A children's drawing of a map of the world, with a text about possibly promoting peace and ending wars. The text is not fully legible but mentions themes such as peace and war.
Fri. April 27th, 1934. Last night the Tighe's Hill corps marched around & announced the special meetings for the remainder of this week & all of next week, in the Army Hall. Adjt. Smyth led the inside meeting, & spoke on the Prodigal Son. No visible result.

This morning we received the following letter from my brother Bob:-

Lismore Street, Abermain, April.

Dear Joe & Jinny, Just a few lines as I promised you. I got up here after a long, miserable, wet, cold, rainy journey. Gladys was there to meet me & to bid me a kind welcome. Well, to describe this place fully would be a puzzle, because it is so scattered. The building blocks are nearly all half acre, & some are an acre big; consequently the houses are wide apart. The house we are living in is a large one; 3 bedrooms, front & back verandahs, & is well ventilated. They purchased a new bed all complete for me; & so as to provide company for me they placed the children's cots in my room. The small child sleeps with Bobby & Gladys. I am quite in love with the place. I find the air a good deal drier here. The nights are very cold up here. I went over to the Methodist Sunday school on Sunday. They also bid me a kind welcome; & I had the honor of teaching the young women's class. Their teacher is away, & is not expected back for a long time. I am also pleased to say that my daily food is considerably better here than down at the home--no dripping here for breakfast or tea. I have toast & an egg for breakfast. We have a light lunch at 11:30; then a splendid dinner when Bob comes home at 5:30. I help Gladys to wash up, & I assist all I can. The children are very fond of me. They are about the toughest I have seen--they don't cry or bawl for a buster.

The boy Allan is about 5 years of age now. Last week-end we went along to Gladys' Mother's place. We sat listening to the wireless until 8 p.m., & Allan laid on a bed & went to sleep; so it was decided to let him sleep on until the morning. Well, we came home. Then at 3 in the morning a loud knock was heard at our door, & when Bobby opened it here was his lordship! It appeared he fell out of bed; got through the window; & came home--a trip I should not care to take myself. I might also say that Gladys & Bobby leave no stone unturned to make me comfortable here. Of course I shall have to wait 7 or 8 weeks before my pension is transferred to here. I will, of course, get it fully paid up to me. I am not short of tobacco: Gladys gets it for me from her grocer. She also gave me 4/- for pocket money. As soon as Bobby gets time he is going to take me up to Cessnock. It is a very large mining township. I will tell you all about it some other time. In conclusion, give my love to all your family circle & the same for yourself. Bob, with love to all. Should you write at any time address to Lismore St. Abermain.
41 Ingall Street, Mayfield East, Newcastle, N.S.W.

May 27th, 1934. To Mr. Robert Cocking, Lismore St., Abermain.

Dear Bob, Your welcome letter came this morning, & I hasten to tell you that I am delighted to find that you like your new home & everyone in it! The warmth of your reception must have been a great contrast to the coldness of your journey. I only hope that you will continue to be so pleased with your environment. Of course a great deal depends on your own conduct. If you always remember that God made Man a little LOWER -- not a little higher -- than the angels, you will not expect to find angelic attributes in even the loved ones of your own kith & kin. I think it is wisdom to magnify the virtues we find in others, & the faults we find in ourselves. None of us are perfect -- I wish we were -- so, if you happen to find a very small thorn on a very large, scented rose, don't let the thorn take all of your attention & exclude the odor & beauty of the flower!

I am sure that you are very welcome where you are, & it is the best home that you are ever likely to get on this side of Heaven; so if those dear children ever spring an unpleasant surprise on you don't forget that you are more than 60 years older than you used to be, & that old people are apt to be a bit touchy with the young people. But I don't intend to inflict a long lecture on you, for you love the children, & they love you; & as love is blind you will (I hope) be stone-blind to each other's real or imaginary faults & failings. I think that you will be healthier there than you were down here in the germ & smoke-laden air. Rush air contains more life-giving oxygen than city air; & you now have a splendid opportunity of taking interesting & instructing walks along the country roads, especially as the snakes will soon be retiring to their country seats to sleep through the Winter. But, Bob, GET RID OF THAT TOBACCO! If your own will power is not strong enough to do it, remember that true old hymn -- "He can break every fetter, He can make you FREE!" As long as you are a slave of that abominable plant you are setting a very bad example to those dear, uncontaminated children, both in the home & in the Sunday School, as well as injuring your own heart by poisoning your blood with deadly nicotine. Poor old Jonathan Blacklock, who was the Fireman at Wallsend colliery, told a crowd of shiftmen, one Pay-Saturday in the pit, that for years he was a slave of Drink. He used to stagger home drunk; & although his patient wife never complained to him, he used to be so much ashamed of himself that he made firm resolutions to give up the drink; but when he got to a pub his firm resolutions were broken every time. He told a Christian friend about his sincere desire to become free, & how his pie-crust promises & resolutions were always broken; & his friend said "Jonathan, have you ever asked God to help you to become free?" He replied that he never had; so, finally, his friend persuaded him to pray to God for strength. Jonathan did so; but for some considerable time he received no answer & no help, & he very naturally thought that God would not be bothered with such a drunken sot. He became very despondent, for, as he told us, apparently.
he might as well have prayed to a brick wall. He could not help himself, & it seemed that there was no God to hear nor care. One morning, while he was still in that despairing state of mind, he was walking along the long, lonely travelling road on the way to make his solitary inspection of the mine, when he distinctly heard a voice say, "Jonathan, thy sins, which are many, are all forgiven thee; go in peace & sin no more." He stopped, turned around, & very carefully examined every nook & corner where anyone might have been concealed, but, of course, there could not have been any human being there, for no one was allowed to go into the mine before the Fireman. He realized then that God had at last answered his prayer; & this was proven by the fact that from that hour all desire for alcohol was taken away! Jonathan joined the church, for he had become a sincere, convinced Christian. From that time on until he went to Heaven he could pass every pub without feeling any desire to enter. The moral of this true story is,—"Go thou & do likewise!"

I am very pleased indeed by the beginning & the ending of your very nice letter, Bob. "Dear Jenny" sounds lovely to me, & must have looked beautiful to her, I think she was disappointed when you would not get into Jose's car last Christmas & come down & dinner with us. You need not have been afraid to ride with Jose, for he is a sober, careful moderate-paced driver. If he calls on you next Christmas, with his car, to bring you down here, don't disappoint us all again. Florrie expects to finally leave the Newcastle General Hospital in about a week's time, as she has given in her resignation. She has to have her final examination (in dispensing) this week; & if she passes she will get her A.T.M certificate. We expect Arthur home in about a fortnight. He will have 2 weeks holiday. Everything seems to be going well with him. He has won a bronze medal at the College for proficiency in lifesaving; & this week he had to go to Newtown to have some practice in teaching a class. We are wondering how he fared with the boys. As I have to attend a meeting of the Barmy in Hamilton this evening I must bring this to a conclusion. This week & all next week the Army is running special meetings all over this Eastern Division to try to stir the people up & induce them to take some interest in their own eternal welfare. I see that the Jingoes had their usual day out on Anzac day. The usual twaddle was preached about the "glorious" widow & orphan makers. I am afraid that the Christian religion will never be accepted by the people until the pulpits are occupied by genuine Christians who are brave enough & intelligent enough to understand that warfare & declare that warfare & Christianity are as far apart as the poles.

We are all well, thank God, & I hope that you & Bobby & Gladys & the children are all the same. Good bye for the time, & may God bless & save you all!

With love from brother Joe.
**STOP. LOOK. LISTEN**

In the SALVATION ARMY HALL - TIGUES HILL.

---

**Grand United Sunbeam Demonstration**

All Newcastle and Suburban Brigades Participating.

Admission 6d. Children 3d.

**Bible Sunday**

Sun. 3rd Dec. 3-15 P.M. **Display "Bible Message To The Wary"**

7 P.M. **"Bible Object Lessons"**

All Welcome

---

**YOUNG PEOPLE'S ANNUAL**

MRS. MAJOR TAYLOUR......PRESIDING.

---

**Grand Demonstration**


Admission 6d. Children 3d.

---

3 P.M. **Special Primary Display**

and Full Company Action Songs. Primary Prizes Distributed.

7 P.M. Special Items & Singing by Young People.

---

**Demonstration Continued from Sat. night.**

Prize Distribution to Full Companies

Admission Free. All Welcome.

---

L. Lucas Y.P.S.M. D.L. Smythe C.Q.
Sat. Ap. 28th, 1934. This morning we received the following letter from Arthur:-

"Usual address. Thursday. Dear Folks, I know I'm pretty slow in answering this time, but I've been very busy lately. I'm teaching 6 C boys, & are they tough? It would be hard to imagine a worse lot of barbarians than the boys at Newtown School. The teachers keep them in order by means of plenty of "stick", but we are supposed to do it without. The first day I didn't give any lessons at all, except physical training, which isn't counted. On Tuesday I gave 2 lessons, study reading & singing. I couldn't get out of singing. I found it terribly difficult to keep them in order, but to day I found I can manage them a great deal better. I taught 4 lessons to day.

The boss came into the singing lesson: I was warbling away with them when he came over & asked me to get the class to sing the music without me. I did so, & they were very poor. He said to me, "It's not a good idea to sing yourself, Mr. Cocking; the pupils are apt to become mere listeners." I told him that I was going on the assumption that example was better than precept. He replied that it was quite true in most cases, but the best singing teachers never sing themselves; (the class had told me before that I was the first teacher they had ever heard sing.) "You're musically inclined are you?", the boss said. I replied, "No; I thought that was evident from the way I sing". "Oh no," said he, "I was rather impressed by the quality of your voice. I like your manner before the class, too." Of course this discussion took place in an undertone; he didn't lower my dignity in the eyes of the class. What he said makes me hopeful of getting a second class mark. I thought, when I first went among the savages, that I would be lucky to get a third. I don't think there is much chance of my getting a first.; it would take a very good, experienced teacher to control the class without force. I gave a lesson to day on the emancipation of the Jews & Roman Catholics. I had to be pretty careful, for a very large number of the pupils are Jews. They have special Jewish Scripture for them. To morrow I've to deal with "The Publican & the Pharasee". I'll have to watch my step.

I inquired about those Leclanche cells (centres). They are obtainable at Hordern's at 3/- each. I think you'll get them cheaper at the half-price house in Newcastle.

I'm getting to like teaching now, but I'm a bit sick of being called sir. please excuse haste. Arthur.

Florrie brought the following reference home to day:-

Newcastle Hospital, Newcastle, N.S.W. 27/4/1934. & a half

I have known Nurse Florence Cocking for the past four years, & during which time she has trained & become a fully qualified nurse at the hospital. Her training has embraced every avenue of work in a large general hospital including surgical, medical, operative, children's & infectious diseases. She has imp-
with her ability & quiet efficiency, & her personality enables her to work in complete harmony with both patient & doctor. I wish her every success.

Hon. Asst. Surgeon.

I posted a typed letter to brother Bob this morning, & enclosed "Is God Cruel?".

Mon. Ap. 30th, 1934. On Saturday night Mum went to a concert in the Mayfield Citadel. Daphne sang a verse, "If I were a little twinkling star", & did it well. Joe acted the Prodigal Son. The Citadel was crowded. Yesterday I was out with the Army all day. At night Adjt. Smyth spoke on "Repentance". Fine weather this morning.

Tu. May 1st, 1934. Last night Adjutant Dibley & Lieut. Lawrence led the meeting at the Tighes Hill Army hall. The lieut. sang "I'm a Child Of a King". Mrs. Hughes (widow of the late Cliff Hughes) & her daughter were converted, & Edna Davies went for consecration. They are the first visible fruit of our special campaign, but we are hoping for much more. We had another special prayer meeting this morning, but only. Jessie Carpenter, Mrs. Bannister, Adjt. Smyth, & Mrs. Smyth attended. Florrie came home this morning with her Nurse's Certificate, & a reference from Matron Hall. Florrie also brought an "Onoto" gold-bound, blue fountain pen & a leather portmanteau, that were given to her by the nurses. Yesterday Mum received the following letter from Mrs. Eliza Morris.--No. 3, Waratah Street, Lithgow. Ap. 25th, 1934. My dear Mary, Just a few lines in answer to your ever-loving letter which I received some time ago. I was pleased to see by it you were all well, & I hope you are the same now. I am very well. Harry is not the best, I can assure you, & the rest are well, I am pleased to say. Well, Mary, I have had a nice holiday: I was away at Granville for a few weeks & quite enjoyed myself. The weather was beautiful—nice & warm—& not hot; & lovely nights. Everywhere I looked nice & green; & there were some nice gardens there: the flowers were beautiful. I brought some plants home; but I am afraid it will be too cold for them here. I will try them & see how they get on. Well, Mary, what is Florrie doing? Is she still in Newcastle, or what did she do? It's a pity they can't go right through in one place, don't you think? Of course I don't know much about it. I often think about Florrie—& the land—I don't suppose it would be much good to you at your time of life; besides, the boys may not take it on. Well, Mary, I was real pleased to know that Arthur has done so well; & I do hope he will make good & get something worth while out of it. It is very hard for the people these days; so he must work hard. I do hope the boys are working. It is hard in
in the Winter time, for you need such a lot of extras, esp-
ecially in Lithgow— it is so cold. So now, with love toyte—
you all & heaps to your dear self from all at home & myself
from your old pal, F. Morris.

Wed. May 2nd. 1934. Last night I attended an open-air meeting
of the Army, & an inside meeting. This morning 5 of us were at
A special meeting in the hall. Yesterday I received the follow-
ing note :-) "The New Zealand Worker" Printing & Publish ing
Co., Ltd. Proprietors & Publishers of "The New Zealand Worker",
Mr. Josiah Cocking, 41 Ingall Street, Mayfield East, via Newcastle,
N. S. W. Australia. Dear Sir, In reply to yours of 31st
March, we have to advise you that our subscription rates are as fol-
lows:— Quarter....3/-; Half-year...7/-; Year 12/6.
Thanking you for inquiry, Yours faithfully, J. Glover, secretary."

I wrote a reply this afternoon, & enclosed a copy of "Good
bye Till I Meet You Again". also "What Is an Empire?". To mor-
row I intend to enclose & send a money order for 3/- for a
quarter's issues of "The New Zealand Worker".

Fri. May 10th, 1934. To day I am sixty seven years old.
I was born at Kadina, South Australia, on the 11th of May,
1867. This morning Mum gave me a birthday gift of ten shi-
llings. We all expected Arthur to come home from Sydney la-
ast night, but he did not arrive. Yesterday I was revising my
pamphlet, "Christian Soldiers", which I have now entitled
"War Is Hell". Yesterday I wrote the following verses in it;
Fighting Macs.

I wonder did the fighting Macs
Who preached to pious "Christian", Zaos
Exhort them to be civil
To "enemies" in trench & fort,
And Join them in fraternal sport;
Or did they preach just drivel?

Did they, with holy zeal & skill,
Explain the texts, "Thou shalt NOT kill";
"Forgive your foes till seven
Such acts are multiplied by ten,
But do not murder fellow-men
If you would enter Heaven. "?

Or earned they ample, blood-stained o — pay
By preaching in the loyal way,
Beloved by bloody Croesus,
Of glory, "empire", "wars", & "kings";
Enriching thus munition Rings,
And—Judas-like— sell Jesus ?
But haply, had they preached the truth
That Jesus taught with love and ruth
Through every changeful season,
And urged the soldiers to forgive
Their enemies and let them live,
They'd both be shot for treason!!

We received the following letter from Art yesterday:

Anderson House, Leichardt St., Glebe Pt.,
Tuesday. (May 8th, 1934). Dear Folks, Practice teaching is over, and I'm not sorry, although it was pretty interesting.

The ordinary teacher of the 6th class canes the boys all day. I was supposed to keep them in order without even keeping them in. I did a map of India and another of South Africa in my time off. They took me quite a few hours each, for I drew one about 30" by 26", and the other 25" by 20". When the supervisor came along the first time to see a lesson, I showed her the map of India. She went into raptures over it, for she's an art teacher and I had put very pretty colours on it in order to pander to her artistic taste. She concluded by saying "It's just the sort of map that I'd like to receive a lesson from." She stayed for the geography lesson I gave on India. I had pictures in abundance to illustrate what I was telling the class. It was the only decent lesson I have given. Wasn't I lucky? The next time she came I had given a lesson on South Africa, and she had the map I had drawn at school. She came into the room and said, "I doubt if I'll be back to see you again, Mr. Cocking; I have to supervise some of the other students' lessons, & I know more about you than I do about them." So she based her opinion of my teaching ability on one lesson. She doesn't have all the say, however, so I don't think I'll get a very good teaching mark. My discipline is not too good, and that's a big fault.

The kids seem sorry I'm going. I'm not flattering myself that this is due to my popularity; the boys know that it will be a long while until they get the chance of a good muck-up again.

I suppose Dad thinks that my expression and writing are hardly a credit to a teacher. One reason for my scrawl and slang is that I'm in a hurry. Another is that when I write home I like to forget the "misters & sirs" which have rung in my ears since I came down here; I like to remember that I'm still a boy in years & I should be in thoughts.

Yours Arthur.

Tu. May 15th, 1934. Today I finished reading "A Marvellous Work & A Wonder," a Latter Day Saints' book dealing with prophecy & the Book of Mormon. I also finished reading "The National Messenger," a British-Israel book that Dick Smith gave me last Sunday. I was out with the Sammy all day last Sunday; Dick & Mrs. Smith led all the meetings except knee-
drill, which was led by Jessie Carpenter. I swept the Army hall on Saturday, as Adjt. & Mrs. Smyth are at the Lake on furlough for about a fortnight. Fred is still working, Florrie is at home waiting for whatever work she can get. I received another paper from the Websters to day. The "New Zealand Worker" has not arrived yet.

Thur. May 17th 1934. Revising my pamphlet—"Christian Soldiers". We received the following letter from Arthur to day:

"Anderson House, Leichardt St., Glebe P., Tuesday.

Dear Folks, I'm sorry I didn't make it clear to you that my holidays commence next Saturday & finish on the 4th of June. I have about £1.0:9, & will receive the other £1 or 30 bob on Friday next. As a matter of fact I still have 10/- in the bank, so I would prefer to be paid early in the next term. I will probably be reimbursed to morrow for the travelling expenses incurred during practice teaching; that is I'll receive 3/- . I was talking to Miss Marsden, my supervisor, the other day; she says she thinks my lesson notes are pretty good, but I regard the dictation lesson as a spelling lesson. As a matter of fact I did. I don't think I'll be able to catch the 2 p.m. train on Friday as I originally intended, since pay I believe, will be at 1-30; so I may travel on any train between 2 & 4 p.m. I'll answer your letter in person. Arthur.

Sat. May 19th, 1934. Arthur returned from Sydney last night by train. He is quite well, thank God, but has gone much thinner. I attended 2 meetings of the Army in Beaumont street, Hamilton last night, which were led very well by Peter Lucas. I read part of Paul's letter to Timothy & spoke on it. Beautiful weather to day.

I have finished the following verses which I started yesterday for my knee-drill meeting to morrow morning:-

(Tune of hymn 501 in the Army song book.)

FAITH AND KNOWLEDGE

ORD, let my faith for ever grow
Through evidence, on sea and land,
Of all Thy handiwork below
And in the heavens, high and grand
Till faith attains supernal height,
And darkness is dispelled by light.

Give me the knowledge that reveals
Thy being and Thy plan benign,
For nought but ignorance conceals
Thy wise, benevolent design;
Then let Thy works be understood,
For they are infinite and good.

Enable me to comprehend
Thy holy, everlasting love
For creatures who on Thee depend
For life, in earth and Heav'n above;

That love for Thee my heart may fill,
And I may do Thy holy will.

Let doubt, ingratitude, and fear
Be banished from my erring mind:
With confidence let me draw near,
Almighty, Father, wise and kind:
Let ignorance and sin depart,
That I may know Thee as Thou art.

Transform my faith to knowledge, here,
Of Heaven and of things divine,
That I may reach that blissful sphere
Where ransomed souls no more repine,
And I in host of souls may bring
To love and serve our Lord and King.

Dandelion.

(This may be sung to the tune, "Stella")

2/9/1934.
Enable me to comprehend
Thy holy, everlasting love
For creatures who on thee depend
For life, in earth & Heav'n above;
That love for thee my heart may fill
And I may do thy holy will.

Let doubt, ingratitude & fear
Be banished from my erring mind;
With confidence let me draw near,
Almighty Father, wise & kind:
Let ignorance & sin depart,
That I may know thee as thou art.

Transform my faith to knowledge here
Of Heaven & of things divine,
That I may reach that blissful sphere
Where ransomed souls no more repine,
And I a host of souls may bring
To love & serve our Lord & King.

This afternoon we had a visit of Widow A. Holland, Allan Holland, & young Mrs. Holland, his wife. They showed us a lot of whole-plate photographs of Harry Holland’s funeral. I gave them some of Harry’s old letters to me, & promised to copy others & send to Allan. Mrs. Holland has left New Zealand, & now lives in this State.

Mon. 21st May, 1934. Yesterday morning I led the knee-drill meeting & spoke on Paul’s definition of faith as given in Hebrews, 11: 1. This morning I received a receipt for 3/- from The New Zealand Worker. I also received the following letter from Mrs. Webster:

Greenfield Terrace, Portreath, nr Redruth, Cornwall, April 10th, 1934. My Dear Friends, We were delighted to get your welcome letter, & glad to see you were all well at time of writing, & trust you—this will find you all the same.

We thank you & for your & Mrs. Cocking’s nice photo. Now, you are both looking very nice. Of course, Mr. Cocking, you must not expect to be so good-looking as your wife, for she has round features. I always think round-featured people always look best. I must say she is a real nice looking person: we like her looks very much. I should say she is a good Mother to all. I don’t know what you will say when you see us. We had it taken, but it came out too dark: we wouldn’t send it—like black people. Now we are waiting to have it taken again, but poor Clarice been sick in bed; & now she has her Mother sick; so we must wait a little longer. She takes them very nice as a rule; but my dear man would stand under a tree in the garden—he’s like a black man: but I am pleased
to tell you he is very much better; but I have had my son Frank in bed with his heart very bad since Christmas. He's been very sick. He helped for a fortnight down at the docks, about the coal; & he must have strained the heart, & through being wet through so often he caught cold. It nearly killed him. He hadn't worked before for months, but he couldn't refuse the job; but I wished he had as he only had 12/- a week on the transitions. Of course they would stop that; but I wouldn't have cared if they had as it was only just like a bit of pocket money. My son is the 4th one that's been laid up since Christmas. You see they have no sheds—all the coal is weighed up & loaded on to the lorries in rain or snow. Poor fellows, he is killing them on 25/- a week; & the men are afraid to speak, for there are so many men here waiting for their jobs. Poor, foolish men! Then they will vote for them: but the Labor Party is setting them up. Our County Council has shown them what way the people are turning. We had 4 Labor men put in out of six. They're scared at that: and in London & most of our large towns Labor has gained; so I think on the whole we are coming on. Dear Mr. Cocking, we thank you for the book received to day. I will do my best to get you those views you would like to have, as soon as I can, & send on to you. I've not been able to put on my out-door shoes for 6 weeks with a bad ankle, owing to varicose ulcers. Doctor wanted me to stay in bed to rest it, but I have been down every day, but not so early. I have had Myra home, so she has helped with the work; now she has gone away for a fortnight with some friends at Redruth: & I am pleased to say my ankle is almost well. I got a bit run down & worries over Frank, for he is at a delicate time—now 21— but he has picked up splendid. Last week he went to see the doctor, & he feels much better.

We have had a glorious Easter: lots of visitors came. Our hills are very attractive. It's lovely walking along the North cliffs; the view is lovely to strangers—they love it. You can go for 6 or 7 miles along the sea. Glad you get the papers safe: there is some very nice reading in them, too. My better half enjoys the reading in them. Now my dear friends, we all join in sending you our very best love; & trust you are all enjoying the very best of health. I remain your sincere friend

F. Webster. P.S. I will hurry up Miss Clarice now the weather is perfect. We have had some nice showers: now again it's cleared, & should be perfect to take them. God be with you!"

Tues. May 22nd, 1934. To day I have written a 2 page typed letter to Mrs. Webster. Last evening Mrs. Herb. Davies brought back our wireless receiver & the batteries, etc., Jose intends to try to make it an electric set.
Fri. May 25th, 1934. Yesterday afternoon Florence went to Stroud to nurse an old lady named Stott. Very little information was given concerning the case; but Florence will write soon & let us know how she is progressing. The New Zealand Worker has not come yet.

Sat. May 26th, 1934. This morning I swept the Army Hall again. Adjt. Smyth came in while I was doing it & asked me to look after the collection boxes to-morrow. He will be back at his work next Sunday; in the meantime he will be at Congress. I have written the following note:

To the Editor of "The New Zealand Worker". Dear Sir, I received your receipt for 3/- about a week ago, but as the Worker has not reached me I surmise that it is being withheld by the postal authorities because it is a militant Labor paper. Several years ago I had the same experience with the One Big Union Papers & the Socialist papers; & the only way by which I could obtain them was to have them wrapped in such a way that the titles were not visible. So, if it would not be too much trouble you I would like you to oblige by wrapping the Worker in brown paper before you post it to me. I would also be glad to receive a copy of the Holland memorial issue if you have one left or can get one for me & you may take the cost out of my sub. Later on I will write again if the papers do not arrive. I am, Sir, Yours sincerely Josia Cocking.

Mon. May 28th, 1934. This morning Peter Lucas & I took the primary organ to pieces & cleaned it. I partly mended the organ. To day we received the following note:-

"C/o Mrs. Stott, "Braeside", Church Street, Stroud Road. 26/5/34. Dear People, Arrived here safely on Thursday despite the heavy rain all the afternoon & after nearly missing my train (I wonder why Charles is always right?) but here I am. The patient is an old lady 83, & her condition is pretty low; so I am not expecting to stay here too long. I like the place; & the people are very nice. I have to hurry to get this in the mail; so good bye—although I may be home before my letter arrives, judging by the look of the lady yesterday. Hope everyone is well. You may write if I am not home by Monday. Love from Florence."

Last Friday night I was at Hamilton with the Army. We started late as only a few soldiers came, & we only had one meeting instead of the usual 2. The rain & the Sydney Congress must have kept the members away. On Saturday night a few of us held the usual meeting at the corner of Elizabeth street & Maitland road, & we had a prayer meeting in the hall afterwards. On Sunday morning only Jim Stansbury & I were at knee drill. I spoke on James, second chapter. Sunday was a showery day, but we held our usual meetings all day & at night, but with no visible result. Peter Lucas lent me "The Pillar of Fire."
Wed. May 30th 1934. Yesterday I received the New Zealand Worker dated Wed. May 23rd. I did not send the note to the editor. I repaired the primary organ & the sand-tray & helped Peter Lucas to repair the big organ yesterday.

Sat. 2nd June, 1934. I swept the Army hall & glued some names on the stops of the big organ this morning.

We received the following note from Florence:-

"C/o Miss Stott, Braeside, Church Street, Stroud, Friday.
Dear Everybody, Pleased to hear all about you yesterday, but sorry to think that the letter must have been "running round the country at large" as I suppose it has. The address is Stroud, not Stroud Road. The patient is still alive, very much so, but her continuous talking! She hasn't slept a minute since early yesterday morning, despite the morphia & three other drugs that she had last night alone. She is a Tartar, no doubt; but still it is not so bad here. I have not seen much of the place, as you may suppose, but if she decides to keep quiet I may have the luck to go out for a short walk this afternoon while the sun shines.

How is Archo? Hope he is enjoying his holidays.
Please send any letters that have arrived, as it is very indefinite when I shall return, the way things are at present.
Well, so long! Love to all! The girl from the post office has been waiting all the time for me to write this so as she can post it at the office. Florence."

Mon. June 4th, 1934. Today I mended Mrs. Smyth's milk strainer & aluminium Sauspan. Arthur went back to the college this afternoon. This is a public holiday for the king's birthday. This morning we received the following letter:-

"C/o Miss Stott, "Braeside", Stroud, Saturday.
Dear Mother, Would you please send up my white flannel coat. It is simply freezing here, & I have had to borrow a woolen jumper, but I do not like wearing someone else's clothes out, especially when they are almost strangers.
Mrs. Scribner sent the dress. Will you fix up with her for me? I have 3 pounds here, belonging to Fred, that I can send down. Of course I have not had any pay yet. These people do not seem too well off. It is still raining here, only 3 partly fine days since I arrived; so I have been out only twice just around the corner to the chemist.
Hope everyone is well. Love from Florence."

Mum's answer to the "Breakfast D-Light question:-
"What is she saying to him?" is Breakast D-Light's food sublime;
Eat it & win, Jack, ev'ry time!
My answer is:- Breakfast D-Light's grand for Mother, Children & Dad--eat no other!

Thur. June 7th, 1934, I received a copy of the memorial issue of the New Zealand Worker last Tuesday from Harry Holland's widow; also the following note:-

"50 Wattle Street, Punchbowl, N.S.W. Dear Mr. Coocking, I am letting you have my copy of the memorial to read, but would like it returned. You need not hurry with returning it. I will try & get you a copy if I can. I will write to Roy in New Zealand. If you have any further incidents in connection with Harry's life I would be pleased if you would send them along as soon as possible. Kindest regards to all. Annie Holland."

I answered that letter this morning. This afternoon Mum & I sent 2/6 each to Mr. M.J. Savage, N.Z., for the Holland memorial fund. I also sent "What Is A Wage?", "What--"Who Gains By War?" to the N.Z. Worker. Yesterday Fred & Perce repaired the leaky roof of Mrs. Cornelius' shop. We have just received the following letter from Arthur:-

"Anderson House, Leichhardt Street, Glebe Point, 6th June.

Dear Folks, There was no 19 past 12 train on Monday afternoon; my friend had been wrongly informed by the man in the inquiry office. I caught a train at 25 minutes to 4 & arrived here at the house at about 8 o'clock at night; it rained pretty heavily last night, so I did not go out to Earlwood as I originally intended to do. I have made inquiries about buying a football guernsey at one of the stores in Sydney, using an order which I can obtain at the college. An order signed by the College Registrar enables us to get a ten per cent. discount & entitles us to 14 days' credit. I can't very well buy those books that Dad wants on these terms. This afternoon I played soccer against a team again at Sydney High School at Centennial Park in Paddington. We licked them 10 to 1. The guernsey I had was a borrowed one, but it looks as if I'll have to fork out the necessary 8/11 & buy one. To morrow afternoon I'll probably go into town. While I'm there I'll visit the second-hand dealers in books, & will go & see Mr. Holland. I don't think I'll buy new shoes for a while, for one of my heels has been sore for some time, & they would irritate it. If there are any letters addressed to me sent to your place will you please send them? The Public Service Board may reply to the letter I sent them. How is Flo. getting on? Tell her I'd be glad to hear from her when she knows where she's going to be for a few days after writing. Yours Arthur.

I posted Fred's reply to the Pensions Office this afternoon.
Copy of a letter to ARTHUR:—
"Public Service Board, Savings Bank Buildings,
20-23 Elizabeth Street, Sydney, 5th June 1934.
Mr. A. J. Cocking, 41 Ingall St., Mayfield, Newcastle.
Dear Sir, Your letter of 31st May, declining consideration for appointment as Junior Clerk in the Public Service, as a result of your candidature at the examination held in 1933, has been noted. In reply to your query as to whether you will be eligible for temporary employment in 1936, it is suggested that when the time arrives you make further inquiry. Your pass at the 1933 examination will not give you any preference of employment. Yours faithfully, H. E. East, Secretary."

Sat. June 9th 1934. Yesterday we received the following letter
"C/o Miss Stott, "Braeside", Church St, Stroud, 6/3/34.
Dear Mother, Dad, & Boys,
Thank you very much for the coat, which I received yesterday, & the letters this morning. The one about the pension is certainly a "hit in the eye", & I would have liked to have been home with you to talk it over; but I have just written the letter to them trying to explain things, & promised that if I did get a permanent job I would pay 10/- weekly. Did I do right?
I wish I could be sure of work, & then there would be no fuss, & I would be able to give you something every week; but as far as they are concerned I would only promise to pay 10/- to them.
Well, the old lady still lives, although I thought that I should be home yesterday, as she was unconscious for 4 hours. I got the people in, & they are staying here at present. She is a little better to day, sleeping soundly; & so I thought that there was no time like the present for answering your letter.
You see how much I like getting letters. I only received yours 2 hours ago, & am busy at the job answering it. Hope it will be an example for you. How did Archo like his birthday presents?
I suppose he was very pleased to have a wristlet watch. Don't be too downhearted about him, young Mammy; you will have me to come home & growl at you in a few days. Had a letter from Mary amongst the group. She is not working yet nor even commenced to look for it. These people are pretty mean, & I doubt if I will get my proper fee. Don't you think it will be better to send the account after I arrive home, because the old lady is sure to die. I went out for an hour's walk on Monday afternoon, & didn't I enjoy the sunshine after about 12 days indoors! Today is nice & sunny, & it being only the third since I arrived, it is very welcome. What sort of weather are you having?
I have been wearing the white coat ever since you sent it, & am trying to imagine how I got along without it; but of course I just about froze. How are all the kids; big & little?
Is Frederick alright now? & my singing teacher (lazy bones)."
I was talking to Harold Walsh the day I came up, & he was anxiously inquiring about John Bunny. Is he still alive? I must close down now. Tons of love to Dad, yourself, & the boys, from Florence.

Last night I was with the Army at Hamilton. Adjt. Smyth, Jessie Carpenter, Hilton Grice, a bound lad, & I spoke. This morning I posted a letter from Mum to Florence & 1 to Arthur.

Yesterday I wrote & posted the following letter to my Sister:-

"Dearest Sister, I am sitting at my typer, & I'm hitting chilly fingers to cold paper, as this letter I indite; while, perhaps, you now are seated in a cosy kitchen, heated-- & are thinking "What's Joe's caper; why the diggins don't he write?" And you muse, "As Joe gets older his youthful love gets colder; it is sad to see that distance can destroy a brother's love! But I'll wait a little longer till his sense of shame grows stronger-- he MAY think of my existence!" Does that fit you like a glove? Or perhaps you lie with muffler round your ears, & read a "Ruffer" while the gilded clouds are drifting over the mountains wreathed with snow; & whilst cosily you're snuggling, Dapto's Wintry sun is struggling to adorn the mists now lifting from the valleys far below.

But, however matters may be-- if you're nursing Lila's baby, or are still asleep & dreaming of those days ( & I dream too) when you gambolled with your brothers in that distant home of Mother's where the ocean's waves are streaming in the Bay named Wallaroo; I am here-- the cold defying-- & you'll see that I am trying to indite a rhyming letter (though young Jim may call it trite) to James Pettigrew (or Mister) & my lonely, loving Sister, though she likes handwriting better than my horrid, icy typewriter.

To begin, then, though I've paltered, things have very little altered in this place of work & wages since I saw sweet Nelly last with the daughter I admired; but I'll tell what has transpired in these few, belated pages, in the very recent past. You will not be very sorry when informed that our dear Florrie, with her ardour undiminished, has, at last, her ATNA gained after four long years of toiling, nursing, studying & moiling, & her drudgery has finished-- she's a nurse completely trained! She is nursing now a lady who is resting on the shady side of eighty sunny Summers, & is very ill at Stroud. Florence mentioned in her letter that her patient's slightly better; so just count me with the hummers if her nursing makes me proud.

Our young Arthur is at College where young Teachers gather knowledge, & is now addressed as "Mister" as "Sir" by other kids when he's doing practice-teaching (though the term his heart's NOT reaching) so, when meeting him, sweet Sis-
ter, & dear Brother, lift yer lids!

From a fortnight back last Sunday Art was here, but left last Monday to continue with his studies until nineteen thirty six; and, while teachers' lore is hoarded, at Glebe point he's lodged & boarded; & at sports his clothes he muddies when the football scrummers mix.

On this June the 8th—this Friday—nineteen thirty four—I'm tidy: how is lovely Pearl, the writer? May her shadow be no less! Feed her well—on bone & gristle—till she writes me an epistle. Pearl is White, & can't be whiter! May the Lord her whole life bless!

Jinny's keeping fat & healthy, though she's not extremely wealthy; & I hope your life is pleasant & devoid of care & woe. Ivy, Gladys, May, & brothers Jack & Bob, & Others are enjoying life at present. From your loving brother Joe.

Tues. June 12th, 1934. Last Sunday I was out with the Army all day. In the afternoon, after we held our meeting in the Islington Park, I attended a "victory" meeting of Billy Brennan's supporters in the park! The speakers were Mr. Beasley, M.H.R., Mr. Rosevear, M.H.R., W. Brennan, M.L.A. & Mr. Kidd. There were about 7 or 8 hundreds present.

Yesterday I wrote a little more of my revised pamphlet, & have written all little more to day.

This afternoon we received the following letters from Florence & brother Bob:—"Braeside, Stroud, Mon. 11th June, 1934. Dear Everybody, Glad to hear from you again to day, & to know that you are all well, & Fred is still on the mend.

I have been wondering what you thought about the pension, but you have had no cause for worry, as almost immediately I had written your last letter I destroyed the letter I had written for Sydney, & omitted the fact of paying the money, for I thought that if Dad did have a chance to get it that that promise might mean that he would lose the money altogether, however small the allowance might be. The flower seeds I am sending down are a little out of date, perhaps, but they tell me here that they will possibly do very well, as they do not worry much about the date on the packet.

So, Mother, you knew why I missed my train; but he really was not the hold-up—blame the chemist. I laughed when I read the little part that you had carelessly crossed out. Well, the old lady nearly died last Tuesday. She was unconscious for 4 hours, & I rang the doctor; but he apparently will not come until it's all over. The patient seems much about the same; & it is very indefinite when she will die, although at times she looks pretty terrible. I went for a run up to Bowral & a few miles down the Bungog road yesterday afternoon. It was very nice, but not as good as the place I was in on holidays. Had a letter from Amy the other day. She told me about going out home, & seemed very pleased that I had a job. When you have time, Mother,
will you send the wool for Dell's singlet? I am held up now; & perhaps Glad is waiting for it. The little boy that brought the mail is waiting to take this back. Write soon, as I like to know how everyone is getting on. Sorry I had you all worried unnecessarily about the pension. It worried me a bit, too, wondering if I had done the right thing; & I am glad now that I destroyed the first letter. I hated a good deal telling them all my affairs. Yours with love, Florence. P.S. I forgot Artie's address; so please let me have it next time."

This is Rob's letter:—
"Lismore Street, Abermain, June 11th, 1934.
Dear Joe & Jinny, I received your letter recently, & I must, without any attempt to flatter, say that it was the most inspiring letter that I have had for a long time; its good advice you gave me was most cheering. Re the smoking: well, you will be pleased to hear that a reformation has taken place to some extent, for I have cut out nearly half my usual amount; but it has been a hard fight after 50 years' smoking — & it's me that knows it, as the ordeal has been most trying. I know that the advice you gave was not of a malevolent nature, or the least invidious.
You will be surprised to hear that Bobby has had to undergo a minor operation in Kurri Kurri hospital, for a gathered throat. The doctor made a good job of it. He is now quite recovered & back to his work again. It was a big loss to them after so long on the dole. I could have been a help to them, but I have not yet received my pension. I will get it on next pension day, all being well. They do keep one waiting too long before they transfer it. However, it's all paid up in full for the time one waits for it.
We are having extremely cold nights & mornings up here — frosty cold in the mornings. However, we have a good fire going, with plenty of good food; so we have no cause to grumble if it is cold. I wish everybody was so well placed for coal & food as we are here, as we seem to be well cared for. I am keeping in splendid health up here, & I am extremely well cared for. Gladys is very kind; & she sees to me in every respect. My food here is good & plentiful. She is a girl who would win the affection of almost anyone — I mean in a domestic sense. Bobby is also very kind & obliging to me. As for the children, we are the greatest of companions. We are friends at all times — in sunshine or rain. I am now getting more used to my surroundings. When I came here first the place or town didn't seem to win my affection or court my admiration, but the more I become used to the place the better I seem to like it.
Now I want to say that I have no regrets for leaving the Home down there, as I am a 100 per cent better cared for here. Now I dare say you are anxious to know what has be-
come of that port you lent me. Well, as a matter of fact, I stuffed too many things in it, & rather overdid it, so as to lighten the box. That being so, you must wait until I get my pension, so that I can give you one in its place; or I will send you the price of a new one. When you write let me know how Florrie is going on if she is still at the hospital. We are all anxious to know. I am also anxious to know how that old English lever I gave you was brought in to see what is up with it. I say with confidence that if you could get it in working order it is one of the best timekeepers in the country, bar none.

Try that watch maker in Thorn street; he is a real good hand with a watch. You might also keep those spare copies of "The World's News". You could send them up by train. We will pay carriage this end. We enjoyed the bundle you gave me last, which I brought up & read. I want you to do me a favor when you get a spare hour at your disposal. Now, before I left, in fact some weeks before, I lent a young woman an almost new book on Christian Science; & leaving in such a hurry I hadn't time to go for it. Now, this young woman is called Miss Osborne: she is the assistant organist at the Methodist church in Waratah, but I am not sure as to what street she lives in at Waratah; but by calling at the post office they would let you know where she lives. So, when you have a spare hour, would you take a walk over & get it for me? You can read it yourself; it will be alright with you in your care. It's only new; & I paid 5/- for it. Now in conclusion, give my love to Jinny & all your family. From brother Bob with love to all.

P.S. It being so cold in the room, I sat in the sun—hence the poor writing, as I wrote this on my knee.

Thur. May 15th, 1934. In compliance with Rob's request I packed a bundle of 22 "Worlds' News" yesterday & took them to the Waratah railway station. They cost 6d to send to Abermain station. I posted my letter to Rob at the Waratah post office, & then went to Miss Osborne's house, 3 Lorna Street, but she had gone out. I went to the Methodist church & found Mrs. Osborne there. She told me I could get Rob's book to day. From there I Trammed to the co-op. store & bought bacon & pills, & then paid 19/6 as a final payment on our aluminium whistling kettle, at the Gas co's. office. I bought a copy of "The Listener-In Handbook, No. 3. All Radio Receivers", for 1/-; At Fairless! I bought a copy of "Wireless Really Explained", for 1/4. At Hunter's I bought a copy of "The Telegraph Australian Year Book", for 1/-, & "The Elements Of Wireless", for 5/3.
Fri. June 15th, 1934. I went over to Mrs. Osborne's house in Waratah yesterday & got Bob's book, "Miscellaneous Writings", by Mary Baker Eddy; & posted it at Terrickiba post office, to Bob. We received the following letter yesterday:

"Grand United Order of Free Gardeners of Australia. 
Granf Lodge of N.S.W. Registered office, Queen Victoria Building, Sydney, May 23rd 1934.
Dear Brother J. Cocking, the enclosed card is for the purpose of seeking your assistance in obtaining one new member during the ensuing 12 months. This is not too much to ask of you, I am sure, when it is pointed out that our existing members will benefit by additions to our ranks. At the present time our Society consists of 2 classes of members: - 1. Those who joined prior to 30th June, 1932, & 2. Those who have joined since that date. Class 1 members only get 15/- per week sick pay on the first scale, whereas Class 2 get 20/- per week after they have been 6 months in the Order. All other benefits are similar, but that 5/- per week less in sick pay is a vital difference to our old members. We had to offer new members 20/- per week so as to be on a level with the other Societies, because anything less would have spoiled our efforts, & the more members we get in will naturally improve our prospects, & it would be no time before our older members would again receive their 30/- per week when sick. I appeal for your assistance in this respect because it is to the mutual advantage of all. By order of R.W.G.M. Bro. R. J. Peters, Alex. Miller, Grand Secretary."

This morning I finished writing the following verses:

THE GREAT UNKNOWN

What lies beyond of all the distant
Do countless suns Far greater marv
Are all surround Of substance, der In which no livin Through which no
Is all beyond the Cold, silent, dar Too boundless in by any finite, hu
Or are those star Directing spirits To God's blest Hom Where angels dwell in endless day?

THE GREAT UNKNOWN

What lies beyond the farther side
Of all the distant stars I see?
Do 'countless suns and planets hide
Far greater marvels yet from me?

Are all surround by a shell
Of substance, denser far than
In which no living creatures dwell
Through which no ray of light can pass?

Is all beyond them endless space
Cold, silent, dark, with nought to
Too boundless in extent to trace
By any finite human mind?

Or are those stars the beacons bright
Directing spirits on their way
To God's blest Home of life and
Where angels dwell in endless day?

Director spirits on their way
To God's blest Home of life and light,
Where angels dwell in endless day?

Are they the mansions where a place
Has been prepared by Christ through love.
For saints of all the human race,
To dwell eternally above?

The answers we shall surely find
When life's few fleeting years have flown.
For angels shall instruct each mind
When we explore the Vast Unknown!

—Dandelion.
In the Prime Minister's Express:

June 6, 1914

DISTINGUISHED SERVICE

M.R. Holman's Death

The Prime Minister, Mr. L. A. Forster, has expressed his profound regret at the death of Mr. Holman, a distinguished member of the Federal Cabinet, and to express the deep regret that he has expressed the profound regret at the death of Mr. Holman, a distinguished member of the Federal Cabinet, and to express the deep regret that the House of Representatives and the Senate have expressed their deep regret.
Are they the "mansions" where a "place"
Has been prepared by Christ, above,
For saints of all the human race
To dwell eternally in love?

The answers we shall surely find
When Life's few, fleeting years have flown,
For angels shall instruct each mind
While we explore the Great Unknown!

Yesterday we received the following letter from my Sister:-
"Main Road, Dapto, 11/6/1934. Dear Brother & Sister,
In a direct answer to your welcome letter which I received to day, I would like to congratulate you & Jimmy in having such a clever family. You know I am proud of your children, & I often speak of them to my friends. As soon as I had read your letter I took it straight away to read to a certain lady, & as she seemed to have a hurt expression I re-read it to find a reason. It did not take me long. (You forgot to mention one of the family) who is very fond of her Uncle & Auntie. Never mind, Brother of mine, I am pleased to tell you we are all in good health, & that means wealth to me. The mine is working well, & Dapto is looking up. They tell me there are 30 new homes being built at present. Bob has sold his motor cycle & banked the money. He intends to buy a small car in the near future. Lila & George are well, not well off, but very happy. She comes home about once a fortnight. Les & Florrie & family are well, very comfortable, & of course proud of their beautiful son. They have called him Melville Leslie. Florrie looks quite homely when she goes out with her 4 children. Nellie is showing a few grey hairs, & is quite concerned, but I am proud to say it is not with worry, unless it is because Bob wants a car. Pearl has not been too well with a heavy cold, but is getting better. Dad is still well, & is just at the moment in the kitchen, listening in to the cricket scores. Jim has a couple of boy friends there too, & they are very interested. I am more interested sitting up in bed, writing to you. My boarder (Dave King) has left us after 6½ years boarding with us. We are not sorry, for he takes a drop of drink occasionally, & as you know, we have no drinkers in our home, it makes us more comfortable. His money was a help in the past, but now I have my 2 men working for me they can keep the home nicely. I still have a young girl with me, & we are very happy. Charley Pettigrew met with an accident in the mine & has lost part of his first finger of his left hand. His right hand, as you know, is gone. He is on light duties with Dad in the bath room at the mine. Mat is well; also his girls. Well, Joe, I cannot think of any more news, so will conclude with love to all. You mentioned
in your letter, which, though written in verse, brought joy to our hearts, that Jimmy is not wealthy; but if you saw the young boys who pass our door daily with swags on their backs & poorly clothed, you would say, "Thank God, my family is blessed." Well, no more just now, from your loving Sister & family, Elizabeth Jane Pettigrew.

This evening I finished writing a 7 page letter to Florrie Duley (nee Pettigrew)

We also received the following letter from Art.:-

Anderson House, Leichardt St., Glebe Pt., Thursday.
Dear Folks, I'm sorry I've been so long in answering your letter. As a matter of fact I wrote one to you yesterday, but I can't find it. Perhaps one of the maids saw it lying round & destroyed it. I went out to Lionel's last Saturday afternoon & found Frank Cocking & his wife & family there. Yesterday we went to Dulwich Hill to play soccer against Fort Street High School. We were licked 2 to 1. On Saturday & Monday nights most of the boys in the House crammed into the room next to mine to listen to the cricket scores over the wireless, so I couldn't get to sleep till fairly late. Last Saturday afternoon I made a table out of rejected timber from the sawmills next door. Just to be different from the others I made it with a sloping top. All the boys seem envious of me now. Next Wednesday night our debating team meets that of the Girl's Friendly Society. I have had the honor of being the leader thrust upon me. After the debate there will be a supper & a social. This Girl's Friendly Society is a Government Hostel for girl college students. The topic is "Censorship is desirable". We as the Government will affirm it. I'd be very obliged if one of you, or some of you would type out some poems for me as soon as possible. Poems that any member of the family can remember having had at school will be very handy. You'll find them in the 2 poetry books in the sewing room. Hoping everyone at home is O.K.
Yours Arthur.

I posted my letter to Florrie Duley this morning.

1st June 1934. I have typed out the following poems for Arthur:- "Andy's Gone With Cattle"; "Abou Ben Adham"; "The Burial of Sir John Moore"; Under The Greenwood Tree"; "The Character Of a Happy Life"; "The Skylark"; "Daffodils"; "Blow, blow, thou winter Wind"; "To A Skylark". I posted my letter to Florrie Duley this morning.
Mon June 18th, 1934. I was not with the Army on Fri. & Sat. nights. Yesterday I missed knee-drill, but I was at the open air meetings in Islington, & at the holiness meeting inside of the Hall, led by jingo Taylour. I was at the Park meeting with Adjt. Smyth & Mervyn McFarlane. In the evening I attended the Mayfield open-air meeting of the Army, & spoke on Amos' "Oatmeal Stout" sign on his pub. I also attended the indoor meeting, led by the lady Adjutant. Mum was with me. Jose brought us home with Mrs. Stead in his car. This morning I have written the following verses:

WHAT IS A JINGO?

A patriotic, loyal man
Who loves the empire-building plan
Of thieves who never labor,
But lay their bold, rapacious claws,
Regardless of Jehovah's laws,
On wealth owned by their neighbour.

A man who eulogises Drake,
Howe, Nelson, Clive, Wood, Wolff & Blake,
"Robes", Kitchener, & others
Who slaughtered men on field & flood,
And shed a cataract of blood,
Despite the tears of mothers.

A man who loves a martial host
That cannonades a foreign coast
For markets for the traders,
And helps the idle, owning class
Unbounded riches to amass
By uniformed invaders.

A man who hates each Socialist
And other rebels who resist
The empire-building actions
Of useless kings on costly thrones,
And noble, titled, martial drones
In military factions.

A man who praises lusty louts
Who train Sir Bathing Towel's Scouts
And teach each Girl-Guide daughter
The art of warfare (on the sly),
And fit the volunteers to fly
In 'planes for future slaughter.

A sycophantic dolt who sings
The praises of rapacious kings
Who spoke his native lingo,
But never earned an ounce of wealth
That they could take by force or stealth,
And swore--like him--"By Jingo!"

"By Jingo! we've an Empire yet,
Whereon the sun has never set;
From here to San Domingo;
By Jingo! we've an Army, large,
With gallant Generals in charge,
And men--the real old stingo!"

"Our Navy is excelled by none:
Remember all that it has done--
The countries it has taken!
By Jingo we can rule the deep;
And all we've taken we can keep
With courage still unshaken!"

"By Jingo! we have shown the world
Where'er our Flag has been unfurled
In sanguinary battle,
That we can always hold our own:
Our foes are always overthrown
Wherever rifles rattle!!"

"By Jingo! we can rule the waves!
Our Empire owns no burdened slaves--
Our nobles never need 'em:
Our Flag's the ensign of the Free
That proudly flaunts for all to see--
The flawless Flag of Freedom!!"

And thus the Jingoes ever brag
Of Empire, King, and battle-Flag,
In spite of God's injunction:
"Thou shalt not covet, steal, nor kill"--
But flout His 10 Commandments still,
Without the least compunction!!

We found our old cat dead this morning. Rainy.

Fri. June 23rd, 934. During the last 2 days I have not been well. My stomach & bowels are out of order, & I have been giddy when lying down or leaning back. Old Dan Rees was buried at Wallsend yesterday. Old Tom Johnston is also dead & buried at West Wallsend. Poor old Tom! He began writing to the Press through my persuasion, & became a very forcible writer; but unfortunately he wrote against the Christian religion. Dan Rees never wrote much to the papers, if at all, nor ever advocated Socialism, but had a remarkable memory.
Yesterday I wrote the following verses:

WHAT IS A MILITARY PADRE?

(Tune—"When the mists have rolled away".

He's a very "holy" parson
Who's not easy to define,
For he favours war & arson,
Yet declaims on things divine
And regards with sweet compassion
Any soldier who is ill,
But admires the latest fashion
Of the tools & ways to kill!

Chorus:
He is "filled with love of God",
Yet he prays for those who prod
Conscript brothers; though their mothers
Are bereaved by those who slay,
And ten thousand orphans suffer
In vile hovels far away!

He delights to read how Moses
Killed three thousands on the plain,
And each story that discloses
How the Philistines were slain
By the warlike Jewish nation
That professed to serve the Lord;
And he's filled with admiration
Of those wielders of the sword.

He will preach to men of "duty"
To defend the "dear old Flag",
And destroy "for home & beauty",
(Though her dress may be a rag)
And how Joshua won Hermon
By red carnage on the hill,
But he'll never preach a sermon
On God's law, "Thou shalt not kill!"

He can hear the roar of rifles
As they murder day & night,
Yet he treats Christ's words as trifles
When the stupid armies fight;
But he's deaf to widows sobbing
Over husbands rolled in gore
Where the "heroes" did the robbing
For the Thugs that they adore!

He can see a city blasted
To a shattered, shapeless wreck,
But he never prayed nor fasted,
Nor attempted once, to check
Fat's infernal game of steeping
Swords in blood of humankind;
For, to scenes of orphan weeping,
Both his "holy" eyes are blind!

He can boast of all the /"gories/
Of Fat's mad, unchristian game,
And relate his fulsome stories
Of V. C.'s of gory fame;
And behold the fiends he blesses
While their victims all succumb;
But to soldiers' vile excesses
He is blind, & deaf & dumb!

Is he just an ignoramus
Too obtuse to understand
That the words of Christ should shame us
From all wars on sea or land;
Or a "pious", paid impostor
And unmitigated fraud
Who will advocate & foster
Wars that Jingoes all belaud?

He encourages each "hero"
To be loyal, brave & true
When his courage sinks to zero,
And he's feeling very blue
Lest he fills a grave that's nameless
When he's numbered with the slain;
While the padre, bold & shameless,
Wears his golden brand of Cain!

We received the following letter from Florence:

"Braeside, Stroud, Sunday, 17/6/1934.
Dear Everybody, You expected a letter this morning; well, here it is. I was very pleased, Mother, that you loved me enough to sit up & write to me after such a long, busy day; but why cram so much work into the one day? I can see it needs me at home to keep you in trim. Where were my detectives-- Sir Charles, for one-- to let you work so much? The trouble is I do not know when I shall be at home, although one of these days they may send the patient to hospital to get her out of the way, as she talks nearly all day & all night. Even ½ grain of morphia fails to quieten her mostly; & 1/6 or ½ grain will put anyone else to sleep. Her pet word is "Here", & every few minutes she screams it just to break the monotony; but I never mind: it is all experience. I don't know how long I shall be here. She may be sent away so as to keep the peace, but she
I will not get well again, as she has a cancer.

What a lovely day you must have had last Friday, judging we have fogs here often in the morning, & sometimes frosts /you talk about cold weather! Every spare minute I have at night (when the patient gets too tired to talk occasionally) is spent by the fire. There is a grate in the bedroom, which makes it not too bad doing "dog-watch".

I wrote to Artie last night. When is Pip taking his trip to Stroud? Thanks for the wool, Mother. I shall send the finished article down during the week. Did Dad hear any more about his pension? Had a letter from Mary the other day. She is still at home & wants me to spend a few days with her on the return journey, but I don't think I will.

You asked me how I went to Bowral. It was not by the service car, but in a car belonging to the patient's daughter. Her name is Mrs. Penfold, & she is a real good sort, much nicer than her old maid sister who runs the show & if anyone interferes she fights them. Then there is a married brother lives usually at the Monkry, 18 miles from here; but he & his family are staying her at present. His wife is very nice: I like her best of all. These people are Presbyterians, & in the absence of their own minister the Baptist minister calls every day & sometimes 3 or 4 times in the one day. He called up at 2 a.m. the other day, & it was a freezing morning. Well, it is time I closed down, or the old woman will have my coat torn off. She grabs at anyone who happens to be near. She is just saying someone is as mad as a hatter, & will keep it up for hours. I think it just suits herself.

Good bye. Love from Florence.

This afternoon I sent away the following:-

41 Ingall Street, Mayfield East, N.S.W. June 22, 1934.
To Capt. Johns, Box 318 D, G.P.O. Sydney.

Dear Sir, The good advice that the girl could give to the boy is:-

Breakfast - Light, Or: - Breakfast - Light,
Ready in haste, - Heated or cold,
Tempting to sight, - Keeps you alright,
Better to taste! - Youthful or old!

With these 2 answers I enclose 2 tops of packets.

I am, Sir, Yours sincerely, Josiah Cocking.

This afternoon we received the following letter:-

Anderson House, Leichardt St. Glebe Pt., Thursday.
Dear Folks, I'm sorry to say we were beaten last night in the debate. However, I'm not downcast about it, for I would have been surprised if we had won. Although I had timed my speech in the afternoon & found it alright, I found at night that I had only said about half of it when time was up. The reason is that I spoke more slowly than...
I usually do. I suppose this was because I did not feel
at all at home & I was anxious not to get flustered.
How would you feel making the first speech of the evening
to an audience of about 20 boys & 25 girls, including about
about 6 University degrees? The adjudicator was a Univer-
sity lecturer. I felt that I'd much rather be "over the hill
& far away". Anyhow, it was good experience for me, altho-
ugh I felt a bit uncomfortable. I'll be able to do much bet-
ter in future. There's no doubt about it; we didn't get much
of a look in. My speech was incomplete & inconclusive:
the second Government speaker's was the same. Our last spe-
aker, although we had previously rehearsed it all, to make
sure that there were no contradictions, unwittingly said som-
thing entirely opposed to our cause. In my reply I was
just getting warmed up when I was told I only had a minute
to go. I thought the chairman had made a mistake, but he had
not. I had. Will you please give Bill Harvey the typed copy
of "The Ventriloquist"? when he comes for it? You will
find it in the bottom small drawer of the chest of drawers in
Morni's room. While you're on the job see if you can find
the list of books Dad wants. I haven't been able to find it
down here anywhere. Thanks very much for the poems which you
typed out for me. Will you please type out any of the appen-
ded list which you are able to find in the books which you have?
Your mug debater, Arthur.
(The list is as follows:-
Stevenson. "Bird with the yellow bill". "My bed is my boat".
Red in summer", bed in Winter". "At the seaside". "The sun".
"Morning comes". "Of speckled eggs". "I woke before the mor-
ing". "The friendly cow". "The land of counterpane". "A go
goose play". "The swings". "Windy nights". "I saw you toss the
kites on high". "The moon". "Sewing". "The flowers". "Marching
song". "t Travels". "The cherry tree". "Rossetti. "The ferryman".
"the wind". "Minnie & Mattie". "The bee". "The rose". "Kindness".
"Eugene Field." "The rock-a-bye lady". "Little boy Blue".
"Good children street". "Lady ButtonEyes". "The ride to Rump-
ville. "Love morning of childhood". "Lullaby land". "The fly-
Noboby". "Underneath the sea". "Lady bird. "The rabbits
answer". "Kingsley. "The lost doll". "The river song". "Oh, I wish I w
were a tiny brown bird. "Herrick. "Violets". "Queen Mab". (Fred's favorite.").
"Tennyson. "Birdie & baby". "Minnie & Winnie". "The snowbird
"Sweet & low". "The poet's song". "The owl". "The sea fa
ies song ".

I was not at the knee-drill nor the open-air meeting, but I was at the 11 o'clock meeting in the hall, and at the Park meeting, which consisted of Adjt. Smyth & me. I was also at the 3 p.m. meeting in the hall. There was a dance in the R. Catholic dance hall at Tighe's Hill yesterday! Religion? Fahl!!

My verses—"In Eternity" are in the War Cry of June 5th. I returned Mrs. Lucas' book—"The Tongue Of Fire" yesterday. It is a very good book, & I read it with interest & profit. My head is not quite right yet, but I am a good deal better. Charlie Lintott was buried yesterday.

Wed. June 27th, 1934. This morning I wrote the following letter:— "Braeside", Sunday, 24/6/34.

Dear Sir, As I wish to have my 5 valve receiver altered to eliminate all batteries, I would be pleased to receive your price-list of electrical goods.

I shall require a good voltmeter reading up to ten volts; 2 electrolytic condensers (low volt); one Westinghouse dry eliminator; & 1 transformer, 240 to 8 volts. Will you kindly give me the prices of these articles?

I am, Sir, Yours sincerely, Josiah Cocking."
Friday June 29th, 1934. Yesterday I received the following letter:

**P.O Box 97 Te Aro Wellington C.2.**

HOLLAND MEMORIAL FUND,

Trustees: M.J. Savage, M.P., H.T. Armstrong, M.P.,

Mr. J. Cocking, 41 Ingall St, Mayfield East, Newcastle, N.S.W.

Dear Friend, I desire to acknowledge with thanks receipt of your letter of the 7th instant, enclosing the sum of 5/- as your donation in aid of the fund to commemorate the life work of our late friend & comrade, Mr. H.E. Holland, by the erection of a National Memorial over his last resting place in Wellington. I am enclosing herewith a receipt for the amount, & will also acknowledge same in "the N.Z. Worker" & the "Grey River Argus". I have been asked by the Holland Memorial trustees to convey to you their very sincere appreciation of your donation to the fund. With best wishes,

Yours faithfully, C. Wilson, secretary, Holland Memorial Committee.

Re-writing pamphlet. Jose made inquiries to day re the cost of parts for the wireless set, to transform it to an electric receiver. He also finished paying for his house in Carrandotta Street. We lent him 20/- to pay it off. He had a day off to-day. Fine & cold.

Sat. June 30th, 1934. To day I received the following letter:

**Lismore Street, Abermain, June 29th, 1934.**

Dear Joe & Jinny, Yours to hand to day. I think it's up to me to apologise for not replying to your letter earlier, but knowing as I do that your time is so fully taken up, I did not encroach on it. Please accept a thousand & one thanks for the parcel of "World's News". Yes, I received the book by post all right. Thanks for sending it so promptly. The World's News I pass on to a family about a quarter of a mile away from here. They are very poor & not able to purchase any reading matter. I have joined the Old Age Pensions Club, up here. The benefit derived from it is that they are all allotted parcels of food: also clothing; also free eyeglass' as. I am going to receive a form to fill in on Thursday, as I am applying for a pair, which will be free to any pensioner who applies. I got my pension last pension day, but due to some mistake I only got 4 weeks pay instead of 10 but Rowley James has the matter in hand, he is going to go to the head office & get my shortage refunded to me. I think by what I can hear of Rowley James he is a great friend of old age pensioners. However, he promised that he would get my shortage made up to me as soon as possible. I am going on O.K. & enjoying splendid health here. Gladys looks after me.
Mrs. D. Rees
and Family
sincerely thank you for
your kind expressions of sympathy
in their recent sad bereavement.

"Westwood"
92 Catherine Street
Leichhardt
Sydney
July, 1934
& sees to my wants. I get good food & plenty of it.
Bobby is alright again & is at work every day!
He comes home very tired, of course every day does
tire one out in time. Gladys & the children are all w
well. I am sometimes surprised at the energy that Gl
adys has to do for us all as she does. I assist her all
I can. She appears to me to be one in a thousand in this
mad, jazz world of misfits & modern butterflies which
we sometimes call women, & which some adore & some worship.
When you get your pamphlet on war complete & printed send
one up to me. I hope Arthur will soon be sent out to a smal
school. I am quite certain he will make good progress in
his new role. If Florence does come home remember me to her.
That is another member of your family who, I am sure, will
come out on top. Now, in conclusion, give my love to Jen­
ny & the family, & accept the same for yourself. From Rob,
with love to all.
P.S. If you are busy you need not be in a hurry to answer this letter."

Cold & rainy. Writing new pamphlet.

Mon. July 2nd, 1974. I was at the open-air meetings of the
Army yesterday morning in Hamilton—bombarding. Also the
holiness meeting led by Capt. Lewis of the Maternity Home.
I also attended the afternoon meeting, when the children
gave living illustrations of Bible texts.
Edna Davies has appendicitis & has to go to the hospital
for an operation. Mr. Stones' Mother is dead; & he has gone
to Gunnedah, where she died. Rain again to day.
On Saturday I wrote the following verses for my pamphlet:-

WOULD JESUS GO TO WAR?

Would Jesus Christ enlist to drill
And learn vile Warfare's fiendish arts
To gain proficiency to kill
His fellow-men in foreign parts?
Why tell us, Then, WE should forgive,
If He would make men cease to live?

Would Jesus drive an armoured tank
Upon a martial field of gore
And shoot at men until they sank
In sudden death, to rise no more?
Why said He, then, "I came to save", If He would blast them to the grave?

Would Jesus steer a submarine
Beneath a darkened sea or lake
And shoot a devilish machine
A thousand sinners' lives to take?
Why said He, then, with holy joy, 
"I came to SAVE souls—not destroy"?

Would Jesus fly an aeroplane 
At night, where none could see or know, 
And shower bombs o'er street & lane 
To murder bonny babes below? 
Why said He, then, in Galilee, 
"Let little children come to me"?

Would Jesus lead, through flame & flood, 
An army to a peaceful glen, 
With guns & swords to shed the blood 
Of poor, conscripted fellow-men? 
Why said He, then, if war is right, 
"My true disciples will not fight"?

Did Christ retaliate on those 
Who crucified their peaceful Lord, 
Or seek revenge, when He arose, 
With burning brimstone, or a sword? 
Why said He, then, in accents meek, 
"If stricken—turn the other cheek?"

No! Jesus Christ is too divine—
Too wise, compassionate & brave 
To imitate foul martial swine 
Who root in blood—He tried to save! 
And those who dare to take the name 
Of FOLLOWERS should do the same!

I also revised & added some verses to the piece I wrote 
many years ago entitled 
"WHERE ARE OUR FOES?"

(Fare I Hear Thee Speak Of A Better Land)

I hear thee speak of some dreadful lands, 
And call their peopl 'invading bands', 
Father, O where do those foes men stay? 
Shall we not shun them & flee away? 
Are they where the vapours of geysers blow, 
And the burning rivers of lava flow? 
"Not there, not there, my child!"

Are they where the hot volcanoes rise 
And smoke black clouds all the dismal skies? 
Or on bleak islands in arctic seas 
Where fierce birds scream on the frozen leas, 
And wild bears roam where the icebergs cling, 
Or where lions roar and fierce leopards spring? 
"Not there, not there, my child!"
Are they beyond in the eastern main
Where pirates gloat o'er the plundered slain,^-3-
And acting fires of wreckers burn
Mariners, lured by false fires that glow,
Wrecked on the pitiless rocks below;
Or where reptiles hiss in the rushy fen,
Are they there, dear Father— those robber-men?
"Not there, not there, my child!"

Are they where quaking volcanoes gleam
And lava flows in a scorching stream,
Glowing at night like a giant snake
Missing through rivulet, stream, & lake?
Or where lions roam & their roars affright,
And fierce leopards ravage their prey, & fight?
"Not there, not there, my child!"

"Your eyes have seen them, my simple boy;
Your ears have heard their loud songs of joy;
Dreams cannot picture a gang more gay;
Pleasure & leisure attend their way;
Time cannot tarnish their painted bloom,
For they've robbed the workers of standing-room,
Right here, yes, here, my child!

We hear them prate of those "foreign lands"
And "yellow peril," and "native strand";
Sonny, discredit their lying tale,
Doubly it's false, & it's trebly stale!
None can steal this continent—Jap or Jew—
For it's grabbed, long since, by the monied few
Who live right HERE, my child!

You see them enter the private bars,
Behold them lolling in Rolls-Royce cars
Rushing to gamble with stocks & shares,
Safely to plunder us unawares;
You may hear them bet on their fancied horse,
And perceive them marry & soon divorce
Their wives, just HERE, my son!

They own the factories, works, & mills,
The foundries, breweries, pubs, & stills,
Beautiful mansions, & city blocks,
Homesteads & stations with herds & flocks;
They have rich estates on the fertile soil
Where their landless slaves for a pittance toil
In want, right HERE, my boy!
Our foes employ their vile public Press,
Their murder-ships that their parsons bless,
Likewise their cannons, & shells & fuse,
Rifles & bombs that their "heroes" use,
And their murder-planes that like eagles fly
to destroy by bombs from the midnight sky,
And protect their loot, my son!

Don't fear those "foes" on a foreign strand:
Your foes are HERE on THEIR native land,
Legally robbing their slaves who make
Mountains of wealth that their Masters take
While they make slaves ready to fight & die
For their Masters' land, who in safety lie;
AND THEY LIVE RIGHT HERE, my child!!

Tues. July 3rd, 1934. To day we received the following letter:- 
"Brasbridge, Stroud, 2/7/1934.
Dear people, Received your letter on Friday. Pleased to hear that You are all feeling fit, & that you are still missing me, but you will not pine for me much longer, as I expect to be home during the week, judging by the condition of the patient to day. The weather is still very cold, but do not bother sending the stockings, Mother, as I may be home as soon as they arrive. I don't know if I shall be paid before I leave; so perhaps you had better send ten shillings, so that I shall not be stranded; & I can return it to you with another little sum when I arrive. Choose your new frock now, Mother,; because if I get what I expect it shall be a good sum. There is no news to tell you, but I'll tell you all about my sojourn at Stroud when I arrive. Love from Florence."

Last night I read through, for the second time, the pamphlet by Jonathan Dymond, entitled "War". I mended the Army hall door-mat this afternoon. No reply yet from Levenson. Fine.

Wed. July 4th, 1934. This morning I wrote the following verses:-

THE BRAND OF CAIN.

Behold my medal, all ye saints
Who gather in the house of God!
It signifies that blood attains
These hands that helped the "boys" to prod
Poor, conscript boys, & stop their breath;
And blast a thousand souls to death!
Behold my medal! How it shines!
It signifies that I approve
Of laying dark, infernal mines
In channels where great vessels move,
To shatter with a sudden blow
And blast the ships & crews below!

Behold my medal! I am proud
To wear it on my saintly breast!
It witnesses the fact aloud
That I The Saviour's laws detest—
Those laws to suffer & forgive,
And let an erring foeman live!

Behold my medal! See it gleam,
Emitting rays of glory now
On us who made the life-blood stream
In rivers from the heart & brow
Of thousands who were forced to fight
By fiends who laugh at Truth & Right!

On Judgement Day, when I am called,
Before the Saviour to appear,
Though holy angels stand appalled,
I'll keep my blood-stained medal near,
That widowed mothers shall behold
My mark of Cain inscribed on gold!

"Thou shalt not kill" is now too stale
To stay the patriotic hands
Of us who heed no fairy tale
Of Moses or his roving bands:
We kill, at our appointed tryst,
In spite of God or peaceful Christ!

Stroud, Tues. 3/7/34. Dear Mother, At last the job is at an end. I shall be leaving here tomorrow by the 12:40 train; & it arrives round about 3:30 p.m. at Newcastle. If you have to go to town of course I shall be pleased to see you there, but if not will you trot someone down to the tram to carry milady’s port? Of course I do not want to see you in town for just that reason. About the frock: I am sorry that you will be disappointed just now, as I am sending in the account when I return. Mrs. Stott died at 6:30 a.m. to-day; & I am going out to spend tonight at young Mrs. Stott’s place at the Monkera. 20 miles out. "Well, until to-morrow, lots of love your wandering Jew."
Arthur's letter is as follows:

"Anderson House, Leichhardt Street, Glebe Point, Thur.
June 28th, 1934. Dear Folks, Don't worry about the 9 poems I wished you to type. If you can't find them it doesn't matter very much. As for your not knowing them, I'm not surprised at that; I have only ever heard of one of them myself, as far as I can remember. Will you please type some of the list I am sending you enclosed with this letter?

I received Dad's list, & will get what he wants soon. I went to Hollands the week after I came back here. Mr. Holland explained his machine to me, & introduced me to his son who seemed to be about my age. It was very interesting, but I didn't feel very much at home. Of course I didn't go out to Punchbowl to see him. The week before last I bought a "snodger" pair of shoes for 12/-, but I had to look in a great number of shops before I came across them. Sydney shops are not so cheap as many people think, especially in regard to shoes.

I was paid 30/- last Monday, & on the same day coughed up the second pound of my college dues; so I have now 10/- in hand & 10/- in the bank. They're certainly piling the work into us now.

During the next 5 or 6 weeks we have to learn up all the history of Australia from 1606 to 1931. I haven't had history for 3 years, so I forget most of it. We also have to learn the biographies of Darwin, Farrar, & Mendel on our own, & will be tested on it as a part of the biology exam.

This afternoon I went to the College Debating Society. Two members of our section were debating about the White Australia Policy. One of them seems to be an out-&-out red-ragger. He spoke at great length on patriotism, & the lies we have to teach the children. He'll be a mug if he airs views like that when he is a teacher. Hoping all at home are O.K. Arthur."

The list is:


I received the following letter this afternoon:--
"Levenson's Radio Wireless Dealers, 226 Pitt St., also branch at 240 A Pitt St., Sydney, Mr. Josiah Cocking, 41 Ingall St., Mayfield East. Dear Sir, We have pleasure in acknowledging your letter of the 27th ult., & regret to advise that we are unable to supply the Westinghouse dry eliminator & transformer as mentioned by you.

As a matter of fact, this method of converting battery sets to electric fell into public disfavor over 2 years ago, & consequently further supplies of the accessories used were no longer imported.

If you desire to change your set from battery to electric operation we recommend the use of an eliminator of the Phillips series, & a battery charger.

We have Phillips eliminators in our trade-in department, all thoroughly reconditioned & in excellent condition priced at special bargain rates:--
Phillips 3002 R eliminator complete with brand new valves 35/-
Phillips 3009 B & C eliminator complete with brand new valve 40/-.

These units were originally listed at £ 7:15:0 & £ 9:15:0 respectively. By installing these 2 units your set would be practically all electric & the results would be even better than when R batteries are used.

We trust you will give the proposition due consideration, & if there is any further information required we shall be only too pleased to assist you.

We also have in our standard stock brand new Tungar 2 amp chargers, price £ 3:10:0.

We are posting you our 1934 catalogue, which we feel sure will interest you, & you will find the Phillips eliminators illustrated on page 30. Yours faithfully Levenson's Radio."

Fri., July 6th, 1934. Florence came home from Stroud last Wednesday. She is quite well, but has not been paid yet. To-day she received a letter from Art, in which he said that he is to have 3 weeks holiday in a month's time. Typing poems for Arthur, Sunny.

Mon. July 9th, 1934. I was with the Army all day yesterday. I have written the following verses for my revised pamphlet:--

Two Cut-Throat Bands,

When thieves monopolise the lands
They organise two cut-throat bands
To keep the people under--
An army to patrol the sea,
A navy to traverse the sea,
And aid them still to plunder.

These loyal & efficient tools,
Together with their press, their schools,
Their breweries & preachers,
Enable them to rule & rob
The great, unthinking, working mob,
Despite of rebel teachers.

But none but fools too dull to think,
Or human blood-hounds, ever sink
To warfare's bestial level
And gladly sell their souls to starve
The workers' children, & to carve
Their fathers' flesh, & revel

In blood & filth & war's disease,
That wealthy thieves may live at ease
With pampered sons & daughters--
Imperialists who loudly brag
About their "Empire" & their "Flag",
And eulogise mass-slaughters!

But when they fear
But when they fear their reign grows short
They mightily encourage sport,
With crafty aim unshaken,
Providing dopes of many kinds
To dull the plundered workers' minds
Lest they should all awaken.

To make the workers "Billy Mugs",
Their masters patronise the pugs
And magnify a wicket
To turn men's thoughts from want & shame
And concentrate them on a game
Of football or of cricket.

To further pacify the rubbs
Their rulers license dens & pubs
For wine & spirit-drinking,
Where workers stupify their brains,
Forget their economic chains,
And do no sober thinking.

Despite of sport, & drink, & lies
The plundered workers yet shall rise
From age-long degradation
To mental heights supremely grand,
And take again the wealth & land
From those who rob the nation.
Enlightened, sober, resolute,
No more degraded as a brute,
By rulers hard & clever,
The workers of the world shall take
The earth & all the wealth they make,
And hold their own forever.

Tues. July 10th, 1934. Yesterday morning I went to doctor
Ulick Bourke at Hamilton. Hereexamined me & said that my
illness arose from my stomach & bowels. He prescribed some
medicine, & some drops to put into my ears at night.
I walked from there to Newcastle & searched a long time in
Blackey's bookshop for the poems that Arthur wants me to
type for him. I could not find any there, so I went to Fairless' bookshop & bought for 2/- a copy of "A Child's Garden
Of Verses," by R.L. Stevenson. Then I went to Blackey's other
bookshop in Union Street, near the trades hall, & paid 2/- for
"Laureata," A Book of Poetry for the Young." At the Store I got a
shaving-brush & a 6d packet of razor-blades.
Our Florence was born at Wallsend, N.S.W. on Tuesday, the 9th
of July, 1907; so she was 27 years of age yesterday; & we
gave her a new parasol; & Ivy gave her a length of red cloth
like wool, to make a gown for occasional use at night when
she is nursing.

Tu. July 17th, 1934. Last Friday we paid £8.10.0 to Corney of Newcastle for an all-electric
wireless receiver with 7 valves. As we had some trouble
to get the distant stations, I got Mr Corney to look at
the set, & he put a new valve in it & now it goes well.
Florence had a call to go out & nurse a patient yesterday,
but the call was almost immediately cancelled, as the pati­
ent was sent to the hospital. I bought a Westinghouse R & C
eliminator for José at Raineys, opposite to the Teck yest­
erday for 4/-; but part of the eliminator is missing.
We received the following letter from Art.:-

"Anderson House, Leichardt St., Glebe Point, Saturday.
Dear Folks, I got quite a shock when I opened your letter &
found the postal note. At the time I thought I really didn't
need it; but I've found since that my expenditure has been gr­
eater than I thought it would be. Yesterday I had to "fork out"
4/- for a text-book. I also took my shoes to the bootmaker's
to be repaired. However, I don't think it's necessary to send the
second ten bob, for I've still half a note in the bank;
thanks all the same. There was no trouble in cashing the
note you sent; the man in the post-office just glanced at
it & paid it without a word. Last Saturday I thought I'd
save money & give myself a bit of exercise by walking out
to Earlwood. When I arrived there I found that Lionel &
Co. had gone away on their holidays. Lionel went to
Melbourne & Pearl went to Werria' Creek. I understood the woman next door to say, I thought then that I might as well take a walk over to Bexley; from there, since I was only a couple of miles, I went to Rockdale & had a look at Botany Bay. Since I was just about sick of walking & didn't have much time before tea, I caught the electric tram back to Sydney. The houses in Fairwood, Bexley, & Rockdale look very much like those of Hamilton South. Thanks very much for doing the poems, but I really won't need them until the holidays. I thought I would have to give them before the end of the term, but the English lecturer has changed his mind. I have not been able to find the Diocesan Society yet, but I'll try to do so.

Nearly every bookseller in the city told me that he hasn't heard of the books I want. I've been reading a good bit of psychology lately, & I'm inclined to agree that most of it isn't hot air. Biology is O.K., but it's really hard. We have to learn up the respective lives & works of Dawson, Farrar, & Mendal. Hoping everyone at home is alright, Arthur."

P.S. I find, on reading my letter through, that I have omitted to thank you for the money you sent. I am sorry for this, but please don't attribute it to ingratitude. Thank you very much for the cash."

Mum has been ill during the last 2 days, but is almost well now.

I have written the following note to Capt. Johns:

"Dear Sir, Perhaps the best advice that the girl could give to the boy is:-

Breakfast D-Light or Fat Breakfast D-Light
Keeps me bright! For breakfast - it's right!
Tell your mother -
Pay no other!

I enclose with these answers 3 tops of packets.

I am, Sir, Yours sincerely, Josiah Cocking."

Wed. July 18th 1934. This morning I have written the following note:- 18/7/1934, To Capt. Johns, 41 Ingall Street, Box 218 D Mayfield East, G.P.O. Sydney, N.S.W.

Dear Sir, Perhaps the best advice that the girl could give to the boy is:-

Breakfast D-Light or:- If Breakfast D-Light
Cannot be beaten; Is your breakfast it's right!
Whether it's eaten in the Morning or night!

or:

For health, strength, Width & length
Enclosed please find plenty of Breakfast D-Light!

I am, Sir, Yours sincerely, Josiah Cocking."
Fri. July 20th, 1934. Last evening Florence went to Carrington to nurse a child named Davies who lives in Morgan street, & is suffering with pneumonia. I went in the tram with Florence & carried her heavy port.

To day we received the following letter from Art:-

"Anderson House, Leichardt St., Glebe Pt., Thursday.

Dear Folks, Thanks very much for the cash;I received the note this afternoon. About half of the fellows here have been down with the flu, so I've been buying things toward it off. I'm still O.K., but the fellow in the room has been a bit "crock." I've been making hot lemon drinks for others every night this week so far.

The weather here is wonderful; it's just like Spring. Last Monday night, however, the fog was so thick that the street light about 50 yards away just penetrated it. I believe a couple of ferries ran aground early on Tuesday morning.

The exams begin a fortnight from to-day, & as time goes on it seems harder to learn what I am supposed to know.

Physiological psychology & botany I find are pretty tough.

The other day I was taking my watch off when I let it fall (about six inches) to the ground. The glass didn't break, but the minute hand came off. I don't think I'll get it fixed till I go home again. Lectures stopped at 12 o'clock to day to enable us to go to the annual College Spotts. As I have 4 letters to write I am not going. I am sorry you have gone to so much trouble over the poems I want. Don't worry about them; if you can't find them let that end it; I can find substitutes.

Yours Arthur."

Friday July 20th, I went to Hamilton & took part in a meeting of the Army. The Baptists were also speaking in an open-air ring, the rev. Gibbins leading.

Mon. July 23rd 1934. On Saturday night Hill Bannister was married by Adjt. Smyth to Miss Foley—not Edna Foley who is a soldier of the Tighe's Hill Corps, but a Roman Catholic girl. We had an open air meeting after the wedding. I was out with the Army all day yesterday. In the afternoon (holiness) meeting major Taylour & his cut-throat's medal on his chest, talked as usual of love! Pearl & Lionel Carpenter sang a duet, & Lionel spoke at length on the conversion of Paul, & on the Holy Spirit. I was at the Park meeting in the afternoon, but only Adjt. Smyth, Edna Foley, Mrs. Herbert, & I were there. I did not go to the evening & night meetings, rain this morning.

This afternoon we receive the following letter:-

C/o Mrs. Davies, 63, Rodgers Street, Carrington.

Dear People, As you know I arrived here with my dear old Dad's help the other night. I really forgot to thank him for all the trouble he went to. I laugh every time I
think of the way he kept pulling his coat over his knees in the tram. This is a much better case than the last but I don't like the locality; the people are pretty good & the child is improving. I do not expect that I shall be able to come home at all; if I can it may be at the end of the week, & then for good. Please, Mother, put those forms away carefully that I received from Sydney; & send any letters over that may have come. Just re-address as I told you so long! This will not be a long job; & so I shall be seeing you soon. Please write. Good bye. Love from Florence.

Thur. Aug. 2nd, 1934. Florence returned from Carrington last night, as the baby Davies is almost well again. She gave me 2 pounds for pocket-money. Mum went over to Carrington to help with the heavy portmanteau, but she got thins when Florence had gone. Heavy rain last night, but a lovely sunny day this morning. Fred & Perce are putting a new gate on the back fence. Re-writing my pamphlet.

COPY. New South Wales.
Nurses' Registration Act, 1924. To Miss F.E. Cocking, Mayfield. I have to inform you that the Nurses' Registration Board has approved of your registration as a General Nurse, & I forward Certificate No. 9455 herewith. Kindly acknowledge receipt of document on the enclosed form. James J. Potter, Registrar.

17428 - 1 12.28.

This afternoon we received the following letter:-

"Mrs. L. Daley, Prince's Highway, Napto, 39/7/34. Dear Uncle & Aunt & Family. I received your red letter & was very surprised & pleased to hear from you. I know I am long-winded in answering, but to-day is very wet. Les is working, which is no novelty, the children are playing in the room — cannot go to Sunday school — & really do not know what to do. My baby is sleeping in his pram near me; so you see, Uncle, we are very happy although it is wet. It has rained nearly all the week, but we have nothing to complain about. We are all well, excepting a cold with Joy & baby Melville. I think he will cut his teeth with a cough: Vera & Joy both did, but they did not have any other trouble. We are all very pleased that baby came & is a boy. Les is very proud of him. He has golden hair, blue eyes, & is very fair. He is 4½ months old & weighs 22 lbs. The girls all love him, not because he is a boy, but because it is a baby for them. The children could not get a better Daddy if they tried, nor a husband. Les is a splendid provider, not drinking, smoking or gambling. We are getting a garage built for us; so with luck we will be able to take a trip down to see you all when we get the car. We number too many now to take the bus when
we want a day out. What we save in bus fares will run a car a long way. Nell & Bob have sold their bike. Bob is on the look-out for a car too. He has just bought a long distance radio, but they are more often up listening to Dad's set. We had a call put through for Mum a few weeks ago, which gave her a surprise on her birthday.

My two girls had their birthdays this month also. Vera is 8 years & Joy five years, both very big girls. Edna will be 15 in September. Pearl will be 13 next week. Lila & her boy & hubby are all well. She has moved into a more comfortable home, & has furnished her sitting room. Her husband does not get big money-- that is their drawback. We all help them: their home is cosy.

Baby has refused to sleep any longer; so that means put a close to my letter. Hoping to find you all well, as we are here. Mum's & Nellie's, with lots of love to all. I remain your loving niece, Florence & all at home.

Wed. Aug. 15th, 1934. Yesterday I put new holding-back hooks on the doors of the Army Hall, & cleaned up the yard. Florence & Arthur went to Sydney on Monday night in the steamer Gwyder, as Florence had to accompany a lady named Mrs. Jones, a widow, who had her leg broken in a motor-car accident & had to be taken home by steamer. She paid the fare for Florence to Sydney & back, & paid her a guinea besides. Art & Florrie returned by train last night. Last week Florence received a cheque for £25:10:0 for attending to the late Mrs. Stott.

Last Monday I finished making a new handle for Mrs. Smyth's go-cart, & repaired the pedal of the big organ in the Army Hall. I also repaired the W.C. & the fence. Mrs. Bella Frew whom we used to know at Wallsend was drowned last week when the ferry steamer "Blue Bell" sank in Newcastle harbour. She was a very pleasant woman.

Thur. Aug. 16th, 1934. Last evening Florrie was called away to attend some patient named Forsyth at Redhead. She went off in a taxie car about 9 o'clock. I typed a little more of my pamphlet to day.

Tues. Aug. 21st, 1934. Yesterday I received the following letter:-- "Greenfield Terrace, Portreath, nr Redruth, Cornwall. July 10th, 1934. Dear Mr. Cocking, With pleasure we just now answer your kind & welcome letter; also thanks for the "Sydney Mail". Many times we have spoken of your lovely country. The views you have sent us from time to time shows its beauty; & Mrs. Chinnocks, too, has sent us some. But as you have said, we cannot live on beauty alone.
We want our share of God's abundance—fruit & everything else—there's plenty for all, but only the select can have. We have also such lots of people home who can't make ends meet on the bit of dole.

In this small village there are scores can't get a day's work. Our boy has had a few days harvesting; turned in a few shillings extra. Now he is walking about asking everywhere. A shame! If only we could make the people see how foolish they are to be flattered with the old gangs going around with their jumble sales selling their old left-off. I tell them to give the men work so they can buy new; I wouldn't wear them.

Well, Mr. Cocking, we are in a funny world; or the world is alright—it lies with them that rule us.

We trust you are all keeping well: we are splendid just now, I am thankful to say. The weather is perfect. Our visitors are crowding the place. The Londoners come here, as they get their rooms & vegetables & such like so cheap to the larger seaside. It's a lovely little spot just now.

I been trying to get Clarice to go to Saint Day with me one afternoon & take her camera with her, but I have asked so many times. She has taken our photos—Pa & me—in our front garden twice, & now they're nothing very much, & for she has a trick of holding it sideways; so we are taken in one all one side; & I got taken without my head. But anyhow I am sending on these, like Pa say, we are not 16—and don't look it, it doesn't matter how much we try.

But I know another little maid who takes them very nicely; & I am going to try her; & if she can't I am going to have a camera of my own: I don't see why I couldn't take them myself. So I hope to send you on some more before long.

This cutting I took out of one of the papers—Mr. Mills of St. Day, I have heard your Aunt & my Mother speak so much about. They knew them well. You can see what he's done for his native village. We had a man here—farmers, he & his grandfather, Uncles, Aunts, from generations farmed this & made a lot of money. His only son was killed in the last war—in fact they're all gone. He left three thousand pounds into money, besides houses; not a penny to those who wanted it—all to the well-to-do & the chapel where he was trustee, Sunday School worker & class leader—a dear old man to speak to, but not a penny to give.

Mr. Mills' name will live for ever, as he has given first where it's needed most. Well, Mr. Cocking, we all join in sending our love to Mrs. Cocking, yourself, & all your family; & may God bless you all!

Your sincere friends, Emily & Harry Webster.

P. S. I hope to hear from you soon.

I received two postcard photographs of Mr. & Mrs. Webster with the letter; also the following clipping from "The Advertiser":—
ST. DAY BENEFACTION

CHILDREN'S TRIBUTE TO LATE
MR. W. J. MILLS

St. Day was on fest on Monday for the annual feast celebrations. In addition to the usual festivities in the playing field, provided through the generosity of the late Mr. W. J. Mills, of Forway (a native of St. Day), there was the formal opening of the picturesque enclosure which has been built and laid out around the town clock with funds provided by the late Mr. Mills. Following the demolition of the old market house, the site around the clock was for years a disreputable-looking and badly-kept open space. The enclosure is of granite, and is entered through a gate. The space inside has been laid out with paths, grass patches, and shrubs, and, as desired by the donor, makes an ideal retreat for elderly people. The cost of the expensive permission for which was granted by the parish council, was about £200, the work being undertaken by Messrs. J. T. Letcher and N. W. Hensley. Arrangements were in the hands of a committee comprising the late Mr. Mills, comprising the late Mr. J. Mills (Redruth), Messrs. S. Mills (secretary), H. B. Veale and E. H. Bawden (chairman and secretary respectively of St. Day Community Council, N. W. Hensley, G. H. Mills, T. Mills, and J. T. Letcher.

Members of the community council and children and teachers of the Council Schools provided the town, headed by Carharrack and St. Day Temperance Band, proving to be more than adequate. The enclosure, which was formally declared open by Mr. T. E. Mills, of Tiverton (son of the donor), who was accompanied by Mr. Mills, Mr. Veale, who presided over a very large attendance, extended a hearty welcome to Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Mills, and regretted the unavoidable absence of Mrs. Quinlan, daughter of the late Mr. Mills. Mr. Mills could be appreciated the compliment of being asked to open the enclosure, and hoped that the residents, and particularly the elderly folk, would appreciate and enjoy it. He had expected to find a number of elderly people in the enclosure for the first time, but was unable to visit the playing field, and he could understand that that deficiency was remedied. Continuing, Mr. Mills remarked that the truest and most lasting happiness was derived from rendering service to others, and such a spirit had for many years past characterised the organisers of the Feast Monday festivities. (Applause). The whole company then proceeded to the clapping field, where 600 children from St. Day, Carharrack, and district were each provided with a saffron bun and tea, and every child on the registers of the schools was given a new shilling.

Young and Old

A high tea was provided for 160 persons over 65 years of age. The provision for the children and elderly people is derived from funds accruing from the endowment made by the late Mr. W. J. Mills, and known as "The W. J. Mills St. Day Benefaction Fund." The fund is administered by trustees with the assistance of members of St. Day Community Council, of which Mr. Veale is chairman, Mr. Hensley honorary treasurer, and Mr. Bawden honorary secretary, Monday being the first feast since the death of Mr. Mills, to enter the playing field.

Last year his father was at home eagerly reading newspaper reports of the proceedings and keenly awaiting the return of himself and his wife with first-hand information of the proceedings. That day he liked to think that his father was taking just as keen an interest in the festivities, although not present in earthly form. He (the speaker) was very much touched at the kindly thought of the children in placing flowers at the foot of his father's memorial. Mr. Mills expressed the hope that the children would derive as much real pleasure from their skilings as twelve pence, sixpence and a shilling would be for the people who were present over the Rees. Evan Thomas (vicer of St. Day), W. Cooper (Membury) and J. M. Mitchell (St. Day), and E. Coburn Kiddle (Methodist minister, Carharrack). Ladies who assisted in serving the tea were Mrs. Chenoweth, E. R. Bawden, E. Thomas, W. Kinsman, H. B. Veale, R. E. Higgett, A. M. Richards, T. and S. Mills, R. and P. Teague, C. Jewels, Bennett, W. Brown, W. Cooper, J. Pooley, and W. Stephens, the Misses L. Ould, H. and K. M. Hensley, E. Tredinnick, M. A. Penrose, C. Carlyon, C. Braden, E. W. Letcher, and E. S. Nicholls. Sports for the children were arranged by Messrs. Simmons, Howard Teague, and J. R. Williams. Other helpers were Messrs. R. Knowles, J. Mills, Rex Bawden, R. Brown, J. Legg, J. Pooley, R. Chenoweth, Harry Teague, W. Kinsman, R. Gill, J. Stephens, N. Hocking, P. Mitchell, J. Knowles, R. and T. Williams, and P. Smith. In the evening a concert was given by Penwerris (Falmouth) Men's Troop. The cost of the annual feast celebrations is about £70. The same managers also distribute at Christmas from the endowment fund coal and groceries to 600 elderly people, at a cost of about £40. In addition to his other endowments, Mr. Mills bequeathed to his native village all the houses in Mills-street, most of which are let free of rent to deserving tenants, and the remaining houses are infirm and sick elderly people who are unable to be present at Monday's festivities have had sent them a parcel of dainties.

Yesterday & to-day I was making a lattice-work arch for the "Rose Fair" in the Army Hall at Tighe's Hall, which is to be held next week. Florence is still at Redhead's house at Redhead, nursing 2 patients. Cold & rainy.
ORIENTAL FAIR

For Mayfield Salvation Army

Aug. 28, 1924.

The Salvation Army Citadel, Mayfield, presented a gay and Oriental appearance yesterday afternoon, when the opening ceremony of the Grand Oriental Fair was performed by the Mayorees (Mrs. S. F. Webb). The scene at the back of the stage depicted the mosques of an Indian city, and the stage and stalls were decorated with peach blossoms, wisteria, streamers, and lanterns. To blend with this setting, all the stallholders were garbed in appropriate Oriental costumes.

Major and Mrs. Taylor presided, and other officers present were Adjutant Dilley and Lieutenant Lawrence (Mayfield Corps). Major and Mrs. Reynolds (Newcastle Hostel), Major Snellgrove, Commandant and Mrs. McClure (New Lambton), Mrs. Adjutant Smythe (Tighe's Hill), Mrs. Adjutant Gibson (Lambton), Major Swadling (Toronto), Adjutant Everett (Newcastle).

In declaring the fair open, the Mayoress congratulated those responsible on the unique and effective decorative scheme, and trusted that their efforts would meet with success.

Items were given by Mrs. Adjutant and Miss Gibson (duet), Tighe's Hill Young People (action song), Lieutenant Lawrence (solo).

The stallholders were—Sweets, Sisters T. Cocking, Harris; Cocking and Worley; handkerchiefs, Sisters L. Burgess, J. Cocking, Mesdames Fenton and Moffat; pillows, Mesdames Ford, V. Cocking, Millington, son; and Sister F. Ford; jam, Mrs. Major Snellgrove, Mesdames A. Ford and Lowbridge; refreshments, Lieutenant Lawrence, Sisters G. Percy, D. Brown, and L. Harvey; cake, Mesdames Miller, Hancock; Screen, and Pike; aprons, Sister Sheldon and Mesdames Young and Riddell; jumble, Sisters Stephenson and Falconer; bathroom stall, Sisters Ogden, and Hackstadt; flowers, Mrs. Williamson; groceries, C.S.M., Harris and Bro. Heins; dips, Sister D. Falconer; fancy stall, Merewether Hospital, Adjutant Waiy and Captain Davies.

The fair was concluded in the evening, when a programme was rendered by the Waratah Presbyterian Choir.
The news of Mr. Holland's death cast a mantle of deepest regret and sorrow throughout the Dominion. The great qualities of the mortal were not forgotten, and thousands passed the flower-covered casket, while the Government decided to accord the late Mr. Holland the honours of a State funeral. His Excellency the Governor-General, and the Chiefs of the Maori tribes, conveyed their heartfelt sympathy, and expressed the nation-wide regret and sorrow throughout the Dominion. Mr. Holland breathed his last, accompanied by the Holland family, to the Labour Party, trade unionists and unemployed, representatives of organised Labour, including women's organisations, a delegation representing every public body, and innumerable other friends.

Teeming thousands lined the streets while the coffin was received by the Port Nicholson Band, to St. Paul's Pro-Cathedral. On foot, a delegation representing every public body, and innumerable other friends, passed the body to the official residence, the White House, where a service was held. The body was received by the Bishop of Wellington, (His Grace, Dr. T. H. H. Smith), who read the burial service. As the funeral cortège moved along the streets, crowds lined the road, the whole of Wellington was in mourning for a great Leader. The scene was the deepest regret, the body was received by the Bishop of Wellington, (His Grace, Dr. T. H. H. Smith), who read the burial service.

The body was received by the Bishop of Wellington, (His Grace, Dr. T. H. H. Smith), who read the burial service. As the funeral cortège moved along the streets, crowds lined the road, the whole of Wellington was in mourning for a great Leader. The scene was the deepest regret, the body was received by the Bishop of Wellington, (His Grace, Dr. T. H. H. Smith), who read the burial service.

As members of the Holland family and friends took a last long look into the open grave, the band played "Nearer My God To Thee" and "Abide With Me." The Press of New Zealand, far and wide, published unstinted appreciation of the late Mr. Holland. Thousands of telegrams and letters were received by Mrs. Holland and family, including many from other lands, expressing the deepest sorrow and sympathy.

Anniversary of his Death

The Late

M. H. E. HOLLAND
H. E. HOLLAND
By EDWIN MEACHEN
(For "The New Zealand Worker")

Sleep on in death's deep slumber kind;
To him who toiled, a just sucsesse;
Unconquered, fearless, lofty mind,
To him we mourn, eternal peace!

His memory a guiding ray,
And may his star of justice shine
O'er darkened errors of our way,
And light within our hearts a shrine.

He laboured for the common good;
Beloved by us who saw him live.
They too, know, who misunderstood.
They too, regret... he will forgive.

Mon. Oct. 22nd. 1934.
Yesterday I was with the Army all day. Adjt. Smyth & I spoke spoke in Islington Park in the afternoon to a few people. I bought a little book entitled "In A Ring Of Fire", by Ivan Ovcharenko, for 1/-, & a pamphlet entitled "The Austrian Revolt", by Palme Dutt, for 2d. I have read the pamphlet & 36 pages of the book.

Scott is leading in the great air race from England to Melbourne. Florence is nursing a girl of 7 named McGuiness, who has pneumonia. The child is getting well, thank God. This morning there were 4 of us at the 7 o'clock prayer meeting—Peter Lucas, Mrs. Bannister, Adjt. Smyth, & me.

This afternoon we received the following letter:

"Usual address, Saturday (30th Oct. 1934).
Dear Folks, The other day I went to Angas & Co. to see about getting my name put on my silver pencil & having my watch fixed. The engraving on the pencil was done the same day, & cost 1/5, while the watch was ready this morning & cost 4/6. It needed a mainspring. After I got it it went for a while & then stopped. I'll take it back again on Monday. They told me they'd give the watch a complete overhaul for 8/6, but I didn't feel like forking out the extra 4 bob. The seat has worn out of my college stride, so I'll have to borrow a bit of serge & sew a patch on them.

The lists for practice teaching have been made out, & I am on the one for Newtown again. I went up & appealed against it; so I think I'll get a change. I went to the public library this afternoon & tried to learn some botany, but nearly went to sleep over it; so I read a psychologist's "Talks To Parents & Teachers", instead. Yesterday afternoon we had one third of our singing test. We had to sing a major scale up & down & down & up --like this:--d r m f s l t d , t l s f m r d ; & d t l s m r d r m , etc.,--Then we sang the strong tones in the same way & did the first exercise to "oo". I did these fairly well—as a matter of fact "Tige" Kelly, the music lecturer, told me I had a good voice & a good ear, & that I should join the College choir next year. However, he told one out of every 3 or 4 that they should join the choir, so it's nothing to write home about.

Next & last came an exercise which I
Dear [Name],

Just a few lines to you. I don't know if it is my turn to write, however I do hope you and all of your family are well. We are all well at home. Peter and Jack keeps about the same but it nice to have him with us. Are your family working? I hope so wherever you are. I hope to come and see you all one day. God willing Maggie is living at Saltwood. Bill works at Petersham. Eva lives in Leed. I do you see we are a small family, my word I miss Maggie very much, but I see the very often. I guess you have had plenty of rain what a wet winter it was. We are well. With the heat in a week or so, what else can you say, it to wet to garden yet at times. The vegetable are doing. I guess for has a garden on that land of but it was a very price has gone one more day. I was wondering if Arthur was still in Sydney. It wonderful what a change in a short time. He still the world goes on and so may I will.
Fri. Aug. 24th 1934. To day we received the following letter:- "C/o Mr W. Forsythe, "The Gables", Redhead. Dear People, I suppose you think I am a long time writing, but I told Pip all the news up till Saturday, & nothing has happened of interest since. Thanks very much for sending the shoes, Mother, & thank you more, Dool, for doing them. I guessed that you would growl when you saw how far down they had worn. I was feeling pretty terrible up till Sunday, sore throat & sore feet, but I am in the "pink" now. If you could see my neck & face to night you would think so too. To day I walked down to the beach — took 1½ hours off for the first time, & didn't I enjoy it? but it has given me a school-girl complexion temporarily at least. My window looks out over the little town here, & the sea is in the background; it is lovely. It's rather bushy round the house, & plenty of wild flowers; so I like the place very much. The people are very nice to me, but they are pretty flash & have a lovely home. I shall probably be home during next week. Love from Florence." 

This afternoon I finished reading the book Bert lent me entitled "Expository Sermons and Outlines On the Old Testament." It was printed in 1906, but there is no author name given. It consists of 305 pages. I wrote a little more of my pamphlet to day. Mum went to the Store & bought a leather handbag as a birthday present for Jose for $12.

Mon. Sep. 3rd, 1934. Last night our Arthur went back to the Teachers' College. Tighe's Hill Sammy Corps is holding a "Rose Fair from last Sat. to to-morrow night. Yesterday we had Capt. Lewis & old Mrs. Renshaw at the Hall for the holiness meeting. Yesterday was cold & wet, but the Douglas Credit federal Senate candidates, Stanley F. Allen, Mrs. Lillie Beirne, & — were speaking in Islington Park to a fair-sized crowd—mostly men. That was the first time that such candidates have stood for election.

Florence is still at home waiting for a call to nurse someone. Ivy is recovering from an attack of influenza. Gladys has had a poisoned thumb, but it is almost right now.
TAKE NOTICE—Humanity’s Needs are Paramount.

The Douglas Credit Party of Australia

THE OBJECTIVE.

The Douglas Credit Party of Australia, which Mr. S. F. Allen is representing maintains that with the vast resources available a progressively higher standard of living and comfort is realizable and “that which is physically possible is financially possible.” It does not seek to benefit sections of the community at the expense of others. Its main objective shall be to obtain by constitutional means such necessary financial reform, control and adjustment as will enable purchasing power to conform to the productive capacity of Australia, and ensure to every citizen the fundamental right to economic security and the enjoyment of the highest standard of living made possible by modern science and industry.

STANLEY F. ALLEN, F.C.A. (Aust.)

Mr. Stanley F. Allen, F.C.A. (Aust.) who is contesting the Senate as one of the Douglas Credit Party candidates is a leading Chartered Accountant of Sydney. He is the son of the late Alfred Allen who, at one time, represented Paddington and Waverley in the State Parliament and who was Whip in the Governments led by Sir Henry Parkes and by Sir George Reid. Alfred Allen was the first Secretary of the Eight Hour Movement and was the author of the early closing of shops. Mr. S. F. Allen was the first Hon. Secretary of the Peace Society of N.S.W. (Branch of the London Peace Society) and took a prominent part in opposing Conscription. As a member of the Society of Friends (Quakers) he did great service in helping to combat the Famine in Europe. In 1921 he was Joint Hon. Treasurer for the “Fight the Famine Fund” organised by Lady Forster (wife of the then Governor General) when large sums of money were raised for this purpose.

Mr. Allen has acted as Hon. Auditor to a number of institutions working for the public good. Over two years ago he identified himself with the Douglas Social Credit Movement and was elected State President of the N.S.W. Association in August, 1933. There has been a rapid development in the movement particularly following the great demonstration held in the Sydney Town Hall last November and also following the recent visit of Major C. H. Douglas. “Mr. Allen’s enthusiasm, earnestness and forceful manner of placing his cause before the People has been an inspiration to many.”

Support the Douglas Credit advocates in your Electorate and thus hasten on the realization of an Era which will permit the productive capacity of Australia to supply the People’s needs.

Your Candidate’s name is on the back hereof.

Authorised by P. Minahan, 20 Loftus Street, Sydney.
New Leader Chosen 1934

EVANGELINE BOOTH

High Council Ballot

(Australian Press Association.)

LONDON, September 3. Commander Evangeline Cory Booth, Commander-in-chief of the Salvation Army in the United States, and daughter of the founder of the movement, was to-day elected by the High Council as leader, in succession to General E. J. Higgins, who retires shortly.

The five nominations made for the leadership were—Commander Evangeline Cory Booth, daughter of the founder, and at present Army leader in the United States; Commissioner Catherine Booth (British daughter of the late General Bramwell Booth, and a niece of Commander Evangeline); Commissioner Hurven, Principal of the Army's International Training College, and once office boy to the founder; Commissioner Mapp, Chief-of-staff, and Commissioner Lamb, C.M.G., of London, well known for his work in connection with migration.

The final ballot figures were—Commander Evangeline Booth 32, Commissioner Mapp 9, Commissioner Catherine Booth 4, Commissioner Hurven 2, Commissioner Lamb 0.

PLEDGE OF LOYALTY.

All the members of the High Council signed a declaration accepting the result as a revelation of God's will, pledging their loyal support to the new leader, and their determination to maintain the Army's constitution.

"I am a chip of the old block," said Commander Evangeline. "My heart is the same as when I worked in the London streets with the rank and file. I love the working people, particularly the poor, being the child of a man whose name has been written in every sky as the poor man's friend. I was born on Christmas Day, and I think I was given an extra measure of charity, mercy, and human kindness, which Christ's love has nursed and increased."

General Higgins said that he was perfectly satisfied that Salvationists everywhere would respond to the new leader, because of her outstanding services and long experience, and the enthusiastic Salvationists of the organisation would continue as an increasing force for success.

At the conclusion of Commander Booth's speech Commissioner McIntyre, of Chicago, shouted, speaking for America, "She's a winner!"

Crowds clamoured to enter the courtyard of the Central Hall, Westminster, and when the gates were unlocked they rushed in and cheered the new leader as she left.

Commander Booth said she would return to England on November 10, after visiting America.

Referring to the published statement that the salary of the General of the Salvation Army is £10,000 a year, it is officially announced that the actual amount is one-twentieth of that sum. It is not paid by the Salvation Army, but from a trust fund created in the time of General William Booth.

NEW LEADER'S CAREER.

Commander Evangeline Booth is the seventh child of the late General William Booth, founder of the Salvation Army. She had charge of the work of the Salvation Army in Great Britain, Canada and Newfoundland, and in 1904 was appointed National Commander of the Army in the United States, a position she has held ever since. In America she had 4000 officers and cadets and over 2000 corps and institutions under her charge. She has composed many songs, and is an orator, musician and poet. In 1929 she published a volume of sermons under the title "Towards a Better World."

A little place near Port Stephens, to nurse anyone who may be hurt or ill. She is to return on Monday next.

Last Wednesday I helped Adjt. Smyth to take down the decorations & tables at the main & primary halls. Rob Bannister hosed the primary hall. This morning is nice & sunny—a pleasant change after the cold wind & rain. This morning we received the following letter from Arthur:

"Anderson House, Leichardt St., Glebe
Pt., Wednesday.

Dear Folks, I arrived here safe & sound at about 11 o'clock on Sunday night. The train-trip wasn't so very unpleasant after all, for I slept during the greater part of the journey. The time-table at the College has been completely altered; confusion reigns, for we never know what we're having next. Yesterday & the day before we went from 9 till 4 o'clock, but to day we only had 3 hours' lectures. The exam results in several subjects have been announced, & I find that I obtained 55% in both psychology & art; 60% in music, & 52% in botany (which forms half of the biology). In psychology, music, & botany 40% is a pass, while in art the pass level is 36%. Consequently, up to date I know of one & a half passes & 2 credits.
Since I stayed at home all Thursday, Friday, & Saturday last, I thought I could allow myself a holiday the night before last, so I went to the Glaciarium. It was what the Pommies call "topping," although at the end of the night the ice had melted a good deal. It seems to me that ice-skating is not much harder than roller skating. Hoping you'll excuse my brevity (for I really have nothing to write about) I conclude. Yours Arthur.


I attended the open-air meeting of the Savvy, & spoke on Matt. 14. Listened till late to the various parliamentary candidates.

Wed. Sep. 12th, 1934. Yesterday I helped Adjt. Smyth & Bob Bannister to hose & sweep the Army Hall, & then I buried a lot of old galvanised iron in the back yard. This morning I wrote the following verses for my pamphlet: -

"Thou shalt not kill," Jehovah wrote; And Jesus said the same: So early Christians never smote Their foes with sword & flame.

No jingoistic dupes were they, Of victories to brag, Or Christ's commandments disobey By worshipping a flag.

Those noble Christians all believed That Jesus was sincere: His "Love your foes," they all received As something to revere!

They knew that empires all arose, Despite the sin & shame, Through multi-murders done for those Who longed for gold & fame.

"...I..."
Extensive empires built
By bloodshed; & each Jingo seeks
To share their gory guilt.

But early Christians all refused
To enter martial strife
For empire-builders, or be used
To take a neighbour's life.

Enduring hunger, thirst, & cold
To do their Saviour's will,
Those noble martyrs, wise & bold,
Refused to fight & kill.

They would not covet, steal, nor lie,
Nor use a spear to prod
A brother, but resolved to die
For peaceful Christ, & God.

For centuries they all defied
Their emperors & lords,
But, heeding Christ's commands, they died
By savage beasts & swords!

I walked to Newcastle posted a book, & bought 4 books
at Fairless for 6d each. They are:- "Time & Tide", by
Sir Robert Ball; "Curiosities of Animal Life", by an un-
known author; "Soap Bubbles", by C.V. Boys; "Sutter's Etym-
ological Spelling Book. I attended the Army meeting in Bel-
mont street, Hamilton & spoke on elections.
Afterwards I listened to Jim Smith, the Labor candidate, &
then listened to Buthune, the Communist candidate. I bought a
pamphlet entitled "What is the Communist Party?", for 2d.
We received the following letter to day:-

"Anderson House, Leichhardt St., Glebe P t., Thursday.
Dear Folks, Since I last wrote I have been somewhat "crook"
but am perfectly O.K. now. I think it was a very mild attack of
inflammation, at least that's what one of the maids sugge-
sted. On Sunday night I didn't get any sleep, so I stayed at
home on Monday & dozed half the day. After I had taken
a pretty good dose of castor oil I soon got well again, so
I went to the College on Tuesday. It seems that there is a
good bit of gas attack around, for several of the stu-
dents have had it. There was only one in the boarding house
in the same boat as myself.
I don't think I have any more marks to tell you of except 80% for biology. I expected a
Dear [Name],

I'm just back from my walk in the park and I have to write you about the exam I had yesterday. I'm so happy to tell you that I passed the exam with flying colors.

I went into town yesterday to buy a new book called "The Moral in the House." I read it last night, and I think it was really good. It made me laugh and made me think at the same time. I found it very interesting.

I've been preparing for this exam for a long time, and I'm glad it's over now. I hope you are doing well, and I look forward to hearing from you soon.

Best regards,

[Your Name]
NEWCASTLE HOW TO VOTE LABOUR.

3 BETHUNE, S.
2 SMITH, J. E.

1 WATKINS, David

INSTRUCTIONS TO VOTERS.—Take this card into the Polling Booth with you and mark your Ballot Paper in exactly the same way. Be sure to number all the candidates in the order set out on this Card.

THE SENATE

All the Senate Candidates must be numbered or your vote will be INFORMAL.

A 12 ABBOTT, M.
A 11 DEIN, A. K.
A 10 COURtenAY, L. T.
B  2 ANDERSON, GORDON
B  1 DOOLEY, JOHN B.
B  3 HOGAN, ALEXANDER
C  9 ALLEN, S. F.
C  8 WHITE, J.
C  7 BEIRNE, L.
D  4 DUNN, J. P. D.
D  5 MOONEY, P. F.
D  6 RAE, A.
13 SHARKEY, L. L.

INSTRUCTIONS TO VOTERS.—Take this card into the Polling Booth with you and BE SURE to number all the candidates in the order set out on this card.

If you spoil your BALLOT PAPER ask the Presiding Officer for another.

Your No. on the Roll is___________________


The Worker Print, St. Andrew's Place, Sydney.

write some of the sheets over again to rectify mistakes. Jose & Ivy gave mum a pound as a birthday gift on the anniversary of her sixtieth birthday, the 7th of Sep. 1934. I gave Mum 10/-; Florence gave her some stuff printed in black squares like a draughts-board, to make a new dress; & Charlie & "Molly Riley" gave Mum 2 fancy-worked handkerchiefs. The weather is bright & warm to-day.

The men were here to day to prepare to fix up a telephone in our house for Florrie's use; but they can not do it until next week. Brother Jack's photograph is in this month's "R.H.P. Recreation Review.

Fred & Perce have put new liming board palings on our back gate. Florence was attending an appendicitis patient in Lewis street, Maryville on Tuesday night, but soon came home as the patient was sent to the hospital.

Fri. Sep. 21st, 1934.

To day I received the following letter from W. C. Douglas, general merchant, Foveaux St., Sydney:—19th Sep. 1934.

Mr. Josiah Cooke,

We have pleasure in advising that you are the winner of a consolation prize in our Breakfast D-Light Good Advice Competition, the results of which were advertised in the Sydney Morning Herald.
yesterday, & we are enclosing postal note for 1/0 10/- (ten shillings). Will you kindly complete the attached receipt & send it to us by return mail. May we take the opportunity of congratulating you on your effort, & would suggest that you look forward to our further Competitions which will be advertised in the press for Douglas products from time to time. Trusting that you will assist us by having the merits of our products made known to your friends, We are Yours faithfully, W.C. Douglas limited. P.S. Have you tried "Fountain" Pure fruit Jellies? This is a splendid product sold at a low price by your grocer, & we can certainly recommend it to you. Finishing off my pamphlet.

Fri. Sep. 3rd, 1934. Last night I got the 2 books that Art sent to the Hamilton railway station. They are "The Moral Damage Of War," by Walter Walsh; & "The Phantom Of Organic Evolution," by George McGready Price. The first cost 2/6, & the other cost 7/6. I attended the Sarmy meeting last night.

yesterday we received the following letter:-

Anderson House, Leichhardt St., Glebe Pt., Wednesday, 6 a.m.
Dear folks, I received your letter yesterday afternoon & went to town straightway to get the book you want. I got it alright, so I have put the 2 books I got for you together, & have got the parcel ready for delivery. I will probably send it by rail some time this afternoon. As regards money, I still have enough, although I have been "buying up big" lately. I've spent 6/6 on shoes, suspenders, hair-oil, & a tie. The latter was 1/- at Woolworth's, but it's a "little snoodger". There were plenty of shoes at Woolworth's for 1/- per pair but, although they looked pretty good, I thought they might not be worth the money in the long run. Last Monday afternoon we had to go to the Museum & look at fish, amphibia, & reptiles. I was going my hardest for 2 hours taking notes & drawing sketches. I think we will have to go again some time next week.

It has been announced that there will be 3 or 4 weeks practice teaching commencing in about 7 weeks time, preceded by our yearly exam. - only - . We break up on or about the 21st of December. Each year the College holds a camp on the Nepean River, somewhere near Richmond, during the practice period. They have a really good time out there in the bush, but, although they get experience in teaching in country schools, they haven't the same facilities for teaching as those who stay in the city. At first I was very tempted to go, but it would cost me 12/6 more than I pay at Anderson House for the three weeks. Besides this, I want to be where I can get pictures, charts, etc., & so maintain a good teaching standard. If I get good teaching marks right throughout
the course it may mean getting a job quicker than I otherwise would. On Friday night & the following Monday the College Dramatic Society are putting on "H.M.S. Pinafore"— a Gilbert & Sullivan light opera. I have booked a good seat for it as I thought it was well worth 3d to see.

Yours Arthur.

Tues. Sep. 25th, 1934. This morning we had a telephone put in, & Florence was the first to use it. She rang up the Nurse's Home, Hamilton. I have just finished my pamphlet, & have entitled it:— "I Call It War."

I am typing the following letter to the Websters:

41 Ingall St. Mayfield East, via Newcastle, New South Wales, Australia. Tues. Sep. 25th, 1934.

To Mr. & Mrs. Webster, Greenfield Terrace, Re Portreath, near Redruth, Cornwall, England.

Dear Harry & Mrs. Webster, "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick: but when the desire cometh, it is a tree of life." (Prov. 13:12.) Your long deferred photographs are, if not a tree of life, at least a source of pleasure to me. They came on the 31st of Aug., but I was very busy finishing a pamphlet that I have written & revised, on War; so, contrary to my custom, I deferred writing to you until now. Another reason for my unusual delay is that our Federal elections have just been held, & I wanted to send you a copy of the "Sydney Mail" containing the photographs of the newly elected members.

The counting of the ballot is not quite complete yet, but I expect it will be so within a few days; & as the "Mail" usually publishes a list of the new senators & reps. I am waiting & hoping that it will do so this time also.

Now, you will both be anxious to know what we think of you as shown by your portraits. We all like your appearance very much, & are therefore not disappointed. I must confess that I did not expect to find that you, Harry, are such a finely built gentleman: I imagined you as a rather weakly-looking invalid; especially as you have had such a long, trying battle with your trouble. So I (as I think I may say) have had a very pleasant surprise by your photo. I can see now that your splendid physique & strength will have been the main factors in your recovery. Harry, accidents, you should be capable of living many years yet.

And as for you, Mrs. Webster, your unfounded fears that we would be disappointed in you have not been realised. I think that you are a kind & intellectual-looking lady, though not so robust as your solid, muscular husband. What you lack in breadth is made up in height. You also have a high, intelligent-looking forehead, with plenty of ideality, which makes you capable of forming ideas very rapidly, & of expressing them too. I think you have great force of character, & would not let anyone dominate you without a strong protest. I think you are blessed with what physiologists call the vital-mental...
temperament; so what you lack in avoirdupois you supply in physical & mental activity. But your photo does not do full justice to your features, especially your eyes, mouth, & chin, which have not been accurately focused. When you get photographed again you should have a plate or film all to yourself & you should be taken either just before sunrise or immediately after sunrise down, when you will be able to keep your eyes open without strain or distress.

When I receive a really first-class portrait of you both I intend to place it in a very nice frame in a prominent place.

Anyhow, the present photo, is a source of pleasure to me; & I have placed it where I can see it very often. I thank you both very much for fulfilling your promise to send us your likenesses, especially as you have had so much trouble to do so. I am glad to find that the "Mails" reached you safely & that you like them. I am also pleased to learn that Mrs. Chinnock also sends you some sometimes. I receive Reynolds' paper regularly, & there is never any trouble about deficient postage. You speak about the foolish people being flattered by the old gangs in England; but if they are more foolish than we chuckle-headed Aussies I pity them!

Joe Lyons, the federal prime minister, has legally robbed the people, & especially the invalid & old-age pensioners, for nearly 3 years; so much so that the pensioners have formed themselves into united bodies to battle against him & his plundering gang, which was the talk of Australia. The stupid so-called Labor Party split itself into 2 parts & began to slang each other right through the election period instead of being solidly united against Lyons' mob of thieves.

One of the Labor parties called itself the Lang Party because it advocated the plan of action laid down by John T. Lang, who was the N.S.W. premier in the State parliament before Stevens was put into his place; & the other portion of the Labor Party called itself the Scullin Party because it believed in the policy of Mr. Scullin, who was the Federal prime minister before Lyons took his place in the Federal Parliament.

Both parties did their best to defeat the other Labor party. Besides these 2 sets of fools we had the United Country Party, which looks after the interests of the farmers & squatters, & is what may be called a Free-Trade Party; & against that party there was the United Australia Party, which looks after the interests of the rich & the big exporters, & is really a disguised Protectionist party. Then we had quite a new party called the Douglas Credit Party which declared that it had no connection with the other parties, but was only anxious to inaugurate the social system of Major Douglas. Lastly we had the Communist Party, which was bitterly opposed to all the others. So we had 6 parties to choose from. Now that the figures are nearly all in we find to our surprise & disgust that the stupid people have returned Lyons' gang to power.
again, but with a slightly smaller majority than he had before, but still enough to carry on his robberies with the help of the United Country Party.

The Communists, who wish to smash the present abominable social system, polled several thousands of votes more than they did at the previous election, but not one of the candidates, nor one of the Douglasites, was elected. Now, what do you know about that? Our only hope of shifting Lyons & his gang is that Earl Page, the leader of the United Country Party, will vote with the 2 sections of the Labor Party to put Lyons out of office. It is a very faint hope, though; for Page is just as much of a capitalist as Lyons is, & I'm not very likely to help the Laborites to oust Lyons. So it's a case of "As you were."

Yes, thank God, we are keeping pretty well, though I have had a few turns of giddiness lately; & my wife has had a little growth taken off her hand for fear that it might have one day become a cancer. It is almost right again now. I am very glad indeed to know that you were all enjoying good health when you wrote, & I hope you are still the same. I am pleased to learn that you are going to have a camera of your own, Mrs. Webster, & I feel sure that you will soon learn to use it properly. The art of photography is not hard to learn. The secret of success is to have a good light-tight camera & dark room, & a safe red lamp, & to keep the chemicals separate & the dishes clean. If you have any trouble with your photography let me know, & perhaps I can help you with a bit of advice.

It is pity there are not many more gentlemen like the late Mr. Mills of St. Day. God still makes good men & women to bless the earth.

Our Arthur went back to the Teachers' College on the 3rd of this month, & will not have another holiday until about the 21st of Dec next, when he will have 3 months at home. He is getting along pretty well with his studies, & is keeping well, thank God.

Our only daughter Florence is now doing general nursing. She has had 4 cases--three recoveries & 1 death. She has now had a telephone put into our house, as she wishes to be informed quickly of any case that she may have to nurse.

With this I am sending you 2 pieces that I wrote for the "War Cry". I thought that perhaps you would like to see a little of my work in versification. (The Wondrous Works Of God, & Faith & Knowledge). I have a great deal of it in the pamphlet that I have just completed, which I have entitled "I Call It Murder". My next task is to find a paper that will print it. I may be able to send you a printed copy someday.

I see by to-day's paper that the Big Bugs have launched a new murder ship for the Australian Bugs, & that, as usual, one of the Jingo parsons held a so-called religious service under the bows, & Mrs. Jingo Bruce broke a bottle of wine on the bows, & sacrilegiously asked God to bless all who sailed in the wholesale slaughterer. I wonder will those parsons ever
become converted. Lyons' gang is going to waste four million of the workers' hard earned money on more implements of human slaughter. It is no wonder that people call this continent "Horsetrailia". A more appropriate name would be "Australasia! Sunday observance is fast dying out in this part of the world. Even archbishop Wand of Brisbane said recently that it is right to have sports & games on Sundays. He lost his son in the Italian Alps shortly afterwards. Well, I must now conclude for the time. I thank you again for sending the photos & the many papers, & hope that you will receive the 2 3 Mails that I will send with this." I remain your grateful friend, Josiah Cocking. Tell Kathleen I have not forgotten her photograph. God bless you all! Write when you get the time."

Wed. Sep. 26th, 1934. Yesterday I received the following letter: -

"25 Stuart Rd. Prospect, Adelaide, S.A. (Sep 20th, 1934) Dear Mr. Cocking, You will wonder what happened to me that I did not write acknowledging the letter you kindly sent me. I sent them on to Mr. Fraser, who, my son Roy informed me was very pleased to get them.

The memorial "Worker" that I sent you with a request to return it later but not to hurry, My daughter has just let me know that she has a spare copy which she will let me have; so now you can keep the copy that I loaned you. The main reason why I have not written before is that I've been too unsettled in my mind, or rather worried. My youngest daughter came to Australia with me in the hope that her husband could get work in Australia--Adelaide. She advised to sell their furniture & come across, which he did. They bought a small mixed business, but found that they were let down, & had to close up the place. Of course it was only a lock-up shop: cooked meats & home-made cakes. After putting 16 weeks in it they got out of it. That was in April; & ever since I've been keeping them, & they are on rations. My son-in-law was on the railway in N.Z: was crane driving for 14 years; & he had some experience in cutting galvanised iron. He holds 3 certificates for crane-driving. I was wondering if you knew any of the heads in Newcastle that could get him work in the steelworks in Newnham & the duration of his work & wages. He is a good worker--very steady. Newcastle or anywhere. He is a good worker--very steady. I would be more than grateful to you if you could get him placed in something over there. I am in a hurry to get this posted. I can't wait to give any particulars, but I can speak for his honesty & work. His name is Vincent Forman. They have a little boy nearly 2 years old. Now hoping to be forgiven for keeping you so long without a reply to your letter, & with kindest regards to all, from yours..."
sincerely, A. Holland. My daughter was a member of the Westport Hospital Board for 4 years, & resigned to come over here.

Thur. Sep. 27th, 1934. Last Sunday I lent Bob Gibson "The Moral Damage of War". I have finished reading "The Phantom Of Evolution," by Price. To-day I am sending "I Call It Murder" to Sydney "Truth".

Thur. Oct. 4th, 1934. Last night Florence went to Deman to nurse a man named Brock. This is a beautiful sunny morning. Last Mon. I collected 5/3½ for Self Denial in Margaret, John, & George streets, & in King's Road. It was a record cold day for October in N.S.W. Snow fell on the Blue Mountains & on Barrington Tops. On Tues. I frosted a window in the Primary Hall; repaired a sand-tray, & put more weights on the cords of a window. This morning I have the following advertisement in the Newcastle Morning Herald -- "Found: Writing utensil. Owner describe at 41 Ingall St., Mayfield E." I found a silver pencil-case near our house on Sat. It is inscribed "Sterling silver. Lifelong. Made in England." The ad. cost 1/-.

To-day we received the following letter: --
"Anderson House, Leichhardt St., Glebe Pt., Wednesday. Dear Folks, I went to town to-day & after visiting several bookshops, obtained "Evolution At The Bar". As I will be going home next week-end I won't send it. While I was in town to-day I went to the shipping office to inquire the return fare by boat to Newcastle, but found that there is no boat returning on Sunday night. Consequently I will catch the 4 o'clock train on Friday afternoon. There is a week-end excursion, so I'll be able to make the return trip for single fare. I want to get some books from home & to type out some botany sheets—among other things. I don't think I have told you the results of all subjects in the last exam. As a matter of fact we haven't received the results in one subject, but we have in all the rest. Up to date I have 4 credits & 5 passes; no failures & no distinctions. There is one subject which is on the border line between a pass & a credit; so perhaps I should have written 5 credits & 4 passes. The other day I bought a copy of the centenary issue of "The Australian". It should be very handy in teaching. Since I'll see you all at the week-end I won't write any more.
Yours Arthur.

P.S. Last but by no means least, thanks for the papers & envelopes you have sent me."

I gave him the silver pencil-case that I found as no one has claimed it. I have typed out the following list of books that I want him to buy for me:

- The Gospel Of the Poor, by Davidson;
- "God or Gorilla", by McCann;
- "Collapse of Evolution" by Prof Townsend;
- "Fundamentals Of Geology", by Price;
- "The Glacial Nightmare", by Sir H.H.Howorth;
- "The Predicament Of Evolution", by Price;
- "New Light On the Doctrine of Creation", by Price;
- The Book Of Lords", by J.M.Davidson;
- "Life In The Word", by P. Mauro;
- "The Origin Of Species", by Darwin;
- "Organic Evolution Considered", by Prof. Fairhurst;
- "Theistic Evolution", by Fairhurst;
- "Evolution", by Th. Graebner;
- "Organic Evolution Cross-Examined", by Duke of Argyll;
- "Contending For The Faith", by Dr. Leander S.Keyser;
- Orton's Zoology";
- "At The Death-Bed Of Darwinism", by Dr. E.Dennert;
- Creation or Evolution", by G.T.Curtis;
- "Manual Of Geology", by Prof. Dana;
- "Readings In Evolution", by Prof. H.H.Newman;
- "Darwinism Of To-Day", by Prof. V. Kellog;
- "Geology", by Le Conte;
- "Men Of The Old Stone Age", by Dr.Osborn;
- "I Believe In God & In Evolution", by Dr.W.W.Keen; & "The Theory Of Evolution", by W.B.Scott.

I have read "Evolution At The Bar", & like it very much.


Dear Sir, Under separate cover we are returning your book entitled "I Call It Murder", & wish to advise that it is not suitable for Truth. Yours faithfully, M.E. Gallard, editor."

We also received this letter from Florence:- "C/o Mr. F. Brock, Berlin. 6/10/34.

Dear Everybody, I was very pleased to receive 2 letters to day, especially the one from home, it came as a sort of pleasant surprise, me being away such a short time. This is a great job; only one big fault is that it will end too soon. The people are very nice; they are running a dairy farm. Everything up here looks very nice &
green. The Hunter & Goulburn rivers are quite close to the house. The patient (the head of the house) has cellulitis of the nose, but is improving so rapidly that I shall soon be out of a job again. The other letter, from Muriel, has interesting news regarding myself. She says that the matron of the private hospital in Scone, to which I applied, asked her the other day for my address, as she knew of a suitable job for me; but perhaps Muriel may have told her that I was working pretty well, for she apparently has not written yet. The Doctor brought an invitation out from the Matron of the private hospital in Denman asking me to call & see her; but seeing that the town is four miles away, & the patient's treatment is pretty continuous, I don't see much possibility of my being able to get in other than the return trip. I don't think I shall be ringing up too much: too costly, the fee (being an extension) the other night cost me 2/-; you people were such a long time replying. Well, so long; I am really enjoying myself up here. I think this is the best case I have had so far. I was pleased to hear that Art intended coming last night. Must close now.

The little girl, aged 9, is worrying me. I made yesterday to go for a little walk down near the river. Don't worry about the pot, Charles; I'll be alright.

Love from Florence.

Fri. Oct. 11th, 1934. Florence returned from Denman on Wednesday night, as Mr. Brock had become almost quite well again. The King of Yugoslavia has been shot dead by a Croat, & there is a great stir about it in Europe. Two other men were also killed by the assassin, & several were wounded. He was killed. Lyons has formed his new ministry. Fred & Percy are dismantling Joe's car to take out the broken driving shaft. Muriel Cone's brother Darrel died last week of blood poisoning.

Cold & rainy this morning.

To-day I received the following letter:


Dear Mr. Cocking, I know you will be interested to know how the Tighe's Hill cadets are faring. First of all I can say that we are all having a good time here & have been having a good time ever since we came to Melbourne. You would be interested (& amused sometimes) if you knew how Bram & I have been doing since we came to Melbourne. We have been in plenty of arguments, & chiefly about tea-drinking.

Peter Lucas sent Bram a song you wrote—"The Military Padre", & we very much enjoyed reading it, & agreed with every word in it."
every word in it. One night in the men's dining room,
we were showing it to the other cadets, & we began to
sing it. The result was that in a few minutes twenty of
the lads were around us trying to look at it to have a @
sing; & we all bellowed out so very loud that the ser­
egant came in to stop the awful din.
Bram has lost the copy he had; & if you had time we wou­
l'd be glad if you would send another copy.
I want to thank you for the talks you used to have to me
about war & blooshed. I am really grateful to you, beca­
use I really think that your idea about war & bloodshed
is to a very large extent right.
I am glad for this reason that I ever associated with you
; & I owe to you the fact that I know that I adopt a real
Christian attitude to war & bloodshed. It is a pity that
the Church of God to day should have such sympathy with
heathen practices. I say this because this is a subject th­
at I have thought quite a lot about recently, & always
have thought a lot about since speaking to you on the sub­
ject.
We want a good argument against rea-drinking here too. I
think we have convinced most of the lads here that this is
a bad habit( but of course that is only by the way).
I haven't much time to write; but Bram & I would be pleased
to hear from you.
I hope you are still pressing on in the fight against sin,
& keeping well saved. Glad to be able to say "Hallo" to
you once again. Bram & I often speak of the discussions
we used to have with you.
Yours in the service of Jesus,
CLAUDE WRIGHT, Cadet.

Sat, Oct. 13th, 1934. Last evening I wrote a typed letter
of 2 pages in reply to Claude Wright. This morning I have
copied "What Is A Military Padre?", & Would Jesus Go To
War?". I am sending them to Claude with the letter.

I am sending the following note to the Worker:-
"To the Editor,
Sir, I have been too busy lately to reply to
your note informing me that my subscription expired on the
31st of last August; but as I now have time to attend
to the matter I am enclosing a money order for 3/- for this
quarter. It was very good of you to continue sending the
Worker when my sub. was overdue.
I do not receive the Worker regularly--that is--I do not rece­
ive every week's issue; but the fault may be that of the postal
officials on your side or mine. With this I am sending, under
separate cover, a pamphlet which I would like you to read
the view to printing in the Worker if you find it accepta­
ble. It is entitled, "I Call It Murder".

2320
I am not able to have it printed in pamphlet form; but if you decide to print it in your paper perhaps we could arrange the terms on which you could issue it in pamphlet form later on. If you find it is not suitable for the Worker, please return it to me at your earliest convenience, for which I will add postage to the 3/- I remain, Sir, Yours sincerely, Josiah Cocking.

P.S. As I wish to remain in obscurity for the present, I wish you to print the pamphlet in the Worker under the pen-name, "Taraxacum", if you accept it for publication."

Mon. Oct 15th 1934. Yesterday the Tighes Hill Corps began a fortnight's soul-saving campaign. I was out with the army all day on Sunday. At night there was a young woman out at the penitent tent. Colonel Fisher & Brig. Renshaw were the special officers on Sunday. Last night we had an inter-meeting at the hall; but the weather was wet, & only about 5 or 7 attended --- T ---

Tuess. Oct. 16th, 1934. This morning I attended the 7o'clock prayer meeting, but only Mrs. Bandler, Adjt. Smyth, were there. The following letter was received by Florence yesterday:

"Craiglea, Woolooma, via Scone, 12/10 34. Dear Flo, I received your letter last Tuesday week when we were all together quite happy & appearing quite healthy, never dreaming of Darrel being taken from us in a couple of days. It came suddenly. We were all working in the shearing shed quite alright on Wednesday morning, & at lunch time Darrel complained of not feeling well. We had him taken home, & never thought of him being very bad until Thursday morning when, at times, he was delirious. He said he didn't feel very bad when he was sensible--didn't even complain of having a sore throat. They got the ambulance to come out, & Muriel went to Scone with him; & about 7 o'clock that night he was dead. Muriel was the only one with him, but he didn't know her.

Dr. Scott & Dr. Pye were attending him & gave him serum. Muriel said that they did all in their power to save him, but it seemed as though his call had come, & he had to go. It seems terribly hard to go on through life without Darrel; but we must keep on going. Could you please let us have the loan of the negatives of the photos which you had taken while you were here, as we want to get some enlargements taken off, & they seem to be the only good snaps we have of Darrel. Muriel has been sick in bed for these last couple of days, tired out with worry, & a touch of the flu, but seems much better to night; & she would have written to you only for being sick.

Well, I will ring off now, as I can't write any more.

Yours sincerely, Clive Cone."
To day we received the following letter from Arthur—

Anderson House,
Leichhardt St., Glebe Point, Sunday, Oct. 16th, 1934.
Dear Folks,
I got to Hamilton station with about 18 minutes to spare last Sunday night. I arrived at the house here about 11 p.m. Last Wednesday I got something in my eyes which made them feel very sore until last night. Since my eyes were "crook" I decided to go out to Earlwood on Thursday night. When I arrived at idolon's place I found Aubrey May & Uncle Jack there. They seemed pretty pleased to see me, especially Uncle Jack, who skited about our family for about half the night.

Yesterday I went to Longreef, which is 8 miles north of Manly, in search of zoological specimens, but I didn't get anything very uncommon—just a few sea anemones, sea-squirts, nautili, etc. Manly has an excellent shark-proof enclosure, with a wide promenade round it, & with a couple of spring boards, a diving tower, greasy poles (for pillow fights) & a slippery dip ending in the water. We intended to have a swim there after going to Longreef, but when we got back we were too late. The water was terribly smooth in crossing over the harbour—I was hoping it would be rough.

Will you please send down the box of paints which is at home somewhere? Contrary to what I expected, I have found out that any set of paints will do. In my drawer you'll find a red physiology book belonging to Flo: if it's not there you'll find it in her room, since she offered to lend it to me some time ago; will you please send it too?

Thanking you expectantly, Arthur.

P.S. My eyes are O.K. now. On second thoughts, it doesn't matter about the paints & book—don't send them.

Mr. Stones paid me 10 pounds on Monday, which left a balance of forty pounds to be paid. His account is:

Due on 6th April, 1935, £ 175:0.

Date       Paid       Owing
14 Aug. 1931 £ 12:10:0 £ 162:10
30th Oct 1931 £ 12:10:0 £ 150:0:0
31st Dec. 1931 £ 12:10:0 £ 137:10:0
15 Ap. 1932 £ 12:10:0 £ 125:0:0
28 July 1932 £ 12:10:0 £ 112:10:0
11 Nov. 1932 £ 12:10:0 £ 100:0:0
18 Feb. 1933 £ 12:10:0 £ 87:10:0
13 May 1933 £ 12:10:0 £ 75:0:0
19 Sep. 1933 £ 12:10:0 £ 62:10:0
2 Mar. 1934 £ 12:10:0 £ 50:0:0
15 Oct 1934 £ 10:0:0 £ 40:0:0

2322
The Douglas Credit Party of Australia

MRS. LILLIE BEIRNE.

THE OBJECTIVE.
The Douglas Credit Party of Australia, which Mrs. Lillie Beirne is representing maintains that with the vast resources available a progressively higher standard of living and comfort is realizable and "that which is physically possible is financially possible."

"It does not seek to benefit sections of the community at the expense of others."

Its main objective shall be to obtain by constitutional means such necessary financial reform, control and adjustment as will enable purchasing power to conform to the productive capacity of Australia, and ensure to every citizen the fundamental right to economic security and the enjoyment of the highest standard of living made possible by modern science and industry.

A SPECIAL MESSAGE TO WOMEN.
Your future—Your men's future—Your children's future—
DEPENDS on how you vote

Vote Douglas

The Senate Three.

1 ALLEN, Stanley F. 2 BEIRNE, Lillie 3 WHITE, John

Authorised by P. Minahan, 20 Loftus Street, Sydney.
Imperial Printing Co., 184-190 Day St., Sydney.
Thur., Oct. 18th 1934. I have made 2 bats for Smyth's boys out of a bit of Oregon that Mr. Bannister gave me. I also made 4 stumps & 2 balls for them. Yesterday morning & this morning Mrs. Bannister, Adjt. Smyth, & I had a prayer meeting at the Army Hall. Last night the corps held a meeting at the corner of Cuban & Henry streets, & an indoor meeting led by Col. Fisher. Today I have finished reading the pamphlet entitled "PRESENT SITUATION IN GERMANY" by O. Piatnitsky. It describes how the Social Democratic Party of Germany treacherously led the workers into fascism, & it indicates how they may get out of that condition.

Sat. Oct. 20th, 1934. Yesterday morning Mrs. Bannister, Adjt. Smyth, & I had a prayer meeting at the hall. At night I attended an open-air in Hamilton. The Baptists & the Brethren were also out preaching. This morning Adjt. Smyth & I met again in the hall at 7 this morning. In the afternoon he went to Newcastle with the Tighe's Hill Band to play for the Baptist Demonstration in the Town Hall. Harold Smyth & I swept the Hall this morning. I have bought a birthday card to send to my brother Bob for his 68th birthday on the 25th of this month. The verse on the card is:-

"Brother, upon this happy day
A greeting I would send,
May love & true prosperity
Your birthday hours attend."
A Salvation Crusade
In the
Salvation Army Hall,
Bryant Street, Tighe's Hill
From Sunday, Oct. 14th to Monday, Oct. 29th
1934.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Event</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>SUNDAY</td>
<td>11 a.m., 3.15 p.m. and 7 p.m.</td>
<td>Meetings Conducted by Brigadier &amp; Mrs. Renshaw D.C.'s.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>October 14th</td>
<td><strong>-</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MON., 15th</td>
<td>8 p.m.—Adjutant Smyth, Holiness Address</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>TUES., 16th</td>
<td>8 p.m.—Adjutant Everett, assisted by Merewether Band and Corps.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WED., 17th</td>
<td>8 p.m.—Adjutant Smyth, Holiness Address</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>THURS., 16th</td>
<td>8 p.m.—Great United Prayer Meeting, led by Rev. Wm. Gibbins, of Islington Baptist Church</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>FRID., 19th</td>
<td><strong>-</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SAT., 20th</td>
<td>7.15 p.m.—Open Air Meeting, Hamilton.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SUNDAY, 21st</td>
<td><strong>-</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>October 21st</td>
<td>11 a.m., 3.15 p.m. and 7 p.m.</td>
<td>&quot;The Great Family of Cans&quot;—7 p.m.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MON., 22nd</td>
<td>8 p.m.—Major Runcorn, Assisted by Newcastle Citadel Band.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Open Air 7.15 p.m.
Monday, October 29th

"An Indian Tamasha"

Conducted by Major & Mrs. TAYLOUR

Indian Caste, Custom & Curio's, Songs, & Graphic Recital

Admission to Tamasha Adults 6d., Children 3d.

Come to these Great Meetings.

Adjutant & Mrs. SMYTH, C.O.'s.

Waratah Printing Co.—Phone Waratah 558.

This morning Adj't. Smyth & I constituted the prayer meeting at the wall at 7 o'clock. Most of our soldiers seem to take but little interest in the campaign. Last night we had an open air meeting & a meeting inside which was led by Adj't. Gibson of Lambton. Their band was with him inside. He read the following copy of a news item, of which I made a copy at the close of the meeting:

"Just as Amos Clarke, aged 40, a farmer living on the Lewiston Reservoir, 90 miles South of here (Ada, Ohio) was struck dead in his front yard tonight in the presence of his family & neighbors he said there was no God, & defied the Supreme being to punish him. No sooner had the words passed his lips than he was struck down a few minutes later. His family is composed of Christian boys & girls who have been secretly trained & instructed by the mother."

I have typed a note asking Mrs. Clarke if that extract is correct.

Thur., Oct. 25th, 1934. At the 7 o'clock meeting this morning there were Adj't. Smyth, Peter Lucas, Mrs. Bannister, Mr. Hoyle, & me. Last night Adj't. Shepherd, from Adamstown corps, led the meeting inside, assisted by Peter Price & some of their corps. Shepherd is an ex-cut-throat; so I did not expect much from him. No visible result.

To-day I received the following letter from brother Bob:

"Oct. 25th (24th) Lismore Street, Abermain.

Dear Joe & Jimmy. Your letter to hand to day. Thanks for birthday card & good wishes to me. Well, I am pleased to say that I am in the pink of almost sound health; due, I think, to having good wholesome food, Bread & dripping"
that I had at the Home don't fatten one much. However, not
withstanding that I am so well cared for here, I do not like
the place—I mean Abermain—'tis a one-horse town in every
respect, I can't say 'tis a God-forsaken place, but it is a
place where the people have almost forgotten that there is a
God; as Sunday here is set apart for all kinds of sport: & what
astonishes me most of all is that large crowds of people attend
to encourage & barrack like a lot of howling wolves. Yes, there
is a small sprinkling of good Christian people here who are do-
ing what they can to spread the Gospel news; but Pagan-sport is
the Pagan God up here. Well, it need cause no surprise, be-
cause the boys are being taught it at school: & in most inst-
ances their fathers, in their spare time, are hanging about the
pubs; so what can you expect from a religious point of view?
I am sure you will be pleased to know that I have the honor to
have charge of the young women's class at the Sunday School.
They are a splendid lot to teach: I am proud of them.
The Sunday school is a very large one & well attended. The chil-
dren are very orderly & well-behaved. Bobby's pit is worked out;
consequently Bobby is now on the dole, which is only a bare liv-
ing at the most. Gladys has had to go into the Kurri Kurri hos-
pital for an overhaul. She is at home again & is much better.
The children are now almost free of whooping cough, through whic
h they have had a trying time.
I want you, as a special request, to get a loan of a book entitled
"Armageddon". You can get it from the Tighe's Hill School of Art.
They will loan it to you for a week for 3d. I have just read it f
from the Abermain Library, & it is well worth going to some trouble
to get. Perhaps the Minister of the Tighe's Hill Methodist's
Church will lend it to you. Anyhow, you get it, even if you have
to walk a couple of miles to search for it.
Re your offer to loan me some of those "Wide World" books,
it doesn't matter, as I attend the School of Arts here & have
the choice of over two thousand books. Of course I am not
referring to "The Worlds News"—they are welcome strangers to
us up here. I should like the loan of "Maria Monk" if you have
a copy. I will take care of it & return it when I finish read-
ing it. Abermain is thronged with a vast number of unemployed
men. I am sorry to see so many strong, able men walking about
idle up here. They are, of course, all on the dole, with no hope of
work.
Yes, I got a pair of new glasses. I got tested up at Cessnock.
Gladys' Mother gave her five laying hens & a rooster. Four of them
are laying, & one is setting. I was pleased to hear you have a
phone on—'tis very nice. I am pleased to know that Florrie is
doing such noble work in caring for the sick.
I advise you to get that watch back if he has not started on it:
at the same time you must not forget that if he does do it
he will make a perfect job of it. Most people go to
him for watch repairs— that is why he is so full of work. However, if he says it will cost too much for repairs, I have a railway watch here which needs hands on it— & cleaning. It wouldn't cost very much. It is a beautiful timekeeper when in order; & would be a nice friend to you for a good many years. I have no need of it, as I have an almost perfect timekeeper in my pocket. That being so you have only to ask for it & I will send it down by post. In conclusion: give my love to Jimmy & all the family, & accept the same for yourself from brother Bob.

Many thanks for the card.

Sat. Oct. 27th, 1934. Last Thursday our Fred started to work as an assistant gardener at Lysaght's works, Mr McGuinness put him on. Yesterday morning those at the morning meeting at the Sarry hall were Adjt. Smyth, Mrs. Bannister, Mr. Hoyle, Peter Lucas & myself.

From there I walked to the shop of Alex. Ross, watchmender, in Wolfe street, & told him to mend my watch which need 7/6 worth of repairs. It is to be finished in a fortnight. I tried in almost every bookshop in Hamilton & Newcastle to buy a copy of the book entitled "Maria Monk", but could not. At Fairless! I bought "On The Shores Of the Great Sea", by M.B. Synge. Also "The Boy's Wireless Book" published by Cornstalk Publishing Co., 1924. They cost me 6d each. I also bought a pair of new spectacles for 2/-, I wrote & sent an order & 2/- to Sir Robert Bear, Sydney for Maria Monk. I had a chat with Jim Barrie, photographer, in Hamilton; & he told me he had recently met & conversed with Fred Baker, of Wallsend. Fred is married again to a woman who has a poultry farm at some place whose name ends with "grove", about 50 miles from Sydney. Fred has rejoined the Christadelphian Church after confessing his elopement many years ago with his first wife's sister's daughter. Barry said that Fred is now a good-living man. Last night we had a meeting in Beaumont street, & Adjt. Smyth, young Mrs Lucas, (nee Faith Coles), Jim Stanbury, old Mrs Lucas, one of the bead lads, & I spoke. This morning there were at the prayer meeting, Adjt. Smyth, Mr. Hoyle, Mrs. Bannister, & me. Beautiful weather.

Mon. Oct. 29th, 1934. Last Saturday night we had a meeting in the open-air & one in the hall, led by Lieut. Lawrence with some of the Mayfield corps. Dan Prudence went forward for conversion. He has been under conviction a long time. He is the third convert for the fortnight. Yesterday I was at the knee-drill & 2 open-airs, but did not attend the inside meetings led by major Taylor, as he wears a cut-throats medal on his coat, & is a jingo. To day we received the following letter from Arthur:-

Usual address, Friday. (Oct. 26th 1934) Dear Folks,
"Thanks, very much, for the pair; I bought a pair of trousers for 19/- each. The fellow in Lowe's told me that I didn't have a dog's chance of getting the same design as my coat made, & that a tailor-made pair would cost me 30/-, I got a herring-bone stripe, the same as my best suit: so I can wear them sometimes instead of my best trousers. I have also had my school coat dry cleaned & pressed; it cost 3/-.

The practice—teaching schools have been finally allotted & I have to go to Crown Street, with "Tige" Kelly, the music lecturer, as supervisor. I thought at first that I would have the distinction of being in the worst school in the State, but I find, to my disappointment, that there are worse. Crown Street school, I understand, is situated somewhere near the border between Surry Hills & Redfern. In a way I'm glad I'm going there, for I'm pretty sweet with "Tige"/(after successfully doing his singing tests), & it will be good experience. About half the children there are Chinese & half of the rest are other foreigners. Don't be alarmed because I'll be teaching in Surry Hills—as a matter of fact it's as safe as a bank. The Chows in general are fairly clean & well-behaved, but the non-Chinese element are a bit unruly. Since discussing the matter with fellows who have been there practising I rather look forward to the prospect. Most people don't like old "Tige", but I think I'll get along with him alright. I'll be teaching infants. The exam (ours) begins on Monday in the Great Hall of the University. Arthur."

On Sunday I bought a pamphlet entitled "Dialectical Materialism & Communism"(6d), by L. Rudas; and "The Communist Review" for Oct. 1934. 3d, in the Islington Park. Mr. Ross, one of the delegates who went to Russia with Joe Shakespeare & others, lectured in the park on Russia. I finished reading the 2 publications to day. Yesterday I got "The Phantom Of Evolution" from Mr. Rogers, & lent him "Evolution At The Bar". Bill Bradbrook was here yesterday. He is to try a course of treatment to cure his asthma. He enlisted at the age of 15 in 1917, & was sent on an oil tanker to North Russia to supply murder ships with oil. He is now 32. He was 7 years in the wholesale murder trade.

Thur. Oct. 31st, 1934. This morning I received the following note:—
"Telephone M.A. 4829. Memo from Sir Robert Bear, publisher & importer, Sydney. Cheap Book Store. Only address; Royal Arcade, Sydney, N.S.W. R 1005, G.P.O. Sydney, 31st Oct, 1934. Mr. Josiah Cocking, Dear Sir, Your favour to hand; for which please accept my thanks. Maria Monk is now banned. We can procure one copy..."
only of this work, priced at 10/- posted. We quote you
the following books which may be of interest, priced at
1/- posted: "Sappho"; "The Only Woman"; "Shame"; "A
Daughter Of Pleasure"; "Midnight Madness"; "Madeline;"
"Faithless;" "Mistress Or Wife;" "Stolen Sweets;"
"Love Intrigues Of 20;Beautiful Women;" "Cora Pearl;
"One Day;" & other French stories. Please find special list
enclosed, which may be of interest. To your credit here, 2/-.

In reply I have asked him to send "Correct Punctuation &
Effective Sentence Construction," by Max Crombie; and
"Short Wave Reception," by W. Oliver. These books are 1/- posted;
so I am sending 1/- extra for postage etc.

Florence has given her white Angora rabbit to young McInnes.

Sat., Nov. 3rd, 1934. To day I received my pamphlet back
from "The New Zealand Worker", with the following note: 
"The New Zealand Worker printing & Publishing Co., 126
Mr. Josiah Cocking, 41 Ingall St., Mayfield East, via New-
castle, N.S.W. Dear Sir, It would be quite impossible to
print your pamphlet, "I Call It Murder", in the New Zeal-
land Worker, as it is utterly unsuitable for our needs.
Thank you for letting me see your pamphlet.

Yours faithfully, Ivan M. Leny, editor.

I have finished reading the pamphlet entitled "The Dead
lock In Finance," 104 pages by Major Arthur E. Powell.

Thur. Nov. 8th, 1934. We received the following letter
from Arthur: "Usual Address, Sunday, (Nov. 4th, 1934)."

Dear Folks, I received the paper on Monday last; thank
very much for it. The examinations are practically over,
& I think I've passed in everything. Last Monday we had
psychology, a paper, which I did—a pretty fair job. As
a matter of fact I thought I was due for a credit, but it
was found out later that an examination paper, almost the
same as the one we had, has been in the Public Library for
years. In view of that fact, the lecturer decided to scra-
p the paper we had done, & to give us another one next Friday.
Most of us don't want another one, but we've simply got to
have it. Next week I have a two hour paper on Wednesday, & an-
other 2 hours paper on Friday. Lately I have been spending a
good deal of time in the Public Library, & it struck me that a
father may be able to borrow the books he wants there. As a ma-
ter of fact he can borrow the books he wants in my name, for
I use to get books sent to me last year. In one of my draw-
ers (a little one, I believe) there is a lot of printed mat-
ter which will tell you all about the Library's condition.
If you like, I will find out whether the books desired are in the country reference section or not. The other day I took a stroll round Surrey Hills & watched the children leaving Crown Street school. I rather like the look of them, especially the Chows. They are not nearly so ill-clad & undernourished as the kids of Newtown. Teaching begins tomorrow week, & lasts for a month, one day of which is a public holiday. This afternoon I am going to Earlwood, where I will stay for tea. Hoping all of you are O.K. Arthur.

Florence came home last Tuesday, having finished at McGuiness' as the child is right again. I did not attend any of the Sarny meetings on Sunday last, for I was not well, & I am disgusted with the militarism of some of the high officers of the Army. However I may attend again some time. I have been trying to make a hamel cell out of copper wire that I got on the Sydney to Newcastle road. On Tuesday I bought a valve wireless set for 7/6 of Mr. Raine's opposite to the Tech. It is in a nice box, & will be suitable for holding a crystal set. I sent a "Sydney Mail" to the Websters yesterday. Jose's car is nearly ready for action again. Cloudy.

Mon. Nov. 12th, 1934. I attended only the holiness meeting at the army hall yesterday. In the afternoon I listened to Mr. Longworth, Mrs. Isabel Longworth, Mr. Hla & others speak in the Islington Park on behalf of the Anti-War Society. I bought 4 pamphlets; "From Chaos To Communism", which is Stalin's address to the 15th Congress of the Communist of the Soviet Union; 3d; "Wage-Labor & Capital" by Karl Marx; 3d; "The Soul of Man Under Socialism", by Oscar Wilde, 6d; "The Communist Review", (for Nov.) 3d. I also bought the November issue of the Anti-War paper--War--What For?", 6d.

In the evening I walked to the Oddfellows' Hall, Auckland St. Newcastle, & heard Mrs. Longworth read a lecture against warfare. I handed my pamphlet to the secretary of the Anti-War Society (Mr. F. A. Horne) as he thinks it may be suitable for publication in "War--What For". To day I bought some enamel & paint, & painted the tables & some of the little chairs in the Primary Hall.

To-Day we received the following letter;--
"Usual address, Sunday (Nov. 11th, 1934). Dear Folks,
Thanks very much for the 10/-, but as I was paid on Friday I didn't really need it. I have paid the College dues, so I'm set as far as money is concerned. Last Sunday, although it rained all day, I went out to Earlwood. To day it is inclined the showery but I'll be going to Congress Hall this afternoon, I hope. The exams are over, & I don't think I'll fail in any subjects. My "holiday" in Surry Hills begins tomorrow.
As I will have to travel to the city each day I will have a good chance to inquire about those books which Dad wants. I went to town on Friday afternoon; the streets were absolutely choc-a-block with people. Perhaps the crowds came in to hear the Grenadier Guards band which is now in Sydney. There will be about 7 or 8 fellows going away to the College camp to-night, so the House will be fairly empty for a month. Yours, Arthur.

Yesterday I gave Mary Goodwin "Gems Of Bible Story"; "James Gilmour & His Boys"; & "Brands plucked from the Burning", for the Primary Library.

Wed. Nov. 14th 1934. This morning I wrote the following verses & sent them to the "Newcastle Morning Herald"--

THE TIME HAS COME.

The time has come to tell the truth
To ev'ry aged man & youth
And ev'ry wife & daughter,
Concerning War's infernal game
Of spreading death by steel & flame
And rioting in slaughter.

The time has come to nail the lies
Of each impostor who defies
The laws of God & Jesus--
The laws that say "Thou shalt not kill",
And "Love your foes"-- & runs to spill
A pauper's blood for Croesus.

It's time to undertake the task
Of tearing off the "sacred" mask
From War's satanic features,
And let the light of day reveal
What camouflagae & mask conceal
From cheated human creatures.

In ancient books & modern lore
This monster, foul with filth & gore,
Is pictured in the pages
As something noble, good & grand,
Which admiration should command
Of simpletons & sages.

And simpletons adore it yet--
This hellish thing whose claws are wet
With blood & tears of millions--
This ruthless beast whose maw consumes
Humanity amid foul fumes,
That Plutes may gain more billions!

The time has now arrived to tell
The plundered poor that War is Hell—
Not Beauty robed in "glory"
That War, whose "glories never fade"
Is perpetrated just for trade,
Though praised in song & story.

It's time the workers should expose
The sanctimonious frauds of those
Like parsons, priests, & friars
Who eulogise all martial swine
And teach that warfare is divine—
And call them canting liars!

Let's all denounce each "saint" who
Of victories & martial flags
In lecture-halls & churches—
Each "pious" Jingo who extols
The deeds of dupes on "honour"-rolls,
And Christ's fair name besmirches.

It's time the workers all should see
That War is silly, & agree
To stop all preparation
For stupid Warfare's tears & pain,
And wisely vow that ne'er again
Shall nation murder nation!

J. W. Greig, 4/1/1935

On Monday & yesterday I was painting the tables &
little chairs in the Primary Hall; also to day.
This evening there is a "gift tree" at the Tighe's Hill
Army Hall. Heavy thunderstorm this afternoon. Billy
Burgess' brother Stan. is dead at Blackalls. He was a
miner. He collapsed in the colliery & died in the Wall-
send hospital. Poor unfortunate slave!

Sat. Nov. 17th, 1934. On Thurs. & Fri., I was at the
primary Hall painting the chairs. Yesterday I put new
cords in one of the primary back windows, & put a pane
of glass in one of the side windows. The "Newcastle
Herald" printed my verses—"The Time has Come", but
omitted the 6th & 7th verses. Yesterday morning I wrote
the following verses—

THE TIME HAS COME

Sir.—The time has come to tell the
truth to every aged man and youth, to
every wife and daughter, concerning war's
infernal game of spreading death by steel
and flame and rioting in slaughter. The
time has come to nail the lies of each im-
postor who defies the laws of God and
Jesus—the laws that say, "Thou shalt not
kill," and "Love your foes"—and runs to
spill a pauper's blood for Croesus.

It's time to undertake the task of tearing off
the "sacred" mask from war's satanic
features and let the light of day reveal
what camouflage and mask conceal from
cheated human creatures.

In ancient books and modern lore, this
monster, foul with filth and gore, is
pictured in the pages as something noble,
good and grand, which admiration should
command of simpletons and sages. And
simpletons adore it yet—this hellish thing
whose claws are wet blood and tears
of millions—this ruthless beast whose maw
consumes humanity amid foul fumes, that
Plutes may gain more billions.

Let's all denounce each "saint" who
brags of victories and martial flags in
lecture-halls or churches—each "pious"
Jingo who extols the deeds of dupes'
on "honour"-rolls, and Christ's fair
name besmirches.
WE'RE PASSING ON.
(Tune—"Maryland".)

For all the living human race
This earth is no abiding place;
No soul can here forever stay,
For all are doomed to pass away.

Chorus—
We're passing on, we're passing on
To where vast multitudes have gone—
To Heaven, with the saved to dwell,
Or to eternal, hopeless Hell!

Though high our titles, strong our frames,
Renowned our skill in arts or games,
Or members of the common class,
We all, at length, from earth must pass.

Lord, keep this truth before each mind
Whenever we strive, through sin, to find
Our joy in power or in gain:—
That mortals here shall not remain!

And may we all remember, Lord,
This solemn fact—so oft ignored—
That all who draw life's fleeting breath
Must come to Judgement after death.

And when our earthly sun has set,
Lord let us pass, without regret,
To endless life & blissful love
In mansions Christ prepared above!

Mon. Nov 19th, 1934. Yesterday I was with the Army
until the afternoon, & spoke with Adjt. Smyth in the R
park, Poor old Mr. Rivett, the ex parson, died at Sydney on Sunday after addressing an anti-war meeting in
the Domain. He was a good battler for freedom & right.
To-day I have finished the following verses which I started yesterday:— AS OTHERS SEE US.
When a sage, in future ages, shall peruse our annals' pages
With his whole attention focussed on the facts he has perc-eived—
That, despite the "education" of each so-called Christian
nation,
It was hypnotised & hocusped— they will hardly be believed.

I wrote a note to brother Bob to day re the book he wants.
When our candid annals mention that we use each new invention
To destroy our fellow-creatures to enrich a greedy few;
That we train vast hordes for carving other hordes, while souls are starving, with emaciated features, on hard benches, wet with dew;

Then that sage, with mind unclouded,
By the mists in which we're shrouded—
By the fogs of War-traditions & the fallacies of yore—
Will be startled to discover
That each militant war-lover
And each seThug that sells munitions
Draw their sustenance from gore—

that among the callous number
Of gorged leeches that encumber
This sublunar sphere, where teachers
Now resort to Mammon's tryst
To participate in winning
Tainted wealth through War—Trust sinning,
Are some sanctimonious preachers
Of the "peace" of Jesus Christ.

It encourages the scoffers
When a "pious" bishop's coffers
Are replenished by the riches
That his blood-stained war-shares yield;
Whilst his ample paunch is sated
Through the deaths of victims fated
To become manure, in ditches, that may fertilise a field.

And that sage may scream with laughter,
In the age that's coming after,
When he reads of wholesale murder,
Making population sparse,
Now encouraged by some parsons
Who pray blessings on War's arsons;
For no comedy's absurder
Than vile Warfare's tragic farce!

It's no wonder Norman Angell
Now proclaims the old evangel
Once proclaimed by Christ, the Saviour,
On the Galilean flood,
To expose the Church, war-rotten,
Where "Forgive them" seems forgotten,
And denounce the vile behaviour
Of the "holy" men of blood.
May he shout from highest steeples
To the war-deluded peoples,
With a waking voice of thunder
Which the sleepiest must heed,
That for men to die, like cattle,
On the senseless fields of senseless battle
Is an idiotic blunder
That Thugs perpetrate through greed.

On this planet none need trample
On his fellows, for there's ample
Room & means for many millions
More than now on earth reside;
Ample means to make men healthy,
Happy, holy, wise & wealthy:
There is sustenance for billions,
For the world is rich & wide.

What the nations now require
Is not War's infernal fire,
But to love our God & brothers,
And exist by work—not stealth—
To possess the land together.
And remove each bond & tether;
Each assisting all the others
In a world-wide Commonwealth!

I have copied this & posted it to the "Newcastle Morning Herald." This (Monday) afternoon we received the following letter from Arthur:-

"Anderson House, etc. Dear Folks, Being on Surrey Hills is not so bad as I expected; I've been teaching an infants class, & they're relatively easy to manage. However, they got a bit un­ruly one number lesson, & who should walk in but the supervisor. It was the worst lesson I've ever given, so I think I'm in for a pretty poor teaching mark. The class teacher put in a good word for me, telling the supervisor that it was nothing like my ordinary teaching standard. I'm hoping that the recommendations of the class teacher & the headmistress carry a good bit of weight, for I'm pretty sweet with both of them.

Our supervisor, Dr. Machaness, (it was to have been Tige Kelly) is the examiner in intermediate English, so he'll be busy marking exam. papers. He has also to supervise a big batch of 2nd year students & graduates, so we won't see much of him. That's what makes me think it may be possible to over-ride the bad impression I have formed.

On Friday last they told me I will be on the 5th class boys. This should suit me much better. Towards the end of the afternoon the head mistress came in & told me she had read through my lesson notes & self-criticism. She was very pleased.
With them, & was delighted to see that I devoted so much
thought to my comments—so she said. She had also watched
me through the glass partition, & she liked my attitude to-
wards the class. If I can only make the boss of the boys' school
think the same way about me everything may be O.K.
In my 2 A class there were 7 Chows, (nice little kids, too) 1
Mongol, 2 Italians, 3 Greeks, & 33 others.
My 5th class seems to be practically all Australians.
Next week Thursday & Friday are holidays for me. Arthur.

Wed. Nov. 21st, 1934. This morning I finished making a
loop aerial. It is not half as good as the high aerial.
Yesterday I wrote the following verses:—

A World Convention.

It is time each Labor Union
On the planet held communion
In an Anti-War Convention
To decide that wars shall cease
To destroy conscripted workers
For the benefit of shirkers.

To enrich rapacious shirkers,
And declare its fixed intention
To obtain eternal peace!

All earth's workers should awaken
And declare that they've forsaken
The insensate plan of dying
To enrich a grasping few—
That the earth is getting smaller
As their minds grow broad & taller,
And they all are now relying
On a method that is new.—

That the method they've decided
To adopt, although derided
By all "patriotic" blighters
And the merchants who selldeath,
Is to make all blatant jingoes—
Be they Hottentots or Gringoes—
Be the only future fighters
To inhale war's fatal breath!—

That, as war is full of "glory",
( None but fools believe the story)
They've resolved that padres, parsons,
And the editors of rags
Who incite poor dupes to battle
Shall be "honoured" by death's rattle;
And war-mongers do war's arsons
Fare the perish for the flags.

2337
That all fighting politicians
Who disgrace their high positions
By their wicked waste of millions
Of good human lives & pounds,
Shall in future leave their wenches
And defend the foremost trenches
To augment the War Trust's billions
While the cannons' boom resounds.

Randed workers have the power
To ensure that cot & bower,
Hamlet, village, town & city
Shall be peaceful by this plan:-
That, in future, only makers
Of foul War shall be partakers
In mass-murder, minus pity,
For the Profiteering Clan!

Sent to "Advocate" 22/11/1934.

Jose was not at work this week, so far, as he is suffering from colitis.

Thursday, Nov. 22nd, 1934. There is a tremendous lot of fuss over the landing of the Duke of Gloucester at Sydney to day. The people seem just as silly as ever.

To day I receive the following note from brother Bob:—

"Nov. 21. Lismore Street, Abermain, Dear Joe, Just a line in answer to your note, which I received on Tuesday. You need not bother any further trying to get "Maria Monk" for me. Thanks for your offer to loan me the 2 books, but I still go down to the Library. I am abundantly catered for in books.

Re your watch: that watch-maker you went to renewed my memory of a picture I once saw of 2 fishermen in a boat. One said to the other, "You know, Tom, I ought to be a good fisherman because, even when I was a boy I was an awful liar". However, I would suggest that, providing he has not started on your watch, you demand it of him & give it to the man a few doors away from him. From Bob, with love to all at Abermain."

Have you got hold of that book? I mean the one I told you about called "Armageddon".

Fri. Nov. 23rd, 1934. Last evening Florrie went to nurse doctor Pittar's child, who has diphtheria, at New Lambton. Jose is a bit better, & is now out of bed.

This morning I wrote the following verses:—

Peace and Goodwill

Sir, I recently been reading Bishop Batty's lengthy pleading
For a mind to peace in nations
That may soon be "sooled" to fight,
But in all his essay's clauses
He has not revealed the causes
Why men still make preparations to-inflict curst Warfare's blight.

It is true the ancient savage
Did delight to kill & ravage;
But the Church has been the teacher
Of each modern nation's mind,
And by printed word & oral
It has taught that War is moral,
In defiance of the Preacher
Of sweet peace to humankind.

In the early Christian era
"Peace on Earth" was no chimera
That was dreampt of by each hero
Who obeyed the Lord, divine,
But a practical ideal
Which all Christians rendered real,
Notwithstanding kings like Nero,
Till the days of Constantine.

But alas! that great impostor
Used his cunning skill to foster
And encourage all things martial
To corrupt the peaceful Church;
And to prove that he succeeded
In his effort, all that's needed
Is to see the prelates, partial,
Leave their Saviour in the lurch.

See them praising & caressing
Murder-ships, & asking blessing
On the means of human slaughter,
Quite ignoring Christ's command
To forgive & be forgiven,
Lest in war our hearts are riven,
And we starve some son or daughter
In a famine-stricken land.

Thus the nations are war-minded,
For through ages they've been blinded
By the heathenish example
Of the preachers who defamed
And corrupted Christ's peace-teaching
By their military preaching,
And who now on Jesus trample;
So the world should not be blamed.
Let the prelates stop parading
Of the warriors, & aiding
In the cunning imposition
On the Boy-Scouts they've enticed;
Let them cleanse their holy places
Of all war-filth that disgraces,
And acknowledge, with contrition,
That they've crucified the Christ.

Let us see the preachers spurning
Heathen Warfare, and returning
From the worshipping of Mammon,
And the Prince of Peace revere;
Let them stop war-adulation
In each anzac day oration,
And desist from oily gammon—
Then we may think they're sincere!

Wed. Nov. 28th, 1934. The verses above were sent to the Newcastle Morning Herald, but they have not appeared in print nor been acknowledged.

Yesterday we received the following letter:—

"Anderson House, Leichardt Street, Glebe Point, Saturday.

(24th Nov. 1934). Dear Folks, I feel pretty good after having had 2 days holiday. The duke has given the schools an extra holiday; I hope it's one day next week.

The boss came in to one of my lessons the other day, but, as I was going fairly well, I'm not worrying much about it. The Supervisor was at the school on Tuesday, but he didn't come near me. I'm beginning to fear that he wont come along to any more of my lessons. The class teacher is the most unpleasant sort of a dame. She's fat & forty, & is a big, gruff-voiced, masculine sort of woman. She nags at the kids all day long: it beats me that they don't go mad. During my lessons she squeals out at the pupils, brings them out & socks them, & so on.

The result is that the kids don't look on me as a teacher at all, but as a sort of higher grade pupil. How can I have any prestige when someone else puts her "spoke" in while I am teaching? I feel like telling the teacher off; but she's so big-headed that I'd only get in the bad books, & since she has to write a report on me, I want to avoid that. The class, taking it as a whole, is a pretty dull one. There are a couple in the class who are almost 14, & 1 who is 14.

One of the older kids is a kleptomaniac, that is, he purches things because he can't help it; it's just a habit with him. The other day he stole a toy watch from the school shop. "Oh," said the teacher, "we'll be having the police here next".

"
"I don't care", he retorted, "I'd sooner be in gaol than here with you!". I felt like sympathising with him, but, of course, I couldn't do that. His parents told the teacher not to spare the rod on him—tosock him on the slightest provocation. I didn't like this idea much; so I thought I'd try what different treatment would do. In just about every lesson I'd go & ask him did he understand everything—would show him how to do sums, etc.—until now he takes a little bit of interest in things, whereas before he sat up the back & loafed all day. I've also made him my general flunky; got him to clean the board etc., so that now he is quite respectful, although he still speaks to the class—teacher as though she were a dog. His expression in 3 days has changed from sullenness to one almost of cheerfulness. On Monday he looked about as intelligent as a dead horse; now he seems about as intelligent as a monkey. Most of the kids, however, seem to regard me as one of themselves. I took one of the cheekiest of the kids along to the boss on Wednesday. On Thursday I went into town & saw the duke & the procession. The latter was wonderful; but it was very stuffy standing where I was. Several women fainted near me. On Thursday night I went out to the showground & watched the fireworks from Scotchmen's Hill near by. To night I will be going to the Venetian Carnival & fireworks display. It's pretty good to get all this free entertainment. The people in Sydney are as thick as flies; so I won't have much hope of getting the books or seeing the printing machine until the duke leaves next week-end. By the way, Dad, what exactly do you mean by a printing machine; is it a duplicator you want? Hoping you are all O.K., Arthur."

Last Sunday I was given the following unfinished poem by Adjutant Smyth to see if I could improve it for him—"MY CALL".

"I stood afar off from the Valley of Life
With its rivers of darkened sin
Where nought but its pleasures were shown to me,
And veiled was the strife within;
And Satan, he whispered with voice so clear
Lo, this is the life for thee,
Allurements & pleasures I here unfold
In the countless pleasures of sin.

I stood afar off from the valley of life
And gazed on its ceaseless woe
For a thorn-crowned Man with a voice so dear
Had lifted the glamour so
That I gazed with awe on a sin-cursed world
But it bade me a weeping 'pray And I fain did cry to the One so dear Lord save me just now—this day.

Then He said, as He broke my heart right down, Lo, these are my sheep—they lose their crown Will you go for me that their souls may live, I alone am their Father, Lo, I forgive . And I went right down to the hosts of sin To bow at His call, their souls to win, For I see in their souls a price so rare, For their life let me live in faith & prayer."

I have revised it like this;—

MY CALL. (Adjt. Smyth.)

I stood afar from the Vale of Life, Whose River of darkened Sin Concealed the rapids & rocks of strife But flaunted false joys within.

And Satan whispered, with tempting voice, "Sin's waters will make you free From joyes thirst: make them now your choice, And evermore happy be."

Again I stood on a mount above Sin's River of Ceaseless Woe: A thorn-crowned Man, with a voice of love, Revealed its deception so

That, gazing down on Sin's turbid waves, Exposed by His holy light, I saw the souls of Sin's countless slaves All drifting to endless night!

Some souls were youthful, & some were old, And myriads seemed to weep, While some were merry, & others bold, But many seemed sound asleep!

I gazed awhile on the drifting throng Swept by on each billow's crest; And there, unmoved as they rushed along, I stood—with my arms at rest!

Then said the Master, "Behold the lost!— They struggle in Death's cold wave— Quick! Spread the tidings, at any cost, That I am at hand to save!
No soul need perish in Sin's foul flood
In sorrow & hopeless strife,
But may be rescued through my shed blood,
And given eternal life!

I rushed below to the River's brink,
Obedient to His call,
To tell the perishing, lest they sink,
That Jesus can save them all!

Florrie is still nursing doctor Pittar's young son by night, but she comes home every morning to sleep. We expected Doris Orchard here again to day, but she did not arrive. She is married to a widower with one child. She is going back to Forbes where she is working in a shop, & intends to work on until her employer can find a person to fill her place. In the meantime her husband is staying here in this district for his honeymoon.

Thur. Nov. 29th, 1934. This morning I added the following verse to those above:-
And nevermore, while He lends me breath,
Indifferent shall I stand
While sinful souls may be saved from death
By heeding the Lord's command.

Wed. Dec. 5th, 1934. This week I have been making Daniel cells composed of copper wire that I brought from the Sydney road job. To day I helped Adjt. Smyth to make a little picket fence for the children's anniversary services. Yesterday we received the following letter from Arthur:-

Anderson House, Glebe Point, Sydney. Monday, Dec. 3rd. Dear Folks, I was talking to a teacher about the kleptomaniac the other day. His grandmother has most to do with his "looking after". She came up early in the year & told the teacher to belt him over the head every chance she got. It was admitted later that the kid had a weak heart, & the teacher pointed out that it was dangerous to knock him about. "It doesn't matter," said grandma, "he's got to die sometime, & the sooner the better." I don't know whether the teacher who told me is putting one over; but I asked the kid & found out that he did have a weak heart. The class teacher hasn't been along to school all the week, so I have been in complete charge of 50 young hooligans. Their behaviour has been alright, but it's been a terrible strain, for I've had to treat them more or less like dogs to keep them in order. This doesn't mean that I've knocked them about; as a matter of fact I haven't laid a hand on any of them, but I couldn't
adopt the least semblance of a friendly attitude. I had to roar at them all day, & frequently kept a few in for a while. I only sent one kid to the boss for the stick. However, I got more obedience out of the class than the ordinary teacher did, but my method wouldn't last very long. I noticed on Friday that they were restless; apparently they were waking up to the fact that I was all bark & no bite. On Friday afternoon I went swimming with the kids. They seemed to like me fairly well, for they seemed to regard me as a bit of a hero because I can swim a little bit better than they can.

I walked back from Rushcutter's Bay with Price (the klepto.) He seems rather a cheerful sort of a kid, although I don't think he's burdened with brains.

The supervisor came to visit me again; this time it was a fairly good lesson. The kids were so interested they were sitting up like angels, for I had about 6 pictures on display. I was speaking to the assistant boss on Friday. He assures me he has the most say in my teaching mark. He assures me he had sent in a good report on me—in fact that he had made a special recommendation to the supervisor on my behalf. However, I wouldn't be surprised if I got a poor mark, for the supervisor is such a big-headed sort of a bloke.

This afternoon another fellow & I went along to the Parliament House, but found that there is nothing on until 2:30 tomorrow. We will probably go then, for there is nothing on at the College tomorrow.

To day we were told about the special subjects for next year; & also that we must do 2 weeks' practice teaching in a local school during the latter part of February next. As no expenses will be refunded I put my name down for Mayfield East.

I will feel important going back as a teacher, but not so important when ("be sure your sins will find you out") they find my name carved on some of the school desks. When I walk into the boss' office, too, my mind will go back to my frequent visits there to get socked. I think I told you that practice teaching lasted for a month this time. I have found out that it only lasted 3 weeks; I was in error myself.

Hoping all at home are O.K., Arthur.

P.S. I will probably see about the printing machine to-morrow.

Fri. Dec. 14th, 1954. Since the last entry I have been busy making Daniel cells of copper wire, & cementing the back footpath. Yesterday we received the following letter:

"Anderson House, Leichhardt St., Glebe P't., Monday. (10/12/54) "Dear Folks, I have postponed writing, hoping that something..."
that something would occur to write about: it hasn't. We go along to College every day & we hear speeches from various people, concerts (which are pretty good) & piano-forte recitals (which are pretty awful). This week each section puts on a program of verse speaking—or rather reading. Our turn came to day, but it fell to my lot only to read 4 lines of a play. One of the women's sections presented a pperetta later on in the morning. Some of the piano playing we hear is pretty good, but I'm getting sick of it. I am enclosing a couple of programs to show you the sort of things to which we listen.

During the week I went to Parliament. There were only 3 Labor men & about 5 Government fellows there. "Tubby" Stevens was away in Canberra at a conference; Jack Lang was there but didn't say a word. He looked terribly bored: so were we all.

I went to Anthony Hordern's on Friday, & after chasing up a few store-guides I found my way to the printing machines. The Adana machines are £3 3/10 each. New types cost 10/6 a set. These machines print on a sheet 8x5 inches. There are smaller machines for printing cards 2 x 3 inches, for 7/6. As regards what it can do, I didn't see any samples, but the assistant told me he thought he had some somewhere, & he'd let me have some this week if I called in. I have found out that we break on Friday next. When I go home I will bring a new copy of "The Origin Of Species" which I have procured. I couldn't get any of the other books, Dad. There goes the dinner bell, so I'll close. I'll see you on Friday next, or maybe Saturday. Arthur.

P.S. Thanks for the papers sent.

These are the programs referred to:—"Teachers' College, Sydney. Assembly: 5th. December 1934. Programme for Recital by Melba Cullen.

"Sonata inD" (first Movement) Haydn.
"The darkening Wood" (From "The Hunter's Moon") W. Alwyn.
Sonata (Pathétique) (First Movement) Beethoven.
To the Moon. Swinstead.
"Gopak". Mussorgsky.
"Leibestraum". Liszt.
"Spinning Song". Mendelssohn.
"Waltz Dream". Swinstead.
"Moments Musicaux". Schubert.
"Waltz in A". Levitzki.
"Ant'ma's Dance". Grieg.
"De Valse". Godard.
"Faust (Duet)" Gounod.

---

TEACHERS' COLLEGE, SYDNEY.
Pianoforte Recital by Mr. Helmuth Hoffman. Monday, 10th.
December, 2 p.m.

2. Sonata op. 53, Beethoven.
   a) Allegro con brio.
   b) Introduzione. Molto Adagio.
   c) Rondo. INTERVAL.
3. a) Asturias. Albini.
   b) La Danse d'Olaf. Pick - Mangia galli.
   c) Jeux d'Eau. Ravel.
   d) INTERVAL.
   b) On Wings Of Song. Mendelssohn - Liszt.
   c) Nocturne D-flat. Chopin.

Last night Charlie brought home a horse & buggy to go away with for his holidays. Florrie finished nursing Dr. Pittar's child on the 30th of last month, & has been at home since.

Charles Ulm, Mr. Littlejohn, & another man have been forced to come down with their aeroplane on the Pacific ocean near Honolulu, on a trans-Pacific flight, & have not been seen since.

Sat. Dec. 15th, 1934. Last evening I bought Charlie a 24 x 8 inches portmanteau at the Co-operative store for 9/9; a box of scented soap for Florence, for 2/6; & a pair of socks for Fred, for 2/6.

At another shop I bought 3 sixpenny books for Keith, Daphne, & young John. Also a little book for Adell. At Blackley's shop I bought a book entitled "Nature's Smallest Creatures." for 9d. Arthur came home from Sydney for a 3 months holiday last evening. He looks well. He brought home a copy of "The Origin of Species"; which he gave to me. Charlie spoke to me yesterday after a silence of about two years.

Poor old Mrs. Hughes, wife of George Hughes, our neighbor, died in the Newcastle hospital this morning. She has been a sufferer with rheumatism for years. She is to have a Sanny funeral.

This morning I went to the Army hall & mended a hole in the floor, & cleaned up the yard. Hot weather again.

Yesterday we received the following letter:-

"Main Road, Depto 10/12/34. Dear Joe & Jinny, At last I take the opportunity of letting you know we are still all well, & hoping to hear that you are all the same. The mine is working well, with an occasional stopping to allow some of the sections of employees to air their grievances. First the miners, then the wheelers, cleeppers, mechanics, etc., which makes a constant dread of something to come. -- worse to come."
However, we have little to complain of, considering the many who cannot get any sort of work. Deept has advanced more during the last 12 months than it has for many years. People are taking advantage of the Government's liberal offer of help by one to build a home, & there are 30 new houses being built; some very nice ones. Of course Dad has such little faith in the present (Stevens) Government that, even if he had the money, he would not build, for he does not trust them. Probably had we a Labor Government he would be different. Everything is just the same here as when I last wrote. I have Edna Dooley with me now to keep me company & help with the heavier work. Of course I am still able to keep the home fires burning, & as she is such a dear girl we are very happy. Florrie can manage without her now; & the baby is a lovely quiet child. He weighs 2 stone & is 8 months old, with lovely golden hair. I intended doing without any help, but Les would not hear of it, & it is better than having strangers. Of course I give her a few shillings a week, & she is quite important now. Les has bought a car, & Florrie is having the time of her life. We have travelled more during the last few months than we have for years. It seems an understanding that we go with them. I spent a few days with Lila last month, & enjoyed it. She is well & happy. They have added to their home, & are apparently going to add to their family. She & George are going to spend the Christmas holidays with us. Barry is nearly 3 years old, & is a strong healthy boy. Bob White has also bought a car, & is quite thrilled about it. Nellie is not just as pleased at having it—she wanted a small sports car, just big enough for the 3 of them; but Bob thought otherwise & bought a Chev. 2 seater. Jim has sold his motor-bike & the man who bought it is in hospital. He had a nasty smash-up with a horse, & is likely to have a stiff leg always. His poor mother is terribly upset about it. Pearl has passed the High School exam, but does not intend going to Woolongong. Her sole ambition is tennis. Jim is still at the fitting shop, & has just a week-end overtime. Dad is still well & quite content with his wireless. You should hear his voice singing the church songs. Though I cannot walk to church, we are regular attendants at the Presbyterian church 2 & 3 at 11 each Sunday morning, or at night. Nellie has a short wave radio; but Dad says his radio is the best in Deept: so there! I will now conclude with love & best wishes to all, from your loving sister E.J. Pettigrew."

There is an air pageant on at district park to day, & planes are flying all over the place.
Tues. Dec. 18th, 1934. Yesterday I prepared Christmas cards to send to Jim Pettigrew & Sister & their children & grandchild. To Lila & her husband George Richardson I shall send a card inscribed "Every good wish for a merry Christmas & a happy new year". The verse on it is:

A friendly wish for Christmastide
This card is bringing you;
May happiness with you abide
And last the New Year through."

To which I added:
But not through just a single year—
Through ev'ry year of life
May happiness & love be near,
But never Want & Strife!"

On Barry's card are these words:
"To wish you all a jolly time."
"Christmas, with its crown of holly,
Comes to bid us all be jolly;
May its pleasures lead the way
To a happy New Year's Day."

"May he aspire
To all you desire
And gain ev'ry laudable end;
Not wanting ambition
To fill a position
Of honour, & help a poor friend."

To Vera Duley I am sending a card on which is printed:
"Greetings.
May your Christmas be happy,
Filled with delight,
Where old friends & new
In pleasure unite."

I added a new verse to preface the printed one that now follows mine. They are:

"Away in the country of mountain & cloud,
Where rainbows shine over the lea,
Sweet Vera may laugh, like the kookas, aloud,
Not thinking of Auntie & me,
But— (Old verse).
"Away in the Land of purple & gold
And the home of the kangaroo,
Tis there where the Laughing Jack laughs all day
There is somebody thinking of you."

"With best wishes for a very happy Christmas & a bright New Year."

To Edna Duley I am sending a card bearing these words:
"Christmas Greetings. To wish you all the joys of the season & New Year ever bright with the sunshine of happiness."

"With troubles at their fewest,
With pleasures at their best,
And friendships at their truest,
May Christmastide be blest."  
To which I added:-

May holy living banish
All ills, while joys increase,
And all life's troubles vanish
In lasting love & peace!

On Les & Florrie's card this is printed:-
"With all good wishes for Christmas & all the coming years.

May Christmas Day be glad & gay
With laughter, fun, & folly,
Each hour be spent in glad content
Neath mistletoe & holly."
To this I added:-

And when your car has sped afar,
On holidays, past hayfields,
With loving loads, remember roads
Are open still to Mayfields!

The card for Jim & Liz-Jane contains:-
"Merry Christmas to you. May all the cheer of an old-fashioned Christmas make brighter the days to come.

"Good cheer for your Christmas,
And joy that's worth while,
And all through the New Year
May good Fortune smile"
I added:-

And, smiling, endow you
With all of the best
On earth for your labours,
And Heaven for rest!

Young Jim's card contains:-
"Christmas Greeting.
May fair winds & swelling sails combine to bring you the best of everything for Christmas & carry you safely through the New Year."

"Like harbour lights
My wishes shine
For you all through the Christmas time."
I added:-
If wishes could
Make you succeed
You surely would
Be blest indeed!

Nelly's & Bob's card contains:
"Bright & happy days be thine."
To Nelly & Bob, with love & best wishes from Uncle Joe &
To wish for speed is good indeed
When sending off a letter;
But when a-wheel the wisest feel
That "Safety First" is better!

Pearl & Joe's card contains:
"Hearty greetings & best wishes for a merry Christmas & a
happy & prosperous New Year.
I hope this Christmas Day for you
Will be all bright & shining,
And every hour will hold new joy,
Just like a golden lining."

But joy that springs
From paltry things
Like tennis-rackets, muddy,
Is not compared
With pleasure shared
By those who work & study!

On Melville's card there are the following words:
"With all best wishes." A happy Christmas & a bright New Year.
At this happy Christmastide
Hearts grow warmer
Friendships dearer,
Peace & joy with all abide.
Love shines brighter,
Goodwill clearer.
I added:
A little boy,
A little joy,
A little trouble--maybe;
A little thing,
But still the King
Of Home is Melville--Baby!

But, as he grows
What mortal knows
The upward path he'll travel--
What boon he'll find
By active mind,
Or mystery unravel?
So treat him well,
For Time shall tell
What great, exalted station
He may achieve
And then relieve
An overburdened nation."

Mrs. Webster's card contains:— "Greetings.
"Away in the land of purple & gold
And the home of the kangaroo,
Tis there where the laughing Jack laughs all day
Someone is thinking of you."

"Kind thoughts & Remembrance.
"The whole wide world is happy,
For young & old are gay,
There's not a trace of sadness
To herald Christmas Day.
In this—the land of sunshine
There never could be gloom,
With kookaburras' laughter,
And Christmas Bells in bloom.
To which I added:—

"The whole wide world is happy;
The optimist may say;
But I think that the chappy
Is very much astray!

Though kookaburras, merry,
May laugh throughout the land,
And Christmas Bells, so very
Resplendent, deck the strand,

There's poverty in plenty,
And much of evil done
Where one eats food for twenty,
And twenty food for one!"

Wed. Dec. 19th, 1934. WE received the following letter on Monday:— "Greenfield Terrace, Portreath, nr Redruth,
Cornwall, England. Nov. 14th, 1934. My Dear Friends, pleased to get your welcome letter, & trust this will find you all well. Sorry you suffered with that giddiness. I used to have it very bad. One day I fell & cut my knees & hand very badly owing to it. I had a tonic from the doctor that just put me right. He said the blood needed strengthening. Pleased to see Mrs. Cocking has got over her little trouble. We are all pretty well at present. I have had my ankles very bad with ulcers owing to the veins, & was indoors 8 weeks resting."
I have had my baby girl home helping with the housework so I had got them almost well. Now she is looking out for work. Glad to tell you my son that's home has been working 5 weeks now. We have had such a time with him; all the year no work—just a day now & again. It's hard luck you can't get enough to live honest. Thank God the Labor Party are waking them up. They are going to try to get the 60 pension for all, & 5/- added to it; that would mean 15/- per week instead of 10/-. I wish they would make haste & let us have it; I would soon get my camera. Glad you got the photos. The children wanted us not to send them, but they give you a rough idea what sort of folk you are dealing with. Oh yes, Mrs. Webster can stand her ground alright, Mr. Cocking. I have had to, because my husband would lose everything until it is too late; & since he has been sick I have had a tight job to make ends meet: & one wanting this & another wanting that, I tell you you need a bit of pluck & forethought to live as you would. But there! we have a nice home & have the freehold; but it was nearly gone from us. They were selling the land to anyone who would buy. The landowner a few years ago was bankrupt, & all leaseholds had to be sold. He lost gambling on horses. So we strained ourselves & had it. My husband's Father had it built just after he lost the vessel; poor old chap, it killed him, nearly. I am glad you like the papers; there is some good reading in them; just show what our big bugs are doing. We can't hear much but the royal wedding now. To day we have ballot papers sent us for us to sign against war. I daresay you see it in the papers what they are trying to do. Now we all send our very best wishes for a happy Christmas. Soon be here now. I am sending you some old views of Falmouth. I am still trying to get some from St. Ray. Yes, that Mr. May was a good man. His son, they say, is just like him. All send best love & good wishes to you all. God bless you!

Ever your loving friends, Harry & Emily Webster.

P.S. We think your little verses very good, indeed. You must excuse all mistakes & blunders of mine. Your writing is fine anyone can read it. I will do my best to get some better photos of Pa & me taken soon. I will get him to go to Redruth & have them done. He goes out now quite a bit, but not been to Redruth for years; just as if he is afraid to go: it's 4 miles from here. Now God bless you all. Hope to hear from you soon again, E.W.

I wrote an answer to that letter to day, & sent—or will send 8 post-card photographs of Newcastle Hospital; beach; Nobby's; Merewether Pavilion; Merewether beach; Hunter street; town hall; Steel works; & a view of the cliff. I will also send a lot of connected views entitled Newcastle Viewettes". & a smaller lot of connected views of the district. I also will send a
Christmas card, which I have described on page 91. I have sent Websters the Christmas Sydney Mail. I have given young Frank Smyth a lot of old stamps for his collection. This afternoon Florence went out to Waratah to nurse a woman for doctor Egan. Thunderstorm this evening.

Tues. Dec. 25th (Christmas Day) 1934. To day we all (except Charley) sat to dinner with Ivy, Keith, & Daphne. Charley went with "Molly Riley" in his buggy to Musswellbrook. She has friends there. My Christmas presents are a little microscope from Charley; a silk shirt & three pairs of socks from Mum; a necktie & handkerchief from the young Smyth; a box of handkerchiefs from Keith & Daphne; a bible from Charlie; a box of handkerchiefs from son Jack; handkerchiefs & lollies from Florence; handkerchiefs & socks from Jose & Ivy. Mum's presents are: - An electric fan from Walt; a tea-set from Jose & Ivy; a pair of silk stockings from me; Coyleys & handkerchief from Muriel Cane; & other things that I forget. I also received a letter yesterday from Pearl White with a nice card & handkerchief. To day May gave me a pair of socks & a handkerchief from herself & brother Jack. We have received cards from my sister Elizabeth Jane Pettigrew. Gladys has taken Adell & young John to her Mother at Raymond Terrace; & this afternoon Jose took Jack, Mum, Ivy, Daphne, & Keith there too. I gave Walt a silvered pencil case; Jose a strop & Gillette safety razor, & a little inkstand; Fred a pair of socks; Charlie a portmanteau; Arthur 2 nature study books; Ivy a pair of photo frames; Jack & Gladys a couple of hankeys each; Keith & Daphne a book each; & young John a book, & Adell a book. I gave our Florence a box of scentee soap. To day I have typed the following safety first verses for the R.H.P. Review:

Safety First Suggestions.

1. A thirst for knowledge may be good
   When ignorance will fetter,
   But still a thirst for "Safety First"
   Is infinitely better.

2. A careful mate will save your pate
   From cuts & sticking-plaster,
   But careless fools, when using tools,
   Will bring to you disaster.

3. Don't practise jokes on other "blokes",
   Nor think your tricks are kindness;
   Your stupid game may make them lame
   Or cause their total blindness.

2353
Don't leave a trap to cause mishap,
Whatever may be your calling,
But kindly plan to save a man
From tripping up & falling!

SAFETY FIRST

8. A coke-fire in a closed-up room,
Life's brittle thread will sever,
For carbon fumes will seal your doom,
And make you sleep for ever!

Following is a copy of the letter I received from Pearl yesterday:

"A MERRY CHRISTMAS. 20/12/34. Dear Uncle Joe, I received your Christmas card this morning, & I think it is very sweet of you to keep remembering us every year!
You gave me a very pretty card, & I think I will try & draw it afterwards to paint. I am very fond of painting. I have painted this little picture on the top of your letter, & I hope you will like it. After the holidays I am going to the Wollongong Domestic School to continue my education for a while, as I have passed the High School Examination.
Dad bought a car; it is a Chevrolet, & is big enough to take Grandad & Grandma out with us when we go out. As Aunty Flo has a car we are going to have some good times together in the holidays. Aunty Flo is going to put the baby in the Wollongong Baby Show next Saturday. He is 8 months old, & weighs 2 stone. He is very fair, & has blue eyes & auburn hair.
I am getting a tennis racquet for Christmas, so you can understand how eager I am for Christmas to come. I gave Mum a supper set for a Christmas box, & Dad a good tye. Mum is going round doing her Christmas cleaning & has just told me to wish you all a merry Christmas & a very very happy & prosperous new year.
I hope you will answer my letter because I like getting letters from you. Give our love to all. Yours lovingly Pearl."
P. S. I came 2nd in my Sunday School Anniversary; & when you see Daphne give her a kiss for me."

Wed. Dec. 26th, 1934. This morning I typed a 3 page letter to Pearl White, & included a copy of "Flowers". Art has gone to the Merewether Lagoon to swim.

This morning we received the following letter from Bob:-

"Dec. 24th, Lismore Street, Abermain.

Dear Joe & Jimmy, Your 2 parcels to hand, which I was extremely pleased to receive. Although Florence does not see me very much she never forgets to endeavor to send me a nice token at Christmas time to cheer me along; for which I am always glad. Also yours & Jimmy's is a welcome present amongst other presents I get at Christmas time. A friend gave me a nice best shirt & callar; so you see I am not forsaken in this land of where sin, drink, dust, & profanity reign in all their beautiful garments. Notwithstanding that we are on the dole, our larder is quite full at present. Bobby received a special parcel comprising one cabbage, 14 oranges, 2 lb. tin of honey, 8 eggs, 4 lbs. of rice, 2 sago, & in addition an extra week's dole; so you see our larder is well filled. At present we have an abundance of fresh beans & tomatoes from our own garden; also we have our own honey from our own bees.

With the exception of a slight cold I am in splendid health. The reason I caught the cold was my own fault. Well, you see, Gladys & children go about these days almost entirely in their birthday clothes. That being so, of course they persuaded me to leave off some of mine - hence my cold. I forgot that golden rule which says, "When sinners entice thee consent thou not". However I will remember it next time. I have just got a letter from Ethel. She has just got a young daughter. Now, in conclusion, give my love to Jimmy & Florence & the boys, & accept the same for yourself from Brother Bob. If you require any special book you can get it from the Public Library in Sydney free of charge.

You pay a few pence for the return of the book. The address is:- The Librarian, Public Library, Sydney. When you write again let me know if the man has repaired your watch, & if it is going alright.

To day we received the following letter from Charlie:-

"Dear Folk, Singleton, Sat. (22/12/1934)

Here we are at as above, & all O.K. Saw a dirty big hare this morning, but by the time I undid the iron he was miles away. The pony is in the pink; & Jimmy must be a good builder, & Doolum too, cause the old caravan is running real good. No rain here or on the way as yet; & it is very hot on the country roads. The pony is down at the blacksmith's having new shoes on, & we are in a hurry to get back at 12 o'clock; hence the scrawl. By the way, Mother, you are still the best cook in the world. Love & regards to all. Chip."
Thur. Dec. 27th, 1934. This morning I finished writing the following verses:—

A MESSAGE FROM HELL.

If lost souls were permitted to communicate with their friends on earth, this is the kind of messages they might send:—

1. Dear Friends, I am sending this radiogram
   As you may be anxious to know
   The present condition of things where I am,
   And how we are faring below.

2. When I was a youngster, attending at school,
   They told me that Hell is a place
   Where every sinner who acted the fool
   Had never a smile on his face.

3. Now, that is an error I'm anxious to right,
   For Satan is dancing with glee,
   And every demon is filled with delight,
   Expecting the war they shall see.

   His Majesty's servants, who ruin the earth,
   With agents of gun-making Rings
   And bellicose rulers, to bring you more dearth,
   Are plotting with militant kings.

4. The tidings now filling these devils with bliss,
   Dispersing their woe like a charm,
   And thrilling lost padres & parsons, is this:—
   THE NATIONS HAVE STARTED TO ARM!

5. We soon shall look up on the beautiful scene
   Of millions of mortals above
   Destroying each other, while rulers, serene,
   All witness again what they love.

6. Again we shall gaze on the horrors that thrill
   When gore again flows like a flood,
   And hate-maddened soldiers are rushing to kill
   To deluge your planet with blood.

7. Again shall your pulpits resound with the tones
   Of "Christians" recruiting once more
   For armies & navies, to fight for the drones
   Who fatten on imbeciles' gore.

8. So Hell is quite cheerful! The gloomiest spot
   Has brightened immensely to-day,
   For, though this dark region's infernally hot,
   This news makes the devils all gay.
We'll welcome the millions we shortly shall meet!
    The thousands I'm certain to know
    Of blood-spattered "heroes", most gladly I'll greet
    When blown to their long home below.

    "A"tten blown to their
    Home

Mon. Dec. 31st, 1934. Yesterday I was out with the arm'y all day.
On Friday Brother Bob & young Douglas Cocking visited us. He looks
well. On Saturday Tom Gibson visited us. He lives at Rockdale. He
was wearing a cut-throat's medal, & informed me that he had been to
the great war, but not as a fighter.
This morning I have written the following note to Adjutant Brown,
the editor of the "Young Soldier" Melcube:-
"Dear Adjutant, To settle a dispute, will you kindly give me a copy
of the poem entitled "What Is Militarism" which you are said to have
written about 3 years ago & which was published in the "War Cry"?
I wrote some verses, under that title, that were printed in a little
local paper on the 9th of October, 1931; & I am accused of having
claimed your poem as my own.
I do not remember whether I sent my verses to the "Cry", or not.
As I do not like being accused of dishonesty, I would be glad to
receive a reply as soon as you find time to write.
I am, Yours fraternally, Josiah Cocking.

On Saturday we received the following note from Jack & Mrs. Weston,
Lithgow:-
"Dear Cousin, Just a note to say we are posting a little parcel.
We found right address after we sent Christmas card to you.
Hope you got it, & trust you are enjoying the best of health.
Wishing you a bright & happy New Year we remain your true friends,
Mr. & Mrs. J. & I Weston, 42 Brown Street, Lithgow.

We received the parcel, which contained a beautifully worked
table-cover.

pack his encyclopedias in, Tuesday & yesterday were spent in mak-
ing a Daniel cell. On Monday Tuesday Jose took Mum, Ivy, & the 2
children to Shell Beach, Swansea. They saw Bobby Cocking & Gladys &
her children at Speers Point. Fred had to work on New Year's Day.
Today we received the following letter from Charlie:

"Dungog, Tuesday. Dear Folk, You may be surprised to hear from me here, but the fact is we heard at Singleton that a plague of grasshoppers were up North further, & so Molly Riley decided she wouldn't go to Murrundi at all; to which I agreed heartily, cause the road was hot, & not much water along the way at all. So we pulled in around Glendon way, where we stayed over Christmas at some peoples' place. Of course we were asked up to dinner Christmas Day, but preferred to eat your pudding & cake, together with a brace of bunny legs, down by the river.

I have been camping in the school porches, etc., & Molly Riley has the caravan: & am I enjoying this trip? It is great; & the pony is in great nick. We are making home now, & will go out to Peterson's at "Youngie", where we will spend some time, but we will be home on Friday night some time for sure; but don't wait up, as I don't know what time. Yours with love & regards, Chip.

Today I have finished writing the following verses, which I began yesterday morning:

Get the Habit -- "Safety First". Tune -- "Mademoiselle from Armentieres".

Safely to drive a motor-car, though you thirst,
Swallow no swill at public bar, "safety first";
Keeping quite sober, don't look back--
Looking straight forward, watch the track:
Get the habit -- "Safety first"!

Crossing a risky railway line, "safety first",
Eyes to the left & right incline; don't be cursed;
Trains cannot stop for men like you--
Time is too short when work's to do:
Get the habit -- "Safety first"!

Reaching the seaside when you drive safely first,
Scrubinkle where you mean to dive unhearsed,
Safeguard yourself from fatal shock,
Breaking your neck on hidden rock;
Get the habit -- "Safety first"!

Filling again your petrol tanks when they thirst,
Suddenly stop all engine cranks; "safety first";
Don't strike a match in light or dark;
Petrol ignites at tiny spark;
Get the habit -- "Safety first"!

Moving a loaded railway truck, "safety first",
Lower the brake-- don't trust to luck, though fools "durst".
Always be sure the line is clear,
Keeping a brace of chocks quite near;
Get the habit -- "Safety first"!

2358
Lowering timber down a ditch, "safety first",
Fasten it right with timber hitch unreversed,
Setting no trap with "granny's knot"
Killing your mate upon the spot;
Get the habit”—"Safety first"!

Using a "band" or circular saw, "safety first",
Open your eyes & shut your jaw — or be nursed;
Carefully watch the work you do;
Carelessness costs a hand or two;
Get the habit—"Safety first"!

When you are using dynamite danger's worst!
Never the detonators bite, "safety first",
Never their white explosive scratch,
Either with wire or safety match:
Get the habit—"Safety first"!

Fooling about with "empty" gun, it may burst;
Acting the burglar, "just for fun", gets some hearsed!
"Unloaded" guns at your abode,
Handled by fools, will all explode:
Get the habit—"Safety first"!

Banish day-dreams, & keep awake unconquered;
Keeping in mind, for others's sake, "safety first",
Banishing danger — shunning drink—
Ever of primal safety think:
Make your motto "SAFETY FIRST"!

Fri. Jan. 4th, 1935. Florence returned home this morning, as
Mrs. Mackie has to be operated on for the cure of her ear
trouble. This morning I received the following note from
Adjutant Jean Brown:

"The Salvation Army, Territorial Headquarters, 69 Bourke St.,
Dear Mr. Cocking, I have never written a poem entitled "What Is
Militarism?" nor anything which could be confused with it.
I remember some years ago reading one with that title in the
War Cry by "Dandelion", which, I understand, is your pen-name.
I am very sorry you have been falsely accused — it is not a
pleasant experience. God bless you. Yours sincerely,
Jean Brown, Adjutant."

I have written a note to the editor of "Reynold's Illustrated
news" giving him a brief description of "I Call It Murder", &
asking whether he thinks it would be acceptable to him for pub-
lication. I included a copy of "What Is War".
I also wrote to adjutant Jean Brown, thanking her, & enclosing copies of "The Time Has Come", prefaced by the following extract from Evangeline Booth's interview, published in the War Cry of Jan. 5 (preated) 1935.

"We are one hundred per cent. for the League. Even if it be half a League, we say 'Half a League onward!' But the League should be supported. I put it to you that the clouds on the horizon would disappear if as many soldiers were enrolled in the armies of peace as there are enrolled in the armies of war. The time has come for calling the reservists of religion to the colours. Let that be the next war and there will be none other."

Also "A Message From Hell & "We're Passing On".

Mon. Jan. 7th, 1935. This morning I helped Adjt. Smyth to recover Eva's "Never absent & never late" silver medal from the sink, 3 feet deep, into which it fell yesterday. We finally picked it up un a piece of chewing-gum on the bottom of a stick. Then I recored the floor of the Band room, & cleaned up both yards.

This afternoon I have typed out "A Message From Hell" to send to the "Newcastle Morning Herald", but I have added a verse to interpose between the 4th & 6th verses on page 96: it is as follows:

In spite of the pacifist talks of the League,
The Armament spiders enfold
The rulers again in a web of intrigue,
To garner a harvest of gold!

Yesterday I was around Islington with the Army, & I was with Adjt. Smyth & Cliff. Grice in the Islington Park in the afternoon. From there I walked to Jack Skillicorn's house, 134, Corlette Street, Junction, & got the address of the editors of "War—What For", which is 193 Hay St. Sydney. He gave me the address of a paper called "The Golden Age", which is:— 117, Adams Street, Brooklyn, New York, U.S.A.

Tonight I have written a note to the editor of "The Golden Age", asking him if he would like to have a copy of "I Call It Murder", & inquiring the subscription rates for that paper: also enclosing a copy of "A Message From Hell".

Tues. Jan. 8th, 1935. This morning I wrote a note to the editor of "War—What For", 193 Hay St., Sydney, asking him if he has received "I Call It Murder" from Horne. Also asking for the rates of subscription, & if the paper was published last month & this. I am enclosing a directed & stamped envelope for reply.

Walt went to Stockton on Sunday & got the pamphlet from Frank Horne.
This afternoon I went to the Co-operative store & got a pair of boots for myself. I also got a dozen screw-hooks; a tin wash-dish; & a kerosene tin; & ordered a hurricane lamp for my trip with Arthur in the caravan.

This morning we received the following letter:--

"Craiglea" Woolooma, via Scone, 5/1/35.

Dear Mrs. Cocking, Very surprised & pleased was I to receive such a nice present from you; & I must thank you very much for thinking of me. I am very pleased that Flo enjoyed her holiday with us. We all enjoyed her visit & had a very good time while she was here. Father has been sick in hospital in Scone for over a week now. He is very much better, but will not be fit to come home for a while yet. The home is very lonely without him, as he is seldom away; & we all miss him very much.

Muriel is staying with him, for he gets very lonely without someone to talk to. We are going in to see him to-morrow, providing it doesn't rain too much. It has been raining all to-day, but has cleared off to night, & we are hoping this will be the end of it for a few days. Well, I must close now wishing you & Mr. Cocking & family a bright & prosperous new year. Kindest regards from Clive W. Cone.

P.S. Muriel said to tell you that she'll write later: hasn't much time while staying with Father. C.C."

---

FDT Thursday, Jan. 10th 1935. Charlie & Art are repairing the buggy & harness. Frank Robinson was here to-night & stayed about 2 hours. I received the following letter from Brother Rob:--"Lismore Street, Abermain, Jan. 9th, 1935.

Dear Joe & Jenny, As I am promised you I am writing to say that I very much enjoyed my trip to Mayfield.

I was sorry that I never saw Florence when I was down; also Walter. We all got home all right. Our train was overloaded coming home, consequently we were late getting back. Well, we all had a good day out, so we didn't grumble.

Everything here seems just the same, & as far as I can see they always will be. You see, we are nearly all on the dole & that means that one person's coat is no better than the other fellow's. I am quite pleased to say that we were wonderfully blessed during the Christmas season; we had full & plenty, although we never had much of the current coin of the realm. We were not without a few shillings in our pockets: & so I think we have every justification to be thankful to God for providing for us when want seems to have been the most dominating factor. I have every reason to think that you & yours did not want for any good thing during the festive season.

I am hoping that the new year will bring full & plenty to all; let us hope so.

Now that I am beginning to know different ones up here I find some real good Christian people with whom it is a real delight.
to converse. Then I also find the proletarian class who are nearly always thankful for a little of this world's goods. Then there is the Communist who, of course, thinks we should all share alike. Then there is the Materialist who maintains that there is but one substance, viz., matter, & not spirit. Then there is the Infidel who, through a scanty knowledge of Bible facts, doesn't believe any of it. In fact on can find all classes who, of course, think they are all right.

Now, in conclusion, give my love to Jenny, Florence, & the boys, & accept the same for yourself. From Brother Bob, with love to all.

P.S. I strongly advise you to bring your watch to that man close to where you brought it in Thorn Street. You took it to the wrong watchmaker. In your next letter let me know, if he says it's no good, & I will send you down another, which will need repairing; but you will have good watch when it's done.

NATURAL CAUSES

Pensioner's Death in Hut
Jan. 24, 1935

On the night of January 10 the decomposed body of Henry Enoch Sharkey, the pensioner, was found in a hut at Wakefield. At the inquest held at Newcastle Courthouse yesterday the Coroner (Mr. A. G. Chipkin) found that death was due to natural causes.

Dr. J. R. Leslie said that the body was in an advanced state of decomposition when he saw it. Both lungs showed signs of acute inflammation. The heart was list and flabby. In his opinion the cause of death was heart failure due to fatty degeneration of the heart, accelerated by broncho-pneumonia.

Constable N. L. Collier, of Teralba, gave evidence of having gone to a hut at Wakefield, where he saw the body lying on its back, with the legs fully extended. There were no marks of violence on the body. He knew that Sharkey did not enjoy good health and that he lived by himself. On several occasions Sharkey told him that he felt sick and had pains in his back and stomach. Sharkey also told him that he always felt sleepy and drowsy. The last time Sharkey saw him, he said he thought he would not live much longer.

FOUND DEAD IN HUT
Jan. 12, 1935

The body of Henry Enoch Sharkey, 63, of Wakefield, was found in bed in a hut on Thursday evening. No suspicious circumstances were connected with his death. Sharkey had been a resident of the district for some time. He was a native of Germany, and an interesting personality. He was seen by neighbours last Saturday, but when he did not appear after several days, a search was made, and the body was found in the bed. It is believed that Sharkey had been dead for at least three days.
I. Jan. 25th, 1935. This evening Art & I finished our trip in Charlie's buggy. We started off on Monday the 14th of Jan., & drove along the Great Northern Highway to Branxton, where we took the minor road to the burning mountain a few miles past Wingen. We returned to Scone, & set out for Merriwa along a very bad road. From Merriwa we returned to Singleton via Jerry's Plains. From Singleton we returned to Branxton by the Highway. From Branxton we returned by the main road through Greta & Waite-land.

The details of our travels are as follow:- Mon., Jan. 14th we left home at 10 past 8 a.m. & drove Molly to Hexham, where we found that we had left the front covering of the buggy at home; & as we would have been exposed to the rain without the covering, Art went back to Waringah by train & got it, & returned to Hexham by train. We reached Lochinvar at about 6 P.M. & camped near a bridge that spans a small creek. Next morning I found that I had left my trousers outside of the buggy all night & the drizzling rain had wet them. I then discovered that the 5 pounds which I could not find at home, were in a third pocket of the wet trousers. A. I had brought other five pounds in place of those that were missing at home, I had ten pounds with me; & as Art had one pound also, we had 11 pounds in all. Art telephoned to Charlie & Florence at home & told them that we were at Greta, & that we had found the lost money.

We discovered our mistake later & knew that we were at Lochinvar. Our little mare—Molly—had strayed away during the night, & after a deal of walking & searching Art found her about a quarter of a mile away on the Newcastle side of our camp. Art removed her hopples, & let her graze a moment without bridle or hopples, but she got away again & went towards Branxton, but Art soon caught her & brought her back. We left Lochinvar about 7:45 a.m. for Greta on Tuesday, & reached Singleton at 5:30 p.m., where we bought chaff, vinegar, eggs, bacon, & oranges. We drove past Singleton & camped on the road leading to Ravensworth, about 2 miles out. On Wednesday morning we left camp about 7 o'clock in drizzling rain for Musswellbrook, which we reached at about 4 p.m. At Aberdeen a trace broke, & after trying to mend it with rivets in the rain we went to a saddler who repaired it for 3/-. While we were waiting for the repairing to be done I had an argument with some men in the saddler's shop on alcoholic drink. We left Musswellbrook at 9:25 on Thursday & reached Scone at 2:40 p.m. I took a photo of Scone with Jim Cocking's camera, which I had borrowed.

We camped on long grass close to the notice-board that describes the burning mountain, close to the railway bridge. A tramp came along from Wingen way & asked if we had some fire; but as we only had a spirit lamp he passed on. Every train that passed frightened Molly, but she did not get away. Early on Friday morning Art took the rifle & went over the hills to find the burning mountain, which he found after a long walk over a very stony hill. He saw
a fox on the burning mountain, & shot at several rabbits. When he returned I took the camera & set off to find the burning mountain, which I did after a long, hard climb over the rockiest hill I ever saw. I took a photo of the burning mountain where blue smoke, smelling strongly of sulphur, rises from a deep crevice. I returned by an easier route to our camp.

We left our camp at 9 on Friday morning. On the way back to Scone we stopped at Mrs. Thrift's house in Parkville, where we had bought a case of delicious peaches on Thursday evening, but we could not buy any more peaches as Mrs. Thrift could not cross a creek to reach her orchard. We left Scone again on Friday at 4:30 p.m. for Bunnan, which is a little more than halfway to Merriwa. Before leaving Scone we posted a letter to Mum. We passed Parson's Gully, & at Parkbrook Arthur had a swim in the brook. The road was very narrow, mostly unmade. We bought some bread & milk at Bunnan, & soon reached the black soil country which had recently been drenched by the very heavy rain, but was then fairly dry. We camped on a hill between Bunnan & Merriwa after travelling over the worst road we had so far seen, & passing through a large mob of bullocks near Hall's Creek.

We camped at the foot of the hills outside of Scone on Friday evening, & Art shot at some rabbits among the prickly pears. Saturday was our worst day, for although the weather was dry, we soon reached the black soil country, much of which is infested with Scotch thistles which almost block the water-worn road. We met 2 drovers who were preparing to camp, & soon afterwards we passed through their big mob of bullocks which had taken possession of the road. We went through Hall's Creek, & late in the evening we camped on a hill about 8 miles on the Bunnan side of Merriwa. There we got a very large ant for "Art's collection, & got well stung in the process.

We reached Merriwa on Sunday at dinner time & bought some fruit at a hawker's house, & some mre fruit from an old man who gave us 6 fresh eggs & a bucket of water for our horse. We had dinner on the outskirts of Merriwa, but did not rest long, as we saw a notice that "Parking is not allowed on this street". On the way to Gungall we passed billions of young grasshoppers that were too young to fly, but could hop a little. The weather was very hot. We gave Molly a rest under a shady tree, where Art found a table-knife, at 4:30 p.m. There were no mosquitoes & few flies.

We reached Gungall on Sunday night & bought some fruit at the hawker's house, & some more fruit from an old man who gave us 6 fresh eggs & a bucket of water for our horse. We had dinner on the outskirts of Merriwa, but did not rest long, as we saw a notice that "Parking is not allowed on this street". On the way to Gungall we passed billions of young grasshoppers that were too young to fly, but could hop a little. The weather was very hot. We gave Molly a rest under a shady tree, where Art found a table-knife, at 4:30 p.m. There were no mosquitoes & few flies.

On the way to Gungall we passed millions of young grasshoppers that were too young to fly, but could hop a little. The weather was very hot. We gave Molly a rest under a shady tree, where Art found a table-knife, at 4:30 p.m. There were no mosquitoes & few flies.

We reached Gungall on Sunday night & bought some fruit at the hawker's house, & some more fruit from an old man who gave us 6 fresh eggs & a bucket of water for our horse. We had dinner on the outskirts of Merriwa, but did not rest long, as we saw a notice that "Parking is not allowed on this street". On the way to Gungall we passed billions of young grasshoppers that were too young to fly, but could hop a little. The weather was very hot. We gave Molly a rest under a shady tree, where Art found a table-knife, at 4:30 p.m. There were no mosquitoes & few flies.

On the way to Gungall we passed billions of young grasshoppers that were too young to fly, but could hop a little. The weather was very hot. We gave Molly a rest under a shady tree, where Art found a table-knife, at 4:30 p.m. There were no mosquitoes & few flies.
dinner near the bridge. The weather then was cloudy. This spot is 6 miles West of Denman. At Denman we bought chaff at C. Keyhart's general store on Monday afternoon; & I took a photo of the town from the Northern side. At Denman we were told that as the bridge was washed away the main road to Singleton was impassable; so we took the by-road via Martinsdale. We camped on Monday night (21st) near a creek that was swarming with rabbits. Art shot & killed a rabbit; but we found that it had hydatids; so we did not eat any of it. There is a good concrete bridge across this creek, but the banks are very steep. All around here are cleared paddocks, with a circle of hills in the distance. Here I wrote 2 verses of "Will It Matter In A Hundree Years From Now?"

We left camp at 7:30-50, & went over good earth-roads & past the little Alcheringa public school. Near here we overtook a man & had a talk with him about the condition of the road. He told us that there is gold in the slope of a hill not far to the South-West of the School, & pointed to the spot where he & another lad had got gold; but had given up the digging when the other lad had his arm so badly crushed by a rock that his arm had to be amputated.

On Tuesday at about 4p.m. we passed Nelson's Creek, which is about 4 miles from Jerry's Plains, on the West, We refilled our waterbag at a house at Apple-tree Flat, where there is a little public school, with 8 scholars. It is 3 miles to Jerry's Plains from there. We reached Jerry's Plains at 5:50 p.m., & bought a loaf of bread & ½ lb of bacon. We camped near the junction of 2 roads to Singleton & Maison Dieu. Here Molly rolled & stretched out as if about to die; but she soon got on her feet again: but she got down again to sleep through the night.

On Wednesday morning we set off for Singleton along the Maison Dieu road, & crossed Rix's Creek at 7:30 a.m. The weather was very hot. We reached Singleton in the afternoon & bought some chaff & a book entitled "The Discovery Of New Worlds." It is the second book of "The Story Of The World, for The Children of the British Empire"; 216 pages by M.R. Synge. 1904. (Ed.)

From Singleton we came back towards Branxton on the main road, & camped a short distance north of Branxton. After dark I got lost for a few minutes in the paddock adjoining the road, but soon found the buggy. From Branxton we came homeward along the same road as we went up on; & when near Thornton Art found (rather imagined) that the shoe on Molly's off hind hoof was loose; so I got a former near by to have a look at it. He said the shoes would be good enough to take us home. So we set off again & arrived home on Thursday night.

Tues. Jan. 29th, 1935. Walter expected to go with Mr. Rose in his car to Forster on Saturday night, but found that the car needed 36 hours of work on it to make it fit for the trip. He had all packed ready to go; but on Sunday morning he went to Stockton to help to get the car ready.
Last night he telephoned from the Stockton garage to tell us that he expected to be home to-day.

Last Sunday I went to the 11 o'clock meeting of the Sammy & was introduced to Major Daley & Adjutant Strange. In the afternoon I went with them to the Park, where we held an open-air meeting. Their assistant—a young woman—was with us also. Jose & Ivy are away on their holiday trip to Forrest where they were to wait until Walt arrived.

I have received from the Pensions Department a form to be filled in. My reply to the question—

"Is your life insured?" is:—Yes, with the T & G for £39:10 £ 39:13:0 at death or 70. Policy No. 7,111,879. My answer to the question, "Have you any money in the bank, savings bank, building society, or other institution, or any money in hand, If so, give details as to amounts, name & address of bank, etc., is:—No money in bank.

£ 45:8:3 share capital in Newcastle & Suburban Co-operative Society, 93-95-97, Hunter St. Wickham.

My answer to the question, "What other income have you received during the last 12 months?" is:—Dividend £ 8:5:0; interest £ 2:2:0; total wages from 3 sons received by wife, about £ 30:9:0.

My reply to the question, "Do you own or have you an interest in any house or land property?" is:—Yes, & 40 charge mortgage of house at 41 A Ingall Street, Mayfield East, valued at £ 870:0:0 owned by Mr. M. Stones.

INDEX


Prize won, 51.
Pencil found, 57.
Reference, 5.
Return of Florence, 37, 59.
Registration of Florence, 42.
Rose Fair, 45.
Return of Arthur, 55.
Soul-Saving campaign, 61, 66.
Safety first suggestions, 93, 99, 97.
"Two Cut-Throat Bands", 37.
"The Time Has Come", 72.
Trip to Wingen, 103.
Visit of Mrs. Holland, 10.
Visit of Duke, 78.
Visit of T. Gibson, 97.
Wireless receiver, 39, 71.
"What Is A Jingo?", 23.
"World Convention", 71.
"Would Jesus Go To War?", 31.
"Where Are Our Foes", 32.
"Why They Died", 48.
"We're Passing On", 74.
"War--What For", 106.