How the Emden Met Her Doom

On the compass platform, immediately above the bridge, in a space not more than 10ft. x 12ft., the whole of the navigating and fire control of the ship took place.

The lookout aloft reported "Three-funnelled cruiser right ahead." All glasses from the bridge then picked up the enemy on a hazy horizon. The challenge of the day was run up the masthead and repeated by searchlight. Guns were loaded and everything was in readiness for action. Hoy on the range-finder was repeating ranges. Captain Glossop intimated to Rahilly that we would turn at 10,500 yards. The range-taker had just given 11,500 when the enemy opened fire at long range. This momentarily surprised our captain and gunnery officer, as it was outside "effective" range. The salvo dropped with wonderful accuracy for the opening shot. Within the next three minutes we came under continuous fire from the enemy.

Shells were screaming and dropping around us. It was remarkable how the fore-bridge was so charmed against this hail of shell. We had not fired, and the suspense was terrific.

A word was spoken at the controls or by our captain. Still Glossop adhered to his original plan to open fire at 10,500 yards.

Turning to starboard at 10,500 yards, our port guns fired three salvos, under direct control from fore control. The shooting was ragged. Our gunnery officer, in no unmistakable language, momentarily checked the firing and gave some straight advice.

We had just got into action again when a shell passed right through the compass platform, cutting the range-finder in half and killing Hoy. His leg was blown off from buttock to ankle, and he died almost instantly.

Miller, who was stunned, used his range-finder telescope to look for torpedoes. We had a miraculous escape. Had the shell burst, it would have wiped out Glossop and the fore-gunnery control party.

Rahilly sent me aft to inquire the reason for the silence in the after fire control, also why ranges from the after control were not being regularly repeated.

I found the after control station wrecked by shell fire. Hoy and Lieut. Hambden and all his party lying wounded.

With our two range-finders out of action, and our after fire control smashed, our gunnery officer ordered immediate fire control. Sub-Lieut. P. Cavaye and Lieut. R. C. Garside's gun crews settled down to some excellent shooting. Our No. 2 guns on port and starboard side of the ship were badly strafed, wounding the two crews and killing the gun-layer, F.O./Lynch, and a gun-number A.B.

The Emden's firing had lost its punch. It had become spasmodic and lacked the accuracy that had opened the engagement. Our devastating fire was terrific.

An explosion was seen on the Emden, she was enveloped in a smoke cloud, and appeared as if she had gone under. This incident caused the gun crews to relax their firing, and they started cheering.

Within half a minute, she was seen coming towards us. boys ablaze aft. The gun crews immediately settled down to their work again.

Glossop gave the order to Mr. MacParlane (torpedo gunner) to fire a torpedo. This was done at a range set at 5000 yards. The torpedo ran accurately, but, to the dismay of fire control party and torpedo, it broke water a few hundred yards short.

The Emden then fired a torpedo, which also broke water a few hundred yards short and astern.

For over an hour the cruisers fought each other with the pugnacity of two terriers. The Emden, badly battered, holding out to the grim end, her flag proudly flying at the main, was endeavoring to close to a more effective range with the Sydney.
U.S. DEMAND
2/12/1918
"So-called" War Debts

"POUND OF FLESH"
Rev. A. R. McVittie's Address

In the course of a forcible address in St. Philip's Presbyterian Church on Sunday, Rev. A. R. McVittie claimed that the United States was not only demanding her pound of flesh in the matter of war debts, but was taking the blood with it too.

He said: One of the most momentous questions of world-wide interest is that of the war debts. I have deliberately used the qualification "so-called" because, as I trust that it will become increasingly plain to the course of this address, I do not consider that you can, by any manner or process of reasoning, regard the money advanced by the Allies one to the other during the war in the light of debts. It was money contributed in and to a common cause, by the borrowers in that common cause, and not for their own use, and having been so used it cannot be regarded as a debt.

"A debt contracted by me for my own personal use, and for the repayment of which I give an honorable undertaking, must, if at all possible, be repaid; and the repudiation of such a debt cannot be defended on moral grounds. On the other hand, any help afforded me by my co-partner in a common struggle, in the issue of which his safety as well as mine is involved, surely comes under a different category than that of a debt, and cannot rightly be regarded in any sense as a debt owing to the fellow partner. My attitude is not to regard it as a debt because of the circumstances in the which the help was given and the moral point of view.

Repudiation of such a 'debt' means consequent misery to me and to those dependent upon me; while my creditor can easily do without the repayment.

AMERICA'S ENTRY INTO WAR:

"This, to me, is exactly how the situation stands between America and the 'debtor' nations of Europe; and that this is so is conclusively proved by a consideration of the circumstances under which these supposed debts were contracted. After the war had been going on for three years, America at long last declared war upon Germany in February, 1917. On that date America advanced from her weight into the struggle, yet 390 days elapsed before America placed a man in the field. From February, 1917, to May, 1918, America was at war, but not until one year and a quarter did her soldiers take their place in the firing line. At the time of the declaration of war, she was unprepared, though she had had three years in which to get ready, and 15 months elapsed before America fired her first shot in anger. During those 3 months at war though not at close grips with the enemy—but yet at war. And during that year and a quarter the flower of the manhood of the Allied nations was being sacrificed on America's behalf.

SUPPLY OF MATERIALS:

"What then did America do during the time? She did the best she could be expected to do; that is, to supply materials needed by her other nations carrying on the struggle. This was her only contribution during those 15 months to the common cause. She could not as an ally have done much less. It was her fight as well as that of the other Allies, and in view of her failure to provide man power, it was surely her bounden duty to provide materials. That these materials were provided is certainly true, but let it be remembered that they were used in a fight against a common enemy, and that is for those materials used in America's own war that the allied nations are now called upon to pay. The position may be put more clearly: I borrow your gun to shoot a wild beast which menaces both of us, and after the shooting you have the best gun efficiency to debit me with the cost of the cartridge.

"Put in this way, such a claim certainly appears ridiculous: but that is exactly what America is doing. She demands repayment for materials used in her defence. Such colossal efficiency as is unprecedented is her delay of 15 months in entering the firing line. The Shylockian nature of her demand is further shown by the fact that the material furnished by America to her allies for her defence as well as theirs was almost wholly manufactured in America—and the nation which flatly refused to accept goods in settlement of the 'debt.'

"ALLIES' BONDAGE.

"Surely America 'won the war,' as she is the only country which has benefited as a result of it. To satisfy her merciless demands the European nations which poured out their life-blood in the grim struggle must be held in economic bondage for two generations. Is it to be supposed at that the feeling is growing among the nations that it was America's war as well as theirs and that the sins of war provided by America from February, 1917, to May, 1918, were but America's part contribution to the struggle, and as such cannot be regarded as in any way at all constituting a debt owing by the Allies.

"What about the-contract account owing by America in respect of the sacrifice of human life made on her behalf by the Allies during the time of her long delay? At the lowest estimate, America because of her absence from the conflict for 15 months saved 200,000 of her men, not to speak of those who would have been disabled. Australia, with a population of between 5,000,000 and 6,000,000, lost 50,500 men. America, with a population of 105,000,000, lost 20,250. And yet Uncle Sam stands upon the fulfillment of the bond! Surely no demand could be basler than this demand of America for her 'pound of flesh.' Shylock demanded his pound of flesh from his enemy. America demands it from her friends—and in the taking of it she is determined to take the blood too. Her insistence upon the repayment of those unpaid 'debts,' backed up by her
Thur. Jan 31 1935. Last evening Walter and John Rose, of Stockton, went off in Rose's car for a trip to Forster. They have worked day & night to repair the car, Joe, Ivy & the 2 chubs returned from Forster yesterday. They visited us to-day. Florence finished nursing Mrs. Mackie yesterday as she is now well. I gave the paper concerning the pension, toto the Tighes Hill postmaster, and later received my pension as usual. I repaired the pedal-strap of the big organ. Charlie developed my 12 snaps taken taken on my trip with Art, 8 of them are printable.

Fri. Feb. 1 1935. This is a copy of the letter Art wrote while we were at Scone, on our way to Wingen on Fri. the 12th Jan. "Dear Folk!

Everything is going well. We are agreeing well, & are we eating good

tucker? We've had bacon & eggs twice. We've almost been burdened

with fruit. We got a kerosene tinful of peaches forl/s. I cleaned up

a tin of beans and Dad had camp pie. Sleeping accommodation is all that

can be desired. Our cooking has been done with a meth spirit stove.

like Flo's, which we bought in Maitland. We passed Scone yesterday

and spent last night near the burning mountain at Wingen. We are now

going towards Merriwa, having just found that the road through Den-

manha is passable. Your Country Relatives, Dad & Arthur. P.S. The
gun will be duly despatched home."

Here is a copy of Ivy's letter:- "Forster. In camp, Friday Jan. 36th

1935. Dear Everybody, We are that lazy we cannot find energy to think

let alone write. All are well & catching fishes with a hook; Daddy

fries them in a pan, Mummy eats them like a man. "Keith was first to

catch a fish; Daphne caught one, and Popsy and I are about a tie...

We catch our breakfast and tea as a rule. Only small bream, whiting &

and flathead, but they are very sweet. We go for a swim every

morning. Up at six, hail or rain; never go back to bed again. Ho! Ho!

Ho! Do we want to go home? The weather has been beautiful until

yesterday & has been dull ever since, but it looks as though old Sol

will shine shortly; so sunny says. I don't say that, I say sun.

There are quite a lot of people here --- a recorded crowd, so I have been
told. Are Dad and Arty home yet? I suppose Uncle Wal is

preparing his pack before journeying forth. We hope to see him next

Monday. Well, I suppose this will be all until we get home. Ta ta

from all the kids xxx. Each one if you will have them.

Fred's right thumb has been jarred and it has been very sore and

swollen for about four days. He went to Dr. Bourke, but he refused to

lance it. He advised Fred to poultice the thumb, which Mum did.

Yesterday the ambulance man burst the gathering and took a lot of

pus away, which eased it a lot. Last night Florence and Mum sat up

late, bathing Fred's thumb, and this morning he has gone to work.

This morning's paper announced the death, at Wallsend, of old George

Sheldon, Violet's father-in-law. This morning I finished reading
'The Discovery of New Worlds.'
Mon. Feb. 4th 1935. Yesterday I attended a knee-drill and all the other meetings of the Army except the evening and night meetings. Hazel Sheldon is suffering much with some nasal disease like catarrh.

Fri. Feb. 8th 1935. Last Wed. we received the following pencil-written letter:- "In camp, c/o H. Breckenridge, Forster, Monday 4th, 1 p.m. Dear Folks, We are both in the pink up here, having arrived on Thursday about 2 p.m. We spent Wednesday night in the cow-bails at Stroud, and on Thursday morning I bagged a couple of bunnies with the big gun. Having arrived at Forster we proceeded to search the whole town for Joe and Ivy, but either they knew the place better than we, or else they thought home the better place and had left. In any case I had a go at cooking the hind legs myself and didn't do too bad a job for an amateur. Our biggest problem to date has been the disposal of all the food we brought; there are so many good things---some requiring cooking and some not—that we have tried to have a little of each. I have been restless to get on the move but we have promised to take old man Breck and son's wife to Taree, and he has suggested Thursday or Friday, which is later than we intended. We will try to shake him up and leave here for Port Macquarie and Kempsey as soon as possible. It appears that I will not be home for another fortnight. The car is running well. Yours WAL."

I have put a red window in the bathroom wall for convenience when developing plates. This morning I put a shelf over the red window in the bathroom. Fred's thumb and forefinger are not right yet, but he went to work today.

Wed. Feb. 13th 1935. Last night I developed 7 Coralyte prints. They are the first I have done for several years. Yesterday Florence got a cheque for £18-0-0 for nursing Mrs. Mackie. Walt is still away on holidays. Fré's finger is almost well, but his thumb is not as well. He is working. Last Friday night I went, in a thunderstorm, to Hamilton and took part in an Army open-air meeting. As rain
3.
was falling we got under the verandah & operated there.
On Sunday I did not go to the Tighe's Hill Hall as "fight-
ing" Mac was there; but I went to the Islington Baptist
church & heard the rev. Mr. Gibbins preach on "I'me shall
be no more". I also took the sacrament with many others.
In the evening I walked into Ne castle & heard rev.Jolly preach
preach on "Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel". As he had
a Honour roll above him I did not feel very much impressee
by his sermon. After the service I had a long conversation
with a man of 80 named Thompson, who baches with another old
man at Blackalls. Thompson has been a Sunday school teacher for 40 years, & has had a lot of ambulance work.
I have arranged with Mr. Bannister for him to bring 2 posts
& 3 rails to the Army hall at Tighe's Hill, so that I may put
up a partition fence at the back of the primary hall.

A DISTANT VIEW OF ABERDEEN?, N.S.W.

To day I received the following letter:--
"Lismore Street, Abermain, Feb. 12th (1935).
Dear Joe & Jenny, I am just sending you a few lines to say
not to write up until you hear from me, as I am expec-
ing to leave here any day now. I am awaiting an answer
from the Matron of the Benevolent Home to see if she
can find room for me there; if so I shall be going down
in about the end of the week, or early next week.
You will be surprised I have notice to quit; & it came about
in a very simple manner. On Saturday last two men came here:
one of them was almost drunk — the other asleep. They inquired if Robby was at home, & when told he was
not they still made no move to go away; & instead of
Gladys ordering them away she invited them to come inside, as she knew one of them well. They came in, & the first move was to pull out a half bottle of wine from their pocket. I was sitting under the shade of the verandah for a while, but I happened to go inside for a moment, when I smelt the wine; so I said, "Now look, we don't use drink in any form in this house; so don't bring any more of it here, & oblige; so in a short time they left. I also noticed three cups on the table: one, of course, was for Gladys; & so I gave her my advice on partaking wine from two drunken men: & for my kind & well-meant advice she abused me in blasphemous terms & told me to get to Hell out of the place if I didn't like it. She said this about two hours after they left; so it could not have been the effect of the wine she drank. I have wondered since what position she would have been in with two drunken men in the house if I had not been there.

In conclusion—just don't write until you hear from me again, when I will tell you all about the affair.

Brother Bob, Abermain."

Mon Feb. 18th, 1935. Walter & young Rose returned last evening, but quite well. Arthur has started to teach at Islington public school this morning, for a fortnight's practice. Fred's finger is not quite well yet, but he is at work. Florence is still at home waiting for the next job. I did not attend the Friday night meeting of the Saamy at Hamilton, but I was out bombarding Hamilton yesterday morning, & was in the Park with Major Haley, Adjutant Strange, Jean Coleman, & Jim Stanbury yesterday afternoon. Also at the 3 p.m. indoor meeting. On Saturday I finished fixing up the
galvanized iron fence at the back of the primary hall.

On Saturday I received the following letter:

Lismore Street, Abermain, Feb. 15th, 1935.

Dear Joe & Jenny, Just a few lines to say that I have received a reply from the Matron which is quite unsuitable to me, as it tells me that the Home is now under a different form of management. It is now controlled by a newly formed Hospital Administration. One important clause states that if an old man or woman desires to enter, & they have any property or money, they are compelled to contribute a portion to the Home. It works out thus:- My pension is 17/6 per week. Well, if I enter the Home I get pocket money to the extent of five shillings per week: the Government keeps that amount off the pension. That leaves 12/6 per week for the Home. I get 2/4 per week off the house I transferred to the man that bought it.

Well, if I enter the Home under the new arrangements I would be compelled to hand that amount over to the Home. Consequently I would have not much left to purchase boots & clothes. However I deem it advisable to stay here. I may say that all the unpleasant surroundings have now become peaceful & tranquil once more, & Peace reigns in the house again. There is an old saying which I believe has some truth in it, viz: - "The Devil visits every home on earth & stays for a while". Well, I hope he doesn't come here again for a long time, as I can see a bit of his Satanic work everywhere I go. To-morrow, Saturday, if it's fine, we, the Sunday school children I mean, are going down to Newcastle bar beach for the annual picnic; so if you are anywhere near that place you can give me a call. I do so hope it's fine, because these children up here only see the ocean once a year, as the vast majority of their parents are on the dole; hence their extreme desire to see the sea.

Now, in conclusion, give my love to Jenny & the boys; also to Florence; & accept the same yourself from Brother Bob. With love to all.

We had one of the worst storms up here on Thursday I have seen for many years: the lightning was awful, & the thunder shook the ground & house.

Thursday, Feb. 21, 1935. To-day Mum gave Walt three guineas to pay another quarter's fees at the Technical college for a course of study on Civic or Civil Engineering. I have been arranging my old letters all day.

Fri. Feb. 22nd, 1935. To-day Florence had a telephone call to go for the day to a private hospital to serve in the operating theatre. Art taught again to day at the Hubbard St. school at Islington. Fred's finger is not quite right yet. Arranging old letters again to day. Mrs. Stones' baby Patricia has begun to walk.
41 Ingall Street, 24/10/1934. To Mrs. Clarke, widow of the late Amos Clarke, farmer, via Newcastle, Lewiston Reservoir, near Ada, Ohio, U.S.A.

New South Wales, Australia.

Dear Madam,

As you are a total stranger to me I hope that you will kindly excuse me for taking the liberty of addressing this note of inquiry to you. I am a soldier in the Tighe's Hill Salvation Army corps, 3 miles from Newcastle; & at a campaign meeting held last night in our hall, Adjutant Gibson, of the Lambton Corps read the following copy of a newspaper clipping:

"Amos Clarke, aged 40, a farmer living on the Lewiston Reservoir, 20 miles South of here (Ada, Ohio) was struck dead in his front yard to-night in the presence of his family & neighbors. He said there was no God, & defied the Supreme Being to punish him for it. No sooner had the words passed his lips than he was stricken dead. His family is composed of Christian boys & girls who have been secretly trained & instructed by the Mother."

In order to verify or disprove this statement, will you kindly write a few lines for my satisfaction, as I am intensely interested in the story. If it is true, you have my sincere sympathy in your sad & sudden bereavement. If the story is not true I shall inform Adjt. Gibson of the fact & thus prevent the further relation of the story.

If the fact is as stated, it will be a solemn warning to all who are unbelievers in the existence of God; & perhaps you, being a true Christian, may not object to having the sad incident related with a view to winning souls for God's Kingdom.

Trusting that you will kindly reply at your earliest convenience, I am, dear Madam,

Yours sincerely,

Josiah Cocking.
Nov. 4th, 1935.

Last evening Arthur went back to the Sydney Teachers' College. Florence was working at the Petrieham Hospital, Hamilton yesterday. I was out with the Army in Singleton yesterday morning, and in Singleton Park in the afternoon, at the indoor meeting at 3.45 p.m. Last Thursday night I went to Wollongong, and Walter and Arthur attended a party at brother Jack's house to celebrate his retirement in the next fortnight from work at the B.H. P. Co. Stockton. He is about 70 years of age. Yesterday I lent Mr. Bunnister a copy of the "White World Magazine."
Although the letter on page 7 was written & sent on the 8th of Jan., it was only returned & insufficiently answered on the 7th of this month.

Last Tuesday Florence was called to nurse, day & night, a family named Macleod, in Hudson street, Hamilton. Two of her patients were operated on for ear-trouble yesterday.

I have been making collection boxes for the Army all this week & have made five. Jose has fitted a distributor to his Ford car instead of the original one.

Yesterday I received a letter from Arthur, the first since he returned to Sydney. (See pages 9 & 10.) Charlie has repaired his motor bicycle that had been standing idle in the workshop so many months, & it is now in working order.

When I was sharpening a bread-knife on Thursday for Mr. Dixon, I broke it, & bought her a new one at Stevenson's for 1/-.

Wed. 13th Mar. 1935. Last Mon. I received the following letter:

Greenfield Terrace, Portreath, nr Redruth, Cornwall, Eng. Feb. 5th, 1935. Dear Mr. Cocking, we are writing to thank you for your long letter we were pleased to receive, & to know you were all enjoying good health at the time of writing. Trust you are all the same, I am thankful to say we are pretty well at present; much to be thankful for. Out of work is bad enough. My son—the one I have here with me—has been out now for some time on the dole as a starvag living for your boots & clothes wear out, & nothing to replace them with. But there! when will the working people of the world see how they treat? I am afraid now they will be tricked by the old L.G's game—silly monkeys! I can see their
This is a typical example of Teachers' College efficiency. If one of us were to "muck around" in running a school the way the Prof. wastes time, we wouldn't last long in the service.

Practically teaching this year is going to fall in April unless the Prof. gets another brainwave the night before last. I went out to Deeds' place. In regard to a place in which you can stay, I have visited the People's Place and other places in the city and have found that they have been fully booked for some time. I asked the blight at the Palace about the Army Women's Hostel and he explained to me that it was a crook place & was built primarily to assist destitute & delinquent women. On Sunday I'll see some of the Forest Lodge Army folk & see if they can put me on to a good place round Globe.

Please enclose in your reply the notation that you will find in the right-hand little drawer of the combination in our room.

Yours,

Arthur.
game. All the people here in this village are on the rich
bugs' side. They won't hear of labor, & they say, "What can
they do? they no money, nor have us!". But, thank God, we
have a heart & will-power to help our fellows if we have to
chance to; but those with money no heart--nothing but for
themselves & theirs. The distress is dreadful at present.
A thousand unemployed met at Redruth on Monday to protest
against the way they're being treated. Poor men! some had
no coats--pouring rain, & wind, & feet all out--coming from
all parts. It make you wonder how God allows it to be!
Glad you get & enjoy the papers: there's some good reading
in them. We have received the Sydney Mail today. What a fuss
over the duke--one man! I don't believe in it--too much fuss
& money wasted over them. Mrs. Chinnocks wrote all about it: she
went to see him & came home & didn't see him--a great disapp-
ointment to her. I don't bother. I think if our king put his
foot down to some of our ministers' doings we should have better
conditions. He is just the same:--all safe in their own nests.
Poor must be poor.
We are having some very cold weather just now. Shall be glad when
Winter is has passed. We thank you also for the nice views & car,
you sent us. I will do my best to get the views from St. Day & see
you. Glad you got the views of Falmouth. Of course it's greatly
improved since your Mother & Aunt were there--that's why I got
those old views. I can fancy them spending the day there. They
were happy days then, I really think. People were more lovable &
kind then they are to-day; your own people don't want you unless
you have a car & grand house; I really get sick of them sometimes.
We have people here in this place, so selfish they don't care only
for the rich; & I tell them they rob them all day long.
Well, you can just see, there are only 3 Labor papers sold here.
I hope, Mr. Cocking, they will take your papers & put them in pri
but I expect they will be afraid to.
You say you would like to see us all: well, perhaps that will ne
be. We, too, would like to see you. We have your nice photos here
the sideboard to remind us.
I will try to get Pa to go in town & get ours taken properly--as the
one I sent you wasn't good of us. We don't frown quite as much
the sun was in our eyes, too, I must thank you once more for all you
have sent. Now I wish I could write like you, but I can't.
Give our love to Mrs. Cocking. Glad she is enjoying good health--
that's fine! We have quite a lot of sickness, but we shall so
have Summer now. Our Summers are very nice, but it's dull
through the Winter--no pictures--just the Church & Chapels
we have to make the best of it. We spent a very nice Christmas
Yes, I think we have much to be thankful for
--a home no one
can turn us out.
We saw a sad tidbit a few weeks ago: a man, wife, and family turned out, & all his things, just out in the road, because he couldn't pay his rent. Had nowhere to go; couldn't get work nor dole; not an insured person. Poor people! The son took them in; but how hard a thing!

Now I must close. We all send our kindest regards to you all.

Ever your sincere friends,
E. & H. Webster.

I have written a 2 page reply to this letter today & enclosed a copy of "We're Passing On".

I also wrote a long letter to Arthur Henderson, M.P. London, urging him to get the British Labor Party to establish an organiser in Cornwall.

About 3 weeks ago I received the following letter:

"118 Irish Harp Road, Prospect, Adelaide, S.A. Feb. 20th, 1935.

Dear Mrs. & Mr. Cocking, I am sure you must think I am careless about replying to your letter of several months past. I have been thinking of you all the time, but if you have ever had that feeling that something is going to happen, & keep putting off doing certain things as a result of the constant worry & for that same thing to happen, I broke down, & for the last 2 months I have been unable to even sit up at the table to write. I've done my families' letters sitting back in an easy chair with the writing pad on my knee. I had 4 visits from the doctor & have taken in all 10 bottles of medicine & his tonic, & still I am too weak to get about. I hope to be strong enough to get back to Sydney the second week in March. Perhaps the change will do me good. My son-in-law is still as far off work as ever, & I am beginning to think that he will never get any work in this State -- not even laborers' work. I worried very much over their position. I've not heard how Mr. Fraser is progressing with his Biography. Mrs. Fraser has been seriously ill for months, & that would delay the work. I understand that she is still causing anxiety.

Thank you very much for offering to lend me 1 or 2 photos of Harry. We have the same as you will have. I am pleased that you have shown the memorial "Worker" to your friends. I read & read it, but I shed many tears. I am a very lonely woman now. There was such a lot in Harry's life that brings a lump into my throat. If I were talking to you I could tell you of many incidents in his life that live in my memory for ever. I have often wished that Harry could have been an organiser in N.S.W. I am certain that if he had been, the Labor Movement in Australia would be in a healthier & sounder position to-day.

He was a builder -- not a wrecker, & his whole life was spent in trying to bring happiness & comfort to the working men & women. I hope some day that I can take a trip to your part of the world, if only for a day; then I could tell you more about his unselfish life. I am hoping that the A.L.P. Lang Party
can come to terms. There have been many mistakes made on both sides; so surely, if they are concerned about the thousands that are out of work, they will put aside all bitterness & pull together & get rid of the Stevens Government.

When I look back on all the good work Harry did in the Australian Labor Movement, & see how they are to-day, it does grieve me.

I am very thankful that all our family are Laborites—seven of them. I am on the roll in Sydney, & will be back in time to record my vote for the Labor candidate in Canterbury electorate.

Now I will bring this too close. Trusting that you will excuse my delay in replying to your very kind letter, & with kindest regards to all, from Yours sincerely, A. Holland.

P.S. The enclosed clipping is from a New Zealand country town Labor daily paper. It is Aggie’s husband that can’t get work.

The letter was printed some time ago.

Sydney address: “29 Wattle Street, Punchbowl, New South Wales.”

**CORRESPONDENCE**

**THE KISCH CASE.**

(To the Editor.)

Sir,—The recent developments in the Kisch case are getting more absurd every day and instead of progressing we are drifting back into the dark days of Prussianism and likewise into the days when advocates for better conditions in Russia were sent out to Siberia, and others for merely trying to improve their education were meted out the same treatment.

It is almost impossible to imagine that, under British freedom, such a highly cultured man as Herr Kisch should be subjected to such treatment as he is receiving at the present time.

Herr Kisch is making the visit to Australia for the specific reasons of attending the All World Peace Conference at Melbourne, and because the Lyons Government’s policy is evidently not one of peace and construction, but one of war and destruction, it forbids Herr Kisch to land in Australia. They haven’t one single thing against this man other than that he holds the high ideals of wanton world peace and because they have no other sound reasons for banning his arrival they brand him as an “undesirable immigrant” and once he lands is arrested and charged with breaking the laws of Australia.

Just think of the ridiculousness of the whole thing! Herr Kisch is a man from whom we could all learn something. He is an author and writer of no mean order, his writings have been published throughout the world’s most classical magazines. Whatever must the outside countries think of Australia? They must surely agree that Hitler and Mussolini have nothing on the Lyons Government. It makes one almost want to disown being of Australian birth.

Then again we have that “schoolboy” comedy of two or three days ago when two of our Federal Ministers refused to attend the luncheon given by the Fellowship of Australian Authors in honour of Mr John Masefield—the Poet Laureate—because Herr Kisch was also present. Can anything be more childish and absurd than the outburst from the Minister of Customs, Mr. White, who is reported to have said it would be “in... shock, bad taste and embarrassing to the Poet Laureate if Kisch should attend.” Well, I should imagine that Mr Masefield would prefer lunching with a man of Herr Kisch’s calibre than with Ministers of the Crown who act as pampered school children. Particularly so in the case of our world famed (?) Mr William Morris Hughes, one time Prime Minister and now Minister of External Affairs in the Federal Government who, when making reference to Herr Kisch, was afraid that he (Kisch) may “get up and talk a lot of damned tripe.” What an intellectual expression to come from any Minister of the Crown! Surely Mr Hughes would not have us think that the articles he wrote and the speeches he made in the days when he, along with Mears Holman, Beeby, Nelson, Black, Owen, Gilbert and my late father (Mr E. Holland, Leader N.Z. Opposition), was a very prominent member of the Australian Socialist League who were “darned tripe.”

I have before me newspaper clippings of articles written by Mr Hughes some 20 years ago and sent by my late father. In one particular article under the title “The Case for Labour—The Ethical Basis of Industrial Agreements” Mr Hughes wrote: “I believe wholeheartedly in the settlement of all disputes by arbitration—industrial and international. Both parties cannot win in a strike or a war any more than they can in a court, and the loser will always be dissatisfied. But there is this mighty difference between the settling of disputes by war, industrial and international, and the settlement by arbitration or courts; it is that in war right counts absolutely for nothing and might for everything; while before the court the question is not for which party is the stronger, richer or more powerful, but which has right on its side.” Now isn’t that just the same principle as held by Herr Kisch for which he is banned landing in Australia? What argument does Mr Hughes put forward to back up his change of ideas? However, through certain circumstances (even though very painful to himself) Herr Kisch has landed in Australia and has delivered numerous speeches and people in New South Wales and Victoria have been most fortunate to have heard such a brilliant man.

Thirty-six years ago the same Mr Hughes wrote: “The Labour Party is a practical party... It looks to the present as well as to the future. Labour has, wherever possible, legis-
I have written a 4 page answer to Mrs. Hollani's letter this afternoon.

---

Of all the antiquated frauds
That each impostor still applauds
The worst is martial "glory".
It never did, in fact, exist:
It's merely but a mental mist
Extolled in song & story.

According to the Cut-Throat Clan
It's "glorious" to kill a man
Upon a field of slaughters—
To make a widow of his wife,
And blast all pleasure from the life
Of orphaned sons & daughters.
This lure of "glory" led fools on
Across the Danube & the Don,
Through icy mountain passes,
O'er continents & oceans' flood,
To shed their fellow-creatures' blood
And be destroyed like asses!

If war is right, then Christ was wrong
When preaching to the mountain's throng
In praise of peace & mercy:
He should have praised Barrabas much,
And glorified the kills of such —
As Shakespeare's "noble" Percy!

But war is wrong, & Christ was right
In advocating LOVE — not MIGHT —
To end all earthly trouble.
Since Peace is blest, foul War is curst,
And Jesus Christ did right to burst
The Cut-Throat's "glory" bubble!

So "Love your neighbour as yourself", Jo Peacemaker 24-4-17.
Abstain from war for praise or pelf,
And don't believe the story
Of empire-building, lying Thugs
And bloated military bugs,
That murder leads to "glory!" Jo "Phrantz", 23/3/35. Re. 3/4/35.

Sat. Mar. 16th, 1935. Yesterday we received the following letter:
"Usual address, Thursday 14th Mar. 1935.
Dear Folks, this morning I have seen several people with room
4 to let. None of them can guarantee that they will have vacanc-
cies at Easter, although it is very probable that they will.
In places where boarders are more or less permanent it's im-
possible to book a room for 6 weeks ahead; proprietors will
not keep a room so long for you. A couple of them suggested
that I should call back about a week before Easter. I belie-
ve that the people whom I saw about accommodation are O.K., be-
cause they were recommended to me by a girl who lives in the
terrace opposite & who goes to Forest Lodge Army. A couple
of people in F.L. army have told me that if they hear of any
thing they will put me on to it. I don't think you need worr
about the room. There are dozens & dozens of places round Glebe
way: many of them, I should think, will have students who will
go home for Easter. This morning in speech training I had to
read a passage & have my reading criticised. At the end of the
piece the lecturer asked me had I been bred in Australia— she
wished to know because I rolled a final r on such a word
as war. She told me it's quite unnecessary to do so; it's
dialectic English, not standard: there's no need to speak like a provincial Cornishman. She reckoned also that I had a musical voice, & wanted to know did I do any singing.

Thanks very much for the dough & for the paper. I've decided to postpone indefinitely the idea of getting a new suit, because I've come to the conclusion that I need reading glasses. I haven't read much since I've been here, but every time I do, my eyes become sore & bloodshot, although my sight is not in any way impaired. My head ached up behind the eyes for the first few days of last week. This afternoon I'll go to Angus Cootes (or Barraclough's) & avail myself of their free testing offer. I understand glasses will cost about 35/- I have paid the College my first £1. Hoping everyone at home is O.K.,

Arthur.

He also sent a note to Walter, which is as follows:

"Dear Wal, Tell Nick Hugo that the best second-hand booksellers are in that part of Castlereagh Street closer to Central Station. Angas & Robertson are in the same street. Dymock's are at 424 George Street. As I have only lectures till 12 noon on Wednesday, if Nick gives me a ring (M.W. 1900) somewhere around 12/45 I'll go into town with him. Art."

Fri. Mar. 22nd, 1935. Last Monday Charlie sold his motorcycle for ten pounds cash. All this week I have been trying to make a ratchet-rod for the optical lantern, & yesterday I succeeded in making one by cutting a bolt in two lengthways. Florence is still at MacCosky's place, but she will probably leave to-day or to-morrow, as her patients are almost well. Fred's thumb is nearly right again, but he is still wearing a bandage on it. Jack sat for his Tech. exam. on Wed. & thinks that he will pass.

I have recovered from my giddy turns by abstaining from breakfasts. Tighes Hill Sarmy corps held the Harvest Festival last week-end & the beginning of this week, but I did not attend. This morning I have finished writing the following:

SAY GOD BE WITH YOU.

Say "God be with you", not "Good bye";

When Sorrow's dew bedims your eye
At parting from another:
Take not that sacred name in vain,
But make your earnest wish quite plain—
Say "God be with you", brother.

Say "God be with you"; don't debase
That old, expressive, Christian phrase
By indolent contraction
Until "Good bye" means nothing more
Than parrot-words: for men of yore
Would scorn such senseless action.
Don't say "Ta, ta", as moderns do,
Nor "Well, so long!"; "Hurray!"; "Hooroo!";
Say "God be with you", ever;
And hope that He will guide your friend
Along the path that Death shall end
When soul & body sever.

Let your last wish be understood:
"Good" is not "God", though God is good;
And "Rye" is something other
Than "be with you": so use the old
Impressive words-- not vain & cold--
Say "God be with you!", brother.


Saturday, 23rd Mar., 1935. Last evening Florence came home to
sleep, but as "Amy", nurse Amos, came soon afterwards they
went to Newcastle. Walter bought a copy of the first number
of "Thryeus", an Australian magazine of verse, for 9d in
Newcastle, for me. It is published by Birt Birtles, at Zara
street, Newcastle. This morning I have finished writing the
following verses, which I began some weeks ago:

TO ATHEISTS.

You sneer at Christianity, divinity, & such,
But truly, for Humanity you've not accomplished much!
You speak in bold defiance of a Saviour & a God,
And place your whole reliance on the theories of Clodd.

You boast of educating Man, & praise your Science too;
But what ameliorating can you doubters ever do?
What cure for soul-obliquity have Atheists employed?
What evils of antipathy have Infidels destroyed?

Of Rational Philosophy you sceptics often boast,
But what, despite Theosophy, of good accomplished most?
What Atheists' Sodality has built a home, or shed,
Where paupers, in reality, are sheltered, clothed, & fed?

You say that Evolution caused all creatures to begin;
But doubt is no solution of, nor remedy for, sin!
No Atheistic platitudes will make a nation rise,
But faith in Christ's beatitudes will fit it for the skies.

Not Infidels' profanity, nor stupid Warfare's plan,
But peaceful Christianity, has elevated Man:
Not Doubt, but Faith's activity accompanied by Love,
Can climb Life's steep acclivity to better things above!
A MESSAGE FROM HELL.

If lost souls were permitted to communicate with their friends on earth, this is the kind of message they would probably send:

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.

When I was a younger, 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.

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—
The agents of Armament Rings
And bellicose rulers—to bring you more dearth,
Are plotting with militant kings.

In spite of the pacifist talk of the League,
The Armament Spiders enfold
The rulers again in a net of intrigue
To garner a harvest of gold.

The tidings now filling these devils with bliss,
Dispelling their woe like a charm,
And thrilling lost padres & parsons, is this:
THE NATIONS BEGIN TO RE-ARM!

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!

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

Again shall your pulpits resound with the tones
Of "Christians recruiting galore"
For armies & navies to slaughter for drones
Who fatten on famine & gore.

So Hell is quite cheerful. The gloomiest spot
Has brightened immensely to-day,
For, though this dull region's infernally hot,
This news makes the demons all gay!
I have written out the following pieces to send to Bert Birtles, Zara aSt. Newcastle, for his new magazine, "Tryrsus". "A Message From Hell"; "To Atheists"; "Say God be With You"; & "Glory". Also a letter.

This afternoon we got this from Art:-

"Usual address, Wednesday. Dear Folks, The timetable has been changed; I told Wal that I knocked off at 12 on Wed.; it has been changed to 1 p.m. This afternoon I dashed home from the lecture, thinking that a phone call would have come in my absence. I got my glasses from Gibb & Reeman's (I thought it best to go to a well known recognised firm) but paid £ 2:2:0. A dirty smack in the mouth, eh? I could have obtained flat glasses in the same rims for 37/6 but, as the optician assured me that the curved glasses would afford me greater comfort, I bought the latter.

Naturally I feel as though I'm harnessed up, somewhat, but I can read now much more restfully than before. I don't see the need for a new suit for many moons; thanks for the offer of it just the same. I have been appointed (I should say elected) to the Selection Commitee of the House debating club. To night we had a meeting of the House to elect a chairman & adjudicator for the first debate, I was nominated for the position of adjudicator. As I had a pretty fair idea that I would be defeated when it came to a vote, I thought it unnecessary to decline. The margin was uncomfortably small, however—

I have decided to take Physics instead of Chemistry as a special subject. Nothing worth writing home about has occurred lately, either at College or Anderson House. But as I suppose I'll have to make these second page look as though I've written on it a bit, I'd better tell you that Hicks, the asst. under secretary for Education, came along the other day & lectured us on his recent world tour. The Prof. read a quotation from a book supporting Shaw's view that patriotism is the last resort of scoundrels, & ending up with the statement that "Rule Britannia" was a dangerous poem to put into the hands of children. Two or three of the students of my section (the individuals to be chosen just prior to the function) will have to address the whole College on the latter statement. It'll be just too bad if the Prof. happens to pick on a Bolshe. Don't worry about the room; you'll get one all right.

In conclusion, thanks for the paper. Yours Arthur.

I have added this verse to "To Atheists")-

You ridicule divinity & search the starry space
Of cosmical infinity, spontaneous life to trace,
And say, with muddy clarity, why hunger's victims walk;

But grains of Christian charity are worth a ton of talk."
Thur. Mar. 28th, 1935. Yesterday we received the following letter from Florence Duley (nee Pettigrew):-

"Mrs. L. Duley, Prince's Highway, Nupto. Dear Aunty & Uncle & Family, This will be a surprise to hear from me again; but I have some snaps of my bonny boy & girls, so I wanted you to see them. Baby Melville will be 1 year old on Thursday, 28th March. If you listen in to Uncle Sy, 2 U F you will hear his call. We are all well here—mine working well, children well & happy, so we don't need more, do we? Happy, I said—all but baby—he is going through his first sorrow: I am weaning him. He is getting double teeth in the bargain, poor little boy! We has just gone to sleep after a lot of crying. I just feel like going in & giving him his drink. I am getting nervous. Dr. said 3 months ago to wean him, but I have hung on till now. Joy has been very sick: she had a congested lung. We had a long ordeal with her. Then Vera started with boils. She has had 7. The doctor said we all need a change. We are going to Jamberoo to Lila for a week. I cannot go away till after next month or May, as we are expecting an increase in the Lila Richardson family, & she is coming home to Mum. I will have the job of looking after Barry; & he is one's work. He will be 3 years in May. Lila is keeping well—often comes home: now we both have our cars we are handy to each other. Jamberoo is not the far-away place it seemed to be. Nellie has the most room in the car, so she takes Mum & Dad out with them. We have had some good times together. Well, Aunty, baby will be awake soon & we have tea to cook, so I will conclude with love from all to all. I remain as ever, Florence & Les. XXXX. I like Florence best too. Tell Uncle Joe baby has pretty golden hair, blue eyes, fair skin, & the sweetest smile showing 8 teeth. He is the joy of the home, especially to Vera & Les."
Yesterday our Florence received the following letter:—
"Brau caslir" Soone, 25th March, 1935. Dear Nurse Cooking,

Some time ago you asked me about a position here, but at that time I did not need anyone. Now, however, my assistant is leaving, and if you would still like to come to me I would be pleased to have you. The work is not usually very hard, and I think you would have no difficulty in managing it. Hours are from 6:30 a.m. to 2 till 15 or at 6 p.m. One day a week off: other days off from 2 till 15 or at 6 p.m.

Salary £ 50 per year. The one disadvantage is that I do not have a night nurse; the place is not big enough to warrant the employment of a night nurse, so the Sister has to listen for the bells in the general wing. Will you let me know by return if you would like to come to me, or not, as Sister would like to get away as soon as possible. Yours sincerely, Matron H. Batterham."

I have received the following letter & the "Income & Property Statement" that I sent away before:-
"Commonwealth of Australia. Invalid & Old Age Pensions Office, Sydney, 25/3/35. Memo to Mr. J. Cocking, 4 Ingall St., Mayfield East. Form 23 furnished by you, is returned herewith for the following action:— 1. All questions regarding the circumstances of your wife must be answered, & in words. 2. The form must be redeclared by you before one of the persons mentioned in the footnote on page 2. A duplicate form must not be obtained from the Postmaster; the necessary additions or alterations must be made on the attached form, which, when completed, should be returned to this office by the first mail. H. Theegge, Deputy Commissioner."

I therefore filled in the column headed "Information concerning the pensioner's wife or husband." In answer to the query, "What other income have you received during the last 12 months?" I wrote:— Dividend £ 8:5:0; interest £ 3:2:0. Total wages from 3 sons, about £ 309:0. (The postmaster added "Have to keep the sons.

In reply to the question:— "Do you own or have you an interest in any house or land property?" I wrote "Yes, half of the £ 40:0:0 stated in the opposite column, any

Answering the question:— "Have you any money in the bank saving, or other institution, or any money in hand?", I said, "Nothing banked. Half of £ 43:8:3 mentioned in the opposite column. Half of the £ £ 44:9:6 mentioned in op. column in hand.

On Tues. morning I wrote the following lines:—
Celestial sorrow.
CELESTIAL SORROW.

When angels, on bright harps of gold,
In Heaven's vast, resplendent halls,
Play symphonies to hosts untold,
Creating music that enthrals
Those ransomed souls from sinful Earth
Who left their wicked kin behind
In jarring noises, sin & dearth,
This thought may fill some loving mind:

"O could I waft to kindred throngs
The melodies thrilling melodies I hear—
The harmonies & grateful songs
Of saintly voices, loud & clear—
Could they but see, with spirit-sight,
The blissful scene I now behold—
And feel the infinite delight
Of souls who throng these streets of
The sweet re-unions & the bliss
Of those who parted last in tears—
The fond embrace & loving kiss
Of each who longed to meet for years—
The ecstasy, too sweet to tell,
Of mothers meeting kith & kin
Who come, with gratitude, to dwell
In Heaven, freed from doubt & sin—
Perchance my loved ones left behind,
Indifferent to Christ & God,
In spirit deaf & dumb & blind,
May raise their minds above the sod.

If they beheld the scenes I see,
And heard the dulcet chords I hear,
Perhaps they would repent & be
As dear to Christ as these are dear!
But 0, alas! for them, alas!
No sight nor sound from of saintly wraith
From Heaven to the Earth may pass;
For souls are saved by simple faith!

Although I'm thrilled by sights & sounds,
And captivated by the songs
Of happy souls whose love abounds,
I'm sometimes sad, amid the throngs,
And lonesome; for I long to share
Eternal bliss with those I love!
Oh, how I wish that they would care
For this celestial life above!
And though I hear entrancing strains
Of which no mortal tongue can tell,
I'm saddened by the thought of pains
My loved ones soon may feel in Hell,
In fear & shame, & vain remors;
And hopelessness of kind reprieve;
For punishment must take its course
With sinful souls who disbelieve.

O, who will ask them, while there's time,
To meet me at this blissful tryst
And share this life of joy sublime
Through love of God & faith in Christ?

 Fri. 29th Mar. 1935. Florence is still attending to Mrs. MacCosky, & is nursing an old lady in Hamilton for nurse Lloyd. Fred's thumb is not quite right yet. Mum was accidentally hit near her left eye by a lever attached to a clothes line, on Monday; & her eye is black. Walter has been thinking of buying a motor-car for which the owner wants £ 45; but Walter is only willing to pay £ 40.

Yesterday Charlie Bennett's death was announced. Mum was in service of his wife (now dead too) at Wallsend in 1896 or 1895. No replies have come from Reynolds newspaper nor from Birtles.

I have written a 3 page letter to Florence Duley this morning.
I bought a birthday card at Perry's on which there were these words:-
"Dear baby, as this birthday is
The very first you've ever spent,
Accept this token of our love,
And lots of kisses sent."
On the back I typed :-
"And when your birthdays all are past
Beneath Earth's starry dome,
May happiness be yours at last,
And Heaven be your Home!"

Mon. 1st, 1935. Last Sat. Walter & Florence bought a Klino motor-car for £ 40 of a man at Hamilton. It has a 10 horse power, 4 cylinder engine. Charlie has begun to dismantle it as it is defective somewhere.
I went out with the Sammy yesterday morning & afternoon. Col. Rixon, ex-editor of the "War Cry", was at Mayfield corps yesterday, but I did not hear him. He asked Jose about me. To day Fred mended this typewriter & made the inking mechanism work again.
This afternoon we sent a money-order for one pound to Art. We received the following letter this morning:-
"Usual address. Thursday. Dear Folks, In regard to the room,
I don't think the one you suggested warrants a moment's consideration; it may be a good room but it's definitely in a "crook" quarter. I don't think I'll find any difficulty in finding accommodation for you in Glebe, for I see dozens of signs up; also as I pointed out before, it's too soon to make definite inquiries yet.

I am going to town to-morrow to get my glasses altered, so I'll have a look thru the booksellers to see what will suit Wal's & Fred's requirements. My glasses have had the effect of making me read thru one eye only. It won't cost anything to have them fixed, as far as I know.

The College authorities have decided to run a camp on the Nepean, similar to the one held at the end of last year. It gives a unique opportunity for gaining experience in bush schools; & since I want to get a job in a subsidised school next year I think it would be to my advantage to go there. Less difficulty is experienced in class control out in the bush, but actual teaching is somewhat harder in that you have to teach a whole school instead of one class. It would be preferable for me to go to camp from any point of view except financial, but here lies the snag. The cost for the fortnight will be 10/- or 15/- (it hasn't been decided which yet) more than at the House. Since it has some direct bearing on you financially, the decision as to whether I will go or not depends on you. This will have to reach me before Monday next, for the names, together with a 5/- deposit, must be handed in before Tuesday.

Next Saturday I'm going for a hike in National Park. On the night of Wednesday fortnight there's going to be a parliamentary debate, for which I've been elected Speaker. I consider it a "crook" sort of a job, because you don't get a chance to have a say, & I always feel like contradicting someone. I'll probably be home the week-end after next, unless you think it a good idea to economise by staying in Sydney." Arthur."

Tues. Apr. 2nd, 1935. This morning I have finished writing the following verses:

**AN INNOCENT PRISONER.**

The meanest crime of which I've heard
Was perpetrated on a bird,
Of faultless plumaged features,
Who harmed no man by act or song,
And never did the slightest wrong
To any human creatures.

His life was innocent & free;
His nest was on a lofty tree,
Surrounded by sweet flowers,
Amidst the verdant, shady dells
Where bell-birds chimed their vocal bells
In decorated bowers.
God robed him in a dress of blues
And reds & greens, & other hues,
By love & skill transcendent,
And gave him wings to freely fly
With pleasure, through the sunny sky,
In plumage most resplendent!

No thought had he of prison-cell
Wherein throughout his life to dwell
Within a "Christian" city,
Near churches wherein "Christians" pray
For mercy on each holy day,
Yet show poor birds no pity!

It's sad to say, but soon, alas!
A great disaster came to pass
When he, with many others,
Espied poor pris'ners on a pole
And flew with pity, to condole
With sad, imprisoned brothers.

It filled their noble minds with rage
To see, immured within a cage,
By "saints" without compassion,
Their guileless mates whose only crime
Was wearing plumage, most sublime,
Which God's own hands did fashion!

Before the bird was quite aware
Of traps, his foot entangled in a snare,
Was fettered securely:
Despite his anger, fear, & pain
In struggles, freedom to regain,
The "saints" caged him demurely.

And there, through many weary years,
In misery too great for tears,
With feeble hopes of winging
In freedom to his long-lost nest
With friends & kindred in the West,
He heard the "Christians" singing:-

"Except, as Thou hast surely willed,
My heart is with compassion filled,
How canst Thou dwell, as lover,
Within? But love in WORD & word,
So needful (they forgot the bird)
In Thee I can discover!".

That birds were given wings to fly
In joyous freedom, 'neath God's sky
Was surely His intention;
But when shall Christians all allow
Birds liberty; & cease to bow
To barbarous Convention?


Wed. Ap. 3rd, 1935. Last evening I went to the Church of Eng-
land parish hall, Wickham; to pay the Free Gardeners' Lodge,
but as I had made a mistake I was disappointed, for the meeting
is not to be until next Monday. I went to Mr. J. F. Jones' house
at 19 Warrah Street, Hamilton, as he is the new secretary, but
he had gone to the Masonic Lodge meeting. I went to the Lodge
Room, but he was not there, so I came home.
This morning I have finished writing the following verses:-

WHAT IS A SOLDIER?

A soldier is a simple man
Who fails to understand the plan
Employed through all the ages
By thieves, mis-called "the Upper Ten",
To rule & rob their fellow-men
And make them slaves & pages.

The plan's to steal the people's soil
By force & law, & make them toil,
Like cattle from a stable,
For just enough of daily corn
And shabby clothing, patched & worn,
To keep them strong & able.

The wealth produced by wage-slaves' work
Is stolen by the Rugs who shirk
Their share of wealth-production
By having the supreme command
Of soil, & men on sea & land
Who kill by their instruction!

By having ownership of these
The Rugs exist in wealth & ease,
Defying God's injunction
To "Love your neighbour as yourself",
And gather power, praise & pelf,
Without the least compunction.

Regardless of the laws of God,
A soldier learns to shoot & prod
And earn his blood-stained shilling
And subjugate the plundered Mass
To please the dominating class
By doing all its killing.
The workers, robed in scanty rags,
Are taught to honour kings & flags
And venerate each "hero"
Who blasts a worker to the grave
To serve a rich, rapacious knave
Whose conscience is at zero!

A soldier suffers heat & ice
On gory fields where fleas & lice
Infest the filthy trenches,
And long endures the frenzied yells
Of dying dupes destroyed by shells
Amid War's putrid stenches.

Now, who can make a soldier up
To see himself a bloodhound pup
That suffers thirst & hunger
And servitude, & War's disease,
That potentates may live at ease,
Secure with each warmonger?

To "War: What For?", 10/14/35, accepted.

4th
Thursday, April 5th, 1935. Charlie is taking the motor car
to pieces & cleaning them. This evening "Amy", nurse Amos,
called to see Florence. Lovely weather.

Fri., Ap. 5th, 1935. This is Daphne's sixth birthday; it is
to be called to night by 2HD station. She has a bad cough,
but I don't think there is anything seriously wrong with her.
Yesterday I wrote the following verses;-
Letters To Billy Mug! (1)

Dear Bill, Since nineteen twenty-two
I've never sent a line to you
To find how you were faring;
My long neglect may make you think
That I had neither pen, nor ink,
Or that I've not been caring.

Though my delay may seem unkind,
I've always had it in my mind
To write to you at leisure
When circumstances would permit
The penning of a letter fit
For you to read with pleasure.

So, here at ease, I now begin
To beg your pardon for my sin
Of silence & omission;
TO BILLY MUG

LETTERS IN VERSE

(No. 1)

Dear Bill, since nineteen twenty-two
I've never sent a line to you.
To find how you were faring,
My long delay may make you think
That I had neither pen nor ink,
Or else I've not been caring!

Though this neglect may seem unkind,
I've always had it in my mind.

To write to you at leisure,
When circumstances would permit
The penning of a letter fit,
For you to read with pleasure.

So, here at ease, I now begin,
To beg your pardon for my sin
Of silence and omission;
But if you wish to write abuse
In your reply, to my excuse,
You have my kind permission.

My health is good; and yours, old friend,
I hope is on the upward trend,
Toward full restoration.

And that your children and your wife
Enjoy an active, happy life,
Upon your "Cama" station.

Though my remark may seem unkind,
I was extremely pained to find
That you, Bill, had enlisted,
And gone to shed a brother's gore
Upon a distant foreign shore.
Because your mind was twisted,
I thought, indeed, you had more sense,
To leave the great expense
Of leaving wife and daughters.

And letting ploughs and reapers rust
To fight for the Munitions Trust
And perpetrate their slaughters!

I was surprised that William Mug
Would let, the jingoism bite his lug.
Or heed their stupid story
That death, when fighting for the flag,
Of which patriotic patriots brag.
Is transcendental glory.

I'm grieved that you believed the lie
By which each paid impostor lies
To catch, for war, each navvy
And unsuspecting simple elf
(But wisely stays at home himself).
I thought you had more savvy.

I know the tales that were told—
That you would fight for Peace, not gold:

That right, for blood, was pressing;
That Justice cried aloud for gore,
That Glory waited on the shore;
And God gave War His blessing.

And you believed the lying tales
You left the peaceful hills and dales
Where honest, useful labor
Kept you to give your wife
And girls a pleasant, healthful life,
To kill a conscript neighbor!

Those workers whom you rushed to slay
Had not the slightest part, nor say,
Nor power of beginning
Or stopping war; but Murder Rings,
And emperors, and plutocrats, and kings
Conspired to do the sinning.

When potentates raised War's alarms,
Their slaves were dragged from mills and farms,
Regretful and unwilling,
To leave their children, homes and wives,
To sacrifice their peaceful lives
In doing rulers' killing.

But law is LAW; and kings, of course,
In conscript lands their laws enforce,
Despite their slaves' opinions;
Hence brutal force—not Truth, nor Right—
Compelled those conscript men to fight
For marketots and dominions.

And when you met, where widows dwell,
You made the peaceful Earth a hell,
Destroying each his brother's gore.
Although wide seas had stretched between
And those who played and never seen,
Nor injured one another!

Could imbecility exceed
The fury of such a deed
In any land or season
Yet millions credit any lie
Of martial spine, and kill and die,
Without the slightest reason!

The owning rulers all impose
On landless men, and say their foes
Reside beyond the borders
Awaiting chances to invade;
The workers' country and degrade
And rob the "lower orders;"
Why don't Earth's workers all combine
From frigid Pole, to torrid Line,
Despite the opposition
Of plutocratic murder rings,
And military Thugs and kings.

To stop this imposition?
Why let the empire-building class
Make any working man an ass
That brays, to please its master,
Of empires, flags, and royal drones,
And parasites on costly thrones,
And suffer War's disaster?

Why not the guiltless boys be schooled
To worship ensigns, and be fooled
By pastors, plutes and papers
To drill with rifles, and extol
The "heroes" on a honor roll.
Who cut aggressive cancers
Expensive monuments are built
To honor those who share the guilt
Of killing fellow-workers;
And statues stand to aid the fraud
That landless toilers should applaud
Mass-murders done for shirkers!
But this has gone beyond the scope
Of what I meant to write. I hope
That you are not offended;
To speak the truth is not my wont.
So, William, do not take affront.
For none is here intended:
Concluding now, I bid farewell
To you and yours, and hope you'll dwell
In peace, and will endeavor
To aid the Cause of which I spoke:
Now I, the "Socialistic Bloke;"
Remain your friend for ever.

6/4/1931
Where honest, useful labour
Enabled you to give your wife
And girls a pleasant, healthful life,
To kill a conscript neighbour!

Those workers, whom you rushed to kill,
Had not the slightest part, nor say,
Nor power of beginning
Or stopping war; but Murder Rings
And emperors & plumes & kings
Combined to do the sinning.

When potentates raised War's alarms
Their slaves were dragged from mills & farms,
Regretful & unwilling
To leave their children, homes, & wives,
To sacrifice their peaceful lives
And do their rulers' killing!

But law is LAW; & kings, of course,
In conscript lands their laws enforce,
Despite their slaves' opinions;
Hence brutal force—not Truth nor Right—
Compelled those conscript men to fight
For markets & dominions.

And when you met, where widows dwell,
You made the peaceful Earth a hell,
Destroying each his brother,
Although wide seas had stretched between,
And those who slew had never seen
Nor injured one another!

Could imbecility exceed
The lunacy of such a deed
In any land or season?
Yet millions credit any lie
Of martial swine, & kill & die
Without the slightest reason!

The owning rulers all impose
On landless men, & say their foes
Reside beyond the borders,
Awaiting chances to invade
The workers' country, & degrade
And rob the "lower orders"!

Why don't the workers all combine
From frigid Poles to torrid Line,
Despite the opposition
Of potentates & murder rings,
And military Thugs & kings,
To stop this imposition?

Why let the empire-building class
Make any working man an ass
That brays, to please its master,
Of empires, flags, & royal drones,
And parasites on costly thrones,
And suffer War's disaster?

The workers have their children schooled,
And ought to know that they are fooled
By pastors, plutes, & papers,
To venerate & to extol
The "heroes" on a "honour" roll
Who cut aggressive capers.

Expensive monuments are built
Of memory of those who spilt
The blood of fellow-workers;
And statues stand to aid the fraud
That landless men should all be led
Mass-murders done for shirkers!

But this has gone beyond the scope
Of what I meant to write. I hope
That you are not offended.
To speak the truth is e'er my wont;
So, William, do not take affront,
For none is now intended.

Concluding now, I bid farewell
To you & yours, & hope you'll dwell
In peace, I will endeavour
To aid the Cause of which I spoke:
Now I, the "Socialistic Bloke",
Remain your friend for ever.


Sat. 6th Mar, 1935. This morning I wrote the following:
"To the Editor of "Common Cause," Sydney. 6/4/35.
Dear Sir, With your permission I would like to contribute to your paper a series of letters to & from Dunstan's immortal character—"Billy Mug." With this I am sending the first letter of the proposed series; & if you accept it for publication I would like you to print it as it is written—not as prose—without alteration; but if any additions, omissions, or other alterations are required, kindly let me know what they are, & I will make them, if possible.
If you turn up the old file of "Common Cause" you will find several of my contributions to its columns over the pen-name "Violet". I would like to become a regular contributor again, as I have a desire to help in the campaign against militarism. If you find that this first letter to Billy is not suitable, please return it: I have enclosed a stamp for that purpose. I am, Sir, Yours sincerely, Josiah Cocking,

P.S. If you print the letter, please use the pen-name--"Socialistic Bloke".

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Tues., Apr. 9th 1935, Yesterday son Jack bought a car—an Essex 6—from a man named Porter, for £20. Dave Watkins is dead. He died in the Mater Misericordia hospital, Waratah on Sunday at the age of 70. This morning I finished writing the following verses:

**HONOUR ROLLS**

If men should write on honour rolls,
The names of those who died
While stabbing hearts & smashing polls,
And thus God's law defied,
Let's start the list with "gallant" Cain,
The first of all the band
Of "heroes" who brought death & pain
To ocean, air, & land!

Next "noble" Nero's name should shine,
And Herod's, too, should be
Enrolled with "diggers" who decline
To heed the Lord's decree;
Then Pilate's name should be engraved
With Bonaparte's, to thrill
The hearts of "Christians" who are "saved",
Yet love the dupes who kill!

There "Jack—the-Ripper's name, with Blake's
And those of Kelly's gang,
With Butler's, Deeming's, Hall's & Drake's,
In ev'ry church should hang;
And names of "noble" thieves who slew
By poison, gun, or sword,
Each Christian should, with pleasure, view,
Despite their peaceful Lord!

If saints should honour swine who slay
In battles loud & long,
Then Jesus led the world astray
By saying war is wrong:
Put Christians should NOT memorise
The dead whose hands were wet
With brothers' blood; but should despise
Their sins, & soon forget

This morning we received this letter:-
"Anderson House, Leichardt Street, Friday. Dear Folks, Thanks very much for the cash; however, I didn't write the last letter thinking you would send money down here: as a matter of fact I didn't need any "dough". I made inquiries as to whether the period of practice was the last this year, or not. I found out that it was definitely the last, & that means I that I only have to do a fortnight's more practice as a "stewed ant". On making further investigations I found that there is more possibility of getting a good teaching mark if I go to Surrey Hills again than if I went to camp. Since a good teacher's mark means a good quick job, I'm going back to Crown Street. At camp too much time is devoted to social activities to give one a chance to "get down onto the job". We were paid yesterday, so I put the "quid" you sent me in the bank. This morning I went to town (I didn't go last Friday as I had intended) & inquired after some engineering books for Wal. I obtained a catalogue of such books which I will bring home with me on the 10 o'clock train next Friday.

I haven't forgotten about the printing, Dad; I'll see Horder's some time next week. I forgot to mention, however, that I bought a hand-book on gardening for Fred. I'm pleased to hear that you have got a car at last. We'll see now whether Flo will fulfil the prophecy that she'll do her best to "break her silly neck".

I'll get a room for you some time during this week. I have delayed writing this letter because I have been "halting between two opinions" as to whether I'd go to camp or not.

Yours Arthur."

I also received the following letter from Bob:-
"Lismore Street, Abermain, April 8th. Dear Joe & Jenny, It is with much pleasure I am able to say that I am still keeping well in health: I think it's due to being in the country air away from the smoky air & noise. I am unable to quote much from your last letter, but I think you mentioned that if the Lang Party was returned to power they will restore the pension back to its former level. It's just there where you slipped, because it's the Federal Government who administer the pensions. You still have in mind the boast of the Scullin Labor Government. You, I am sure, still remember that it was them who took half a crown a week off our pensions. Beasley & party turned them out, & it's to be hoped for ever & ever. Yet everywhere we find people who care & those who don't. Organised Man is behind himself. We have seen men..."
in crowds do things they wouldn't do alone. We have had one of the best governments ever we had— I mean the Stevens' party in power; they are the best that ever graced the Parliament House, or ever will. But alas! they are to be opposed by a Labor Party. In it can be found all the elements of private interests, & mistrust, greed, fear, suspicion, jealousy, prejudice, ignorance, & doubt—in fact everything that stands in the way of progress. Don't be fooled by casting your vote for Labor any more. It's beyond all doubt that the Stevens Party, if returned to power, will go close to build the Millarium. They have within their reach the ideal for which the multitude is groping; but that grinning, fooling monster—Labor—is in the path again to fool the people. I am not so much surprised, for we can always find crowds who will not believe that sunshine & fresh air will do them more good than doctors' medicine. We can always find someone in a crowd who don't believe that we can stop disease if we like; but, you see, he is in a crowd: consequently he is pitying those who have pains.

You have, no doubt, read in ancient history of the man who entered the wrong church to preach the Gospel. You see, he went into the Parish church instead of the village chapel; & his views were bigger than the pulpit: so they killed him. We have also read of the man who peered deep into Nature & found her secret of conquering pain, but the crowd crucified him. We can now see the Labor crowds getting ready to crown J.T. Lang as the god who will deliver them from poverty & want; but the crowd forgets that if Stevens loses even 25 seats he will still have a majority of 11 seats to carry on. So you see it's only a waste of time & money to even think of a Lang Party being again in power. It will also save the new governor a little trouble in kicking Lang out.

Now, in conclusion, let me tell you of some people I have actually been speaking to. I have talked to two men who can get 25 tons a day out of the solid in a six yard bord. I have even seen a man—talked to a man who has seen a tiger snake run away from him; as also did a copper head snake! Yes, there are some strange ones I can meet up here. Bob has now started on relief work, which will be far better than the dole. Last week all the dole men got a big parcel given to them from the government—boots & clothes. We got about two pounds worth, which we were glad to get. Now I have a request to make. If you have a pair of billy cart wheels & an axle you don't want, we would be very pleased to have them here, as we burn a lot of wood. I thought perhaps if you had none you might know of someone that has some that are of no use to them. Now in conclusion, give my love to Jenny & the boys; also to Florence, & accept the same yourself. If you see Mayor Jack tell them I would like to have that old organ to while away some lonely hours. We need rain very much for our garden. The children have all had the mumps: Gladys is also
DEATH OF MR. D. WATKINS

VETERAN MEMBER OF HOUSE OF REPS.

NEWCASTLE: Monday.

THE veteran parliamentary representa-tive of the Newcastle electorate in the House of Representa-tives, Mr. D. Watkins, died in the Mater Misericordiae Hospital at Waratah about 4 o'clock this morn-ing.

On his return to Newcastle from Canberra three weeks ago Mr. Wat-kins developed a severe cold, and after several days' medical attention at his home, was ordered to hospital, where an operation was performed.

He appeared to be making a slow but satisfactory recovery until a few days ago, when he had a relapse and died.

Mr. Watkins, who was in his 70th year, had on July 17 last completed 40 years as a Parliamentarian. He first entered the State Parliament in 1894, one of a band of 14 Labor men.

In 1901 he was elected to the first Federal Parliament as a representa-tive for Newcastle, and has held the seat ever since.

Prior to his participation in politics Mr. Watkins worked in the old Wallsend colliery, of which he was a lodge official.

Mayor's Tribute

Referring to the death of Mr. Wat-kins, the Mayor of Newcastle, Ald. Christie, remarked: "that record would find no parallel in Australia. One of the first members of the Federal House, he had represented Newcastle for 40 years without a break, which was a wonderful performance for a man in public life. Everybody, no matter what their political beliefs, would regret his death, the Mayor concluded.

While the late Federal member held the Newcastle seat for Labor against all-comers, it was generally known that he attracted a large measure of support from members of other political organisations.

A State funeral will be accorded Mr. Watkins. The interment will be made on Wednesday afternoon at Sandgate cemetery, following a ser-vice in Hamilton Methodist Church.

The Commonwealth Government has forwarded a telegram to Ronald Wat-kine, of Hamilton, tendering its deepest sympathy.

With the death of Mr. Watkins, only two members of the first Federal Parliament still remain, the Minister for Health (Mr. W. M. Hughes) and the Minister for External Affairs (Senator G. Pearce). Mr. Watkins had the distinction of being the only surviving original members to repre-sent the same constituency through-put his Parliamentary term.

Mr. R. James, M.H.R. (Hunter), will represent the Federal leader of the Labor Party, Mr. Beasley, at the funeral. Messrs. J. M. Scullin and N. Makin will represent the Federal Labor Party.

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Last night I walked to the home of Mr. J. E. Jones, 19 Warrah street, Hamilton, and paid 4/8 due to the "Rosebud" Lodge.

This morning I have put these verses on a birth-day card for Edna Davies, who had her 3rd spiritual birthday last Sunday:

"Dear Sister,

Your spirit's birthdays are but three!

May all succeeding birthdays be Long, numerous, & pleasant;

And may your path to realms above

Be bright & hallowed by the love

Of Jesus, ever present!

When earthly birthdays all are past

May Heaven be your Home at last,

With those you love most dearly!

That I shall have the joy to meet

You all, & walk its golden street,

Is hoped by

Yours sincerely,

Brother J. Cocking."

This afternoon I wrote a letter to the editor of "War!What For?" & am sending "Honour Rolls";"What Is a Soldier?";

"Glory"; A Message from Hell;"Thou Shalt Not Kill"; & a clipping from Reynolds's Ill-ustrated News" headed "Why Haig Failed"

Also one on "Abbyssinia's Air Trigger";

& a postal note for 2/- for a six months supply of the "War What For?"."
Here Jingo Eva lays a wreath
In memory of fools beneath
The soil, whose bones are rotten;
And while each "saint" remembers well
The murders done before they fell,
God's law seems quite forgotten!
"Thou shalt NOT kill."

But surely there shall come a time
When murder shall be deemed a crime,
In spite of her behaviour;
And men shall cease to kill for kings
And potentates an Murder Rings,
But serve, instead, the Saviour! 13/4/1915.

Then jingo generals & such
Will not have pity overmuch,
Nor tears for any "hero"
Who listened to warmongers' calls
And stupidly went stopping balls
Until his blood was herc.
Then ev'ry Christian will refuse
to fashion, carry, load, or use.
Fat's implements of slaughter:
No monuments will then be built
For slaves who share their masters' guilt
Of slaying son & daughter!

All empire-builders' wars shall cease
When men have sense to live at peace
With ev'ry foreign brother:
War-monuments shall be destroyed,
And health & happiness enjoyed
When men help one another!

"War! What For?", 12/4/35: Accepted.

Fri., 13th Ap., 1935. To-day I sent to "War! What For?" copies of "Glory"; "A Message From Hell"; "What Is A Soldier?"; "Honour Rolls"; "Thou Shalt Not Kill"; & 2 clippings; a letter describing "I Call It Murder"; & a postal note or 2/- (Number A 54882). Adjutant Grace Cocking called here today. Yesterday I walked to Newcastle & paid the store bill, did 2/6 for Walter's transfer of the motor-driver's licence, & bought a 3 A Brownie camera at Jimmy O'Brien's for 15/-.
I also got my optical lantern reflector at the electroplaters' factory. Mum & Florence have gone to Newcastle. This afternoon I wrote a short letter to Brother Bob about the belly-cart wheels & axle that he wants.

Wed., Ap., 17th, 1935. Last Sunday I was out in Hamilton with The Army, bombarding. I gave Edna Davies her card. Col. Newby & another man were our specials at Tighe's Hill corps on Sunday. As I had a bad cold I did not attend in the afternoon & at night. Yesterday I received the following letter from Bob;?:

"Lismore Street, Aberdeen, April 15th. Dear Joe, Yours to hand; Last Saturday I am inclined to think you misunderstood me re my request for a pair of wheels & axle, as I was under the impression that you had a pair, & believing as I did that you had no further use for them, I was quite sure you would send them up to me, knowing as I do that you are the only one in the family who would kill, or attempt to kill, the fatted calf for me.

Hence my appeal to you; only I, or I may say we, will be extremely glad to have a pair of wheels & axle. There is little or no hope of us buying them up here, & even if we could buy them we would have to go into Maitland for them, or Newcastle, as they cannot be got here; & if they could they would cost at least 5/- more than down at Newcastle. Now to relieve your anxiety as to what would suit best, the 12 inch would as a matter of fact, & so would the 19..."
inch axle. Yes, we have a box & all other essentials with the exception of a pair of bolts to bolt the box on the axle. Now, if you do decide to send them up, this is the address: "By rail to Mr. R. Cocking, c/o Abermain railway station. I forgot to mention that if you get the bolts get them long enough to allow for a block of wood on the axle say, 3 inches or 3½ long. P.S. I will write a longer letter in return of your next one to me. Rob, with love to all."

Yesterday I walked to Newcastle & bought a pair of wheels 12 in. in diameter, an axle 19 inches between wheels, & 6 bolts for 7/10, at "The Workman's Toolshop". I took them to the Honeysuckle station & sent them to Rob; the freight being 1/3 for 25 lbs weight. On the way home I bought 3 books at Robertson's secon-hand shop near the Wickham tram & railway crossing. They are:— "Twenty Years In The Wild West", 228 pages, by Mrs. Houston, the sub-title is "or life in Connaught". 1/-, "A Voyage To The Cape", by Clark Russel, 1888, 1/-, & "Partridge's Humorous Reciter", 192 pages. Ed.

This morning I have sent a 3 page letter to Rob re the wheels etc. My left leg is sore again on the old scar.

Thursday, Apr. 18th 1935. Yes this morning Mum & Florrie left for Sydney, where Art ix to meet them. The weather is lovely & clear. The boys are very busy at the car, trying to get it ready for Walter & young Pacey to use it to-morrow. Mum got her new dress from Mrs. Scribner last night. My left leg is bad again, but is getting better.

Good Friday, Apr. 19th, 1935. I have finished reading "Twenty Years In the Wild West, or Life In Connaught". It is a very instructive book, I am now reading )"A Voyage To the Cape". This morning Walt, Pacey, & Mr. Stones are working at the car to get it ready for Walter's trip to the North. Rain last night & some this morning.

Sun, Apr. 21st 1935. To day I have stayed at home. Fred & I are the only ones at home; the others being away in various places. I finished writing the following verses:

BILLY MUG'S REPLY.

deer Blake i shoendent kall yoo deer
becos yoo Make a man apeer
a dopey stoopid nanny
becos he shoulderd Kit & gun
& boldly Went to fite the hun
to save His king & granny x
& blow me up a appel tree
ov awl the leturs that i see
yours takes the dinkum biskit
a kove shood take the mitay law
in both His fists & swipe yoor jaw
& stoush yoo in the briskit x

yoo stoopid soshalistik kow
it's jist becos i'm thinkin now
ov that Mite one desembur
wen i wos downan out & beet
yoo took the soksa awf yoor own feet
& give me i remembur x

it's jist becos ov that i say
that i don't put yoo kleen away
for bein so unloyul
to king & kuntry & the Flag
& nobull heerows wot yoo drag
in mud with awl thats Royull x

& i remembur too beside
yoo give the flanel awf yoor hide
me one Mite in wintur
if taddent been for that me Blike ide make yoo sorry that yoo spoke
yoo passyfistik splinter x

well now ive eesed me loyul mind
i want to tell yoo yoor behind
the times but the mk kid yoor kleivur
our umpires growin biggur yet
on wich the son has nevir set
& nevur will no nevir x

it's it's verry troo i will Admit
that them rekrooters lied a bit
wot told us that the Jermins
boyled skittuld diggurs for thare fat
& bayuneted kids & that
the turks wos Vilest Vermins x

i no thare promisi was grand
that gallunt Digs shood have free Land
wen thay retorned frum fitein
& wen the bludstaned flags wos furld
thayd fijd the Urth a betur wurld
ov korse the kows wos skitein x

but wots a few or menny lies
or wots a milyun koves as dies
to save thare home & booty
& wot is feelds ov icy mud
or rivurs runnin red with blud
to Digs as do thare dooty x

our dooty wos to save the Flag
wot floo a thousands yeers not mag
about a Forin bruther
hoo HAD to war or die
a tratur deth at home & lie
disgrased afore His muthur x

& as for lies dont roolurs fib
dont riteurs weeld a lyin nib
dont Editurs ov papurs
in evry land Beneeth the moon
print farey tails both Nite & noon
re uthers worelike kapurs x

Yoo dopey kow thay MUST diseeve
thare frends & foze soze thale bileeve
the trenshes is forsakun—
the trenshes is forsakun
Yoo igrant Mit aint that the stuf
with kamoflaje & lyin bluf
by wich awl townsis takun x

i kalls me stashun Cazna Cazna Cazna but
its anzac bakwards whare me slut
gards awl me goods & chattles
awtho the fenses lambs & tanks
is morgidged to the mungril banks
with horsis piggs & kattels x

Yoo laff kos i went stoppin balls
as soons i herd me kuntrys kalls
& ruht to her difensis
i went to Surve me grayshus king
& shot & stabbed like ennything
rigardlis ov ekspensis x

but wile i'm yondur stoppin led
thay riz at Home the prise ov bred
& prophetered on muttuns
thay razed alawft the prise ov Ham
tea flower shooger sawlt & Jam
& lard the thursty gluttuns x

wile we wos stabbins turks & huns
the bankurs mostly owned the Runs
the homesteads & the stayshuns
with horses haystake sheep & kows
& growing crops & bores & cows
& boist the citycoashun x

since we returned throo floods & heat
& worms & rust in fruit & wheat
& dingos flies & rabbits
with interest on munny lent

to save if possible a sent
weer thrifty in our habits x

me missus wares a thredbare skirt
i ware a patsy jermin shirt
me boy wares holy britches
me gurls ware boots with tyre soles
& ladered stokins full ov holes
too numeros for stitches x

am i down harted no no no
i wood inlist agen & go
awitho me hare is hory
in spite ov yoor unloyal sneers
& Not with standin Propheteers
to feelde ov fame & Glory x

i luv me deer old
i luv me own deer Native land
me mity umpire free & grand
me wife & gurls & sunny
& tho me shirt is jist a rag
ide die to save me deer old Flag
while rodlurs live for munny x"
Though freely used, to my surprise,
In needless situations!
I wonder, too, why you refuse
All commas, points, & marks to use
When writing letters that confuse
Through lack of punctuation!

Take this advice from me, old friend,—
When next you purchase books, expend
Your cash on some that will extend
Your knowledge economic.
And spend some "cash," & time as well,
On one that teaches how to spell;
Don't let your mind forever dwell
On rubbish mis-called "comic"!

Don't gratify the lust for fame,
Of potentates devoid of shame,
By deeds too foul to name
In these unsullied pages;
Nor satisfy their base thirst for gold
By butchering the young & old,
Inflicting agonies untold
For blood-bespattered wages!

If ever you're enlightened, Bill,
You'll be ashamed to rush & kill
With other senseless slaves, & spill
Gore, & burn & ravage!
But now, defying Christ's commands,
You'd join again marauding bands
To devastate far distant lands
By actions vile & savage.

Though parsons say you're serving God
By using sharpened steel to prod
Men's hearts, & dash them to the sod
In anger that is hellish,
Those hypocrites (who now disgrace
Christ's name within each "holy" place)
Are much afraid themselves to face
The leaden rain they relish!

So hide your rifle on the shelf
Behind the dresserful of delf,
And start to educate yourself
By gaining useful knowledge:
Discard the trash that's well described
As "loyal muck," which you imbibed
From Jingo teachers who were bribed
To fool in school & college.
Your verses show you've latent skill
Which, if developed with a will,
May sprout & blossom forth until
You are indeed poetic;
But now the phrases that shine
In ev'ry jingoistic line,
Where pride & ignorance combine,
Just make them--well--pathetic!

Awaken, Bill, & be a MAN!
Refuse to aid the Cut-Throat s' plan
Of getting all the gold they can,
For pampered wives & daughters,
By wars for marts in which to trade
And sell the goods their slaves have made:
Don't let those Thugs again degrade
Your soul in wicked slaughter.

God's 10 commandments learn to keep;
Don't slay your fellow-men, like sheep,
To make their helpless orphans weep,
Nor treat them with derision;
Wile military arts eschew;
Extend your narrow mental view
And see the universe anew
With clearer, wider vision!

Your dormant faculties expand
Till they become sublimely grand,
Enabling you to understand
Your duty to your fellows,
Which is to recognise, & aid,
And fraternise with man or maid,
Instead of being much afraid
Of Whites, & Blacks, & Yellows.

Discard all empire-building trash
That teaches you it's right to slash
And mutilate, where armies clash,
The body of a brother:
Participate no more in guilt,
(By which all empires have been built).
When floods of tears & blood were spilt
To benefit another!

"Your" empire may be long & wide,
But flaunting flags will not provide
A meal to fill the void inside
The frames of "downan outers!"
A martial medal, or a star,
Though added to a cross & bar, 
Will not keep Hunger's wolf afar, 
Despite all anzac spouters.

In future, Bill, take my advice,-
Don't let your lug be bitten twice 
By military bugs & lice
Who live on putrid bodies:
Don't scamper to a foreign shore
To stain your hands & soul with gore,
Nor act the nanny as before
By joining "whatanoddies"!

Remember that the world is wide: 
There's room for all & more beside;
And Nature always will provide
Enough for you & others!
Refuse to slay: decline to steal;
Give ev'ry one a friendly deal,
And aid the coming Commonweal
Of Nations linked as brothers!

To "C. Carse": 23/8/35.

Last Monday Walter & Emil Pacey returned safe & sound from Stewart's Brook. They had very little trouble with the car. Rabbits were very scarce, but they shot a few. They also visited the Cone family at Woolooma station. Fred started to work again this morning. His thumb is not quite right yet. Yesterday I received the following letter from brother Rob:-

"Lismore Street, Abermain. Dear Joe, I went down to the station & got the wheels & axle & bolts: they were beyond our expectations. We have crowned them as a masterpiece of superior workmanship. They out-class anything we have seen in billy cart wheels. That being so, we all send our kindest thanks for your kindness in sending them up to us. We have ordered a medium sized cart, which we are expecting to come any minute. Robbie borrowed a crosscut saw, & we went down to the bottom of our paddock & felled a big dry tree. There are at least 10 tons of wood in it; so now, when our box comes, we shall get in a winter's supply of wood, for which we, one & all, have you to thank. Re the organ: when I come to think of it, I would advise you not to ask for it. Knowing them as I do, I have no desire to have you bearing a blank refusal from them, as they are to all extents modern Ahabs. Their object in life is to reap where they haven't sown & gather where they haven't sprinkled. I see by your letter that Jenny & Florence have gone to Sydney. Well, they are in Luck's way in having Arthur for a guide, & procuring a room, as Easter is the busiest time of all, as the Easter races are on, which, apart from any other
attraction, brings thousands of visitors into Sydney.

Your unabated admiration for that ungodly, infidel mob, better known as the Labor Party, seems to have undergone no change, in spite of one of the best parliaments ever known.

Stevens' party, after clearing out 20 men from highly paid jobs, (given to them mainly for bawling out "Hear, hear!" when Mr. Lang was out fooling the people) with what he & his party would do if returned to power. Well, he did fool enough to have a Labor Party. Forgive me for calling them so, because, with the exception of a few members, they were all well-to-do men. Lang is one of the richest men in Australia. Two of his ministers owned a chain of hotels out in the West. His offside--Jack Baddely--owns a house in Sydney that cost 7 thousand pounds. I could go on if I had space, but to be brief, apart from a few men, those who were thought to be Labor men were all capitalist. You must not think for one moment that those who bawl out & are so prominent in Labor circles are doing so for nothing; as they are all expecting a job. If space would allow me I could give the names of some. But worst of all is the astonishing fact that there is not a Christian man in all of Lang's mob. Lang is out now with a big new sop. He has promised a certain church that if he gets their support he will pay all their teachers from the consolidated revenue. But, you see, he is not in power; & for the good of suffering humanity let us hope he never will be.

That co-worker of Lang's--Scullin--told the people what he would do for them if returned to power. They put him in power & he took 2/6 off four pensions.

Be your brief account of Eva Booth, I have, perhaps, read more of her speeches than you have. When I was down at the home a woman used to bring up a lot of English War Cry's to me; & I must say she is one of the best writers I have read. Of course I have not heard her speak. As to her being decorated for her war services, that was not her fault entirely; it was the bloodthirsty, foul mob who did that; for you can see the same thing going on to day with the heads of the S.A. in Sydney. The rank & file of the Army always did court my admiration & love; but those heads get me bawling out "Amen!"

Yes, I would like to hear her speak. However, she is a woman that, with all her faults, I have the greatest admiration for. Now, in conclusion, I may say that we are quite well at present & enjoying good health. In thanking you again for the wheels I ask you to give my love to all the family circle & accept the same for yourself, Rob.

Now that I know just how you all are down there, you need not be in a hurry to write in return. We have just got about a ton of wood cut up at the tree; so, as soon as the box comes we shall be at it for all we are worth. No we won't overload the cart. On account of the holidays you may be a few days late getting this letter."
ANAESTHETICS

The adage is, "A worm will turn."

For injury enrages;

Hence rebels' mental fires burn

Till now, from ancient ages.

Enslaved by day, immured at night,

Deprired as burdened cattle,

Those slaves were massed, by lords,

to fight

And die in senseless battle.

But some poor slaves in masters' chains

Were discontented thinkers;

While all the loyal slaves had brains

As dull as leaden sinkers!

They "loved dear Master!"—loved "their" soil—

Declared that "work is healthy!"

Were proud of "liberty" to toil

To make 'kind Master' wealthy!

They proudly marched, though clad in rags,

Devoid of sense or pity,

To wade in blood beneath War's flags

To "win" a town or city.

When each rapacious master told

His stupid Hodge and Freedom

That they were "gallant," "brave," and "bold;"

They called their bondage "Freedom;"

They called their masters' country "mine;

And proudly bragged of gaining

An Empire stretched from Pole to Pole.

Till nought, was left remaining.

But while those rebels toiled they TALKED

Till silly slaves repented

Such lunacy, at last, and walked

From labors, discontented.

To masters it was something new

To see their slaves awaken;

They said, "As we are but a few

Swift action must be taken!

"Our slaves are many, and of course

'Twould be a fatal blunder,

To now rely on brutal force;

To keep these carrion under.

"We are outnumbered far; in fact

We're helpless to abuse them,

So let us now rely on fact

And hasten to AMUSE them!"

So theatres were built in haste.

And courses cleared for races;

That discontented slaves might taste

Sport's joys in many places.

And vast arenas soon were built

Where wide-awakened Quercus

And striking slaves saw, freely split,

Much blood within each circus.

The masters fostered ev'ry game;

Encouraged races acted

To make rebellious workers tame

And keep their minds distracted.

Lords utilised all sports and drink,

With music and athletics.

Till the people ceased to think;

Through these strong anaesthetics!
They said, "As we are but a few, Swift action must be taken!"

"Our slaves are many, & of course Twould be a fatal blunder To now rely on brutal force To keep the people under."

" We are outnumbered far; in fact We're helpless to abuse them, So let us now rely on tact And hasten to AMUSE them!"

So theatres were built in haste, And courses cleared for races, That discontented slaves might taste Sport's joys in many places.

And vast arenas soon were built Where discontented Quercus And striking slaves saw, freely spilt, Much blood within each circus.

The Masters fostered ev'ry game; Encouraged farces acted To make rebellious workers tame And keep their minds distracted.

Lords utilised all sports, & drink, With music & athletics Until the people ceased to think Through Masters' anaesthetics!

Now modern Masters work the dodge By patronising cricket And boozing, to keep the mind of Hodge Distracted by a wicket.

They utilise pubs, brazen bands, Shows, pictures, fights & races As opiates to keep their "hands" In low, dependant places!

The time will quickly come, I hope, When slaves like Hodge & Peedom Shall cease to swallow Masters' dope, And strive for Right & Freedom!

To "Common Sense": 19/4/1935. Printed.

Yesterday I received the following letter from the President of the Australasian Coal & Shale Employees' Federation:
Fri. Ap. 26th, 1935. Last night Mum & Florence returned from Sydney, both well. This mornings paper announces the death of Hilton Grices young wife, which was caused by puerperal fever after child-birth. Poor girl! As she is a Salvationist there is to be a meeting at the Tighes Hill Hall this afternoon, & the funeral will leave from there for Sandgate cemetery.

Mum bought a copy of "The Modern Encyclopedia" for me in Sydney. Yesterday I exposed a film (6 exposures) on our house; Ingall street looking North; Ingall st. looking South; Gorrick st. looking East; Tanger Park looking West; Tanger Park, looking South-west. I developed them last night & found that the negatives were mostly good.

Mon. Ap. 29th, 1935. A closer scrutiny of the 6 negatives shows that they are not well focussed & are not suitable for printing. Yesterday morning I went to the knee-drill meeting of the Army which was attended by Jim Stanbury, Mary & Gladys Goodwin, Major Oakey, Mrs Rannister, Eliza Davies, 3 or 4 other girls, & myself. Fram Lucas was with us at the open-airs in Islington, & at the holiness meeting. He said he would write to me when he got time. I gave Mary Goodwin the book:- "A Voyage To the Cape" for the Young Peoples Library. Gladys returned the Life of J. Williams. After our meeting was over in the park I listened to Gillies, Miles, & Odd, 3 Communists, & bought a little pamphlet entitled "Prosperity For Whom?", by Mr. J.R. Miles. I have finished reading it today.

A few days ago I wrote the following (except a few alterations) before breakfast time:-
Investigations show that
the Deakin Act into operation. The
fore the Act could be put into operation,
which was accepted
his of the old-age and invalid pensions law
Legislation has
July. but the Government in
lection. Actually, the system
received did not recoup the expense of
ly difficult to administer. 'rhe amount
was found unduly
and by the liberal exemptions allowed by
take as a result of the 1933
14 per cent. have no home property. but
other property (of an average value of
other debts at the death of the pensioner.
Of pensioners have no estate from which
(which average £285 in value),
11 per cent. of pensioners have no estate from which
prior­
therefore,
1nun­
Commonwealth; it no longer took
visionR
authority. In December, 1933, these
WI,­
with the consent of the Governmental
vision,
were modified, and, while the
pension system,
initiated other concessional amendments. Under the same
Government the pension rate was raised
from 1/7/6 to 2/. On June 18, 1931, the
then Treasurer in the Scullin Government
(Mr. E. G. Theodore) announced a num­
er of reductions in the pensions.

GERMAN RULE.
If the Ger­
In their war
And if Kais­
of the land
Would he not
To inada­
While he mad­
Were we rul­
Would he not
All the rem­
At a SHILLI­
To provide f
in construct­
And maintain­
That in roya­
Would he not
In a most unh­
That all ho
Through the
Would God's
Not have wr
"I defy t
When of m­
Would he not
Well befr­
By removing
"In the int­
Would Hill;­
To his frie­

GERMAN RULE
If the Germans took Australia
In their war-paint and regalia,
And if Kaiser Bill were monarch
Of the land from shore to shore,
Would he not cut widows' pensions
To inadequate dimensions
And reduce the workers' wages
While he made his work-hours more?
Were we ruled by Kaiser Billy,
Would he not tax, willy nilly,
All the remnant of our earnings
At a shilling in each pound,
To provide for his expenses
In constructing Pat's defences
And maintaining hosts of leeches
Where the well-paid jobs abound?
Would he not, in manner stealthy,
Well befriend the very wealthy
By removing heavy taxes
"in the interest of trade?"
Would Bill not make great concessions
To his friends of vast possessions
And to militant supporters
Of the policies he made?
Would not Bill exclude all papers
That exposed warmonger's capers?
Would he not, with haste and gladness,
Ben all books and magazines
That attempted to uncover
The designs of each war-lover,
Or exposed War's fiendish madness
To his soldiers and marines?
So be thankful you have "freedom,"
From Cape York across to Needham,
To enjoy your rented hovel
With your flag upon its pole;
For, had Bill become the victor
In the war, his modern lictor
Would compel the poor to grovel
And exist upon the d61e!

—Taraxacum.
And to militant supporters
Of the policies he made?

Would not strangers who supported
Russia's plan not be deported
And denounced as "Solshie duffers"
If they spoke as they might wish?
Would not Kaiser Bill imprison
Any thinker who has risen,
Since no martial hog now suffers
Men like Griffin & Herr Kisch?

Would not Bill exclude all papers
That exposed warmongers' capers?
Would he not, with haste & gladness,
Ban all books & magazines
That attempted to uncover
The designs of each war-lover,
Or explain War's fiendish madness
To his soldiers & marines?

So be thankful you have freedom,
From Cape York to western Needham,
To enjoy your rented hovel
With your flag upon its pole;
For, had Bill become the victor
In the war, his modern lictor
Would compel the poor to grovel
And EXIST UPON A TOLE!

"W. W. Jr" 13/9/35.

Tues. Ap. 30th, 1935. Yesterday I wrote a short letter to Mr. Charles Nelson, who seems to be the editor of "Common Cause"
I enclosed a copy of "Anaesthetics."
This morning I have finished writing the following verses:

**PROSPERITY.**

Prosperity is but a dream
Of cornucopias that gleam
In some far-distant season;
But dreamers seldom wake to find
They're flimsy phantoms of the mind,
Revoid of sense or reason!

Prosperity is not for men
Who labor for the Upper Ten
And live on scanty wages,
Received by that illusive hope
Of happy times to come,
In poverty for ages.
Prosperity exists for thieves—
For each impostor who receives
The wealth produced by others—
The patriotic profiteers
And plutocratic lords & peers
Who fleece their toiling brothers.

Prosperity can only come
To bless us all (not only some)
When workers shall awaken
Around this planet, & combine
To own field, factory, & mine,
And all the earth have taken!

Until that happy time arrives
Prosperity's a FACT—for Oives;
For Lazarus—chimera!
Let the workers cease to dream
But make those cornucopias stream
In Freedom's bright, new era!

Thur. May 2nd, 1935. Yesterday I went by tram to the Bank corner & walked towards Pacific street until I met the May-ray procession, I watched it almost pass, & then I joined it and walked with it to the Newcastle sports ground. I sat on the motor car that contained the apparatus for amplifying the speeches, & heard them all. The best speech was that of Lloyd Ross. I bought the following pamphlets just before I left the ground:— "The Right To Be Lazy", 62 pages by Paul Lafargue; "British Rule In India", 23 pages by Karl Marx; "Nationalisation Of Banking", 24 pages by L. Sharkey; "The Premiers', Premiers' Plan In Action", 32 pages by W.H. Mackenzie & Malt Hade; "Socialism & The Australian Labor Movement", 16 pages by R. Nixon; "Workers' Guide to the Courts", 16 pages by W.H. Mackenzie; the whole of which cost me 1/9. Before going to the Procession I wrote the following verses:

When the patriotic writers
And imperialist inditers
Of long leaders & short letters
Speak of lands to you & me,
They perpetuate a fiction
In authoritative diction,
And in "hifalutin" language
They refer to them as "She"!

So I take the pleasant trouble
To explode their ancient bubble,
Which has long deceived the people
Who have failed to understand
That the "She", described in papers
By acute opinion-shapers,
Are monopolists & rulers
Who control & own the land.

"She" consists of legal robbers,
Kings & queens, & greedy jobbers
On the stock exchange, & princes
Who exist in costly ease,
Peers, & lords, & politicians
Who but worsen the conditions
Of the plundered, patient toilers,
And pass any acts they please.

"She" is NOT the mass of workers,
But the few conspiring shirkers
Who monopolise the factors
That produce abundant wealth
Which, by force long rendered legal
By the robbers rich & regal,
Has been taken from the people
By vile, statutory stealth.

So, in future when you're reading
That old pronoun, quite misleading,
In the articles & letters
That appear from Master's press,
You may recognise each feature
Of the antiquated creature,
"She", who ruled & robbed the masses
And still keeps them in distress!

Yesterday I received the following letter from brother Rob:-
Lismore St. Abermajn, April 30th 1935.
Dear Joe, I received a short note from you advising me
of a parcel at the station. Well, I went down & got it;
& we are very thankful for it. Re the box—well, the one
we got sent out was too narrow for the axle, so we have
now got another one that just suits, A.1. Re the "Worlds
News"—well, when we read them we pass them on to our
neighbours, who are glad to get them. I was pleased to
hear that Jenny & Florence enjoyed their trip to Sydney
so well. In respect to me being in want of anything, well
no, not at present; many thanks to you, nevertheless, for
your kind offer. Yes, we are all quite well here at pres-
et. From Rob, with love to all. Yes, I have a book on pre-
writing. As I want to catch this morning's post I must stop
writing.
This morning I have written the following verses:

To Legislators,

If you wish to have motoring safely enjoyed,
preventing each needless disaster
In which many poor people are daily destroyed
And many need bandage & plaster,

Quickly pass a wise statute to widen all roads
To fifty from border to border,
And construct of concrete to carry their loads,
Thus keeping all highways in order.

Reconstruct all the roads that are crooked or steep,
Till all are as strait as a arrow;
Level down all the ridges; fill hollows, now deep,
With causeways not greasy nor narrow.

Shift all power-line poles from the side of the ways,
For sudden death lurks in the wires;
Take away ev'ry object obstructing the views
Of drivers who, turn around corners;
Shift bushes, or mansions of Gentiles or Jews,
In spite of all critics & scoffers.

Never licences give to the drivers of cars
Or lorries, or cycles, who frolic
And who patronise wine-shops, or shanties, or bars
To swallow their drinks alcoholic.

But give licence to drivers of motors or trams,
Well known to be quiet & steady workers,
Who never, with poison, impair eyes & brains
From November to October.

And always for dangers are ready.
And discard air-inflation; have tyres of steel;
Have cushions of air quite inclosing
The axles'neath bodies; no longer each wheel
To punctures & blow-outs exposing.

You may thus render travelling safer indeed,
And travel, by far, & more pleasant,
And lessen the number of victims who bleed,
Or die, through disasters at present.

54.


Wed. May 8th, 1935. Yesterday I went to the Store & got the credit note for the dividend - 2 8/19/6 -- & paid the bill. Poor old Jack MacLoughlin of Wallsend, but late of John Street, Tighe's Hill, was buried yesterday.

We received the following letter from Art yesterday:

"Usual address, Sunday. Dear Folks, During the last couple of weeks I have been teaching, or rather attempting to teach at Crown St., which class includes 3 sleepy dogs. I wish I had a few Chows to leaven the bunch up. The ordinary class teacher is the assistant boss, & as he has a lot to do he wanders off most of the time, consequently I can do very much as I like. The supervisor is very diligent this time;

I have seen him at least once a day --sometimes twice. Between you & me I think I'm pretty sweet with him although he's a man of very few words. The other day the boss, who's a really decent fellow, came up & told me to go flat out when Harris (that's the supe) was in the room. He, the boss, had a pretty fair idea what Harris was contemplating giving me, & he & the assistant were agitating to have it made into an A. Harris, however, never gives A's; consequently I haven't a dog's chance of getting one.

He admitted to the boss that he thought me well above average ability, but he also rather significantly, & from my point of view, unfortunately, that a Bx was a pretty good mark. Since then I have spent considerable time in making impressive-looking reading-aids teaching aids -- not that I neglected to before -- but now I am making them more for the supervisor than for the class. Thanks very much for the paper & Fred's kind offer about the glasses; as a matter of fact although my eyes are now O.K., I did intend getting the specs as soon as I had time. Concluding in haste owing to the sounding of the bell for tea,

Yours Arthur.

P.S. I have ordered one of the photos of us in the street. Mum & Flo will understand.

Thur. May 9th, 1935. This morning I received a receipt for 2/- & the following note from J.W. Rawling, editor of "War, What For?": "4/5/35.Memo to Taraxacum --- Should be glad to read your "I Call It Murder", Am keeping two poems, "What Is a Soldier" & "Thou Shalt not Kill", for future use. Thanking you, yours fraternally J.W. Rawling."
CHILDRN 4/5/1935.

DEDICATED TO GOD

Impressive services at Earlwood

EARLWOOD (Captain and Mrs. Nicholson)—The Field Secretary, who was accompanied by Mrs. Lieut.-Colonel Rixon, conducted a helpful Holiness meeting on a recent Sunday morning, when he dedicated to God the daughter of Captain and Mrs. Nicholson. A visit of Brigadier Scouney, with a party of Field Officers, during a recent week, created much interest. After an Officers' meeting and tea, a vigorous Salvation attack was conducted by the visitors in the open-air. The Hall was well filled with people for the public meeting, at which some interesting experiences were related by officers who had seen service in many parts of The Army world. The Band visited the Canterbury district hospital, and their playing brought blessing.

On a recent Sunday, Captain Nicholson dedicated the daughter of Sergeant-Major and Miss Carpenter, Brother Cocking, Senior, of Mayfield (grandfather), holding the Flag while the little one was given back to God. Sister Ruth Wiseman has been enrolled as a Soldier. The comrades regretted saying good-bye to Young People's Sergeant-Major Harold Johnson and Corps Cadet Guardiann Mrs. H. Johnson, who have been transferred to Rockhampton on account of business. Brother Johnson served as Corps Secretary and Deputy Bandmaster, and Mrs. Johnson will be remembered as the Corps' first Home League Secretary. A Sunbeam Brigade is soon to be inaugurated, and the little girls are working diligently to attain the required standard.

Russian, who has very little understanding of English, in the class, but all the rest speak English quite well. One of the Chows—a kid about as big as myself—has only been out from China for three years but his speech hardly betrays his foreign nationality at all. As far as I now know, I break up on Friday, the 24th of May. Enclosed you will find a photo which I purchased this afternoon. Yours Arthur."

Sat. May 11th, 1935. I am 68 years of age to day. The date of my birth is May 11th, 1867. Mum gave me 10/- as a birthday present. This is polling day for the electors of N.S.W. for the State Parliament. I was the first to vote this morning at the Methodist church, & I voted Gillies, the Communist, 1; Bob Cameron, Lang Labor Party, 2; & McIlveen, Scullin Federal Labor Party, 3.

)Common Cause) to day contains my verses: "Anaesthetics," which were printed without any mistakes.

Wed. May 15th, 1935. Last Mon. we received the following letter from Art:-

"Usual address, Thursday (9th) 1935.

Dear Folks, The practice teaching ended to-day: I don't know what my teaching mark will be, but I suppose it's a Rv. I have had my shoes repaired for 5/-—5d less than the actual cost of the shoes. As for 'dough', I am well supplied. I will probably go to Gibb & Beeman's about my glasses next Monday. To-day I was teaching 6 R, quite a good class, for it includes several Chows & hardly any Pagoes. There is one Russian, who has very little understanding of English, in the class, but all the rest speak English quite well. One of the Chows—a kid about as big as myself—has only been out from China for three years but his speech hardly betrays his foreign nationality at all. As far as I now know, I break up on Friday, the 24th of May. Enclosed you will find a photo which I purchased this afternoon. Yours Arthur."

Last Mon. I got measured for a suit at the Co-op store, & bought home some patterns. I went to Mr Solomon, the dentist, in Hamilton, & he examined my hollow tooth, & put some stuff in it. I have to return next Friday for the next part of the filling operation. On the way home I bought "War What For?" for February, at the Communist bookshop in Beaumont street. Stephens's party won in the election by about 2 to 1 against Lang's Labor Party. No Communists were elected, but their votes were about twice as many as last election. Last Sunday there was a Douglas Credit meeting in Islington Park. The main speaker was Mr. Bonderson, who is a defeated candidate. To-day I put a red window in the bath room for photographic purposes.
Thur. May 16th, 1935. Last night I developed the film containing photos of our house, Tanger Park, & Ingall St. The exposures were right, but they do not seem quite sharp. This afternoon I wrote the following note:

"To Mr. & Mrs. M. Stones. Dear Friends, Every year the Pensions Department sends me a form containing questions which I am required to answer. One of them is: - "Have you an interest in any property or house other than the one in which you reside?"; & I have to reply that I have an interest in a mortgage by which I receive £ 12:10:0 per quarter. As this fact militates against my receiving the full rate of pension--17/6 per week--I would be glad if you would enable me to write "No" in the next form, which I may receive soon, by your payment of the £ 40 that is now overdue, as you will see by this list of payments:-- £ 175 owed on 8th April, 1931…"

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<tr>
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<td>£ 10:0:0</td>
<td>£ 40:0:0</td>
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</table>

Please reply in writing & let me know what you are able to do in this matter.
Yours sincerely, Josiah Cocking."

This evening I have slightly altered "Bullet-Stoppers Wanted", & typed it out for "Common Cause".


This afternoon we received the following letter from Art:-

"AndersOn House, Glebe Point, Leichhardt St., Glebe Pt., Saturday. Dear Folks, Since last I wrote I have obtained my goggles: they cost 37/6. About a week ago my eyes were pretty sore, but they're all right now. When I left Crown St. school I forgot to take away some charts I had made--I knew the cleaner's name & address, so I paid her a visit last Friday (not yesterday) to find out what she had."

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done with them. The street in which she lives has houses far worse than the Chow's homes which used to be in Crown street; it was in the Greek quarter, I believe; that is I judged as much from the people whom I saw. The house next door to the cleaner's has rusty galvanised iron instead of windows: it is not uninhabited as you might think. Anyhow, the charts had been put in the boss' office; so I'll go up & see him some time next week. I think I forgot to tell you that "Count" Dombroski & I went to Riley street to see Wirth's circus, but it happened to be the night after they had left Sydney. Practice-teaching marks are not out yet, but it has been decided to hold another practice period at the end of the year. I will be in town some time next week, so I'll get another couple of photos printed. It would have facilitated matters if you had told me the numbers of the last one; but I'll be able to trace it O.K. I'll be home next Saturday morning early. Yours Arthur."

Ivy & the children were here to day. She has had all of her 8 remaining bottom teeth pulled out, as they were being eaten away by the acid of her system. Florence is still at home waiting for another call to go nursing.

Tues. May 21st, 1935. This morning I typed the following verse on this extract from the Newcastle Herald:-


Deeply concerned at the continuing falling off in the number of volunteer trainees each year, the Acting Base Commandant for N.S.W. (Col. Macfarlane) said yesterday that if the situation did not improve the Commonwealth Govt. would have to do something to remedy it. He said he blamed employers somewhat for not co-operating with the service. Hundreds of reports had been made that boys feared to approach their employers for time off to attend drills & classes. They feared they would be penalised. Foremen of works & managers of establishments were often the stumbling blocks who prevented employees getting leave to carry out their military duties. Employers were asked to release their employees for only 6 days a year. There were individual employers who gave poor encouragement to the volunteer training system, & great difficulty was experienced in maintaining the establishment. Only 65 p.c. of a battalion attended camp, the other 35 p.c. being unable to obtain leave.

To remedy the position, Col. Macfarlane suggested that employers should establish an honours board, setting out the following employees are qualified to serve their country. Some national reward or bonus for those who their income tax, patriotic duty, say a 5 p.c. reduction in their income, might be offered. Again, a distinguishing badge might be
awarded, for wearing on all occasions. Representatives of commercial organisations, when apprised of Col. Macfarlane's statement, said that they had not received any complaint regarding lack of support. The Minister for Defence (Mr. R.A. Parkhill) stated that employees of the Government had their payments for military service made up to their normal wage when engaged in training, & private enterprise should be encouraged to do the same." ("Newcastle Morning Herald", 30/5/35.)

The Swashbuckler's Jeremiad

"Surely, in vain the net is spread in the sight of the bird,"—Prov. 1.17.

Alas! Alas! Alas! Alas! Alas!
The once-confiding working-class
At last is getting cunning;
Our tempting baits that did entice no longer lure the human mice;
Recruiting traps they're shunning!

Alack! Alack! Alack! Alack!
Our ancient bait—the Union Jack—
No longer now sufficient
To tempt the modern working chap
To enter our deceptive trap,
Despite our old devices!

O woe! O woe! O woe! O woe!
No longer will the toilers go
In throngs to be enlisted
In voluntary training bands
To save the soil their Boss commands;
Our calls they have resisted.

Of yore we need but flap a flag,
And loudly of our Empire brag,
To spare recruits in plenty;
But now, despite our old decoys
And uniforms to tempt the boys,
We fool but one in twenty!

There surely must be something wrong,
For companies, that once were strong
Alarminly have dwindled;
And only sixty-five per cent.
Of modern workers lately went
To have blood-lust enkindled.

There shortly must be something done
By Lyons, Pearce and Bill, or none
Will henceforth be enrapped
By bands and flags and bright parades
Of other fools with shining blades,
Whereby our dupes are captured.

Employers now are much to blame;
For many fail to aid our game
Of fooling the unwary;
We still the youthful could deceive
If masters gave their wage-slaves leave,
And ceased to be contrary!

We tell the slaves that they are free,
But greedy owners let them see
That "hands" are fettered minions,
Who fear to suffer heavy loss
If they defy the loving Boss.

Employers surely could afford
A bright, enticing Honor-Board
To catch the young and silly;
A tax-remission, too, would ease
Our task of soothing, and would please
Dear Thirty-Pieces Billy.

Employers, too, should pay for time
Employed in learning warfare's crime,
And pay each slave's expenses,
Whilst we are training him to shoot,
And suffer, kill, and die to boot.
Within their strong defences.

Let's give each volunteer a badge
(To please sweet, patriotic Madge),
Adorned with Mars and Cygnus,
To haunt upon his martial breast
For evermore, at work or rest,
To prove that he is stupid.

But Communists are most to blame;
They set the toilers' minds admane
For liberty to flourish:
And ev'rywhere they boldly tell
Our volunteers that war is hell;
Thus spoiling squads we nourish.

So, once again let's have recourse
To our old panacea—FORCE—
To stop their peaceful capers;
Let's banish, fetter, shoot, or hang
The members of that rebel gang.
And burn their books and papers!

Although this plan has failed before,
We must invoke its aid once more.
By methods new and polished,
To man what stands, or flies, or floats,
Or else our trade of cutting throats
Will shortly be abolished.

"Taraxacum"
There shortly must be something done
By Lyons, Pearce, & Hill, or none
Will henceforth be enraptured
By bands, & flags, & bright parades
Of other fools with shining blades,
Whereby our dupes are captured.

Employers now are much to blame:
For many fail to aid our game
Of fooling the unwary;
We still the youthful could deceive
If masters gave their wage-slaves leave
And ceased to be contrary.

We tell the slaves that they are free,
But greedy owners let them see
That "hands" are fettered minds
Who fear to suffer heavy loss
If they defy the loving Ross
Who clips their martial pinions.

Employers surely could afford
A bright, enticing Honour-Road
To catch the young & silly:
A tax-remission, too, would ease
Our task of snaring, & would please
Dear Thirty-Pieces Lilly.

Employers, too, should pay for time
Engaged in learning Warfare's crime,
And pay each slave's expenses
Whilst we are training him to shoot
And suffer, kill, & die to boot
Within their strong defences.

Let's give each volunteer a badge
(To please sweet, patriotic Madge)
Adorned with Mars & Cupid,
To flaunt upon his martial breast
For evermore, at work or rest,
To prove that he is stupid.

But Communists are most to blame:
They set the toilers' minds aflame
For liberty to flourish;
And ev'ry where they boldly tell
Our volunteers that war is hell;
Thus spoiling squads we nourish!
So once again let's have recourse
To our old panacea—FORCE—
To stop their peaceful capers:
Let's banish, fetter, shoot, or hang
The members of that rebel gang,
And burn their books & papers!

Although this plan has failed before,
We must invoke its aid once more,
By methods new & polished,
To man what stands, or flies, or floats,
Or else our trade of cutting throats
Will shortly be abolished!

Taraxacum, 21/5/1935.

THURSDAY, May 23rd, 1935. Yesterday I sent "The Swash-
buckler's Jeremiah" to "Common Cause", & to "War! What For?"
Father Jim Robertson's widow, or Bill Robertson's wife is dead.
The funeral notice in the paper is indefinite.

Fri. May 24th, 1935. Last evening Florence was called to na-
urse a man at 46 Cleary ? St., Waratah. He is an old man,
& has heart & lung trouble. This morning I went to dentist
Solomon to have my tooth filled, but haveto return next Mon.
I also went to the Co-op. store to try on my new suit, but as
it would not be ready till 3 p.m. I would not wait.
This afternoon I wrote the following to the Dep. Com. of Pen-
sions, Sydney:—"Sir, As I am thinking of trying to sell my
house & buying a new, smaller one in this locality, will you kind-
ly inform me whether I would be forced to hand part of the pro-
ceeds, of the projected sale, to the Government to repay the
amount I have received as pension.
I am aware that the Pensions Act has lately been amended, but I
do not know how the amendment has affected pensioners. Am I now
free to sell my house & use the whole of the purchase money to
buy a better but smaller house ?. Thanking you in anticipation
for an early reply, I am, Sir Yours respectfully, Josiah
Cocking."

To day we received this note:—"43 ? Ingall St., Mayfield,
23/5/35. Dear Mr. Cocking, In reply to your's I beg to inform
you that I hope to have this matter adjusted within the next
few days. Yous faithfully, Mervyn E. Stones."

This morning I wrote the following verses:—
WHO MAKES WARS?

All wars are made by drones whom dwell
In ease & plenitude & tell
Their slaves the ancient story,
Relying on their lack of sense
To make them die in drones' defence,
On so-called "fields of glory"!

From infancy the poor are told,
By those who covet fame & gold,
That workers should be loyal
To owners of the tools & land,
And, armed, in serried ranks should stand
For rulers rich & royal.

Although the lie is large & stale,
The slaves are told the ancient tale
By orators, demurely,
That potentates protection give;
That all the honest workers live
In freedom, quite securely.

This lying tale the slaves believe!
Hence, when their rulers wish to thieve
More lands in other regions
To dominate receptive marts
For stolen goods, to foreign parts
The toilers rush in legions!

Deserted, then, are babes & wives,
While ev'ry martial wage-slave strives
To win applause in danger
And gain a medal or a cross
"For bravery", from dear, kind Ross,
When murdering a stranger!

Thus ev'ry modern war is made
By wealthy Thugs, for fame or trade;
(Themselves from danger shrinking)
And thus conditions will remain
Until each stupid worker's brain
Is used for sober thinking!

Sat. May 25th, 1935. Last evening our Arthur came by train to Newcastle, & reached home about 7 o'clock. He intended to come by steamer, but as the other students refused to return by sea, he used the train also. He looks well, & seems a bit taller. He obtained a "Plus" "B-plus" mark for teaching, which is the highest mark supervisor Harris ever gives.

Florrie told us by telephone yesterday that her patient is not likely to live long, poor old fellow!
This morning I have written the following verses:-
WHY DO WORKERS GO TO WAR?

Now, why do workers go to war
And slay, or else be slain?
Why stain their souls with brothers' gore?
Will someone, please, explain?

From infancy they have to toil:
Indeed to hoary age
They labor on ANOTHER'S soil
For small reward or wage.

The lands they're taught to call their own
Belong to haughty men;
The wealth they reap, where they have sown,
They give the "Upper Ten"!

They live in hovels, pay high rent,
And feed on humble fare,
While those for whom their lives are spent
Eat lands rich & rare.

The Few, who call a MAN a "hand",
Despise him, though he slaves
To do as they command
And cringingly behaves.

The toilers dare not leave their work,
And lose their paltry pay,
Unless employing drones who shirk
Will "kindly" say they may!
In hungry quest they meekly stand
In humble quest they meekly stand
And tamely freeze or boil
Till owners of "their" native land
Shall give them leave to toil!

This "liberty" they all enjoy
Beneath the blood-stained flags
That patriotic drones employ
To flaunt above their rags.

They're taxed in youth; they're taxed in age;
They're taxed from morn till night,
Yet willingly the fools engage
For taxing thieves to fight!
Will someone kindly tell
Will someone kindly tell me why
The volunteers are glad
ORDINAM

Mr. Josiah Cocking,
41 Ingall Street,
MAYFIELD EAST.

In reply to your letter of the 24th inst. I have to advise that in the event of a sale of property by you you will not be called upon to make any refund of pension payments to this Department. The Invalid and Old Age Pensions Act provides, however, that where a pensioner has property, other than the home in which he permanently resides, the rate of pension otherwise payable shall be subject to a deduction of £1 for every complete £10 by which the net capital value of such accumulated property exceeds £50.

Money owing from a sale is property within the meaning of the Act.

It is not possible at this juncture to state to what extent your pension rate might be affected by the sale of your home property. This will depend upon the amount of net proceeds received and the manner of their disposal. If you sell your home for cash with all the proceeds purchase another property and take up residence therein within a reasonable period, say, three months, no alteration will be made in the pension rate.

This Department should be notified immediately the property is sold.

(R.F. TATS)
for Deputy Commissioner.
Fri, May 31st, 1935. Yesterday I walked to Hamilton & got my tooth polished by Mr. Solomon. On the way back I saw a car that was carrying a loud speaker through which Jock Gordon was announcing the forthcoming meeting of the Langites. There was a group of men about the car, & Mr. J.P. Lang, Mr. Graves, & several members of parliament were in the group. I bought "The Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World"; & by Sir Edward Creasy, M.A, 1869.; & "Self Taught Men", for 1/- each, at a second-hand shop in Hamilton.

Florence finished her nursing of poor old Mr. Hagan last Saturday, for he passed away then; but she stayed on & nursed his daughter, who was ill, till last Monday. Florence was slightly ill yesterday.

We received a letter from the Deputy & Commissioner for Pensions yesterday in which he said that we could sell our house & buy another with the money without having to give up any to the Department.

Sat. June 1st, 1935. Yesterday afternoon Florence was called to go to the Iluka hospital, Newcastle, to work at nursing. She came home to sleep last night, but has to go in there again this morning.

Mon. June 3rd, 1935. I went to the holiness meeting yesterday morning, which was led by Major Snelgrove. With him were Major Drylie, Nelson, & another whose name I forget. They were all retired officers. I hear that Jessie Carpenter has gone with the Tighe's Hill Methodists. Florence's lady patient at the Iluka is fortunately getting better, but Florence is still nursing her. Winnie Drylie is in Melbourne with her sisters, on a fortnight's holiday. She has 4 sisters & a brother there. She intends to learn obstetric nursing.

On Saturday morning I wrote the following verses:

"WHAT IS ARRITRATION ?"

If Rourke & Jones, with Lean & Bones,
Were cast upon an island
Whereon there sat a drone named Fat
Who called the atoll "my land"--

And Jones & Bourke began to work,
With Lean & Bones at tilling
The virgin strand where they did land,
To earn an honest shilling--
And if they grew potatoes new,
With fruits in great abundance,
And caught more fish than they could wish,
Until they had redundancy.

And Fat declared that fish they'd snared
And fruit they had provided
By painful toil, from sea & soil,
With him should be divided;

That he alone, although a drone,
Esteemed it not extortion
To now demand, as Lord of Land,
By far the greater portion—

And if they sat & begged of Fat
To give them ten in twenty
Of wealth they made with net & spade,
But he said five were plenty:

That they could live, on what he'd give,
And keep in fit condition
To toil again with might & main
( Of course with his permission)—

And if they bent their knees & spent
A day in supplication
To haughty Fat, imploring that
He'd pity them;
He'd ask in moderation;

And Fat, indeed, at last agreed
To heed their "wise" suggestion
To let his feud end the wrangle end
And "fairly" judge the question—

And if Fat's judge said it was fudge
To claim percentage fifty
Of what they made by net & spade;
That if they were but thrifty,

And never spent, consumed, nor lent
Men ten per cent unwisely,
It would suffice to keep them twice
As long as five, precisely—

And if they puled while thus he ruled
To make this "just" equation,
And took their wealth by legal stealth,
Well, THAT IS ARBITRATION!
From R.W. Thompson & Son
A.M. P. Buildings,
276 High St,
West Maitland.

12th June 1935

Dear Sir,

RE MORTGAGE FROM MR. STONES

We are in receipt of your letter of the 11th inst. and forward you herewith mortgage from Mervyn Nelson Stones to yourself and Mrs. Cooking with form of discharge endorsed thereon.

Discharge should be signed by you and Mrs. Cooking where shown in pencil in the presence of a J.P.

We also enclose authority to enable us to collect the balance owing on settlement, which, we take from your letter, is £40. You might however, please confirm this as the mortgage is for £175.

As the costs of the discharge are to be borne by Mr. Stones it might be as well if you were to allow us to settle the matter so that these could be obtained on settlement.

The Writer will be in Newcastle on Friday afternoon next and will call on you sometime during the afternoon as he will be going by car. If you could manage to have the Discharge and authority duly signed he will pick them up then.

Yours truly,

Mr. Josiah Cooking,
41 Ingall St,
Mayfield East.
TRANSPORT HOUSE (South Block), SMITH SQUARE, LONDON, S.W.1

H. TREASURER.
ARTHUR HENDERSON, M.P.

SECRETARY:
J. S. MIDDLETON

NATIONAL AGENT:
GEORGE R. SHEPHERD

27th April 1935.

Mr. J. Cocking,
41, Ingall St,
Mayfield East,
Via Newcastle,
S.W.1,

Australia.

Dear Mr. Cocking,

I have to thank you for your letter of the 13th March, addressed to Mr. Henderson, and to say, that having ceased to be the Secretary of the Labour Party on retirement, he has handed your letter to me.

We are extremely pleased to note the interest you show in Cornish divisions and we think it right therefore to assure you that we are doing everything possible to help our people in a very difficult area.

We cannot undertake the responsibility of placing a full time organiser in Cornwall itself as the funds at our disposal are so limited in comparison with the intensive work required in all parts of the United Kingdom. We have a man and woman organiser in charge of the South Western Counties, and both of them are frequently in Cornwall giving of their best service there.

I, myself, have recently been down in the district to meet the Cornish Federation and have offered to assist them in various ways with speakers and organising effort.

We have two Parliamentary Candidates already fixed in the County and a third is in the process of selection.

Read the "DAILY HERALD" every day and "LABOUR" and "THE LABOUR WOMAN" every month.
It is our wish to see candidates in all the divisions so that a first class fight may be put up at the General Election when it comes.

I will see that your letter is brought in front of our officers in the South Western Counties for their consideration.

Yours sincerely,

G. R. Sheppee
National Agent.

Answered June 6th 1935.
To-day I received the following letter:—"Zara Street, Newcastle, May 30th 1935. To Josiah Cocking, Esq., 41 Ingall St., Mayfield West. Dear Mr. Cocking, Thank you very much for sending along your verses for THYRSUS. I did not return them before, as I wanted to consider them again in the event of further issues coming out. As you will have noticed from the editorial note to the second issue, however, publication is being suspended, and I am therefore sending them back now. I was particularly glad to get so many ideas in verses as were contained in yours, but I feel sure you will pardon me if I make the observation that you think abstractly rather than poetically, by which I mean concretely. If you were to give your ideas visual embodiment, not only asserting, but also showing, your points, you should write very good stuff indeed. As it is there is plenty to think about in what you write, & it was stimulating to read it. You should be able to find some papers to use one set of verses now & again. I hesitated to use your verses solely from the considerations I have mentioned, that they were abstract rather than concrete, not because of the ideas expressed, which certainly appealed to me. You will notice that there are three or four anti-war poems in the second issue of THYRSUS as it is. I am Yours truly, & thanking you again, Birt Birtles."

I also received a letter from G.R. Shepherd, the national secretary of the British Labour Party, in reply to one I sent to Arthur Henderson. To-day I am sending to "Common Cause" the following verses:—"What Is Arbitration ?"; "Glory"; "Honour Rolls"; & "Why Do Workers Go To War ?"

Thur., June 6th, 1935. Florence is still nursing at the Lluka hospital. She works from 9 a.m. to 9 p.m. I walked in to the Co-op. store yesterday & got my new suit, but the trousers are too long; so I have to have an alteration made to-day. Rain fell nearly all day yesterday. This morning I have written the following letter:—"To Mr. George R. Shepherd, National Agent, Labour Party, Transports House (South Block) Smith Square, London, S.W. 1. Dear Sir & Comrade, I thank you for your very kind & courteous reply to my letter of the 13th of March; & I am much pleased to find that your party is not neglecting Cornwall in its propaganda work. It is a pity that you are not able to maintain a full-time organiser there, but even one man & a woman may do a great deal if they work wisely. In this
district we have had members of the Communist Party trying
to politically educate & organise the workers, but the speaker's
made the great mistake of sneering at all religions, so there has not be
much progress made.
I hope that your organisers do not make the same blunder; for,
as you know, many Cornish people are still active Christians,
or are what Sir Henry Parkes called "butresses of the Church-
that is supporters from the outside".
It is pleasing to know that you already have a candidate in the Cornish field, & will soon have a third one there.
They have my best wishes for ultimate success, which can only be achieved by conscientious & persistent labour.
At this distance it is almost impossible for me to help them; but if I knew of any Labour paper that is printed or circu-
lated in Cornwall perhaps I could write something to assist them. "The Daily Herald"; "Labour"; & "The Labour Woman" I never see here; indeed I do not know where to send to for them.
Perhaps you would be good enough to send me a sample copy of each,
or their addresses, so that I may contribute something to their columns.
Many thanks for your assurance that you will send my former letter to your officers in the South Western Counties,
I shall keep in touch with Mrs. Webster, of Greenfield Terrace,
Portreath, & shall endeavour to aid your Party through her,
hoping that you will never have another leader like the one you are now getting rid of, I remain, with many thanks, & best wishes for the success of your Party, Frater nally yours,
Josiah Cocking. From Josiah Cocking, 41 Ingall Street, May-
field East, via Newcastle, N. S. W., Australia.

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TECHNICAL COLLEGE

6/6/1935

Students' Association Officers

At the first meeting of the committee of the Newcastle Technical College Students' Association for the 1935-36 session
an election of officers took place. The following officers were appointed—President, Mr. J. K. Brandwood; Past Presi-
dent, Mr. F. A. Scorer; Vice-presidents, Messrs. M. A. Smith and B. Litchfield; Secretary, Mr. F. E. Cooksey; Treasurer,
Mr. E. H. Bates; Assistant Secretary, Mr. E. N. Harris; Messrs. E. Bagley, C. Hall, H. H. MacDonald, and H. Middlehurst
were elected as staff representatives, and Messrs. W. Cooking and H. G. Henderson as representatives of the students.

The committee decided to accept the responsibility of organising the prize dis-
tribution function to be held at New-
castle Town Hall on Tuesday, June 18.
The Secretary reported that the Minister for Education (Mr. D. H. Drummond) and the Acting Superintendent of Tech-


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Sat, June 6th, 1935. Last Tuesday

Arthur had a "conglomeration of bloodvessels" removed from his left
side by Dr. Bourke who cut a piece a quarter of an inch deep from the
skin. The operation cost two guineas.

Art has to go back to Sydney to morrow
night. To day I bought nearly 2 pound
of sulphuric acid for 2/3 from Lindsay
the chemist, & 4 perchloride of mercur
tables for 1/-. I have made up a
cell of my proposed Daniel battery.

Florence's patient—Mrs. Shelton—is
a little better, thank God.

Mon, June 10th, 1935. I attended the hol-
iness meeting at stache's Hill yes-

---
I returned cut-throat named Bland speak on the Douglas Credit system. Arthur returned to Sydney last night. The cell of the Daniel battery became eaten through the bottom & the copper solution all ran out & was wasted.

Last Saturday Walter received the following letter:

"Technical College, Newcastle, 6th June, 1935.
Memoranda to student W. Cocking. I have very much pleasure in appraising you of your success as a diplomate & prize winner as a result of your studies last year. Please accept my congratulations on your achievement.

The Prize Distribution will be held in the Newcastle Town Hall on Tuesday, 18th of June, at 7:45 p.m. Your number is 11, & I shall be glad if you will occupy the seat reserved for you.

Kindly present this notification for admission. An invitation is extended to your parents & friends to be present at the function. Should you wish a special invitation sent to anyone interested, I shall be glad if you will advise Mrs. Jobson (General Office). P. O Riddle, Principal."

Thursday, June 13th, 1935. This morning we received the mortgage that we signed with Mr. Stones, & a letter, from Thompson & Son, solicitors, Maitland, in reply to the one on pink paper that I sent last Tuesday. This afternoon Mum & I went to drape Clarke's shop to sign the Discharge of the Mortgage, but we found that he has been gone from there about nine months; so we went to Mr. Hatherall, J. P. in Tighes Hill, & he saw us sign & then signed it himself. I have made 2 Daniel cells, & they work very well & will light a 2½ volt lamp. This afternoon I bought a dozen photographic half plates for 6/6 of Lindsay, the chemist.

Sat. June 15th, 1935. Yesterday afternoon a man from the office of Thompson & Son, Maitland, visited us & said that he would arrange everything in connection with the discharge of Mr. Stones' mortgage; & he took our receipt book & the mortgage paper. He promised to write & send us the cheque for the money due to us by the mortgage. Florence is now nursing Mrs. Shelton at her home in Hamilton. Rain nearly all day yesterday.

Thur. June 20th, 1935. Last Tues. we received this letter:- "Usual address, Sunday morning, Dear Folks, The stitches in my side were removed by the college doctor on Friday. I had a look at the cut last night: it looks perfectly O.K. The examinations begin tomorrow week, but I haven't as much to learn as I thought. Handwork & speech-training are, on this occasion, purely practical, while the hygiene exam. is not held till the end of term. Lately we are getting a lot of work to do, especially in formal logic—the most uninteresting subject of which I've ever heard. Yesterday
Yesterdays I spent all the day in weaving copper wire for a sandal cell. Jack & Glady brought down Walter's diploma that was awarded to him on Tuesday night when Walter was given a prize of 35/-, Jack also won a diploma.

Introducing Mr. Drummond, the Mayor of Newcastle (Ald. H. H. Christie), who presided, said that the Minister had done wonderful work for Newcastle. He had had more schools built in Newcastle during the last three or four years than had been built in the history of Newcastle. If any place in Australia needed a technical college it was the greatest industrial centre.

The Minister said he was certain that as long as the people of Newcastle and the students remained as interested in the college as was indicated by the gathering, the college would continue to give excellent service to Newcastle and district. The Mayor deserved congratulations for his forethought in giving a fine site to the city and district in raising funds for the college. He (Mr. Drummond) had not thought that the appeal would be supported so substantially in such a short time.

"I feel that in this great community of New South Wales no less than in your city of Newcastle and this district, despite all I have said, there is not a proper appreciation and understanding of the place of technical education and the part that it should play in the development of our community life and the development of those assets which count so much in the maintenance of a standard of living in this community.

In Sydney that afternoon he had heard what might be called a junior technical exhibition, continued Mr. Drummond. When the Lord Mayor of Sydney was in Japan recently he suggested that work done by the schools of New South Wales might be sent to Japan to be exhibited. That was done and the Japanese Government had decided to pay the cost of a more substantial display. That work which was on view yesterday delighted him.

TECHNICAL EDUCATION.
Mr. Susmilch said that he attended at the ceremony at which the college prizes were presented 30 years ago. At that time, he was in charge of the college. About 150 names were present, and there were 18 prizes. With a difference there was in the numbers there last! He had established the diploma courses, and was pleased that they had been successful. He appreciated the shortcoming of the college. The examination results had shown that the staff was efficient despite the disadvantages under which they had operated. The Steel Workers were just being established when they were in Newcastle in 1914, and it was unfortunate that technical college had not progressed with the growth of the city.

NEWCASTLE'S INTEREST.

The Mayor, who presided, said that he was the first Mayor who had attended the prize distribution ceremony after having launched and carried out a successful campaign to raise the contribution suggested by the Minister for Education so that a modern technical college could be established. The response to his appeal had been outstanding, and the money promised amounted to £12,545/13/10. They would understand that he had a real interest in the prosperity of technical education in Newcastle, the Mayor continued. Despite the doubts about the technical college not being attained, the result was wonderful. The Minister had said a year ago that he intended to provide a modern technical college, and, with the removal to the new site, he indicated that the building in Hunter-street would be available for developing the culture of Newcastle. He hoped that the Minister would confirm the promise he had made concerning the proposed new college, and that he would announce the date on which the work of building the college would begin. Certain proposals had been put forward according to the administration of technical education in the Newcastle district, but the principal issue was that a college conforming with Newcastle's importance should be built. Its administration on lines which would provide for local control would be found to be equally important. Newcastle in particular was interested in the future administration of technical education under conditions which provided for things to be done in a half-hearted way.

For years, strong representations had been made concerning the limited and out-of-date equipment, and a restricted staff, but now that the Minister had three years ahead it was hoped that the keen interest he had shown in technical education in Newcastle, would find that it was making good expression in a new college with all the necessary equipment, and Newcastle's staff. The Principal (Mr. P. D. Riddell) should be congratulated on the excellent way in which he had carried out his duties. He had taken the students, and the college, had sought to carry out the Minister's scheme.

TRIBUTE TO MINISTER.

Proposing a vote of thanks, Mr. Riddell said that people interested in the college had been telling a tale of woe for years, but there had arrived a Minister who had given that tale of woe. After a year, it might be a song of thanksgiving. It would only be a matter of time before the dreams of the people who desired a new technical college would be realised. Newcastle owed a great deal to Mr. Drummond. Everyone phase of the commercial and industrial life of the city would understand that he had a great deal to do, and the Advisory Committee had done splendid work.

The President of the Students' Association (Mr. K. Bradwood), who supported the motion, said that in addition to the prize he had been awarded, he would give another year to the college.

Mr. Newby, the Electrical Trades Union, expressed his satisfaction with the prizes which had been presented to the boys for their work. He congratulated the boys for their work and the girls for their efforts. The prizes were a encouragement to the boys and girls who were working in the technical college.

The Associated Architects of Newcastle and District. 

Mr. B. W. Woodruff, First aftermath engineering: Mr. H. F. Carswell, First and printing: Mr. J. A. Grant, honours. Mr. W. C. Cocking, honours. Mr. J. B. Lamonde, honours. Mr. A. W. B. Rowlett, credit. Mr. C. Congdon, credit. Mr. R. Paul, credit. Mr. A. R. Cocking, credit. Mr. N. Macphail, credit. Mr. W. Whalen, credit. Mr. T. S. Steele, credit. Mr. G. B. Taylor, credit. Local Government engineering: Mr. F. A. Parkinson, credit. Mr. E. A. Johns, pass. Chemistry: Mr. J. Cocking, pass. Mr. G. Scott, pass.

H. J. Scarfe Memorial Prize: C. Sladen, highest aggregate pass for full trade course in engineering.

The Institution of Engineers, Australia.

Mr. H. J. Mayo, First engineering diploma courses: Mr. K. Grant.

Hunter District Water Supply and Sewage: First plumbing: Mr. W. C. Harrison.

The Associated Architects of Newcastle and District. b) Architectural subjects: Mr. P. McGeoggin, First sanitary engineering: Mr. B. W. Woollaston, First sanitary engineering: Mr. H. F. Carswell, First and printing: Mr. J. A. Grant, honours. Mr. W. C. Cocking, honours. Mr. J. B. Lamonde, honours. Mr. A. W. B. Rowlett, credit. Mr. C. Congdon, credit. Mr. R. Paul, credit. Mr. A. R. Cocking, credit. Mr. N. Macphail, credit. Mr. W. Whalen, credit. Mr. T. S. Steele, credit. Mr. G. B. Taylor, credit. Local Government engineering: Mr. F. A. Parkinson, credit. Mr. E. A. Johns, pass. Chemistry: Mr. J. Cocking, pass. Mr. G. Scott, pass.

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H. J. Scarfe Memorial Prize: C. Sladen, highest aggregate pass for full trade course in engineering.

The Institution of Engineers, Australia.

Mr. H. J. Mayo, First engineering diploma courses: Mr. K. Grant.

Hunter District Water Supply and Sewage: First plumbing: Mr. W. C. Harrison.
To-day I wrote the following letter to the editor of "War! What For?":-

"To Mr. J. W. Rawling, Editor of "War! What For?", dear Comrade, With this I am enclosing a small donation (2/-) in stamps for your "Mile of Pennies Fund".

I have been expecting a word from you re "I Call It Murder," but none has come. I would like to know if you intend to use it: if not, will you please return it so that I may try to get it printed by some other paper?

I have just received this month's issue, and notice that you need a camera, but you did not say what sort of one you require. I have one here that takes films of 5 x 3 inches. I have never used it myself, but my son has taken some good pictures with it, and I believe it is in good order still. If you have not already obtained a camera, & think that mine will suit you, I will send it to you as a gift to the Cause if you will tell me which railway station to send it to.

Kindly reply at once, & I shall lose no time in despatching the camera to you with much pleasure. Yours fraternally, J. Cocking.

20/6/35."

This afternoon at 3 o'clock I copied Walter's diploma with the half-plate camera, & exposed for 1 second in sunshine. I also photographed the front of our house at the same hour, & gave the Kodak plate 1 sec. exposure in sunshine; stop number 20. I bought an ounce of pyrogallol acid (1/9), 1 lb of hypo. (3d), three fourpenny packets of developer (1/-), 3 ozs. of carbonate of soda, & oz. of citric acid at Lindsay's: the whole cost 4/-.

He gave me 2 old porous pots for nothing. Florence is still nursing Mrs. Shelton, who is getting better. Josie has returned "The Moral Damage of War," Charlie advertised his little mare, "Molly Riley," yesterday, & 2 men came to see it, but said she is a bit too light, He is asking 3 pounds for her. "War! What For?" arrived this morning.
Tonight I printed from the negative of our house, & gave 15 second's exposure at 18 inches from the elec. lamp, on "Nepera Gaslight Paper (glossy), & developed with packet developer, & got 3 very good prints. I could have given 30 secs. exposure.
I also printed 2 copies of Walter's diploma, & exposed for 30, 35, & 40 secs. Good prints; no blisters. Alumed after fixing & slightly washing. Bannisters brought 5 bags of coal (7/6). Mr Paddyen brought a bag of chaff (5/3). Walt, Mr. Pacey, Mr. Stones, & Jose were working at Walt's car till after dark. Fine day, but cold Nor-West wind blowing all day.

Sund. June 23rd, 1935. I did not go to the Army meetings to-day because Major Richards, the militarist, was to be at Tighes Hill; but I went to the Islington Baptist church & heard Mr. Gibbons preach. Harry Bull lent me "Shop Talks On Economics", by Mary Marcy; "Menace of Rationalisation", by Fr. R. Voigt; "Politics & the Railways & Tramways", & "Workers' Guide To The Courts", by W.H. MacKenzie. I read all but the last to day. Cold.
I took "The Moral Damage Of War" to Mrs. Rogers in Bent street, Islington.

Mon. June 24th, 1935. To-day we received the following letter from Art. :- "Usual address, Saturday.
Dear Folks, The cut on my ribs has almost entirely disappeared. The exam begins the day after to-morrow, & to my surprise & satisfaction, I find that I have papers on Monday, Thursday, & Friday only.
One of the fellows from the House has bought a radiator for 2/6. The Matron found out about it the other day & forbade him to use it, as it burns too much electricity.
The coterie that studies in my room, however, have borrowed it. We have arranged things so that we get light & heat from the same socket. For the last few nights we have been making toast for supper by means of the radiator.
I'd like you to send the ambulance case down here in about a month's time, but before you do, I'd like you to include a bottle marked "Friar's Balsam", & another marked "Perchloride of Mercury".
The hygiene lecturer was extolling the virtues of the latter yesterday. I bet Dad would have stuck his chest out if he had heard her. Next Saturday I'll probably go to town in search of those books that Dad wants, although I don't think I've a dog's chance of getting them if you happen to get that transferring stuff, hang on to it till I come home, will you please? On no account make a special trip for it. It isn't very important, anyhow. I get paid on Friday. Yours Art-
Fri. June 28th, 1935. This morning I wrote a letter to brother Bob in reply to his inquiring about a bed. I promised to try to find a bed for him as soon as possible. I also enclosed a view of Dangar Park, looking from our house; Ingall Street, looking South; Waiter’s diploma. Our house; (front view.)

Brother Bob’s Letter is as follows:—Fismore Street, Aberm.. bin, June 27. Dear Joe & Jenny, Just a few lines to you to ask you to do us a favour. I may just state that we are in a bit of a fog here: in the first place, the bed I am sleeping on is a single one, & is altogether too small, because when I turn on it I pull the bedclothes with me: consequently I wake: I am stone-cold on one side. Not because I haven’t sufficient blankets— the reason is the bed being too narrow. I was wondering if you had a three quarter iron bedstead & spring mattress not in use you could sell to us cheap. I am almost sure Uncle Johnny & have one they could sell cheap. You see there is no second-hand shop up here where we could purchase one. It would not matter if it was rusty—Bobby would soon make it as new. Well now perhaps you would like to know, in the event of me getting a 3 quarter bed, what would we do with the one I am sleeping on. Well, it will be put in use, for Dorothy, as at present she is sleeps with Allan in a large-size double cot; & as a separation is long overdue the single bed would fulfill that most desirable want in the home. However, if you have not got, or Jack hasn’t, some of your friends may, if you make inquiries among them. You see, if I could get one it would be killing 2 birds with one stone, as Dorothy would benefit almost to the extent of myself. This is not a news letter— only a request. I will give you news next time I write down to you. Brother Bob.”

Mon. July 1st, 1935. I got ready to go to the Army meeting yesterday morning, but was stopped by rain, which continued to fall nearly all day; so I stayed at home all day. Joss, Ivy, & the children were with us after dinner, & Jack & Gladys were here a little while. Florence finished nursing Mrs. Shelton last Thurs., as she is nearly well again.

We heard yesterday the sad news of poor old Eben Worley’s sudden death in Sydney. He was a good, earnest Christian; so I have no fear concerning his future state. He has left a widow & 3 daughters— Olive, Hazel, & Vera. Olive & Hazel are Army officers. To-day Mum & Florence bought a new three-quarter bed at the Bedding King’s shop in Newcastle for 2 pounds; & Mum bought a round glass jelly dish, for which I donated 1/6. I have now finished making the 10 Daniel cells of copper wire, but I still require some porous pots to complete them.
Tue., June 2nd, 1935. To-day I repaired the billycart &
took our old double bed & wire mattress to Hamilton, but
the goods shed was shut when I got there, so I put them
into a furniture maker's place near by, until to morrow.

Last Friday we got the following letter from Art:-

"Usual address, Thursday. Dear Folks, Two of my three pap-
eres are over & I think I have made a fair fist of each of
them, The music paper this morning was almost ridiculously
easy. I am pleased to see that John & Wal got their diplo-
mas I didn't think they gave second prizes at the Tech.
The weather is still pretty cold down here, but the radiato-
kes us warm. I feel perfectly morally justified in using it
for both the tutor & matron each run wirelesses & large radi-a-
tors on their house Account. In addition to this one of the
fellows in the house has an all electric wireless. If they ha-
ve a right to the electricity so have I. As far as the upkeep of
of the house is concerned, the excess money collected for
phone calls & gas would easily cover the cost (I should think)
if all of us used radiators. We pay 2d. each for 1½d calls &
3d for using the irons. The hot water system is now most
unsatisfactory we can't get hot water when we want it.
The matron is cutting our tucker down, too, & to add insult to
injury, I haven't eaten a meal for a week (except lunch) which
hadn't grubs or abs an it!

I seem to be the Jonah here--- I get more grubs than anybody in the
house. Hence I'm getting no more than my money's worth here, i.e.
I am robbing nobody. Several of the fellows are leaving & are
going to board elsewhere, & consequently in a few week's time
I'll probably have the room to myself.

Next Saturday afternoon I'll probably go out to Earlwood.
To morrow we have the social science exam... Since I have plenty to
learn, I conclude. Yours Arthur."

This evening we received the new bed from "The Redding King".
I posted a note to Bob to let him know that the bed will be at
Abermain to morrow.

Thur., July 4th, 1935. Yesterday I took away the bed from the
furniture maker's place where I had stored it on Tues. eve-
ning, & took it to the Hamilton goods shed. It weighed one
hundred weight & a quarter, & the freight to Abermain was $17-3-0.
To-day Florence received a cheque for £ 17:3:0 from Mr. Sh-
elton for nursing his wife. With it he sent a complimentary
note, thanking Florence for her services. Charlie is making
a cot of coachwood. This morning I printed a proof from the
negative of the right-hand view looking from Jose's house,
but the exposure of 10 seconds was not long enough; however,
I managed by long development to make a passable picture.
Yesterday I went up to Jose's house & took two photos--
1 looking nor-fst; & the other looking souwest from the
verandah. The exposure was about 1 sec. with stop 30. I developed with packet developer, & found that the exposure was a bit too long. I got printable negatives. I intended to take the front of Jose's house; but it was in shadow at the time (11:40 am m. Ivy & the children were here all day yesterday. No reply has come from Rawlings yet. Fig., but cold weather.

Fri. July 5th, 1935. To-day I received the following letter:

"Dear Joe & Jenny, Just a line to say we went down & got the iron bedstead; also the mattress: & to say the least it was beyond our wildest expectation. You never said how much you want for it: we hope you don't charge us too much, because we are not overwhelmed with the current coin of the idle rich. In your extreme kindness in sending up that bed you not only did me a brotherly kindness— you have also conferred a lasting benefit to the girl as well. She sleeps with Allan in a big double cot. Her right to a bed to herself has been long overdue; so you see, in sending up the bed to me, she can have mine. You have killed 2 birds with one stone: for which you both have earned our everlasting blessings for so doing. As a matter of fact you always kill the fatted calf for me, as I have no one else in the family to ask to do me a good turn. You & Jenny always give me a loaf when I ask for a scone. Brother Bob."

This afternoon I took a photo of Stone's house with the half plate camera, & gave an exposure of a second on a
"Kodak" plate; & got an excellent negative this evening. Charlie sold his little black mare, "Molly," to-day for 30/-; Fred paid for the new wireless licence to-day on his way home from work (21/-). Fine but cold weather.

Tues. July 9th, 1935. Last Saturday Walter took Florence, Mum, & me up to Bobby Cocking's house at Lismore Street, Abermain. We saw brother Bob, but Robby & Gladys & the children were away. We did not stay long, but had a look at the house & surroundings. The weather was very cold but dry. The car went without any trouble.

On Sun. I went to the holiness meeting but no others; the air was too cold. Mr. Banister told me that his brother Alf, died suddenly at Cessnock about 3 weeks ago. He was another unfortunate dupe & victim of the publicans.

Yesterday I took a bundle of "World's News" to the Hamilton railway station & sent them to brother Bob. They weighed 1 lb., & the freight was 6d. I could not send them from the goods shed, as they do not accept anything under 14 lbs in weight.

Yesterday I bought 15 pounds of kapok at Ferguson's shop for 16/3; & Mum put it into Florence's bed-tie & put the old kapok into a tie for brother Bob. I took it on the billycart to Hamilton goods shed this morning & sent it to Bob. Freight 1/2. To day I made a ferrous oxalate developer.

We received the following letter to day:-


Dear Sir, EOE STONE. This matter has now been completed & we have pleasure in enclosing our cheque for £ 51/5/5 being amount payable to you & Mrs. Cocking. We also return your receipt book. Yours truly R. W. Thompson. M. Josiah Cocking, 4/ Ingall St., Mayfield West."

Yesterday I received the following letter:-

"Greenfield Terrace, Portreath, Redruth, Cornwall, May 29th, 1935. Dear Friends, Just answering your letter after a long time. We were pleased to see that you were all well at the time & trust this will find you all keeping the same.

We are all just alright at present. Thankful to say; & Dad is like a new man: he gets about now fine. I have had my ankle very bad with an ulcer on it again, & it made me feel very slight. It's nearly healed again now, so shall be able to master my work much better.

Glad to get the papers. We thank you for the Mail" we received some weeks ago: it arrive on the Jubilee Day; we had quite a good time here too, the same as all other places. The day was perfect. Kathleen was home for the week end; she hasn't been very good--she got a great shock. I think I told you she is cook-housekeep to Dr. & Mrs. Pail at Falmouth. She was with them nearly 8 years. On the 6th of April poor Dr. died.
Dear Sir,

RE STONES

This matter has now been completed and we have pleasure in enclosing our cheque for £51/5/9 being amount payable to you and Mrs. Cocking.

We also return your receipt book.

Yours truly,

[Signature]

Mr. Josiah Cocking,
41 Ingall St,
Mayfield East.

Sudden ly, He was taken ill in the night, & within 10 minutes he was gone. Gave them all a shock. Poor Kath had to see a doctor next week. She is coming home for a rest & change. The poor lady is broken-hearted, nearly; so happy together they were; no family left him & her. Of course she's left with plenty of money, but that's not all. She has gone to London now for a while; when she goes in her new home she want Kath to come & live with her; & she has promised to not let her want if she does. They were both sixty & was going to retire very soon. Life is strange, as you do say, on those nice verses you sent us: it's true enough we are all doomed to pass on to our great & beautiful Home above, if we only live for it here.

Dear Mr. Cocking, I haven't got the photos of Saint Day
As yet, nor of myself, but will do my best to get them soon. Next Monday week will be Whitmonday. This year the service at 3wennap Pit is to be broadcast & relaid to be heard just everywhere. You will hear it out there: it's well worth listening to. I hope they will be taking the photos this year as they used to. Dear Mr. Cocking, you would be surprised to see & to hear how the masses of people are turning for Labour, even down here. I have found out they are selling more papers: where they sold two now they're selling thirty; so I think they can see light, thank God, at last, & the Labour are doing grand work at Redruth & Camborne. Well, we are delighted. I pass it on wherever I go; & have lent our paper here for them to read for themselves.

You were saying your brother had retired. My brother, too, has retired, but through ill health, worse luck. He has bought a house at Falmouth. He came up last week & took us down for the day. He has a nice car of good size, so Pa went as well & had a nice day. It did him a bit of good, I am sure.

We are getting lovely weather at present--nice showers--the gardens are looking grand. This is a sweet little village.

Now I shall tire you reading all this; & must close with kindest regards to you all from us all. Ever your sincere friends,

W. & H. Webster. P. S. Thanks for the nice verses & book. Will write again soon. Shall be pleased to hear from you.

On the 4th of July Florence received the following letter:-

"63 Vera St. Hamilton. Dear Sister Cocking, Herewith cheque for amount of your fees, Please acknowledge receipt in due course. You will be glad to know that Mrs. Shelton is going finely; her arm is quite O.K., & nearly healed, with an occasional foment still applied. She is up every day & had a walk along the street yesterday. Both Mrs. Shelton & I greatly appreciate your happy association in this home during your stay here, & your careful attention to the patient. Yours sincerely Geo. S. Shelton."

Wed. July 10th, 1935. Last Mon. we received the following letter from Art.:-

"Usual address, Friday. Dear Folks, Thanks for the dough, but I didn't intend my last letter as an appeal for money. The supply of grubs, however, has decreased quite a lot; I have only struck one or two lately, & I don't mind a stray one now & again.

I have paid 50/- more to the college this term, so that now I am only 10/- behind being square. With that 10/- you sent me I'll square up the dues completely.

On Monday last I went out to Earlwood & attended the Y.P. Anniversary. It wasn't in the same street as recent ones in Mayfield. Last Tuesday night I went ice-skating with a college party. We obtained a concession of 6d on the admission"
price by reason of the fact that there were more than 20 of us, I find that by now I'm reasonably stable on skates, although I can't do anything fancy. The exam. results are not yet out; but I suppose they will be out rather soon. Yours Arthur."

Today I typed a long letter to the Websters, & included a copy of "WHO IS "SHR"?". I also enclosed post-cards of Wal's diploma; our house; Ingall St. looking South; & Dangar Park from our verandah. I am also sending a copy of the "Sydney Mail".

Saturday, July 13th, 1935. Yesterday we received the following letter:-

"Lismore St, Abermain, July 11th. Dear Joe & Jenny,
I went down to the station & got the mattress. I don't know to thank you for your unlimited kindness to me, It just came time, because Gladys is not coming home until Saturday; so now we will not be put to any expense whatever in providing a new straw one. Well, the clothes for my personal wear-- I am not short of any at present; the reason is-- when I was down at the home I had 10/- allowed as pocket money, & I purchased a fair amount of clothes. I am very glad I did so; I am at present neat & tidy to go to the church & Sunday school on Sundays. As a matter of fact I must keep tidy & neat for Sundays, as I have a large class of young Women to teach. However, I do so kindly thank you for your kind offer to provide some clothes if I was in need of them. I am also well shod, as Ethel gave me a new pair of best shoes when I was at the home. I only wear them on Sundays: they are yet as good as new. I was very glad to see you come up here to have a look at us. You have seen the small bed for yourself: it is indeed too small for me to sleep on-- I am too broad for it. However, it will come very nice for Dorothy to sleep on. I was very pleased to see young Walter after 17 years. All your family seem to be born artists in their different callings in life. Of course I know they all had to work hard to gain a high standard in life. I feel sure that Arthur will climb to a high standard in his endeavour to be of use on the teaching staff in the schools.
Re your advice on the pig-sty, well, the floor is made of stone: we clean it out every week: there is no stench or smell comes from them-- we all see to that. I am not going to suggest that you saw anything on your trip here that would win your admiration of this place; in fact there's nothing to convince a wayfaring man that Abermain possesses any beauty spots at all. While I like the people here I don't like the place; yet, after all, the air seems to keep me in splendid health. That alone, to me,
should compensate for its ugliness—at least I ought
to be thankful for it.
Now, in conclusion, I must again thank both of you for
your kindness to us. I am sure you will not want for your
kindness to us. I also hope your trip up here will broaden
your mind, notwithstanding its long run up here from your pl-
ace. Give my love to Jenny; also Florence & the boys.
Brother Bob, with love to all.
P.S. If I am in urgent want of anything I will let you know.
If all is going well with you you need not hurry in answer to
this."

We also received this letter from Arthur:—
"Usual address, Wednesday. Dear Folks, I have seen the "Telegraph"
encyclopedias, & am of the opinion that they are well worth ob-
aining at the price asked. They would be particularly useful to
me, & more especially, I think, to the family in general. Hence
I have sent into the Telegraph office a form such as the one
enclosed, but using the name Mr. F. Cocking instead of Mr. J.
Cocking. I would have done it all off my own bat, but, in addition
to the fact that I didn't want to bear the expense of buying
a paper each day, I thought it would be better for all of you
(quite a crowd) to have the use of the paper instead of just mys-
self. If you will purchase the papers, beginning next Monday (I'll
get it for the rest of the week) I'd be greatly obliged.
In order to comply with the Telegraph's conditions it will be
necessary at a later stage to name your newsagent. To this end
it will be advisable to place an order with him in the name of
Mr. F. Cocking.
If you send down the presentation voucher & 20 consecutive coup-
ons I will "cough up" the 5/- to the newspaper firm—that is,
you buy the papers & I pay for the books.
I hope I have made myself clear; if I haven't I'll try to explain
the position later. If you don't like the idea, of course don't ent-
er upon it; but the encyclopedias to me, & to several others in the
house, seems to be a particularly good publication for the money.
As the envelope will become too full if I write any more I'll
answer your reply to my last letter when it comes. Apropos thanks
for the papers you've been sending lately—I've forgotten to men-
tion them. Thanking you in anticipation (as we say in business let-
ters) Yours Arthur.
P.S. I haven't got the "flu" yet."

This morning I put the cheque for £51:5:3 in the Newcastle Com-
monwealth Bank. I bought 2 knife-sharpeners, a ladder-mending needle
for Mum, & a stick of grease remover. The lot cost 3/-.

Wed. July 17th 1935. This morning I wrote a note to R.W.
Thompson & Son, solicitors, 276 High Street, West Maitland.
Acknowledging receipt of receipt book & cheque for £51/5/0.
Sat. July 20th, 1935. Yesterday we received the following letter from Mrs. Holland:

"29 Wattle St, Punchbowl, N.S.W. July 17th 1935.

Dear Mr. Cocking, I suppose you have sometimes wondered if I have returned to New Zealand as I've not written to let you know how Mr. Fraser is progressing with the biography of Harry's life. I have not heard a word about it since I wrote you last, & I don't feel inclined to ask Mr. Fraser. I know that he would not feel inclined to settle down to that work during Mrs. Fraser's long illness. I do know that there is not a man better qualified to do justice to poor Harry's life than Mr. Fraser. At present he is away on the Geneva Conference, I think it is. He has taken Mrs. Fraser with him. When they arrived in Sydney, on their way they rang me & arranged for me to meet them in town, which I did. I only wish there were men with such high principles in the Labor Party in N.S.W. --I mean the politicians; if there were the Labor Movement today would be in a healthier position.

I told you in my last letter that I was on the roll in this State & would vote for the Lang candidate—not because he is a member of the Lang Party, but because he was the A.L.P. candidate.

I don't think Mr. McGirr would be in agreement with the Beasley faction's methods. I think that he is a good Laborite, & would be anxious to have unity in their Party. I could never think that Beasley could be trusted after his treachery in moving no confidence in the Scullin Government, knowing he had Labour enemies behind him to vote the Scullin Party out.

Beasley should have been bumped right out of the A.L.P. If he had any sincere regard for the Labor Party he would never have done what he did... Surely there were other means of dealing with the Scullin Government for their actions in reducing old-age pensions than wrecking the whole Movement!

I am living in a hotbed of Langites. I find it better to say nothing; but all the same they know that lay at Beasley's door the wrecking of the whole Movement. Is it any wonder that I grovel over the position the Labor Movement is in in Australia to-day? Who has had a greater experience?

I have just posted to Roy to-day a very worn page of the little paper, "The Socialist", dated May 5 1895; but I can go back to Harry's work on the first Labor paper, called )"The Australian Workman". I think that was in 1893. I should never forget that experience; there were five men trying to keep it alive. Harry was General Manager; & a chap named Frank Fox was Editor or sub-Editor. Just recently I saw where he was in Australia. He was a war correspondent during the great war. I did see in the paper that made reference to him when he was in Australia, about six weeks ago, what he was now connected with, but I have forgotten. I wondered, when I read about him, that for the last 18 months he, with Harry & 3 others, received only 5/- a week. That was the average, so the auditors said when they audited the books.
I don't know how they disposed of the plant of "The Australian Workman", but I remember that it was taken over by "The Worker". I have reasons to remember our experience when Harry was killing himself with worry when there was no money to pay the accounts. I remember one Monday in particular; it was towards the end of the last 18 months of the paper. I had, week after week, to face the landlord without rent; and I remember on this particular day dreading having to face him. Dear old Harry said to me: "I feel sorry for you, but I have to face the landlord & gas collector for much more than that when I get back to office!". Sure enough they were there, & the gas man sat in the office until Harry & Frank Fox went out & raised the amount. The gas account was £ 40, & the rent £ 20 a month. The machines were run by power. A few weeks later, & just one week to the day before Roy was born the landlord was responsible for leaving our house without furniture.

In 1892 Harry was out of work. He was altogether 3 years out of his trade; he tried several things: selling papers was one of the them; collecting for an insurance company another, which led up to him writing a pamphlet on what he saw. Bit by bit we sold our furniture to pay our rent during the two years out of work. Then we were told that if we went to Queanbeyan Harry would get work in the office where he learned his trade. He did for a few months; then they couldn't keep him on; so we came back to Sydney; furnished a small cottage with the bare necessities, & had nearly paid for them when the collector asked me to show him my rent book. He never said a word, but next day a vampulled up & took every article even to the kettle. I can even now see that man, with tears in his eyes, taking away the furniture. His name was Lindell & he worked for Von Haghan. He said to me: "It is the cruellest job I've ever had to do." That was just one week before Roy was born. I think it was that year that a man named Flannister was the Labor candidate. Harry & another man used to go out after 12 o'clock at night & whitewash the footpath, "Vote for Flannister". He was the candidate for Waterloo.

I could fill pages of Harry's life's work for suffering humanity. There was not one action all through his life that could discredit him. There was not an industrial trouble that he didn't stand to regardless of the consequences. Now that he has passed on I often live in the past, & think of all the good he did, & tried to do, for others. The little paper, on page 8 of it, that I sent Roy, has a report of a May-Day Demonstration on a monster scale; Harry being one of the speakers. Also during the Easter Holidays Harry delivered a series of addresses in Miami, Newcastle, Islington, Wallsend, & Lambton. That was in 1895. On the same page there is the report of a lecture by Mr. W. M. Hughes, M.Z., April 28th. The lecture was on "Municipalisation v Socialism." Harry was in the chair. Mr. Hughes, the report said, after refuting the objections raised against Socialism, by the ignorant. He demonstrated how Socialism might be brought about by democratic municipal law or Local
Government. Mr. Hughes said the Bill introduced by the professedly democratic Reid Government was apparently intended to prevent local government, inasmuch as it would happen local bodies in the raising of their own revenues, & sought to perpetuate the pernicious plural voting system. He considered the duty of the Labor Party would be to fight the Government on this measure. Of course, he said, he was likely to be outvoted in caucus; & since he thought that at all hazards the Labor party should remain solid, he would vote as the majority decided.

The lecture, which was brilliant through, bristled with humorous illustrations, & the audience showed its appreciation by frequent applause."

There is a report also of a lecture by Mr. G.S. Beeby at Leigh House on Sunday, April 14th, 1895, on "Modern Troublers & Troubles". The lecturer dealt with the flimsiness of the average objections raised to Socialism. On whose side are these 3 gentlemen to day?

Time will never really heal my sorrow; it comes in waves; but I have that glorious consolation that Harry lived his life as he set out to live it—giving of his best to bring comfort & happiness to struggling humanity. There are a few of the old comrades still alive to tell of his good work in Australia; you for one; Mr. Ike Askew of Cairns, Queensland, whom I hear from occasionally. He was, you will remember, with Harry & Batho in Newcastle.

Now I must pull up, or you will find my talk weary. Roy has written over to ask me if I could get any further information concerning his Dad's life in Australia, or any photos taken when in the movement in Australia. I think you will find in one of your letters that you have that photo of Harry taken with Wilson & Mrs. Montefiore. If you have, would you please lend it to Roy? He will get a copy of it & send it back to you.

There is a young parson in Wellington writing up Harry's life. He is also using it in connection with a lecture. He is studying for his M.A. or B.A., I forget which.

Aggie's husband is still on the unemployed list in Adelaide. I found out that if they came to N.S.W. her husband would have to be 2 years on the roll before he could get relief work. I send them 10/- a week, & they get rations; but that is a wretched life for them. How are you all keeping? I suppose your family are all in work. Now I must bring this letter to a close. With kindest regard to all, from yours sincerely, A. Holland.

P.S. Dear Mr. Cocking, I forgot to tell you that I received a beautiful illuminated address from the citizens of Huntley in memory of Harry. It was signed by the Mayor of Huntley, the President of Northern Miners' Union, President of the Unemployed; President of Huntly Railway Staff; President of Rate-payers' & Citizens' Association; & the President of the H.E. Holland Memorial Fund.

That beautiful address by the Maori King that you will see in the "Memorial Worker", is printed in full. I look at it &
think of Harry languishing in gaol in his early life, all because he defended his fellow-men in their fight against oppression. He was not more than 27 when he went to gaol over the Newcastle Miners' Lock-out. Of course he was in what was called the Debtors' prison. He was allowed to wear his own clothes, & his meals were sent in from home. What I can now remember, the Socialists or Laborites saw that 1 & the 3 little boys didn't want for food. Fred was six years; Allen four; & Roy on 2 years. There was one day I had to take Harry his meals in myself; the 3 meals had to be in by 8 o'clock. I had to shut the 2 eldest boys up in the house while I took the meals to Darlington Gaol. I carried Roy & the basket of food. Those are the little experiences that will always live in my memory; & I now appreciate the love & respect that have been shown towards Harry's sincere & unselfish work, which was started in his early twenties, and carried on faithfully to the end of his beautiful life. A.H.

Yesterday we also got the following letter from Arthur:-

"Usual address, Wednesday. Dear Dad, You will doubtless be pleased to learn that I have at last allowed Christ to come into my life. Henceforth I intend to base my life on Christian principles, for a life without religious motives seems to me both unsatisfactory & unsatisfying. Last Sunday night I knelt at the penitent form at Darwood. As to whether I will join the Salvation Army, or not, I am not, as yet, decided. I will get a copy of the "Articles of War", etc., next Sunday, & have a look through them. In regard to the Encyclopaedias, it's unfortunate that you didn't get the paper in Fred's name. I was going to send your name in to the office, but I thought you mightn't like my doing so because of the pension. If you haven't as yet communicated with the "Telegraph" people /which I hope is the case/ you can send in Fred's name as Fred's newsagent. Perhaps it would be wise to change the name at Perry's. I would have left the whole business to you, but the application form I sent in was the last printed. It is useless for you to send in an application now, for the closing date is long past. It is better to change matters your end than this because things are likely to get mixed up where there are hundreds of thousands of applicants.

I will send my coupons to you & you can arrange thenceof the affair yourself. Since, however, a book in the hand is worth 2 in the post, I think it best to forward your coupons, entitling you to collect the first set, to me, & I will call for it. I haven't got the "Flu" yet, although I have had a pretty bad cold I am O.K. now. I spent last Saturday night & all day last Sunday at Lionel's place. The Sunday after next I will probably be making a similar visit. I will go to town to-morrow afternoon & see about the pamphlet. Yours, Arthur. P.S. Exam. results so far:- Music, 55; (less than I expected). But it's only 5."
of year's work in music, Physics, pass; Speech Training, 70%, probably distinction."

On Thursday Florence was called to a man named Dave Thomas at the Glebe, but the poor man was dead before she arrived there. Yesterday she was called out to nurse someone at Memwether. I have been trying to fix up my enlarging camera to copy & enlarge Kathleen Webster's photograph to half plate size, but I have not finished yet.

On Thur. I went to the Pacific Street depot of the firm that sells the "Practical Knowledge For All" set of 6 books, & I saw 4 of them. The others were in the window. On the way home I bought "My Life & Work", by Henry Ford. (1/3); "Traced & Tracked: Memoirs of a City Detective", 1/-; & 3 American magazines at 6d each, at a second-hand bookshop near the Islington Park. I also ordered "Wireless Step By Step", by Ralph Sterling at the Co-operative store, & will probably get it next week.

Fri. July 26th, 1935. This is a copy of a document issued to Fred by Lysaght's Company:- 136 Cocking T. No. ---- Name ---- Pay ending 13 July 1935.


Lysaght's Newcastle Works Limited.

Tues. July 30th, 1935. This morning I wrote another letter to Mrs. A. Holland, 29 Wattle St., Punchbowl, N.S.W., & explained to her why I have not answered her letter till now. I included the following verses:

To Mrs. Holland:

Why groan because the Sun has set?
Remember how he shone
And ripened fruits you gather yet,
Although his light has gone.

And though a whole world intervenes
And Night's dark shadows chill,
He's shining yet on other scenes
To ripen harvests still!

How vain & foolish to repine,
And fill your heart with pain!
When morning comes his face will shine
And gladden you again!
Sir, As you have invited your readers to contribute to your excellent paper, I am sending some verses which may be acceptable to you. I received your answer to my inquiry re my pamphlet entitled "I Call It Murder", & was not surprised to find that it had not been sent to you. It is an attempt to prove to Christians that war is opposed to the teachings of Christ; & it consists of 37 pages almost the same size as this sheet, of which about half are devoted to verses under the following headings:- "What Is Christianity ?"; "The Fighting Manac. ; "Put Up The Sword." ; "A Soldier At The Bar."; "What Is War ?"; "What Is Capitalistic Education ?"; "What Is Militarism ?"; "What Is Pacifism ?"; "What Is Capitalism ?"; "What Is Patriotism ?"; "What Is a Martial Hero ?"; "Jingo Parsons."; "What Is a Military Padre ?"; "What Is Imperialism ?"; "What Is the Boy Scout Movement ?"; "The Christian Jingo."; "Universal Patriotism the Most Noble"; by F. Wright."Where Are Our Foes ?."; "A Christian Soldier. ;" Would Jesus Go To War?"; "What Is a Jingo ?"; "Strong Words"; "A Christian's Duty."; "A Christian Soldier" by K.R.Lewis; "Liberty" by Jock Lauder."What Is Freedom ?"; "Who Gains By War?"; "A Modern Canite."; "A Marvelous Gun."; "Anzac Bay"; "Another War."; "A Wage-Slave's Life."; "A Shirker's Life."; "The Contented Slave."; "A Rara Avis."; "What Is An Ideal State ?"; "Then & Now."; "An Appeal."; "To Mothers."; "What For ?"; "What Is Churchianity ?"; "Anzac Bay."; "(2nd.)"; "Soldier's Lament."; "Why They Died."; "Anzac Bay."; "(3rd.)"; "War Has Failed."; "Anzac Orations."; & "A Socialist's Prayer."; These are not consecutive, but are interspersed alternately among the prose.

My aim is to ridicule & explode the fallacy that Christianity is quite compatible with militarism, & to tear the sanctimonious mask off so-called Christian martial service. I also try to show what genuine Christianity is. If you would like to peruse the pamphlet with a view to publication, I will post it to you. With this I enclose 2/-, for which please send "War ! What For ?" to me for six months. Thanking you for an early reply, I am, Sir, yours fraternally, Josiah Cocking.

S. I am also sending some clippings, the sending of which may be acknowledged, & attributed to "Taraxacum"
Thur. Aug. 8th, 1935. Last week Florence finished nursing. She paid the doctor before she left the house. As I have no fountain pen Florence gave me a pound to buy one. She is now out nursing a child who has pneumonia.

Last week our son Jack paid £50 as an instalment or deposit on a new house named "Malvern" in Georgetown, owned by a man named Hudson. The full price is £500. They shifted in last Friday; & Gladys's sister, May Bobs, came & helped to place the furniture & things. She is to return home to Raymond Terrace next Saturday. This week I have been helping Jack to put the yard in order.

Last week we received the following letter from Art:-

"Usual address, Tuesday. Dear Dad & Folks, Last Thursday I went along to Rawlings to see about your pamphlet; he wasn't in; but after waiting round for most of Friday, afternoon I saw him. He hasn't finished it yet; & will probably send it to you next week. I have also seen that book, "Practical Knowledge For All", at Gordon & Gotch's. It's a good publication, but nowhere near worth the money asked. It's not very practical, anyhow, for it's very much like an ordinary encyclopaedia. Last Saturday, after tea, I went out to an Army Social at Earlwood, & spent the night at Lionel's place. On Sunday morning Lionel & I cut some sandwiches for my lunch & tea, & since I had my pyjamas to carry round with me, he insisted on my taking his leather case.

Mr. Williams, a soldier of Earlwood Army, took me, the skipper's missus, his (Williams' daughter, Ron Bury), & a girl friend of his, to Campsie to attend the Young People's Day Meetings. There wasn't room in his daughter's port for her Bible, so she put it in "mine". At 9:30 that night he called back for us & took us to Earlwood in his car. When I got out I opened my port to give the girl her book, & discovered that I had taken the wrong case. Mr. Williams is pretty well in the know at headquarters, so he undertook to take charge of the case, & to see about a level swap. I told Lionel about the matter yesterday, but he doesn't seem to mind much; he feels quite confident of getting his port again (which he will, of course, even if I have to cough up for it myself), I'll ring Mr. Williams up & find how things are going towards the end of the week.

Yesterday week I went skating with a College party; I found that I was reasonably stable on skates, although I came down a few times trying to hold others up.

Yesterday one of our psychology lecturers gave a talk on the psychology of war, but I didn't think much of it.

To-day Prof. Macdonald Holmes lectured us on the geography of Abyssinia.

I don't think I have told you all my exam. marks. They are, Physics, pass; music, 50% below a credit.
I have been conscripted into a verse-speaking competition to take place early next term. The result is that I have learnt about 100 lines of Shakespeare & about a dozen poems. The date for a visit from Armidale College has been fixed for the 12th August, consequently lectures (except those commencing at 9 a.m.) have been cancelled for this week. This means that we have only a fortnight's more lectures this term I have an essay to write, so I'll conclude.

Yours Arthur.

Last week I received the following letter from Mrs Holland:

"39 Wattle St., Punchbowl, N.S.W., July 27th, 1935.

Dear Mr. Cocking, A couple of weeks ago I wrote to you to ask you if you would please let me have that photo of Harry taken with Mrs. Montefiore & Wilson. Roy wrote over from New Zealand and for any photo of his dad that I could get him taken in before he went to New Zealand. I explained that a young parson is writing a history of Harry's life. I addressed my letter "Mayfield East"; I had lost your address; now I have an idea that I should have put the street, but not being sure that it was Ingall St. I left it out. So now I am sending it to Ingall St., Mayfield East; & if I don't get a reply I will come to the conclusion that you have shifted to some other part of the world. It is possible that I will be returning to Adelaide very soon. Trusting that you are all well, & with kindest regards to all, from Yours sincerely A. Holland.

This Thursday morning I have finished writing the following verses:

In Peter's Place.
Tune - "The Wearing Of The Green".

If you had been in Peter's place
Defending Christ, the Lord,
From crucifixion's deep disgrace,
By slaying with the sword
When Jesus said 'Put up that blade:
Of bloodshed I want none!'
What answer, then, would you have made,
Or what would you have done?

Chorus--
Tell me what you would have said,
Tell me what you would have done;
If you had stood in Peter's place
Say what you would have done!
If Christ had said, "Nay, Peter, nay, 
Kill not, but let men live;
My followers should never slay
Their foes, but should forgive:
And those who slaughter make me feel
Aggrieved & full of shame;
For those who use the gory steel
Shall perish by the same!"

If Jesus said that men must love
Their enemies, & cease
To fight for Him, or God above,
But live in perfect peace:
"If wars were rightful God would send,
Whenever I may call,
A host of angels to defend
Me now, lest I may fall."

Would you have said, "You're stupid, Lord,
Thus peacefully to yield;
It's foolish not to use the sword
And bravely win the field:
If Joshua for God could fight
And slay the foemen too,
You're mad to say I should not fight it is not right
To murder men for You!"

"You're cowardly", would you have said,
Thus tamely to submit!
A Saviour should not be afraid
To give or take a hit:
No gallant soldier should be blamed
For shedding brothers' gore;
So henceforth I shall be ashamed
To own You any more!"?

Yesterday I received the following letter from Mrs. A. Hollam:
"29 Wattle St., Punchbowl, Aug. 5.
Dear Mr. Cocking, Your very kind letter reached me last week, &
today the photo., for which I thank you. That photo was taken 3
weeks before he went into the Little Bay Hospital with the bad
knee. Mrs. Montefiore died about 18 months ago. I saw her death i
in the "Sydney Herald", & a few weeks after I received a letter from
her that was forwarded from New Zealand. A friend of her's read
of Harry's death in the "Manchester Guardian" & read it to her.
Mrs. Montefiore had been blind for three years before she died.
She dictated the letter to her friend. She said she had been blind
for 5 years. I mislaid her letter. I was very sorry I lost it,
as I intended sending it to the "New Zealand Worker", as she
mentioned her associations with Harry in the movement in Sydney.
while she was staying in Sydney. When Harry was in the Coast Hospital Mrs. Montefiore drove in her car every day to the "International Socialist" office to look after the editorial part, so that the Party would pay him 3s a week for that he was receiving for the work that he did in the office. Harry never took a penny for editing that little paper, but was paid for the work that he did on the type, When he was brought home in the ambulance from the hospital he was weeks in bed before he was able to go to work; then he went on crutches & stood at the case, setting up the paper, on one crutch. I have never forgotten that experience.

Harry found that we could no longer go on with the 3 pounds, so he asked the Board if they could give him an extra pound. Just imagine the poor fellow having to stand at his work on one crutch, & because he asked for another pound a week that miserable creature, Denford, said he was out to line his pocket.

Now I suppose I should not refer to the cruel side of the men Harry had trust in during his associations with them; but my heart often aches when I think of incidents of that kind.

I appreciate very much your kind reference to the part I played during those stormy years that you remember.

I will send the photo on to Roy this week. I don't know how soon the young parson expects to have the book ready, but I will see that you are one of the first to receive one. I was sorry to hear that you had been ill, but sincerely hope that you are now quite alright again.

With kindest regards to Mrs. Cocking, the family, & yourself.

I am yours sincerely, A. Holland.

Sunday, Aug. 11th, 1935. Attended the Holiness meeting this morning. This afternoon I wrote the following note to Com. MacKenzie:—Sir, In the issue of "The Sydney Morning Herald" of 27th of May, 1935, there is a report of a speech delivered by Col. MacFarlane, of which the following is a portion:—

"Colonel MacFarlane said that something must be done or the voluntary training system in Australia would crash. They were having the greatest difficulty to day to hold their voluntary army together, because of the attractions for youth—day compared with the old days, when the young fellows were prepared to give up their Saturday afternoons to drill & become efficient. What could be done to make the inducement greater to youth to join the voluntary forces? Commissioner McKenzie of the Salvation Army: Compulsory training."

Will you kindly write a line to say whether that report is correct or not, & thereby settle a controversy in connection therewith?

It is contended that you would not use those words, but I have no doubt of your intense loyalty to our glorious Empire & our gracious King. I am, Sir, Yours sincerely, A. Cocking.
Tu Ga. Aug. 30th, 1935. I have added this verse to those on page 87:-

"Though God has said "Thou shalt NOT kill", and you say, "Love your foes",
This foe man's blood I mean to spill,
Whatever comes or goes!

This sword his sinful heart shall prod:
I dare it not at sin
To violate the Lady of God
To save my holy skin!"


All last week I worked in Jack's garden & bought tomatoes, beets, & beans, & planted them. Florence is still nursing at Kenrick street, Here wether or Junction, as young John is now suffering with stomach trouble, although the pneumonia has gone.

Last Friday morning our Arthur returned by steamer from Sydney. He has a gathering on the bottom of his right big toe, but is now much better than when he arrived.

Walter received his new axle from Miller of Sydney, & he & Frank Davis put it in.

This morning I wrote the following verses:-

MURDER OR PRAY.
Tune -- "When we walk with the Lord".

If you walk with the Lord
Don't depend on the sword
When an enemy threatens to slay;
Christ forbids you to kill,
So obey His good will;
Don't defy Him, but trust & obey!

Kill not, but pray,
For there's no other way
That you can be consistent
To truly a Christian
But to trust & obey!

If conscripted to fight,
Ask the Lord is it right
To obey any monarch or queen
Who, to gain gold or lands,
Disobey His commands;
Or to slay men you never have seen.

Ask the Lord is it true
That you ought to imbrue
Hands & heart in the blood of the slain;
Is it right to employ
Any means to destroy
Any brother in sorrow & pain.
Ask the Lord has He changed
Or repealed, or deranged
The Commandments He wrote on the stones,
Are His laws valid still—
Not to covet, nor kill—
Are His laws valid still,
Or destroyed by the statutes of drones.

Has The Saviour revealed
That God's laws are repealed—
That the hawk now displaces the dove—
That the rifle & sword
Are now blessed by the Lord
Who declared that all men we should love?

Wed. Aug. 21st, 1935. Yesterday I received the following pamphlets:— "Labour's Financial Policy"; "The Position Of The Middle-Class Worker In The Transition To Socialism"; "Labour & Education"; "Trickery & Treachery Of The "National" Government"; "The Land & the National Planning Of Agriculture"; "The Reorganisation Of The Electricity Industry"; "Up With The Houses: Down With The Slums"; "The National Planning Of Transport."; "Currency, Banking, & Finance."; "For Socialism & Peace: The Labour's Party's Programme Of Action." These were all sent to me by George R. Shepherd, the National Agent of the British Labor Party; also "The Labour Woman", a political monthly journal for working women, edited by Mary E. Sutherland, J.P.,; "The Daily Herald", London. These pamphlets & papers were all sent for one shilling.

Last night Art. consulted a doctor in Hubbard Street about his sore toe. This morning I went over to Jack's place with 50 tomato plants & put them in the places of those that were killed by frost.

This afternoon about 2:15 Arthur Jones, who lives in Gerrick Street, was badly hurt by his fruit cart, which capsized on him just outside of our kitchen. I helped to carry the poor young man inside & lay him on our stretcher. Art telephoned & brought the ambulance car, which took Jones to the Newcastle hospital. He was bleeding at the nose, & he complained of injuries to his leg & ribs. Friends took charge of the horse & cart, & gathered up the potatoes, apples, & oranges that were scattered all over the road. I hope he is not very badly injured, & will soon be right again.

Son Jack took Gladys & the children to Mrs. Joyce's place in Barton Street this morning.

Rain fell last night & this morning. Florence was at home for a couple of hours last evening. Arthur was measured for a suit of best clothes at the Co-op yesterday.
Mr. Josiah Cocking,
41, Ingall Street,
Mayfield East,
via Newcastle,
N.S.W., Australia.

Dear Mr. Cocking,

I have to thank you for your letter which came to hand this morning, the 15th July, and I return herewith a receipt for the sum of 1/-, included.

We also send you a number of publications issued by the Party itself in return for the money order you have sent.

"The Labour Woman" and "Labour" are ordinary publications of the Party and can be secured from this address. A subscription of £1. 1. 0. per year will enable you to receive all the publications of the Party, as and when issued.

We send you a copy of today's "Daily Herald" and hope you will like it.

There is a Labour paper published in Cornwall. It is known as the "Cornish Labour News". Communications respecting it should be addressed to our District Organiser, Mr. C. C. Jones, Silbury Gardens, Crediton, Devon. It is having a good sale and is paying its way.

Yours sincerely,

[Signature]
National Agent.

P.S. Publications are being sent under separate cover.

Read the "DAILY HERALD" every day and "LABOUR" and "THE LABOUR WOMAN" every month.
Fri. Aug. 23rd, 1935. Yesterday I sawed off the old box-camera & put the front on the enlarging camera. I took the speakers & the 2 partly-built wireless receivers in the workroom. This morning I finished putting the front on the enlarging camera.

Mum received this letter from Mrs. Eliza Morris this morning:— "No. 8 Waratah Street, Lithgow, Thursday, Aug. 22nd, 1935. Dear Mary, You will get a shock to receive a few lines from me. You must excuse me, as we have had such a lot of trouble, & I could not do much; & both the girls away: I felt it, I can tell you. But, please God, our loved ones are better off. Last October Harry's brother Jim died; & on the 1st December my brother Jack left us. I felt it so much, for how I lived him none can tell. I do hope he is at rest, for he suffered terribly. Then in January another brother-in-law died; then in February a cousin's husband; & in March a dear sister of Harry's passed away. I hope they all found peace, for they were good-living. I can tell you it gives one a big stroke.

I have often wondered how you all are getting on: I hope you are all well. We are fair. Harry was sick for some weeks, but everyone was sick, more or less, & I also had the flu; & last George gets it. If the weather clears up all will be well. Mary, I can't write any more. Love to you all from us all. Iam your old friend, E. Morris.

Sat. Aug. 24th, 1935. To-day I wrote a letter to my Sister, & am sending photos of our house, Jose's & stones; & one of the view from Jose's verandah showing the brickworks & its smoke.

Tues. Aug. 27th, 1935. This morning I wrote the following note to Mr. J.W. Rawling:—="Dear Sir & Comrade, As it appears that you can find no use for my pamphlet, & I have now obtained the address of an English paper to which I am anxious to send it, I would be glad if you would kindly return the pamphlet without delay. I have already sent you money for postage & registration.

Yours sincerely, Josiah Cocker.

Florence finished with Falkener's boy on Sunday & was immediately called to night-nurse old Mrs. Dodd & a boy at Fullerton St., Stockton New Township. This morning the poor old lady is very ill with the pneumonia, & Florence is detained to attend to her.

To say I have written a note, almost exactly like I sent to McKenzie, to the editor of the "War Crying" also copies of "Murder — Or Pray"; & "In Peter's Place."

Today I have copied out from "In Peter's Place"; & "Letters To Billy Mag." (2), for "Common Cause". The issue of Aug. 24th contains my verses: "The Swashbuckler's Jeremiad".

Poor old Mrs. Dodd died yesterday, so Florence finished at his place yesterday. Charlie has begun to rebuild his Douglas motor-cycle, & intends to sell it if possible. A house agent called, to-day & inquired how much we wanted for this house. We told him £700. He said his commission on that would be £17.10.0. He took particulars & left.

Fri. Aug. 30th, 1935. Yesterday I received this:-
"From the office of the Commissioner, Territorial Headquarters, Sydney, N.S.W. 27th Aug. 1935

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

Dear Sir, Your note of the 11th instant has just reached me on my return to Sydney this morning, & in it you raise the question as to what my reply was to Colonel MacFarlane who states that something must be done or the voluntary training system Australia would crash.

It is quite true that I suggested the remedy in compulsory training for the young men. It is beneficial for the young men physically, in addition to providing a defence force for the country, & no right thinking person will deny the need for such in a greatly disturbed world condition.

There are several nations in Europe with burning ambition to possess colonial empire. Australia is a plum that tempts a few of such. You may know that Germany had already in Australia, prior to the Great War, a suitable appointee for Governor-General for this country, & a scheme for the subjugation of the people under German control.

And to remain in a fool's paradise without adequate protective measures is simply to invite a strong man to take possession of a household, namely, our Island Continent. I certainly believe in compulsory training.

Yours sincerely, William McKenzie, Commissioner."

Sat. Aug. 31st, 1935. This morning early I wrote these verses:

No wonder!
No wonder that the Sarmy fails
To empty drill-halls, pubs, & jails,
Or shame each cut-throat that assails
The laws of God & Jesus.

Its leaders know that war is Hell,
Yet, disregarding Christ, they tell
The youths to drill with shot & shell
To save the wealth of Croesus!

For proof—behold this "lamb of God"
Who'd force the boys to learn to prod
And shoot, to drench the verdant sod.
With blood of murdered brothers
When Mars, the god of war, appears,
And cause the unavailing tears
Of widowed wives to flow for years
With those of childless mothers.

His hope & trust is now in Mars,
Who ruled the fields of blood & scars,
Not Christ, Who dwells above the stars
And looks with sweet compassion
On those who favour love & peace
And try to make vile warfare cease—
Not those who dogs of war release,
As now becomes the fashion!

The "Army Mother"—gentle Kate—
Expressed contempt for "saints" who hate
The peace of Christ, preferring State
Before the gentle Saviour!

Her Army's altered much since then:
It's now controlled by martial men
Who pander to the Upper Ten
Who foster war & plunder!
Warlike Salvationists, forsooth!
Would they be owned by Cath'rine Booth?
Or what excuse or lie could soothe
Her anger now, I wonder!

'Tis thus that Satan gains his ends—
By making saints & Mammon friends:
Each Jingo now on arms depends,
And Christ's words are forgotten!
Each martial "Christian" now relies
For safety on each 'plane that flies,
With bombs for babies, in the skies:
Their faith in God is rotten!—
His faith in God is rotten!

To guard the greedy sixper cent
Who OWN the land & grab the rent,
With interest on millions lent,
Should workless men be hunted
By Christians flapping martial flags,
From hovels built of tins & bags,
Neglecting wives & kids, in rags,
Whose frames are weak & stunted!

Should paupers, fed on scanty doles,
In clothes remarkable for holes,
From shacks composed of bark & poles

She told how much her soul abhorred
The hypocrites who praised the sword
And shamed the gentle, peaceful Lord
By militant behaviour.
By rocks & brickbats bordered,
When patriotic flags are flown
And military bugles blown,
To die for land THEY DO NOT OWN,
By fighting "saints" be ordered ?

Let those who dwell in marble halls
And own the country, stop the balls
And bay'nets when THEIR country calls --
Not paupers who are starving !
If officers must bowl & strut
To save the hall & rented hut,
And helpless conscripts' throats be cut,
LET OWNERS DO THE CARVING !

Sent to the "Advocate, 3/9/35. also to "Common Cause" 2/9/35

Sat. Sep. 7th, 1935. This morning I got a money order for 26/-
for Walt. & posted it to J.W.Rose, Fullerton St, Stockton. This
afternoon I wrote a long letter to Mr. Z.N. Vaisey, Cardiff, N.S.W
congratulating him on his letters in the "Newcastle Herald" in
defence of the workers & Russia. Last Wednesday was the anniver-
sary of Jose's birthday. He was born at Wallaroo Mines, South Aus-
tralia, on Sunday, the third of September, 1899, in Bill Tremise'
house. We gave him a traveling bag to take away on his approach-
holidays.

Sun. Sep. 8th, 1935. This morning I wrote a note to Nelly & Bob
White, Main Road, Dapto, to find the reason why Liz-Jane has not
answered my letter. Our Art. has to leave for Sydney to night to
resume his studies.

Wed. Sep. 11th, 1935. Last night late Florence was called to
attend Mrs. Shelton again. Lizzie Waddel is to be married to day,
to a young man named Redpath.
This afternoon we received the following letter: - " Sept. 10th,
1935. 211, Main Road, Dapto, Dear Uncle & Aunt, I have just rec-
eived your letter this morning. Yes, Uncle, your feeling that s-
ething was wrong is quite true. We almost lost our dear Mother
one night last week. As you know, she has not been well for some
time, & has had a weak heart for many years. She had a gastric
turn, & it brought on another heart attack. We have a doctor liv-
ing in Dapto now, & Dad ran for him at 4 o'clock in the morning.
He was there in ten minutes & gave Mum a needle, & sat on her be-
ed until he was sure that it had given her ease. The doctor asked
Dad not to go to work, as he thought Mum was going to die, but, th-
k God, she is getting well again. She has been in bed for a fort-
night now, & she is still too weak to sit up. The doctors (she had
2 to see her) say she may get strong again & live for years;
& then again she may have another heart turn at any time.
So you see, Uncle, that is why you have not had your letter.
We all read your letters & enjoy them; so, Uncle, don't wait for Mum to answer your last letter: accept this as her reply & write to her again.

We are all well here at 211 (our new number). Bob had a week at home with the "flu", but is quite well again now. Pearl has had a week's holiday at Katoomba. Mr. & Mrs. Hill took her with their daughter Joan. They stayed at the "California" guest-house. She said she had a lovely time, but came home with a heavy cold. She started school again to day. She got a fairly good pass for her half year term; came top of her class in one subject only (Art), but we are quite satisfied with her. She sends you all her love. You only asked for a note, Uncle, so I think I may stop now. I wish I had Mum's gift of letter-writing; she seems to be able to express her thoughts so easily on paper.

I am going home now to spend the day with Mum: she likes to have us with her. Bob joins me in sending fondest love to you all.

I remain your loving niece, Nellie.

P.S. Please give our kindest regards to Ivy & Jose.

Wednesday: I have written a reply to that letter, but sent it to my Sister instead of to Nelly. The great drought in the North West is now broken, for heavy rain is falling nearly all over the State.

Thur. Sep. 12th, 1935. Pension day. Received my pension as usual, & ordered 5 bags of coal of Bannisters. This is self-denial season but I am not taking any part in collecting. I put Walter's five pounds in the Savings Bank at the Terrickiba post office this afternoon. He now has £ 80.

Mon. Sep. 16th, 1935. Yesterday morning I went up to the Mayfield Methodist church & heard rev. Barker preach, but was disappointed by his sermon, for it was largely made up of fairy tales told to the children. After the service, I saw him at the door & asked him if the church's honor roll was there with his approval; but could not get a definite reply to the question.

My opinion is that Barker is a jingo.

In the afternoon I went to Islington Park & heard 2 Douglasites speak to a large crowd mostly composed of men.

Florence came home this morning, as Mrs. Shelton is almost well again. I received the following letter this morning from Mr. Z.N. Vaisey:- "Cardiff, Sept. 13th, 1935. Mr. J. Cocking, Mayfield East. Dear Comrade, Your welcome letter to hand a few days ago. I have been down with influenza for a fortnight, & am only now recovering. This, to some extent, accounts for the delay. We thought well of your composition, & had an idea of publishing it in our magazine, "Reality", but owing to illness of members & other reasons the September issue has been delayed. It is not easy to get funds & it takes nearly a tenner to bring out an issue. We are some pounds short of that amount as yet. I should like to enlist your support. I have not
96.

I sent a copy left of last number, but I may be able to procure one from another member of the Board & send it on. However, I feel that you would heartily approve of its contents & policy. The Board of Management, comprising different schools of thought, will awake to the evil system under which we groan, meet on Wednesday night next in Hamilton at Mr. Glaville's, Dentison street No. 205. If you are prepared to accept my word for the value & usefulness of the magazine in the struggle, & between yourself & friends could render any financial assistance, it would be appreciated. We are not afraid to hard-hitting matter, such as "Fighting Mac & Praying Kate", though brevity has forced recognition, but it is not always a bad fault. It causes condensation, often leading to greater clarity. I am pleased to learn that you are as keenly interested in the struggle as in former days. I should have stated that among members of our Board afflicted with illness is comrade J. Skillicorn, who has had a bad time of it. With best wishes, yours fraternally Zenas N. Vaisey.

Tu. Sep. 17th, 1935. This morning we received the following letter from Arthur:-
"Usual address, Sunday. Dear Folks, I arrived safe & sound on Sunday night, to find that the house had been painted & that sundry repairs had been effected. Tucker, so far, has been excellent; I haven't seen a grub yet. On Wednesday last I went to the "Sun" office & collected the second issue of the encyclopaedia. If you wish I'll send them to you; otherwise I'll retain them until I go home. Physical training started last Thursday, so by next Thursday I have to have a new pair of sand shoes. The P.T. lecturer has recently returned from England, & is trying out some "Pommy" innovation on us. I forgot to tell you that I called on the "War What For" people last Wednesday. The editor was out, as usual, but I saw one of his underlings about the pamphlet. He agreed to remonstrate with Rawlings for his discourtesy in not sending it Mr. James, I was informed, had previously been in to "shake him about it. I am going out to Lionel's place this evening—for tea in fact. The date for the commencement of our final examination has been passed for November the 11th—that's 7 weeks off, I believe. Term end 20th Dec. Yours Arthur."

To day I wrote these verses:-

TO THE RANGE !
(Tune—"Tom the War." No. 637 in "The Salvation Army Song Book".
"To remain in a fool's paradise without adequate protective measures is simply to invite a strong man to take possession of a household, namely, our Island Continent." "Fighting Mac".

To the range! to the range let the children be brought!
Let them flap, for a change, what the Saviour has taught;
Let us teach them to fly, & COMPEL them to prod
Brothers' hearts, & defy the commandments of God!"
Chorus---
Marching on! fighting on! shooting on! stabbing on!
Make them bomb & slash; make them maim & slay,
And murder when the empire calls.

Make them drill! make them drill, Masters! land to defend!
On inventions to kill we have millions to spend!
Make the workers now give Fat their sons, & be wise,
Let them no longer live in a fool's paradise.

We are servants of God; on His strong arm we trust
When, as heroes, we plod through the mud or the dust;
But I warn & advise:-- (though on Him we rely)
Let each soldier, if wise, keep his CARTRIDGES dry!

Let us FORCE boys to fight, though the babies be starved;
For compulsion is right when the workers are carved!
Let the wise be coerced & the foolish enticed,
And the world be war-cursed, in defiance of Christ!

Though we know war is Hell, let the young men be sent
With the Harlots to dwell in the Salvation tent;
Let their spirits be tamed to an innocent state,
And their sinning be shamed by the kisses of Kate!

Wed., Sep. 18th, 1935. This morning I wrote a letter to Mr. W. H. Nugent, 193 Hay St., Sydney, asking him to inform the Committee or Council that Rawlings is withholding my pamphlet. My left eye has a sty on the bottom lid, & is sore & swollen. Jack Glady & the children are here. Jack is fixing the oil sump of his car. Mrs. Herbert is walking about again after being in the Mater Misericordia hospital with double pneumonia.

I have added the following verse to those above:

We contend that a war the Redemer would please,
When the land's filled with gore & the air with disease,
And fools' brains lie around in a sanctified stench
While the blowflies abound in the dug-out & trench!

"To the Range" sent to "Reality" 19/9/35. To "W.W.E." 10/10/35.

Thur., Sep. 19th, 1935. This afternoon I wrote a letter to Mr. Zenas N. Vaisey, "Cardiff", N.S.W., asking him what kind of support he requires for "Reality." I also sent a copy of "To The Range.

Charlie is painting our roof again to day. This morning I took the old half-plate camera to Jack's place & took a photo of the house with young John & Dell in front. It was the 88th anniversary of Mum's birthday on Tues. 17th. & Jose & Ivy gave her a morroco leather handbag. Florence gave her Mother a pair of gloves; & Charlie & "Molly Riley" gave her a big cake with
Fri. Sep. 20th, 1935. This morning I wrote these verses:

**WHAT IS COMPULSORY TRAINING?**

A crafty, jingoistic crime.  
To plunge the young in martial slime,  
Too foul for tongue to mention,  
A plan to make the children drill  
And learn the quickest way to kill  
With master's last invention.

A scheme to force the landless slaves  
To learn to murder for the knives  
Who love the social order  
In which the idlers own the land  
And stretch a grasping, blood-stained hand  
For more beyond its border.

A dodge to train the poor to  
(Regardless if it's wrong or right)  
When riches are in danger—  
To march, & suffer, bleed & toil  
To guard their masters' wealth  
From some invading stranger.

No wish have those possessing elves  
To be compelled to save themselves  
In times of martial trouble:  
To guard ill-gotten gold & land  
The landless toilers they command  
And make their burdens double.

Whilst workers, warfare's pains endure,  
The wealthy drones remain secure  
At home, in mansions spacious,  
And tell their homeless dupes the lie:  
"It's glorious to fight & die  
For home, & rulers gracious!"

Don't be conscripted, men & boys!  
Let "Fighting Macs" have all the joys  
Of blissful warfare's slaughters!  
Let masters fight & die at Rome;  
It's YOUR TURN NOW to stay at home,  
Secure, with sons & daughters!

**What Is Imperialistic Compulsory Training?**

A crafty, jingoistic crime  
To plunge the young in martial slime  
Too foul for tongue to mention,  
A plan to make the children drill  
And learn the quickest way to kill  
With master's last invention.

A scheme to force the landless slaves  
To learn to murder for the knives  
Who love the social order  
In which the idlers own the land  
And stretch a grasping, blood-stained hand  
For more beyond its border.

A dodge to train the poor to  
(Regardless if it's wrong or right)  
When riches are in danger—  
To march, & suffer, bleed & toil  
To guard their masters' wealth & soil  
From some invading stranger.

No wish have those possessing elves  
To be compelled to save themselves  
In times of martial trouble:  
To guard ill-gotten gold & land  
The landless toilers they command  
And make their burdens double.

Whilst workers, warfare's pains endure,  
The wealthy drones remain secure  
At home, in mansions spacious,  
And tell their homeless dupes the lie:  
"It's glorious to fight & die  
For home, & rulers gracious!"

Don't be conscripted, men & boys!  
Let "Fighting Macs" have all the joys  
Of blissful warfare's slaughters!  
Let masters fight & die at Rome;  
It's your turn now to stay at home,  
Secure, with sons & daughters!

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This afternoon I received this letter:-
"193 Hay St., Sydney. 19/9/35.

Dear Mr. Cocking, Mr. Nugent has passed on to me your letter of yesterday's date. I did not realise the heinousness of my offences until they were set down in black & white as you have set them down. And as they are set down they look pretty black. There is really no excuse that I can offer for the laxity on my part which has amounted to discourtesy to you. I can only unreservedly offer you my sincere apologies with the assurance that I feel I deserve all you have said. But I may say, in extenuation, if you would take it as such, that I have a bad habit of putting things off. This, combined with my general busy-ness & also with the idea that I might be able to use some portion of your M.S. on "W.W.F", accounted for some of the delay. I may say that when your son saw me I intended to send it up to you by Mr. James, but I missed him. In regard to the contribution to the mile of pennies fund, & the offer of a camera I can only say that I do not recollect the offer of a camera & I do not handle money for "W.W.F." But I feel sure that your contribution was acknowledged in the columns of the paper -- we do not send out any other acknowledgment. In regard to Mr. Horne, of course we know nothing here. I may say that I found portions of your M.S. suitable for "W.W.F." but have been unable to use it through lack of space. I must again reiterate my apology & state my regrets that my action or lack of action on my part has led to the state of mind in which you report yourself to be. I trust that the return of your M.S. will allow you to forget what has happened, & to co-operate with us in the future in the fight against war. Yours fraternally James N. Rawling.

Sat. Sep. 21st, 1935. This morning I sent the following letter to the "Telegraph", Sydney.:-

"Lotteries. To the Editor, "The Telegraph". Sir, Gamblers violate the Commandment, "Thou shalt not covet...anything that is thy neighbour's." Therefore lotteries are morally wrong & cannot be socially right or beneficial. If legalised gambling is necessary under our Social System we should abolish the System, but not God's Commandments. Lotteries were legalised in England in 1569, but abolished in 1823 through their moral & social damage to the nation. A man may steal or gamble to provide food for children or support for hospitals, but the goodness of his motive does not alter the badness of his action. Good ends do not justify bad means. I am, Sir, Yours sincerely, Righteousness First."

Last night Florence was nursing at the Fettercairn hospital, & she is to go there again to night. We received a post-card photograph of Melville Ouley, 13 months, from Florrie.
Ruley, nee Pettigrew. I also received my pamphlet, "I Call It Murder", from J. N. Rawlings. I also got an invitation to attend the back to Wallsend "Great Celebrations from Oct." to Nov 3rd. Cold & rainy.

Sunday, Sep. 22nd, 1935. This morning I walked up to the English Church in Mayfield West & listened to Canon Wittycomb speak to the Sunday school children on Paul's riot in the temple. I had a conversation with him & found that he is in favour of militarism really, but denounces it in a quarter-hearted way. He is also in favour of having honour rolls in churches. The church is in Gregson street. In the afternoon I heard Mr. Fulton, a school teacher, speak in Islington Park on Douglas Cred

Mon. Sep. 23rd, 1935. This morning I have written this note:-
"To Mr. J. W. Rawling, 133, Hay St., Sydney, Sir, I accept your explanation & apology, & will try to forgive & proceed as if no wrong had been done. The motto, "Do it now", is better than "Let it slide", & I think it would be better for all of us if you had it printed in very large letters & placed where your eyes could not miss it. As we cannot afford to quarrel while marching towards our objective, I am willing to forget our disagreement; & as evidence of that fact, I am sending with this 1/- in stamps for the "Mile of Pennies Fund", & some verses which you may find acceptable for "W.W.F". I would like you to always notify me, in the paper, that you have received whatever I may send, whether is a subscription, donation, or a contribution to your paper.
Yours sincerely, J. Cocking

P.S. As I wish to snipe behind the rock of anonymity, never use my name in acknowledgements. J.C"

I am sending "German Rule.", "What Is Arbitration?"; "Why Do Workers Go To War?"; "Who Is "She"?; & "Prosperity".

Fri. Sep. 27th, 1935. This morning we received the following letters:- "Sept. 25th, Lismore Street, Abermain.
Dear Joe & Jenny, I am adopting my usual method of making you my chopping block. Well, as a matter of fact you are the only ones that pay any heed to my urgent wants. Now, you will, perhaps have in your bookshelf a book I gave you when I was up at the home; I don't know the title of it, but it is full of receipts for making all kinds of sauce, jellys, ointment, scents in fact almost anything. The book I mean is a very old one, but rather large. I think you can put your hand on it. Well, you will, I am sure, be pleased to hear that I am still in good health. It is, of course, the sunshine & country air that does it. It's the best doctor in the world. I am enjoying the utmost limit the splendour & comfort of my bed you gave me: I am so..."
thankful for it. You will also be pleased to hear that I have not missed one Sunday from the Sunday School for 12 months, wet or dry: I always go.

One reason is because I have one of the best classes of young perhaps, on the coalfield. In fact I feel quite honoured to have the company of them. You will be surprised to hear that you have a garden plot up here. Well, now we have about 3 quarters of an acre of garden here. It's more than we need for ourselves, so I worked a piece of new ground & manured it: so we call it yours. It's ten feet wide & 21 yards long. We are going to plant 100 tomato plants in it shortly--just as soon as the plants are ready to transplant out. We have four boxes with tomato plants all up about 3 inches high—all doing well.

We shall soon be putting them out. Your plot will hold 100 plants, & you will not be short during the coming Summer.

Bob & Gladys & children are all in good health.

We are all busy in the garden. Gladys is extremely interested in the garden, & spends a lot of her time in it.

Now, in conclusion, give my love to Jenny, Florence, & the boys, & yourself from Brother Bob.

P.S. If you find the book, & if you send it by post all right—if by rail send a post card. If you see Jim or Ethel ask them to write. I wrote 2 letters to them, & so far I have had no reply to them.

The other letter is from Arthur:

"Usual address, Thursday (Sep. 26th 1935.)

Dear Folks, Yesterday morning about six o'clock a fire started at Goldsborough, Mort, &Co's, wool merchants. the warehouse is over in Pyrmont, consequently we have a clear view of it. By about 9 o'clock the flames were about twice as high as the 5 storey building which was alight. I took a stroll over to see it yesterday afternoon, & saw that 3 walls had caved in, the wool was still smouldering pretty well, & about 6 brigades were still on the job.

This morning (now 7:30) as I look out of my window I see that it's still belching forth clouds of smoke.

I will be sending the books this afternoon. There is an exercise book which I left at home last holidays. The title is "Education Summaries". There are several paper cuttings in it. I don't know, but I think it will be in my drawer.

Will you please send it when you find it convenient?

For the next few weeks I will be giving a lesson at Haberfield every Wednesday morning. The class I am on at present is sixty girls. The school is in a rather prosperous looking suburb, & the kids are quite a contrast to those to whom I have been used.

My eyes have been a bit "crock" lately, but with the help of a little boracic, I've got them about back to normal now.
Last Sunday night I went out to Campsie to see Frank Wooster. I didn't see him, but I was talking to the adjutant, his father. Frank, I heard, has recently been married, & I was introduced to his missus. The breakfast bell is about to go, so I'll conclude.

Yours Arthur.

Sat., Sep. 28th, 1935. Yesterday I wrote & sent a letter to brother Bob; also some "World's News" & the "Dictionary Of Receipts", & 2 volumes of the "Teachers' Guide". I sent them by rail from Hamilton station. (Gd). This morning I brought the second three volumes of the encyclopaedia from Hamilton station. I paid 1/6 freight.

Florence finished at the Fettercairn hospital yesterday.

Mon., Sep. 30th, 1935. I went yesterday morning to the Congregational Church, in the Werribee street, Mayfield West, & heard a returned cut-throat preach on Christian service.

There were only 6 persons there, including Norman Pember, who went to Grafton with our Charlie some years ago. Norma is married & lives by oyster-getting, at Mosquito Island. After the service I had an argument with an old widow & orphan maker who had been at the Boer war, & is thinking of going to his old trade of cutting throats in Abysinia, with another old "Christian" named Wells. There is no "honour "roll in the church, but that is probably because it is a new one.

In the afternoon I listened to Mr. Clutton & Mr. Bland speak in Islington Park, on the Douglas Credit System.

I have written the following verses:

What Is Class-Consciousness?

To be class-conscious is to know
That in this warring world below
There dwell two hostile classes:
The first, the Working Class, that,
grieves
O'er wealth the second class receives
As plunder from the masses.

The second, designated "Fat,"
With morals of a sewer rat
And habits of a vulture,
By craft has taken full command
Of ocean, atmosphere and land,
Enjoying wealth and culture.

Class-conscious thinkers recognise
The fact that land has been the prize
Fat fought for through the ages,
For, holding land—the only source
Of wealth-production—he, of course, Could make men work for wages.

To be class-conscious is to see
That wages slaves never can be free
While land—the sole foundation
And source of ev'ry kind of wealth—
With peace and happiness and health Are stolen from a nation.
Of wealth & pleasure, he, of course, Could make men work for wages.

To be class-conscious is to see That wage-slaves never can be free While land—the sole foundation And source of ev'ry kind of wealth— And peace, & happiness, & health Are stolen from a nation.

To be class-conscious is to think Of ways to rescue slaves who sink And die through want & labour— To organise, & scheme, & plan To educate one's fellow man And help him as a neighbour.

Class-consciousness makes rebels say, "I'll strive for justice, come what may, Against the thieves who plunder And send their "hands" from fields & looms To occupy untimely tombs Where cannons flash & thunder!"

Those rebels labour hard & late To build a Universal State Transcending, far, all others— A State in which, from shore to shore, Class versus class shall fight no more, But live at peace, as brothers!

To "Common Cause", 14/10/37.

To-day I went to the blocks of land that are for sale near where Ted Holder lives in Mayfield west. I then interviewed a girl at Johns' land agency, & she promised to send Mr. Johns to us this evening.

Wed. Oct. 2nd, 1935. Yesterday I received the following letter from brother Bob:—
"Lismore Street, Abermain, Sept. 30th, 1935.
Dear Joe & Jenny, Your letter & parcel arrived all right this morning, & I am thankful to you for sending it to me. )"The Teachers' Guide" will be of great value to me. The "World's News", when we finish reading them, we pass on to a family further along the road, & they are also pleased to get them. Re answering your last letter, I thought it was your turn to write to me; hence the delay.
I am sorry to hear that Liz-Jane is not well. There is one comfort in the fact that she has her family near her to assist in times of sickness. I was very pleased to know that all of you are enjoying good health. Re my scanty-furnished bedroom,
well, it's a big room—12x12. It's true it needs a slight
fill up; it's also true that I have only my bed & box in it,
of course it does seem bare & empty. You suggested a dresser;
well, it would hardly suit; you see, the top of it would be,
providing I placed it near, my bed would shut out the light.
Just what I really need is a small combination chest to go near
my bed. Some makers of them have 2, & some 3, drawers with a
small looking-glass placed on them. It would not matter if the
were no glass on it. I could put my books & my shaving kit
in it. Just to give you an idea—my window is 3 feet 6 inches
high from the floor to the bottom of the window proper; so if
you drop on one, we will say, about 3 & 4 feet wide it would be
quite suitable. I could then shift my box over in the corner of
the big room.
Re Jack's suit for me, I have not yet received it. If you know
that gentleman as well as I do you should have asked him for it
when he promised it, as he is a pastmaster in the art of fooling.
He beats the band! However, when you get time take a walk
over & remind him of it; & if it is in his house, tell him you
take it with you & send it to me. You will, at least, have the
pleasure of being fooled; & I can safely say it is not the first
time he has done so to you: so try him again.
If you desire to go to a church that has no memorial in it, the
Methodist church in Mayfield East has none. They would be pleased
to have you there: I found a very nice lot of Christian people
there. Give it a trial too & see if you like it.
You have at last come to think of the heads of the Salvation
Army as I always did & always will. The rank & file are all right,
but the heads—I have no time for them all the least. All
the Booth family are rich rent-rackers. However, I think the
advice a woman gave me, when I complained about the tablets hung
up in the churches, might suit you. She said, Look, Cocking,
if you have had a drink of the water which Christ offered to the
Samaritan woman at the well the memorial tablets won't make you
thirsty: if they do, you have left the well without quenching
your thirst.
I must admit for myself that I saw things in a different light
from what I did before—indeed I never looked at the same side of
the church where they were hung up; & so I forgot they were there:
& so I had always a peaceful mind on the question.
Now, in conclusion, I sincerely thank you for your everlasting
ever-willing desire to make my surroundings more comfortable.
Jim could if he so desired, but, alas! he, I think, is not the
head boss, consequently it has become a matter of, "I would if I
could." Notwithstanding that, I love Jim. He is a good boy for all that; & he is always pleased to see me when I come down.
Now that the Summer days are coming again I shall take a few
trips down to Mayfield for a change.
Bob is going to paint a cottage at Cessnock for a man. Three
cost on the outside. The money will come handy for Summer
clothes & the children. He will do it the week he is not working on the road. Now, give my love to all the family. I always feel pleased to know that you are keeping well.

From Brother Bob, with love to all.

P.S. Don't forget to call on Jack, not because I expect the suit; if he does send it it will be his crowning act of Christian charity to me.

I am enclosing a drawing of a little bedroom chest which would be just the thing to suit me—not a flash one—just a pine one.\\

We are having some lovely rain up here lately, & our garden is now looking beautiful: we are filling it with all kinds of seeds.\\

Gladys, Bob, & the children are all in robust health at present.

After getting that letter I went to furniture shop in Hamilton & bought a combination with 3 mirrors, 2 large drawers, 2 smaller drawers, & 2 little ones, for 22/6. I paid a lorry man 1/- to take the comb. to the Hamilton goods shed. The freight to send it to Bob at Abermain was only 1/1. Mr. Johns, the house agent, called yesterday & took particulars of this house with a view of selling it to us for £700. He is to get & give us the price & terms for the land near Holder's house in Mayfield West.

Thur. Oct. 3rd, 1935. yesterday Mr. Johns took Mum & me to see a block of land near where Ted Holder lives in Mayfield west.

It is 40 feet frontage, & the price is £4/2/6 a foot. We decided to buy it. This morning I went to the Commonwealth Bank in Newcastle, & withdrew fifty one pounds of our money, & forty pounds of Walter's. Mum & I had an interview with Mr. Johns a little after 11 a.m. & paid a deposit of twenty pounds for the land. We have to await a letter from lawyer Cannington, of Hamilton, before we finish paying the balance—£145.

This afternoon I went to Newcastle again & withdrew fifty five pounds of Florence's money.

The following note came from Rob this morning:—

"Lismore Street, Abermain. Wed. Oct. 2nd, 1935. Dear Joe, Just a few lines to say we went down to the station & got the combination all right. In it we got 2 things—one of them was the biggest surprise of our lives. I never expected to see such a big, lovely piece of furniture. Another surprise was the price you gave for it. My room is now looking ever so much better than it was before. I hardly know how to thank you for your kindness to me. I have no time to say any more now; I must catch the afternoon mail. Gladys said the mirror is worth more than you paid for the lot. From Brother Bob."

Fri. Oct. 4th, 1935. This morning this note came from Rob:—

"Lismore Street, Abermain, Wednesday, Oct. 3rd, 1935.

Dear Joe, I am not writing a letter to you—only a note to say that if you take a walk over to the Hamilton railway station & meet the train that leaves Abermain at quarter
past 7 this morning you will get a small box of mulberries that I am sending down to you; so don't forget to go over for them; they will get to Hamilton about 8:30 or 9 o'clock.

From Brother Bob.

I went & got them this morning. The freight was 8 pence. Charlie is finishing the painting of the roof. The war between Italy & Abyssinia has begun, & Adowa has been bombed.

I have finished writing these verses:

WHAT IS A COMMUNIST?

A Communist is one who thinks
And straightens out the twists & kinks
Of tangled economics--
A rebel who, from Learning's store,
Instructs the slaves who gain their lore
From Master's coloured comics.

A Communist can understand
How wealth arises from the land
By skilful application
Of labour to its fertile face,
To feed & clothe the human race
In any age or station.

He makes it plain to those who toil,
How thieves monopolise the soil
For just that simple reason;
For, when possessed of fertile land
And tools of trade, they can command
Their slaves in ev'ry season.

Possessing these, they live at ease
Enjoying all the things that please--
Wealth, leisure, learning, power--
And dominate each landless wight
By legalised & brutal might
That's organised to cower.

A Communist is one who kicks
Against the plutocratic tricks
Of cunning politicians
Whose sole ambition is by gab,
To fool the workers & to grab
And hold well-paid positions.

A Communist despises drones
With palaces & costly thrones,
Who rule & rob the toilers;
And each courageous rebel tries
to counter the infernal lies
expressed by their despoilers.
Some future day the world may bless
the Communists for their success
in totally destroying
this robbers' system of the few,
and building up an order new
which all will be enjoying.

This morning early I wrote the following verses on the poet's poem: My Garden.

1. What is the sign the poet sees,
   among the flowers & the trees,
   that God has there been walking?
   Does he, withJanus face, possess mystic keys?
   Or is he talking?

2. Does he, each spring-time morning, meet
   the imprint of God's hands or feet
   upon the leaves imprinted?
   or test-tubes filled with reds & blues
   Greens, oranges, or other hues
   By which the buds are tinted?
   And does he watch a seed unfold
   its tiny leaves above the mold
   in which it is implanted;
   and see the mindless plant design
   a pattern, with an aim benign,
   By which she is enchanted?

3. She stands & watches there, mayhap,
   the plant transform the simple sap
   to sugars, or to starches,
   to acids, or to alkalies,
   By light from sunny morning skies,
   Beneath his trellised arches.

4. Does she behold mud transformed to flower, leaf, & bud
   though lacking ears of vision,
   And seeds without a conscious mind,
   And lacking speech and taste to bind
   With absolute precision?
Does it watch it as it toils
To fabricate essential oils
Without the means to measure
Or weigh the atoms as they flow
To make the scented flowers grow
To forms that give her pleasure?

If so, each plant that decks the sod
Is ample proof that none but God
Has made the transformation,
This, haply, is the certain sign
That He, with purposes benign,
Does visit her plantation!

See the revised version, page 31, diary, Dec. 25-26, 1935.

Sun, Oct. 6th, 1935. This afternoon I wrote the following letter to the Deputy Commissioner of Old Age Pensions:

Sir, A few days ago my wife & I bought a block of land in Mayfield West, for $565 (mostly borrowed) on which to erect a new house instead of the house we now own & occupy. I told the agent (Mr. Johns) that I did not want to be part-owner of the land, but wished my wife to be the sole proprietor. Thinking over the matter since, however, I have some fear that my action may not be legally right in view of the fact that I am a pensioner. Before the land is actually transferred, will you please inform me whether I have done wrong or not? I have preserved your last letter to me, & shall let you know when we have sold our old house, & how much we got for it. I remain, Sir, Yours sincerely, Josiah Cocking.

This morning I went to the Saint Andrew's English church in Church street, Mayfield, & heard curate Marshall preach on "Some Aspects of Communion". He is a clear speaker. I had no opportunity to speak to him about a tablet, on the side of the building, that contained these words:

"In loving memory of Eric Mulvey, killed in action at Ardanelles May 14 1917, aged 22 years. Ave itur ad Austra."

This is one of the churches where Witticomb preaches. This afternoon I went to Islington Park & heard Mr. Bland & another man speak on war and fascism. I got a copy of "The New Era" from Mr. Clutton, a Douglasite; & "War! What For?" from a Communist.

Mon. Oct. 7th, 1935. This morning I sent this note to the editor of "Barrier Truth":-

Sir, I have written a pamphlet to convince Christians that warfare is opposed to the principles of Christianity. The pamphlet is typewritten, & consists of 87 pages, measuring 10 x 8, of alternate prose & verses. If you would like to see it, with a view to publication in your paper, I will send it to you as soon as I receive your reply. To give you some idea of the nature of the verses, I am sending some others with this note.
EMPIRE DAY.

Empire Day was celebrated in the usual fashion yesterday—by Union flag-waving children.—Daily paper, 5/13.

Let them wag the crisis-crossed flag,
Let them jingo stories:
Nelson, Blake, bold "Bobs" and Drake,
Of battles and their "glories."

Tell so how Clive began to thrive
By murder, theft and pillage,
I gathered gold in heaps untold
From conquered town and village.

Napoleon boast the trips
Of slaughter-ships that crossed the hot equator,
Of conquered lands on foreign strands,
To make the empire greater.

All with pride how navies ride
The ocean's billows, swollen,
Never sleep, but guard and keep
The lands subdued and stolen.

Children know that empires grow
When cannons flash and thunder,
And brutal bands "annex" the lands
Of those they kill and plunder.

Don't mention tramps, nor pauper-camps
Devoid of bread and butter,
Nor pauper hotels in shack and hole
Beneath the flags that flutter.

And don't reveal that those who steal,
At bayonet point demanding
The fertile fields each victim yields,
Keep empires still expanding.

You thus may blind the youthful mind
And make some workers willing
To take a gun and madly run
To do their masters' killing.

Yet time will come when more than some
Shall cease to be the stoppers
Of steel and lead to save the heads
Of drones who wear bell-toppers.

Then, wide-awake, the slaves will take
The earth, and live as brothers
At work and play, and cease to slay
In stupid wars for others.

—"Taraxacum."

And on Sunday
In the House.

Turned up, so the
Monday morning at 10 o'clock.

Prof. didn't want
A matter of fact
Instead of the

4th, as I (together with a hundred other mugs) thought it would.

We have found out our course, but am in a quandary as to whether to take "Physics or Chem."
as a special subject. I'll wait until I find out what is going to be done in each subject.

During the year I shall have to make a first aid box as part of the hygiene exam.

As far as I know we are having no maths training, since Mr. Major Cooke-Russell, the former lecturer, is now in London, and nobody else has been appointed.
January 31, 1935.

Josiah Cocking,
41 Ingall St.,
Mayfield East, via Newcastle,
New South Wales, Australia.

Dear Friend:

Replying to your communication of the 7th. The Golden Age does not pay for contributions, as it is not published for profit, nor does anyone on its staff receive a salary.

We would not be able to make use of a lengthy article or poem. Indeed, we make exceedingly little use of poetry, as our present aim is to emphasize important truths in the most direct way, and as you know, whatever the possibilities of poetry, it lacks, or tends to lack directness. Whatever may be said for or against this position, our present policy excludes poetry. Hence the return of the enclosed. Most of the material about which you have written us being in poetic form, we should not likely be able to make use of it.

Much of the material appearing in The Golden Age is prepared by regular contributors, hence we have little room to spare for additional matter, though we do from time to time insert material from other sources, if it appeals strongly to our sense of what is right and just. Under the circumstances, we believe you would do better, perhaps, to submit your article to an editor who is likely to make some payment for it, and thus give it publicity through a channel which is not already committed to a definite policy.

We are sending you, as requested, a sample copy of The Golden Age, under another cover.

Very truly yours,
If you like them you may print them. I am, Sir, Yours sincerely,
Josiah Cocking. P.S. Will you kindly send a copy of your paper, as I wish to know the rates of subscription? J.C. I enclose a copy of "What Is Compulsory Military Training?"
This morning we received the following letter from Sister:

"Osborne Street, Dapto, 2/10/35. Dear Brother & Sister, just a line to let you know, on my second day out of bed, after 6 weeks serious illness, I am writing to you to let you know that I am getting better. The doctor has called every day during that time, often twice a day. Last night he called at 9 o'clock, and said he won't call to-day; so I hasten to tell you the good news. I am too weak to walk, but I am sitting on the verandah in the sun. Dear old Dad was so overjoyed that he ran up to the shop & asked for the best pair of slippers they had, for his old woman was out of bed. My family seems to have a new lease of life. I have a good girl to look after the house, & I have nothing to worry about. The mine is working fairly well, & the family are all well & send their love to you all. Hoping you are all well & doing well, I remain your loving Sister, Sister, Elisabeth Jane Pettigrew. Excuse short note."

I wrote a reply to this letter this afternoon.

Wed. Oct. 9th, 1935. Last night I went to the Newcastletown hall & heard Mr Rawling, editor of "War! What For", lecture on the war in Abyssinia. The lecture was illustrated by lantern slides. This morning I wrote a letter to Art. & sent 10/- & 26 tokens for the encyclopaedia.

Thur. Oct. 10th, 1935. Pension day. We received the following letter from Art. this morning:

"Usual address, Tuesday. Dear Folks, I apologise for not having answered your letter before this, but I've had to draw a year's syllabus in woodwork. I have been up pretty late for the last few nights owing to the aforesaid woodwork; so I think I'll turn in pretty early to-night. I would have written yesterday, but it would have been useless because, as you probably know, it was Six Hour Day here yesterday & the post offices weren't working. There was a Labour procession in town, I understand, I only saw one float down a side street as I went past in the tram.

Recently we had the Troubadours (the Misses Raynor) at the College. I thought they were pretty good. We have also started on the study of ethics—the science of morals. I don't know whether I have told you before or not, but I have to go out Haberfield school & give a lesson or 2 every Wednesday. I am on 60 girls. There are 2 students on the class (i.e. including me). The teacher gives us a pretty free hand: she yaps to one of us while the other is teaching. She has to write a report on our teaching ability, but I don't know how she's going to do.
it, because she doesn't listen to, or make notes about the lessons we give. She's a fairly young sort of a sheila, so I don't suppose she knows very much more about teaching than we do, anyhow. Yesterday I went to Bradley's Head with about 3 others from Earlwood. I was supposed to meet the rest of the herd at the zoo wharf, but the crowd was so thick that it took me about 20 minutes to find them. On the way home we had a look at Luna Park from the Harbour Bridge. We were thinking of visiting it, but the fact that one of the girls in the party was required to be home early decided us against it.

I'm glad Joe & Ivy & of course the kids are coming down, but it's a pity their visit weren't a few weeks earlier or later.

I have to get this letter in before the box is cleared, which is 3mins. from now, so I'll conclude. Yours Arthur.
P.S. Haven't time to read what I have written.

Fri. Oct. 11th, 1935. This morning I have written these verses:

**WHAT ARE HONOUR ROLLS?**

They're tablets to extol the names
Of dupes who played War's hellish games,
In spite of God's injunction,
And laws He never did repeal—
"Thou shalt not kill", "Thou shalt not steal"—
Without the least compunction!

They're lists of those who shouldered arms
To slaughter men on fields & farms,
In spite of Christ's example,
And madly rushed o'er plain & hill
Ten million mothers' sons to kill
And on their features trample!

They're names of fools who rushed away,
At Master's call to tear & slay,
Like beasts released from cages,
Defying John the Baptist's plan:
"Do violence to not a man,
But work in peace for wages!"

Those tablets still defile each church
That leaves the Saviour in the lurch
And echoes oily gammon
Of frauds who prate of things divine,
Yet eulogise the martial swine
Who serve not God, but Mammon!

When peaceful Jesus shall return
Those heathen temples He will burn,
And raze their altars level
That harbour any "honour roll".
By which the hypocrite extols
The servants of the Devil!

Then let us hope that very soon,
The Master will confer this boon
Upon the world that suffers
Those things of blood that now disgrace
His name within each holy place
Defiled by martial duffers!

I have sent these verses to "War! What For":-
"What is Compulsory Training?"; "To The Range": "What is the Roy
Boy Scout Movement?";

CHILDREN OF JOSIAH & MARY JANE COCKING:
Robert Rowe Cocking, born at Wallsend, N.S.W., 2 a.m., Sunday, May
1st, 1898. Died Dec. 18th, 1898.

Josiah Thomas Cocking, born at Wallaroo Mines, South Australia,

William John Cocking, born at Wallsend, N.S.W., 3 p.m., Mon.
April 27th, 1903.

Charles Ernest Cocking, born at Wallsend, N.S.W., 7 p.m., Sept. 18th,
1905.

Florence Ellen Cocking, born at Wallsend, N.S.W., 8 p.m., July
9th, 1907.

Frederick George Cocking, born at Wallsend, N.S.W., Tues. July
27th, 1909.

Walter Perkyns Cocking, born at Wallsend, N.S.W., Tuesday,
January 16th, 1912.

Arthur James Cocking, born at Mayfield East, N.S.W., 11:10 a.m.
Sunday, June 4th, 1916.

DEATHS:-

Robert Rowe Cocking, died December 18th, 1898. 1898. 1901.
John William Tomlinson, died at Lithgow, N.S.W., Aug. 21st, 1901.
Evelyn Maud Cocking, died at Maitland, 25th February, 1907.
Elizabeth Giles, died at Wallsend, N.S.W., Sun. May 8th, 1910.
Charles Elijah Giles, died at Lithgow, N.S.W., April 19th, 1919.
Grace Perkyns, died at Redruth, Cornwall, 13th November, 1933.

PARENTS' NAMES.

Josiah Cocking, born at Kadina, S.A., May 11th, 1867.
Mary Jane Cocking (nee Anderson) born Sept. 17th, 1874.
GRANDPARENTS: NAMES.

Thomas Cocking, of Saint Just, Cornwall, born
died by accident at Dingo Creek, near Taree, N.S.W.

Elizabeth Cocking (nee Rowe) born at Saint Day, Cornwall.
Died in sleep at Wallsend, N.S.W. Sunday 8th May, 1910.

Mary Anderson, place of birth & death unknown.

GREAT GRANDPARENTS.

Robert Rowe, born & died in Cornwall, dates unknown.
Eliza Rowe, (nee Gillard), born in Cornwall
Died at Redruth.

CHILDREN OF THOMAS & ELIZABETH COCKING.

William John Cocking, born July 11th, 1884, at Kadina, South Aus.
Josiah Cocking, born at Kadina, S.A., May 11th, 1867.

Child of Charles Elijah Giles & Elizabeth Giles (formerly Cocking).

Elizabeth Jane Giles, born at Wallaroo, S.A., July 6th, 1873.

Tues. Oct. 15th, 1935. Last Sun. Florence worked at the Fettercairn hospital, but only for one day. I went to the Islington Baptist Church & heard an Indian preacher preach. He is a returned cut-throat, & wore what seemed to be a medal on his breast. His address was not worth listening to. From there I went to the Tighe's Hill Army hall & attended the holiness meeting.

Yesterday we received this letter from Arthur:

"Usual Address, Saturday (Oct. 12th, 1935). Dear Folks, I received your letter the day before yesterday: the 'dough' & the token were all present & correct. I will not reply in full to you until you answer this. As a matter of fact I've really nothing to write about. You ask me to find quarters for Joe & Co; quite a pleasant but one which I can't undertake until I know exactly when he's coming & how long he's staying. I would also like to know whether he wants meals provided, or wants cooking facilities. I suppose a double room will be all that's required, will it not? If you let me have this information without delay I'll get down on the job. If it's likely that Joe can't find his way here I'll meet him anywhere he designates.

Yours Arthur."

I received this letter: "Barrier Daily Truth, Blende Street, Broken Hill, 11th Oct. 1935. Mr Josiah Cocking, Dear Sir, In reply to yours of the 7th instant we have to advise that the pamphlet is ready for production in a daily newspaper. We are filing the verses sent along & will use them as space is available.

We thank you for your interest & under separate cover forward you copy of our paper, the annual subscription for which is 32/-. Yours faithfully W.G. Watson, manager."
I also received this letter: Greenfield Terrace, Portreath, Cornwall, England. Sept. 10th, 1935. My dear Mr. & Mrs. Cocking.

We received your welcome letter & the book that's just arrived. Many thanks for it. The pictures are very nice; we pass them on as after we see them to someone else. We have one of our neighbours in bed sick with a bad thigh—fell down, poor man, weeks back; so he finds it very hard indoors, & we have had such a lovely summer. It is very nice now, only I have been so busy it's going too fast. I have been looking forward to a few days off—not come yet—but still we must be thankful for health & strength. I have been well; my ankle is almost well again, & my husband like a new man; so you see, dear friends, how good God has been: He has answered your prayer & mine for him to almost himself. All the others are quite well at present. Kath has somewhat recovered from her shock. It was a dreadful time, & the lady was so devoted to him, poor thin...it's very hard to have your house brightened up so quickly. She's gone to Surrucy to live. Most likely Kath will be going to her when she gets into her own home; I think that's the arrangement—as a companion.

She is left with plenty of money.

Dear Mr. Cocking, we all trust you & Mrs. Cocking & all your family are keeping well. Many thanks for photos. You will think we are slow at sending out ours; but at any rate I hope to soon now. There is a young fellow who comes to Portreath once a week, who takes photos lovely. I think he's away on holidays now, but when he comes back he is taking some views of Saint Day & district for me; also my husband & myself. Those others are not at all good of us, but to see your son had passed so well: that's mine! Yes, we would like Florrie's photo very much. We have the one here on the shelf—she looks nice in that with the little girl. How are the Mammy & Sad? got over it by now somewhat; I hope; but we can never forget them. I lost two little boys. At the time I made myself ill, but now I am able to thank God they're safe home, free from the world's worry. Now this dreadful disturbance is upsetting us so; I do trust we shall be spared from another war, God pleasing. We will have to suffer all for the greedy, big bugs—all's them who should fight it out; not drag us into it for their greed of gold. I see you wrote to Mr. Henderson, Mr. Cocking. They returned a nice letter to you. Yes, we are having more Labour meetings everywhere, but here in our little village, Redruth & Cambourne, Scorrier, St. Day, Falmouth around, grand meetings, & their big men addressing them. We had one meeting here: only 4 persons attended—afraid of their job—but the few down here won't count much. They're not wasting time over; but I tell them, when I get the chance, a few things I know to be right; & Dad is always lecturing them. He does his best to let them see through some of the points that will help; & I may say with truth that they have turned or are turning to the right way.

At Cambourne they are just all Labour & also at Redruth they're beginning to see the light. They're about canvassing.
already for the election: they know they're to be turned out this time. I'm sure you will like to read the "Daily Herald". We get it every day, I like it before the Sunday paper we send to you. Glad you get them alright. I have not been to town yet since your letter came to get the solution you said about for my ankle. I will try it: I shall be going the end of week. I have been too busy to go: friends coming & going so. My cousin from Cardiff goes the end of present week—shall have a bit more time to think of self then.

I have not found out the price of camera at Rednax. I couldn't promise to take the photos as I have so little time. I manage to do my own sewing, which takes all the time; & when my ankle is bad I am glad to rest it. But we read our "Herald" every day; & you will find it good reading them. We both pass along different bits; but it's a small village, & it's all Master here.

Kath's hair is auburn colour, eyes brown, sallow complexion; but Myra, her sister, is like me—nice fresh cheeks & lovely light hair. I am in my 63—6 last April—& no grey hairs as yet. You tell me I don't worry enough to turn grey; & I don't intend to, it's not worth while. Now Mr. Cocking, I am sending out Kath's photo when she was little, for you to copy off post-card size if you can. Now we all send our kindest regards to you all ever your sincere friends, & H. Webster.

I am sending on Frank's as well, as you so kindly promised to do them if they're not too far gone. Frank was taken at school where brush & comb were scarce, as you can tell, for his hair is awful. Now he is so nice—every hair must be in its place. He is very tall & fair. Poor Kath is not so good-looking, but she is a good girl to me: she keeps me in clothes & shoes, as Oads is the only one that is receiving 10/- a week. I try to put mine on to 65, but no use—have to wait my turn.

God bless you all! Hope to hear again soon.

The letter also contained a clipping about George Lansbury.

WAR DANGERS

LANSBURY WRITES TO THE POPE

CALL FOR ACTION BY CHURCHES

By HUGH REDWOOD

STANDING at his garden gate

at Bow yesterday, with his hand pressing hard on my shoulder, George Lansbury told me why he has written to the Pope.

"Brother," he said, "there's one thing I'm quite sure of. The politicians can do nothing. Politics won't get us out of this mess. "I don't know what will come of it, but I've written to the Pope, to our two Archbishops and to Dr. Scott Lidgett. And with all my heart I pray they will take some action."

What George Lansbury wants them to do is to stop the drift to war. And to that end he urges them to call a world-wide religious congress at once in Jerusalem and proclaim a truce of God from Calvary itself.

"WE HAVE ALL SINNED"

says. "We all have sinned and come short of God's glory. If we admit this, and listen to the words which He is speaking, we can yet have a revolution in thought and action. But we must pray, and we must act."

The afternoon train of Bow Road went drowsily by the heat as talked. "Drivers turned curious about, wondering what "Old George" was up to."

A motor-car was waiting at the kerb to take him to one of his best-loved engagements, a treat to a thousand children.

THOUGHT FOR CHILDREN

It is the children that haunt his imagination. It is the thought of what war would mean to them that fastens his thoughts on a Calvary truce.

The young men of the Continent may see their visions, as they look to the leaders who promise them conquest, but this old man is dreaming a better dream.
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TO WILMA.

"Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long."
The poet wrote, but women know
That he was widely wrong.

A married man detests all debt;
At poverty he rages.
And longs for things too hard to get,
With microscopic wages.

He wants great power, INK self
To come at his direction;
And though he is no saint himself
His wife must be perfection.

Indeed, while on this whirling sphere
His wants, like weeds, INK are growing;
He wants a heaven while he's here
And Heaven when he's going

He wants a home devoid of strife;
A bride who is nice-looking,
And, more than all else, he wants his wife
To be well skilled in INK cooking.

So, if hormony you'd dwell
And mould him to your wishes,
Just feed the hungry beggar well
With love and tasty dishes.