wrote a long letter to my sister, Elizabeth Jane Pettigrew, at Lapto N.S.W. We intend to send her some cards.

This morning I wrote to Herb. Groves — gave him a quotation from a Salvation Army book entitled "Rules & Regulations for Field Officers", to show him what a corps sergeant-major's duties are. I was out with the army last night & to-day.
Adjutant Johnson is to take charge of the Lamuton corps.

Copy of letter from Herb. Groves:

"90 John St. Singleton 26th Dec. 1932. Dear brother Cocking,
I have a little spare time now, so will endeavour to answer your welcome letter, which I received last October. To start off I'll just for a few moments I call shearing time. Well, we begin by cleaning out the shed 7, if necessary, repairing the sheep yards etc., then muster sheep from one paddock. When they are nearly a all shorn we go to another paddock & get all sheep from there in the shed & take shorn sheep back to their paddock, & so on till shearing is finished for the season. About 2 months after shearing we get ready for dipping. I might just mention here that we have not done any dipping yet, owing to Mr. Hoden having sold portion of his property, on which he had his dipping yards, & we are now making a new dip at the shearing shed. The dip is made by digging a trench about 30 feet long by two feet six inches wide, & five feet deep, & then concrete walls & bottom. When concreted the trench will only be 10 inches wide; on one end of trench will rise from 5 feet level at rate of one foot in every 2 feet; that is, in distance of 2 feet there will be a rise of one foot above level. Now when this is finished there will be placed, at the other end of trench, a sloping floor which is made slippery by greasing or by wetting with water, so that when sheep are forced into this floor they will slip into the dip, which has about 4 feet of water into which has been added a quantity of poisonous powder. This is done to kill all tick & lice that may be on the sheep. After passing through the dip they are allowed to stand in a pen with concrete floor to drain. The floor is graded so that as water water drains from wool of sheep it runs back into the trench. This saves wasting a lot of the poisonous liquid; & when sheep are dry they are taken back to the paddocks as in shearing time. I did not give all details of shearing. When we muster sheep in the paddocks they are brought into yards at the shearing sheds, where there are 4 large yards inside of shed. Those yards will hold about 300 sheep. From here they are put into small yards called catching pens. Now the engine is started up & drives the shearing machines, each operated by a shearer who gets his sheep from the catching pen just near his machine. Some shearers shear over 100 sheep a day. I'm not sure of the pay, but it is about 25/- per hundred sheep. The wool, as it is cut off the sheep, is picked up by a man called a picker-up, & spread on a wool table which is made with a lot of rollers about an inch apart, & small pieces fall through & are picked up later. This work on table is the..."
Mr. Josiah Cocking,
41 Ingall Street,
MAYFIELD EAST

My dear Comrade,

No doubt you will have seen the announcement in The War Cry about the transfer of the printing from Sydney to Melbourne. The new arrangement goes into operation in the New Year. This means that the position of Editor here ceases, and I shall now be deprived of the pleasure of receiving any of your poetry. I am, however, bringing your name before the notice of the Melbourne Editor, Brigadier Rixon, to whom I will forward all the surplus manuscript of yours I have in stock.

I should like to thank you for your ready and happy service over the period of my occupying the Editorial Chair here. Although I have never met you I have enjoyed the intercourse which has been possible through the medium of the post.

May God bless you richly.

Yours sincerely,

Brigadier
EDITOR-in-CHIEF,
fleece, & straggling pieces are pulled off & thrown into a bin, or small room & packed into bales which are marked 1st or 2nd pieces according to quality. The fleeces are also graded or marked A, AA, AAA, & AAAA according to quality. Then there are what is called bellies, & locks. Locks is the heaviest wool, & weigh about four cwt. per bale. Fleece wool weighs about 3 cwt. per bale. The wool, after it is classed by the classer, is placed in bins, as I have mentioned, & is taken from bins by presser & packed into bales fixed in wool press, which is really 2 boxes of equal size. The wool pack is put into one box & fastened there; the other box stands on floor, just beside the one with pack in. Both are filled up with wool which has been put in & pressed down as much as possible with the presser's feet. This being done, the presser lifts one box, the one that has no pack in it, by means of a winch, & places it square on top of the box with the pack; then by means of lever & cables the wool in top box is pressed down into pack in bottom box & is made secure by means of what is called a cap, & fastened by hooks instead of sewing with twine, as used to be done in olden days. From the shearing shed the wool is taken to market by steam wagon, from Mr. Hoden's shea, driven by Mr. W.L. Hoden, &c. Now, Joe, I think I have told you all I know about shearing. Joe, do you know if the Salvation Army has printed a book of rules dealing with the duties of corps sergeant-major. I am M. of this corps & would like to know just what all the duties are. In conclusion I wish you & yours a very happy & prosperous new year. Yours fraternity, Herb Groves.

Sat. Jan. 28th, 1933 Last Thursday week our Walter was discharged from Walsh Island drawing office, with many others, as the Stevens government wishes to sell the works there to the B.H.P. company. Walter was 21 years of age on the 16th of this month. We gave him a gold watch with a gold band as a birthday present. It cost £5-5-0. Since my last entry I have been repairing my old books & papers. I have received the following letter from J.W. Porter, town clerk, superintendent registrar, 25 Swinburne street, Gareshead, 2nd Dec., 1932. Dear Sir, In reply to your letter of the 16th October last. Please give me fuller particulars, also father's name, mother's maiden name; when I will make a search among records. The fee is 2/6 for a search. Yours faithfully J.W. Porter, Josiah Cocking, N.S.W., Australia.
Sir,

I am directed by the Registrar-General to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 18th October last and to inform you that the only way in which he can furnish the particulars contained in an Entry of Birth is by means of a Certificate of such Entry. If, therefore, you desire a Certificate of the Entry of the Birth of Mary Jane Anderson quoted to you in the Registrar-General's letter of the 16th September last, the same will be forwarded to you upon receipt of an intimation to that effect and a remittance of 2s/7d in payment of the fee therefor.

In reply to the postscript of your letter I am to suggest that your application for a copy of the Electoral Roll of Gateshead should be addressed to the Returning Officer, Gateshead.

I am, Sir,
Your obedient Servant,

Mr. J. Cocking,
41, Ingall Street,
Mayfield East,
Via Newcastle,
New South Wales,
Australia.
Dear Adjutant,

In reply please quote 0/633212.

I have safely received your communication with regard to the above. If you will please get the enquirer to fill in the enclosed form and return it to me, I shall be only too pleased to do whatever I can in the matter.

Will you please note that all the questions should be answered as fully as it is possible and any further information that can be given, other than that provided for on the form, should be sent along.

No specific charge is made for such services but the enquirer should be told that something should be remitted in order to assist in making the necessary engagement.

Hoping to be of service,

Believe me to be,

Yours sincerely,

J. HERBERT GRATERT

Adjutant Williams,
19 Fisher Rd.,
Newton Abbot.
Under the storm and the cloud to-day,
And to-day the hard peril and pain—
To-morrow the stone shall be rolled away,
For the sunshine shall follow the rain.
—Joaquin Miller.

Season's Greetings

From

H. E. and C. Holland

Westport, N.Y.
1932-33.

Letter continued.

To J. W. Porter, Town C. Superintendent Registrar, 25 Swinburne St., Gateshead, England.
26-1-33. Dear Sir,

I did not keep a copy of the letter I sent to you on the 10th of last October, but I think that I explained that I was trying to find my wife's mother maiden name & where she was born, my wife's maiden name was Mary Jane Anderson, & she was left by her father, Thomas Anderson, in charge of Mrs. W. Reid at Lithgow, N.S. W., when about two years old. He went away to work, & has not been heard of since. He left very little information about his infant daughter; so little indeed that we do not know Mrs. Anderson's maiden name, nor whether she died in England or not, nor the date of her death, nor the date & place of her marriage, to Thomas Anderson. As we are now anxious to find out exactly how old my wife is, & where she was born, & her mother's maiden name, I wrote to the Registrar, London, & he replied that "an entry was found of the birth of Mary Jane Anderson registered in the December quarter of 1876 in the Gateshead registration district. The Registrar General is unable to say in the absence of information, as to the place of birth & the mother's name, whether or not this entry is the one sought, but the month of birth agrees with your particulars, though the day & year of birth differ, while the name of the father does not appear in the entry." As my wife believes that she was born on the 17th of September 1874, we do not know whether the entry found by the Registrar...
is that of her birth or not. Assuming that it is, we would like you to kindly search your records to find out the maiden name & the married name of the mother of the Mary Jane Anderson whose birth is recorded as being in the month of September 1876. Also whether there is any record of the marriage of that mother to Thomas Anderson at Gateshead.

With this I enclose an order for 2/5 for the search. Hoping that you will kindly do your best to help us in this difficult search for definite information, I remain, sir, Yours sincerely, Josiah Cocking, 41 Ingall Street, Mayfield East, N.S.W. Australia.

Copy of a letter from Adjutant O. Williams:

"19 Fisher's Road, Newton Abbot, Devon, England, 12-12-32.
My dear comrade, Just a few lines in answer to your letter which I received a short time ago. I have been doing my best since the day I received your letter. I wrote to the places at Gateshead & sent a stamped addressed envelope, but up to now I have received no reply. Last week I wrote to the Salvation Army Assurance agent, but of course scarcely have had scarcely any time for a reply. I have also written to the investigation department. I have received the enclosed from them. You will see what is needed. You could either write direct to Colonel Drayett, we shall leave no stone unturned to bring this about. We trust that your wife yourself will have a happy & blessed New year. God bless you each other.

Yours sincerely, John O. Williams, Adjutant."

Mon. Jan. 30, 1933. I wrote this reply to the letter above:

"Dear Adjutant, Accept our thanks for your efforts in helping to find some information concerning my wife's parents, it is indeed good of you to take so much trouble for us who are complete strangers to you. I believe that, with your generous assistance we shall find out what we wish to know about my wife's mother (God bless her) & her unfortunate father. We have received a letter from the registrar-General, London, in which he said that "the only way in which we can furnish the particulars contained in an entry of birth is by means of a certificate of such entry. If, therefore, you desire a certificate or the entry of the birth of Mary Jane Anderson the same will be forwarded to you upon receipt of information in intimation to that effect, & a remittance of 2/- in payment of the fee therefor."

we shall send for the certificate a chance whether it is the of my wife's birth, or of some other person of the same name, as it will apparently disclose the mother's maiden name.
Mr Cocking.

Dear Sir,

I have had some conversation with Adjutant Williams of Newton Abbot, concerning the matter of Mr Thomas Anderson and I understand that he was last heard of at Gateshead on Tyne.

Now I was stationed there from 1925 to 1930 and met one family of Andersons, and he has a daughter Maisie, he would be a man about 46 as near as I could tell, and whilst I do not know his address off hand, yet I would be able to find out as I could describe where he could be found to anyone I was asking to call.

Before doing anything further in the matter, I would like to know his age and any particulars that may help me to trace him for you.

Yours faithfully,

[Signature]

Adjutant.
which is one thing of many of which we wish to discover, when we
find that name we shall try to find where, when my wife's
parents were married, & where when Miss Anderson died, &
which you so kindly obtained from the Salvation Army for me,
for I feel sure that that the Army is able to find ways &
means for tracing that I know nothing about. I shall send the
form directly to the Army officials, as you have already done
much to help us. We shall certainly inform you how we fare
in this quest, as we know that you take a kind interest in
our search, if there is anything that we can do out here in
Australia, please let us know what it is, & we shall do our
best for you. When I saw your benevolent looking portraits
in the War Cry I felt sure that you would do all you could
to help us, with this I am sending our War Cry, as you may be
pleased to see how we are waging the holy war in this part of
the universal battlefield. I trust that you will both be long
spared to carry on the fight for souls, for able & willingwar-
rriors are only too few. Australian people seem very hard to c
convince that the world's urgent need is the pure religion of
Jesus Christ. But we must all keep battling on, leaving the re
sult with Him. Again most heartily thanking you for your great
kindness in this matter, & hoping that God will bless you bot
h with good health & much success in your efforts to win soul
s, I remain yours very gratefully & fraternally, Josiah
Cocking."

I also wrote this letter to J. Herbert Gravett, Headquarters o
f Men's Social Work, Middlesex House, 110 Middlesex Street,
London, E. 1. 30-1-33. Dear Sir, Last October I wrote to adjt.
John O. Williams, of 11 Fisher Road, Newton Abbot, Devon, Englan
d, re finding what has become of my wife's long-lost father -
Thomas Anderson, The Adjutant sought your aid, & your letter
to him has been sent to me, but as I am not aware of what he
wrote to you, I will explain the matter to you also.
Away back in or about the year 1876 or 1877, my wife's father
, a big, tall man with sandy hair & whiskers, went with my wi
fe in his arms to a public house in Lithgow, N.S.W., & asked wher
e he could find a kind woman who might take charge of his baby
girl, as he had to earn his living as a general labourer.
Mrs. Catherine Reed, of Lithgow, finally took the child as sh
& her husband, William had only one child. For a few years Mr.
Anderson frequently returned from various places of employem
& paid liberally for the food & clothing of his motherless child. Finally he went away as usual to look for work, but he
never returned. The only thing that he left with Mrs. Reed
was a Bible containing his late wife's name, but the Bible was
lost & the name was forgotten. While my wife was still very
Mrs. Reed died of heart disease. William Reid married again, his wife being Millie McCann. My wife was told little of her parents, & possessed no documents nor photos of them. As Mr. Reed & his new wife often quarrelled, my wife went to live with Mrs. Reid's son, John William Tomlinson, & his wife, Kate Mantle, at Lithgow. (J.W. Tomlinson was the son of Mrs. Reed's first husband). She lived with them until she was able to earn her living at domestic service. For many years my wife had a feeling of resentment against her father for deserting her & leaving her to the mercy of strangers, but Mrs. Jones of Helensburg, N.S.W., who knew Mr. Anderson, told her that he was a nobl-minded man who loved his infant daughter too much to desert her. As a result of that interview we are now trying to find what became of Mr. Anderson; what was his wife's maiden name, & in brief, all about both of them. I have written to the Registrar of births, marriages & deaths, London, & he has found that a Mary Jane Anderson was born at Gateshead, England, in September 1876, but the father's name was not registered. My wife believes that she was born on the 17th of September, 1874, but is not sure of the date. We shall send for the certificate of birth, & thereby probably find the name of the mother; which may help to find some of her relations. I hope, sir, that these particulars will assist you in your search for Mr. Anderson. As all but one of our single sons are out of work, & I receive only a small pension, we cannot afford to spend much on the search yet. I am yours sincerely Josiah Cocking.

Mon. Jan. 30, 1933. This afternoon Mum, Gladys & Jack have gone to Blackalls for a few weeks, as Florrie has a month's holiday. Charlie went to Sydney on Friday to play in a band contest. It tied with another band for the first place.

Tues. Jan. 31, 1933. This afternoon I wrote the following letter:


Dear Sir, in reply to your letter dated 1st Dec. 1932, thank you for the information you gaveme, & now ask you to kindly send me the certificate of birth of Mary Jane Anderson, whom you mention in your letter of 16th Sept. 1932, for which I herewith enclose an order for 2/- as you requested. I would also like to know whether or not you can find any record of the death of that Mary Jane Anderson's mother (which I presume will be on the certificate you will send) & of her marriage to Thomas Anderson. The probable date of Mrs. Anderson's death is somewhere between 1876 & 1878. I have no idea of the date of her marriage. Trusting that you will kindly continue to assist us in this difficult search a long-lost father & mother, I remain, sir, yours sincerely Josiah Cocking."
I sent a money order for 2/6 to lieut. col. Gravett this afternoon from the Mayfield post office; also an order for 2/7 to the registrar-general, London for Mum's birth certificate. Each order cost me 1/6, besides the price, to equalise the exchange rates. I sent 2 War Crys to adjt. John O. Williams. Walter started to work at Stockton yesterday for young John Rose, who owns a motor garage there. Walter worked there again to-day. Arthur returned from Blackhall this evening. He applied, in writing, for admission to the Newcastle High School again.

Wed. Feb. 1st, 1933. I have finished making an improvement to the fireplace of the copper. Art was admitted to the High School again to-day. Wal worked at Stockton to-day. Bert Cocking's boy Wilfred was knocked off a bicycle by a motor-lorry, & was badly hurt, & was taken to the general hospital. Some papers arrived from Mrs. Webster yesterday.

Mon. Feb. 6, 1933. To-day I received a letter from Mrs. Webster dated Jan. 2, 1933. I wrote a 6 page letter in reply. Here is her letter:

"Greenfield Terrace, Portreath, nr. Redruth, Cornwall. Mr. Cocking, Dear Friend, We are now going to answer your welcome letter & so glad to hear from you once more to know that you were all quite well at the time of writing to us. We trust you are keeping the same, & that you have all enjoyed a happy Christmas. We wish you all a happy new year, & may we all have better luck than in the past year. Well, really I believe it to be the worst year we have had since we started so short of money owing to no work. My son who is at home has been out ever since last April, with only a few days work between; but we hope the worst is over as he will be 21 in April; there fore will have a man when he starts. Now he is a man to keep with boy's pay. He is nearly 6 feet & well built. Thank God he is healthy -- in fact we all enjoy good health. Dad is very much better: so thankful to tell you, & he has sent in his paper for the 65 pension. In March we hope he will receive it; & if he feels up to it he will be able to do little odd jobs. Now if he feels able to do it he is afraid -- they're so strict on the penal. Patients can't do a thing; & to make matters worse, our sick visitor has a new house behind ours -- only a garden fence between us -- so he has to be so careful. His money -- 9/- a week, was cut off until we wrote to headquarters. Well, Mr. Cocking, we will forget our troubles for a while & think of those worse off than ourselves, as we have a lovely house here & all freehold. No one can turn us out. But some dear souls have dens to live in, & others none. It's a shameful thing; & the papers are full of poor souls taking their lives. Economy! I should say it was! It's going worse home here. It seems they can do what they like by us, but of course it's our
own fault. Poor silly people vote against themselves every time; then we all have to suffer.

We are sorry to hear about your son's wife's trouble, poor thing! Tell her not to grieve for her darling little girl, for she is made happy for ever. It's wrong to wish them back to this wicked world. I feel thankful my little boys are where they are. We have to struggle now to live, sometimes not knowing the way to turn for the best. My eldest son has been out of work nearly 4 years; it's a worry to us, for their little family is coming—no prospect. Kathleen is better off than all. She has a splendid place—just like a lady—good wages & good presents. She is cook, & she does the housekeeping; so Kitty's like an old lady, I told her. She is so thoughtful for her age. Glad to see your daughter is still nursing. What would the poor sick ones do without some one to care for them? But what a shame to pinch them up so! I hear they have cut all the nurses at Redruth, too all but their own big salaries.

Many thanks for the nice books & almanac, which we received safe. I sent you some time ago 6 views of Redruth Borough. I sent Mrs. Chinnock some as well, but she hadn't received them nor my letter that I sent her. I hope you get yours, as they were good views. I hear from her quite often, she seems a nice little person, & her letters are very interesting. Dear friend, I'll see if I can get our photos sent before long; then you can judge us. It's strange not to have had them before now, but no one here now has a camera. I will get Pa to go to town with me soon. He hasn't been for years, then we shall have it taken. Glad you get the papers; there's some good reading in them. Now we all join in sending our kindest regards to you all. Ever your sincere friends E. & H. Webster."

Mon. Feb. 13, 1933. This morning Mum, Florrie, Artie & Fred returned from Blackalls. Gladys & John came home from there on Saturday last, as they have colds. Walter has gone to work at the Stockton garage. This morning I received a letter from adjutant F.C. Warner, 29 Ivydale Road, Mutley, Plymouth, Eng. dated 9th Jan. 1933, in which he said that he had been stationed at Gateshead from 1925 to 1930, & knew one family of Andersons there. He wants particulars of Thomas Anderson, Mum's father, the letter is on page 51 of this book.

I replied, giving him full information, & asking to be supplied with the name & address of the Mr. Anderson whom he knows at Gateshead. I am also sending 2 War Crys.

Mon. Feb. 27, 1933. To-day we received the following letter from John Weston:—

"42 Brown Street, Lithgow, Feb. 26th 1933. Dear Cousin, you will think it very kind of me not to write before now, it is very much with me. However, I will now take the opp
Well, I think that applies very much with me. However, I will now take the opportunity of thanking you for the parcel. We were very grateful for it; also kind remembrances of us. Your cousin Mary Jane has been urging me to write to you so long that I'm almost ashamed. You can put the delay all down to me; I hope you are all in the best of health. We are fairly well ourselves, considering the number of years we have passed over us since you, cousin, were a little tot with aunt Kate. It's wonderful how time moves along. Little Jane is going to school, & she is a fine child. She is getting very tall & is in good health, & looks very much as her mother did at her age. Dear cousin, Mrs. Wylie comes here to visit us, & she told me to inform you that your father & mother, her husband & herself, Mr. & Mrs. Reed all came to Sydney by the same ship. The name was the "Salsbury"; & you were born on board, & your mother died at sea. They left Plymouth May 24th, 1877; arrived in N.S.W. the same year. Will, cousin, that is just as she told to us; & I thought it might be just as well to let you know. Now I hope you will excuse this scribble & accept best wishes from your affectionate cousins, Mrs. & Mr. John Weston.

To-day I wrote a note to brother Bob & a letter to John Weston & one to Mrs. Wylie, of Lithgow, re Mum's parents. Florrie returned from Raymond Terrace this morning. Mayfield Harvest Festival is on to-night. Yesterday I visited brother Bob at the Benevolent Asylum & he gave me 6 books, namely "A Dictionary Of Practical Receipts", by G.W. Francis, 1857; "Natural Philosophy", edited by W. & R. Chambers, 1853; "Humsaad's Stories About People", Places, & Things, 1876; "The Agency Of the Church, or the Church of Christ the great working Power of the World", by Rev. Thomas Crompton, 1866. "Brands Plucked From the Burning"; & the "Pocket Pronouncing Dictionary".

Tues. Feb. 28, 1933. This afternoon I wrote a note to the deputy commissioner of Pensions, asking for an increase of pension of at least 5/- per fortnight.

Tues. Mar. 7th 1933. Yesterday morning Walter started working at the Broken Hill Proprietary's drawing office, Port Waratah. He is a junior draughtsman & is to be paid £ 4-10-0 per week. Charlie & Fred are painting & renovating a place in Newcastle. One valve of my neutrodyne 5 valve set is burnt out. We received this letter from Sister Elizabeth Jane:

"Dapto, 1-3-33. Dear Brother, Just a few lines in haste. Two days ago our poor boy (young Jim Pettigrew) was accidently crushed between two skips while at his work at Wongawilli (colliery). At first it was thought his back was broken, but, thank God, after an X ray it was found..."
that no bones were broken, but he is severely injured internally. He is in a serious condition at present in the Wollongong Hospital. We will know tonight if his bowels are crushed, as they cannot get them to work. He is very brave and is bearing up well. We are nearly frantic until we know the worst or best. However, I thought you might see it in the paper & think it was Dad. I am enclosing the paper. If any of you see Pearl Shaw will you let her know, as they might think it is Dad too. I hope to send you a more favourable report later.

Your loving sister, E.J. Pettigrew.

East Maitland 6. Feb. 21

ATTEMPT TO STEAL 1933

Thornton Railway Cases

Frederick Williams, 40, and Percy Samuel Brewer, 22, were charged before Mr. M. C. Nott, P.M., at the East Maitland Police Court yesterday afternoon, with having attempted to steal certain goods valued at £6/10, the property of the Railway Commissioners, between Thornton and Hexham, on February 4. There was a further charge of having damaged a tarpaulin valued at £2, the property of the Railway Commissioners.

Constable J. F. Pollard, of East Maitland, said that at 4 a.m. on February 4, Constable W. J. McCormack and he went to Thornton on a goods train. They saw three men sitting at a fire. They left the goods train some distance past the fire and lay down on the line. The three men approached them, and he and McCormack stood up and called on them to stop. The three men ran away and they chased them. He caught one and McCormack caught another, after having frightened him by having fired two shots in the air. Witness said Williams and McCormack caught Brewer. The third man got away. Subsequently Brewer and Williams were included in a line-up at East Maitland Police Station, and a railway guard named Chick identified Brewer but not Williams.

William Charles Chick, railway guard, said that when the goods train pulled up at Thornton at 12.15 on February 4 he saw a man get off a truck. He went to the truck and saw another man in the truck. He identified that man as the man he saw on the platform, and Williams as the man whom he had found in the truck. He examined the truck and found that the tarpaulin had been cut with a sharp instrument. He also found that a number of cases in the truck had been broken open. Although he had not recognised Williams in the line-up he was certain that he was one of the two men he had seen at Thornton.

Frederick Williams, one of the defendants, said that on February 3 he left Newcastle with Brewer. They secured a ride on a motor-lorry to West Maitland. They met a friend and went to Teralba, where they remained for some time. Early next morning they set off with another man to walk to Thornton. After their arrival there a goods train passed, and he left his companions to jump another train, but before he could do so he was arrested.

Percy Samuel Brewer, the other defendant, said that he had no desire to give evidence as everything Williams had said was correct.

Mr. Nott convicted both defendants and sentenced Brewer to nine months' imprisonment, and Williams to eight months' imprisonment on the charges of having attempted to steal. On the charge of having damaged the tarpaulin he fined each defendant £1, in default the rising of the Court.
Sat. Mar. 18, 1933. This morning I wrote this letter to the deputy registrar of births, marriages & deaths, Sydney.

"Dear Sir, I thank you for your prompt reply to my letter of the 17th inst. & for the information you gave me. As you say that Sydney was the first port of call of the ship after the birth of your wife & the death of her mother, it is likely that both events were recorded in this department," I shall write to-day to my informant to try to ascertain whether Sydney was the first place called at by the Salisbury after the birth & death occurred. If I obtain that information I shall ask you to search your records of those events. In the meantime I shall let the matter remain in abeyance. I shall also write to the under-secretary, as you suggested. Again thanking you for your prompt and instructive reply, I remain, Sir, yours sincerely, Josiah Cocking."

I also wrote to the under-secretary, chief secretary's department, Sydney, asking where I may get information concerning the passengers on board the ship Salisbury. I have likewise written to John Weston, Lithgow, asking him to ask Mrs. Wylie what was the first place the Salisbury called at after the birth of Mary Jane Anderson & the death of her mother.

I also wrote this note to the deputy commissioner:—

"I thank you for your kind & informative reply of the 7th inst. regarding my application for an increase of pension. I now wish to inform you that my son, Walter, has secured employment from the B.H.P. Co. at the steelworks at £ 4-10-0 per week. He has been informed by letter that it is only temporary I may therefore renew my application for an increase next May, as you suggest. I remain, Sir, yours respectfully, Josiah Cocking."

I also wrote a note to the editor of the "Woman's Mirror", enclosing the verses—"My Mother", & "A Bush Madrigal".
MEMORANDUM for

Mr J. Cocking,
41 Ingall Street,
Mayfield East,
NEWCASTLE.

In reply to your letter of the 28th ult., I have to say that the Invalid & Old Age Pensions Act provides that where a pensioner has property other than the home in which he permanently resides, the rate of pension otherwise payable to him shall be subject to a deduction of £10 for every complete £10 by which the net capital value of such accumulated property exceeds £50.

The reduced rate of pension payable to you is based on an amount due to you on the sale of property, together with a sum you have invested in the Newcastle & Suburban Co-operative Store, an amount of cash in hand, and to the credit of your Bank Account.

As you are in receipt of a pension at the highest rate to which you are legally entitled, it is regretted that an increase cannot be made to you at present. An application for the review of your case, however, in May 1933, when a period of twelve months shall have elapsed from date of grant of your pension, will receive consideration.

(R. F. TATE)
For Acting Deputy Commissioner
REGISTRAR GENERAL'S DEPARTMENT,

SYDNEY. 16th March, 1933.

[Box 427Y, G.P.O.
IN REPLY PLEASE QUOTE PN 33/8794]

Dear Sir,


In reply to your letter of 12th instant regarding the above I have to say that if Sydney was the first port of call of the ship after the birth of your wife and death of her mother it is likely that both events were recorded in this Department. In order to enable a satisfactory search to be made the full name of your wife should be stated and the maiden name of the mother if search is desired for record of death of the father, the approximate year of his birth, his occupation, birthplace, and last known address should be given as near as possible.

The fee for search in the records of this Department is, in each case, 6/- for the first period of five years covered, 2/6 for each further five years or part thereof, in addition to 2/6 for certified copy of the entry, if traced, or advice of result of search.

Information in regard to early arrivals by ship is possibly obtainable from the Under Secretary, Chief Secretary's Department, Sydney.

Yours faithfully,

[Signature]

Deputy Registrar General.

In Cooking

Ingall Street,

Hayfield East.
Sun. Mar. 12, 1933. Last Friday I was ill with diarrhoea, but 2 hard-boiled eggs & none dose of Chamberlain's diarrhoea remedy stopped the trouble, but I am not quite well yet. One valve of my neutrodyne receiver has burnt out; so I have spent 2 days in making a diagram of the set. Walter's ears are infected with some kind of disease germs, & he inhales some stuff, & has lotion put into his ears. He was paid £4-10-0 by young John Rose for work that Walter did at Rose's garage at Stockton. Walt gave Mum £31-10-0.

This morning I wrote this letter:--

"To the Registrar-General of Births, Marriages & Deaths, Sydney, N.S.W. Dear Sir, For some months I have been trying to obtain some reliable information about my wife's parents, & I have recently been informed that they left Plymouth, England, on the 24th of May 1877 & landed at Sydney, N.S.W. in the same year. Also that my wife was born on board of the ship Saulsbury, or Salisbury, & that my wife's mother died on board. Assuming that this information is correct, will you kindly tell me where that birth & death would probably be registered? My wife's father's name is Thomas Anderson, but I do not know her mother's Christian name. I would like to know what place or person I should write to for information concerning the ship Salisbury & her passengers on that voyage. If you think that the birth & death on board at sea are recorded in your book, will you please state how much a search would cost for each? Thanking you in anticipation for an early reply, I am, Sir, yours respectfully Josiah Cocking." 12-3-33.

Thur Mar. 23, 1933. To-day I copied some of my typed "Seventh Craft-Union Meeting". Last Tuesday I walked to Newcastle & bought a capped, self-neutralising wireless valve for 3/-. Last Monday night I went to Tighe's Hill Sarmy harvest festival & spent 2/1 there. Fred is preparing Joseph's house this week. Hilton Grice's bicycle has been stolen, & Art gave him some spare parts of a bike. Mr. Jones, near us, is in the Newcastle hospital, & was not expected to recover a few days ago. Drummer Harry Smith is also there with appendicitis.

Sat. Mar. 25, 1933. Yesterday we received this letter:--

"Dear Friend, In answer to your letter we received from you dated Mar. 10th, it must have been lying in the letter box some time, as we just got it on Tuesday. I may inform you that Mrs. Wylie was at our place when the letter came addressed to her, & I gave it to her myself. Well, a few days
later I spoke to her about replying to it. She said she did not remember anything now that happened on board ship, & was sorry she couldn't answer any of the questions put to her, but was quite sure Sydney was the only port of call on the voyage out. She can't write herself, & you must remember she is old & very absent-minded also. I don't place much reliance on her statements myself now, & I assure you there is nothing any trouble to us if we could help you in any way. But my wife doesn' think -- & never would believe your wife was born at sea. She thinks the register you got from Gateshead is Mary Jane all right. We are very pleased to hear you are all well, & this leaves us fairly well ourselves. We remain yours with love & best wishes, John & M.J. Weston."

Last night I tried on the coat of my new suit at the Co-op. store. Son Jack has started to work at the open hearth at the steelworks. I wrote a reply to John Weston's letter; also to sister's letter of yesterday.

Sat. Ap. 1, 1933. To-day I wrote a letter to Mr. Mitchell, the collector of customs, Sydney, asking him to tell me where I may get some reliable information concerning the ship Salisbury. Last night I brought home my new suit from the Co-op. store. I bought a choke coil in Hunter street.

Copy of a letter from John Weston:--

42 Brown Street, Lithgow, April 4th 1933. Dear Friend,

In answer to your letter of 25-3-33, You say there are 2 ways we can help you to solve the puzzle of Mary Jane's birthplace. We have been making inquiries & find that her father Mr. Anderson was never a resident of Lithgow, therefore was not remembered by the old people, who are very few now. He was passing through Lithgow with his child to go up country when Mr. Reed met him one of the hotels. They went home together, & she was adopted by them. That is all the answer I can give you on that. Secondly, the reason Mrs. Weston doesn't think Mary Jane Anderson was born at sea is because she was going to school & must have been five or six years old when Mrs. Weston came to Lithgow. We are sorry we cannot help you, & it would be some satisfaction to know your wife's birthplace. We are sending a photo of Mrs. Reed & her son Jack. Your wife will, I think, be pleased to have her photo: she was a grand woman. Well, there is nothing more I can say. We remain yours faithfully J. & M.J. Weston."

Copy of a letter from sister:--
Dear Joe & Jinnie, Just a few lines to let you know all are well at present, & that young Jim came home from hospital yesterday. He has got the use of his leg after 3 weeks treatment. The fibres & muscles were ruptured, & the doctor feared the nerve of the leg was ruined, but after continual massage he can walk about slowly. Of course he has a decided limp, but he had a very narrow escape. The mine has lost yet another week's work. The miners held their monthly meeting on the Monday morning, & the management thought they should have held it on the Sunday. After the meeting the company sent them home for a week. There was some talk about the miners retaliating by taking a week off at their own expense, but, thank goodness, they saw how foolish that would be, & decided to work. It is a pity these things happen, for it makes it hard for those who have to lose work through no fault of their own. Lila went back to Jamberoo on Saturday last. They have taken a cottage down there & have furnished it comfortably, & are quite happy. I wrote yesterday that George is like a prize rooster strutting about. He is pleased to be in his own râ€œ home, & will do all he can to make his home comfortable. He is a splendid boy, but has not had fair play from his father. However, he is getting a regular but small wage. 'Lila will make the money go as far as possible. I have a girl to do the heavy work for me, except for an occasional John 'illie I am keeping well. Bob White is having his annual holiday just now & is putting down his cement paths. Les Duley is doing the same. They are both good, hard-working boys & make good husbands. I have been very lucky as far as sons-in-law are concerned, for all the girls have comfortable homes now. I do not hear anything of Bob Woodward now. He seems to have drifted quite out of our lives. However, I think Vera is well looked after; & if it is God's will that I shall not see her I submit. Edna Duley is going to Wollongong Domestic Science School & is doing well. Vera & Pearl are great mates & go to school at Dapto. We are having lovely weather here, & though the wind & rain have spoiled the garden we have plenty of the old old hardy pumpkins. We were pleased to hear that your family were all working & hope they will continue to be. I often thought of your Florrie when I went to the hospital & pictured her in her uniform. They were very good to Jim, & though the food was not too plentiful there I kept him supplied with all he needed. Old Matt Pettigrew is ill again-- so ill that he could not walk up to see Jim. He is very fond of him, & it was a great disappointment to him that he could not see him. The eldest girl has always kept house for him, but she has had to take a place to work, & the poor old chap is alone all day. I think it will soon finish him. He has felt poor Ada's loss terribly. Maggie Dunn's eldest boy is working at Port.
Kembla. He is staying in Wollongong with Ethel Maggie's girl is now working, & her youngest boy is getting five shillings a week as message boy, so she is not doing too badly now. Well Joe, you spoke of coming to see us. If you don't come so on I shall have to go & see you. I shall never forget how good Jinnie was to me, & though I have not repaid her kindness yet I feel sure I shall be welcome at any time? The same applies to any of you, & I know all my family would like to see you. I must conclude now with love to all from your loving sister Elizabeth Jane Pettigrew.

P.S. Barry has grown a fine strong boy, & is almost walking.

I copied that letter with the new "Prince" fountain pen that I bought at the Co-op. store for 3/11.

Mon. Ap. 10th, 1933. This morning we received the following letters:--

"Commonwealth of Australia. Tel. B 605L Please address reply to Collector of Customs, Box B.A. G.P.O., Sydney, & quote C & E C 33/2478.

Customs House, Sydney, 7th April 1933. Dear Sir, Arrival of the S.S. Salisbury from England. With reference to your letter of the 1st April, I desire to inform you that the records of this office show that the S.S. Salisbury arrived at Sydney on 2-9-1877 There is, however, no trace of the name of Anderson in the passenger list of such vessel. I would add for your information that there is no record in this office of the vessel having arrived at this port at any other time within five years before & after 2-9-1877. Yours faithfully F.A. Mitchell, Collector of Customs, N. S.W."
It would appear to me that as the father returned regularly for several years to pay the maintenance for his daughter, that the reason why he did not come back again is that he went inland somewhere & died; & it may be that a search of the Register in N.S.W. from the last date of his call on Mrs. Reed, say for ten years or so, may bring some result. With regard to a search in Gateshead for the Anderson family, I fear that the name is too common a one for a search to be successful without some fuller particulars. But if you get into touch with Colonel Orr I have no doubt he will be only too pleased to help you in any way possible. Believe me to be yours sincerely J. Herbert Gravett, Lt. Col. Mr. J. Cocking, 41 Ingall Street, Mayfield East, via Newcastle, N.S.W."

Last Tuesday Mum & I attended the funeral of George Hughes' stepfather, Mr. Jones, who died in the Newcastle hospital. Walter has bought a B.S.A. motor-bicycle for £8-5-0, & Charlie & Fred are cleaning & repairing it to-day. I was out with the Army yesterday. Last Sat. I bought a book entitled "Great Kings and Great Preachers", for 9d. This afternoon I wrote a letter to John Weston re Mum's inquiry.


Sat. Ap. 14, 1933. Last night I went with Jose, Ivy, Keith, Daphne & Art, in Jose's car, to the Sarmy citadel, where we left the car. Jose & I went to an open-air meeting in Cooks Hill, where Tifhe's Hill & Mayfield soldiers were together. We marched down to the citadel, where the Good Friday night's meeting was to be held. The citadel was almost full of people--mostly Salvationists--. Four men & 3 women did most of the speaking. We brought Mrs. Dick Ford back with us. To-day Walt rode his B.S.A. motor bike to Raymond Terrace & got his riders' license there; he got back about 5 p.m. Ivy & her sister Daisy have gone to Belmont to spend the holidays until next Monday. Daisy has taken a house there. I have been reading "The Agency of the Church of Christ, the Great Working Power for the Salvation of the World"., by rev. Thomas Crompton.

Tues. Ap. 17, 1933. This morning we received a certificate of the birth of Mary Jane Anderson, but we do not believe it is that of Mum's birth; also this letter:-

"General Register Office, Somerset House, London W.C. 2
2, 10th March 1933.
Mr. J. Cocking, 41 Ingall Street, May-
field East, N.S.W. Dear Sir, I am directed by the Registrar General to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 31st January last & as desired, to enclose herewith a certificate of the birth of Mary Jane Anderson. I am also to inform you that before an effective search can be made for a record of the death of Annie Anderson it will be necessary for you to state (1) the place, or probable place, of her death. (2) The year, or approximate year of her birth, & (3) the precise period of years in which you wish the search to be made. The fees are 2/6 for searching in the indexes for each period of five, or part of five years to be searched, & 2/7 for a certificate if the desired entry be traced, & remittance in payment of the same should be forwarded with any application. I am, Sir, Your obedient servant.

In any reply address— The Registrar-General, General Registry Office, Somerset House, London, W.C. 2. & quote S.R. 12599/33."

Wed. Ap. 19, 1933. This morning I wrote a letter to John Weston of 42 Brown St., Lithgow, re Mum.
I have written the following verses for the War Cry:

At the Bar.
Tune: "When My Final Farewell to the World I Have Said".

When a warrior's soul, with a myriad more,
Is tried on the great Judgment Day
For starving sweet babies & shedding men's gore,
Will he then defiantly say:
"I've flouted Commandments engraved on the stones
By Moses, expressing God's will,
For I have been cleaving men's flesh from their bones
In spite of His "Thou shalt not kill".
"I have marched with the armies that went to invade,
With pleasure I could not conceal,
And stolen for merchants, to foster their trade,
Regardless of "Thou shalt not steal";
I've made mothers widows by murderous darts,
For I have delighted to shove
My pitiless bayonet into the hearts
Of neighbours Christ told me to love.

Chorus:
Admit me, admit me to Heaven with blood on my hands ".
(Repeat).
"I have flown in the air, like a merciless crow,
Devoid of compassion or shame,
And murdered opponents & hurled them below
enveloped in blood & in flames.
No pity have I for their orphans bereft
Of fathers who furnished them bread,
Nor care for the widows in poverty left
To mourn for their husbands now dead.

"I despise the command which the pacifist Lord
Once gave in a garden at night
To militant Peter to "Put up the sword!"
For cowards alone shirk a fight.
I honour a man who will fight to the death
For ensign & empire & king,
Or another ten thousand with poison-gas breath,
That plaudits of victors may ring! ?

(Printed by War Cry, minus the chorus, 13-5-33.).

Mon. 24. 1933. LocFridnight.I walked
... War-Makers at the Bar...

When a warrior's soul, with a myriad more,
Is tried on the great Judgment Day,
For starving sweet babies and shedding men's gore,
Will he then defiantly say:
I've flouted Commandments engraved on the stones
By Moses, expressing God's will,
For I have been slaying men's flesh from their bones
In spite of His "Thou shalt not kill!"

I have sworn with the armies that went to invade,
With pleasure I could not conceal,
And aided for merchants, to fatten their trade,
Inflating false pride, and singed their hand:
I've made mothers widows by musicopious thefts,
For I have delighted to shun
My pitiless Jerseys, into the hearts
Of neighbours Christ told me to love:

I have flown in the air, like a ravenous crow,
Devoid of compassion or shame:
And slaughtered opponents and hurled them below,
Enveloped in blood and in flame:
No pity have I for the orphans bereft
Or fathers who furnished them bread,
Nor care for the widows in poverty left
To mourn for their husbands now dead.

I despise the command which the pacifist Lord
Once gave in a garden at night
To valiant Peter to "Put up the sword!"
For cowards alone shirk a fight.
I honour a man who will fight to the death
For ensign and empire and kings,
Or another ten thousand with poison-gas breath,
That plaudits of victors may ring! —Dandelton.

To Hamilton & took part in the army meetings in Beaumont street.
At the second meeting I spoke to a large, attentive crowd.
Peter Lucas also spoke. Adjutant Smyth was very earnest & active,
& I think he made a good impression on the audience.
On Sat. night I took part in a meeting in Tighe's Hill. Bram Lucas spoke well.
Yesterday I was with the army all day. Adjt.
Duncan led the holiness meeting, the 3 p.m. meeting, & the one
at night. There was a meeting in Islington Park at 2 p.m.,
& I spoke on Proverbs 2:4. At the 3 o'clock meeting, which
was a Primary Demonstration, adjt. Duncan collected 25 shillings
to repair the Primary organ. To-day we received this from
Mrs. Webster:—

"Greenfield Terrace, Portreath, nr Redruth, Cornwall. Mar 21
1933. Dear Mr. Cocking, We were glad to get your welcome letter & to see you were well at the time of writing to us.
We trust your wife & all are keeping well. We are all well at present, & our Winter has passed once more. To-day is
the first of Spring. The birds are singing, & it's been a lovely day. Dear friend, my husband drew his 65 pension last
Thursday. He never thought--nor did we think--that he would reach it, as his heart was dreadful; but, as you say, he has learnt to keep himself quiet & to help with the doctor to get better, & now he is like a new man. I am quite sure we can help by helping ourselves to get better when the heart is bad. I had a letter from Mrs. Chinnock & have just written to her. She is so worried; her husband is ill in hospital. She says the doctor gives her no hope. He has something wrong, poor fellow. She says he is as weak as a baby? They won't operate on him: too weak I suppose. Anyhow, poor little woman, she seems very much upset. I hope you will be lucky in finding out Mrs. Cocking's people. I will try, if I meet anyone, to find out too. I hope they have had a good holiday & returned all the better for the change. It does one good to have a change, once a year, at any rate. I feel better for it, I am sure. We are expecting Kathleen home for the day. She is a very good girl--no sweetheart as yet. I am glad, too, as she helps me to get a few extras. And the doctor & mistress are fond of her. They are very orderly, nice people, & the house is lovely--best to eat, & wireless in their little sitting room. She has good wages, & I tell her she is blessed. But with all, she & the other maid get a bit off. I tell them they ought to thank God every minute of their lives for His goodness. When you look around & see the poverty & suffering through no fault of their own, it's sad. Our boy Frank has just started after ten months out: just a few days' work in all that time. I do hope the people will be wiser when the next chance comes to give their votes, as this Party that's in now is no use whatever--all selfish as you can see by the papers you get. Glad you receive them all right, as there is some good, sensible reading. Some of the daily papers are not worth reading. We don't want shameful lies to read. Our paper, I think, gives us the right side of things. Glad to see your Xmas sons are doing so well. Your Fred is like my Frank. He threw down studying because he couldn't have Christmas, but he is three times the man as the other brother. Fred, as Frank can get his living at anything -- farming, gardening, laboring-- anything at all, & he makes himself free with his mates--they all like him. Fred is very served, anything will cow him--he isn't one bit like Frank. Frank--I don't mind what it is--will have a try. Fred gets lost thinking. Well, my dear friends, I hope to write better & more news to you on my next letter, as I am to have new glasses at the end of the week. These are dreadful--can't see much with them. My husband & all join me in sending our very best regards.

From your sincere friends E. & H. Webster. God bless you all.

P.S. I hope Gladys has got over her trouble. A little woman up at Redruth--a friend of mine--has just lost her only little child; but your Gladys has the other to cheer her. Tell her to look forward to meeting once.
again her little darling, as I do my dear boy. I feel he is always around me—never forgotten—but I don't grieve now, as I feel sure he is safe home in Port. Write soon again. Oh, did you get some views of Portreath I sent some time ago? Mrs. Chinnock never got hers. I am wondering if yours went West too."

Last week we received the following note from R.H. Orr:-

The Salvation Army, 140 Elizabeth St., Sydney. Re Thomas Anderson. Dear Sir, We have received a letter from London regarding the above-named, together with a copy of a letter despatched to you, & we notice indications that the register in N.S.W. should be searched for the above-named. We do not know your thoughts on the matter, but we are merely getting in touch with you to let you know we received this communication. If you would like us to do anything please let us know, & we will make the necessary investigations. Yours sincerely R. Hamilton Orr, lieut. col., Men's Secretary."

In reply to that note I wrote:- Dear Sir, I thank you for your note of the 20th re Thomas Anderson. Before asking you to make inquiries concerning him & his wife & daughter I shall the result of my investigations in Australia. You did not say how much you would charge to make a search for the information I seek, but it does not matter at present. When I am ready to ask for your assistance I shall first ascertain the cost of searching, lest it may be beyond my limited power to pay. I am afraid such may be the case, for I can give you so little data to start with that very prolonged & extensive investigations may be necessary. However, we may discuss this matter later on. In the meantime I shall remember your kind note, & may invoke your aid in the near future. I am, Sir, Yours sincerely Josiah Cocking."

To-day I wrote a letter to the editor of the War Cry, Melbourne, asking him if he received my verses from Sydney, & if he will read my pamphlet—"Christian Soldiers".

Tues. Ap. 25, 1933. Anzac Day. To-day I wrote a long letter to the Websters, & enclosed a copy of "At the Bar. I promised to send a "Sydney Mail" later.

Wed. Ap. 26, 1933. Florrie came home ill last night, but had to go to the hospital to work again this morning. She thinks her illness is diptheria. I have written these verses:-

ANNIHILATION.

"For the living know that they shall die, but the dead know not anything, neither have they any more a reward; for the memory of them is forgotten." Solomon in Ecclesiastes 9:5.
Annihilation-- awful thought--
Must my existence come to nought
With that of those I cherish?
Am I bubble, on Life's sea,
That soon shall burst & cease to be,
And my whole being perish?

Am I my flesh--& nothing more--
Which fleeting time shall soon restore
To earth, to be forgotten?
Shall I become deaf, dumb & blind
And cease to have a conscious mind
When these flesh-clothes are rotten?

King Solomon may answer, "Yes,
The faculties that you possess
Are attributes of matter:
The substances of which you're made
Begin, develop, flourish, fade,
Degenerate & scatter!

No benefit shall you derive
From knowledge which you daily strive
To gather with persistence,
For, when you cease to draw your breath
And undergo the change called death,
You'll vanish from existence."

His dictum I shall not receive,
For Jesus said, "On me believe
And doubt my promise never,
And though your body may be dead
I'll raise again your lifeless head
And you shall live for ever."

Since Christ ascended from the grave
And this assurance truly gave
My faith remains unshaken;
My hope of future life is bright,
For I believe that Christ is right
And Solomon mistaken!

Sent to W.-M. Weekly; 27-4-33; "War Cry" 29-4-33, & Gos. Times, 23-5-33.

This morning we received a note from the Newcastle Co-op. Society, on behalf of the Royal Insurance company, notifying us that our insurance policy expires on the 23rd of next month, when the amount to be paid by us will be 12/2.
Following are the ranks & titles of officers of the Salvation Army:


Ranks & Titles of Officers of the Salvation Army:


SENIOR LOCAL OFFICERS.


YOUNG PEOPLE'S LOCAL OFFICERS.


To-day I finished reading "The Agency of the Church" 344 page Crompton. ed. 1866. I lent Hilton Grice "War", & other pamphlets bound together. Bram Lucas returned "Socialism: What is it?". He still has "Is The Bible True?".
Sir, I wish to move this motion:
Jingo parsons have no notion
Of the principles which Jesus
Once proclaimed in Galilee;
Or, if conscious of His teaching,
They reverse it by their preaching
Of the fallacies of Creosus,
As your readers all may see.

After ev'ry anzac morning
We may read how parsons, scorning
The beatitudes so mildly
Taught by Christ upon the hill,
Eulogise each "noble hero"
Whose respect for Him was zero
And attacked the turks so wildly
In a frenzied rush to kill!

When I read the morning papers
And behold the heathen capers
Of the sable-coated leeches
Who debase the peaceful Lord
I am utterly disgusted
To perceive that servants trusted
To proclaim the peace Christ teaches,
Only eulogise the sword.

Can we wonder that the sceptic
Now declares the churches septic—
That the fatal germs of Mammon
Have infected Christians' blood
When sleek clerical imposters
Mount their pulpits, on their roster,
And pour out their oily gammon
In a jingoistic flood?

Is it any cause for wonder,
When those martial clerics thunder
Their phillipics till confusion
 Strikes the men who battles shun,
That the men who charge the parsons
With the crime of praising arsons
Have arrived at the conclusion
That their God is now a GUN?

And it's not the talk in churches
That alone Christ's name besmirches,
In any reply, address—
"The Registrar-General,
General Register Office,
Somerset House,
London, W.C.2."
and quote—
S.R.12599/33.

Sir,

I am directed by the Registrar-General to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 31st January last and, as desired, to enclose herewith a Certificate of the Birth of Mary Jane Anderson.

I am also to inform you that before an effective search can be made for a record of the Death of Annie Anderson, it will be necessary for you to state (1) the place, or probable place, of her Death (2) the year, or approximate year of her Birth and (3) the precise period of years in which you wish the Index to be searched and 2s/6d for a Certificate if the desired Entry be traced, and a remittance in payment of the same should be forwarded with any application.

I am, Sir,
Your obedient Servant,

J. Cocking,
41, Ingall Street,
Mayfield East,
via Newcastle,
New South Wales,
Australia.
For the great Salvation Army
Aids the jingo, with a will;
And, on "sacred" anzac mornings,
It participates in scorning
And esteeming God as "barmy"
When He said, "Thou shalt not kill"!

Sir, the modern church is rotten;
For Christ's teaching is forgotten
Or ignored in towns & cities
Where His principles should shine.
Now the "Christians" place reliance
On their rifles, in defiance
Of the peaceful Lord who pities,
But opposes, martial swine.

When shall Christians all awaken
And perceive that they've forsaken
The divine, pacific Master
Who denounced the gory sword?
When shall brigadiers & parsons
Cease to eulogise War's arsons
And commemorate disaster
But, instead, obey the Lord?

Must the Infidels now answer:
When the military cancer
Is destroyed, & all the churches
From their anzac ravings cease--
When the parsons get converted
And their talents are exerted,
Where the god of War now perches,
To exalt the Prince of Peace?

(Sent to Newcastle M. Herald; War Cry: & Truth.)
This afternoon I wrote a note for Mum to send to Foster Clark for a cookery book.

Sat. Ap. 29th 1933. I did not go to the Army meetings in Hamilton last night, as Mum went to the hospital to see Florence who is ill in bed with a very sore throat. Yesterday I received this letter from Roy Taylor:-

"Salvation Army Men's Home, No. 1, Bellvue, Street, St. Peter's, Sydney. Dear Comrade, You may think it new to receive a letter from Roy, but the other day I came across the letter I got from you some time back, & I thought I would write & let you join with me in the happy & bright times I am having. The last 2 weeks have been a wonderful time of extra
brightness to me. I have seen some real good times. Good Friday, Easter Monday I had great times in the big tent meeting when I saw souls seeking the Lord. 153 for all the meetings praise the Lord! Monday we fought till 11 p.m. We are having good times at our corps souls getting saved. I am doing extra well myself: good times here at the Home, & I can praise God for answers to prayers in blessing me in body. I was told of a doctor 4 weeks back; since then I have had some of those turns you remember I had when with you. But the last 2 weeks a great change. God, I believe, has blessed the treatment, & victory's mine. I trust all is well with you & your home, & that the fight at Tighe's Hill is having good times. May God bless you & all in the battle. Yours in the Lord, Roy Taylor."

This morning I wrote a letter to Roy. Yesterday I posted the "Sydney Mail" to the Websters. This morning I received this letter from brigadier C.M. Rixon:--

"The Salvation Army Territorial Headquarters (Southern Australia) 69 Bourke street, Melbourne. C. I. Vic.
Mr. Cocking, 41 Ingall St., Mayfield East, Newcastle, N.S.W.
Yours of the 24th inst. came to hand yesterday. I have thought of you many times since receiving the envelope of poems passed on to me by brigadier Webb, for I recall your work in the days when I was editor of the Sydney War Cry, about ten or 11 years ago. I have them all safely by me, but at the moment I have such an overwhelming number of poems in my drawers that, while I have thought of your again & again, I have not been able to get to work on them. I would be glad to see your anti-war pamphlet, although I cannot say until I read it, whether it would be regarded as suitable for publication in a paper like ours. We are anti-war to the hilt, & increasingly so. As regards your poem to hand by the same mail, I think I would prefer to regard it as a poem & not as a solo as suggested by you. Anything we can do to encourage an anti-war spirit will be gladly done. And I hope to use it in the next issue of the War Cry with other disarmament matter. I remember your son Joe, I think, with great satisfaction. We had many a happy talk together at Mayfield. Praying our Heavenly Father's richest blessing upon you, I am Yours sincerely Chas. M. Rixon, Brigadier, Editor-in-Chief."
Scotchman to carry his baby boy & a banner. I listened to Bob Sainsbury, Dodds, Sharkey, Russell & Mrs. Barret make good speeches. I met Mr. John Skillicorn & congratulated him on his fine letter on Russian & British justice. I also met Tom Reid who was on the May Day committee. I bought a pamphlet on the origin & meaning of May Day; also a "Workers' Weekly". On the way to Newcastle I posted my pamphlet "Christian Soldiers" to the editor of the Melbourne War Cry, & a letter to Roy Taylor. I also took a copy of Harry Holland's book "Armageddon or Calvary" to Mr. Rogers in Dent street, Islington. Florrie is still in bed at the hospital, but is getting better & expects to be up to-morrow. I lent Mr. Rogers "Is The Bible True?".

Mon. May 8th, 1933. On Friday night I attended 2 open-air meetings of the Army in Hamilton. On Saturday night the Lambton Salvationists gave a program at Tighe's Hill, but I did not attend. Yesterday I was out with the army in Lewis street, also at the Park meeting, but not at the evening & night meetings. Florrie came home last Thursday morning, but had to go back on Friday evening to work. My verses on page 66--66--m "At The Bar" were printed by the War Cry without the choruses & under the heading "War-Makers At The Bar.", in the issue dated 13-5-33. "Christian Soldiers" was sent back without comment. On Sat. I got this from Rixon:-

"The Salvation Army 69 Bourke st. Melbourne, 2 May 1933. To Brother J. Cocking, Mayfield. My dear Comrade, Yours just to hand enclosing "Anzac Orations" and "Annihilation". But I feel I ought to write to you urging that with all my association with Anzac day services I have never heard any speaker glory in war-- & our leaders have been most emphatic regarding the devilishness of it. Although they take part in commemoration services they do not commemorate events-- they honour the memory of the dead & seek to show it by serving the living. Only this week I heard a returned soldier, a member of the Legacy Club,-- a club whose members care for the children of dead soldiers, as probably you know, -- & he was soathing in his condemnation of war & the war-spirit. As to the Army's attitude, there is just a little par or two with your poem on page 2 of the current issue, 13-5-33, & more to follow. And I would like you to know that when some months ago I used a small drawing of a battleship, urging the same speed in rescuing the perishing, I was admonished by International Headquarters-- a rare experience-- & told that I must encourage disamament in every way possible. That is the official attitude, & I am expected not to refer to war in any way but to make it unpopular. I am sure that is according to your mind, & if any Salvationist manifests another spirit he is not on the right lines. The attached par,
intended for our "We read the newspaper" section of the W.C. Cry, but crowded out this week, shows what we like to encourage. With earnest Salvation Greetings, I am Yours in the War for God & Right, Chas. M. Rixon, Brigadier.
If you see Arthur Burgess remember me to him.

This is the par referred to:--
"CHRISTIANITY & PEACE. The idea of a universal God who requires not only the righteousness of His people Israel, but justice & righteousness between all nations first grasped taught by the Hebrew prophets & lawgivers, marked an epoch-making change in human history, a change all the greater because of the influence of the Bible in both the religions Christianity & Islam, which had their roots in Judaism. Christianity's own part in the long story of international relations has been curiously inconsistent. In the beginning its disciples would have no part or lot in military service. But its powerlessness to avert the tragedy of the Great War is evidence enough of its disloyalty to its own high doctrine." "The Manchester Guardian".

Our comment is:-- If we are true Christians-- Christ followers, we will ardently & continuously work for peace, & will refuse to be parties to war in its spirit or actualities."

Last Sat. I also received the following letter from my sister-- Elizabeth Jane Pettegrew:

Marshall St., Dapto, 35, 5-33. Dear Brother&bSieter,
Just a few lines after a long delay in writing, to let you know we are all again in good health. For months past Lila has been in very bad health, & at last, acting on doctor's advice, she had every tooth in her head extracted-- 25 in all. She was very ill for a week after, but the teeth had started to poison her system. She was only out of bed 2 days when she got a chill in the kidneys. She was ill again for 2 weeks. Yesterday I got a letter from her & she said she was full of energy & felt she could not work enough.

George's mother was very good to her & fed her like a baby. They seem very happy together; more so since Lila has been in her own home. Barry was one year old on Monday, & George is 25 to-day. They had a social birthday party down there last night, but none of our party went, it was too cold. The mine is working again & at present there are good prospects. Jim started to work again last week. He is permanent in the fitting shop now, & is getting a rise in wages. He has a nasty limp in his walk, & can not ride his bicycle yet, but apart from that he is in splendid health.

Dad is again under treatment for his kidneys, but still working. The other girls are well, also their families, so we have a lot to be thankful for; haven't we?

continued on page 78.
Dear Sir,

Birth: Mary Jane Anderson, 1873-77.

I am in receipt of your further letter of 11th instant with 6/- enclosed.

Your attention is invited to the second paragraph of my letter of 16th March last, re fees. Search will be made over the abovementioned period and the result communicated on receipt of the further fee of 2/6.

Yours faithfully,

[Signature]

Deputy Registrar General.
Mat has not been well again, but is better now. Charlie had gone into the mine again working on the coal with Ernie for a mate. He is doing fairly well, but will have to get another bit of his adn taken off shortly. Poor boy, he would have been better to have had it off altogether at first. I hope your family are still well & working. I am afraid we are in for a severe winter & everyone will need all the comforts we can get. Write soon & let us know how you all are. We all send our love & would like to see you again.

Your loving sister E. J. Pettigrew."

Wed. May 10, 1933. This morning I wrote a 6 page letter to my sister. To-day we received this from J. Weston:

"42 Brown Street, Lithgow, N.S.W. May 8th 1933. Dear Friends, I take the opportunity of replying to your latest letter I have been making inquiries about the Gray family. The hotel was on the Western end of Main Street, opposite the Commercial hotel. Mr. Gray built & equipped the place 56 years ago, but how long he was in it I can't say for sure; & there are not any of the old people I have spoken to can remember the date when Mr. Gray left the hotel. There is a descendant -- Mrs. Gray, Main Street, West Lithgow, who may be able to give you the exact dates you require. She is the oldest son's wife. I am sorry we are not able to assist you in your search. We remain your sincere friends~~.

& Mrs. Weston."
For wars have been so many,
Each war designed by plutes or kings
A multitude of evils brings
O'er land & sea, on men & things,
But little good --if any!

It's true wars rid the earth of fools
Who make themselves the willing tools
Of ev'ry Murder Trust that "sools"
Them on to wholesale slaughters;
But wise men are conscripted too
And forced by fear of death to do
The hellish work of devils who
Sit safe with sons & daughters.

Did Christ, the Prince of Peace, command
His saints, who own no inch of land,
To march upon a foreign strand
And be the bullet-stoppers
For plutocrats who grab & hold
The means of making wealth untold --
The factories, the mines, the gold,
The silver & the coppers?

If Christ in warfare took delight
He would have taught His friends to fight
To build a kingdom based on might
Instead of love & pity;
But some disciples of the Lord
Encourage those who use the sword,
And aid to warriors afford
In ev'ry town & city.

The early Christians all refused
In brutal warfare to be used,
And they were tortured & abused
For being so disloyal;
Because they all refused to fight
They -- dipped in tar -- were set alight
As bleeding torches burned at night
By rulers rich & royal!

The modern church should now expose
The tragic farces played by those
Who kill their fellow-men as foes,
When nought could be absurder!
But when shall Christians all refuse
To countenance, applaud, excuse
And eulogise the men who use
The tools of wholesale murder?
Dear Sir,


With reference to your letter of the 1st April I desire to inform you that the records of this office show that the S.S. "Salisbury" arrived at Sydney on 2-9-1877. There is, however, no trace of the name of Anderson in the passenger list of such vessel.

I would add for your information that there is no record in this office of the vessel having arrived at this port at any other time within five years before and after 2-9-1877.

Yours faithfully,

(Geo. F. A. Mitchell)
Collector of Customs, NSW.

Lah Cocking,
41 Ingall Street,
Mayfield East,
Via NEWCASTLE.
Original Verses

WHO GAINS BY WAR?

If wars were meant to raise the poor
From poverty, on hill and moor,
No tramp would beg from door to door;
For wars have been so many.
Each was designed by plumes or kings,
A multitude of evils brings
O'er land and sea, on men and things,
But little good—if any!

It's true, wars rid the earth of fools
Who make themselves the willing tools
Of ev'ry murder-trust that 'soul's
Their dupes to wholesale slaughters;
But wise men are conscripted, too,
And forced by fear of death to do
The hellish work of devils who
Sit safe with sons and daughters.

Did Christ, the Prince of Peace, commands
His saints, who own no inch of land,
To march upon a foreign strand,
And be the bullet-stoppers
For plutocrats who grab and hold
The means of making wealth untold—
The factories, the mines, the gold,
The silver and the copper?

If Christ in warfare took delight
He would have taught His friends to fight
To build a kingdom based on might
Instead of love and pity;
But some disciples of the Lord
Encourage those who use the sword,
And aid to warriors afford
In ev'ry town and city.

The early Christians all refused
In brutal warfare to be used,
And they were tortured and abused
For being so disloyal;
Because they all refused to fight,
They—dipped in pitch—were set alight
As bleeding torches burned at sight.
By rulers rich and royal.

The modern Church should now expose
The tragic farces played by those
Who kill their fellow men as foes,
When nought could be absurder!
But why shall Christians all refuse
to countenance, applaud, excuse
And eulogise the men who use
The tools of wholesale murder?

It's true, wars were meant to raise the poor
To countenance, applaud, excuse
And eulogise the men who use
The tools of wholesale murder!

Tues. May 16, 1933. Last Sunday I lent Mrs. Hilda Peake the book entitled "An Outpost in Papua." She was to have left for Mayay, Queensland, to go to her husband, who has 12 months' work there at engine-driving.

The result, so far, of the is that the yes votes have a majority of more than 20000. I visited brother Bob at the Benevolent Asylum, Waratah, last Sunday. He has been a teacher in the Waratah Methodist Sunday school for 2 months. (Later) An Outpost in Papua was returned.

Wed. May 17, 1933. This morning we received this letter:-

"Registrar-General's Department,
Sydney, 16th May, 1933. Birth Mary Jane Anderson. Dear Sir, I am in receipt of your further letter of 11th instant with 6/- enclosed. Your attention is invited to the second paragraph of my letter of 16th March last, re fees. Search will be made over the above-mentioned period & the result communicated on the receipt of a further
I wrote this reply to that letter:

"Sir, I am sorry that, by not taking particular notice of your letter of March 16th, I have put you to the trouble of drawing my attention to it again. With this I enclose a postal note for 2/6 for the result of your search over the period 1873 to 1877 for the record of the birth of Mary Jane Anderson. Hoping that your search will be successful, I remain, Sir, Yours with respect, Josiah Cocking."

Copy of Brigadier Rixon's letter:

15th May, 1933. Territorial Headquarters, 69 Bourke St., Melbourne C.I. Vic. Mr. Cocking, 41 Ingall St., Mayfield East, via Newcastle, N.S.W. My dear Comrade, I received your of the 10th instant this morning. The sole reason that I returned your compilation against war, without comment was simply because of lack of time. I read it with interest & I can say, profit, but the moment I had done so I desired to get it back into your hands lest some harm befell it. That was the reason it was returned before I could discuss it with you. I am one with you in fighting war with all its associations, & I pray that we shall be able to do this with increasing effect from time to time. With warmest Salvation greetings, & praying our heavenly Father 's richest blessing upon you, I am, Yours sincerely Charles M. Rixon, brigadier, editor -in-chief. I note the poem attached, but at the moment I have not been able to go through it."

Tues. May 18th 1933. Yesterday I walked to Mr. Toll's house in Hannel street, Linwood, & asked him about the result of my application for bricks to make a pathway between the primary hall & the main hall of the Salvation Army at Tighe's Hill. He said he had no power to give away any bricks, as they belonged to a company; but he would ask the directors about it & let me know next week what they said. To-day I wrote these verses:

TO BORROWERS.

Don't borrow a book of a generous friend
Who's anxious that you shall enjoy
Your leisure in reading it quite to the end,
And thus all its treasures enjoy,
Unless you peruse it as soon as you may,
Whilst carefully keeping it clean,
Digesting its pages by might & by day.
83.

And trying to learn what they mean.

Remember this, too, that the volume is lent
For use, not to lie on your shelf
As silverfish -food-- & is certainly meant
For others as well as yourself!
A book that is borrowed & never returned
May ruin a friendship once strong,
For friendship with those who thus swindle is spurned
And cannot survive very long.

Return what you borrow, as soon as you can,
And strengthen its owner's belief
That you are an honest, dependable man
And not a contemptible thief!
So, borrowing friends, let this warning suffice:
Whatever you borrow restore,
For lenders once bitten are not bitten twice--
Return -- & you're welcome to more!

The recurring sore that was on the back of my neck for about 3
years has vanished.

Fri. May 19th, 1933. This morning I wrote these verses:-
TIGHE'S HILL BRIDGE.

I read a speech the other week
Anent the bridge o'er Throsby Creek
Adjacent to the Pictures.
It's dangers all may plainly see,
And careful people will agree
With all the speaker's strictures.

The bridge was built when bullock drays
Moved slowly over narrow ways,
And motorists were strangers,
But now the speeding motor cars,
With drivers doped at public bars,
Intensify its dangers.

Twixt verdant trees to furnish shade
A straighter road should now be made
To obviate the corner,
And concrete bridges should be built
Of ample width to hide the silt
And save some Johnny Horner.

Some aldermen may duties shirk
And Ministers may sneer or smirk
At those who long have sought it:
They seem to wait till some are killed,
And then, with false-faced horror filled,
Exclaim, "Well, who'd have thought it?"
Dandelion.


Sat. May 20, 1933. This morning we received this letter:-

"Registrar-General's Department, Sydney 19th May 1933.
RESULT OF SEARCH. I hereby certify that search has been made in the records of this department but no trace can be found of the birth of a Mary Jane Anderson (daughter of Thomas Anderson) on the S.S. Salisbury, whose parents came from England for the years 1873 to 1877 inclusive. There is a record, however, of the birth of Mary Jane Anderson born at North Richmond on the 25th July 1875. The particulars of the parents are: Father, Thomas Anderson, farmer, 44 years of age, born at Seven Hills, Prospect. Mother--Sarah Roberts, 42 years of age, born in Sydney. The previous issue of these parents was: 5 boys, 3 girls living, 1 boy dead. A.C. Bayliss, deputy-registrar."

This afternoon I wrote a letter to the Westons, giving them a copy of the registrar's letter, & asking their opinion about Thomas Anderson's age when he was at Lithgow. I also wrote to Mrs. Gray, Main street, Lithgow, re Mum.

Tues. May 23, 1933. As "Fighting Mac" (what a name for an alleg Christian !) was at Sanny meetings on Fri, Sat, & Sunday I did not attend any but the knee-drillon Sunday & the 9 a.m. meetings outdoors. Jose took Mum, Ivy & the children to Newcastle on Sunday to see fighting Mackenzie, the commissioner. Yesterday I walked to Newcastle general post office to search the big directory to find whether there is anyone named Roberts living at Seven Hills, & whether there are any Andersons there or at North Richmond. I found a few names, which I copied so that I can write to the persons re Mum's parents. Yesterday was the anniversary of our marriage on the 22nd of May, 1897.

These are the names I copied from the directory:-
Walter Anderson, Clement St., Guildford, N.S.W.
M.A. Anderson, 23 Myall st., Merrylands, Holroyd, N.S.W.
W. Anderson, Junction St., Holroyd, N.S.W.
R. L. Roberts, 23 Layton st., Wentworthville, N.S.W.
Alick T. Anderson, Wentworth Road, Girraween, N.S.W.
Mrs. Annie Anderson, 184 Harold St., Guildford, N.S.W.
W. Anderson, 10 Octavia St., Girraween, N.S.W.
Robert Anderson, 65 Young St., Holroyd, N.S.W.
T. C. Roberts, nr Church of England, Hall, Railway Parade, Westmeat
John Roberts, 3 Railway St., Holroyd.

Ernest Jennings, farmer Seven Hills, N.S.W.
I wrote to Jennings to-day asking for information re Andersons.
TIGHE'S HILL BRIDGE

I read a speech the other week
Anent the bridge o'er Throsby Creek:
Adjacent to the Pictures,
It's dangers all may plainly see,
And careful people will agree
With all the speaker's strictures.
The Bridge was built when bullock drays
Moved slowly over narrow ways,
And motorists were strangers;
But, now the speeding motor-cars
Intensify its dangers.
Turst verdant trees to furnish shade;
A straighter road should now be
To obviate the corner,
And concrete bridges should be
Of ample width to hide the silt
And save some Johnny Horner.

Some Aldermen may duties shirk
And Minister's may sneer or smirk.
At those who long have sought it,
They seem to wait till some are killed,
And then, with false-face horror filled,
Exclaim, "Well who'd have thought it?"

Fri. May 26, 1933. Yesterday my verses, "Tighe's Hill Bridge" were printed in the Waratah-Mayfield Weekly, but the line, "And drivers doped at public bars", was purposely left out. I went to Toll's house in Wickham about the bricks; left word for him not to bother about them as I had got leave to get old bricks at the soap works at Mayfield. This morning I wrote these verses:

DANDELION ROARS AGAIN.

Dear Sir, I ask you as a man
And brother, do you ever scan
The proof-sheet of the "Weekly"?
And should your comps for ever spoil
The products of my midnight oil,
And I endure it meekly?

Do your compositors hold shares
In Tooth's & Cooney's unawares
To you, that thus they blunder
And mutilate my second verse,
Omitting language plain & terse
Which should have read as under:

"The bridge was built when bullock drays
Moved slowly over narrow ways
And motorists were strangers,
But now the speeding motor-cars,
With drivers doped at public bars,
Intensify its dangers.

"Turst verdant trees", the last begins;
Can I forgive such flagrant sins,
Far worse than aldermanic?
Should poets not with fury burst
When finding "Twixt" transformed to turst
With callousness satanic?

So chain them to that bridge at Tighe's
Till quite unnerved & sorry,
And there, in terror, let them lodge.
We received the following letter from John Weston:

"Dear Mr. & Mrs. Cocking, In answer to your letter of 20-5-1931 it seems quite clear by the records you got from Sydney that your wife wasn't born at sea on the Salisbury, & it is my opinion there is no connection with the other family of Andersons in Richmond. Surely he wouldn't take his child & leave a large family behind him like that. I think Mrs. Jones was wrong about Mr. Anderson's age. I would say that he would be about thirty years old when I saw him, & he may have been a farmer, because he promised to take a pony to the boy Reed, but they never saw him after. You say that you would like my advice: Well, I think you have done much to unravel the tangle. It would be fine if you could clear everything up in regard to your wife's people & birth, but I think it is going to be very hard to do so now after all those long years. For myself, I don't think I should do anything more in the matter. We are very pleased to know you are in the very best of health. I am sorry to say that my wife is very unwell, but I am myself quite well. She is confined to her bed. I think the cold weather has to do with it. You know well, & old age. It is bitterly cold up here. Well, I will close this with kindest regards to you from your sincere friends MR. & MRS. Weston, 42 Brown Street, Lithgow, 31st May, 1933."

Fri. 13th Aug. 1933. Yesterday I went to McMichael St. Marryville, & collected for the Army's self-denial fund. In the afternoon I collected in Smedmore. My target is ten shillings. Florrie gave me 2/-, I have paved with bricks the front of the front of the Tighe's Hill Army hall, & cemented them. I made a clothes-horse with 2 wings, each about 3 feet 8 inches wide & 4 feet 8 inches high, hinged together with 3 hinges, for Mrs. Smyth. It is made of hardwood.

To-day I copied "The Confession Of a Joy-Killer" for use at the knee-drill, next Sunday, as I have to lead the meeting. Last Wed. there was a "Gift tree" & a program by the Mayfield corps at Tighe's Hill Army hall. My gift from the tree was a worked bib. Brother Jack was there, Pearl Carpenter, (Jack's daughter) was there too. Captain Holloway gave some lightning sketches. More than 100 were present. Dick Davies' boy is very ill in Newcastle hospital.

Mon. Aug. 21, 1933. Yesterday I was with the army all day. At 8 o'clock there was a memorial service at the Tighe's Hill hall for Dick Davies' son, who died in the Newcastle hospital.
DEAR SIR,

Adverting to your letter of the 18th March, I desire to intimate that no person, namely bearing the name of Anderson appears on the list of passengers which accompanied the "Salisbury", leaving Plymouth, England, on 24th May, 1877, and arriving in Sydney on 21st October, 1877.

Faithfully,

[Signature]

Mr. J. Cocking,
41 Ingall Street,
Mayfield East,
Via Newcastle.

Under Secretary.
"Greenfield Terrace, Portreath nr Redruth, Cornwall, July
5th 1933. Dear Mr. & Mrs. Cooking, You will be thinking me
very unkind for keeping you so long. The girls wanted to wr
ite for me as I've been laid up with ulcers & bad veins.
Not been up to but very little for weeks now, but pleased t
do say I am about again. Trust you are all well, which is
richer than gold. Health! How we ought to value it! but
we forget sometimes, but lately I have known the value of i
t. Well, dear friends, we got the beautiful book all safe:
many thanks for it. Glad you get the paper-- Dads sees that
they are remembered. He enjoys reading them, & they are goo
d. It tells us more truth than some papers. I've no pa
ience to read some trash that's printed. We are having
lovely weather day after day; lots of visitors about; in fa
ct the beach is full every day. Not been able to go out, bu
t hope to next week. My Kathleen will be home then for a f
fortnight. It's not far down, so must go then. My husband
is still improving. I told his doctor I believe that faith
partly the cause of it. He will never give up thinking he w
will get better. Now he is out in the garden just all the t
ime, & he does enjoy it. We have a good lot of chifke thi
s year, so it gives him something to think of. Sorry you can
not find Mrs. Cocking's real relations. I feel just like
you; I like to know. Perhaps you may some time when you l
little expect; someone will turn up & tell you all about it
, just like Mrs. Chinnock. I've not heard from her for a ver
y long time now. Her husband, I think, must be dead. He
was very ill, poor fellow. She sent us their photos, & my
husband could see they belong to the same family. There is
one cousin here in the village; she is just like him. I
love to hear from them. She writes such nice, kind let
ters. She was very poorly when you wrote. Trust she is fee
ling better by now. Times are still bad enough home here.
My son is out; can't get a day. He has 1/3 on the dole, &
then he come on the transitional benefit, & because he live
s here & no rent they cut him off-- didn't want it!
Dad's 10/- a week pension, "out to do on that ". We
got our rates--£ 3 half year, they used to be less than tha
t one time. So I went to them & stated our large income,
& they said,"Can't you let your rooms? Can't you go out to
work? I said, "No, nor don't intend to!" At any rate, I g
got the boy's money back, but quite a fight to get it.
It's as you say, Mr. Cooking, it's the people's only fault--
they will not uphold one another. We have people here in th
is village who don't bother as long as they please master;
they will creep & do every dirty thing to have a job &
push another out-- then ask you how you are! I tell them
straight. Then I've got to do the business. Dad upsets hims
if for very little: with his heart as it is he has to be
very careful. But isn't it hard, though, in a world that is full of every good thing? You know I sometimes feel how ungrateful we are not to use the goods God takes special care to produce for all His people. These rich people will have to answer for the way in which they use it. They're the ones that will have to count most in the Day of Reckoning. Now I must close to catch post. Will write again in the course of a few days. We all join in sending kindest regards to you all. Ever your sincere friends, Emily & Harry Webster. God bless you all."

The following entry should have been written before the last entry:-

"Thur. July 20, 1933. Since my last entry I have been making a brick footpath between the primary & the big hall of the Sarmy at Tighe's H'11. I begged the necessary bricks of Mr. England, the manager of the Kitchen soapworks. Adjt. Smyth begged 6 bags of Cockle Creek cement of Pickle & Co., & 4 more bags of the Sarmy headquarters. I carted 38 & a half bags of sand from our yard & washed the stuff at the hall. I finished last Thursday. Since then I have got 2 more loads of bricks from the soap works & have made a new footpath at home. It needed 3 bags of cement. To-day I am going out to Herb Davies' farm 4 miles from Wyong, on which Bob Gibson & his wife & young daughter Margaret live, to help Bob for a fortnight. He has a young Spaniard working there too, named Tony. Yesterday I bought a new brace & an adze handle at Vaisy's for 7/10 to take to the farm. I sent a bag of tools from Hamilton railway station yesterday for the farm at Tuggerah. Fred has been painting the girls' schoolhouse at Waratah for about a fortnight, & expects to work 6 weeks in all at the job. Charlie has taken on an agency to sell silver cutlery. The weather is very calm.

Thur. Aug. 10th 1933. When I returned from my fortnight's work on the Tuggerah farm I found that a letter had come from my sister, & the following letter arrived from Sydney:--


In reply I wrote as follows:--"Dear Sir, As I presume that the memorandum you sent me on the 4th instant was sent in reply to my application of some months ago, for an increase in my pension, I now wish to inform you that as my
son Fred has now obtained temporary employment I hereby with-

draw my application for an increase in my pension. If my surmise is wrong, however, & you still desire me to fill in the form sent, please let me know, & I shall fill & return it as soon as possible. Yours respectfully, Josiah Cocking.

This note was also waiting for me on my return yesterday week:— "Divisional Headquarters, Newcastle, 22 July 1933. Brother Cocking, Tighe's Hill. Dear Brother Cocking, I feel I would like to drop you a line thanking you for the work you did in making such a splendid job of the pathway between the senior & Y.P. halls at Tighe's Hill. No doubt the comrades will feel the benefit of this, especially in wet weather. Again thanking you, Yours sincerely J.W.Annetta, Divisional Commander." This letter is from Sister Liz Jane:

"Station St. Dapto, 29-7-33 A few lines at last to Dear Joe & Jinnie to let you know we are all well. Dapto has been almost swept away by the flu, but although every house has been affected in some way, there has not been one death. The doctors have been kept busy. At one time there have been 80 men absent from work at Wongawilli. I am thankful to say that Jim is the only one here now who had it, but though he lost 4 days work he had to start night shift at the fitting shop the next week. He had a dreadful cough & I was terribly worried about him, but he is a fair Briton. He just laughs at my fears. He has not recovered from the ef-
facts of his accident yet through the muscles of his leg being knotted, it has left him with a noticeable limp. The push-bike which he used for going to work was hindering him, so Dad got him a motor bike. He is some proud of it but he will not become a speed-hog, for he is very careful. He does a lot of overtime & it is useful to him. All the children of the family have had the flu—also Florrie—but they were all down here yesterday, & their dear little faces just shone with happiness at coming down home. They are a lovey lot of children, & Edna is the mother of the lot. She & Florrie are devoted to each other, & it is nice to see them together. Florrie gave her 2 little girls a birthday party on the 8th of July Vera was seven on the second of July, & I was sixty on the 6th, & Joy was 4 on the 8th. Les Duley bought a cabinet wireless set, & all the family were up there. I was surprised when I got a call or cheerio, for I did not expect it. Lila came down & did all the cooking for Florrie, & Barry had the tone of his life. I don't see much of them, but George often comes up? She has her teeth in now & is almost the old Lila. Bob White & Nelly are well; & we have to thank Bob that Jim can manage the bike so well, for he worked for days teaching him to ride. Pearl is 12 next week-end
& Nelly will give her a party; so if you listen in you may hear the call. The mine is still working, & I still keep a girl to help me. I am keeping well, & when I don't work too hard I am all right. I hope all your family are well & working. There is not much news to send you, as I do not go out. If you do not come to see us soon I shall have to get Florrie to go & see you, for you seem to be the only link in my life now. I do not hear from any of the others, though I often think of them I do not write. Pearl Shaw writes to Florrie regularly & gives us the Wallsend news, but it is chiefly football news. She is a fair crank for the game.
Mat & both his boys are well; also the 2 girls. He is still in Wollongong, but we don't see him much. Dad will be 64 on the 15th of November next, & the girls & I are going to give him a wireless set for his birthday. It must be a profound secret, & we are quite anxious for the time to come. He is passionately fond of music, & it is the only chance we have had to give him something worth while. He is still the same grand old man, & is keeping real well. I must conclude now with love from us all, hoping you will write soon & let us know how you all are keeping. Your loving Sister, Elizabeth Jane Pettigrew."
I have written a long letter in reply.

The Newcastle Herald, on Aug. 10th, had an obituary notice of Alf. W. Edwards who was a great friend of mine at Wallsend in 1902 & for some years afterwards. He is mentioned in my diary of 1902. On the 23rd of last May I wrote to Mr. Ernest Jennings, farmer, Seven Hills, asking him for information about Sarah Roberts & the Andersons of that locality. On the 1st or 2nd of June I received this note:-

For continuation see page 3 of my diary for August 21st, to April 26th \x2013 1934.
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