From Oct. 16th, 1935
7th July 31st, 1937.
LAYS DOWN HIS BATON

Divisional Bandmaster Richard Ford, of Mayfield, Called to Eternal Reward

From his home at Mayfield, Divisional Bandmaster Richard Ford was suddenly called to his eternal reward on Sunday night, February 14. The Bandmaster had led his Band in the morning, and was looking forward to being at the Territorial Commander's farewell meeting at New Lambton in the evening, the Mayfield Band being marked for duty on this occasion. But it was not to be, for, after dinner, he was taken with a heart seizure and, while his leader's farewell meeting was in progress, the Divisional Bandmaster passed away, to receive the "Well done!" of his Lord.

Bandmaster Ford was greatly beloved by his men, and although he had had warning, because of the condition of his heart, that he might hear the call at any time, the news of his passing came as a great shock to his loved ones and friends.

On the Monday morning, Commissioner and Mrs. McKenzie visited Sister Mrs. Ford, offering comfort and praying with the bereaved.

Particulars of Divisional Bandmaster Ford's devoted work for the Bands of the Newcastle Division, and reports of the funeral and memorial services will appear in later issues.
wed. Oct. 16th, 1935. Yesterday we received this letter from brother Bob:- "Li smore Street, Abermain, Oct. 14th.
Dear Joe & Jenny. Your letter to hand recently. We were pleased to hear that the mulberries came to hand all right. They were a portion of the first crop; when the next crop ripens we will send along another box to you: they shed an abundance of berries. We enjoy them with rice or sago. No, we are not trying to compensate you for your good seeds to us: anyhow it would take a tremendous lot of berries to pay you for the things you gave us. This is how we get them:- Gladys' mother has a very large tree in her garden, so we get—or rather we will get—a little more than we require; consequently we will not impoverish ourselves by sending you down a few now & & then. We shall be well paid for the small trouble it gives us to know that you like them.

Gladys transplanted out 20 more tomato plants on Thursday in your garden plot. You see, we wait until the plants get nice & strong before we put them out. They are all doing well. We will be able to fill up your plot when we get the next shower of rain, as we have plenty of good plants here of our own. That being so, we are looking forward to gather in an overwhelming harvest of tomatoes during this season; & I do hope that we shall not be disappointed.

Re the clothing, I am in urgent need of only one thing. Let me explain: I have a Winter best coat; also a Summer coat—both Sunday wear. Well, the Summer coat will now be in constant use every Sunday; but notwithstanding it's in fair order, it's too tight for me, & I am not by any means comfortable on a hot Sunday. It is a black lustre—or one can call it a black silk—yet it's not silk, although it is very light & cool: it is what would call a polished cotton. They lock & wear well. The one have the matron gave me 3 years ago, down at the Home. I have had splendid wear out of it: it's a size 7, & a 7 is too tight for me; I take an 8 to be comfortable in it.

As regards my other clothing, I am not in urgent need of any during the Summer months. The coat is the only exception.

As beggars are not choosers, a second-hand one would do if it was anyways fit to wear on Sundays; or if you could not drop across one like I have mentioned, a light black would do as well. Re your block of ground, I know just where it is & I can truthfully say it is a most beautiful place to live. It will not be long before the tram will be running right at your front door. However, there are already some nice shops close & handy, & if I am not very much mistaken there is a bus running up there. Anyhow, it's away from the noise & dust. I am sure you will enjoy the tranquility of the place. There is, I hope, enough room in the block for you to make a garden.

I am hoping to hear by your next letter that you have found a place wherein you can worship God in tranquility & peace.
I would suggest that your views on the memorial question will be as mine—dissolving views! For myself, I tried my best to have the memorial tablets taken down, but I only met with brick & assaults. There is a lot of wisdom in an old proverb which says that he who is slow to anger is better than the mighty. As for myself, I believe in that Japanese proverb which says to punish ourselves for the sins of others is superlative folly. I am sorry you have taken your weight away from the Tighe's Hill corps, as I have heard many times that you were a good, consistent worker. That being so, I am quite sure you will be missed there. There is an old saying that it's no use to growl or to grumble; what's done you can't recall; it's no use to pull the trigger, & then try to stop the ball.

Anyhow, instead of pulling down the memorials, it will not be long before the sculptors will chisel out fresh ones to hang up, as we are on the brink of another ghastly war. Britain & France are going to stop the greasy, dirty Dago from shooting down the poor starving Blacks. That, of course, means that Australia will be there & we will—or at least a lot of us will again hear that pitiful Parsons' wall, "God bless the dear brother at the front." A start will be made as soon as there is a good supply of guns & shells ready. I would not be surprised if Mr. Lyons did force all the single men to go over to the war. Some already are entertaining that belief.

Now, in conclusion, I am pleased to say we are all in good health for which we are very thankful.

In your last letter you never mentioned Flinnie—an oversight, perhaps, on your part. I don't want you to answer this letter too soon, as we are expecting shortly to gather in another crop of mulberries; then of course we will send you a few down. You can say in your next if they come to hand.

I don't know when I will be coming down; the weather is, as yet, not quite settled.

Re the children's ages, Dorothy is 7 years & 4 months; Allan is 5 years & 3 months; Bobby, that is the youngest boy, is 3 years & 5 months old.

Bobby & Gladys between them have made the combination look as a new one; it's looking really nice; we are proud of it, I can assure you.

Mr. Miles has gone to Forbes; he took 2 of his sons with him; there is a chance of work there for them.

From brother Bob, with love to all.
I have received the following:

"Commonwealth of Australia.
From the Deputy Commissioner of Pensions, Sydney.
To Mr. J. Cocking, 41 Ingall Street, Mayfield East. 14th Oct. 1935.
In connection with your pension, further information is required as indicated hereunder, which you are hereby requested to furnish at an early date. A. D. Crichton for Deputy Com. Ques.

What amount is now owing to you on the sale of property?
How much have you now in the Co-op. store?
What amount of cash have you & your wife?
Give the full name & address of the person from whom you bought the block of land.
Reply promptly on this form.

Section 49 of the Act reads:—No person shall (a) wilfully make any false statement or representation to obtain a pension certificate, or pension, or any instalment of a pension, or to deceive any officer, or to affect the rate of any pension; Penalty one hundred pounds or six months imprisonment.

I HEREBY DECLARE that the replies hereon furnished to the above questions are true & correct in every particular.

Declared at——
the—— day of—— 19
before me——

Person before whom this declaration is made to sign here & add the title by which he takes the declaration, such as "Postmaster &c. The declaration may be made before any of the following persons:—A postmaster or postmistress, or person in charge of a post office, a police, stipendiary, or special magistrate of the Commonwealth or a State, a justice of the peace, a barrister or solicitor, a State school head teacher, an officer of the Department of Trade & Customs, a member of the police force of the Commonwealth or a State, a legally qualified medical practitioner, a notary public, a commissioner for affadavits, a commissioner for declarations a registrar under the "Invalid & Old-age Pensions Act, 1908—1933" a minister of religion, an officer of the Commonwealth Department of the Treasury, a councillor of any municipality or shire, or a member of the Parliament of the Commonwealth or of any State.

To these questions I replied (1). Nothing: our house is not yet sold. (2) About 43 pounds. (3) About 80 pounds of our own & 85 pounds borrowed to buy the block of land. (4) Armstrong & Royce, timber merchants, Carrington, N.S.W.

I have also written the following note:

"To the Deputy Commissioner for Pensions, Sydney. Dear Sir, In reply to your very kind & instructive note re the purchase of a block of land in my wife's name, & filling in the form previously sent to me,

I must say that the first question still seems to me to
be a mistake, for we have not sold our house yet. If the question is intended to read: "What amount is now owing by you on the purchase of land," the answer is 145 pounds, as we have paid a deposit of 20 pounds. Hoping that this explanation may be satisfactory, & thanking you for your courteous note, I remain, Sir, Yours respectfully, Josiah Cocking.

I am also sending a Sydney Mail Annual" to Mr' Webster.

This morning I received the following :-"Lismore St, Abermain, Oct. 21, 1935, dear Joe & Jenny, I am just writing a brief note to say if you go to the Hamilton rail station to-day & wait until 12:30 from Abermain comes in there will be a parcel of it for you. We would have sent it sooner only that we had a cyclone storm here & it blew all the berries off the tree. The train ought to arrive at the Hamilton station about 1:30. From brother Rob." I bought a fourpenny birthday card at Perry's this morning to send to brother Bob. On the front there is a peaceful river scene in colours, with "Kindest Birthday Wishes to my Dear Brother", in white letters on the green trees. On a scroll stretched across the river are these words:- With many a kind & loving thought Is this my hearty greeting brought, My Brother's birthday morn to bless With many a wish for happiness. On the back I typed:-"Dear Bob, I'd have you understand That every printed line, Though written by another's hand, I send to you as MINE!" To Robert Cocking, born at Kadina, S.Aus., 25th of October, 1865. From brother Joe, 24/10/1935."

Thursday, Oct. 24th, 1935. Yesterday I went to Jack's house & helped him to cement the footpath. As there is only a little more to do I am not going over today.)

a letter from the pensions office in reply to one that I sent after I received the letter on page 3.

I also got a note from A. Hordern, which is:

"Anthony Hordern & Sons, Brickfield Hill, Sydney, 23rd Oct. 1935. Dear Sir, We acknowledge your valued inquiry just to hand, which is at present receiving our attention, & the desired information will be forwarded to you by a later mail. Thanking you, & with the assurance of our best service & attention at all times, We are, Yours faithfully, A Hordern & Sons ltd."

We received the following from Arthur:-"Usual address, Tuesday (22nd Oct. 1935). Dear Folks, I was delaying writing
until Joe came down here, but, in view of the inclemency of the weather, I don't suppose he'll be here for some time yet. I must have made about 20 trips down to the phone on Saturday, & quite a few last night. On Sunday afternoon I went out to Lionel's place & stayed there for tea. I go out Earlwood way about once a week now—in fact I think the Tramway Department should greatly appreciate my patronage.

As to "dough", I have plenty, thanks, although my bank-roll is steadily diminishing. I don't know whether I told you or not, but I have the last set of "Telegraph" encyclopaedias. I won't send them just yet, however; I'll keep them & despatch them with Joe & Ivy if such procedure is not likely to occasion much trouble. The exams are almost 3 weeks off, & then comes practice-teaching. Thereby hangs a tale.

Applications are being taken for 2 students to take joint charge of a class at North Newtown in the absence of the ordinary class teacher. No one with under a B x will be considered. I have sent in my application, for I think that this will be a chance to rise above a B x. Whether I get the job or not remains to be seen.

Yesterday I recited the Shakespeare which I had to learn as part of a verse-speaking competition for which I was conscripted. I don't know whether I got a place in the second round or not—probably the latter in view of the fact that my articulation was terrible, owing to my having a cold. Well, it seems that I have no more to write, although I haven't written much. The last few days have been cold & dark & dreary etc... nothing remarkable has happened or is happening.

Yours Arthur.

The letter from the Pensions office, dated 18th Oct., is as follows:— "In reply to your letter of the 15th instant I have to advise that pensioners are now free to deal with their property as they wish & it is no longer necessary for them to obtain the consent of this department to the sale or transfer of property. Transfers of property without adequate consideration, however, cannot be recognised by the department, & the value of property so transferred must be maintained in the pension computation as though still remaining in the possession of the pensioner.

The transfer of property by you to your wife will not affect your pension rate so long as you continue to reside therein permanently. Should you cease to do so at any time it will be necessary to take the value of the property into account in assessing the rate of pension payable to you. Please be good enough to furnish me with as soon as possible with replies to the various questions on the form issued on the 14th instant. R.F. Tate, for actg. deputy Commissioner."

(This letter has to be sent back to-day).
This morning I received the following:-
"From the Deputy Commissioner of Pensions, Sydney, 23rd Oct. 1935. Question. Did you not take a mortgage for 175 pounds from a Mrs. Stone?
(My reply is: "Yes, from Mr. Mervyn Stone.")
What amount is now owing to you on this mortgage, or from another source?
(My reply is: "Nothing on the mortgage. £21 owed to me by John Cocking, Bowser St., Hamilton North.

Return my communication of the 17th inst. & attach to this form.
(My reply is: "I have no communication of the 17th, but attach one of the 18th inst.").

Give the name & address of three persons from whom you borrowed £85.
(My reply is: "Walter P. Cocking, £40; Frederick G. Cocking, £5; Florence F. Cocking, £40.

How did you become possessed of the other £80?
(My answer is: "I paid £80 from Stones paying off arrears on mortgage, £51:5:9. & money in hand already mentioned in form sent, & money saved since.").

I have written a letter to the Websters & enclosed the photo of Jack's new house, & a photo of Florence sitting on the edge of a creek near "Craighean". Jose has bought another Ford car for £70 from "Motors Limited", & he, Ivy, & the children left in it for Sydney yesterday. Florence is still at home waiting for a call.

I have received this letter from Horstens:-

Dear Sir, We thank you for your inquiry of the 18th inst re the Adana printing machine, & have pleasure in advising that the model is an excellent one, possessing many distinct advantages over the original machine retailed by us. It is easy to manage, simple to operate, & entirely satisfactory in the working. This is the fastest hand platen that has yet been designed & it will produce the highest class work from type or process blocks. We are enclosing 2 samples of work done on the Adana which shows the clearness & precision of printing produced by the press. The copy of type shown is from the font supplied with the machine. At present we are unable to supply extra type or printing ink. To obtain supplies, however, is an easy matter as these may be procured from any printers furnishe rs. The type & accessories are all of standard sizes & are in general use throughout the printing trade. Trusting to be favoured with your order, & assuring you of our best attention at all times, Yours faithfully Anthony Horstens & Sons."

Fri. Oct. 25th, 1935. This morning I wrote the following note:- "To A. Hordern, Dear Sir, I thank you for see
ing me a sample of work done by the Adana printing machine, but I regret to say that, after careful measurement, I find that the machine is too small to do the work that I desire to perform. I herewith return the sample, as it may be useful to send to another inquirer. I am, Sir, Yours regretfully Josiah Cocking.

Sat. Oct. 26th, 1935. This morning I received this:-

"Lismore Street, Abermain, Oct. 25th 1935.
Dear Joe & Jenny, Your letter to hand with the enclosed one pound note, for which I am extremely thankful. I am in the same mind as you where that if you sent a coat up it may have been too big or too small—that is quite probable: so now I am going up to Cessnock to purchase one to fit, in a few days time. I will let you know the result in my next letter to you.
Be paying for the berries at this end, well, you see it's this way—they go a lot cheaper when paid for at this end; then again if the parcel goes astray we can claim compensation for the loss. Otherwise, when booked, no claim can be entered for any loss.
We are so pleased that you enjoy the berries so much as you do. We will always endeavour to send down a few to you as each crop ripens. The weather here is stormy & showery; it just suits our garden. Your plot is now full up with tomato plants. 95 strong, healthy plants are in, & all doing splendid. We have for ourselves nearly 150, & are putting them out, besides numerous other things. Our garden looks well now. The cost for sending down a bushel case is 1/-; & by the look of your plants you won't go short of tomatoes during the coming Summer months.
No, I have not written to Liz-Jane; the reason being that I have lost her postal address somehow. It is here somewhere in my box, & if I can find it to day I will write straight away to her.
I am sorry Jose had such a bad start for his holidays. I was pleased to hear that Florence is in good health; also all of you in fact. The idea of not teaching Florence to drive a car is a good one—there are too many road hogs on the road. Judge Beeby once remarked, in the Criminal Court, that one of his daughters owns & drives a motor car; & went on to say he was sure she knows nothing about a car.
Now, in conclusion, seeing that you are quite well, you need not be in a hurry to answer this. Of course you can please yourself.
Well now, give my love to all the family—the same for yourself.
Birth dates of the children:—Dorothy, 9th of January, 1928; Allan, 27th July, 1929; Bobby, 23rd of March, 1932.
If you see my Jim tell him to write up to me. Brother Bob, with love to all.
I have written the following verses:—

WILL THEY GO?

Now that war is near & the Jingoes fear
That their empire is in danger
Of a foreign foe, will they gladly go
Mon. Oct 28th, 1935. Yesterday morning I went to the Church of Christ, in Gordon Avenue, Hamilton, & heard Mr. Harwood preach on the restoration of the walls of Jerusalem. I took the sacrament in common with the congregation. After the service I waited & had a short talk with the preacher, & he said that the Church was against war. There is no honour roll polluting the edifice anyhow. In the afternoon I went in Walt's car to the park & heard Mr. Higgins speak on the danger of war & fascism in Australia. To-day has been hot, but there was a thunderstorm & rain this evening. Charlie put in 2 panes of glass in the breakfast-room window.

I wrote a note to Wrigley's, chewing-gum manufacturers, Roseberry, Sydney, for a copy of the Animal Book, for which I enclosed 25 wrappers of chewing-gum & a penny stamp.

Early this morning I printed a copy each of Kath. & the Boy Webster. The first exposure was for 1 minute at 18 inches from the electric lamp, which was far too much. The next exposure was 35 seconds, which was also too long, the 3rd ex. was 15 secs., which was still too much. The last ex. was 6 secs., & even that was too much, as the image flashed out in a few seconds, but the print is a good one. That was the prints of the boy. I gave Kathleen's ten seconds, which was ample, & the print is fair.

To-day I have finished reading "Roswell's Johnson", 314 pages, 7½ x 4½. I have had the book since 1932, but as much of the print is small I could not read much at a time. To-day I also finished reading "How to Improve Yourself Intellectually", by Herbert Spencer; 63 pages, Royal 32mo, (3 ½ x 3 ½ ins.). This little book is misnamed, for it is really a book on the best method of teaching children.

To-day I received a long letter from James Thorn, the national secretary of the New Zealand Labour Party, asking me to assist the party financially to enable it to win the coming election.

Wed. Oct. 29th 1935. This morning I have written a short letter to the Websters, & enclosed 2 copies of Frank's enlarged photos, & 2 of Kathleen's. Also the 2 little photos I enlarged them from.

Fri. Nov.1st, 1935. This morning I received another paper from the Pensions department dated Oct 31st, containing these questions:-(1) Is the 65 pounds now in your possession? I replied: - "No, a deposit of £ 25 20 has been paid to the agent out of it.

(2) If not, what amount do you & your wife now hold? I replied: - "Of the £ 165 we hold 145, which will probably be paid next Wednesday."

(3) Armstrong & Royce say they have not received any money in the matter.

(4) Explain the position regarding the purchase of the land. Ans:- "The position is that of the £ 165 to be paid in full for the land to Armstrong & Royce £ 30 are paid to their agent, & we are waiting impatiently for the lawyers to finish the legal transactions re the transfer of deeds etc., which we expect will be done next Wed. (6th inst.), I will notify you when the sale of land to us, & the sale of our house by us are completed."

I went to the office of lawyer Cannington & waited about an hour for him to come in, but he did not return. An assistant told me that the papers would be ready by next Wednesday, & I could call in again then.

I took the pensions document to the Tighes Hill postmaster to sign after I had filled it in; & posted it.

Last night Florence was called out to Toronto to nurse a little boy of Winn's, who has pneumonia. She went out in a taxi. Yesterday I tidied up my box of wire & zinct, & cast 3 zinc rods in my mould, for the battery. Claude Wright visited me yesterday, as he is off on furlough. He is stationed at Queanbeyan, & his mate is Captain Raker, an Irishman. Claude looks well, & said that he likes the Army work, although Queanbeyan is a hard place. He lent me a copy of "The Advent Herald."
Tues., Nov. 5th, 1935. Last Thursday Joe & Ivy returned from Sydney with the children. They had a good trip, & had a good look around Sydney. Art was with them some of the time, but he was too busy to show them around much.

On Sunday I went to the Tighe's Hill Methodist church & heard Mr. Perrau preach on the text: "I am thine: thou hast created me." I sat with old Mr. & Mrs. Cannon. There is a roll of honour, for the dead cut-throats, on the wall.

In the afternoon I heard 3 young men speak on the Disloyal Organisations Bill Act. Yesterday we received the following letter from my Sister:- "Osborn St., Napto, 30/10/35.

Dear Joe & Jinnie, I received a letter from my Brother Bob today, & I answered it sitting in bed again. Last Wednesday night I nearly passed away again. Only that I respond to the needle so quickly I suppose you would have had no sister, & I should have been with our loved ones. It seems God willed otherwise, & I'm still spared to my family. I cannot write any more, Joe, I am so weak. Love from us all. E.J. Pettigrew.

P.S. The doctor has just told me if I keep as I am to day I shall be able to get up next week. I have had 9 weeks in bed out of the last 12 weeks."

This morning we received this from Art: "Usual address, Monday (4/10/35). Dear Folks, I have delayed writing for some time because of the fact that you will have heard such news of me as there is by word of mouth. I am sorry that you found the information in my last letter inadequate, but I lost the letter you sent me, so that in my reply I could not answer your questions. I received the book O.K. Thanks, many moons ago—I thought I had told you about it. Thanks also for the dough you sent per favour of Ivy; it came in very handy, I assure you. The 10/- found in Wal's pocket is not mine, as far as I can recollect; & it's not likely that I'd forget anything of that nature. My eyes have been a bit "crook" again lately, but they're oke again now, so that I shall have a clear week before the exams for studying. Lectures go on as usual, however, so I won't be burdened with time. In that Shakespearean contest of which I spoke, I managed (or should I say happened) to get into the second round. However, I think that I am now well & truly eliminated. The Choir concert was on last Tuesday night, I have enclosed the "Herald" report of it. One of the blokes from our section has been missing since Oct. 22. His photo & description were in the "Sun" yesterday. He was doing pretty well at college, too. I am glad you have a piece of land now; I hope preparations are going speedily so that I wont be one of the employed when I knock off here. I will probably be home the week after the week-end after the week-end after next, i.e. for Sunday the 24th. Yours Arthur."

I have written a short letter in reply to that of my Sister, & I have enclosed a copy of Walter's diploma.
Thur. Nov. 7th, 1935. This morning we received the following letter:-

C/o Mr. R.N. Winn, Fig Tree Point, Toronto, N.S.W. Dear Mother, pleased to hear from you yesterday & to know that everything is O.K. at home. I will probably be home at the week end or early next week. The little girl will be getting up at the week end, so it may be that I shall stay a few days longer. Mrs. Winn said yesterday that she is not anxious for me to leave; she hates responsibility, but will see Dr. about it tomorrow. This afternoon as I go to post this I shall call along & see Sister Babbling, seeing that she was kind enough to recommend me to Dr. Mitchell & so get the job for me. You will no doubt be pleased to see your boy-friend home at the week end: I wouldn't mind being there for the event myself. Don't worry about fancy work, it's no use worrying about it now. I fill in the time out here. Well, so long, Mother. There is no news out here--have only been out for a walk once. Love to all, Florence.

Mum I went to lawyer Cannington's office this morning & paid £ 150 on the land, & left a balance due of about 6 or 7 pounds. I also saw Mr. Johns about selling our house, & then saw Mr. Tugby of Maitland Road, Mayfield, & asked him to try to sell the house. I gave him some particulars, & he is to call this evening.

Sun, Nov. 10th, 1935. This morning I wrote a note to Rev. W. Lamb, 18 St. Thomas Street, Waverly, N.S.W., describing my pamphlet & asking if he would like to read it with a view to printing it in "The Advent Herald". Yesterday Florence came home for a few hours from Toronto, but she does not expect to be finished with her patient until next Thursday. Last Thursday night I heard & saw a lantern lecture in the Hamilton Mechanic's Institute, by Mr. Duffin, who has recently returned from Russia. He worked with me at Swansea on the Sydney-Newcastle road, but I did not recognise him, though he knew me. His lecture was very instructive, being based on his diary. There were a good many people present, including a few women. There was a dance after the lecture, but I did not stay to see that.

Thur. Nov. 14th 1935. Yesterday I went to Newcastle & put our house into the hands of the following people to sell if possible:---The New Zealand Insurance Co.; opposite to Marcus Clarke; 2½ %; Sheddon's; (opp. Booth's); 2½ %; M.J. Martin (op. Morris, Newcomen St.); 2½ %; Douglas & Baker, Morgan St.; Lang, Wood & Co., Drinkwater, 3½ %, Wolfe St. I took the mudguard support of Walt's car to blacksmith Charlesworth, at Islington, to have a piece welded onto it. I got it on my return; cost 2/6.
This morning I have finished writing the following verses:

"SPEAK TRUTH & SHAME THE DEVIL."

Mr. W. M. Hughes has written a book in which he contends that sanctions mean war & wars are fought for markets. See Daily Papers. Lyon has dismissed him from office.

O Bill, how COULD you tell the truth
To all the world's deluded youth
Concerning war's creation?
We had them all completely gull'd;
Now all our falsehoods are annulled
By your rash revelation!

How careless thus to spill the beans
By blunting out that warfare means
Mad fights for marts for Masters,
In which they may dispose of spoil
Extorted Extorted from the slaves who toil
And suffer fell disasters!

We tell the fools that workers fight
And die for Freedom, Truth, & Right,
And robe themselves with glory;
But now, through lack of loyal tact,
You've told the slaves the naked fact,
They'll not believe our story!

The fact which we have long concealed
Your book has shamelessly revealed
To slaves who work for wages—
The fact that ev'ry war was made
For markets where the robbers trade,
In old & modern ages!

Is this how gratitude you show
By letting cannon-fodder know,
Through your colossal blunder,
That, merely for their Masters' gain,
Vast multitudes of slaves are slain
Where cannons flash & thunder?

Did we refill your slender purse
That, Baalim-like, you'd turn & curse,
Instead of gladly blessing,
Our Social Muddle that survives
By killing men & robbing wives
Of wealth we're now possessing?

It's useless now to flap our flag,
For puss has scampered from the bag,
And workers will awaken;
Our Robbers' System then will crash
And, quicker than the lightnings flash,
Our power will be taken!

Each member of our gang believes
That honour should prevail where thieves
Are bound by Party's tether;
Missions should be sown by none,
For Reds may hang them one by one
Unless they hang together!

To W. M. J. 14/11/35. To C. C. 14/11/35. In C.G. 24-6-37.

"War ! What For?" of Nov. contains my verses --"German Rule". Florence has returned to day, as her patient is now quite well.

Fri. Nov. 15th 1935. This morning I have sent these verses to "Common Cause"; -- "What Is Imperialistic Compulsory Training ?"; "Tell Truth & Shame The Devil"; "To The Range !"; "What Are Honour Rolls ?". I am also sending to "War ! What For ?" the following verses: "Tell Truth And Shame The Devil"; "Will They Go ?".

The Dixon family has shifted from the house in Gorrick street to another in O.Hara street.

Tues. Nov. 19th, 1935. This morning I sent a copy of the poem entitled "The Ballad Of The Drover" to Mr. W. A. Yesberg, 56 Greenworth St., Toowoomba, Queensland; & a copy of the poem: -- "The Confessions Of a Wife", to Mrs. M. Cummings, 45 Effingham St., East Launceston, Tasmania. Yesterday we received the following from Art: -- "Usual Address, Saturday, (16/11/35). Dear Folks, I am sorry that you fell into the error of thinking I would be home last week end: perhaps I wasn't sufficiently explicit. . I will go home on the Wednesday nights boat & will return at 11/30 p.m. on Saturday. Most of the exam is over, although I have physics, music & practical physical training next week. I don't know, but I think that I have made a fair fist of the papers so far. I haven't been in a mood conducive to study, however, for I have had one of my usual colds. The marks for teaching at Habeerfield are out, I got a B x to A --. The headmistress, who gave the mark, was going to give me a B x on about five minutes observation, I persuaded her to come in & hear a full lesson on the last day, & she then decided to raise my mark from what I got at the beginning of the year. It is now pretty certain that I will go to North Newtown for the final practice, as my application was the first in. We had our practical singing test the other day: I made a pretty terrible
14.

job of it. I knew the songs & could do the flexibility exercises,
arpeggios etc., before I went in to the exam, but my throat
went stiff when I got in there. To morrow I am going out for
tea at Earlwood. In looking thru my thing I discovered that
I still have the third set of the encyclopaedias. I will take
them home on Wednesday night. Yours Arthur.

Anzac Drivel

Anzac Drivel.

1. While Jingo poets gush

2. at their eulogies clink

3. Anzac sacrifices.

4. and victims made in France

5. We got the chance

6. to play cards & read

7. dead

8. letters

9. to clay

10. 

5. The Around

6. They're

7. And give to their dearest,

8. To loyal What

9. Their hearts are filled.

10. If another change

11. They'd do the same to morrow.

12. "To the Cause, 13/2/37. Printed in C.

Sat. Nov. 23rd 1935. Last Thrus

1. ney, & brought the last 3 volumes

2. He is looking well. I have been making

3. the big enlarging camera on. It is now

4. I have received the following letter.:


7. Dear Sir, As Mr. Lamb is away in America just at

8. present it would be advisable for you to wait until his

9. return before sending him any material for "The Advent Herald".

10. back in Australia about July 1936. Yours faithfully

11. M. Hermann."
This morning I wrote the following verses:

WHAT IS CONSRIPTION?

Conscription is a monstrous crime
Which rulers, from the ancient time,
Have brazenly committed;
A crime which workers, poor & dense
And lacking even common sense,
Have stupidly permitted!

No king or ruler has a right
To force a working man to fight
To kill fellow-workers
On fields of carnage, red with gore,
Upon a near or distant shore,
To benefit the shirkers!

No king-made war was ever fought
Nor new domain was ever sought
By rich, rapacious classes
In ancient times or modern days—
In spite of what each jingo says—
To benefit the masses!

No empire, built by working men
By order of the Upper Ten,
Though lauded from a steeple,
Was ever meant to liberate
The wage-slaves from the bonds they hate,
Or benefit the people.

It's time the workers saw this fact
And all combined to wisely act
To hinder the commission,
By rulers, of this monstrous crime
In present or in coming time,
And cease their tame submission.

It's time the workers should agree
To set themselves completely free,
By planet-wide revulsion,
From cursed Conscription's deep disgrace,
And liberate the human race
From Master-class compulsion!

Yesterday we received this letter:

To "W. W. Jor?"

35 Osborn Street, Depto, 18/11/35. Dear Brother & Sister,
Just a short note to let you know that I have again
turned the corner, after 12 weeks illness, 10 of which I
spent in bed. I am again able to walk about, even though only about the house. The Dr. has been calling every day during the whole of that time. Today he examined me & said I was well pleased with me, & he will not be here for 4 days. Of course I am practically an invalid, but what is that compared with the joy of living? I have a splendid girl who is capable of managing the housework, & I thank God I am able to manage the housekeeping.

Dad was 66 years old this week, & it was lovely to see them all coming home to offer their loving greetings, & to rejoice at my recovery. My children are not as clever & intellectual as yours, Joe, but what a store of love we have for each other! You must be extremely proud of your family, for it is very unusual to see every member of the family so gifted, besides being so loving & united.

The girls gave Dad useful presents; even Lila came home with a beautiful birthday cake which she had herself made.

George's people drove her home, & Dad had a very happy evening. Rob White has sold his car & bought a smaller one of more modern make. Lee still has his little Morris Cowley, & it is wonderful the joy his family get out of it. I have traveled scores of miles in the 2 cars, but of course it will be some time before I shall be allowed to travel. I have much to be thankful for, even if I end my days as my poor old Mother did. My Dr. paid me a splendid compliment to Nellie the other day. He said it is a pleasure to attend me, for I have been the most pleasant & cheerful patient he has ever served. Well, Joe, give our love to all, & tell Jose or Jack or any of your family that there are 3 homes where they will be welcome at Christmas: Lila, of course, will spend Christmas with us, I will now conclude with love from us all. Your loving Sister, Elisabeth Jane Pettigrew.

P.S. 30/11/35. My precious Brother; I never felt more condemned than I did this morning when I got your letter. You can see by the date on my letter that I wrote it on the 18th; & my excuse for not posting it is that Nellie & Florrie both dreamed that I was taken to hospital. They rushed down next morning to see me & nearly broke down when I met them in the doorway. The same evening at 4 o'clock my poor Lila came home with her 2 children really worried. She rushed at me & said, "Oh, Mum, I dreamed last night I saw you in hospital, & you said, "Goodbye, my pet, I shall never come home again," & George rang the lorry driver to bring me home." I smiled & said, "You know, dear, that dreams are always contrary," but she was dreadfully upset.

So that, my Brother, is my only excuse for not posting your letter. Yesterday & today is fearfully hot, but I still continue well. I sit on the cool verandah & drink plenty of cool lemon drinks. Don't worry, Joe; I am looking forward to brighter things. God bless you all!
This morning I wrote a note to the editor of the "Daily Herald", 4-7 Armes Street, London, W.1., asking him if he would like to peruse "I Call It Murder" with a view to publication.

This afternoon I sent "To Legislators" to the editor of "On The Road", also a short note.

Tu. Nov. 26th, 1935. Art returned to Sydney last Sunday by the early morning train. Last Sunday morning I attended the meeting in the Beaumont St. Hall of the "Four Square Church." There were about 100 present, including many women & a few children. Almost everyone seemed to be talking at once before the service began, & nearly everyone either singing or praying together during much of the service. Nearly all of the songs or hymns were Sarry choruses. There was no sign of militarism observable on the walls. One member told me that they did not recognize or celebrate anzac day, nor armistice day, as they thought war is unchristian. In the afternoon I went to Islington Park & conversed with a few men. There were no public speakers there. Mr. Knowles promised to try to get a copy of this month's issue of "Reality", although he has withdrawn from its committee.

The Roman Catholic paper called "Filipinas" was lent to me by an old ex Catholic to show me how the priests dupe the adherents of that church. I have read it through; & this morning I wrote the following verses concerning it:—

Cain's Capers.

If Father Cain would sit & pen
A letter to the doubtful men
Who read of all his capers,
And all the modern wonders done
By lighted lamps, debarring none,
In "Filipinas" papers,

I wonder would that holy man
Explain the purpose & the plan
Of work the saints are doing
For wealthy suppllicants & tramps,
Responsive to their votive lamps,
In lines like these ensuing:—

"Though sceptics, ignorant & rude,
Deny the power of Saint Jude
(Whose image is in riches)
She, notwithstanding, will confer
On those who light their lamps for her,
Long life, & bliss, & riches!

She dwells beyond the farthest star,
Yet sees those votive lamps afar
18.

With telescopic vision
When looking down from Heaven's street,
(Though unbelieving fools may greet
My statement with derision!)

Saint Jude most certainly can hear,
As plainly as though standing near,
The prayers of each believer;
For we are careful to transmit,
By radio, the prayers that flit
Straight into her receiver!

This statement may seem rather rash,
But wonders can be done—for CASH—
By spiritual science
If folks implicitly believe
That priests no Catholic deceive.
Who place on them reliance.

What priest or parson yet was found
Who'd tell a lie to gain a pound,
(Much less a paltry shilling)
Or profit by the hopes & fears
Of dupes who sought their aid in tears,
And who to pay were willing?

It's not because of scoundrel greed
Nor any worldly thought, indeed,
We ask a small donation;
For, let the fact be understood,
We seek the givers' greatest good—
That is their soul's salvation!

No thoughts have priests like Father Cain
Of filthy lucre, or of gain
From any poor believers;
Such saints would rather, far, be poor
And beg their crusts from door to door
Than they'd be rich deceivers!

All Orange-men, of course, will scout
Such statements; but beware of doubt—
Of sins the worst of seven—
Believe, & trust, & freely PAY,
And credit ev'ry word we say
If you would enter Heaven!

Don't listen to the rude remarks
Of Infidels, in halls or parks,
Who doubt our words or powers
In wealth or want to make men live—
To quite withhold, or freely give,
The sunshine or the showers.

We’re given power from above
To liberate the souls we love
From endless pain & sorrow,
And gladly set all sinners free
For whom believers pay our fee
With cash they beg or borrow!

We grant permission (or withhold)
To souls to enter Heaven’s fold,
Where joys are sweet as honey,
Although we never think of gain
We let souls writhe in hellish pain
Until we get your money!

As though riches make it hard, alas!
For wealthy dying souls to pass
With ease through Heaven’s portal,
We like to keep believers poor
That they may pass the Golden Door
Unchecked, to life immortal.

So don’t imagine we deceive!
Just pray & pay, & still believe
Our powers are unshaken!
Don’t reason, nor investigate
The truthfulness of what we state,
Or else you will awaken!

To-day we received the following from Arthur:—
"Usual address, Monday (Nov. 25th 1935),
Dear Folks, Just a note to tell you that I am now practically O.K.—so well, in fact, that I am going out to Dulwich Hill anniversary to night. The class I have is pretty easy to manage, & there is no outside interference.
The intellectual capacity of them is pretty high, too, for a city school; there is only one M.D. in the class.
I taught all the morning; & prepared to-morrow’s lessons this afternoon. I also despatched a few notes home to the parents of kids who were absent. Hoping all is going well at home, Yours in haste, Arthur".

This afternoon I got a money order for £2/7/3 for Florence to send to C. McCready, sec. Nurses’ Association Sydney. She has to attend constable corner, Mayfield, where something wrong with his eyes. Charlie painted the ceiling of the writing room this afternoon. We have to interview
Mr. Cannington, solicitor, next Thursday afternoon re the purchase of the block of land, & will probably then get the deed to the land.

Thur., Nov. 28th 1935. On Tues. I received a paper from the Pensions dept., asking:- 1. Has your house now been sold? I replied No.
2. If so, when? 3. If not, what is the position?. I replied:- Our house is still for sale. We finished paying to-day for the land in Mayfield West, but have not received the deed.
4. Are you still living at the above address? I replied:- Yes".

This afternoon Mum & I went to Cannington's office at Hamilton & paid the balance due on the land, & £3/6/6; but we shall have to wait for the deed to come back from Sydney.

Mum was called up to Ivy this morning as she fell over a mat & hurt herself badly. Florence attended on Constable Corner yesterday afternoon & last night. His eyes are ulcerated & he is blind in one eye, & may be blind in the other when his eyes have healed.

To-day we received this letter:-

117 Beaumont Street, Hamilton, N.S.W. 27th Nov. 1935.

Mr. J. Cocking, 41 Ingall Street, Mayfield. Dear Sir, Re you & Mrs. Cocking from Armstrong & Royse.

I beg to state that this matter has now been settled, & I wish to confirm the appointment made by my Managing Clerk with you to see you & Mrs. Cocking at 2 o'clock at my office tomorrow, Thursday. I enclose herewith statement in connection with the matter, & should be pleased if you would kindly let me know payment of the balance set out therein at your earliest convenience. Yours faithfully, W.G. Cannington.

The "statement" referred to is as follows:-

To balance of purchase money- £145/0/0.
To your proportion of water & sewerage rates---- 1/8
To amount of stamp duty on contract--9/2
To amount of stamp duty on conveyance--5/0
To amount of stamp duty on direction from Mrs. Cocking to both your names--£1/6/0
To paid registration fees on conveyance--10/0
To paid direction fees--£2/0/0
To paid search fees--£1/6/0
To purchaser's costs herein as quoted--£3/19/10

Balance due----- £159/0/0

Walter Bull called to day & asked me to go & see his Father, Harry Bull, who is ill with hernia & a cancer.
Friday, Nov. 29th 1935. This afternoon I went to see old Harry Bull in Albert Street, Wickham. He looks ill, but is not in pain, though he has double hernia. He is also dropsical & has a chronic ulcer inside his breast-bone.

Doctor Shayler said he may live 6 weeks or 6 years. I told Harry about Reddie Mallett's "Cure Of Cancer In Nature's Way", & promised to lend him the book. On my way home I got it from Mrs. Iverson to whom I lent it when her daughter was ill with a cancer. Florence came home for a little while this evening. Her patient—Constable Corner—has an improvement in his eyes! I am very pleased to hear of it.

This morning I received the following note from Les Worrall, editor of "The Open Road":-

"The Open Road Publishing Co., Ltd. publishers of "The Open Road". The official organ of the N.R.M.A. published fortnightly. First floor, N.R.M. A. House, 3 Spring Street, Sydney. Telephone: R.W. 1201, Nov. 27, 1935. Dear Sir, We acknowledge with thanks receipt of your contribution of November 23, the early publication of which shall have our close consideration. Yours faithfully, The Open Road Publishing Co., Ltd. Les Worrall, editor."

Sun. 1st Dec. 1935. This morning I wrote these lines:-

A PLAMA FOR PITY.

All you motorists who travel
Over concrete roads, or gravel,
Or on virgin byways, carpeted with green,
Through the bush-land, decked with flowers,
Where the bell-birds build their bowers
And the parrots in their gorgeous robes are seen,

When you're travelling with pleasure
In your swiftly-moving treasure,
With the elegance & comfort of a lord,
And you overtake a trumper
Who has dined on junk & damper
(If his money would that frugal fare afford)

And whose clothing—soiled & gritty
Since he left the distant city—
Is in urgent want of needle & of thread,
And whose toes are unprotected,
While his features are dejected
Through his fruitless search for work to earn his bread,

Then compassion do not smother,
But have pity for your brother
As he limps along in sadness with his load;
Stop your car in its careering,
And inquire, in accents cheering,
"Would you like to have a lift along the road ?".

His appearance
Though his aspect may be hateful
Yet he may not be ungrateful;
Though his pockets don't contain a single sou
And his clothing is but tatters,
It's the man inside that matters,
And the tramp may be a Man as good as you !

F'en a heathen in his blindness
Will repay an act of kindness
To another who relieves him of his cares;
And perhaps you'll find to-morrow
That you've helped a saint in sorrow,
Or have entertained an angel unawares !

I have written the following in reply to the verses above:—

Sir, "Taraxacum", a fellow who, perhaps, is brown or yellow,
Makes a very bold suggestion in your issue of to-day:
The, ah, creature has suggested that our cabs should be arrested
To assist, without a question, ev'ry hobo on his way !

Does he fancy cabs are hired, or by purchase are acquired,
To convey each tramp, o'ertaken on a long & dusty road,
As an act of tender pity, to some distant town or city
Or some hamlet—half forsaken—with his evil-smelling load ?.

Would such tramps be forced to amble if they ceased to drink & gamble
And their ample wages squander on, ah, things that men provide
For, ahem! our upph classes whose refinement far surpasses
That of vagabonds who wander through the country far & wide ?

Let them save their ample earnings, & indulge no more in yearnings
For assistance from the drivers of expensive motah cahs:
Let them spend less time in drinking, & devote more time to thinking
How to wisely use the "fivers" that they waste at public bahs!
Would there not be fewer walkers were there fewer senseless talkers
Of the "pugs" & "dawgs", & workers were more sober
And sinner?
They would not be tramps, but healthy, independent,
Wise & wealthy,
If they shun both bars & courses!
Yours, Augustus Vere de Vere!

Thur. Dec. 5th, 1935. This morning I wrote these verses:—

HAILE SELASSIE,

The King as declared his intention of going to
the front, Daily paper.

Inane—

We now remain at home secure,
And send our conscripts to endure
The hardships & the dangers
Connected with the "noble" trade
(By which all empires have been made)
Of cutting throats of strangers.

We kings would be degraded elves
To keep war-dogs & fight ourselves
On risky fields of battle;
Our royal blood is much too good
To shed, in shell-torn field or wood,
Like that of vulgar cattle!

We have our wage-slaves taught, in schools,
That they should use our murder-tools
And die for king & glory;
Thus myriads will rush away
At our behest to maim & slay,
For they believe our story!

So, Haile Selassie, we protest!
Please let that ancient custom rest,
Or WE may be expected
To risk OUR lives, sans fear or shame,
By playing Warfare's silly game
If it is resurrected!

Sent to "Common Cause" & "War! What For", 7/12/35. Printed.

Sat. 7th Dec. 1935. To-day's issue of "Common Cause" contains my verses:— "What Is Imperialistic Compulsory Training?". This morning I posted "Haile Selassie", & "What Is Conscript?" to "Common Cause" & "War! What For?".

Mr. Drinkwater, the land agent, called here & inspected our house. Last Thursday I went to Hamilton & Newcastle & told the land agents whom I saw before that we will now take £ 700 for the house—£ 500 down, & the balance in instalments. Yesterday I told Miss Johns & Mr Tugby, of Mayfield, the same. Florence is still nursing Constable Corner.

THOUGH CHRISTMAS COMES BUT ONCE A YEAR.

Though Christmas comes but once a year
It need not come so often
To make me think of Sister, dear,
Or make my hard heart soften,
For, though its visits were a score
Each year, or each December,
It could not make me love you more
When I your love remember!

I think of you when days decline
And half the world is sleeping:
I ponder as the planets shine,
And wonder how you're keeping!
So, Sister, take this Christmas card
With verses as a token
Of my affectionate regard.
And lastling love—unspoken!

Wed. Dec. 11th, 1935. Sunday last I walked over to the Methodist Church at M Park street, Merewether, thinking it was the children's anniversary there, but it was only the church anniversary. The preacher was an old man named Holiday—a Scotchman—who spoke so low & so Scotch that I had to go to the front seat to try to hear him, & even then did not get most of what he said.

I walked home through Hamilton. The church had no honour roll in sight, but I was told by one of the churchmen that it had been taken off the wall for the children's anniversary. I inquired how the church regarded war, & was told that it honoured the men who fought. Mr. Goble called in yesterday & took particulars of our house to try to sell it. He charges 2½ per cent. commission. This morning he has an ad in the "Advocate" describing the house. I have taken the house out of the agency of Tugby, partly because I found that he lied about the cost of advertisements being paid by the owners.

Charlie is making a drip-safe for Mrs. Peterson.
This morning we received the following letter from Art:
Usual address, Tuesday. Near Folks, Practice ends to day, hence I will have a few free days in which I can go to town & make some purchases. I am also contemplating a visit to the Supreme Court. Work during this practice period has been pretty easy; the kids have been almost monotonously well-behaved. We have been treated as fully-fledged teachers all the time—we receive notes of absence, fill in attendance returns etc.

Some of the notes are literary gems: one is, "Pleas teacher igskuse Harry being absent as he still has Chiken pock". This represents an average sample of their notes.

Last Monday a kid came late & presented a note which, as far as I can remember, was as follows:

"Albert is late fru his own forlt. He gets up early & sneaks away to play. I would like you to punish him fore me. If I flogged him all day I could o nothing with him. He has me nearly worried to death."

I felt like writing to the woman & telling her I wasn't the Lord High Executioner, but I partly fulfilled her wish by threatening to wallop the kid if he came late again. Since then he has been early. The week before last I went out to Earlwood anniversary. It was a pretty good show, considering the size of the corp. Last Saturday I went to their
picnic at Bronte, & had a pretty good time, but I am still
suffering from sunburn. I slept at Lionel's last Saturday
night, & will probably do so again next Saturday.
Instead of going home on Friday, the 20th I will probably arri-
ve on Monday or Tuesday next. If you decide to write to me be-
fore the week-end I would welcome your advice as to what to buy
for Pearl & Lionel as a Christmas present. I haven't the
slightest idea. Yours Arthur.

This morning I finished reading a book Charlie lent me,
entitled "In Australian Wilds", by Charles Barrett, C.M.Z.S.,
1919. It is about 7½ ijs. by 5, (crown 8vo). & has 222 pages
with 104 photographs of birds, beasts, etc. It was "Awarded to
Edna Hawkins, Cook's Hill Public School, Newcastle, Commo-
wealth Trades Alphabet-Writing Competition.
I think it was a prize for the best writing.

Mon. Dec. 16th, 1935. Yesterday I went
to the St. Mark's English church, in
Maryville. The preacher was named Thm-
Thomas. The church was half full of
people—mostly women & children. On the
wall there is a roll of honour containing about 60 names; it is there-
fore a heathen temple—not the house of God. After the service
I went to Harry Bull & found that he had not begun to use the
fruit cure for cancer as recommended by Reddie Mallett, but is
using the whites of raw eggs 3 times a day, as suggested by his
sister. Someone else has suggested the use of red clover leaves
tea. He is about the same as when I saw him last.
Last evening I read the following verses in "The Golden Treas-
ury", a book of poetry that I bought for Arthur:

Saint John Baptist.

The last & greatest Herald of Heaven's King
Girt with rough skins, hies to the deserts wild,
Among that savage brood the woods forth bring,
Which he more harmless found than man, & mild.

His food was locusts, & what there doth spring
With honey that from virgin hives distill'd;
Parch'd body, hollow eyes, some uncouth thing
Made him appear, long since from earth exiled.

There burst he forth: All they whose hopes rely
On God, with me amidst these deserts mourn,
Repent, repent, & from old errors turn!
--Who listen'd to his voice, obey'd his cry?
Only the echoes, which he made relent,
Wrung from their flinty caves, Repent, Repent!
W. Drummond.

Immediately after reading those verses I wrote these:

A Correction.
Drummond wrote those lines in error:
Many sinners, filled with terror,
Truly did repent;
Many men, their sins confessing,
Sought, through John, their Maker's blessing—
Pardon— when they went.

More than echo heard John's warning,
Though some, haply, turned with scorning,
Saying he was mad:
Those who listened & repented
God made happy & contented
While the "wise" were sad.

In the Jordan's sacred waters
Mothers, fathers, sons & daughters
Plunged beneath the waves,
Having made a full confession
They rejoiced in full possession
Of the faith that saves!

Ed. Dec. 18th, 1935. Art returned from Sydney on Monday. He has now finished his course of training at the Teachers' College, & will have to wait for an appointment. He gave me a book entitled "War And The Empire", which consists of 252 pages by Col. Hubert Foster, R.E., 1914. Jose has had an attack of influenza, & is not yet able to work.

Yesterday brother Rob & Dorothy Cocking—his granddaughter—visited us. He wore a nice new coat, which cost 29/6 in Cessnock. I gave him the balance of 9/6 that Glady advanced to him to add to the £1 that I sent to him. JimCocking, Ethel, & Douglas & baby Margaret came also, in Jim's Chev. car, to see us & to take Rob & Dorothy to his place.

I have prepared Christmas cards to send to the Pettigrews in Dapto. To Lila & George I am sending a card with this verse:

"For Your Christmas.
And thine -- this Christmastide,
May Peace & Gladness fill thy home,
And joy which shall abide."

I added this:

If wishes were the magic stone
Philosophers of old
So vainly sought, & they alone
Could turn base ore to gold,
Then you would be among the blest,
Possessing ample store
Of golden wealth to give you rest
And all 'twould bring you more;
For I would wish that you, my dear,
With wealth I could endue,
Until I found, some glad New Year,
That all my wish came true!

The card I am sending to my Sister contains this verse:
"To-day I am sending good wishes unending
And happiest greetings besides,
That you may be finding Life's happy path winding
Wher Health & Good Fortune abide."

to which I added:—"Though Christmas comes but once a year
It need not come so often
To make me think of Sister, dear,
Or make my fond heart soften;
For, though its visits were a score
Each year, or each December,
It could not make me love you more
When I your love remember!
I think of you when suns decline
And half the world is sleeping;
I ponder while the planets shine,
And wonder how you're keeping!
So, Sister, take this Christmas card,
With verses, as a token
Of my affectionate regard
And lasting love—unspoken!

The card for Nelly & Rob contains:
"May your roof shelter many joys
While Christmastide is here,
Which happily abide with you
Throughout the whole New Year."

I added:—
"The Christmas bards who rhyme on cards,
Without a patent reason
Have written less than will express
My sentiments this season;
So I must add to what is bad—
Like postscript to a letter—
Another verse in metre terse
To make their meaning better.
So please excuse & don't abuse,
Nor pound me to a jelly,
But let me say, in my own way,
That I still love you, Nelly!"
Though years may pass I love you, lass,
Despite of what may sever;
For, like the brook in Alfred's book,
My love goes on for ever !

The card to Florence & Les has:-
"May peace & Contentment abide with you,
And Good Fortune visit you often too !"

I added:" Though Johnson said it's vain to mourn
And wish for ample dowers
From Cornucopia's fruitful horn,
Or Fortune's golden showers,
In spite of Sam I hope & wish
That wealth & fond affection,
And happiness, like golden fish,
May swim in your direction !
 I also wish that each New Year
May fill, from floor to rafter,
Your home with all YOU wish for, Dear,
And joy in Heav'n hereafter !"

Barry's card has this:-
"Tender wishes, thoughts sincere,
Bright hopes for another year:
Richly deserved, may blessings sweet
Make your cup of joy complete."

I added:" May Father Christmas, on his arm,
Bring all that he can carry
Of pretty Christmas gifts that charm,
And hang them up for Barry,
For Barry is a lovely lad
Who gives his loved ones kisses:
He's always good—except when bad—
Nor hits the cats he misses !
And when he grows & is a man
As good as any other,
I hope he'll do what good he can,
And help his Dad & Mother !"

Lila's baby's card is inscribed:-  Norman George.
"Across the miles this Christmas Day
The season's greetings speed:
May Christmas be in every way
A happy time indeed !"

I added:" Precious baby, what there may be
In this world for you—
Toil or leisure, pain or pleasure—
What you'll have or do—
Love of learning, joy of earning
power, wealth, or fame—
High ambition for position
And an honoured name—
Joy or sorrow on each morrow—
Pitter want, or weal—
Crowns or crosses, gains or losses—
None can yet reveal!
But if Mother's, Father's, Brother's,
Friends' kind hopes are blest,
You'll be cheery, little Dearie,
Having most & best!

Melville's card has this:—"Where friends are staunch & many,
Where happiness is true,
Where joy is binding every hour,
May Christmastime find you!"

To this I added:—
"Dearest Melville, I remember
That I sent you, last December,
Just a little card & ditty
Which, if placed within your hand
Till each glad New Year that passes
Brings you nearer to the classes
In some school in town or city,
You will fail to understand.

In the meantime may the dollies,
And delicious fruits & lollies,
With gay books for your elation
Strew your pathway as you go;
May the future find you healthy, healthy,
Happy, famous, good & wealthy,
Is the wish & aspiration
Of your Mother's uncle Joe!

Young Jim's card has the following:—
"May this be a happy season
For your dear ones & for you,
Bringing joys & bringing blessings
In the Old Year & the New!"

I wrote:—"Yes, Christmas is the happy time
When loved ones send, in ev'ry clime,
By Christmas cards or letters,
Fraternal greetings, brief but kind,
To friends & lovers left behind,
Except the friend-forgetters.
We're members of that happy crew
Who love & friendship still renew,
And I perceive no reason
Why we, who love each other yet,
Should disappoint or should forget
Our friends at this blest season!

On Joy's card this appears:—

Joy Duley.

Health & much good fortune,
Joy & all good cheer,
And lots of happy, sunny days
Throughout the coming year.

I added:—"Uncle Joe's Wish."

"I hope that Time will not defame
Nor make unsuitable your name
By trouble, want, & dangers—
That, while your pleasures grow no less,
Your name your nature will express
To loved ones, friends, & strangers!
May sin, disease, & pain & dearth,
While you enjoy the best on earth,
Be banned by Love & Laughter!
With innocence upon your brow
May you be Joy on earth here now,
And Joy in Heav'n hereafter!"

Pearl's card has this:—

"May every joy & happiness be yours through this
Christmas & through the coming year, is my sincere wish." I added:—"My Love-Letter To Pearl.

Pearl, this greeting from the sender
Is a message, true & tender,
Of my love in past & present;
And in future it shall be,
As of yore, sincere & steady,
For you've shown to me already
That your love is pure & pleasant
As wild flowers on the lea!
Take this card, Dear, as a token
That our love-bond is unbroken,
Though great distance does divide me
From the girl I'm pleased to know:
Though I cannot see you yonder;
May your love for me wax fonder;
And, though presence is denied me,
May my love for you still grow!"

Vera's card contains this:—

"Merry Christmastide is here:
All the best! —Good luck! Good cheer!
New Year's Day is drawing near:
Here's to say "A Happy Year!"

I wrote:— "Gentle Vera, no chimera
Shall confuse your mind
If you're clever & endeavour
Precious Truth to find.

While you're youthful love the truthful
Where so'er you be,
Then from terror caused by error
Truth shall make you free!

Truth, not Fiction, brings conviction
In this world of lies:
Falsehoods perish when we cherish
Truth that never dies!

On Edna's card this verse is printed:—
"Bright holly decks the walls once more,
And to the old refrain
The Christmas carols welcome in
This happy time again."

I added:— "Edna, dear, my wish for you
Is that you may find
As this life you travel thru,
Comrades true & kind,
Thoughts as high & pure as clouds
Mirrored in a pool,
Pleasant teachers, friendly crowds
When you go to school!
Do at home the thing that's right:
Be its living "Love"
Making it a palace bright
As the Home above:
Be as gentle as a mouse
Underneath its dome—
Be its "Angel in the house" When there's Love at home!"

This afternoon I sent this telegram for Charlie:—
To Miff Amos, Centre Street, Casino. Leaving to-night Murwillumbah mail. Arrive Thursday lunch time. Chip." It cost 1/-.

Art sent to the manager of the trade department of the Salvarmy, Elizabeth St, Sydney, for a copy of a book against Judge Rutherford & Russel. Florence is still nursing constable Corner. I gave Charlie a set of books on carpentry yesterday.
Sat. Dec. 21st, 1935. Last Thursday Charlie went to Casino
to play in an orchestra, or band for a few weeks. Fred is paint
ning Walt's car green & black. Mum has burnt her arm badly by
coming in contact with her electric iron. Jose is still off wo:
k, but is able to drive his car about.
I have finished reading "War and the Empire", by cut-throat Fos-
ter. He seems to think that the making & maintaining of empires
is quite right. The fellow has no shame.
This afternoon I wrote this note to the Foley Co.,
"To the Manager, Foley Manufacturing Co., Main Street, N.E.
Minneapolis, Minnesota, U.S.A.,
Dear Sir, Having seen your advertisement re your automatic
saw filler, in "Popular Home Craft", I would be much obliged
if you would fuller particulars concerning the machine & its
price. I am not sending the coupon because there is not room
in it for my address. I am, Sir, Yours sincerely, Josiah
Cocking." (Address follows).

Mon. Dec. 23rd, 1935. I went to the Hamilton Presbyterian
church yesterday morning & heard Rev. Lundie preach on the
birth of Christ. There were about 50 present--mostly women.
On the wall there was a roll of "honour" containing about
90 names. The sermon was not worth listening to.
This morning I wrote the following:-

AS OTHERS SEE US.
If people on the planet Mars,
Or any of the distant stars,
Can see this planet plainly
And hear, by means of micro-waves,
The murmurs of its pauper-slaves
And children crying vainly,
In Winter's cold, for clothes & bread,
And getting promises instead
From legislators, lying—
And if the Martians know that Earth
Is suffering from needless death
And many men are dying
Because men fail to understand
That ownership of tools & land,
The means of wealth production,
And all the products they renew
Should not be owned by just a few
Who thrive by men's destruction—
If men on neighbour Mars, I say,
Can view this silly world to-day
With absolute precision
And see & hear the state it's in
Through ignorance, & greed & sin,
They'll hold it in detestation.
And if those wiser Martians know
That in this fertile Earth below
Its wage-slaves maim & smother
Their fellow-slaves with lead & gas
To please a rich, rapacious class,
And murder one another—
If Martians know that men can cure
The needless evils they endure
And free the plundered workers
From ignorance, & want, & stealth,
And build a world-wide Commonwealth
Devout of cunning shirkers—
If they can view, though far away, I say—
If they can view this world, I say,
And know the stupid, warring way
The Martians are behaving,
Those saner Martians must conclude
That Earth is an asylum, rude,
Where murders are raving!

To "War! What For?", & to "Common Cause", 23/12/35.
I added a note to Rawling telling him that I would get W.W.F. in Hamilton in future.

Tues. Dec. 24th, 1935. This morning I finished writing these verses to put in "The Golden Treasury," for Art:
AFTER LONGFELLOW—a long way!

Lives of loafers may remind us
We can fritter time away
When the frenzied poets bind us
With their poems grave & gay;

Verses that perhaps a brother,
Counting it a sinful crime
Putting labours on another,
Leaves until a better time.

"Work comes first, & poem after,
Every urgent task is done."
Is the motto of a "grafter"
Who will shirk his toil for none.

But when labours all are finished
And the daylight well employed
His delight is undiminished
As his poets are enjoyed.

Shakespeare, Spenser, Byron, Sewell,
Dryden, Shelley, Hood & Gray
Furnish some poetic jewel
At the closing of the day.
35.

Laughter comes—or tears unbidden
To their readers' eyelids flow
From Emotion's fountain hidden
In the depths the poets know.

Thus with laughter, sorrow, toiling,
Hope, success, despair & tears,
Ever making or despoothing,
Mortals spend Earth's fleeting years.

But beyond Death's mystic curtain,
In the poets' blest abodes,
If we're faithful it is certain
We may read their sweetest odes!

Wed. Dec. 25th (Christmas Day) 1935. This morning I found
that my presents consisted of—A Burmah's case-pencil &
self-filling fountain pen, a pair of Indiana socks, 2 white
handkerchiefs, some nuts & lollies, from Mum;
a copy of "Flynn Of the Inland", by Ion Idriess, from Walter;
"A Thousand & One Wonderful Things", by Hutchisin & Co. (5/-);
from Florence; four cakes of caramel, a white shirt;
a cake of shaving soap & a bottle of brilliantine from Charlie
"Mollie Riley";
I gave Art a pound note, a copy of The Oxford Concise Dictionary,
a German Dictionary, "The Golden Treasury of Verses", & 2 books on German;
to Walt I gave a pair of braces & a book on motor-cars;
to Fred I gave a book on painting, & one on how to make things;
to Mum I gave a pair of stockings; to Charlie I gave a set of
books on carpentry; I gave son Jack a plane; Gladys a sugar-shaker;
Dell a necklace of imitation pearl beads; Jose a book on boot
making & mending; Ivy a sugar-shaker like Gladys'.
I gave Bobby Cocking's Allan a box of paints & a book for paint-
ing; to Dorothy I gave a book, & one to baby Margaret; to our
Florence I gave a bottle of lavender scent.
Mum gave Walt a folding canvas stretcher; Fred a 3 pound wrist-
watch. To the others she gave several other presents.
Our boys & Florence gave Mum a six-pound-chiming clock & several
other presents. Jose, Ivy, & the children are here—this morning
with a boxful of presents that were given by them to Daphne &
Keith.

Following is a copy of "MY GARDEN," by T.E. Brown (1830 to 1861).

MY GARDEN.

A garden is a lovesome thing, God wot!
Rose plot,
Fringed pool,
Fern'd grot—
The veriest school
Of peace; & yet the fool
Contends that God is not—
Not God ! in gardens ! when the eve is cool ?
Nay, but I have a sign:
"Tis very sure God walks in mine."

WHAT IS THE SIGN?

What evidence of a foot
Among the flowers & the trees.
That God had there been walking ?
Possessing mystic ken,
Discover secrets hid from men,
Or is he idly talking ?

Does he, each spring time morning, meet
The traces 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 ?

Or 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 he is enchanted ?

Did he behold insensate mud
Transform to root & stem & bud,
(Though lacking ears & vision)
A seed without a conscious mind ?
And linking spool & spindle, bind
With absolute precision ? The fibres with precision?

And does he watch the 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 he is enchanted ?

Did he perceive the plant entrap
He stands & watches there, maybe,
The plant transform the sunlight,
The seed, the sunlight, transform the seed.

To sugars or to starches,
To acids or to alkalies,
By light beneath the morning skies
That girds the trellised arches.
Perhaps he watched
To fabricate essential oil,
Without the means to measure
Or weigh the atoms as they flow,
To scent the flowers as they grew
To forms that gave him pleasure.

If so, each plant that decks the sod
Was ample proof that none but God
Had made the transformation:
Just, that, haply, is the certain sign
That God, with purposes benign,
Did visit that plantation!

Thur. Dec. 26th, 1935, Yesterday Ivy, Jose, Keith, Saphne, Fred, Art, Florence, Mum, & I had dinner together. The weather was hot. In the evening Jose took them to the Newcastle beach. Just after they left here Jim & Ethel came in their car & brought me 2 white handkerchiefs from Bobby Cocking's wife Gladys. This month's issue of "The B.H.P. Recreation Review" contains my verses entitled "Safety First Suggestions."

This morning I have written these verses for that paper:

A MODERN BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

Where planks rest on a narrow ledge
Above a pit or hollow,
Don't leave them resting on the edge,
Or accidents must follow.

Your mate may take a heavy load
Along that pathway, narrow,
Or walk across that risky road
Encumbered with a barrow.

It then becomes a "bridge of sighs"
Of which Hood has not spoken,
Where legs & arms, or ribs & thighs,
In falling, may be broken.

So, make those narrow ledges wide
And cut the planks to measure,
Then they will in their places ride,
And men may work with pleasure!

This morning we received this from Charlie:


Dear Folks, I am in the pink & eating fine up here, but the weather is scorching hot. The dogs have cut my paddock up & there are new houses all over it—my poor old shack is no more— & I don’t like it. I am playing tonight & Monday night, & then for 9 nights beginning on Boxing night. This is an effort between rehearsals, so you’ll have to excuse me please. I will write later on. My love to you, Mother, & all the best to the team. Chip.

This morning Mum received a cotton crocheted doyley from Eliza Morris. Mum & I have received a handkerchief each from Jack & Mrs. Weston, Lithgow. Ethel gave Florence a framed almanac last night.

Fri. Dec. 27th, 1935. This morning I wrote this:

The Better Faith.

We drift along with cry or song
With cry or song we drift along
Life's sea with steady motion;
Of what's ahead when we are dead
We've but a hazy notion.

Some people say that far away,
Where starlights blink & quiver,
There lies a land, sublimely grand,
Where flows a crystal river,

And on its banks the saints give thanks,
With reverent behaviour,
To Christ who came to heal the lame
And be the sinners' Saviour.

But others think that when men sink
In Death's eternal slumber
They'll wake no more on any shore,
But join the countless number.

Who laughed & cried on earth, & died
In long-forgotten ages—
Whose deeds of shame or noble fame
Are not in history’s pages.

There's no relief from pain or grief
In such a sad opinion,
Nor ray of hope beyond the scope
Of Death's dark, drear dominion.

38.
It's better, far, to have the star
Of faith in God to guide us
Along our way, whatever may
In earthly life betide us.

Then let's believe that we'll receive,
When soul & body sever,
God's gift of life beyond Earth's strife—
If good—& live for ever!

I have also written these lines this morning:

THE POWER OF POETRY.

If poets, since the days of old,
Possessed a potent force to mould
The lives of men & nations
By kindling, with prophetic fire,
In rebels, an intense desire
For social reformations,

Why prostitute poetic pow'rs
Apostrophising pretty flow'rs
And writing stuff that vexes
A common man, whose common sense
Revolts at tales of hate intense
And love between the sexes.

Why waste good time & printers' ink
On "love-lit eyes" while nations sink
Beneath the vile oppressions
Of fascist despots who despoil
The plundered, cowered slaves who toil
For Plutes who have of vast possessions?

What modern poet pens his songs
In anger at the cruel wrongs
Inflicted on the Masses,
Or uses his poetic pen
To champion the cause of men
Who fight the robbing classes?

What poet-laureate abhors
The System that produces wars
Now fought for gold & "glory"?
Or uses his poetic nibs
Denouncing the infernal fibs
Plutes tell in song & story?
Let poets use their gifts again
To energise the arm & brain
Of ev'ry man of action
Till Plutes no more on workers prey,
And poets can the world survey
With perfect satisfaction!

Sun. Dec. 29th, 1935. This NEW YEAR'S

Men & angels! What's the matter?
What's the cause of all this clatter?
Why are loud-mouthed church bells
ringing
Carillons this New Year's morn?
Why are loud steam-alrens hooting,
While the motor-horns are tooting
And the revellers are singing?
Is the Age of Freedom born?

Did earth's slaves last night awaken?
Have they resolutely taken
Land and means of wealth-production
From the hands of wealthy drones?
Have all despots and dictators,
Kings and queens and freedom-haters
By the Communists' instruction
Been ejected from their thrones?

Are these noises the rejoicing
Of emancipated wage-slaves voicing,
By this tintinnabulation,
Ecstasy because they're free?
Free to make and own much treasure,
Free from martial domination
In the new-born Age they see?

Are these noises the war-mementoos shattered
And their hateful fragments scattered
To the purer winds of heaven,
Never more to be re-built?
Are peace-lovers all enraptured
That war-mongers all were captured
When the timepiece struck eleven,
In their vile, red-handed guilt?

Or is this ear-splitting clangor
Evidence of mental languor
Of earth's drowsy working masses
Who so stupidly endure
Life-long want in lands of plenty,
Giving one the wealth of twenty,
Slaving for the idle classes,
Bearing evils they can cure?

If so, let no rebel slumber,
Though this year may swell the number
Of the wasted years that vanished
In the near or distant past;
For, despite Plutes' stern repression,
Workers yet shall take possession
Of the earth, and want be banished:
Freedom's Day shall dawn at last!

"Taraxacum," 1/1/36.
Or is this ear-splitting clangour
Evidence of mental languor
Of earth's drowsy working masses
Who so stupidly endure
Life-long want in lands of plenty,
Giving one the wealth of twenty,
slaving for the idle classes,
Bearing evils they could cure?

If so, let no rebel slumber,
Though this year may swell the number
Of the wasted years that vanished
In the rear of distant past;
For, in spite of stern repression,
Workers yet shall take possession
Of the Earth, & Want be banished:
Freedom's Day shall dawn at last!

To "con. bruce," & "w. ir. w. t."
30th Dec. 36. 1/1/36.

Mon. Dec 30th 1935. I attended the morning meeting at the Valencia street Baptist church, Mayfield, yesterday, & heard young Mr. Kemsley preach. There is no honour roll in the building, & that preacher does not favour war. There were not many people there. This morning I received a Christmas card from Nelly & Bob White, & 2 hand-painted ones from Pearl. Above a painted parrot one card was inscribed "A Merry Xmas & Happy New Year. From Pearl." On its second page she wrote: — Thank you for your lovely verses, Uncle. We enjoyed them, especially "Pearl's Love-Letter." I hope you like my painting, xxxxx. The 3rd page contained this: — To dear Uncle Joe, from Pearl with fondest love, xxxxxxxxxxxxxxx. The other card is pink, & is for Mum. This message: — To Aunty Ginny with love & best wishes for a Happy New Year, from Pearl. P.S. I hope you like my painting. On the other side there is a black & white cat in a blue boot, which Pearl had painted. On the 4th page of Nelly's card there is this greeting: — "May happiness bless you all your way, unstinted in its measure." From Nell & Bob with love. xxxxxxxxx. These words appear on the 4th page: —
"May joy fill every hour,
And as the years pass quickly by
May Heaven upon you shower
All that seem best to you & most worth while,
And may good fortune ever on you smile."

We also received the following letter from Charlie:—
"C/o F. Gollan, Evan's Head, North Coast, N.S.W.
Mother, I am sorry the job kept me too busy to send
an Xmas telegram, but nevertheless I 'spose I missed you all a bit, no letter, eh? This town is alive with people, & the sandy heath surrounding is covered in Christmas bells, & it's a grand sight early in the morning—of course I do get up in the middle of the night up here, & I'm feeling fine. The folk in Casino all remember me; & I met Lila Bracks up the town the other day before we left for the back beyond. She asked me how Flo & Mother were. Mrs. Bugden wants me to live here with them, but I think I'll be home in February all right. The boys in the Band are great fellows, & I am having a great time. These Colllans are nice people, & they have 2 cooks & 2 waitresses engaged to look after us all. Our Christmas dinner was good, & the pudding was almost as good as yours—I said almost. Give 'em all my best, Mother,—& I don't think I'll be home on a horse—-you wouldn't ride him, anyway. So long! Love, Chip. "Yesterday son Jack's wife, Gladys bore another daughter. Both are doing well. Walt has been camping with the Davis' at Belmont, where Mr. Davis has a boat. Art has been teaching a class at the Mayfield Salvation Army primary.

Wed. Jan. 1st, 1936. This morning Jose took Ivy, Ralph, Keith, & Mum to Terrigal to spend the day there. The weather is sunny. Walt has gone, with his car & young Rose, to Foster. Art has gone to Toronto. Fred & I are at home. This morning I wrote this:—

MUSSOLINI'S OBJECT LESSON.

"Thou shalt not steal", "Thou shalt not kill", Have never yet restrained Mass-murderers; & never will When riches may be gained.

No law of God, nor right of Man, Could shame, debar, or foil The rulers who could arm & plan To steal a nation's soil.

There always have been ruling Plutes, Obsessed by pride & greed, Who organised their human brutes To make their neighbours bleed.

No pity had those kings of old Who sought, by sword & flame, To confiscate another's gold, Or gain an "honoured" name.

So low were rulers' morals then That wholesale homicide
Mussolini's Object Lesson.

"Thou shalt not steal." "Thou shalt not kill."
Have never yet restrained
Mass-murderers, and never will
When riches may be gained.

No law of God, nor right of man,
Could shame, debar or foil
The rulers who could arm and plan
To steal a nation's soil.

There always have been ruling Plutae.
Obsessed by pride and greed,
Who organised their human brutes
To make their neighbors bleed.

And thus did they expand,
That wholesale homicide
Who sought, by sword and flame,
To spoliate another's gold
Or gain an "honored" name.

So low were rulers' morals then
That wholesale homicide
And robbery of other men
Were boasted of with pride.

Poor patriarchs became great lords
By brutal force and stealth,
And those who wielded quickest swords
Amassed the greatest wealth.

Thus ancient empires all were built,
And thus did they expand.
Regardless of the shameful guilt
Of murdering for land.

This "honored" crime pursues its course,
And empires that were gained
By cunning theft and brutal force
By force are still maintained.

Now Mussolini shows the world
How empires have been made—
By hunge of steel, and missiles hurled,
To foster fame and trade.

12/1/26.

"Taraxacum."
44.
find them in the black music case in the cupboard in our room, but you may have to go thru the paper bags of parts to get the full score. Send all the parts you can find of these numbers, will you Dool, by parcel post, & only roll 'em up & tie them securely; 'cause if you stick them down it will cost more — & put the damage on the slate, will you? I'm in a hurry, Dool, old fella, so I'll scoot. Thanking you I am yours truly Chip.

We have also received the following letter from Charlie:—
"C/O E. Gollan, Evan's Head, North Coast, N.S.W.
Dear Mother, Many thanks for the stamp—I have a lot of them thank you; & if your letter arrived without one it is 'nt my fault, as I gave it to a chap to post, together with money for a stamp.

The weather here is miserable mostly—rain & drizzle all day long, & nowhere to go much; but I am enjoying it all right, even if the other chaps are grousing. I should be pleased staying here at a & 2/3 boarding-house a week boarding house, & being paid well to do so.
I am glad you like the clock, Mother, & all the rest of the crowd like theirs. It's a hard job at Christmas time trying to fix things properly. By the way, you'd better tell the old Dooley & the mob how low I have sunk in the social scale— I play tennis up here & am surprised to find myself very proficient with the bat. The boys here say I'm a liar when I tell them it is my first attempt, but I like the game, & the exercise will get me in good fettle for your new home when I land back again.

The arrangements so far are that I stay down here for about the 28th of January — then back to Casimo again; & it will take me a couple of days to get around & see all my old cronies etc. so that if you don't send for me beforehand I will be home round about the 3rd of Feb.

Everyone up here is struck by the golden glory of my trombone; & old man Gollan congratulated me the other day on owning such a beauty, & for the clean, shiny way I keep it: you're jealous now; I s'pose, but it can't be helped.
By the way, I must owe you a fortune for all the brasso it must have cost you for my cleaning down there, because I never realised before how dear the stuff is—1/4 a tin up here.
The light is fading m'darlin, so you'll have to do with this note for the now. Give 'em all my best, Mother, & keep out of those thundering motor-cars. So long. Chip.

Saturday, Jan. 11th 1936. Florence has now begun to nurse Mrs. Corner's sister, in addition to still nursing Mr. Corner. I have reconstructed & improved my astatic galvano-
Sun, Jan. 12th, 1936. This morning I walked to the Saint James' English Church, Hannel St., Wickham, & heard Rev. King, from Surrey Hills, preach; his "sermon" being a silly tale about a taxi driver who befriended some people & a cat. There is a "honour" roll, containing 36 names, on the wall, & 2 flags are hanging near the altar. A heathen temple! On the way home I had a conversation with poor old Harry Bull, who said he is no worse, but I think he is thinner & more yellow than before. He does not feel any pain.

This evening I typed out "Oh, Barney, Take Me Home Again." & "I'll Take You Back Again, Kathleen" for A.C. Dow, Michere Niggings, via Clermont, Queensland, who asked for the latter in the "World's News".

Mon. Jan. 13th, 1936. This morning I received the following letter from Mr. Webster:--

"Greenfield Terrace, Portreath, nr Redruth, Cornwall. Dec. 9th, 1935. Dear Mr. Cocking, Just received your welcome letter & the photos. They are looking fine. Thank you ever so much for them. It's good of you to take so much trouble, as they are so old & shabby. I don't know how you managed to do them so well.

Dear Mr. Cocking, I have been waiting to have those photos of Saint Day district. The young fellow who promised to take them has disappointed me; he's been too busy; so I have asked Mr Caddy if he will take them, & he has promised to. He is the man who used to take the (Gwennap) pit so well on Whitsundays, but now he doesn't as there was no sale.

Well, dear friends, it will soon be Xmas, will soon be here; it will be all over by the time you get this. Hope you may have spent a very happy one. You have all our good wishes. We shall try to make it so joyous as we can under conditions. My son is off work again till after Xmas, worse luck. He's been working 4 months for a builder. He is a handy old chap—turn his hand to masonry, gardening, or carpenter, & even cook; but, as Pa says, can eat better than cook; but he is down-hearted—no work till after Xmas—too bad.

Yes, Mr. Cocking, they're gone & put back the same old gang in Cornwall. They're perfect fools. We had a splendid little man at Falmouth, running for Labour issue, we did, but all no good. The women put them in—not the men. They're giving dances, & whist drives & all sort. This Agnew's wife goes around everywhere, she can fool the people—giving a few tickets for coal & left-off garments. (Women) never should be allowed to have any votes: let it be to the men to give their votes.

I am sure Labour would have gone in here. The men are properly fed up with them. Look at the coal miners, poor fellows, risking their lives for everyone's comfort, & they will not give them a living wage. You can see, by the papers, what it's like. Shameful. Dear Mr. Cocking, glad you have your own homestead, like us. Our rates are rather stiff, but no one can turn us
out, thank God. We are blessed so far. Sometimes we could take
a bit more money, but there! those that have more seem miser-
able-- can't spare a copper.
The weather is bitter cold home here. I expect you have it lovely
& warm. We have had a lovely Summer & Autumn.
Give Mrs. Cocking our best regards. Oh, we thank you for the book
there are some lovely views in it. I will be sending you some soon. I will go to St. Day myself if can't get them other ways.
Now we all join in sending you all good wishes for Xmas & new
year. From your sincere friends, E. & H.R. Webster.
P.S. God bless you all! Write soon.

I have written a reply to that letter this afternoon, & included
a copy of "German Rule".

Tu. Jan. 14th 1936. This morning I walked to Hamilton to get
"War! What For" from Mrs. Barratt's book shop, but as it was shi
I went to the Co-operative store & got a camp stretcher bed-
ing for Walt, as a birthday present. I got 2 grey cotton shirts
with 15½ collars for Fred, & a Boston darning outfit for Mum,
In the way home I went to Mrs. Barratt & bought a copy of the
pamphlet, "Peace Or War", by R. Dixon. (3d). & parts 1 & 2 of
"This Modern World", of which there are (or are to be) ten parts,
(6d. each). Arthur has received the following letter:—

"Public Service Board, Savings Bank Building, 21-29 Elizabeth St.,
Sydney, 13th Jan. 1936.
Dear Sir, In reply to your letter of the 13th inst. I have to in-
form you that there is little prospect of employment offering of a
clerical nature for which you could be considered. It may be
stated that the pass list of the 1933 Public Service Entrance
Examination was cancelled when the results of the 1934 examination
were published. Any appointments to the Clerical Division of
the service will be made from successful candidates at the 1935
entrance examination. Yours faithfully, H.E. Best, Secretary."

Fri. Jan. 17th, 1936. Mum went to Newcastle this morning
& ordered a pair of new spectacles. She got wet through
on the way home. This afternoon I am sending the follow-
ing note to the editor of the "World's News":—

Dear Sir, With this I enclose some verses that were sug-
gested by T. E. Brown's poem "My Garden". If they are accept-
able I would like you to publish them in your when space
is available. You may remember that in 1926 you honoured
me by printing my poem, "Christmas Bells" in the "World's
News". I remain, Sir, Yours with respect, Josiah Cocking."
Mon. Jan. 20th, 1936. Yesterday I went to the Seventh Day Adventists' Church in Lindsay street, Hamilton, but it was closed; so I went to St. Peter's church on the top of the hill in Demson street, not far from the park. I found the church almost empty—only about a dozen people, mostly women & girls, being present. The Church of England service was conducted by a curate, but he apparently did not think it worth while to preach to so few people, as he did not preach at all. There is an enormous "honour roll" holding about 160 names. Before going there I peeped into cut-throat Green's church in Redmont street & saw that the place was almost full of people. At the door there is a big "honour roll" also, with many names on it. That sufficed to keep me out of the heathenish temple.

This morning I have written these verses:

1. Thinks Johnny Bull, I'll have to pull
   My immigration trigger
   And shoot some more to Aussie's shore
   To make its forces bigger.

2. The dolts who pass its laws, alas!
   Are stupidly inactive:
   With lands immense they lack the sense
   To make those lands attractive.

3. I'll pay the dolts in stolen lands down under,
   To spend some lacs on "fighting Macs" who rule the fools:
   To keep a space devoid of population,
   To save our empire quite extensive.

4. I've armed and trained the Japs, who gained
   Manchuria and Formosa
   And regions wide by homicide
   And methods of Mendoza.

5. No man believes that martial thieves
   Will honor each his brother,
   Or will refrain from loot, or gain,
   Or robbing one another.

6. So, though it's true that migrants rue
   The fact that they migrated
   With empty hands to "golden lands,"
   Believing "facts" I stated.

7. But have returned again and spurned
   My immigration stories.
   And, on the whole, prefer the dole
   Before Australian "glories."

8. As fools are born on ev'ry morn,
   By lying with bravado
   I hope to catch and soon despatch
   Fresh dupes to Eldorado!

TARAXACUM, 22/1/36.
9. But have returned again & spurned
   My immigration stories,
   And, on the whole, prefer the dole
   Before Australia's glories.

As fools are born on ev'ry morn;
By lying with bravado,
I hope to catch & soon despatch

10. More dupes to Eldorado!

This morning I received the following letter from brother Bob:
Lismore St. Abermain, Jan 18th. 1936.

Dear Joe & Jenny, Not knowing whose turn it is to write, & having some spare time, I thought I would do so, well, in the first place I may say we have been upside down here. You see, Gladys has not been well for some time & the doctor ordered her into the hospital for an operation. She came home yesterday much improved in health, but very weak. The doctor as is the usual practice with them, never told us what was wrong with her. You see, as I have often told you, if they do know what is wrong they won't tell anyone, & if they don't know (which is often the case) they say it's heart disease-failure. However, we are hoping that she will be quite strong again in a few days. I am pleased to say that all the rest of us are enjoying good health. It is pleasing to say so, considering the weather we are having up here. The last 4 or 5 weeks it's one day as hot as hot tar, next cold with rain, hailstone cyclone storms. I have never experienced such changeable weather in my life as we are having. Even as I am writing it's pouring rain, notwithstanding it was dreadfully hot this morning. The changeable & unexplainable vagaries of the weather have ruined our garden. We are awfully disappointed, after all our hard work in the garden, to get next to nothing out of it. Of course we are not the only ones to suffer, but that does not afford us much consolation. As for myself, I am sadly disappointed so much so I will give the garden a spell for a while.

We got over the Christmas holidays pretty good, & I enjoyed my short stay at Mayfield. Everyone was most glad to see me, & all were very kind to me. Notwithstanding your previous kindness in blessing me with a lovely bed & the combination (which I am so truly thankful for) I would not have taken the extra money from you for the balance on the lovely coat you gave me, only I was afraid you & Jenny would be offended if I refused to do so. I am extremely proud of it, as it looks so dressy & fits me so nice. As a matter of fact I am compelled to look neat on Sunday afternoons, as I have to stand in front of a class of young women. I must confess that I did feel a little shabby in front of them until you regulated me in a better garment.
It was through no fault of mine that I was compelled to wear it. I don't know when I shall be coming down again. Jim drove me home in his car. I enjoyed the trip up home very much.

For fear I forget as I am writing, I should be pleased if you have an old exercise-book, which is of no further use to you, in your bookcase, with coloured maps in it—I would be pleased if you would send it along to me, as I have not got one of any sort whatever.

I never saw Arthur's name in the list of school-teachers' appointments. I dare say it will not be long before he will be sent away somewhere.

Now, in conclusion, I have taken it for granted you have been reading all about the seamen's strike, & have seen what a mess they have made of it, refusing to take the advice of Jacob Johnson, & polling the advice of a mad Communist leader. They have now lost all their jobs.

Let me know if Jose is well again. He was ill when I was down there. You will, of course, have seen the account of the greasy Dago bombing the red cross stations. If I were a young man I would be pleased indeed to volunteer to go & help to stop that black-hearted imp of Satan—Moss—Leno—from shooting poor, ignorant Blacks—notwithstanding that I am against war. I do hope England & France will go over & drive the Dagos back home again.

I have not had any answer to my last letter to Liz-Jane for nearly 2 months. Give my love to all the family, & accept the same for yourself, Brother Rob, with love to all.

I think the pit where Jim Pettigrew is employed is closed down. The men refused to burn coke for the steamers with volunteers on board. That won't stop the steamers from running; they will come & go just the same. This letter may be a day late coming to you, as I don't know how I am going down to post it. It's raining here now in torrents.

Tues. Jan 22nd, 1936. This morning I wrote a long letter to brother Rob. Mum has gone to Newcastle for her new spectacles. Art is painting the house. Walter has gained a pass in building construction; a B pass in engineering drawing & design; & an A pass in mine surveying. The results are in today's paper.

This afternoon I received this letter:-

"The Broken Hill Proprietary Company Limited,
Iron & Steel Works, Newcastle. 20th January, 1936.
Mr. J. Cocking, 41 Ingall St., Mayfield East, Newcastle.
Dear Sir, R.H.P. "Review".

I am in receipt of your letter of the 7th instant & note that you are desirous of contributing to the columns of the "Review". In this connection I would suggest that you officially address any subject matter you may have to this office & it will then be brought to the attention of the Sub-Committee of the R.H.P. "Review".

Yours truly (scribble)
per Manager."
Wed. Jan. 23rd, 1936. This morning the paper is full of the death yesterday of British king George number five. If the Briti shers can't sleep at night without a king they ought to call tenders for the job instead of allowing one favoured family to monopolise the billet. In that way work could be done much cheaper.

This morning I wrote the following to the "B.H.P." Review:

TO THE CARELESS,

It is well to talk of cricket
And of perils at a wicket,
Or of hazards facing strangers
When great floods en compass Bourke,
Or of risks that have existence
In fierce battles in the distance,
But it's best to think of dangers
That surround you where you work!

There are dynamos & motors
With their armatures & rotors
Charged with strong electric forces
That are deadly though unseen;
There are dangers to the toilers,
In the locos & their boilers,
As they rush on steely courses
That no man should walk between.

There are dangers, still un stated,
That your carelessness created
In addition to the others
That no science can destroy:
So be careful & remember
That from Jan. until December
You're a menace to your brothers
Whom the companies employ!

Don't be gull ed by Superstition
That, whatever your position,
Guardian angels sent from Glory
Have a shield around you thrown;
Never practice Death-defiance
With a Fatalist's reliance,
On the old exploded story
That "the Devil guards his own"?

Josiah Cocking (senr).
To B.H.P. "Review" 22/1/36.
The story is wrong.

22/11/36.
Thur. Jan. 23rd, 1936. This morning I wrote these verses:

SELF HELP.

1. "The king is dead! Long live the king!",
   But can the best of monarchs bring
   makeshift revolution,
   The change from poverty to wealth —
   The change from theft to honesty from stealth —
   And cleansing from pollution?

2. However well he understands
   The fact that drones possess the lands
   And means of wealth-production,
   Or knows that landless men are slaves
   Who toil in poverty for knaves,
   He must obey instruction.

3. However virtuous or bold,
   A king must do as he is told
   Or lose his situation.
   A king is like a figurehead
   That does not steer — he is ruled instead
   By slaves that boss the nation.

   No modern king, though Heaven-sent,
   Can change (while workers are content)
   The rotten social order,
   Nor make the plague of warfare cease
   And bring his subjects wealth & peace
   Within his kingdom's border.

   So, don't depend on kindly elves
   To make you free, but free yourselves
   From plutocrats' oppression.
   When you wish it, all combine
   You'll own the Earth from poles to line:
   Combine & take possession!

Art is still painting the house. Walt is preparing for a holiday trip in his car. I have combined & repaired my old atlases to send to brother Bob. Ralph Cowie of Jesmond is dead. Mum got her new spectacles to day. Young Cook has been appointed to a one-teacher school at Marilla.

Wed. Jan. 29th 1936. Florence has finished at Mrs. Sesston's for the unfortunate lady died. To-day she has gone to meet Muriel Cone, as Florence has got her a situation at Wickham, I think, nursing a diabetic patient. We received the following letters yesterday: "Greenfield Terrace,
nr Redruth, Cornwall. Dec. 29th, 1936. Dear Mr. Cocking,

I am enclosing 2 views of St. Day at last. They were the only ones they had; there's no sale, then it don't pay to take them but will try to get some of the playfields & a beautiful pleasure ground that Mr. Mills has given. He has left money for all the old people to have 2 cwt. of best coal & 6/- worth of stores; & those that live in Mills' street & have small incomes pay no rent. And on feast days they all, children & all, have a public tea & supper. No one around here will give you 1/-. Dear Mr. Cocking, I don't know if I thanked you for the views of your son Homes, & your little girl's photo. She is looking nice. My 2 girls are fine. Coming home to spend Xmas with us; it will soon be here now; it's surprising how time flies. We have bitter, frosty weather, it's really unbearable, so cold. My son is out of work again, worse luck. It doesn't seem to be very little better—it's worse; & we have lots here in this small village well off—lovely great houses of their own—old-age pension 1 pound a week & all the work.

That's one thing the Labour Party would have altered if they were in power. We think before long this party will be out of it again. You can see by the papers just what it is like: the Labour members are showing them up. Now, Mr. & Mrs. Cocking, we trust this will find you well, & that you will spend a very happy Xmas. Ever your sincere friends, Emily & Harry Webster.

This letter also came:—"C/o F. Gollan, Evans Heads, North Coast, Friday, 24th. Dear Mother, It's still God's own country in spite of the joker not remembering the stamps; & the horses are as good as ever in Casino. We are finished here on Monday night, the 27th Jan., & will be back in Casino at Amos' place on Tuesday night. I may catch a train back home on Wednesday afternoon, landing me at Waratah at about one o'clock Thursday morning, but I'm not sure just what time the excursion train will leave; & anyhow Mrs. Amos will want me to stay a day or so to wash my soiled shirts etc. before leaving for home; so don't expect me any particular day or night, Mother. I won't have any luggage I can't manage, or anything; so don't bother having anyone to meet me—I still know my way home, although I've been offered work in Casino for this year, & they don't want me to go home till next Xmas. I am swimming & sun-baking all day & feel tip-top. The oysters here are like 2 bob pieces, & I've eaten a bucketful, I reckon.

The house will sell all right; & I'm anxious to get home to start on some joinery for the new place. The sun is like a furnace, & in Casino it is almost unbearably hot—103 in the shade up there yesterday the bus driver told us this morning. Tell Jimmy he'll have a mate on the paint brush soon, & he can help me with the joinery. Most probably I'll see you next Friday morning, Mother, but don't bother writing to me, 'cause I may be on my way.
home before it arrives here. Give them all my best, Mother—
I'll be glad to see you, Chip.

Yesterday was very hot, but to-day is cold & raining. I have
made 2 combined button boxes & cotton-reel holders out of
round cake tins. Brother Jack was here this morning & stayed
nearly an hour. Poor Tilly Hardes (nee Ferguson) of Wallsend,
is to be buried this afternoon. Jack is to make her funeral
oration at the grave. She is the Mother of "Sonny" Hardes,
has been a Salvationist many years.

Thur. Jan. 30th, 1936. This morning I wrote a letter to my
Sister.

Fri. 31st Jan. 1936. This morning Charlie returned from Casino
quite well. I wrote a 2 page letter to Mrs. Webster this
morning, & sent a "Sydney Mail", parts of the "Advocate", &
the Douglas Credit paper. I received the following letter from
brother Bob this morning:

"Lismore street, Abermain, Jan. 30th, 1936.
Dear Joe & Jenny, Please accept my thanks for the nice parcel
of reading matter I received by post on Tuesday; also the book
of maps, which I am pleased to get: they are of great value to
me. I may say that you need not send any more "Common Cause pa-
er" up, as Robby can get them here gratis; also "The Workers"
Weekly. Robby reads them, but for myself I have no desire to
do so. These 2 reptile, poisonous, inflammable, infantile bragga-
docio, ignominious rags don't just quite suit me.
"Soviet To-day" is another paper which, to my way of thinking,
is too circumventive for me. However, seeing that you sent
them up in good faith, & out of respect for your kindness, I will
read them, notwithstanding I will not believe them.
In regard to "War! What For?" I am very pleased to get them;
in fact they are most inspiring & edifying. The same applies to
"The World's News", which I am always pleased to get—in fact I
just finished reading one this morning. I think you are aware that
we have a library here at the School of Arts, but alas! it is
full of cowboy tales, too full to be classed as an up-to-
date library. Yes, there are several good books there as well.
I had some real good books in my bookshelf when I sold out my
home. However, I may see the day come again when I shall reju-
vice in the fact that I am the proud owner of another library
packed with a variety of good books. Riches have wings, & as
my shoulders are broad they may light on me some day.
Now in conclusion let me say we are all well up here at present.
Gladys is home again & is much better. Yesterday the heat was
most severe up here. The thermometer rose to 106 & 100; &
you will be surprised to know that next morning it was
real cold & raining, & is still raining.
Our tomato plants have gone to their funeral. We
have a lot of healthy looking pumpkin vines coming on well.
On the 22nd day of February is the date fixed for our annual
Sunday School picnic. We are bringing all the children down
to the Bar Beach at Newcastle, all being well.
I have not yet had an answer from Liz-Jane: I am inclined to
think she is very ill. Give my best love to Jenny & Florence
& the boys. Accept the same yourself.
Now, if I am not much mistaken your family is all well; & if
so you need not try to answer this letter unless something un
expected happens to any of you: then, of course, you will let
me know. Yes, we noticed Walter's name in the paper, & were
quite pleased to learn that he is on the upward grade.
Brother Rob."

ARChITECTURE MICellANEOUS.
BUILDING CONSTRUCTION.—STAGE I.
Pass.—Cocking, Walter; Clark, J. Keith; Partridge-Wall, Alan.
Grade B.—Boysell, Arthur; Rutherford, James.
Grade C.—Fryer, Douglas K.; O'Niel, Harold C.

BUILDING CONSTRUCTION DRAWING.—STAGE I.
Grade A.—Bates, Eric H.
Grade B.—Boysell, Arthur; Rutherford, James.
Grade C.—Fryer, Douglas K.; O'Niel, Harold C.

BUILDING CONSTRUCTION.—STAGE III.
Grade A.—Bates, Eric H.
Grade B.—Boysell, Arthur; Rutherford, James.
Grade C.—Fryer, Douglas K.

DESCRIPTIVE GEOMETRY.
Grade A.—Bates, Eric H.
Grade B.—Boysell, Arthur; Fryer, Douglas K.; O'Niel, Harold C.

QUANTITY SURVEYING.
Grade A.—Rutherford, James H.
Grade B.—Boysell, Arthur; Fryer, Douglas K.; O'Niel, Harold C.

BUILDING CONSTRUCTION.—STAGE I.
Grade A.—Bates, Eric H.; Boysell, Arthur; Fryer, Douglas K.; O'Niel, Harold C.
Grade B.—Boysell, Arthur; Rutherford, James.
Grade C.—Fryer, Douglas K.

BUILDING CONSTRUCTION DRAWING.—STAGE I.
Grade A.—Bates, Eric H.
Grade B.—Boysell, Arthur; Rutherford, James.
Grade C.—Fryer, Douglas K.

BUILDING CONSTRUCTION.—STAGE III.
Grade A.—Bates, Eric H.
Grade B.—Boysell, Arthur; Rutherford, James.
Grade C.—Fryer, Douglas K.

DRAWING.
Grade A.—Cocking, Walter; Clark, J. Keith; Partridge-Wall, Alan.
Grade B.—Boysell, Arthur; Rutherford, James.
Grade C.—Fryer, Douglas K.; O'Niel, Harold C.

DRAWING.—DESIGN.
Grade A.—Cocking, Walter; Clark, J. Keith; Partridge-Wall, Alan.
Grade B.—Boysell, Arthur; Rutherford, James.
Grade C.—Fryer, Douglas K.; O'Niel, Harold C.

Applications for Co. Metallurgy.
Grade A.—Boysell, Arthur; Rutherford, James.
Grade B.—Fryer, Douglas K.; O'Niel, Harold C.

Chemistry 4A.—Mabney, Maurice D.
Grade B.—Mabney, Maurice D.

SAT. Feb 1st, 1936. To-day I received
the following letter:— "Michere Nig-
gings, via Clermont, Queensland, 26/1/36.

Dear Mr. Cocking, I received your letter &
the songs, & thank you very much for
them. I had never heard 'Barney Take
Me Home Again!, but am very glad you
sent it along. I thank you very much
for your kind thought, & thank you very
much for your offer to help me
in any other way; & the same applies
here: if I can do it I will. Wishing
you a prosperous new year, I remain
Yours truly Clancy Dow."

Mr. Stones' married sister died to day.
She was operated on for a goitre by Dr.
Gardiner. She leaves 2 children.

Mon. Feb. 3rd, 1936. Yesterday morn-
ing I went to the Methodist church at
Waratah & heard Mr. McGinn preach. Over
him, on the wall, there was a large roll
of honour. The sermon was not worth li-
sten to. There were only about 40
present.

In the afternoon I went to the Isling-
ton park, but there was no public speaking there. This evening
Arthur returned from Sydney. He found that he did not get
a 2 A pass, but a 2 B. He was told that as he had almost got a
2 A pass he would probably get an appointment within the next
2 months. Florence has just gone by car to Bulladelah
with 2 doctors to assist in an operation & to nurse the
woman afterwards. I have been getting the optical lant-
Sir,—"Fighting Mac" has that he advocates compulsory training. His confession is in contrast with the attitude and utterance of Mrs. Catherine Booth, the "mother" of the Salvation Army, who, in one of her truly Christian sermons said: "One of the greatest employments of every Christian Government and Community is to train thousands of men not to fight with their fists only in the way of inflicting a few passing sores, but with weapons capable. It may be killing human beings at the rate of a few per minute. It is quite a science, a study how to destroy a large number of men of thought, instantaneously. Talk of brutality! Is there anything half so brutal as this, within the whole range of savagery? But, against all this, modern Christianity, which professes to believe the teaching of Him Who taught us not to resist evil, but to love our enemies, and to treat with the utmost benevolence hostile nations, has nothing to say. All the devilish animosity, hard-hearted cruelty, and harrowing consequences of modern warfare are not only sanctioned, but held up as an indispensable necessity of civilized life, and in times of war patrioted and prayed for in our churches and chapels with as much impudent assurance as though Jesus Christ had taught. But I say unto you, an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, and return evil for evil, hate your enemies and pursue them with all the diabolical appliances which the Devil can enable you to invent. Alas, alas! Is it not too patent for intelligent contradiction that the most detestable thing in the judgement of popular Christianity is not brutality, cruelty, or injustice, but poverty and vulgarity?"—DAISY.

Mayfield. East.
ern ready for use. I bought a board 37 inches long, 7½ wide, & of an inch thick to place the lantern on, at, Davies', for 1/6.

This morning I received this letter:-- "Daily Herald", editorial office, 12 Wilson Street, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2. 31st December, 1935. Dear Sir, Many thanks for the offer contained in your letter of the 23rd inst. However, at the moment we have so many things on hand that it is quite impossible to do as you suggest. Yours faithfully, T. R. Wisdom, for the Editor.

We also received the following from Walser:-- "Kempsey, Sat. 1st Feb. 12 noon. Dear Folks, We have just arrived here from Port Macquarie, where we stayed overnight, & are now about to leave for South West Rocks. We camped at the Stroud cow-bails on Saturday night, & remained at Forster till yesterday at noon. I had a bit too much sun in Foster baths on Monday, & although not sore the peeling has spoiled my chance of browning as yet. Everybody is doing fine—no trouble of any sort. The car is running well, & Frank does a little fishing. We have plenty of grub, & had a good hot dinner at Masselo's in Taree yesterday. Wal."


Florence returned from Bulledelah yesterday as she became ill & unable to do her work.

I received this letter from my sister yesterday:-- "13 Osborn St., Napto, 31/1/36.

My dear Brother & Sister, I have just received your interesting letter, & I am sorry that I have not written before. I had Lila, George, & sons with me for nearly a month; George, of course, only at week-ends. Before I forget, their baby's name is Norman George. He is 9 months old, almost. He has 8 teeth, & is nearly 30 lbs in weight. He is anxious to walk, but, of course, he is too heavy, so they have a job trying to keep him off his feet.

I am keeping just amazingly splendid, as the Sr. says. Of course I have my limits. I rise about 9 in the morning walk about in spells for 2 hours, then rest. Always on restricted diet, & retire early. I take 2 medicines, one for day, & another at night. You cannot imagine how happy I am to be spared to my precious family. Dad is working also. Him. Both are well; you would hardly imagine that Dad is 67 years old. He is very stooped, but he has a fairly easy job, & comes home smiling. We had a terribly hot day on Wednesday
JOEY, TAKE ME BACK AGAIN.

"It is understood that Mr. W. M. Hughes will leave tomorrow for Canberra to discuss with the Prime Minister (Mr. J. A. Lyons) a formal invitation to rejoin the Federal Cabinet."

—Daily Paper, 6/2/36.

Verse—"I'll Take You Home Again, Kathleen.

I'll take you back again, dear Bill,
To be a member of my gang;
We'll hang together now until
The time when we may singly hang!
Although (like mine) your flag was red,
Your ensign's now red, white and blue;
And though your happiness has fled
I know to Empire you are true.

Chorus—
I'll take you back again, dear Bill,
For you are getting on in years
And writing silly books, but still
I cannot stand your sights and tears!
I know you love the dear old flag
That "braved the battle and the breeze."
And that (like me) you love and brag
Of kings who seized all they could seize
By warriors whose swords were wet
To feed the Empire's hungry shark.
On which the sun's afraid to set—
He cannot trust it in the dark!
I'll take you back again, old friend,
To do the work I know you like;
I know on you I may depend
To help me smash the seamen's strike.
Swift victory will bring us fame,
With all the pickings that it brings.
A knightly handle to each name
And gratitude of plutes and kings!
—"Taraxacum," 6/2/36.

Tune—"I'll Take You Home Again, Kathleen.

I'll take you back again, dear Bill,
I'll take you back again, dear Bill,
I'll take you back again, dear Bill,
I'll take you back again, dear Bill, Kathleen.

I'll take you back again, dear Bill,
I'll take you back again, dear Bill,
I'll take you back again, dear Bill,
I'll take you back again, dear Bill, Kathleen.

Tune—"I'll Take You Home Again, Kathleen.

I'll take you back again, dear Bill,
I'll take you back again, dear Bill,
I'll take you back again, dear Bill,
I'll take you back again, dear Bill, Kathleen.

I'll take you back again, dear Bill,
I'll take you back again, dear Bill,
I'll take you back again, dear Bill,
I'll take you back again, dear Bill, Kathleen.

I'll take you back again, dear Bill,
I'll take you back again, dear Bill,
I'll take you back again, dear Bill,
I'll take you back again, dear Bill, Kathleen.

I'll take you back again, dear Bill,
I'll take you back again, dear Bill,
I'll take you back again, dear Bill,
I'll take you back again, dear Bill, Kathleen.

The Letter of my Sister to Bob, this morning.

Feb. 6th, 1936. This morning I posted the letter of my sister to Bob. This afternoon I wrote the following:

Eliz. R. Pettigrew,

MY DEAR SISTER,

Bob & I met on the 2nd. I have not written at all since leaving you. I have just had a letter from my mother saying that the family are all well.

I am enclose a photo of your letter & enclose a note with love from all at Napto. You may not have received the letter I enclosed last time.

I am very ill at the moment, & I have bidding from the doctors to stay away from any work. I have not had the slightest writing from Bob since leaving the Factory. I am a little worried at the thought of you losing your work. We will write frequently when I get a little better. I am sure you will be surprised to hear how well I am. So you see I have been kept busy all the holidays.

I am sorry Bob is doing so much travelling. I wish I was with you in Napto to help you. I am not allowed outside the house any more, & the doctor & all are not to be mentioned. It just as he was saying, so worrying about me. I was at home for the last week. I never spent such a miserable time in my life, worrying about coming home & see how well I was. So you see I have to watch it carefully. I have just written letters from the holidays, Les & I sent home the holidays. We got a lot of overtime in all the holiday time, & the company paid us £25 per week. I am sure you will be surprised at the different writing.

I have not written a word to you at all since leaving the Factory, & I am sure you will be surprised at the different writing. I am sure you will be surprised at the different writing.

I wish I was with you in Napto to help you. I am not allowed outside the house any more, & the doctor & all are not to be mentioned.

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I have not written a word to you at all since leaving the Factory, & I am sure you will be surprised at the different writing. I am sure you will be surprised at the different writing.

I wish I was with you in Napto to help you. I am not allowed outside the house any more, & the doctor & all are not to be mentioned.
By warriors whose swords were wet
To feed the Empire's hungry shark
On which the sun's afraid to set--
He cannot trust it in the dark!

I'll take you back again, old friend,
To do the work I knew you like;
I know on you I may depend
To help me smash the Seamen's Strike.
Swift victory will bring us fame
With all the pickings that it brings,
A knightly handle to each name
And gratitude of plumes and kings!

To "W. W. F." 4/1/36. To "E." 4/1/36.

Wed. Feb. 12th, 1936. Last Monday Walter, Johnny Ross, & Frank Davis returned from their holiday trip, quite well.
On the same morning early Arthur set out on a free-wheel bicycle to go to a boys' camp about 10 miles beyond Pullah Delah. He rang me up on the telephone at 9 a.m. & told me he had reached Pullah Delah, & was all right. Mum & Florence went to Newcastle together on Monday.
My verses "Mussollind's Object Lesson" were printed in "Common Cause" of the 6th instant. I have cleaned & painted the old bathroom chair with white enamel. To day Jose had a day off work, & he got a little anvil made of a piece of railway rail for 4/-.
Charlie has been busy this week drawing plans for his new house.

Thur. Feb. 15th, 1936. Solomon Woodbury visited us to day.
He stayed for about an hour & told me of some remarkable conversions at Inverell in the early days of the Sammy. He now lives with his wife at New Lambton, He is a true Christian. This evening Arthur returned wet through with rain. He is quite well. This morning I received the following letter from brother Bob:--

"Nismore St. Aberrain, Feb. 12th, 1936. Dear Joe & Jenny,
Your letter to hand recently. All your family seems to quite free from all the prevailing diseases of mankind, as you always state in your letters that 'we are all well'.
Well now, that in itself is good news for me. I alsoe received Liz-Jane's letter (enclosed) as well, & in which she has as usual rather overdone her description of her illness. You see, if anyone points a bone at a blackfellow he runs bush & dies. If you tell a Chinaman he looks sick he becomes ill indeed.
I remember a young woman coming to the Benevolent Home in her trouble, & she did look as white as chalk; & I said to the nurse, 'that girl looks awfully sick', & she said 'Yes,
but I will apply my usual remedy on her; I am going to tell her not to think she is sick; & persuade her that she will be an easy case for me to deal with: if I don't I am sure to lose her. So after a few weeks the girl was as strong & robust as any girl in the house. So you see that old adage is true, "As a man thinks so he is".

I am not a bit surprised to hear that Florrie took sick in a fast motor-car on a country road. I am pleased to hear she is quite well again. Charlie is surely thinking to get married, as he is going to build a home for himself. We are getting some real hot days here. One day last week it was 109 in the shade. I find it a lot hotter up here than down there, & Winter is a lot colder here; yet in all I keep in good health, for which I am thankful.

Your flowery outburst of admiration of conditions in that "Don't want God" nation of Russia, which is ruled by a dictator, has stirred up some ancient memories in me—also some modern ones. Italy has one Mussolini. I can see in Italy to day a modern version of an ancient to out from human nature all tender & merciful regards for others; to glorify war & terror as an Ideal. Sparta did the same as Fascism is doing now. Mussolini told the Italian troops, when they were leaving, that War has beauty. He also said that peace tenets towards weakness & cowardice, & that war realised mechanical perfection of Man; & that it is beautiful when it fills a flowering meadow with the flaming flowers of shot & shell & restores the vigor of the masculine body. And it banishes fear, or he said so, if not in these exact words he said so in effect.

Sparta, with her limited resources for ill-doing, had similar ideals as Mussolini has, & tried to carry them out 500 years before the Christian era. Mussolini is trying to follow Sparta to day with an entirely military States his ambition; but he will fail the same as Sparta did.

Glorified Russia, with her teeming millions of half starved slave will go down just as soon as Japan digs a grave big enough to hold them. That Bible quotation which says all nations that forget God shall be destroyed. Russia wants a living God in it before it has any hope to become an ideal nation; try as it will it will be a failure, as others have tried & have failed: you mark my words.

Now, in conclusion, I am pleased to say we here are all in good health & going along fairly well considering we are on the dole. But we don't grumble—we do the best we can. Bobby works four days & a half per fortnight; but it is now rumoured that the Government is going to cut out all relief work. They have already done so in some parts of the country. Going back on the bare dole will be a real knockout for one & all.

Our Sunday School is coming down to the Bar Beach for our annual picnic on the 32nd day of this month, all being well.

Mrs. & Mrs. Miles are still working down at Orange. Give my love
Yesterday afternoon Ivy informed us that Keith was vomiting blood; so Florence went up to him in a taxi car. Dr. Mackenzie called later & said Keith had either gastric influenza or pneumonia. Florence stayed there all last night. Jose has just told me that Keith's temperature has fallen from 104 to normal, & he is now much better. Jose thinks it is stomach trouble.

Muriel Cone visited us on Thursday night, but I did not see her as I was asleep. She is still nursing. I am re-writing "The Third Craft-Union Meeting" as a one act play.

Sun. Feb. 15th, 1936. This morning I walked over to the Saint Phillip's Church of England & heard C.W. Nicholls preach on "A sower went forth to sow." There were about a dozen present besides about 18 children. The sermon was good; but there is a cut-throat's honour roll on the wall. I had an argument with a hero wearing a brand of Cain on his manly chest, & his little wife helped me to shame him.

I the afternoon I went to the park, but there was no public meeting there. A cold Southerly rain came on, so I came home. Young Keith has gastric influenza but is now very much better.

Mon. Feb. 17th, 1936. This morning Arthur had his first music lesson from Miss Welford. This evening I finished re-writing the "Third Craft Union Meeting" as a one act play.

Wed. Feb. 18th, 1936. Arthur has taken out a learner's licence to drive a motor-car, & will be taught by Walter. Florence intends to fill in an application form for a position as permanent nurse for an insurance company.

Yesterday we received the following letter:

38 Osborne Street, Dapto, 15/2/36.
Dear Joe & Jimmie, Just a few lines to enclose a few snaps young Jim took of us to send you. Of course they are very poor ones, but I thought you would like to see them. I am improving splendidly. All the family are well. Lila is here with George & the boys. She got the negatives from Jim & set them to Sydney to be developed; & the first I knew of it was when she brought the proofs to-day. Of course you have heard of the strike. Well there doesn't seem much sign of a settlement, but it does not do to look on the black side, does it? Jim & 3 others of his mates had a week's holiday camping down the coast. On their return they left next day for a trip.
to Lake Macquarie, of all places. They only have 2 bikes, as they say it runs cheaper. Jim will only run his own bike. They left word with the secretary of the lodge to ring them up when the strike ends, & forward their strike pay, if any. Apparently they are looking forward to a long holiday, but I really believe they will get their call home sooner than they expect. Dad has a nice vegetable garden going, & it is a big help. There are only 3 of us when Jim is away, & the place is very quiet. Joe, will you return the one of Jim on his bike, as it is the only one we have, & he hates to have his photo taken. Haven't we got a bonny lot of grandchildren? Vera Woodward writes often, & she is going to send her photo. She is working at Elliot's, tailoring, getting on well. It is in Hunter street, Newcastle, so perhaps you have seen her.  
Well, Joe, I must conclude with love from us all. Your loving sister, E. J. Pettigrew.
P.S. If you see Jack & May show them the photos; perhaps they would write to me then.

Yesterday morning I posted "The Third Craft-Union Meeting" to The Writers' League, Sydney, with an/- postal note. Also a solution of a crossword puzzle to the "World's News".

To day I posted a letter & "The Cure of Cancer In Nature's Way" & "Too Much Doctoring", to my sister, E. J. In the letter I wrote this verse:

"So keep on smiling, though time keeps piling 
On raven tresses the snows we dread; 
It's useless fretting that suns are setting, 
For each eve blesses with suns ahead. 
Each sun that rises may bring surprise 
For our employment from one above, 
And richly dower with health & power 
To add enjoyment to those we love."

Tuesday, Feb. 25th, 1936. Last Sunday morning I attended a service at the Margaret street Methodist church & heard young Mr. Scott, of Botany, preach a good sermon. Afterwards I had a discussion with him & another young man on militarism, which the latter favoured. Mum was ill all day, so I did not go to the Park. She was all right again yesterday. Charlie is preparing his tools to begin on the joinery for his new house in Georgetown. Some timber is coming to day from Beveridges. Young Keith is quite well again; Florence prepared a person for an operation last Sunday, & attended during its performance. Muriel Cone has finished with her patient, who has gone to hospital, & she is coming here to stay for a few days before she goes home. Frank Cocking was here yesterday to arrange with Charlie about taking the new house he is to build. Nothing definite was arranged.
This morning I wrote the following verses:

SONG OF THE FIGHTING MACS.

"It is expected that a number of Ministerial members will make a move during the next Federal session to have compulsory military training restored." -- Daily Paper, 22/3/36.

"I certainly believe in compulsory training." "Fighting Mac."

Tune -- "Maryland"; or "The Red Flag."

We've found the secret of success;
It's forcing boys, it's training boys!
The way to martial blessedness
Is forcing boys, compelling boys
To dress in khaki clothes, & drill
And learn the quickest way to kill!
Our Murder Trusts their purses fill
By forcibly conscripting boys

If you would follow Christ, the Lord,
Keep training boys, coercing boys
To use the rifle & the sword
On other boys, on men & boys,
Regardless of what He may say
Of "turning cheeks the other way",
Compel the boys to learn to slay,
Roth men & boys -- unwilling boys.

If stolen empires you would keep,
Conscript the boys, compel the boys
To learn to murder men like sheep--
Conscripted men & tender boys--!
Though God has said "Thou shalt not kill",
And Jesus said "Forgive foes"; still
If martial purses you would fill,
Conscript the boys, the helpless boys!

No longer can they be enticed,
The wide-awake & peaceful boys,
Our tempting baits have not sufficed
To catch the boys, the wary boys;
For Communists now boldly tell
The brutal truth that "War is Hell"
So now we Christians must COMPUL
Roth men & boys -- unwilling boys!

To "common house," 25/1/36.
Tue., Mar. 3rd, 1936. Last Sunday morning I went to the Gospel Hall, near the railway station in Hamilton, & listened to a meeting of the Brethren. The whole service was very solemn & sad, & consisted of prayers, hymns, & a speech by Mr. Skillen. There were about 40 persons present, but no women took part, except in the singing. There was no roll of honour visible; indeed they have none, as they do not advocate war. After the meeting I had a long talk with Mr. Skillen, who seems to be a very good man. He offered to lend me a book entitled "The Story Of John G. Paton's Thirty Years With South Sea Cannibals". Rain fell nearly all the Sunday. This afternoon Mr. Skillen brought the book to me. Muriel Cone was to have gone home yesterday, but as the creek near her home was flooded the car could not go to Scoone for her, so she stayed here until this morning, when she left here to catch the train to Scoone, but missed it, & will have to wait until 4 p.m. to-day to catch the next train.

Florence went in to Newcastle with Muriel. I have been busy making cotton holders lately. Charlie & Art have been making box-window sashes. I have received a letter from the National Geographic Magazine proprietors, telling me that I may receive the Mag. for a year for $1, besides maps & other publications. Ivy also received a letter from the proprietors. I have begun to re-type the 9th Craft-Union Meeting as a one-act play to send to the Writers' League to compete for a prize.


Charlie is still making window frames for his new house. Florence is still at home waiting for a call. "Common Cause" of Mar. 7th contains my verses on "Immigration".

I attended an anniversary service of the Wesleyan Sunday school children in their school hall, Hamilton at 11 this morning. The large platform was full of children, two thirds of them being girls. Mr. Wyndham of the Sydney Teachers' College was the speaker; his subject being "Writing". I saw student preacher Ruxton, a tall, simple-looking young fellow, with a cut-throat's medal (or what seemed to be one) on his breast.

The service was very tame.

Mon., Mar. 9th, 1936. This morning Arthur & Jack went to Newcastle for Art to be tested for his motor-driver's licence. He went through the test successfully, & will receive his licence within a fortnight. In the afternoon Florence & Art drove out to Salty Creek for practice. Art is making "satisfactory progress" with his music lessons from Miss Welford.
On Looking At The Common Garden Lily.

Arthur J. Cocking,

In thee is all God's care displayed;
Endued with sweetness, & with fragrance blest,
In garb of Truth & Purity arrayed;
A lesson lies in all that God has made,
But teaching giv'n by thee transcends the rest. 25/3/36.

Entombed in limbo of soil dour,
Corpse-like thou sleepest, Winter through, below,
But, called by Spring's enlivening shower,
With beauty that would grace a fairy bower,
Thou breakest forth, & God-giv'n grace doth show!

Humans of virtue oft are pent
Within the bonds of uncongenial state:
Let such rise o'er environment--
Start life anew, filled with a new intent--
For from the lowest ranks oft come the great.

Thy flower soon would fade & die
If leaves their duty did, perchance, refuse,
If atmosphere & water, nigh,
By means unseen to an observer's eye,
Changed not to sugars which thou need'st must use.

Wise men the atom did divide,
And God's immensity of space have scannd,
But chemists great, in vain have tried
( For to both wise & dull is pow'r denied )
To so produce with what thou hast at hand.

Thy stem plays an important part,
For through it thy sustaining sap is led.
Useless is man or flower apart
From the pure current flowing from the heart,
Despite a learned or a lovely head!

Thy root--design of Master Mind--
Wrapped in the dark, its works fulfill;
Its tips, deaf, dumb, unlearned & blind,
By means unknown to man, thy food can find,
And thus with strength thee can instil.

Hence thy whole self, God's care displays:
His love is manifest from top to corn;
Thy structure shows His wondrous ways
In making thus His works to mutely & raise
The might of Him who all things doth perform.
The annual conference of the above Legion was held in Sydney on Saturday, 15th inst., when delegates from all over the State gathered to discuss matters of great importance affecting ex-service men and their families from the Old Country.

The Newcastle delegate gave a very clear and concise report of the doing of this district, reporting fully on the unemployment of many men and drew attention to several cases of hardship and semi destitution of families living in bag hampers, tin huts, etc., and of several cases of people who are desirous of returning home to England, Ireland and Scotland. Very bitter comments were made on the Emigration proposals, and it was thought that in the interests of all concerned that it would be far better to place the unemployed families in regular work than bring out more people to hardship, want and poverty, at the present time, being painfully experienced by many here in Newcastle district. It was decided to write to the Hon. W. M. Hughes, stating our case relative to the "Tommies" resident in Australia, with reference to the Preference Act. "Tommies" are not classified as ex-service men under the Act for work or war service homes. A case was stated of an ex-service man with 5 war medals being told: "I am sorry, old man, but you are not a soldier under the Act, when applying for a job." A special drive for new members is being made this year. Thousands of men are now joining up for the first time.

Many ex-service men will be quite pleased to learn of the elevation of L.t. J. H. Harris, Newcastle President to the position of Country Vice President for N.S.W. also Fred Wright, J.P., to the State Council.

And what is more important from a district point, the next annual conference will be held in this district.

To remove stains from a lace-edged tray rub them with a duster sprinkled with dry flour.

Then, Mr. Reid took the deeds of our house, & gave us a receipt for it. He is to try to find an empty house for us within a couple of days. I have been packing books into boxes all day. This morning early I wrote the following verses:

"To "COMMON CAUSE".

Dear "Common Cause, I view with shame
Advertisements that will defame
Your young unsullied features—
Those crafty, alluring ads
Of callous, parasitic cads
Who prey on helpless creatures.

Don't prostitute your honoured sheet
Beneath the foul, rapacious feet
Of brazen swine who trample
On rights of children & of wives
And further sadden cheerless lives
Whose sorrows now are ample !

Have workers' wives not ills enough
That you must add each liquor tough
To worsen their conditions
By adding to their burdens "Drink Drink"
The curse that's making workers sink
To destitute positions ?
Why help to wreck each peaceful home
By introducing 'neath its dome
Another thief to plunder
The helpless babies in their cots
And make their fathers brawling sots
More easily kept under?

How CAN the plundered poor arise
From servitude unless they're wise,
And SORRY & united?

A slave who's stupefied by drink
In slavery must further sink,
And by his foes be smitten!

It's better that your life should end
Than that in future you depend

On aid from bungs & brewers:
Those plutocratic workers' foes
Intensify the toilers' woes
And sink men to the sewers!

In hovels children cry for bread
When alcohol is bought instead;
And wives lack decent clothing:
Have pity on those wives & kids;
Don't set Rung's snares which Right forbids,
Nor turn respect to loathing!

Your mission is to set slaves free--
Not bind them to a Rung's Legree

Who shows no trace of pity
For weeping wives nor starving boys,
Nor dupes of week-willed dupes whom he destroys
In village, town, & city!

To "Common Cause," 14/3/36.

Thur. Mar. 19th 1936. Yesterday Kevin Reid announced in the
"Newcastle Herald" that he had sold our house.

Florence has an offer of a job at Ulmarra, & may take it. Ar
& Charlie are building a small shed on our ground at May-
field West. This morning I have filled in the Taubman's form
for the limerick competition.

The limerick is; "A path done with Solpah's a pleasure to see
Silverfros'd metalwork's bright as can be.
Dynamel's the way
To make furniture gay, (To which I added)
And make any housewife sing proudly with glee.

I am sending it to "Taubmans Limited, Desk "A", St. Peters, Sy-
dney, N.S.W."
BOY SCOUTS

Sir,—In reply to "Old-time Matron," as an old Scout, I feel bound to state that the Boy Scout Movement is militarily in design and character, I would like you to publish the following extract from a letter written by Sir Baden Powell to the "Times" on 19/10/18:—"The battle-line or company may be the medium of giving finish to the older lads who have had previous grounding in character, but it is not a school in which character can be taught in the first instance. This fact I discovered for myself long ago when training young soldiers in the Army. For parade purposes the drilled article was fine; for war purposes, useless. My first step, therefore, was to instil into each young soldier character—that is, initiative, self-control, sense of honour and duty, responsibility, self-reliance, observation, deduction, &c. This was done through the method now known as scouting. In other words, through education, not merely instruction, of the individual in moral and mental qualities. The final polish of drill was then added to each boy who had already been given the collective discipline and cohesion needed for military purposes."

Does that admission support "Old-time Matron's" assertion that "scouting puts its influence above mere fighting ideas and practice"?

In "Aids to Scoutmastership," the same author points out that the emphasis on the manner in which the Scout Movement trains lads is along military lines, and that the boy who is trained as a Scout is trained as a soldier.

"If Old-time Matron" is still unconvinced, she is overlooking the fact that the Scout Movement is one of the most powerful and respected organisations in the world. It is based on the principles of self-reliance, service to others, and the development of character and leadership. The Scout Movement has been responsible for the development of thousands of young men who have gone on to become leaders in all walks of life, and who have contributed to the betterment of society.

"Old-time Matron" may be misunderstanding the true nature of the Scout Movement, which is to develop the character and leadership qualities of young men, rather than to train them as soldiers. The Scout Movement is not a substitute for the Army, but a complementary activity that helps to develop the qualities of young men that are essential for leadership in all areas of life.

Mon. Mar. 23rd 1936. Yesterday Mrs. Isabel Longworth & Mr. Wm. Longworth visited us & stayed about an hour. They intend to settle in Mayfield as they are tired of living in Wyong. Charlie drew a plan of our new house yesterday to send to the Tarboosh council for approval. Since last Friday I have suffered with hem haemorrhoids & stayed in bed on Saturday. I am now almost well again.

This morning I copied my letter to the "Advocate" on Boy Scouts, & sent it to "Common Cause."
To the Editor, "Newcastle Morning Herald".

Sir, Despite the fact that Lord Baden Powell has admitted that the Roy Scout organisation was designed to produce efficient soldiers, my would-be humourous critic, C.A. Guest, desires your intelligent readers to believe that its purpose is merely to produce good citizens.

By "good citizens" he seems to mean those who are so morally well-trained that they are ready to voluntarily perpetrate mass-slaughter whenever "their" country is at war.

As the Roy Scout movement has been inaugurated & carefully fostered in almost all capitalistic countries, I presume that some of the "good citizens" who bombed Red Cross stations & callously murdered men, women & babies when destroying Harar were trained as Roy Scouts.

I do not agree with C.A. Guest in condemning any organisation that tries to produce very good citizens; but I condemn the Roy Scout organisation because it was designed & is maintained to produce soldiers under false pretences.

If the other bodies that he named exist to take a mean advantage of an ignorant, trustful boy by training him to become targets for bombs & bullets, under the pretence that his exercises are solely intended for his benefit, I condemn them also.

My opponent does not deny the charge that the pleasant exercises & activities of the Roy Scouts are the deceptive sugar-coating on the bitter pill of militarism.

Why not be honest with the confiding children & plainly tell them that they are being trained in mind & body to kill or be killed in defence of a country that is the property of about six per cent. of its population?

Why should any nameless, workless boy who leans his ill-clad shoulder against a lamp-post, & puts his empty hands into his coinless pockets, be asked to grasp a gun? His enemies are at home—not abroad. It would be adding insult to robbery to ask or compel such a person to shoot, or be shot, in defence of those who compel him to live on a dole & dwell in a kerosene-tin mansion.

It is not probable that any Capitalistic Government will outlaw the Roy Scout movement, for it is too useful for military purposes, but when the boys & their parents understand the real nature & purpose they will stand from under & let it drop into the abyss of detected impositions.

Meanwhile, sham-hoovers, who rely on the innocent ignorance of children & the national patriotism of parents, will continue to defend the Roy Scout fraud until, by the publication of irrefutable facts, they are shamed into eternal silence.

I remain,

Sir, Yours respectfully, Sham Hater.
YOUR OPPORTUNITY

to hear

Rev. E. E. Shelhamer

OF AMERICA
Evangelist, Author and Publisher of Los Angeles

Just arrived, and will leave in the next few weeks for South Africa.

This is his first visit to Australia, but he has been engaged in various parts of the world as an Evangelist for the past 45 years — Korea, Shanghai, Johannesburg, Durban, etc.

WHERE? — Maitland Road Baptist Church
ISLINGTON

WHEN? — MARCH 15th, at 7 p.m.
Also Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday & Thursday at 7.45 p.m.

DON’T FAIL TO HEAR SHELHAMER

"Shell the Woods and Hammer Sin" Jer. 23:29

Come Once and You Will Come Again

WM. GIBBINS, Pastor

"Waratah" Printing Co., Islington.
Sir,—I am pleased "Old Time Matron" knows that each nation possesses its peace lovers, also aggressors who promote international strife. It is for this very reason I try to organise the "peace lovers," I believe them to be far a greater majority than those who promote strife. I believe "each nation possesses them," and being a Bolsheviki (majority), I think it our duty as a majority to stop a minority from causing the untold physical, mental and moral damage caused by war. I do not believe that permanent are "self protection," or are any "defence" for the nations, 96 per cent of whom are "peace lovers." When a "peace loving" Australian kills a "peace loving" German, I think he shows no better sense than the black fellow who, when a white man does him an injury, kills the first white man he comes across, be he the man who committed the deed or not. His action is unreasonable, and settles nothing.

"Old Time Matron" asks: "What nation sits back and allows aggression without resentment?" By our deeds, we, all do. If every nation had shown the resentment they should to Abyssinian aggression, the conflict could not have lasted a month. I do not say no resentment was shown, but it was of such a vasoilating character that it did not become the effective weapon which our war. The trouble lies in the fact that we have no adequate organisation to give expression to our international. When it concerns anything of a national nature, we have our law courts, our police force, our judges, ourjuries, and fighting in readiness to deal with the aggressor, but in international matters we have no definite authority. If two people have an argument (no matter how trifling) and they both carry revolvers, there is a great danger of one or both losing life, but when revolvers are forbidden and the matter is taken before a third person or persons to judge and weigh, there is less likelihood of loss of life and more likelihood of real justice. If this is so in individual affairs, is it not also true of nations?

The Hague drew up certain codes, called international law. The League of Nations is distinctly a more binding step, but as yet mankind has not created any organisation which will do away with international anarchy and bring about a state of international law. If all the "peace loving" people of the world decided on an international parliament, an international police force, and total disarmament within 12 months, this could be an accomplished fact, and war would be no more. Are we not weak, knowing we are by far the greater majority of the world's people, that we should allow a minority to bring death, devastation and ruin in our midst?

IsABEL LONGWORTH.

Wong, March 14.

very good work. 68.

Tues. Mar. 24th, 1936. This morning I wrote a letter to the "Advocate" in reply to "Old Time Matron"'s letter. Charlie has gone to East Maitland by train with the plan of our new house. Rainy to day & yesterday.

An Extract from "Father And Reality," by Sir Oliver Lodge; page 118.

"Discussion & friendly controversy are useful in Science. What is not useful is the kind of political controversy & international greed which distract attention from the beneficent processes of nature which humanity can hope to understand & utilise.

Persons so afflicted are sometimes swatted with madness & seek to apply the knowledge already acquired to the arts of mutual destruction.

If the different sections of humanity could only settle down to peaceful cooperation, ascertaining & interchanging knowledge freely, without wasting energy in barbarous conflict, there is no end to the possibilities in front of us. We have learnt so much, we are always learning more; & the utilisation of the energies of the Universe is one of the functions of civilised man.

We live among difficulties, our life is bounded by a struggle; but it may be a co-operative & not a competitive struggle.

Wed. Mar. 25th, 1936. Yesterday Art & I dug some old stumps out of the new block where our house is to be built. In the evening we went to Jose's house & saw Sophie, who has been in bed all day, but now she has some energy & is getting better after her bad bout with influenza. She is now reading "good books," & is taking a more active interest in writing, & is doing It was lent to me by...
BOY SCOUTS

Sir,—I congratulate "Old-time Matron" on her courage and candour in admitting that "the Boy Scout movement is militaristic in design and character," and I hope that the many thousands of readers of your far-reaching paper who have hitherto been debused by champions of the deceitful outfit will see the significance of her candid admission. Lord Baden-Powell's own evidence has apparently convinced "Old-time Matron" that the Boy Scout organisation, though disguised as a benevolent movement to improve boys mentally, morally and physically, was really designed and started to prepare them to take part in warfare, which 10,000 of them died in doing in 1914.

But, while congratulating that estimable lady on her honesty and candour, I must say that she does not see the inconsistency of her remarks following her contention. She still contends that "Scouts cannot be termed a fighting unit while unarmed and defenceless." No, we contend that they are at present a fighting unit. We contend, and have proven, that a major advantage has been and is still being taken of the ignorance of children secretly to instil in them a martial mentality by which they are trained without guns because the presence of lethal arms would awaken them and their dulled parents to the real reason for the existence of the organisation, but when they are ready for the guns they are ready for them. The telegraph will soon mobilise them again when the next stupid war begins.

I am inclined to smile at the amusingly simple remark that "We are perpetual peace an assured fact, and armaments dispensed with the Boy Scout movement would still be a valuable asset for educational purposes." One would think that "Old-time Matron" would remind her that organisation is militaristic in design and character, and was never intended to benefit anyone except warmongers. When an enlightened generation has thrown human warfare to the scrap-heap of obsolete customs the Boy Scout imposition will cease to be. At present it is being petted and fostered by militarists in almost all countries; for it is easier to castrate an ignorant youth into becoming a soldier than it is to coerce an enlightened man. Supporters of decadent capitalism may continue to incorporate into their ranks the Boy Scouts, but when not only "Old-time Matron" but every other honest and candid person will recognise and admit that a cunningly devised scheme to entrap unwary children in the gory meshes of the military net.

Mayfield. 26/3/36.

SHAM HATER.

Thursday, Mar. 26th 1936.

This afternoon I paid 31/- into the Bank of New South Wales for "The National Geographic Magazine. Charlie is making the last of his window frames to-day. We expect to be paid 500 pounds of the £700 for our house to morrow. Sapphire is not well yet; her ear is troubling her. Our Jack has bought a Whippet car for 60 pounds of which Walt lent him 40. I have received a blue paper from the Pension Dept. to fill in.

In answer to the question: "Have you any money in any bank, savings bank, building society, or other institution, or any money in hand?" I replied—"Yes, £1/3/6 in Commonwealth Bank; £7/5/6 in hand; £21 shares in Newcastle Co-op. Society.

In reply to the question, 'Do you own or have you an interest in any house or land property?" I replied, "Yes, an allotment of land near Waitland rd., Mayfield West, 26 pounds.'

In answer to the question, 'What other income have you received during the last 12 months?" I wrote, "None, but Wife received, for household expenses, a total of about £314, wages of sons, & £3 dividend from Co-op. Society. In reply to the question, 'Have you disposed of any real or personal property by sale, transfer, or deed of gift since the pension was granted?" I wrote:

"Yes, my wife & I have sold our jointly-owned house & land at 41 Ingall street, Mayfield East, for £700, of which we expect £500 to be paid this week, & the remaining £200 to be paid, under a second mortgage, at the rate of ten shillings weekly. The purchaser of our house is Mr. Gildon; & until a new house has been built for us at Mayfield West we shall have to pay 25/- per week to him while we continue to reside in the house we have sold. The £700 will be expended on labour & materials used in constructing the new house, & in repayment of money borrowed.

FRI. MAR. 27TH 1936. This afternoon Mum & I went to the office of Reid & Reid, solicitors, in King & Bolton etc., & signed the mortgage of Mr. Harold Gildon, of 32 Newcomen.
street, Newcastle, by which he has to pay us £ 200 by weekly instalments of ten shillings, without interest, except on overdue payments, at the rate of 5 per cent.

Mr. Reid gave us the particulars of the sale of our house to Mr. Gildon. The amount to be paid to us for the house was £ 7,700, of which £ 500 is to be paid as already stated, & a deposit of £ 500. Mr. Gildon paid Kevin Reid £ 30, & Reid & Reid £ 430. In addition he paid £ 3 1:0 as a refund to us on municipal rates which we had paid in advance, and he also paid 1/3 of water rates, making his total payment to Reid & Reid £ 433:19:3:1.

Our portion of Reid & Reid's legal expenses was £ 3:13:1: so we received from them one cheque for £ 480, & one for £ 20:6:2.

From there we went to the beach & to the office of the Royal Insurance Company to have our fire insurance policy cancelled, & to receive a refund of premium. We handed in the policy & were told that we shall receive a cheque for the refund later. From there we went to Kevin Reid's office in Newcomen street & received an "Account of Sale", which is as follows:- Re Cocking to Gildon, Ingall & Gorrick streets Hayfield, March 14th. By deposit £ 20,0.0.

March 27th. To commission £ 17:10:3.

March 27th. To cheque £ 2:10:0.

We received the two pounds ten shillings from Kevin Reid. This morning we got this note from Reid & Reid:-

"You to Gildon & wife. We understand that Mr. & Mrs. Gildon will call to complete the purchase of your property on Friday morning. We would esteem it a favour if you & Mrs. Cocking would call & see us either Friday afternoon or Saturday morning next. Yours faithfully, Reid & Reid."
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Can You Write Plays?

Writers' League Competition.

8/2/36.

The Writers' League is offering a prize of £2/2/.

The conditions are—for a one-act play:

- Play to be based on reality and to be of interest to the working class.
- With the object of making the play easy to produce it is suggested that there be not more than ten characters, or that the leading characters be as few as possible.
- Length about 3000 to 3500 words or about half an hour's playing time.
- MS. need not be typewritten; but must be legibly written if in handwriting.

All MS. to be submitted to:

The secretary, The Writers' League, Box 153, P.O. Haymarket, Sydney, by March 31, 1936.

Entries to be signed by nom de plume only and accompanied by sealed envelope containing the author's address and real name endorsed "play comp."

The entrance fee is one shilling.

Solid or Cubic Measure

| 1728 Cubic Inches | 1 Cubic Foot |
| 27 Cubic Feet | 1 Cubic Yard |
| 244 Cubic Feet | 1 Solid Parchment |
| 124 Cubic Feet | 1 Solid Perch |
| 3 Solid Perches | 1 Brimstone |

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- Table of Time

- 60 Seconds .......... 1 Minute
- 60 Minutes .......... 1 Hour
- 24 Hours .......... 1 Day
- 7 Days .......... 1 Week
- 4 Weeks .......... 1 Month
- 27 Days .......... 1 Leap Year
- 365 Days .......... 1 Year
- 366 Days .......... 1 Leap Year
- 52 Weeks .......... 1 Year
- 12 Calendar or Lunar Months 1 Year

Apothecaries' Weight

| 20 Grains | 1 Scruple
| 3 Scruples | 1 Drachm
| 8 Drachms | 1 Ounce
| 12 Ounces | 1 Pound

1 T/M times 2 is 2, times 3 is 3, times 4 is 4, times 5 is 5, times 6 is 6; 1 T/M times 7 is yourself, times 8 is 8, times 9 is 9, times 10 is 10, times 11 is 11, times 12 is 12.
This morning Arthur started as a teacher at the Belmont public school. I filled in a crossword puzzle, No. 113, to send to "The World's News." I also wrote a letter to the "Newcastle Herald" in reply to G.A. Guest, on Boy Scouts. Today, Rose & Ivy took Naphne to the Newcastle General Hospital to be operated on to cure her ear trouble. Charlie got some of the timber brought from the house to-day. Fine weather.

**BOY SCOUTS**

Sir—During the war many army leaders said that they had been Boy Scouts. Being the best soldiers because of the time spent in the Scout movement. The personal character and initiative, the personal training and the personal enthusiasm, are all things that we strive for in the Scout movement. "Sham Hater," I am sure, will agree with me in condemning any organization that tries to produce very good citizens, because very little people usually prove to be very little people. But the idea is that the Y.M.C.A. is to "Sham Hater," to help me with a lot of little boys in the scout movement.

Kurri Kurri.

**SCOUTING**

Sir—As to Scouting encouraging militarism, a certain Scout told me not to mention it. He said it was the Scouting idea to be a Scout through a Scout leader. Is it encouraging the boys to militarism? My advice to "Sham Hater" is to go to the Y.M.C.A. to a group of Scouts for advice. We find that the main object is to learn bushcraft and take care of one's self. The Scout leader will make men of them all. "Sham Hater" would do better if he looked to something else to worry about. Boys sleeping without beds, with little to eat and sit at night would be something to write about. He must write to the War Department.

"Sham Hater" would be welcome at any Scout meeting. "A Scout is a friend to all." "PATROL LEADER.

**TALK OF WAR**

Sir,—Initiators of war are again conducting their long-ranged activity. People are becoming fighting men. They will be physically fit, mentally sound, morally moral and physically strong. One cannot be in a position to discuss the matter with one's knowledge. There are no words that can be used to describe the feeling of people. The bitter recollections of the last war will still haunt the world. Lessons written in the blood and tears of millions are still fresh in the mind of the people. On Flanders' fields, and on Gallipoli's hills, row upon row of little crosses bear silent witness to the sacrifice that was in vain. The lives of millions of people are being placed in deadly peril without their knowledge or consent. Unfortunately, it is the people in whose name, by whose mandate, these things are done, who have to pay. When capitalism embroiled Australia in the last war, no one was spared to convince the people that the war was a war in defence of all that is noblest in man and woman. Yet today, although the last war, generally assisted by the very people who provoked it, to have bemoaned "withered" timber for profitable markets, we are told that we must prepare for even greater slaughter. Are there any sympathetic fathers who will advise their sons to participate in the new darlings, which may involve the worst of the past, and, by and by, lead to the destruction and despair. Let me permute to the home of the Scouting movement.

The German government paid for every patent machine gun on a British shell, Krupp's, received a dividend eight weeks before the declaration of war. The German Government paid for every patent machine gun by the German government. Mr. W. Mueller, an agent of Krupp, in a letter to the editor of "The Sydney Morning Herald," said that while we were currying the "same royal pretense," we were earning dividends on a quarter of a million of steel exported from Krupp's England for the purpose of combating British munitions. We are told to buy British goods, but we are also told to buy German goods. After we have been buying German goods, what is being done to our defence? Is it not the same as we are doing in the war. We are not being helped by the German gunners. J. SKILLCORN.

F. Castlereagh-street, Singleton.
BOY SCOUTS

Sir.—Despite the fact that Lord Baden-Powell has admitted that the Boy Scout organisation was designed to produce efficient soldiers, my world—humble critic, C. A. Guest, desires your intelligent readers to believe that its purpose is merely to produce good citizens. By "good citizens" he seems to mean those who are so morally well-trained that they are ready to voluntarily perpetrate massacre whenever their country is at war. As the Boy Scout movement has been instilled and carefully fostered in almost all capitalist countries, I presume that some of the "good citizens" who bombed Red Cross stations and callously murdered men, women, and babies, when destroying Harar, were trained as Boy Scouts.

I do not agree with C. A. Guest in condemning any organisation that tries to produce good citizens; but I condemn the Boy Scout organisation, because it is bad, and it produces soldiers under false pretences. If the other bodies that he named exist to take a mean advantage of a trusting boy, by training him to become a target for bombs and bullets, under the pretence that his exercises are solely intended for his benefit, I condemn them also. My opponent does not deny the charge that the pleasant exercises which he admires are merely, to produce "good citizens." Why not be honest with the confiding children and plainly tell them that they are being trained in mind and body to be killers, defenders of a country that is the property of about 8 per cent. of its population? Why should any boy be required to have his ill-clad shoulder against a lamp-post, and put his empty hands into his coatless pockets, be asked to grab a gun? His enemies are at home—not abroad. It would be adding insult to robbery to ask or compel such a person to shoot, or be shot, in defence of those who compel him to live on a dole and dwell in a kerassene mansion.

It is not probable that any capitalist Government will outlaw the Boy Scout movement, for it is too useful for military purposes; but when the boys and their parents understand the real nature of their "good citizens," they will commit suicide, and let it drop into the abyss of detected impostures.

Meanwhile, sham-lovers, who rely on the innocent ignorance of children and the national patriotism of parents, will continue to defraud the Boy Scout fraud, until, by the publication of irrefutable facts, they are shamed into eternal silence.

SHAM HATER

Isabel Longworth

TALK OF WAR

Sir.—Evidently I have incurred the displeasure of friend "Jacques." He contends that armaments firms have been active in financing wars, and that they have not supported the cause of peace. This contention, however, is not in accordance with the findings of the Commission on Armaments, under the League of Nations, in 1921, which states—(1) Armaments firms have been active in financing wars, and in demanding war-like policies, and to increase their armaments. (2) That armaments firms have attempted to bribe Government officials, both at home and abroad. (3) That armaments firms have disseminated false information concerning the naval and military programmes of various countries, in order to stimulate armament expenditure. (4) That armaments firms have sought to influence public opinion through the control of newspapers in their own and foreign countries. (5) That armaments firms have organised international armament rings through which the armament race has been accelerated. (6) That armaments firms have organised international trusts which have increased the price of armaments sold to Governments.

Our friends says more power to the armaments firms, because they give people employment and pay wages. He is quite evident that there exists an infinitesimal minority of unfortunate who retain the illogical characteristic of their philistine ancestors. Lord Welby said: "We are in the hands of an organisation of crooks. They are politicians, generals, manufacturers of armaments, and journalists." Henry Ford said: "War is deliberately caused, and prolonged through the wire-pulling of armament-makers. For the peace of the world it would be better if all makers of armaments, and all war mongers were executed as enemies of society. They have absolutely no concern for science, putting dollars before lives, the employment of the boy. I read an article in "The British manufacturers supplied arms to both Japan and China during the recent Japanese war, England, the U.S.A., and Japan, supplied both sides with armaments."

In the South African war, the Boe
Fri Ap. 3rd, 1936. Today Charlie & I finished putting the foundation pillars in position. Mr. Adams came at the new house & gave a price for laying the bricks. His price is 119:15:0. Fine weather.

Daphne is getting on pretty well at the hospital. Jack (son) is about to build a gal at his place. Walt is to draw a plan for him. The Tarro Council has approved of Charlie's plan of our new house.

on Ap. 6th, 1936. Yesterday morning, I walked over to Carrington English church to attend a service, but I arrived just before the end of it. The parson, a little dark man named Moore, took me over to the Wickham English church, where I heard him preach a rambling sermon that was sadly worth listening to. After the service I had a friendly argument with him, during which he said that he is against war & preaches against it. But I found that he is in favour of a war of defence. I visited that church before, but never saw Moore before. In the afternoon I went with Mum, Ivy, Keith & Jose in his car to the Newcastle hospital, where I saw Harry Bull in ward 2, & Daphne in ward 11. Harry looked very thin & yellow, but he thinks his trouble is dropsy. I fear, however, that it is cancer. Afterwards I had a chat with Tom Reid & his wife, who live at Kerewether. Tom & I worked & camped together on the Sydney to Newcastle road. Fine weather. At 5 p.m. Daphne had a birthday card over the air from 2 R D, on her 7th birthday, Jose gave her a nice watch to wear on her wrist. She is getting better, & may be let out this week as an outpatient.

Thur. Ap. 9th, 1936. Last Tuesday was too wet to do much at the new house, so we only worked half a day before we left it. In the afternoon the rain cleared a while, so Charlie went back & worked again. Since last Mon Mom Charlie has employed George Pile, of Stockton, to help him with the carpentering work, at 15 per week. Yesterday we were all working again at the house. I finished putting white ant cement on the floor joists, & Charlie & George went on cutting studs, as the there was too much wind to erect anything. Bert Smith, the bricklayer, & his mate built part of the brick wall at the front of the house, & finished the wall at the back. The water was laid on on Mon morning, but only just inside the front fence. The rainstorm has now passed, but a strong, cold West wind is still blowing. Art is going to Sydney this evening.
ROY SCOUTS.

To the Editor, "Newcastle Morning Herald",  
Sir, I thank "Patrol Leader" for the kind advice & invitation he gave me, but there is no need to attend a Roy Scout meeting to learn the origin & purpose of their organisation, for that has already been revealed by its military founder.

If I did attend I would probably find that the deluded children are blissfully ignorant of the fact that all their pleasant lessons are skillfully designed to train their minds & bodies in such a way that, as Lord Baden Powell admitted, "the final polish of drill is then quite easily applied to give the collective discipline & cohesion needed for military purposes.

I might also discover that even some of the scout leaders are not aware of the fact that they are unconsciously preparing the boys to be "boys of the bulldog breed who have become so much imbued with the thought of national patriotism, sacred duty, & loyal service, that they, only require the recruiter's siren call to become soldiers.

I might also find that not only the innocent boys but their trainers also are ignorant of the fact that loyal service mostly means active service, which is the respectable name for brutal human slaughter.

I know that I would find the leaders making men of their youthful dupes, but what kind of men?

The rev. quest told me they become "very good citizens", & "very good citizens usually prove to be very good soldiers,

He also told us that "during the war many army leaders said that the men who had been Scouts were often the best soldiers".

While Roy Scouts are being trained to be very good men who will be very good soldiers, I can readily believe that war is not mentioned for the same reason as rope is not mentioned in a hangman's house.

To honestly tell the poor boys that they are taught to signal because they will find the art useful in warfare would give the show away; or to candidly inform them that they are taught to build bridges, & do many other things that are necessary in war, would be to warn & frighten them away from the drill-halls, so they are cautiously caught by the artifice described by Lord Powell as "putting sugar on the pill".

A Scout may have told the boys, "not to be dashed silly, " & "to leave militarism alone"; but the fact remains that they are no trained & insidiously filled with military morality & perverted ideas of duty that they mostly are "dashed silly" when the recruiter bawls.

For many years I have been looking at & writing about the shameful fact that boys are starved & forced to sleep under bridges by the very class that trains them to defend the social muddle which makes them paupers.

I am afraid that I would not be very welcome at a Scout meeting if I told them the naked truth that they are being mentally inoculated with the fatal virus of militarism.

Capitalism needs soldiers to support its decadent social anarchy; as it is now very difficult to cajole any except Roy Scouts to enlist in the army, the Roy scout counterfeit is encouraged & praised in most capitalistic countries.

Then that dodge fails through the awakening of the boys' parents, the old plan of compulsory military training will be tried again.

I remain,  
Sir, Yours sincerely, Sham Hater.
Yesterday we received the following letter:

"38 Osborne Street, Cango, 7/4/36. Dear Brother & Sister,

I know you are wondering why I have not written before, but everything is so dull & miserable here in Cango that I have had no heart to write. Also we have had Vera Duley here with us for some time. Little Joy had her terrible cough back again, & the Dr advised us to take her away inland for change of air. The strike being on, it was a good opportunity for him to do so. Mona stayed with her other Grandma, & Vera with us.

Lee could hear no news in Goulburn, where they were staying, so they came home, but have gone back again, only staying a few hours. Joy has gained one pound in a fortnight, & her cough is not just so distressing. She was missing Vera very much, so they have taken her with them. Lee will spare no expense or trouble with his family. They have a nice little car, & he makes good use of it. Nellie & family are well & Pearl has grown a beautiful girl. In every way, she spends every spare minute she can with us, for she adores her Grandma, I suppose you have heard of the past strike, well, just when we had everything ready to resume work here our local men connected about 16 grievances, & behold, while Port Kembla is going ahead, our poor idiots are still cooling their heels. I suppose I am not a loyal unionist; but when one sees some of them rolling home with their strike pay one is apt to get disgusted. Thank God, I spared such a sight.

My dear old man has saved us 6 weeks rent painting the roof, fixing the stove, & other painting; we all feel proud of him. Lee has been a real son to him, for he helped him in all the hard parts. Jim has only been home about thrree days for the ten weeks strike. He has travelled hundreds of miles, & is a real mugger. He takes his $4/4 - a fortnight strike pay, & with a mate & a tent, he travels & camps until it is done. He does not take a skilling from us. It has been a good experience, for he said he lives on 2 meals a day, & a bit of roughing it does a man good. He is really six feet high, & over 15 stone, & his muscles are like iron. His mate is going to join the police force, but he thinks he would prefer hard work.

Well, Joe, that is all the news, so far. You will be pleased to hear that I am still well again. I can take a short walk on level ground, help to cook the dinners, & make cakes, etc. I have been to see my 2 girls in Cango; & my Dr says I am a credit to him. So don't be surprised to see your old sister again, after all. Ask Jimmie does she remember the hot crs & sams I didn't make on Good Friday, so many years ago. Memories come back with vengeance, don't they? Lila, George & sons will be with us for Easter. I don't think the mine will work even after Easter, so Jim will not be home until he is sent for. At present he is at Greenwood Point, 17 miles past Nowra. I will conclude now with love from us all, & remain as ever, your loving Sister,

Elizabeth Jane Pettigrew. I will send your books this week."
Easter Monday, Ap. 13th, 1936. Showery all day, but Fred helped Charlie at the new house all day. This afternoon Rose also came & helped until 5 p.m. & took Fred & me home in his car. Ivy came in & told us Daphne is getting on splendidly.

Vally Full called this morning to tell me of his father's death, for he thought that I might not have known of it. I posted my letter to Sister this morning. Yesterday morning walked to the Broadmeadow Methodist church, which is near the railway crossing in Broadmeadow Road, & heard young Mr. M'o-rrow preach on the text. "He is not here; he is risen. "He is not a good preacher, but his sermon was good. There is no roll of honour visible in the church.

Last Thur Arthur went by train to Sydney to spend his holiday there. Walter went in his car to Katoomba. Florence went by train to Tarne, near Maitland, to visit Mary Marchant, who is now married. Charlie, Fred & I worked at the new house on Good Friday, Sat & to-day, as we have to shift in another month.

Thur. Ap. 16th, 1936, Yesterday Art brought home his first pay of £1 1: 6: 8 for teaching. He is to get another cheque to-day.

Charlie, George Pila & I were working at the new house. All of the ceiling joists are fixed, & the braces are in. The floor joists are nearly all nailed down. Daphne is getting on so well that she may be home this week as an out-patient.


Tarro Shire.

The following building applications, involving expenditure of £200, were approved at a meeting of Tarro Shire Council on Wednesday:

- Newcastle Cremation Company, brick dwelling, four rooms, cost £30.
- T. Mullejohn, Main-street, Mayfield West, weatherboard dwelling, three rooms, £250.
- J. Coeking, Maitland-road, Mayfield West, weatherboard dwelling, seven rooms, £600.
- P. Zipovich, Sedman-street, Mayfield West, weatherboard dwelling, five rooms, £450.
- R. Wigham and H. Sawell, Main-street, Mayfield West, weatherboard dwelling, five rooms, £900.
- Mrs. S. Hulme, Greymore-avenue, Mayfield West, asbestos garage, £18.

Adamstown.

Adamstown Council this week approved of the following applications:

- Mrs. C. Thorp, Buxton-street, additions.

Saturday, Ap. 18th, 1936, At the house working with Charlie, Art & Fred.

On Sunday morning I walked to the Methodist church at Adamstown & heard Butler preach on "Blessed is he who believes & does not see. There is a roll of honour there with 120 names on it. I had a chat with Butler on militarism, & he told me he would kill a burglar if one entered his house, with the least compunction. He is a jingo.

Mon. Ap. 20th, 1936, Worked at the new house all day with Charlie, George Pila & Frank Robinson. The Eastern wall is now boarded up, & the Western wall is boarded up to the windows. Florence went to nurse Fred Redhouse's
wife yesterday. She has tonsilitis. Billy Quiggin took some windows & the rond anvil-block up to the new house last evening. I have to withdraw 60 pounds from the bank this morning.


To day Frank & George have boarded up the west side, the front, & part of the back of the house. Art took a carload of blocks & chips to Jose's house. Jose also took some in his car. He has not been well during the last 4 days, but is better now. Daphne is almost quite well again. A cold west wind blew all day.

Sun. Apr. 26th, 1936. Charlie paid off George Nile on Friday last. He is keeping Frank Robinson on. The roof is now ready for the tylers. The weatherboarding is nearly all done, & the W.C. is partly boarded up. The brickwork is not finished yet.

Fred helped us yesterday afternoon, & Walt in the evening.

Daphne is now at home, & is almost right again.

I have received a question paper from the Pensions department with the following questions:

- Please furnish name & address of solicitor who acted for you in the sale of property, 45 Engall St., Mayfield East.

I answered: "Reid & Reid, Bolton & King Streets, Newcastle".

2. Do you propose to build on the land you have recently purchased in Mayfield West? If so, please state when.

Reply: - Yes, we are building there now.

3. How much is at present owing to you by John Coking?

Reply: - Forty pounds.

4. Please forward your own & your wife's bank books for personal, & state how much cash you & your wife have in hand.

Answer: - Bank book is enclosed with this. Thirty nine pounds in hand. Amount in hand will vary as withdrawals are made & labour & material are paid for.

Florence is still nursing Mrs. Redhouse, who is much better.

Friday May 1st, 1936. This morning I walked to Newcastle & withdrew & 60 from the Commonwealth Bank. I bought 8/3 worth of wages stamps for Charlie, & took up & 5 to pay Frank Robinson. I helped Charlie & Frank to put up the fibrous plaster sheets for the ceilings. All of the rooms but the kitchenette are now ceiled. Florence is still at Redhouse's place. Last Sunday I went to the Adamstown English church & had a chat with the parson, Redwood, who is in favour of warriors but not of war! There is no rool of honour there.
Our roof was finished to-day; Charlie paid £45: 7:6 for the tiling.

Thur. May 7th, 1936. Florence left Redhouse's place last Saturday.
Yesterday I finished putting down the concrete floor at the new house. Charlie & Frank have nearly finished putting up the fibrous plaster sheets. The outside doors are hung, but the windows are glazed & in position, but not finished. Percy Smith's bill for labour & material for building is as follows:

"8th May 1936, Mr. J. to P. A. Smith Gone on cottage, Maitland Road, Mayfield.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Brickwork delivered</th>
<th>£ 3:9:12:9</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Cement</td>
<td>16:1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sand</td>
<td>13:0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Black mortar</td>
<td>1:15:0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mortar for tile roof</td>
<td>3:0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Steps</td>
<td>1:41:0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Labour</td>
<td>5:15:0</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

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I have received the following letter:

"Greenfield Terr. Portreath, nr Redruth, Cornwall. Mar 3rd 1936
Dear Mr. Cocking, Just going to answer your letter & thank you for those nice books & papers. We trust you are all keeping well as it now leaves us. Just after Christmas we were both very bad; both had the flu. It made us very weak for weeks. They say it's a fever; I should say it was. Very glad you received the views of St. Mary. Yes, they are taken good. The lady that sells them keeps a small shop & those are the only ones she had then. I will try to run up there & see if I can get more like them, & send them on. Never mind what they cost; glad you have them. My son is working again & I am glad to say, as it threw him out of a school. He has one little boy, 6 years in May. My girls are splendid—both at Falmouth—. Myra is 13 May: she is a big strong girl. Kath hasn't been too good of late, & has gone very thin. I would like her to come home & have a rest for a few weeks, but she says she is feeling much better. Well, dear friends, we have had a very cold, wet winter; plenty of rain & storms. Glad when our summer comes.

I see you have a little new grand-daughter. Glad the mother is getting on so well. One of our neighbours has just died—left a little baby & 8 others; awful sad. Mr. Cocking,
we hear too much about the big bugs; there's not much good in them; they're anything for gain, doesn't matter who they rob: & war-- it makes you sick to read about it; & parsons & preachers are all alive to it; Boy Scouts, Girl Guides, Brownies; are all for war. How wicked to destroy what God has so wonderfully made for all our needs.

We thank you for sending us all those nice books & papers. You must excuse any mistakes & scribbles, as my eyes are so bad this week. Well, the papers are all good reading. Glad you get ours. You will see it is made larger; & we are putting another & a stamp on. The postmistress said if we do so you ought not to pay more to receive them. Tell them they are weighed by her. They charged us 2d more for two lots of your papers; it's a shame. They say it's because the clerks in office are kicking for more wages they make us pay the extra.

The world is beatiful--it's looking lovely. We have a wooded valley leading to Lllogan parish church, just across from here, & the trees, primroses & violets & little ferns are all lovely how to rule it! If only the people knew scarce to us! Too dear to buy! Potatoes 1/2 a gallon -- half a day or so, & sometimes it's just like water.

Oh, we sent out in one of the papers, the full account of all votes given in England, Scotland, & Wales--special leaflets. They must have opened the paper & taken them out, sent purpose so you should see how it went; but Labour wasn't beaten very much. Now dear friends, we all join in sending our love to you all. Your sincere friends Emily & Harry Webster.

P.S. Hope to hear from you again soon.

Sun, May 10th 1933. On Friday & yesterday I was busy digging a trench 20 inches wide & 20 inches deep for the plumbers. Charlie, Fred, Walt, Harry, Horley, & "Holly Riley" were all busy making the new house ready to move into next Friday. Art helped me to dig on Friday, but he went to Sydney by steamer on Friday night, as he has 12 days to work; but he will return to-morrow night. I am not going to any church to-day as I am too tired & have too much writing to do.

I have typed a 2 page letter to Mrs. Emily Webster to-day.
ARMAMENTS

Sir—There are tremendous possibilities for world peace in the League of Nations. If the statesmen of Britain, France, and other League States truly seek free from both internal and external pressures, in this pressure armament firms play a sinister part.

Armament firms have formed international rings to ensure steady profit in order to secure large orders. They have exploited their own nations by artificially maintaining exorbitant prices through the operations of trusts. While claiming to be patriotic, they have supplied all countries with armaments, including enemy countries. They have deliberately created war and war scares, and have influenced elections in the various countries which they have bribed Government officials, and have lied about the military and naval programmes of other nations in order to induce them to increase armament programmes in other countries. They have sent representations to international conferences in order to hinder the achievement of disarmament.

Many people who have not studied the sinister side of the European armament trust perhaps may smile at such sweeping statements. But all are necessary to meet this scion with accepting authoritative support. The League of Nations is a very moderate institution. The Governments of Europe which compose it are in some cases imperialist, and all but one capitalistic. The Commission, which the League appointed to inquire into the problem of the private manufacture of arms came to these conclusions in 1924—

1. Armament firms have been active in undermining and in persuading their own countries to adopt warlike policies and to increase their armaments.

2. Armament firms have attempted to bribe Government officials both at home and abroad.

3. Armament firms have disseminated false reports concerning the military and naval programmes of various countries in order to stimulate armament expenditure.

4. Armament firms have sought to influence public opinion through the control of newspapers in their own and foreign countries.

5. Armament firms have organized international armament rings, through which the armament race has been accelerated by playing off one country against another.

6. Armament firms have organized international financial trusts, which have increased the price of armaments to Governments.


How the armament ring has profited out of the last war, is shown by the following—A system of

SYDNEY, Tuesday.

The Education Department announces the following transfers and appointments of public school teachers.

ASSISTANTS, ETC.

Miss L. Brown, Smith-street to Balmain Boys; Miss E. Laird, Smith-street infants; Miss H. P. Lactey, Summer Hill to Kincumber; Miss M. Evans, Bellenglen to Punchbowl Girls; Mr. B. Roberts, William St. to North Wollongong; Mr. C. Morgan to Granville.

Transfer: Appointments

Schools and their transfers are as follows:

[School names and details]

TEACHERS.

Mr. G. Sangster, Bankstown to Warragul; Mr. N. Board, Balmain Boys to St. Peters; Mr. Y. Baker, Smith-street to W. C. Fogg; Mr. J. W. Clarke, Bankstown to Church; Miss F. Mitchell, Bankstown to Doornspas; Mr. W. S. Gilmour, Summer Hill to Rose Bay; Miss M. Peck, Bankstown to Western Sydney College.

FIRST ASSISTANTS.

Mr. R. Cox, Balmain to Hurstville South; Miss M. Hiller, Balmain to Fairlight Infants.
J. Cocking Esq.,
41 Ingall Street,

Dear Sir,

Referring to the writer's conversation with you a few days ago, we have now been advised by our Sydney Office that the amount of the refund referred to was £1:6:1d.

We have pleasure in enclosing herewith our cheque for that amount, and we shall be glad if you will kindly sign and return the attached voucher in acknowledgment.

Yours truly,

[Signature]

OFFICER IN CHARGE
Sunrune 11th, 1936. I have received the following letter:—

Dear Brother & Sister, just a line while lying in bed again. After many months of splendid health, I took another heart turn on Sunday night at half past 12 o’clock. The doctor came at once, & I had 2 needles again. I have so far recovered that I can sit up & write to you. My heart is so much stronger, also my strength, that the attack has not left me much weaker. It is 7 months since I had the last turn; & the Dr. thinks the weather has been responsible.

I still rest a diet, so I cannot do any more, can I ?. It was a heart asthma attack, the Dr. said it is very distressing, even cruel, but not dangerous if caught in time. I am not afraid, Joe, for I know there is only one who gave me life & He alone can take it. We are all well, & write in sending love to you all. I promised to let you know how I am, & I will keep my promise, Your loving Sister & family.

I suppose you have shifted into your new home.

I have written a 3 page letter in reply to Sister’s letter.

We also received this letter from brother Rob:

June 34th, Lismore Street, Abermain. Dear Joe & Jenny,

Everything comes to those who wait”. So says an old proverb, but I somehow have my doubts about that. My reason being having to wait for so long for a reply to my last letter I wrote to you. However, Jim & Ethel were up here on Saturday & they told me you had shifted into your new home, if that is so, well—however, I cannot excuse you as I am sure you have been very busy, night & day, painting, fencing & everything to make you all comfortable. You will, I am sure, tell me all about it when you find time to answer this letter. As in regard to ourselves, we are all quite well notwithstanding the awful cold days we are experiencing up here for about 8 weeks. I never felt so cold in all my life as I have felt this Winter. Our padock is coated white every morning with hoary frost. Just as soon as the warm days approach us again I will come down & see you in your new home. Now is your time to set a few young mulberry tree plants in your ground. You can get them in Newcastle at any flower shop. They grow & thrive very quick, & they are a beautiful shade in Summer. Robby & I have been busy painting the Methodist Church; it is now finished & looks well. It was, of a voluntary job, but we did it as well as if we were paid for it along with 2 other members of the church. Things are very quiet up here; nearly everyone is on the dole roll, as Abermain number 3 is closed down pending the installment of the new coal-cutting machines, which will cut 6 feet under the seam in one cut. Also they are going to have an electric
wheeler— no horses— one boy to drive is all required.

Now, in conclusion, I do so hope you will be quite happy & comfortable in your new home. Probably some day we may have a home of our own. The Bible says "Riches has wings", so we may be a resting place for them to light on, — who can tell?.

We knock along somehow or other on the dole, from month to month.

We are going to start on the garden again— it's a little help for us. Bob won all his heats in the tennis competition. He is in 3 other finals. He got beat by 3 points, & missed a nice cup. He may win one of the finals yet. He killed the pig a fortnight ago & dry salted it; so it is a big help to us. As for myself, I don't like it. I can only eat smoked bacon; but that don't matter— all the others are fond of it, & enjoy it to their heart's content. Our frying pan works overtime now, in the mornings. Now give my love to all the family, accept the same same for yourself from brother Bob, with love to all.

Rain set in to-day. Looking dull, with cold south wind blowing.

If you are busy with your new home, which I dare say you are well, you can write when you have some spare time.

Ever since my last entry I have been too busy to write my diary; but it may be summarised by saying that I helped Frank Robinson, George Pile, & Charlie to build our new house, & since it was finished I have put cemented paths from Walter's garage to the front gate: also concrete path at the back of the house & to the W.C. Yesterday we erected our 35 feet Oregon wireless pole; & last night we had our first music on the receiver, in our new house.

Florence has been nursing a Newcastle tailor named Leslie, about a fortnight. As he is getting better, she expects to wish nursing him next Monday. I have been suffering with a sore boil where my left leg joins my body. The sore spot is on the right side, just above the hip, is much better. Art is away in Sydney to see Florence Williams. He has a short holiday.

Sat. July 11th, 1936. To-day I received a letter from the Pensions Dept. containing these questions:

Have you now built your new home?.

Reply:— "Yes, but it is not quite finished."

Are you now living in it?.

Reply:— "Yes)."

If not, what is the position regarding same?.

Reply:— "The £ 500 received for the old house at 41 Ingall Street have almost all been spent on labour & material for a new house, & will be quite spent by the time it is completed. Of the £ 200 being paid on second mortgage by Mr. Geldon, at the rate of £10/- weekly, £ 95 will be used to repay the £ 95 we borrowed, & probably more will be spent on material. We also owe the designer & builder £ 40 for labour."
Josiah Cocking, Esquire
331 Maitland Road
Mayfield West, N. S. W.
Australia

Dear Sir:

We have received your letter postmarked June 16, and we are glad to know that the December, 1935, and January through April issues of the Magazine reached you safely. Copies for May through August have been mailed to you at 41 Ingall Street, and we trust that you will be able to obtain these issues by inquiring at your former address. In case you are unable to locate them, however, we shall be glad to have you advise us so that we may make an adjustment. Delivery to the address used in the heading of this letter will begin with the September number.

We wish to take this opportunity to assure you that it is a privilege to number you among our members, and we hope that we shall have the pleasure of retaining your name on our membership roster for many years.

Very truly yours,

George Hutchison
Secretary.
required to complete the house & outbuildings. I cannot now say definitely what the total cost of the house will be when completed.

The soreness in my right side has not gone; indeed it has been worse in the last 3 days. Fred & Art are finishing the front verandah. I have emptied the boxes of books & have put the books in the garage. Florence is still nursing Mr Leslie. Ali Burgess is dead.

Fred has bought a 6 valve "Crusader" radio receiver from David Jones & Co. who allowed £7 off the price—29 guineas.

We had 2 "Westinghouse" receivers from Wilks to try out; a "Paling" receiver from Paling & 2 "Crusader"s from O Jones. We kept the small "Crusader".

Fri. July 26th, 1936. Yesterday I received this letter—

"Hiemore St. Abermain, July 22nd, 1936.

Dear Joe & Jonny, My reason for not answering your letter sooner was because I thought you might be still busy working about your new house & knowing as I do that the days are so short that you would be working all the spare time at your disposal; hence my delay.

Well, you will I am sure be pleased to know that we are all quite well; but it is beyond my comprehension to have the slightest idea how we are so, being on the dole & having to put up with the bitter cold days we are experiencing up here.

I never felt so cold in my whole life as I feel up here. Our water-tans refuse duty every morning—they are frozen & wont run. My clothing seems to be warm enough; but it's the frozen air we breathe that makes us so cold.

To modify your anxiety for me not writing to Liz-Jane; well, I wrote 3 letters to her; I also sent her a beautiful bound book on Christian Science, & she has not yet answered me. Oh yes, I got her address all right.

The old woman—our next-door neighbour—has died from a severe cold in her lungs. Mr Hiles & his family are all home here again. First of all, the lorry broke down, & it will cost more than they can afford to pay for repairs to it; so they had to give up carting wood at Orange, & come home. Then on top of it Mr Hiles has been very ill, suffering with heart trouble. He is still in bed, attended by the doctor. He is a nice man; & I feel very sorry for him indeed. From enquireis to-day he is a lot better.

It is hard luck for all of them, as they were making a living at Orange. The pits are going well up here now, excepting Central Aberdare, which is idle because the manager installed a new kind of coal-cutting machine, & the miners contend that it is
dangerous for sparks off it. The District Check Inspector--Mr. Connely--says there is too much gas about; but the Government Inspector says there is no gas there, so far, as Connely is concerned, I take no notice of him. There is a colliery up her--Pelor Main--& about 6 months ago he ordered all the men out of it, because, he said it's full of gas. Well, they went out & are still out; & you will be surprised to hear that it has been working full time ever since with free labourers: it hasn't blown up yet. The name of the pit is Adam. I quite believe, on account of your being so busy, you had little or no time to read your paper. However you probably have heard that Mussolini has killed or wounded all the poor Blacks he could lay his hands on. He is now calling all his chero home again. The blood-stained villain will now decorate the murdering villains with medals for bravery in shooting down women & children like dogs. Mussolini says he will modernise the Blacks. Yes, the Russians were told that if they broke down the Czar & did away with Capitalist trading, they would be in a glorified state; but it turned out to be modernism mockery. The Dictator invites the soul to salvation, but denies it a sufficient favour: he invites the Russians to be healed with a doctor; to the alleviation of hunger without bread. They are coming, hungry, for bread, but are given a stone, are sent starving to death. They were told how to heal their sick, by prescri ked an opiate called sin to ease their pain, & left die eternal death. Modern Russia offers the soul a form of likeness without the true God-character--without the true Christ redemption without the necessary regeneration; justice without justice of God; peace without the proper propitiation--with the righteousness of God; piety without true purity of heart, without honest essentials. Modern Russia's faith is hopeless & its love lifeless. Mussolini belittles the blood of Christ, & curses the cross of Calvary. Now, in conclusion, give my love to all the family & accept same yourself. If you have any "World's News" you can send to us. Brother Bob.

Florence paid us a short visit last night. She is still nursing Mr. Leslie, who is lingering on, but the doctor does not expect him to live much longer, poor man. Since my last entry I have been too busy to write. To-day Charlie is going to pay 25/- 1/2/- for the "Airzone" radio receiver. £ 37/18/6 is the amount to be paid after a allowance of 2/- is made for the old receiver, or 2/- for that & 3/- for discount; but they would not call it discount. The verandah & garage are not quite finished. I had a foundation for a 10x12 workshop; but I have only laid it plan to be made & approved of by the Tarro Shire Council before I can go on with building it.
WHAT IS CRAFT UNIONISM?

An obsolete, weak device
That's very dear at any price,
Though greatly overrated—
A perch, where opportunists crow,
A hulk that's barnacled and slow,
A tortoise antiquated.

It's like a dozen similes;
But let us be content with these
Comparisons at present.
I wish to say a thing or two,
My dear craft union friends, to you,
That may lie most unpleasant.

Now, first of all, I wish to say
Craft unionism's had its day
Of triumph—and disasters;
No longer does it stand erect
With dignity and self-respect—
It's grovelling to masters.

Instead of organizing ONE
BIG UNION, as you should have done,
You crawl to Arbitration,
And tell your master's judge how much
Your Mess is of such-and-such,
And like the degradation!

It often makes me fume and rage
When judges fix the paltry wage
For you— the working classes.
Combined, you'd fix your wage yourselves,
For every slave who digs and delves,
You stupid, patient asses.

Excuse me if I go too far
In telling you just what you are—
A mob of driven cattle,
Who foolishly are quite content
To let your dreary lives be spent
In labor—or in battle!

You waste your energy and health
In piling up colossal wealth
With which the bugs are swollen;
And then you "arbitrate" to find
How much your masters (well combined)
Will "give" of what they've stolen!

Wake up, my drowsy friends, wake up!
No longer be like master's pup.
UNITE, and you'll be able
To call the wealth you're making "mine"!
No longer cringe, and beg, and whine
For crumbs from master's table!

All wealth is made by workers' hands
Upon the seas, or solid lands,
And should belong to workers.
Possess yourselves of lands and tools;
Don't arbitrate with thieves, you fools,
Nor share with idle shirkers!

All capital is surplus wealth
Exploiters use to get by stealth
Much more from slaves who make it.
Your LABOR makes the wealth one sees
(For motor-cars don't grow on trees)—
Why not COMBINE and take it?
— "Taraxacum."

Sun. July 26th, 1936. This morning I have written a letter to Brother Bob. Yesterday son Jack helped me to make a path at the side of the garage. Fred put a window frame in the garage. On Fri. Iput wire around the fernery; & yesterday Arthur & I put wire netting around it.

Thursday July 30th, 1936. Florence is still nursing Mr. Leslie. To-day I made a concrete path between the back verandah & the fernery. I also cleaned out the old but & removed the old oilcloth. Cartis & Davies have begun to build a house for Mr. Freedman next door to us on the Eastern side.

Saturday, Aug 1st, 1936. Fred & Walt put the ceiling up to the verandah. Very cold weather.
Wed., Aug. 8th, 1936. Yesterday I got this letter:—
"Aug 8th, 1936, Lismore St, Abermain.
Dear Joe & Jenny, I received your telegram Saturday morning, & I went down & got the parcel, for which I cannot, in writing, express my heartfelt thanks, to you for sending me up such a beautiful pair of new blankets, of which I was so much in need.
You & Jenny are the only ones who feel disposed to kill the fatted calf for me. Others of the family could, if they would, do me a good turn now & then; but they are like the many read of in Luke's Gospel— they want to pull down the old barns & build new ones. I have not asked any of them for anything, & I shall be sorely pushed before I will. They have a knack of forgetting what I have, in times past, done for them; & I would do the same again if it was in my power. But my turn will surely come yet; as the one that laughs last laughs best. I never mourn my lot, as I always take the days as they come. I feel sure that some day I shall not be about all I desire to make me more comfortable. Therefore I don't fret nor worry, as I am blessed with good health & strength; also as from to-day I shall be able to sleep warm & cosy, thanks to you & Jenny for being able to do so.
I am so pleased to get the new blankets, which I was so sorely in need of.
Now, in conclusion, I am sorry to say that our boy here (Allan) has to go into the hospital on Monday for an operation. He has been pinching himself to see how far his water would go; consequently he has done himself a lot of harm—so much so that he has to be operated on. It is quite a usual practice among small boys, but when overdone is very harmful. We, of course, would tweak him for so doing; if we had seen him doing it, I am again pleased to say, with the one exception of Allan, we are enjoying splendid health up here at present. I don't know when I will be coming down to see you, as the days are yet short & the nights bitter cold.
Now, once again accept my kind love & thanks for the nice blankets you sent up to me. The parcel of reading matter you sent up will keep us quiet for at least a fortnight: it is the best yet. To-day's weather is cold & showery with a bitterly cold Southerly wind.
With love to all of you, from Rob."

Thur. Aug. 8th, 1936. Yesterday I typed a letter to brother Rob, & included the following verses:
"Godless Russia"

You wrote of "Godless Russia", Rob, as though it stood alone among the nations that still rob a worker for a drone!
POLITICAL LABOR LEAGUE
(An Incorporation of the A.L.F. and L.E.L.)

I, the undersigned Candidate for selection by the .......... Branch of the Political Labor League, hereby pledge myself not to oppose the Selected Candidate of this or any other Branch of the Political Labor League. I also pledge myself, if returned to Parliament, on.. occasions to do my utmost to ensure the carrying out of the principles embodied in the Labor Platform, and on all such questions, and especially on questions affecting the fate of a Government, to vote as a majority of the Labor Party may decide at a duly constituted caucus meeting.

Signed

Witness

Branch Secretary
Mr. J. Cocking,
331 Maitland Road,
MAYFIELD WEST.

Dear Sir,

Please find attached Building application form, as requested by you on 31st ultimo.

With regard to buildings - it will be necessary for you to show plan of all structures to be erected.

Yours faithfully,

C.H. Hodson,
Shire Clerk.
But "godly" nations praise the swine who revel still in gore,
defying laws that are divine, as they have done of yore.

Since godless Russia freed the slaves whose toil provided feasts
For rival parasites & knaves & "holy" lying priests,
Each "godly" ruler of this half continually
To make those free Republics fall by bullets, shells, & lies!

For centuries the Russians toiled on capital mountains & on plains
To pamper drones who had despoiled the workers of their gains:
But when the Revolution came
the workers, like a hoard
Washed out the cause of want & shame in streams of tears & blood.

The Russians find no urgent need of profiteers & kings,
And clerical obsessed by greed, nor other useless things.

In Russia, now, the workers stand with liberty & health,
Possessing all the tools & land in all their Common-wealth.

They stand, with dignity, erect; no more they cringe & whine
Nor pauper benefits expect from autocratic swine.

The WORKERS own, the wealth they make in factory & field:
In liberty they freely take the fruits their labours yield.

This angers those who live by stealth from all the working mob
And flaunt their vast, ill-gotten wealth before the men they rob.
Behold them as they swiftly pass in motor-car or train
While swagmen starve & die, alas! in Winter's wind & rain.

Those "godly" robbers! God is not the One who made the stars,
But Gold, that's spent where morals rot behind the private bars.

They rob the workers night & day by methods they belaud;
And what they steal the legal way they keep by force & fraud.

It ill-becomes those "godly" men whose armies shoot & prof
And murder for the Upper Ten to cant to us of God.

The Russian women—once debased in untaught servitude—
By education now are raised above the vile & rude.

At tasks requiring brain or brain they toil with lathe or pen,
Enjoying all the wealth they gain on equal terms with men.

Now, unconfined in filthy huts in hot-beds of disease,
Those ladies live no more like slaves that only lived to please.

In modern mansions they reside, where all is clean & new,
Enjoying health & wealth, with pride, once owned by but the few.
Where children perished by the score & few remained alive
Through needs want & ills they bore, new babies now survive.

Religion there is not a trade that's followed by a mob
Of hypocrites who bless the blade of those who kill & rob.

No Russian State supports a Church whose parsons proudly prate
Of dupes who left Christ in the lurch to serve a heathen state.

Each citizen may pray or swear—may worship or decline—
And only those who worship bear the cost of things divine.

I long could sit & write my rhyme in praise of Russian men,
But I have not sufficient time to write with typewriter.

So this at present must suffice, though much I'd like to tell
But tasks neglected are not nice! I therefore say Farewell."
Fri. Aug. 14th, 1936. Florence is still at Leslie's, nursing. Yesterday I finished making a concrete path up to the foundation of the workroom.

The following letter was received on or about the 20th of August, but was not copied:

"July 26th, Nismore St., Abegain.

Dear Joe & Jenny, Your letter to hand all right. Yes, I went down to get the parcel of reading matter. For such we are very thankful; it was the very best lot you ever sent to us. As you are somewhat anxious regarding whether I am fully clothed to stand the cold: well, as far as my clothes are concerned, I can manage all right in that respect. As you are aware, the days are now getting a bit longer & consequently will be getting warmer. Getting warmer. It is my bed-covering that pinches me most of all. The full facts are, my blankets are too thin. Let me state more fully, so that you can understand better.

When I came up here first Gladys got me a stretcher; also a pair of grey single-bed blankets. Well, then, some time after, you came up to see me, & condemned the stretcher as being too small. That being so, Florence gave me her double bed. Well, young Dorothy took the stretcher; also the 2 single-bed blankets. Just then Gladys got an order, & among other things she got a pair of double-bed blankets & gave me the pair she was using. It is a pair I bought for them when they got married. They were only a cheap pair. They have been in use for 9 years; consequently they are done for as warmth is concerned. Well, then Gladys mother gave her a dark blue blanket, which she put on my bed. It is also an old one. This is what I do to keep warm:

Every night I put on my bed 2 overcoats, also a floor-mat I made a little while ago; as I have no counterpane or quilt of any kind for my bed. I have managed along so far the best I could, as I did not like to make you a chopping-block all the time you have been extremely kind to me in different ways from time to time. That being so, I have endured the cold nights quite unknown to you; & I am looking forward to the nights getting warmer. I would not have told you now, only you have been somewhat anxious to know if I am short of anything—hence my reason for stating the full facts.

Jim & Ethel were up here on Friday last, in his car, & Ethel brought me a new jersey; but it was too big for me; so I asked her to change it for me & get me a pair of trousers instead. She is going to do so & send them up to me. Anyhow, I never did wear a guernsey in my life. I don't care for them. We have started to plant the garden again; it will be a good help to us shortly.

Now in conclusion, I am again pleased to say we are all well: also Mr. Miles is greatly improved & is now out of bed.

Jim told me Uncle Johnny is again gone to work; he is handy man up at the B.H.P. manager's house. I was quite sure he
would not be out of work long. As it seems quite impossible to convince you that Russia is an ungodly nation, I will, for the time being, give up trying. Yes, you are right; Aberdare miners will go back. Yes, I will come down & have a look at your new house as soon as the days grow longer & warmer. Now, give my love to all & each of the family, & accept the same for yourself from brother Bob.

The reason I wrote quick back is because I wanted you to know I got the parcel all right. Many thanks for it.

If you are busy on your footpaths you need not hurry to answer this letter. We shall be kept busy for some time with the nice parcel of reading matter you sent up.

Last Wed. I received the following letter from Mrs. Webster:—

"7/8/36. Greenfield Terr., nr. Redruth, Cornwall. My dear Friend many thanks for your kind letter received a few days ago.

I am pleased to say we are all fairly well at present; & I do hope, Mr. Cocking, that you have got over your little trouble by now, & that you have finished your new house by now. We have had a new back kitchen & lavatory built; it's very convenient. Our closet was half way up a long garret; so now it is in the back kitchen; so I know only that it is a humbug & mess. Now I am letting my rooms for 5 weeks; so you can fancy me having a lively time. I have to raise money to pay for it. We can have as many in August & end of July now than we can take in—nothing before nor after.

I see you don't care for the paper. We have been tired with it too ever since it started, & now we gave it up. We don't have one on the Sunday. Many thanks for all the nice papers you sent us; there was good reading in them. My both girls have been home & spent their holidays. Myra goes back to night. We are having lots of frost; not like Summer. I think God is angry with his people. You can't feel to trust the preachers not teachers nowadays. It is as you say, it's for warfare all the time. In our churches they have brownies, scouts, rovers all paraded the town the other day—Sunday.

Oh, Mr. Cocking, since I last wrote to you little Mrs. Chinnock in Sydney has died. She wrote & told me she had to be X rayed & she was, & undergone operation & died in January. Her daughter promised her she would write me & let me know how she got on. I cried when the letter came, & she was gone. I got to love that nice little woman. Such lovely letters she wrote me; & views, & her photo & husband's. She was little; & he a big tall man. He came out of hospital a day before she went in. Isn't it sad news? But there! God knows best what is best for us. Anyway, I have lost a dear Christian friend; & they are very few now.

Dear Mr. Cocking, I was thinking to be able to send you some more views, but have not had chance to get around to you."

2607
then, but I will. I wanted to get some views of Gwannop Pit. There was a lovely service there. Preacher was the Bishop of Truro. The weather was cold & showery, so I didn't go any-
where for the day. I don't hear that there is any photos taken of it—why I can't think. The one that used to take &
them has died this year: no one left to take his place.

They want so much out of it, then I suppose they let it go
by. We all join in sending you our best love to you all. I re-
main your sincere friend, E & H. Webster.

Should be blessed to hear from you again soon.

Sat. Aug. 15th, 1936. Mrs. Holder & her Mother—Mrs. Edwards—
took Jeff & the younger daughter to 35 Old Canterbury Road,
Lewisham, where they have gone to live. They vacated the house
next door to us yesterday, & gave us a lot of flowers, which
Mum & I planted.

On Thur. I received this from Bob:—
"Aug. 10th, Lismore Street, Abermain. Dear Joe & Jenny, Your let-
ter to hand all right on Friday last. I have noted your deep
admiration & respect for that ungodly nation, Russia, & I must as-
that your benignant for a nation who has ordered God out of it, & have, by their actions, burnt the cross of Christ,
is beyond my comprehension. But they have erected a cross
for themselves on which is written the name of their god.

You may not know the new name—well I will tell you—
Debauchery, Drunkenness, Exploitation, Rapaciousness; & under
the shade of their cross your wife works in the coal pits;
their babies are abandoned in the streets; & moral codes are
set aside. However, I have come to the conclusion that you
are case-hardened, & to convert you to my way of thinking is
an impossibility: consequently I will let you alone on the Rus-
sian question.

No Uncle Johnny never came up to see me. If you knew that man
as well as I do you would have come to the conclusion, when he
told you he was coming up, that he never had the least intent
of doing so. I am surprised to know that you really thought he
was. If he had done to me all that he promised to do I shou-
ld be wearing a new suit of clothes & writing this letter by
the aid of a £3/10 pair of glasses. I am sorry you don't
know him yet.

Re your inquiries as to my wants, well, I may say that now
I am fixed up in my most urgent wants. Re a warm bed, I can
manage now quite well. I am quite decent & respectable on
Sundays, & fairly tidy on week days. However, I kindly thank
you for your deep interest in my welfare. My only regret is
that I am not in opposition to reward you for your kindness
to me from time to time. I remember old Mrs. Ford, who was my
housekeeper. It often happened that if there was a big go at
the Army she used to bake up a whole lot of.
things, & I would ask her who would pay me for the stuff, she used to say, "Don't worry about the payment, Bob; God will pay you for it." Well, I hope that you will be rewar ded in some way for what you have done for me.

Well, now, as to the food: we manage to knock along with what we get. We all have the happy knack of not complaining about it. We are just like the boy to whom a woman gave a halfpenny bun. She said, "I am sorry, son, that it's not a p penny one." The boy said, "Oh, it's all right Mrs.; when I am eating it I will just fancy it's a penny one." Our bacon is not do or yet. While I have not been eating it, it has been a wonderful help to the family. I am sure they will be sorry when it is all done. We also get one or 2 eggs a day, which the children much enjoy. Well, to add up the food scale; I might say we have not yet gone hungry. It is a matter of what don't fill will not fatten.

Ethel has not sent up the pants yet, but I am not doubting her, because I am thinking when Jim gets a day off they will come up in the car & bring the pants with them. Notwithstanding that, I am quite conversant with the fact that Ethel is not a benevolent woman; yet somehow I think she will keep her word.

Allan, our boy, is still up at the hospital. He is coming on fairly well to-day when Gladys was up to see him. We are making a welter of the reading matter you sent up, I keep them clean & pass them on to a family that is pleased to get them. Now, in conclusion, give my love to all the family & accept the same for yourself. From brother Rob, with love to all. Mr. Miles is a considerable lot better; he is now walking about, but he is still very weak. Their lorry is now fixed up again, & the 3 eldest boys are gone back to Orange to work again carting wood. Our party here is all well, including myself.

To-day is showery; cold wind, light rain.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Don't send any food up to us as Bob has started to work on relief work again. He gets paid the basic wage for 5 days a half; then he is off a week; then go on again, & so on. It will be a considerable lot better for us now, insomuch that we will not require any extra food. While thanking you for your desire, ever so much, we shall now be better supplied in our household requirements.

I also received the following letter from Mrs. Annie Holland;

29 Wattle Street, Punchbowl; Aug. 11th, 1936.

Address:— 118 Irish Harp Road, Prospect, Adelaide.

Dear Mr. Cocking, You will have wondered why I have not re-plied to your last letter written many months ago. My reason for the delay was that I couldn't give you any idea when Mr.
Fraser would have his book on Harry's life ready. You will remember that you advised me to hurry him up. If it had been the life of any other good man that passes on that he was writing about, I then would not have felt backward in stirring him up. I could never think that Mr. Fraser's feelings towards Harry's life work had changed; & I feel sure that in due time that book will be published. There is no one in the Labor Movement with a better knowledge of Harry's life & work. I am sending you "The Railway Review", that I received last week from Wellington. I've written for several more copies. I know that you will be pleased to see that someone in New Zealand has written such a nice tribute. I was hoping that I would have been able to take a run up to Newcastle to see you all before leaving for Adelaide. I came back here in March & will be returning next Sunday. Roy said in his letter of last week that the memorial will not be finished before the new year, & that the memorial Committee suggest having the unveiling at Easter, when there will be some 200 delegates from different parts of N.Z. present. The delay was caused through the Italian war. The marble is coming from Italy. I sent you a couple of "Standards" some time ago, I think there was a description of the memorial in one of them.

What a dreadful state the Labor Party is in in N.S.W. It is heart-breaking to those who are heart & soul in the movement's welfare. There are faults on both sides, that are responsible for the wrecking of the Labor Movement. I am living in a house that sings Mr. Lang's praises, especially Allan's wife. She can't see where he has ever done any wrong. Allan argues that all he has against him was the unfairness in giving the tin hare license to Sam Horrern & his associates instead of to the people that spent 50,000 pounds on the ground at Mascott. That is a sore point with Allan, as he lost & 400 over it. Allan all his life has been a straight goer; & he understands the Socialist & Labor Movements as well as anyone; & he has no time for the rail-sitters—he would rather a man say straight out what he thought about was right. I asked him what he thought about Garden. He said he never thought much of him. I think Garden is doing more to wreck the party than anyone, by his articles in "Smith's Weekly". I could never believe in a man or woman that posed as a Laborite if they took the quarrels of their own side to the enemy Press. We never hear of the Tories coming along to "The Labor Daily" with an attack on any of their members & they, too, have their squabbles, but hey are always united when election comes round, to beat Labor. I only wish that I had the gift that many other women have; I would spend the rest of my days defending the workers' cause.

Roy is advertising manager with "The Standard". He is also a member of the Wellington Hospital Board. Harry Grenfell is Private Secretary to the Prime Minister. Aggie's husband,
after being out of work two years, got a start in the railway on the 13th of last March, & is still holding the job. They were thinking of going back to N.Z., but when he got the work they decided that his chances were as good in Adelaide as in N.Z., although he was 16 years with the N.Z. railway.

How are you all keeping since I heard from you? Do you know people named Cox living in your district? I think his name is Maxwell Cox. He is married to my niece. She was Hazel Tresise or Tresise. We tried to locate them that time we saw you, but they had shifted from the place we went to.

I will conclude with kindest regards to Mrs. Cocking & family; yourself included, From your sincere friend, A. Holland.

This Saturday afternoon I planted 8 trees for Mum; 4 in the middle of the back yard, & the others in the front. Fred is painting in front; & Art is doing some carpentering inside. This has been a lovely sunny day. Jack, Gladys, & the 3 kids "bedibles" last night. Florence is still missing Mr. Leslie. Leslie, Walt is mending his motor-bike.

Mon. 17th Aug. 1936. Today I am ill; but I stood & typed a letter to the Websters, & included "Godless Russia". Tonight Florence is going to Sydney by boat with Mrs. Leslie's housemaid, who has 3 days off duty. Mr. Leslie died on Saturday & was cremated yesterday.

Tues Aug 18th 1936. I am much better to day. The weather is lovely, & I gave spent most of the day reading in the sunshine. I posted my letter to the Websters this morning.

Wed. This afternoon I posted a letter to Mrs. A. Holland, 118, Irish Harp Road, Prospect, Adelaide. Florence rang from Sydney to day to inquire about me & to ask for money to enable her to stay longer than she had intended. Charlie sent it to her. Another nice day, but a bit windy. Holder's empty house is being repaired.

Sun. 23rd Aug. 1936. Yesterday Art & Fred worked about the house. I dug a little in the garden. Ken Parker called this morning to fetch the paper from the agent's shop, but I told him there was no delivery on Sundays. Last thur. I went to doctor e Ulick Bourke & got a plaster & a bottle of medicine for my right side. I then walked to Pacific street & saw Mr. O'Hara at David Jones' shop. He showed me a gramophone for which they want £2 10; but I am waiting until they fix the pickup to the airzone receiver before I buy the gramophone. Florence & her 2 companions are still holidaying in Sydney.
On the way home I called at number 53, Elizabeth street, Tighe's Hill, to find Mr. Maxwell Cox, whose wife is a niece of Mrs. Annie Holland, but found that he & his wife, Hazel had shifted 12 months ago to Donald street, Hamilton. To day I intend to try to find them.

Later:
I found Mr. & Mrs. Cox in Donald street, & they promised to write to Mrs. Holland.

Wed. 26th Aug, 1936. Florence & her companions returned from Sydney last Sunday morning. To day she has gone to Newcastle with Mum. I have received a letter from George Hutchison, the Secretary of the National Geographic Society, dated July 22nd. To day I have finished reading, for the second time, a little book entitled "Life in California." I do not know the author's name. The book was written in 1845-1846. I have posted a note to Sister to day informing her that Art & I intend to visit her next Tuesday. Yesterday I sent a letter to Mrs. Holland to tell her of my discovery of her niece, Mrs. Hazel Cox. To day Art is white-washing the dining room.

Sat. Sep. 5th, 1936. Last night Arthur & I returned from Sydney, & brought Florence Williams home with us in Jose's car. Art & I went away from home last Monday morning & got to Lionel Carpenter's house at Earlwood about dinner time. We had a little to eat there, & Art left the car at William's house while we went by electric train to the central railway station, & took our 3 portmanteaux to the People's Palace, where we paid 6/- for a room (43) on E floor, for one night. I stayed there after tea while Art went to Earlwood. He brought the car from there & put it into a garage near the Palace. On Tuesday morning we left by car for Lapto, & got there in the afternoon with a tramp named Peterson whom we picked up near National Park.

We inquired for Pettigrew's house, & were directed to young Charlie Pettigrew's place. His wife told us where to go to; & we were very sorry to find my sister ill in bed with a heart attack. She looked very ill, & could not move her back. I gave the children the little books, & gave Elina a book of adventures in hunting lions in Africa.

We stayed at Nellie White's house on Tuesday night, which was clear & frosty with the full moon shining. We met Bob Woodward at Nellie's house, where he is staying to be massaged by Bob White & Jim Pettigrew (Ad) for the cure of an injury to the lumbar muscles of the back.

We slept there on Tuesday night; & on Wednesday morning we photographed the group, consisting of Nellie, Bob Woodward, Bob White, Art, & Pearl White. (I gave Pearl 2 little books on the art of painting & drawing). Art & I went back to Jim's place & fond that my sister was a little better, & could eat & move about. Lila Richardson (nee Pettigrew) came from
Jamberoo especially to see us & brought her children too, & a portrait of her husband, George, for us to see. We said good-bye to Sister, & went back to Bob White's place, where we photographed Nellie, Lila, Florrie, the 2 Robs, & the children; & Bob White's little grey motor car.

We left Dapto between 9 & 10 o'clock on Wednesday morning & drove across the mountain & Liverpool Valley to Mittagong, Moss Vale, & Bowral, where we picked up a tramp who had no swag & no money, & brought him down to Earlwood, & then went to a garage, where we left the car for the night while we again went with our luggage to the People's Palace. I met Bessie Macfarlane there in the lift; & she told me that she is going home next Wednesday for 3 weeks' holiday.

On Thursday morning Art & I went to Hordern's & saw an "Adam" hand-printing machine, which an employee explained to me. There I bought another white porous pot for a Leclanche electric battery, for 2/- (I had already bought 3 porous pots & 1 zinc rod at Nock & Kirby's shop). I also bought 3 cookery books to give to Nelly, Florrie, & Lila.

On Wednesday Thursday afternoon Art & I had a trip around the portion of the harbour outside of the big harbour-bridge, after seeing the zoo at Taronga Park in the morning. We took a photo of the harbour, with a steamer in the foreground, from Taronga Park. We slept in room 67 on 2nd floor at the P. Palace on Thursday night.

On Friday morning we went to the Teachers' College & looked through it. From there we walked to Anderson House, Glebe Point. In the afternoon we went to the Art Gallery; & while I looked at the pictures Art went to the Education Department to make some arrangements & arrangements about teaching in Sydney. From the Art Gallery we went back to the Palace & got our luggage out of the store room, & took it down to the car at the garage. At 4 p.m. we drove to where Flo Williams works in a shorthand college, not far from the big bridge. She arrived about 5 past 4, with her mother & little brother. (We had dined with Mr. Williams in the Central station).

We drove over the big bridge, through Hornsby, & on to Mayfield, which we reached about 9 p.m. last night. This morning Flo Williams & art drove to the steelworks & had a look at the works. On the way home, in Moolooga street, the car would not start; so it had to be towed home. Fred is finishing the garage this afternoon so that he can paint it later on. The weather is lovely to day.

I have written a short note to the buildings surveyor, Tarroshire, about the plans & specifications for our new farmery & workshop. This afternoon Joes is taking Florence, Mum, & Keith, Keith & Daphne to the cinema.

Last night Mum gave me a letter from the Buildings Survey or, & a letter from Mrs. Annie Holland, which is as follows:
118 L. Irond Harp Road, Prospect, Adelaide, Aug. 29.
Dear Mr. Cocking, These are just a few lines to thank you for taking so much trouble to locate my niece; it was very kind of you, I am very pleased to hear that they appear comfortable, I think they have had some fairly hard times, like many others, I was also very pleased to hear that you found them sociable. If my niece takes after my sister, the late Mr. (Mrs. T.) Trezise, she could not be unsociable.

I will be looking for that promise of letter; but if I don't get it I will feel relieved to know that they are not on the unemployed list. Tom Trezise, whom you were introduced to is a brother, I don't think I told you that Mrs. McVitty, wife of the Rev. Andrew McV., is Harry's niece. Her mother & Harry's were brother & sister. She was a Miss Martin of Queanbeyan. I have read statements of the rev. gentlemen's, & I think he is a true friend of the unemployed, I often feel sorry that Harry had not been able to see you when in the district some years ago. You would have found him just the same as when you knew him in the struggles while trying to end, in those days, the poverty & misery that existed. I wish that those who are now wrecking the Labor Movement would take a lesson from his way of dealing with disputes in the Party. He at all times objected to party differences being given to the enemy Press.

My daughter Agnes could tell you, if she was living over there, how under her dear Dad's leadership, how in the caucus meetings, every day before going into the Chamber in the debates, how strict he was against the differences of the members' opinions being aired in the daily papers. They would go into the House united.

Kindest regards to all, from A. Holland."

Mon. Sep. 9th 1936. Yesterday morning Art took Flo Williams & me to the Mayfield Army citadel; & in the evening he took her to the Hamilton railway station & saw her off for Sydney, or Liverpool, where someone would be awaiting her. Winnie Drylie was here too last evening. She is nursing at the Kurri hospital.

I have caught a bad cold through riding home in from Sydney in Jose's car. Ivy gave birth to a son on Tuesday, the first of September, 1936. I don't know what he is to be named.

This morning I have prepared to send "The Commonsense Cookery Book" to Morris Ruley; "Miss Fuller's Australian Home Cookery" to Lila; & the Presbyterian "Cookery Book Of Good & Tried Receipts" to Nelly White.

Sat. Sep. 19th 1936. Last Thursday was Mum's 62nd birthday, & Charlie gave her a pretty flower bowl; & Jose & Ivy gave her a carpet-sweeper.
Following is a copy of letter from Mr. Hutchinson:

"Memo from Health Inspector, Tarro Shire, East Maitland,
2nd Sept. 1936. J. Cocking, Mayfield. Dear Sir,
I am in receipt of an application for permission to erect workshop. I beg to advise you that it will be necessary to forward 2 copies of the plans & specifications, & accompanied by the necessary fee of five shillings for every 400 square feet of floorage, or part thereof. Note: plans must be in ink. Trusting this matter will receive your immediate attention. Yours sincerely J. C. Hutchinson, buildings surveyor."
I have received the following letter:-

"Tarro Shire Office, East Matfield, 7th Sept., 1936.

J. Cocking, Esq., Mayfield. Dear Sir, enclosed please find plan as requested.

Your application form is in order providing the cost, (£15) is correct for the whole of the work.

It is only necessary now to forward two copies of plans & 2 copies of specifications, together with the fee.

Yours sincerely T. C. Hutchison, Inspector."

The following is a copy of the letter that Mum wrote to Art & me when we were at Dapto. As we left Dapto before the letter arrived there we never got it; so it was sent back to Mayfield.

"331 Matfield Road, Mayfield West, Sept 1st, 1936.

Dear Dad & Arthur, Don't get a fright through me writing this note, I have to come to pencil for I can't find a pen in the house, only a fountain pen, & you know I can't write with that. Anyway, I am not writing to excuse a pen; for Jose told me to write & tell you Arthur, to be sure to get some grease pumped into the wheels of the car; get it pumped into the back wheels.

Now both of you hold your hats on tight, if you have them on when you receive this, as we are all excited to day over a new arrival. Ivy had a son to-day at 2 o'clock: so now, Dad, the grand-children are mounting up. I have not seen it yet. I went up this morning & then came home. Florrie has been up all day, & I am going up to-night but only for 5 minutes. I won't stop, as she is so nery. Keith & Daphne are still in bed, but I think they are getting up to morrow.

Jose has not been to work to-day; he is as pleased as Punch, He reminds me of yourself when the event came off.

We are all well here, & hope you found all down there the same,

& especially Aunt Lizzie, as it is pretty miserable to be sick. Thank you, Arthur, for the phone message, as it eased our minds to hear you were all right.

We have our cupboards, & we will do our best to have everything as near finished as we can for your return, although we have wasted to-day.

Well, I think this is all the cheek I can give in writing, as I don't want evidence against me. I hope you are enjoying your tri;

so now I will close with love, Mum,

Let Art read this too, Dad. Excuse pencil. Don't forget that grease, Art."
much as I like the book, & that is quite a lot. I was home to-day to see Mum; she is getting better. We had her up to-day for half an hour, & when her time was up, she was very willing to get back to bed. She is very weak, but as long as she is getting better that is all we want. I read your letter to Mum, & am glad you enjoyed your holiday, but sorry that you caught a cold on the way home. You gave us a surprise with the news of Rose & Ivy's new son. I hope they do call him Robert; I have weakness for that name.

You must excuse this writing, Uncle. I am not blaming the pen this time—it is the ink; but I know that won't worry you. Bob Woodward started work on the new Illawarra bridge last Monday. He is the leading hand carpenter, & it is a twelve months job. Give my love to Auntie & cousins. Rob & Pearl send their love also. We are expecting Ethel Woodward & Vera & Vera's boy-friend for the week end.

I suppose, Uncle, you will have many a pleasant hour thinking over your trip. It was a pity you should find Mum ill; but she loved seeing you, & keeps talking about you. I will conclude now with fondest love to you & all. I remain your loving niece Nellie, x x x x x x x x x x x x x x x.

Sun., Sept. 27th, 1936. Last Sunday morning I walked to old Lambton & attended a holiness meeting of the Salvation Army corps. The officers in charge are Adjt. Taylor & Capt. Tully. Only I besides myself were present, because most of the bandsmen were at the Lake outpost. I sounded the Adjutant on militarism & found that she is quite ignorant on the subject; but she seems to be a very nice, earnest woman who does the best that she knows. Private Harris, an Englishman, seems to be a very active soldier of the corps, but he defends warfare for defence.

In the afternoon I went to the Islington Park & heard some speeches on the war in Spain. Mrs. Longworth was one of the speakers. I asked her afterwards to take the agency for "World Peace"; & she said she would write & let me know.

I have received the following letter from Florence Duley (nee Pettigrew), my niece:-

"Mrs. L. Duley, 359 Prince's Highway, Dapto, Sunday 6 a.m.

Dear Uncle & Auntie, also family, I'm most sincere thanks for my book, which is very nice. I am trying a ginger sponge receipt out of it to-day, that my old book did not have.

Well, Uncle, I have been very busy lately with Mum & Joy. I have Joy in bed now with a bronchitis attack, but very thankful to say she only has one very bad day & night with it now. She is slowly growing out of it. Mum is improving slowly; she is up, but not like her old self—very uninterested talks when you speak to her; but cannot make her own conversation; & only skin over her bones. She seemed a bit
brighter last night. Vera Woodward & her young man, also Ethel, are down for the week end, as Ethel has to go over to the Lake side to live with Bob. He is working there on a bridge, making it across the Illawarra Lake from Port Kembla side to the channel side, instead of going through Dapto by road, & Shell Harbour.

I have just got Lee off to work, Sunday shift, & my children are still sleeping. Vera Woodward & Pearl have been sleeping up with me as Nelly did not have enough beds for all hands. Edna Duley is still working. My Vera is still the same healthy girl; & Melville is well, except a cold, & I am wondering if it is the first sign of whooping cough, as it is very bad here.

Lila also wishes me to thank you for her book, Uncle. Our 2 cars, with the visitors, went to Jamberoo yesterday; & Lila had made a cake from her book, & made a great success of it, & was very pleased with herself. Her boys are both well also her husband.

Well, Uncle, I will have to conclude now, as I have to call Vera & Pearl at 7 o'clock. They are going over the Lake with the people for the day. I remain with love from all, Florence & Lee & family.

Following is a list of payments made to Kevin Reid on the £200 mortgage, at the rate of £10/- per week:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Payment</th>
<th>Balance Left</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>June 3rd, 1936</td>
<td>£4 0/0</td>
<td>£196</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>July 2nd, 1936</td>
<td>£3 0/0</td>
<td>£193</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>July 24th, 1936</td>
<td>£2 0/0</td>
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<td>Aug. 26th, 1936</td>
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<td>Sept. 24th, 1936</td>
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<td>Oct. 15th, 1936</td>
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<td>Nov. 11th, 1936</td>
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<td>Dec. 14th, 1936</td>
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<td>£180</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jan. 10th, 1937</td>
<td>£2 0/0</td>
<td>£177</td>
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<tr>
<td>Mar. 17th, 1937</td>
<td>£2 0/0</td>
<td>£175</td>
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<tr>
<td>Apr. 12th, 1937</td>
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<td>May 10th, 1937</td>
<td>£2 0/0</td>
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<tr>
<td>June 29th, 1937</td>
<td>£1 0/0</td>
<td>£165</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Florence is still nursing doctor Thompson’s 2 children. She came home for a few minutes today (Sun., Sept., 27th). The Dr. & his wife brought their home in their car. Yesterday I re-transplanted the lettuce plants that Jack gave us, as they were not growing well in the clay. Fred & Art were busy carpentering & painting about the house & garage yesterday. I did not go to any church this morning as the weather was too cold & threatening to rain.

(Florence finished nursing at Thompson’s to day.

Oct.

Saturday, Sept. 3rd, 1936. Old Mrs. Sheldon, widow of George Sheldon of Wallsend, is dead. Jose attended her funeral last Sunday at Wallsend.

Sun., Oct. 4th, 1936. Madge Amos (nurse Amy) was married last night to Tom Webb. They are to reside at Tom’s mother’s house. Florence attended the wedding. Fred & Art were painting the house & front fence yesterday. Fred was up late painting the inside of the kitchenette. The civil war in Spain continues, & the rebels seem to be successful.

Wed., Oct., 28th, 1936. Last Sunday morning I went to the Mayfield West church in Paruna street & heard a young man named Symes preach to about six persons on Naaman & his reluctance to do a simple act to be cured of leprosy. Afterwards I had a long argument with Symes, & found that he believed in war & would probably go to the next wholesale murder. Since my last entry I have been to the New Lambton Salvation Army Hall, where Adjutant Strange & a lieutenant are in charge, & saw old Sol. Woodbury & Major Brylie & Nick Smith (envoy). I also visited the Old Lambton Methodist church & heard Mr. Southwell? (I think that is his name) preach. After the service I had an argument with him on war, & discovered that he is a loyal jingo Imperialist who is in favour of war & honour-rolls. There is no roll in that church. Yesterday I was ill with stomach & bowel trouble, & had to go to bed in the afternoon. We sent for doctor Rourke, but he did not come. This morning I telephoned to him & told him he need not come now, as I am almost well again. He told me to call & see him about the sore spot in my right side. This morning Florence is ill. She was vomiting last night.

Tomorrow night Fred & Jose intend to start by steamer for Melbourne, as Jose had his holidays from then, & Fred has leave of absence to go with Jose.

Last Saturday I sent a packet of “World’s News” to brother Bob, & a short note & a birthday card with this verse on it:—
Dear Bob,

In the strenuous game of Life's cricket
You have yielded the willow to none,
But have manfully stood at the wicket
Till your score is now seventy one.
And in stormy or pleasanter weather,
May you keep adding runs to your score
And keep fielders alive "hunting leather"
Till your score is a hundred or more!

Sun. Nov. 1st, 1936. Last Friday morning Jose & Fred left home to go to Melbourne by train (not by steamer as I thought), & they are to be away only one week, though Jose has a fortnight's holiday.

I had an interview with doctor Bourke on Friday, & he said that my right kidney's support is enlarged, & that not much could be done to remedy it; but that if I keep my bowels in good order the kidney would not trouble me much, although I will have some pain with it. He gave me a prescription for some chalk mixture for my stomach.

At chemist Donald's I weighed & found that my weight is ten stones & three pounds, which is 4 pounds less than I was some years ago.

Yesterday I got this letter from brother Bob:

"Oct. 30th, Lismore Street, Abermain. Dear Joe, Your extremely short note to hand on Monday. I thought at first you had run entirely out of writing paper; then again I had thought as your endeavours to convert me into your way of thinking & becoming a disciple of that Atheistic nation-- Russia, yet when I come to think of it I feel sure you have no desire to see or hear that I have thrown to the four winds of Heaven my belief in a living, creative God, to be a convert of Soviet Russia.

Then, again, I thought you had become like the rest of the family & had come to the conclusion that I am not worth bothering about. Yes, I have read Bondy Hoare's praise, in the paper, of that glorified city of Moscow. I give him praise-- credit for telling a few facts when he says that the artisans' wages are not to be compared with ours. He also reminds us that women work in the coal pits.

However, I might say that I have no desire to become unfriendly with you or anyone else over what I think of Russia. I have the courage of my convictions to say what I think is wrong & what is right. I can't say I am sorry you have stopped taking the "World's News", as you are still taking the "War What For?". I hope you will save them all up for me & send them along. I do enjoy reading them. As a matter of fact I abstract a lot of their contents for a lesson for the senior class at the Sunday School."
Thanks for the nice birthday card: also the "War, What For?" journals. I might also remind you that all the reading matter that you send along to me I keep clean & give them all to the young women's Methodist Church Guild. They bring them over to the Kurri Hospital along with other reading matter.

Well, now, in conclusion I am pleased to say we are all well here at present, for which I am most thankful. Nearly all the young men are gone away from here for work in the country. Our one-horse town is now composed chiefly of tennis clubs, greyhound dogs & other breeds of mongrels, bikes, idle miners, bush-fires, clouds of smoke, dust & dirt, beer & bad debts, & juvenile profanity.

As I have an everlasting dislike to this sin-stricken place, I would welcome a change into one of the benevolent homes, if I could get, but they are all overcrowded at present.

Kindly give my love to all the family & send the same for yourself from Brother Bob.

P.S. You will remember that a few days before Jose got married I gave him a canary: also a cage; but, alas, a cat killed the canary. As one of the girls in my class is giving me a canary for a birthday present, an idea struck me to the effect if the cage is still empty, & he has no bird in it, he could send it up to me to cage my canary in. It would be more suitable than a soap box. Please understand I only ask for it if it is empty & idle.

I have written a 3 page letter in answer to the foregoing letter.

Tuesday Nov. 3rd 1936. I have been busy putting a back in the inside of the hut at the top of our yard, & have nearly finished the work. I am lining it with sheet iron, I have planted the 24 tomato plants that I bought at the Co-operative store, & have a packet of dwarf peas to plant.

I have received the following letter from Mrs. Webster:

"Greenfield Terrace, nr Redruth, Cornwall, Sept. 33rd, 1936.

Dear Mr. Cooking, We just received your welcome letter: pleased to get it. See you are fairly well, & trust by the time this reaches you that you will be feeling perfect, as I am pleased to say we are at present. My visitors came & went. They were very nice indeed. I had 5 parties, each staying a fortnight.

With this I am sending you the photo of our house, with Mother (that's me) looking a fright. They all say "Burn it!", but I tell them when they get sixty-two they won't look like mother, perhaps. I was in the midst of my morning work when these people came along to take our photo, & I went out & plain.
The window with the x marked at back is what your poor old Aunt died in. What a dream life is— or just like it! We are having a lot of very dull weather: plenty of fogs at night; it makes you feel so heavy.

Shall be glad to hear you are settled in your new home. It means a lot of work removing. Many thanks for the crowds of papers you sent us. Yes, the postage is all correct. We received the "Sydney Mail": Pa enjoys looking through & reading them. He is almost well again. I believe your prayers, Mr. Cocking, has helped him. You said you were praying for him to get better; & now he's grand. I believe in prayer from the heart—real. We trust Mrs. Cocking & all your family are well.

That was sad about that poor fellow your daughter nursed—poor chap! We have had lots of people here in the village sick just lately; the ambulance has been kept busy—so many operations. One poor girl is operated on Monday; to day is buried: a pretty girl, only child: poor father & mother heart-broken!

My 2 girls are splendid. Kath has been home a fortnight—just gone back. We had a nice time; it was lovely weather, so she took me around a bit. I was indoor 6 weeks—no time to get out while our people were here.

Now, Mr. Cocking, we all send our kindest regards to you all. We remain your sincere friends H. & F. Webster.

Will write again soon: in haste for post."
Thur. Nov. 5th, 1936. Pension day. I drew my fortnightly pension of 34/- this afternoon, & posted a "Sydney Mail" & a bundle of heralds & a letter to Harry & Mrs. Webster. In the letter I wrote the following verses, which were suggested by the remark in Mrs. Webster's letter: "What a dream life is--or just like it?"

Is Life A Dream?

Is Life, then, but a dream? & shall we wake to find
The light of morning stream on loved-ones, true & kind.
Who passed from dreams away to realms where life is REAL--
Those realms of endless day that sacred books reveal?

What mystery is life! & what a maze is death
That ends decay & strife by stopping human breath!
Instinctively we dread the advent of this foe
Who fills the earth we tread with tears & hopeless woe!

But those who read & think of things that are divine
Do not despairing sink to death, like dogs & swine;
The thoughtful have a hope, which "Revelations" give,
In Heaven's ample scope eternally to live.

Though life may be a trance, beyond the starry blue
In future days, perchance, we'll find a life that's true;
And then, maybe, we'll find that death, whom now we hate,
Is but a friend most kind who swings ajar its gate!

I have received this questionnaire from the pensions dept.

1. What is your full name & address.
   Ans. Josiah Cotton, 311, Maitland rd., Mayfield West, N.S.
2. At what post office is your pension paid?
   Ans. Mayfield.
3. What is your fortnightly rate of pension?
   Ans. Thirty-four shillings.
4. Are you single, married, widower, widow, or divorcée?
   Ans. Married.
5. If married is your husband or wife a pensioner?
   Ans. Yes, my wife has no pension.
6. Have you been employed during the last 12 months. State n.s.
   Ans. No.
7. Rate the amount you earned during the last 12 months & the rate of wages you are receiving at present.
   Ans. Nothing.
8. Do you receive board & lodging either free, or in return for services. State which, for how long & from whom received.
   Ans. No.
9. Are you in receipt of a war pension or any other allowance from the repatriation department, or any other pension or superannuation allowance. If so, give full particulars.
   Ans. No.
10. Do you keep a shop, lodging house, or boarding house, or com
duct a business of any kind, or have you an interest in any shop or business. If so, state nature of same; also state gross receipts & profits made during the last 12 months.

Ans. No.

11. What other income have you received during the last 12 months. Reply should include rents, dividends, interest, or any other income.

Ans. From repayment of mortgage, £ 4;0;0; Co-op. div. & int. £ 10;2;6; Commonwealth Bank interest on money now withdrawn, about £ 1.

12. Do you own or have you an interest in any house or land property. Property includes freehold, leasehold, & property being purchased by instalments. Give situation of each property & its value.

Ans. Yes, the one we live in; cost £700;0;0 but not valued yet.

13. If you own or have an interest in only one house, do you live in it.

Ans. Yes.

14. If you own or have an interest in more than one house, which do you live in.

Ans. Only one house owned.

15. Is any of your property subject to a mortgage or other encumbrance. If so, state clearly which property is encumbered also the name & address of the person to whom the money is owing, & the amount of the debt.

Ans. No.

16. Do you own any horses, cattle, sheep, or other live stock, or any vehicles, implements &c. If so give particulars & value.

Ans. No.

17. Have you any interest in a deceased estate, or under any settlement, deed of gift, or declaration of trust. If so give full particulars.

Ans. No.

18. Is your life insured. If so state name of company, number & amount of policy, & when payable.

Ans. Yes, by T. & G. Co. No. of policy is 7,111,279; £ 39;12;3 due on 11th May, 1937. Ans for him:- "Yes, Yes by T. & G. Co. Policy No. is 7,107,580, £ 23;16;0 due on 17th Sept. 1940.

19. Have you disposed of any real or personal property by sale, transfer or deed of gift since the pension was granted. If so give full particulars.

Ans. No.

20. Do you own any Government or other bonds or stock or industrial shares, or have you lent money to any person on mortgage or in any other manner. If so give particulars.

Ans. No bonds, stock, or shares are owned, but 40 £ were lent by us to our son John, of which 15 were repaid.
21. Have you any real or personal property not elsewhere disclosed in this statement? If so give particulars.
Ans. No.

22. Have you any money in any bank, savings bank, building society, or other institution, or any money in hand. If so give details as to amounts, name & address of bank, etc.
Ans. Yes, $2,310, jointly owned by myself & wife, in the Commonwealth Bank, Newcastle.

Sun. Nov 8th, 1936. Yesterday I planted 24 Russian cucumber seeds that Bob sent me from Abermain with the following letter:

"Lismore St, Abermain, Nov. 5th, 1936. Your letter to hand me recently: it is so big I scarcely know where to begin to answer it. Well, to start, let me say that your ridicule of the Stevens Government is entirely out of place. Remember you & me worked on the Mimi line for 7 shillings a day, & we had to rear our young children up on it; yet you condemn the Stevens government for paying that amount to young men for a few hours loafing & killing time & killing each week for 2 pounds one shilling. Did me & you get an average of 3 pounds a week in the pits? We did not, taking strikes & white flag days into account; so you are rather off the track in your condemnation of Stevens.

Now, the canary. I have much pleasure in informing you that my mind is not hardened by indifference, or by wanton cruelty to any kind of bird. I love to hear the sweet song of a canary: it thrills my soul with Heaven's sweetest melodies. I would be the last one in this earth to inflict any kind of punishment on any bird, man, or beast. Now in the second place we will suppose that I brought the birds home, & then I set them free; well, this is what would happen—on account of their color nearly every bird in the bush makes a canary an enemy & endeavours to destroy it without mercy. When I was down at the Home we rescued 2 canaries from being killed by other kinds of birds. However, as the male bird is dead, & the hen is not a whistler, I shall decline to accept the present.

Re your illnews; I am sorry to hear that you are not as well as you would like to be. The Bible says, "Put not your trust in princes, nor in the sons of the earth; & I would add to it & say put not thy trust in medicine, nor thy faith in doctors". You should try to destroy the very thought that your kidney is not right. If you get rid of the thought that your kidney is not as it should be you would soon be healed; because as a man thinketh so he is.

I feel sorry to hear of that family over in the camp. When I came up here first & saw what I thought was poverty; but now I am convinced that there 2 classes of poor people. One class is the Devil's poor, & the other is God's poor.
You see, some wait for someone to pity & help them; another class get in & make an effort to help themselves. A man came here a little while ago with a threadbare coat on his back, & I was moved to have pity on him; so I gave him a fairly good coat: but alas, I found out that he was one of the mugs-a-minute! He is a relief worker, & his god is a Pagan one; so you see he is one of the thousands whose god is a horse. I have, since being here, tried to make the lot of some better, but my efforts have been unnecessary in most cases because if those people would, in some little way, make an effort to help themselves they would be more worthy of help from others. I am in nowise going to say there is no one in need of help.

I shall try to show you how things are up here, so that you can draw a mental picture; & I am sure you will be very much surprised when you read how things are.

First of all, there are 5 dance clubs held twice a week: gentlemen & ladies one shilling entrance fee. I am still in a thick fog as to where they get the shilling from. It is not only the young people that attend these places, but married couples as well—Bob & Gladys included. Dancing is so rampant here that it has been found quite necessary to build another large dancing-hall, notwithstanding that there is a real 2 big halls here! But, you see, they are engaged by dance-clubs nightly.

Then we have 2 hotels here in our town doing a splendid trade. I am quite sure of that, judging by the lorry loads of beer that come up here. Then we can boast of something like ten starting-price bookies. They seem to flourish on the mugs-a-minute. Then we have something like 30 greyhound dogs here, to be fed daily; & how they do it is beyond my comprehension.

Then we have 6 tennis clubs here. For a player it needs a new ball every game (1/6 each); also a pair of new white tennis shoes. As to how they keep it up is a puzzle in advance of me. Of course Gladys & Bob are members. The clubs are so over crowded that it has been necessary to install lights for night playing as well as day.

Bob & Gladys, of course, go at right when Bob is working by day. I don't know how it will all end up.

You will be surprised to know that Sunday is the chief day for sport up here. I think that most of the young people would be justified in seeking to be admitted into the ranks of the Soviet Union; they would grace the ranks of the Moscow Brotherhood. I am quite sure they possess the needed qualifications for admission.

The senior class of girls at the Sunday School presented me with a beautiful birthday present, I tia. It is a polished rosewood box, about six inches by four. Inside was enclosed a lovely polished-top hair brush & a whalebone comb. When the box is opened there is a beautiful looking-glass enclosed under the
I was delighted to receive such a lovely present from them on my birthday.

You never said if Jose & Freddie went down to Melbourne on foot, or by boat or car. Jim & Ethel were up here on Thursday afternoon. They are going up to Katoomba next Monday for 4 days. It's Jim's long shift off.

We are now going to go in for some poultry, as trying to anything while the drought is on is useless. We set 3 eggs under a duck, she brought out 4, but she must have trodden on 2 & killed them; so Gladys took the other 2 & she is rearing them herself. They are coming on all right. We get 2 eggs a day from our hens, & got out 6 lovely black chicks; they are doing well. We have come to the conclusion that fowls are more profitable than a garden.

As we have a big run here we are hoping to do well in our new venture. Our water is getting down very low in our tanks. Gladys has to do her washing up at her Mother's place.

Now, in conclusion, I have told you all the news that I can think of at present. On Sunday last a man gave me a few Russian cucumber seeds. They are 3 times as large as an ordinary cucumber that is grown out here in Australia. He said they are very juicy & very rich in flavour. However, you can try them for yourself. The man told me he has grown them himself & is delighted with the result.

We are still all well here at present, in spite of the smoke & dust & the dole.

Dr. Arthur once said "the less one eats the longer he lived" If that is so we are in for a long innings. There is a man in America who is hale & hearty at 104; & when asked how he managed it he said he thanked the Depression for it, for he can't get enough to eat.

Now, give my love to all your family & accept the same for yourself. Take a special interest in the seeds; I am sending down to you. Let me know if they come to hand all right when you write again. Brother Bob.

Fred & Jose returned from Melbourne last night. Hot to day.

Sun., Nov. 15th, 1936. To day I typed a 3 paged letter to Mrs Webster, describing the photos that I took a few days ago with Jim's camera. They are views of our house in Mainland Rd., front & back; views from front verandah looking east, west, & south. I intend to send them to the Websters to morrow with "Picturesque Australia". About 3:30 p.m. there was a violent thunderstorm with some rain here, but it has passed to the North, & the sun shines again. Jose has bought a Ford sedan car in Sydney for £100. He gave in his old Ford for £55; so the new car really cost £50 pounds in cash. Mr. Goodwin, electrical engineer at the Steelworks, is dead.
My letter to the Websters concludes with this verse:

"All that's rightful seems to perish
While impostors live & flourish
In this world where saints go under
In the never-ending strife;
And the leaders of religions
Pluck their dupes like patient pidgeons,
And the men of blood & thunder
Have the very best in life!"

Thursday, Nov. 19th, 1936. I have been busy making a dark room in the hut, but have not finished yet. The drought still continues.

Fri. Nov. 20th, 1936. Our Walter has had another advance in his wages, & now gets five pounds—six pounds five shillings per week.

Sat. Nov. 21st, 1936. This afternoon the boys were busy as usual about the house. I am still lining the hut with sheet-iron.

Sun. Nov. 22nd, 1936. As Mrs. Lucas wanted to see me, & as it was Anniversary Day at the Tighe's Hill Sarkey Corps, I went in Jose's sedan Ford car to the hall & saw & heard the children sing & recite. Peter Lucas led the meetings in the afternoon & evening. Mrs. Lucas spoke to me about the two pounds that I lent her about 2 years ago to go to the Sydney Army congress, & arranged to pay me next Sunday morning. I also attended the night meeting, as I wished to meet Bram Lucas, & I had a chat with him & Aveline Smith after the meeting was over. He is stationed at Yass, & she at Redfern. Peter is stationed at Toowong, in Queensland with his wife, who was Faith Coles.

Tues. Nov. 24th 1936. Poor old ex-Sergeant Corner, whom Florence nursed some months ago when he suffered with bad eyes, died on Monday, & is to be buried to-day. Florence went over & saw Mrs. Corner to-day.

Wed. Nov. 25th 1936. This morning I have written again to Angus & Robertson, asking them if they have received the letter & postal note that I sent on the 14th for their set of books on "Modern Science."

Sun. Nov. 29th, 1936. This morning I received from Mrs. Lucas' boy the 2 pounds that I lent her about 2 years ago, at the Tighe's Hill Sarkey hall. Jim Stanbury & candidate Coles led the meeting. In the afternoon I went to the Mayfield citadel to see the children's anniversary ser-
services. The meeting was led by Brig. Richards, Daphne, Keith, & Noel each received a book as a prize. The hall was full of people. Jose took Mum & me to the meeting with his sedan car. This morning Art took me to the Tighe's Hill hall this morning with Walter's car. Last Thursday I received from Angas & Robertson ten volumes of "The Story of Modern Science", which Jose brought from the Waratah railway station. Amy (Mrs. Webb) was here this evening.

Sun, Dec. 13th. 1936. I have been too busy lately to write my diary, but nothing very startling has happened to me since the last entry. The most surprising event in England is the abdication of King Ted to marry Mrs. Simpson. His brother Alf is now king, but is not yet crowned. A lot of senseless fuss has been made about the late king, as if it mattered who was king, or if there were no kings at all. Now the patriotic newspapers have begun to eulogise the new figure-head of their capitalist empire.

Last Monday week Florence began to nurse Mrs. Cohen, of Newcastle, who had a stroke. The poor old Jewish lady died on the following Friday, & was buried in the Jewish portion of Sandgate cemetery. Last week I sent 2 sets of 10 to Angas & Robertson, Sydney, in final payment for the set of 10 books on "Modern Science". I had sent 4 sets before, so the set with its little bookcase, cost me £1 14s. 10d. Yesterday the boys nailed down the loose boards in the kitchen. I have now finished making the dark room in the huts, & can now develop photographic plates & films there in daylight. Yesterday I made a little cupboard for Mum under the washtubs.

The new house that is being built on the Western side of our house is nearly finished. The one on the Eastern side is finished & occupied. A family named Patrick lives in the western house that was tenanted by the Holdens. Doris Cayley (nee Orchard) & her husband & 11 months old son visited us during last week. She is very thin, but the baby is plump & strong—a lovely child.

Mon, Dec. 14th 1936. I did not go out yesterday, but wrote the following verses:

THE STRUGGLE CONTINUES.

Another king has come & gone,
Although no golden crown has shone
Above his pensive features,
And he is mourned as one who's dead,
While tons of printers' ink are spread
By sycophantic creatures!
The Struggle Continues.

Another king has come and gone,
Although no golden crown has shone
Above his love-it features;
And he is mourned as one who's dead,
While tons of printers' ink are spread
For sycophantic creatures.

The queens and kings who come and pass
Have never freed the working class
From bondage to its Bosses,
But still the plundered toilers sing
The doggerel, "God save the king!"
Despite their pains & losses!

Though royal hearts have often "bleed"
While crocodilian tears were shed
O'er wage-slaves' low conditions - p
"Twas mustard minus bread & beef --
Cheap sympathy without relief
Of pauperised conditions!

Succeeding queens & kings are crowned
Some commonplace & some renowned no
For being bold & clever
But still the workers' age-long fight
For liberty & truth & right
Continues on for ever.

But liberty they'll never see
In that Utopia to be,
And wrongs will not be righted
While wage-slaves worship martial dr
And still with kings on costly thrones,
Are childishly delighted,

When workers learn to trust themselves,
Instead of kings, & useless elves
On whom they have depended,
And wisely organise & think
Of higher things than sport & drink,
Their struggle will be ended.

Then bells around the world would ring,
Not welcoming a pampered king,
(For none would pet & feed 'em)
But welcoming the Golden Age
Foreseen by each poetic sage -
The Age of Peace & Freedom!

"Taraxacum," 20/12/36.

Saturday, Dec. 19th 1936. Last night at midnight I
florence left by train to attend to a diabetic patient at Bowraville, 9 miles beyond Macksville, on the
North coast. Harry Worley's wife has a young son.
Fred & Art are digging up the ground between the
clothes lines to put better grass-leaves.
Leclanche cells.
Yesterday I went to Newcastle & bought a pocket-knife & a chain for Ken Parker; & a turntable calendar for Arthur. I also bought 3 coleus' & a cheese-dish for Mum. On the way home, at Mayfield, I bought a large slate & slate pencils, an exercise-book, & a student's set consisting of a square, ruler, compass, etc. for Ken Parker. At chemist Stevenson's shop I bought a box of half plates & a pound of sal ammoniac, an ounce of iron sulphate. Mr. Stevenson gave me a large bottle. On the way to Newcastle I took Mum's teeth to dentist Larkin to have 3 teeth repaired. At Bill Stauffer's house I ordered a big case measuring 4 ft 7 x 2 x 2 ft 6 inches, to make shelves in the hut. Bill brought it here this morning. It cost only 2/6.

Wed. Dec. 23rd, 1936. Yesterday we received the following letter from Florence:-

"C/o Mrs. John Argent, High Street, Bowra Ville.

Dear Everybody, I can pretty well guess what you will be saying about me when the postman arrives to-morrow, but as the mail only leaves here at 3 p.m. to-morrow you will just have to wait till Tuesday for this letter.

I arrived here O.K. about 10/30 yesterday. Had a good trip up as far as enjoying the scenery was concerned (that is after about 4:30) but I had a new experience, not terribly pleasant, but at least unusual for me. I was sick nearly all the way; but when the train stayed a long time at a station I felt all right. Anyhow, by the time I arrived I had quite got over it, ready to take over the job. Here was a surprise for me, for who should come to the door but nurse Fleming, whom I trained with. She was as surprised as I was; of course she wanted to know all about everyone down there.

It's a good case, Mr. Argent who has had a stroke & of course, has diabetes. He is 73, a dear old chap: calls me dear darling or sweetheart every time he addresses me: so everything in the garden is lovely.

I went for a dip in the river (which flows right at the back of the house) this afternoon. The water is beautifully clean, & I enjoyed the outing very much. It's very pretty here: willows overhang the river near "the ole swimmin' ole", & grow very thickly all along the river bank.

I don't know how long I'll be here—some time I think. Dr. thinks the old chap won't pull through, but I have an idea that he might. It is very hot up here; the temp. has been 90 odd to day, & to night there are thousands of little storm ants flying around. My patient just asked me to fish one out of his sleeve. They are crawling all over me. At present down my back seems the unluckiest.

I forgot to tell you that Fleming was too run down to keep on the job. She is a bit of a breakup; but I must
tell you that it wasn't this job that did the breaking. It's a swell job — nice people & a nice place; & I feel very satisfied — so I suppose you are.

Well, I want to go & post this to right before it is too late. In case I don't write again before Christmas, I hope you all have a happy time. Lots of love from Florence.

I have written a letter in reply to this; also one to brother Bob. Mum has won the big Christmas stocking at Fastaway's shop.

Wed. Dec. 24th, 1936. This morning I have prepared cards to send to Neily White, Bob White, & Pearl White. On Pearl card I have written:

Pain would I write to Pearly White
In poetry sublime,
Had I the skill this card to fill,
And quite sufficient time;
But now, alas! the time must pass
In sending Christmas cards,
So I must send my youthful friend
Just love & kind regards.

I also prepared cards for my sister Elizabeth Jane Pettigrew, Jim senior, Jim junior, Florence Duley, Lee Duley, Melville Duley, Fana Duley, Vera Duley, Joy Duley, George Richardson, Barry Richardson, Norman George Richardson & Mila Richardson on whose card I wrote:

"To Lovely Lila,

If actions correspond with looks,
Of saints we read about in books
But few could far surpass you,
And if I were to give you place
According with your handsome face
With angels I would class you;
So, printed on this Christmas card
Are wishes which you may regard
As mine in all that matters:
So shoot the one that says me "Nay!"
And contradicts the words I say;
And hang the man that flatters!"

On the card for Alice, the Pettigrew family's housemaid, I wrote:

I hope the coming year will bring
All pleasure found within the ring
Soon coming for your finger;
May evil circumstances flee
From all the happy years to be;
And all that's pleasant linger!"
What Is An Imperialist?

A man who stupidly believes
That force, employed by martial
thieves
is rightful; just and proper,
When used that countries may be
won
And ample riches be obtained
From silver, gold and copper.

A man who favors "Fighting Jacks"
And proudly flaunts his Union Jacks
Above the highest steeple,
And boasts with patriotic pride
About the Empire, long and wide,
"Annexed" from other people.

A follower of Robin Hood's
(Who coveted his neighbor's goods
Despite divine injunction),
Who thinks the Empire should ex-
and
By stealing other people's land
Without the least compunction.

He'll take a bayonet and prod
A brother's heart—then worship God
With pious satisfaction,
Believing that the One above,
Who said that neighbors we should
love,
Condone the vile transaction.

When fratricidal blood is spilled
And multitudes of men are killed
In scientific fashion
By murderers who crawl or fly,
And widows weep and orphans cry,
His heart feels no compassion.

His only anxious thought, indeed,
Is not for those who cry or bleed,
But Empire's re-extension
By force and fraud o'er land and sea.
Why God allows such men to be
Exceeds my comprehension!

TARAXACUM, 2/1/37.
He'll take a bayonet & prod
A brother's heart—then worship God
With pious satisfaction,
Believing that the One above,
Who said that neighbours we should love,
Condones the vile transaction!

When fratricidal blood is spilled
And multitudes of men are killed
In scientific fashion
By murderers who crawl or fly,
And widows weep & orphans cry,
His heart feels no compassion!

His only anxious thought, indeed,
Is not for those who cry or bleed,
But Empire's re-extension
By force & fraud o' r land & sea!
Why God allows such men to be
Exceeds my comprehension!

SAT. Jan. 2nd, 1937. Beside the Christmas presents mentioned on page 48 Mum received a black table-cover & white handkerchiefs from Mr. Jack & Mrs. Weston, of Lithgow. They also sent me a nice white handkerchief. I have received the following letter from brother Rob :-

"Dec. 29. Lismore St., Abermain. Dear Joe, Your short note to hand. Recently I went down to the station & got the parcel. I do so thank you for the beautiful pair of socks & the reading matter. The reading came in handy. The small booklet by Judge Rutherford is all right in places, but quite out of order. As a matter of fact the Judge, in nearly all his books, contradicts the Bible so as to make it into his way of thinking. I am not sorry to say that I don't believe in half of his writing.

Well, Christmas has come & gone again. I am pleased to say we fared quite well, for Rob had an extra weeks work on the relief job. He also had a cottage to paint; so we did not want anything by way of food for the festive season, nor did the children go short of toys: so taking things in comparison we have no cause to complain.

Then, the best of all, we all are blessed with robust health: that is something to be proud of. During last week we had a visit from Jim & his family. Ethel also gave me a nice pair of socks. I can't say I was surprised in receiving them, because she does at times launch out into the benevolent depths & give me something.

However, I am always pleased to see them when they come up here.
I don’t know when I am coming down to see you & your new house. I shall hop in one of these days, & have a look around Mayfield, I am told, is growing a big place.

We had a storm here last week — yes it was a real storm — it was the worst that I ever experienced in my life. It started at Cessnock. The lightning struck the hospital 3 times — knocked the tiles off the roof, then it knocked down the boiler house. It will cost a thousand pounds for repairs. One of the girls in my class is in the hospital, just getting over an operation for appendicitis. I have been down to see her; she is leaving for her home in a few days.

Florence must be a plucky girl to go so far away to nurse the sick. She has the grit in her all right. I am sure, you & Jimmy are proud to be the parents of such a noble girl.

When you write to me again let me know how those cucumber seeds came on — if they grew or not. Now, in conclusion, give my love to all your family circle, & accept the same for yourself.

Brother Rob.

P.S. If you are short of writing paper please let me know, & I will send down some to you. It has rained for 5 days & is still raining.

I have fixed up wires on the western fence so that Mum may ring my electric bell in the hut when she wants me. I have made a crystal set according to directions in the "Wireless Weekly" of 25th Sept. 1936. Florence is still at Bowralville nursing Mr. Argent. Walt is trying to sell his Clyno car for 35 pounds. Ferd & Art were painting the house again yesterday.

 Tues. Jan 5th, 1937. Florence came home yesterday morning about one o’clock from Bowralville, as poor old Mr. Argent died. Charlie met her at the Waratah railway station. We received the following letter from Arthur:

 "19 Allen Street, Lebe Point, Dear Folks, As you can see, I’ve found a parking place, & not a bad one, either. There’s another school-teacher staying at the joint, so I have some mental company. The cost is 25/- per week. Last night I slept at Carly’s place. I didn’t like inflicting myself on them but it was wet last night, & I couldn’t get into Earlwood pub. I haven’t slept since I left home, although the sofa on which I lay looked all right — I’ve learnt to my sorrow that unbur nt backs get very itchy after a while. The lectures are to be somew at harder than usual because the usual lecturer is not on. Although the his lectures are interesting enough, the present lecturer is, according to the general consensus of opinion, completely off his head. Will you please send my glasses by registered mail? So long! Arthur."
Wed. Jan. 6th, 1937. Yesterday Clive Cone & his cousins, Ron & Cone, had dinner with us. They came in a grey Ford V car. They are off on a holiday trip, & did not stay here long. They seem to be nice young men. Frank Robinson also came. He wanted to borrow an auger-bit, & to sharpen a chisel. I gave him 2 perchloride of mercury tablets to cure a boil on his right arm. // Thur. Jan. 7th, 1937.

Sister Nan Crawford slept in Florence's room last night & went home this afternoon. I have made another crystal receiver, & it works well. My verses, "The Struggle Continues" were printed in the issue of "Common Cause" dated Jan. 9th, which arrived to day. It also contains the following poem by Rudyard Kipling, which must have been written before he sold his soul to Guts:—

**COMMON CAUSE.**

**THE AWAKENING.**

Did Kipling Write This?

The late Rudyard Kipling was essentially a singer of Empire and the powers that be. Reproduced under his name in "The Socialist" (Edinburgh), this powerful poem has the Kipling touch, but not the Kipling theme.—"Lithgowite."

We have served the rich for a thousand years.

Through blood and tears and shame,

As serf and slave our manhood gave

To win them wealth and fame.

They have slain our best in their vile gold quest.

By war and toll and death—

If blood be price of their hoarded gains,

Good God! We have bought the earth.

There's never a war been waged but we were the men that bled;

We've left our bones in all their lands

(Right well are, they mapped out red).

The spoils we share are the medals we wear,

While the widows and orphans wall;

Who writes the story of Empire,

Good God! Writes a shameful tale.

There's never a paper published now but tells how the worker died;

That the tale of wealth might be increased and capital justified.

Go, count our dead by the grim pit-head—

Distorted and scorched and rent—

If blood be the price of dividends,

Good God! They are cent. per cent.

Dividends, rent, and interest,

Chicanery, lies and brag—

These are the gods of Empire,

Their symbol—the British flag.

By guile and craft, the lands that laughed

Now weep 'neath these strange gods' spell—

Yet, if blood be the price of atonement,

Good God! We have ransomed hell!

We have served the rich for a thousand years,

Sparing neither age nor sex;

White slaver in their "hives of industry,"

White rats on their sinking wrecks;

By sea and by track they turn us back

From all that makes life fair—

The blood of our martyred class cries out:

Lord God! There's a debt to square.

Yesterday I received the following letter from Harry Holland's widow:-

"Irish Harp Road, Prospect, Adelaide, Jan. 8th, 1937. Dear Mr. Cocking, Again I am going to trouble you. I think I told you twelve months ago that a young clergyman had taken Harry's life for his thesis. He sailed for England a month ago. He called to see the family in Adelaide: we thought he was a delightful young man; & from the description of what he has written of Harry's life we were all very much impressed. He has gone to England for further studies: intends to be away 2 years.

He was not overburdened with money & not in a position to get the book that he was working on published. Roy paid..."


Poor old Phil Vial, Charley's brother, is dead dead. He was a very active & prominent man in the Labor Leagues in the early days of the movement, & he tried to get into Parliament as a Labor member, but failed.
him $40 for his manuscript, & intends completing the book. He has again written to ask me to get him all I can of his Dad's life from his boyhood till he left till he left for N.Z. in 1913. I have sent him all that I can think of. It is so hard to gather any of his life when I am so far away from where so much of his early life & struggles took place. So that is why I am now troubling you again. There might be some incidents during his Newcastle history that you could send along. Roy said the sad life as well as the bright side. I think the only bright side was that he was so hopeful of seeing his great ideals accomplished. What he endured all the four years & Tom Batho, his loyal comrade, can never be known.

I said to Harry once, when I realised fully why he made such a sacrifice, that we would not live to see a Socialist. He then said "I will be satisfied if our children & other children benefit by any sacrifice that I make for the good of suffering humanity."

I don't think that you ever knew, that in 1890 1890 he got out of work & was 3 years out of his trade. He walked into town every day to sign the union book. At that time there was a lot of unemployment. He got work on "The Australian Workman" in 1892, & for 3 years no men, living or dead, had a harder time than the five men on "the Workman" had the last 13 months.

The editor was Mr. Frank Fox -- now a noted journalist -- well known both in Australia & England. He is now Sir Frank Fox. He had to share the same as Harry & the others on the paper. When the Workman collapsed in 1894, Harry then, with Tom Batho, set out on their Socialist mission, & from that day until he left Sydney in 1913 he never drew in payment from any publication more than £3 a week. He was so keen about building up a strong Socialist Movement & paper that he willingly gave a lot of his time & work free.

Could you tell me the correct name of the printing office, Newcastle, that Harry & Mr. Batho got the "Northern People" printed at before they got a machine? I think the name was Cunningham: I remember it was a name like that.

If you can remember any incident that would be interesting in connection with that paper, or even anything that was a part of Harry's life, I will be pleased if you will let me have them as soon as possible. I think you are the only man left now that knew him in Newcastle.

Fred said that he has an idea that his Dad took part in some dispute with shipping people, where a man named Cunningham figured, but he is not too certain. I remember that there was some dispute with the stevedores, but that is all I remember. However, that won't matter. There were the lectures in Islington Park. I am in a hurry to get this posted, so will have to finish up. Trusting that you are all keeping well, & with kindest regards to all, from yours sincerely, A. Holland.

P.S. Could you get me the paper with the account of Mr. Con-
nolly's death. My daughter wrote to her, and her letter came back with the word "deceased." She will in Vitre St., Lambton. Perhaps you might know some Catholic that knew her: she was a very dear friend. Leila wrote occasionally to her.

Rain has been falling nearly all day, and is still falling at 4 p.m. I have written the following verses, which were suggested by Mrs. Holland's remark: - "I said to Harry once, when I realised fully why he made such a sacrifice, that we would not live to see Socialism. He then said, "I will be well satisfied if our children & other children benefit by any sacrifice that I make for the good of suffering humanity."

FAITH, HOPE, & CHARITY.

1. With such a faith & such a hope
   Of benefit beyond the scope
   Of one short, hard existence,
   No wonder Harry battled long
   Against the cunning & the strong
   With such a rare persistence!

2. No thought of self sustained his mind—
   His sacrifice for humankind
   Was nobly made for others—
   He wrote & spoke, with faith sublime,
   That surely there would come a time
   When men would live as brothers.

3. He read, & thought, & printed books
   Exposing hypocrites & rooks
   Who preyed upon the masses,
   And oft rejected tempting bribes
   To join the journalistic scribes
   Who write to suit the classes.

4. Like holy, peaceful men of yore
   His soul detested shedding gore
   Of working men in battle
   To benefit the cunning band
   Of thieves who own the tools & land
   And treat their slaves as cattle.

5. In daytime dreams he saw afar
   The glory of the longed-for Star
   That heralds Freedom's morning,
   Regardless of the taunts & sneers
   Of loyalists & profiteers
   Who treat such dreams with scorn.
7. His hope & courage never failed,
Though ridiculed & even jailed
For written words & spoken;
He bravely wielded tongue & pen
To educate his fellow-men,
That fetters might be broken.

7. Such sacrificing men are rare,
For few will study, speak, & dare
To suffer for opinions;
To organise, & write, & speak
To aid the fallen & the weak
Within their foes' dominions.

8. Yet Harry Holland, brave - true & brave,
Serenely stood & freely gave
His all to lift the toilers
From servitude & martial strife
To freedom in a higher life,
Despite their rich despoilers.

3. No greater war was ever waged
Than that in which he was engaged
Against rapacious shirkers
To free wage-slaves from masters' chains
And win the wealth the world contains,
With liberty-happiness for workers.

4. Truth ever was his guiding light;
And even in the hardest fight
No falsehood would he utter:
He stooped to no disgraceful ruse,
Nor ever sank to think or use
The language of the gutter.

11. No moment was ever raised
Of one more worthy to be praised,
Except the blessed Saviour;
And few deserve such world-applause
For fighting for the People's Cause
With such sublime behaviour!

Thursday, Jan. 14th, 1887. Yesterday we received this letter:-
19 Allan St, Glebe Point. Dear Folks, I am having a better
time down here than I thought I would, although incidentally
I've picked up some good practical hints as to conducting
class singing. This sounds rather crock in the light of what
I am going to say now. I'm not broke, not even cracked, but,
as Charlie Roland is coming here the day after to-morrow I 55, can see heavy expenses looming ahead, for I haven't seen him for more than a year, & we're a dead cert to "go places & see things". Accordingly, I'd be obliged if you would send a quid to me by wire. I know my cheque is virtually useless to you, so it'll have to be a loan without immediate repayment. I went to the commissioning last night. Connie Worley has been sent to Bendigo.

I have obtained the Leclanche' cells, but I won't send them because, judging by their weight, they would cost a small fortune to despatch to you. I'll carry them. On Friday last I went to Leichhardt to see some lawn-mowers. The cheapest pow-
ner mowers(12") reconditioned, was £ 25. I was told, however, that possibly cheaper ones could be obtained at the Hosman branch of the same firm. I have since rung the latter up. I found out that a 12" petrol motor mower costs £ 18:10:0. It is not self-propelling in that the motor drives the blades only. No country rebate or freight subsidy will be made. If you want me to go into it further let me know. The weather is showery, which fact has caused me to invest in an umbrelingha.m.

I couldn't get a return ticket by train, so that total fares are going to be 13/4 instead of 15/6. I saw & was talking to Clive Worley the other day, but the conversation seemed somewhat strained; I don't know why. It's because he doesn't know me. I'll go out to Pearl's place to morrow night. The time & manner of my arrival home depends almost entirely on Charlie Roland's inclinations. I almost forgot: I saw the Asst. Chief Inspector last week. He told me assured me I'm almost a'sure thing for an appointment in the bush. Dear us, we'll soon be dead! Arthur thanks in anticipation for the dough.

Thursday (continued). Soon after we got that letter I went to the Pixel post office & telegraphed 30/- to Art. Art right alter had a lot of trouble in soldering his petrol tank, & then we put it in its place it sprang another leak in a fresh place, so Walt took it out, & I have soldered it again to day. He rain has gone, & the weather is lovely to day.

Sat. Jan 16th, 1937. Arthur returned from Sydney last evening, quite well. He does not know yet where he will be appointed, nor whether he will be shifted from the Belmont school. Flo Williams now keeps company with a school teacher in Sydney, so she & Art have dissolved partnership. Mr. Williams, her father, has broken his leg, & now works with it in plaster. Art brought home the 5 porous & 5 zincs for me. The pots cost 1/9 each, & the zincs 6d each.
Wed. Jan 30th, 1937. Florence returned from nursing Mrs. Proctor, of Hamilton, last night, as the unfortunate lady died. Florence has been nursing her since last Sunday.

Arthur went with a party of school teachers or students, to Legge's Camp early last Monday morning. They rode bicycles.

I sharpened Mr. Broadhead's clippers this morning. I also wrote the following verses:

**A MILLIONAIRE'S PENSION.**

There's a fortunate fellow in Europe today
Common Cause.

**A Millionaire's Pension**

There's a fortunate fellow in Europe today
Who relinquished a billet with plenty of pay,
And rejected the joys of imperial sway
O'er an empire of world-wide extension:
He has fortune quite ample; extensive estates;
With an income sufficient for him and his mates;
But some statesmen in Hungerland started debates
Re presenting this man with a pension.

There are thousands of swagmen, whom Hunger still goads,
Who are seeking employment, while burdensome loads
Make them foot-sore and weary while tramping the roads
To discover—if may be—employment
While in hovels their spouses exist, if they can,
On the treacle and leathery cakes-of-the-pan
That they're trying in dripping, this fortunate man
Is surfeiting his soul with enjoyment!

Were this wealthy young fellow a marvel with brains
Who discovered a method to banish the pains
Of the suffering poor, or a sage who explains;
How rich rulers succeed in imposing
On the laboring people, with princes and kings,
Or with Fascist, dictators and Parliament rings;
And with other expensive and fraudulent things,
He would merit the gift they're proposing.

But it's painting the lily and scenting the rose
To accomplish the plans that those toadies propose
While their thousands of paupers on benches repose
With no shelter but yesterday's papers.

It's an opportune time for the people who lack
Both a shelter at night and a coat for the back,
To give lickspittle Jingoes the permanent sack
When they cut such ridiculous capers.

If this fortunate fellow ever chances to wed
He possesses sufficient to purchase a bed
And a mansion to shelter his missus, instead
Of a dozz, or a crust minus honey;

"And, despite what those flattering statesmen may say
Re this millionaire being unable to pay,
Both the butcher and baker could call every day
And be certain of getting their money!"

January 19, 1937. —"Taraxacum."
And, despite what those flattering statesmen may say
Re this millionaire being unable to pay,
Both the butcher & baker could call ev'ry day
And be certain of getting their money!

Thur, Jan. 30th 1937. Yesterday "alter & Johnny" Rose left
by train to catch the "Salutia" for Tasmania. They will be
away for a fortnight. Yesterday morning Arthur & a party of
students returned from Legge's camp, "Ulladelah", where they
have been spending their holidays. Photographed them behind
Bates' foundry with the half plate camera, & Art took the 2
exposed plates to chemist Stevenson to have them developed,
but they could not be done until last night. In the afternoon
Art received a telegram to tell him to begin teaching as an
auxiliary assistant teacher at Maryvale, near Wellington, N.S.W.
on the second of February.
I went to Billy Bodenham's house at 40 Robert street, Wickham,
& gave him last month's copy of "World Peace".

From there I walked to the office of Davies & Cannington,
printers, in King Street, & asked whether Cannington printed
the "People Collectivist" for Harry Holland; but I was told
that an old man who could tell me would not be there until
next Saturday morning. Then I went to the "Newcastle Herald" office & got permission to see the old files of the paper.
I stayed until after 6 p.m., but could not find what I want,
that is a report of the trial of Harry Holland for libelling
Sullivan, a boarding-house keeper. I have to search again to
day.

Fri. Jan. 30th 1937. I went to Newcastle again yesterday
& looked through the "Newcastle Herald" of 1939, but could
not find anything about Harry Holland, though I found the
following about "Uncle" W. Reed,
"Wallsend Police Court. Maintenance Case. (Oct. 15th 1939.)
William Reed was charged with neglecting to maintain his wife,
Mildred Reed. Mr. Gorrick appeared on behalf of complainant.
Mildred Reed deposed that the information read was true, & that
she had been married to defendant 5 years. Prior to July 23rd
last her husband went away for 3 days to the Glebe, & then,
accompanied by Mrs. Bright, she went to seek him & found him
in an hotel. She asked him to come home, & he replied that
he would not come home again. On the evening of the 23rd of
July he came home for his clothes & said he was going to
England, & did not require her any longer, & she could go
home to her parents. She stayed in the house one day &
night after her husband left, & then sold the furniture for
£ 213:0. She had not received any money or clothes since.
She was at present staying with Mrs. King. She had no means of her own. Her husband was a miner, & was at present staying at Blair's hotel. She considered his average wage was about five pounds per fortnight. She asked his worship to make an order for 15/- a week.

Some amusement was caused, in cross-examination, by defendant washing a lot of dirty linen. Mrs. Bright simply stated that she remembered the defendant being away from home the 3 days, & accompanying Mrs. Reed to the Glebe when the defendant told his wife to go home to her parents, as he was going away to England & did not want her any more.

In reply to questions from Reed, this witness stated that she was certain none of the things were sold on the Monday before he came home for his clothes.

For the defendant, J. Cook deposed that he was a miner residing at Wallsend. On the Monday night, after the defendant had come home from the Glebe, he saw Mrs. Bright & Mrs. Reed going away on the tram & had a box on the platform. He did not see the furniture sold. The defendant made a statement that his wife had left him—not he his wife, & that she had simply given the furniture away. The P.M., however, did not see the matter in this light, & made an order for 15/- per week for 12 months; the first payment to be made on the 21st of Oct.; to find sureties, self in 20 pounds, & 2 others in $20 each, or 12 months in Maitland. As the defendant declined to pay he was removed, & in going out said, "Good bye, old woman; I'll see you again in 12 months time."

Sun. Jan. 31st, 1937. Yesterday morning Art took me by car to Newcastle, & I called again at Davies & Cannington's office & saw the young woman who had promised to ask Mr. Peterson about Harry Holland's career in Newcastle. She told me that Mr. Peterson had said that he knew Harry well; & that Cannington did print the paper for him. The young lady said that she would try to get some more information from Mr. Peterson for me.

From there I went to the Herald offices again & looked at more old papers, but could not find any reference to Harry Holland.

At 5:30 p.m. Jose took Ivy. Daphne. Keith, Mum, Florence, & me to the Tighe's Hill Methodist church, where we saw Cecil Robinson's daughter Audrey married to Mr. Harrigan Harrigan, who works for Brambles. There were over a hundred people in the church. Before the marriage Rev. Lisie baptised an infant.

At night Mum went to the reception in Newcastle. Arthur is getting ready to leave this afternoon for Maryvale, where he will be the only teacher. No word has come from Walter yet.

This morning I finished writing the following verses:
Of all
That li
The mos
Is prob
From ve
This ar
And str
To keep
In ev'x
Reneath
Diseases
To hurry
By hom
And say
In brak
Uncount
Starvat
Fierce
With ea
To make
Explodi
Typhoor
With fc
To fill
The far
Volcan
Swif l
Strike
Though
And Dea
Men madly run to face a gun
That ends their stupid lives.

Of all the stupid animals
That lived since life began,
The most inane, if not insane,
Is probably a man!

From very early infancy
This animal must strive
And struggle long, with efforts strong,
To keep himself alive.

In ev'ry isle and continent
beneath the heavens' dome,
Diseases stand, on ev'ry hand,
"To hurry mortals home."

By homicides and accidents,
And savage beasts that lie
In brake and fen to ravage men,
Uncounted people die.

Starvation, drink, wage-slavery,
Fierce floods and droughts combine
With earthquake shocks and falling rocks
To make men's lives decline.

The fangs of creatures venomous,
Volcanoes' scorching breath,
Swift lightnings' flash and 'planes that crash,
Strike men with sudden death.

Though human life is transient,
And death do so soon arrives,
Men madly run to face a gun
That ends their stupid lives.

Deluded by the "patriots,"
Each patriotic boor
Will rush away to die, or slay
For thieves who keep him poor!

Although Fat's wars originate
For power, pomp, & pelf,
Each "hero" strives to take the lives
Of paupers like himself.

Will rush away to die or slay
For thieves who keep him poor!

Although Fat's wars originate
For power, pomp, and pelf,
Each "hero" strives to take the lives
Of paupers like himself.

Men let a few monopolise
The earth on which they stand,
And each galoot is proud to shoot
For plutes who own the land.

They build the idlers' palace
With amply-victualled shelves,
And are content to pay them rent
And live in shacks themselves!

They manufacture implements
That ease may be enjoyed,
And find that men who need them then
Are thereby unemployed.

While haughty, rich monopolists
May gad from Bourke to Rome,
Their dupes, in rags, revere their flags
And starve on doles at home.

No other stupid animals
The joys of life eschew,
Nor waste each life in want and strife
To please a favored few.

Man's asinine stupidity,
That takes a million shapes,
And lives despoil with strife and toil
Surpasses that of apes!

When men become intelligent
Such silly acts will cease;
They'll own the earth, abolish dearth
And live in wealth and peace!

5/2/37. —"Taraxacum"
Men let a few monopolise
The earth on which they stand,
And each golgoth is proud to shoot
For plutes who own the land.

They build the idlers' palaces
With amply-victualled shelves,
And are content to pay them rent
And live in shacks themselves.

They manufacture implements
That ease may be enjoyed,
And find that men who need them then,
Are thereby unemployed.

While haughty, rich monopolists
May go from Bourke to Rome,
Their dupes, in rags, revere their flags
And starve on doles at home.

No other stupid animals
The joys of life eschew,
Nor waste each life in want & strife
To please a favoured few.

Man's asinine stupidity,
That takes a million shapes,
And lives despoil with strife & toil,
Surpasses that of apes!

When men become intelligent
Such silly acts will cease:
They'll own the earth, abolish dearth,
And live in wealth & peace!

To "C.L." "F.A." 3/1/17. Printed in "S. Cause" 2/5/37.

Mon., Feb. 1st, 1937. Yesterday I rode to the round-top bank, & walked to Railway street, Merewether, where I had an interview with Harry Toll concerning Harry Holland. Toll did not remember much about Holland, but promised to write to me if he is able to recollect any striking incident in Holland's life in Newcastle. From there I walked to New Lambton to see old George Watson about Harry Holland; but Watson's house was shut up; & a lady told me that there would be no one at home until to-day. From there I walked home. Just after I had gone, Arthur left home to go to Sydney to go by train to Maryvale. Joss took him to the station. Nan Brownley was here last evening with Florence. This is a public holiday in place of the 26th—Anniversary Day—
so Fred is at home. The weather is neither too hot nor too cold to day.

Wed. Feb. 3rd, 1937. Yesterday I went to Sonschau's works in King street, Newcastle & found that they would charge from 10/- to 12/- each for 4 candle cells. I went to Ash's, & got their price, which is 6/- each. Trustcot's price is 4/9 each. I spent the day at the "Herald" office, looking over the old papers, but could not find anything about Harry Holland. No word yet from Art & Walt.

Thursday Feb. 4th, 1937. I went to Newcastle yesterday & looked through more old papers, but could not find anything about Holland, but I found & copied accounts of Reuben Smith's trial for perjury. On the way I posted a money order for 4 pounds to the Tarro Shire Council for kerbing & guttering. Florence went yesterday to nurse someone at Mark's Point, Lake Macquarie, who is suffering with a cancer.

We received the following letter from Art yesterday:

"Public School, Maryvale, early Tuesday (2nd).

Dear Folks, I have been remarkably lucky. The present (I mean the ex) teacher in charge suffers from nervous dyspepsia & a host of other things, & has applied for 3 months leave. So far he has received no official notification, so we are both head master. He is 46, thin, grey, ugly, but a very decent fellow & is the soul of hospitality. I am staying on with his family for 33/- a week. The family mentioned consisting of a grown-up son, & a daughter. N.R. Paragraph for Milady: (Is she pretty? Yes. Do you like her? Yes. Does she like you? I think so. There's a catch in it—she's only about 14 or 15.)

Any dish I want I can get on request. Maryvale is a school with 19? kids, claimed by the teacher to be the stupidest on earth. I'll bet they're no worse than my crowd at Belmont. The boss (ex) has a car & a horse & sulky, so occasionally I may fluke a ride to Wellington, 7 miles distant & connected by a very unsatisfactory tram-train service, fare 1/10 single. There's only 1 house apart from ours (I already feel at home) within half a mile of the school. The town—well it just isn't. There's a store & post office, & no pub, picture-show, policeman, doctor, or any of the customary indexes of civilisation.

If, Chip, you have very little use for the push-bike, will you send it here, payment on arrival? I only want it if you don't—in fact I wouldn't have mentioned it but for the fact that I have seen you walking so much, with the bike in the shed. I'll probably be here 3 months. Aint she hot!! Arthur.

P. S. Ex teacher's name is Vallance."
Mum also received the following letter:-

"No. 3, Waratah Street, Lithgow, Feb. 1st, 1937.
Dear Mary, You will get a surprise when you read this letter from me, but really, Mary, I had no news to write about. The only thing, I am always wondering how you all are. We do hope you are all well, happy & working.
Where is Florrie? I think about you all. Do, when you get a little time, write & tell me all about yourself, Mr. C. & your family. I hope everything is all right. I got a shock the other day & received a letter from Annie Richards. She is a widow. Poor Joe passed away some years ago. I think the family are all married. The eldest girl died just after she was married: it was a great blow to Annie.
What is the weather like, Mary? I guess it will be hot, for it is very hot here, but nice & cool at night. We have a nice garden; some lovely potatoes, beans & cabbage; they are a great save, & seem much nicer than what you buy.
Well, Mary, Maggie had Mary's boy operated on this week for his tonsils. His throat was in a dreadful state—they were septic & there was nothing else to do. He always had a cold & a bad throat, & the Dr. said that was the trouble; it's been going on for years; & we do hope it will improve his health.
The little chap lives with Maggie. Eva's baby is a beauty: she is a lovely child, & clinic reared, every bit. Eva is very strict to the rules. Well, Mary, remember Harry & myself to your family, & best of love for yourself from your old friend, Eliza Morris.
P.S. Write & tell me all the news. Good night."

We also received this letter from Walter:-
"Brunswick Hotel, C.W. Pritchard, proprietor, Liverpool Street, Hobart. Tel. 3733. 28th Jan 1937. 11:15 p.m.
Dear Folks, Well, we're here! "Tell us all about it" says Flo. O.K., it doesn't require telling. We caught the 7:35 from Newcastle; travelling in a business mans type of carriage; & arrived at Central at 10:30 a.m.—a fairly fast run, but one which I am confident could be still faster.
"Now the boat is to leave at 12 o'clock", I said; So the hauled taxi landed us at Darling Harbour, No. 3, at 12 past 10: 2/- for ourselves, & 2/- for luggage. It looks like 3 or multiples of two. Two more bob to get the luggage carted aboard.
"Will we get some barley sugar?", "Yes, O.K." says John; "We've got plenty of time—an hour & 3 quarters".
A good, long walk it turns out to be in the hot sun, & on the way back, "Come on, John, we'd better play safe & not waste too much time". Return to the boat at 11:15 a. m. one gangway up, all streamers out, a little panicky feeling, but eventually aboard all right. The ship should have started at
we are still shaking hands with ourselves. She pulled out at 11:30 a.m., & we were at a loss to understand the patience of sentiment as expressed by those on the wharf in holding a streamer, in some cases, for over an hour in the terribly hot sun. We felt we were going thousands of miles for the rest of our lives, & derived much pleasure from the farcical aspect of it all.

Excuse me, Steward, but could you tell me where cabin 56 is, please? "Yes, straight ahead, down the stairs," etc. We found it in about ¼ of an hour, & proceeded to glory in our new-found comforts: Three bunks, cabin wash-basin—oh everything! Satisfied, we went to the boat deck, gazed up under the bridge, stood at the bow on the fo’c’sle deck—tho the heads, & were contented generally. A calm sea, a good speed, a rugged coastline.

What have we got on board? The passengers are a pretty dead lot. Swimming-baths, where? We found them some 25 ft x 15 ft on the after main deck, a temporary expedient filled by 4 canvas hoes from pumps. However, we enjoyed our decision to imbibe, followed by later by a sun-bake. The sea still smooth. We pass Kiama, etc., etc. But I am forgetting an important item. We were allocated to the first meal sitting, a most pleasing experience, even for one of my modest appetite. Not so much the food—Francais de tripe sort of thing—which was "Some of that" for us, but rather the fact that the whole menu was open to any extent, & the waiting was absolutely perfect.

Dining room very nicely laid out, menu very daintily printed, no complaints whatever. We both had a good dinner & tea. Now darkness is falling, we leave the N.S.W. coast & proceed direct for Hobart. The sea begins to get more lively; this is the thing for us. We go again to the bow on the fo’c’sle deck & watch the lighthouse with the lookout.

Mull, what's this feeling inside? not so good."I'll go down on the deck, John" "U.K." John follows in a few minutes. "I think I'll turn in, John" "Wait a minute" "Hang you", I say, & hurry to get ready for bed; but no, time & tide wait for no man. I, who would not get sick, was sick. Not very pleasant, either, I don't want it any rougher. "Oh, I'd like it to get a bit rougher"—from John—"just to see what it feels like". I slept well: he didn't. I had a look at breakfast, & joined the merry throng on deck. John had breakfast, didn't feel so hot, played deck quoits, didn't feel hot at all, headed for the after end of the deck, on the starboard side, but no, such was not to be. He can't get his head through the hole in the canvas weathering. F-e-e-op! "Where's your dignity, John? don't do that in the deck gutters—run aft!" F-e-e-op half-way along the deck. A last gallant effort, he will reach the end of the deck, an open go-alas! F-e-e-op, once again the conquering hero comes. "There's a bit of a mess on the decks,
steward". "Oh, that's all right". "She's rough enough for me", says John, "why did we get on this thing?"
Still John wasn't too good. I was worse.
Thursday morning was all right only as long as I observed the confines of the bunks. The steward brought me lunch, only dry bread, lettuce, sao biscuits were within my reach. This was followed by a good sleep, and I got up as fresh as a daisy.
We were in a very choppy section of Bass Strait, & spent the greater part of the evening pacing the promenade deck. Not a sign of sickness, everything O.K.
We spent a little time conversing with 3 ladies from Canada, in the lounge, & turned in about 11:30 p.m. Another good night's sleep.
Roused Friday morning to view the Tasmanian coast off the starboard side, Raoul Point & several others. A rugged coastline showing planes of cleavage as though great rock formations have slipped into the sea, a sea which, by the way, is fairly rough as we round the point & enter Storm Bay. Broadsides on the sea & I had a battle royal on the promenade deck, & I eventually won, much to my surprise.
This was followed by a fairly substantial breakfast, the packing of our gear, & the enjoyment of the sunny, pastoral, undulating foreshores up the Derwent to Hobart.
Hobart looked very nice tucked in under Mount Wellington—not very big, but clean, with red roofs & a pleasing greenness.
He berthed at the King's Pier 10:30 a.m., saw the man in green, & were driven to the hotel, in what appears to be one of the main streets. Shown to our room, which is plain but quite comfortable we went for a stroll & met one of Jack's friends from Stockton. Arranged to play tennis to-morrow. Went in train to Fern Gully—a picturesque spot—during the afternoon with a couple of chaps we met on board; also went with them to his majesty's theatre at night.
3. The twilight, my first experience of such, it still being light at 8 p.m. when we went to the pictures.
It is now 12:30 a.m., so I think I have done a fair night's work. The "Ormonde" arrives to-morrow. Hope you are all O.K.
So long. Wal."

Fri. Feb. 5th, 1937. Yesterday I went to Newcastle & searched through more papers for news of H. Holland, but without success. While I was searching there was a meeting of "Herald" employees who discussed the subject of their working time with a man who seemed to be a high official of their Union. Afterward the same official & another had a conference with (I think) Mr. Morris, the editor of the paper.
Sun. Feb. 7th 1937. Last Friday Jose was taken ill at work & was brought home.

The doctor ordered him to the Mater Me- 
ericordia hospital, Wavertree, where he was operated on at noon for appendicitis. I intended to go again to Newcastle to search old papers for news of Harry Holl- 
and, but went to the hospital & attended to Jose from 2 p.m. to 4 p.m. Ivy was there too, but we had to leave before Jose came conscious. Mum, Ivy, & I went again at 7 p.m. & found that Jose had awakened from his stupor a little while before we came. We stayed 45 minutes. Jose was in pain, but did not complain about it. I put a post- 
script in Mum's letter to Art, telling him about Jose, & posted it. We telephoned to the Mater hospital yesterday morning & found that Jose had had a good night & was comfortable. Mum & Ivy visited Jose last night & found him much better, though still in pain. Mr. Robs—Glady's father— is at the Mater hos- 
pital too, to be operated on for the removal of a tumour in his bowels. Mrs. Robs was with him last night. Son Jack was there too.

The last issue of "Common Cause" contains "A Millionaire's Pension". I sent "Stupid Man" to "C.C" & to "World Peace". I went to Newcastle yesterday & searched old papers until noon, & then had to leave, as they were closing the office. There was a man there searching for news of the death of an American milli- 
onaire. Hot weather.

Thursday Feb. 11th 1937. This week is so far I have been searching through old papers to find some tidings of Harry Holland. On Tuesday I found a report of a speech he made in company with Frank Butler. I also found news concerning the formation of a miners' union of the Co-operative colliery.

Yesterday we received this letter from Art:—

Public School, Mary Vale; Monday. Dear Folks, I'm quite 
concerned to hear of Joe's condition. Will you please inform 
me as soon as possible how he is? Things here are pretty de- 
cent as far as I am concerned, except that I am supposed to eat 
about twice the amount that a navy has the right to expect.

I went into town on Saturday in Wallace's car & was 
greatly impressed by the wonderful park, & municipal ba- 
ths. I'll probably try the latter out some of these days.

Going home by goods train Saturday night (which is, by the 
way, Wellington's late shopping night) I met one of the 
pupils' parents. He introduced himself & was quite affa- 
bike. I asked him what time I could get a train back to 
Wellington in the morning. He replied that it was impos- 
sible to get one, but he would either drive me in in the
afternoon & take me back for tea, or lend me a push bike. After much pressing I chose the bike. I walked down to his place yesterday & found that the steed in question was about 40 years old. She was a beauty. But I rode it into Wellington, although I had to laugh at the incongruous figure I must have cut -- a toothbrush mo-- a pedaht on a bike like that of Willie from the bush. I met Nick all right (i.e. Adjudant Nicholson). I can stay at his place any week-end that I like, he says. He took me to Walmer (17 miles away on the Molong line) where he preached in a little tin non-denominational church. It reminded me of the little old church in the valley. I played the E b bass in their (Wellington's) open-air & inside on Sunday night. I know it's unsound professionally, but it can't be helped. Hoping Joe's O.K. Yours in haste, Arthur."

Thur. (continued). In the old papers I found the following report of the trial of Reuben Smith:--

"April 29th, 1891. Wallsend Police Court. In the case against Reuben Smith, Mr. Readett, for the defendant, stated that he would take all the previous evidence as read. May Robinson deposed that she was unmarried. She had known the defendant about 3 years. Knew him about 2 years ago when he was captain in the Salvation Army in Maitland. He continued in the Army about 6 months, he left it & came to Newcastle, & after leaving the Army he started as a Naz- arine Missioner. Witness was one of the congregation & played the organ, in connection with the Mission, at defendant's request. Played up to March or April, 1890, when accused went away from Maitland. Was at accused's house in March last year, at the request of accused's wife, who was sick. Remained at his house till the 4th of April. Was nearly always there. Slept there during March. Witness deposed that there was illicit relations defendant & her. Left his place the 4th of April & went home to her parents, when living at West Maitland. Then came to Wallsend on the 5th of April & went to Mrs. Smith, her cousin, at Wallsend. Saw the accused on that day. Became to her Mother's-- on the morning of the 5th. The accused came to her Mother's place to say "Good bye" to all of us, as he was going to Wallsend too. He remained at Wallsend. Witness remained a month. Had seen & spoken to accused during that time. Then returned to Maitland. After some time her Mother discovered that she was enceinte. Witness then wrote to accused about it. Got a reply to the letter from the accused. Witness wrote the first letter on the 15th or 16th of October. The letter produced was the letter received in reply her. The letter referred to her then condition. Witness sent a reply to that letter & got another letter from him with a half sovereign in it. The letter &
envelope produced were those she received. Received it on Oct. 30th. The letter had reference to her then condition. Answered that letter also. Got another letter; there was no money in it. Cannot produce that letter now. Got another letter; there were 2/6 worth of stamps in it.

The letter & envelope were those she had received, containing the stamps. Received other letters from him. Never saw accused after receiving the letters. Was well acquainted with his handwriting. Will aver that the 3 letters addressed 'Dear May', & the 2 envelopes, were in the handwriting of the accused. Had opportunity of seeing him write. Had seen him writing an examination paper at Maitland. Pointed out the mistakes in spelling in the letter, to him. Mrs. Dove said to witness, "What a cheek to read his letter". The accused said, "That is no matter; she is just like one of our own." Mrs. Dove said, "That is no matter, she should not have done it". The accused said, "The idea of correcting a minister". Witness afterwards gave birth to a child, of whom the accused was the father. Had prosecuted the accused for maintenance before that court, & got an order against him. Remember that on Dec, last the accused prosecuted Burgess & wife, for slander, in the district-court small debts court. Saw the accused on another occasion writing to a man in Sydney named Hounsell. Had seen a great deal of accused's writing.

Mr. Readett subjected the witness to a style of cross examination which was taken exception to by the Police Magistrate. Mr. Readett then stated that the matter lay in a nutshell. Accused had sworn that he had never written to the girl, or that there had been improper relations between them.

Mr. R.W. Thompson, solicitor, stated deposed that he knew the accused Reuben Smith. On the 4th Dec, last the accused was the plaintiff in a case of slander, Smith versus Burgess & wife. Witness was solicitor for defendant. In cross examination witness offered the accused first one letter, & then another. The letters produced were the 2 letters referred to — one dated Nov. 15th, 1390 & commencing, "My Dear Lad" & finishing with the signature R. Smith. The accused admitted that the other dated Nov. 12th, 1390, & beginning, "My Dear Brother Daun", & finishing up, R. Smith. The accused admitted that both those letters were written by himself. One of them was sent to a Mr. Daun, of Maitland, & the other sent to a man named Hardy. Witness then produce to the accused 3 other letters & 2 envelopes. Asked him whether he had addressed the envelopes to the girl, May Robinson! He replied, "Never: they are not in my handwriting". Witness then asked him as to each of the letters, having previously read them to the accused & drawn his attention to
them particularly. The accused swore they were not written by him; that they were not in his handwriting; & if they were intended to be his they were forgeries. Witness had been over 30 years a solicitor, & during that time he had a great deal of experience in handwriting, & he thought he was qualified to judge their characteristics. He carefully compared the letters that the accused said were his own writing, & those that he had denied being his, & unless they were the cleverest forgeries witness had ever seen, they were indisputably in the accused's handwriting, & wonderfully agreed in every particular. In his opinion it would take a man a lifetime engaged in forging to imitate the accused's handwriting, as it was imitated in the 3 letters that the accused denied were his. It was the handwriting of an illiterate, uneducated man, & the peculiarities of his style were very marked. He had also heard the accused swear that he had not seduced May Robinson, & that he was not the cause of her trouble. The evidence was vitally material to the case then pending, & the result was a verdict for the defendants Burgess & wife. In the affiliation case the accused did not give evidence. In the case referred to the witness asked the accused to write a sentence in court, but he refused.

Arthur Hardy deposed that he was a baker residing in West Maitland. Knew the accused Reuben Smith about 2 years ago in W. Maitland. Witness was a member of the Nazarene Mission & on very good terms with the accused. Miss May Robinson used to play the harmonium in the hall. Remember receiving a letter from the accused some months ago. It had reference to some report then in circulation about Reuben Smith & May Robinson. Gave this letter to May Robinson's mother. It was at the time when the slander case, Smith versus Burgess & wife, was on. The letter produced was the one witness received. Was acquainted with accused's handwriting, & the letter produced was in his handwriting. Cross examined, witness had known May Robinson 2 years as a friend, & went to a picnic at Mirrinn with her. Never wrote her any letters. Would not swear he had not received any letters from her, but did not remember having received any. On one occasion, in a railway carriage coming from Newcastle, May Robinson sat on his knee, as there was no room, the carriage being packed. Never told anyone that someone else ought to take the blame of this trouble. Witness had had frequent opportunities of seeing accused's handwriting while acting as secretary to the Mission. The letter witness received he took as coming from the accused.

James Daun deposed that he was a labourer residing at East
Maitland. Knew the accused Reuben Smith for about 4 years. Was a member of the Nazarenes, & on very friendly terms with the accused. Remember receiving a letter from the accused, who was then residing in Wallsend. The letter had reference to the accused & May Robinson. The letter produced was the one he received. Gave the letter to Mrs. Burgess' daughter. Had received several letters from the accused, & they appeared to be all in the same handwriting. Could not swear they were.

Mr. W. Boyd, manager of the Australian Joint Stock Bank at Wallsend, deposed that he had 17 years in the bank business, & had considerable experience in handwriting. He examined the 5 letters, & had no doubt whatever that they were written by one & the same person, without any attempt to disguise the hand.

Mr. D. Steele, manager of the Bank of Australasia, Wallsend, deposed that he had 10 years' experience in comparing the characteristics of handwriting, & was satisfied that the letters produced were all in the same handwriting.

Mr. Dibbs, Clerk of Petty Sessions, also gave evidence & produced the depositions.

This closed the case for the prosecution.

The accused reserved his defence, & was committed to take his trial at the quarter sessions to be held on the 1st day of June, 1891, at Newcastle.

Mr. Readett applied for bail. Inspector Brennan objected, considering that the man had previously cleared out of the colony. Bail was refused.

Friday, Feb. 12th, 1937. Yesterday morning at 7 o'clock Gladys' Father, Michael Bob, died in the Mater hospital, Waratah, after undergoing an operation to his bowels.

This morning Jack has taken Gladys, Mum, & the 3 children to Raymond Terrace, where Mr. Bob will be buried.

I was at the "Herald" office all day yesterday, looking through the old papers to find some reference to Harry Holland. I found & copied some reports of miners' meetings at which the Co-operative Colliery Lookout was mentioned. "World Peace" arrived yesterday, but none of my verses are in it.

Jose is progressing favourably at the Mater hospital.

Florence is still nursing at Mark's Point, Lake Macquarie.

Walter & his mate, John Ross, have not yet returned from Tasmania. Yesterday I priced a bicycle at Newcastle, with the intention of buying one to give to Arthur; but Fred said, at night, that Art can have the loan of his spare bike.
I wrote to Art this morning & told him that we shall send the bike to him next Monday, by rail.

In searching through the old files of "The Newcastle Morning Herald" I found the following story in the issue of Jan. 31st, 1896 :- "It is said of the Marquis of Townsend that when a young man, engaged in a battle, he saw a drummer at his side killed by a cannon ball which scattered his brains in every direction. His eyes were at once fixed on the ghastly object, which seemed wholly to engross his thoughts. A superior officer, observing him, supposed he was intimidated by the sight, & addressed him in a manner to cheer his spirits. "Oh", said the young man, with calmness & severity, "I am only puzzled to make out how any man with such a quantity of brains ever came to be here!".

In the issue of July 23rd, 1896 I found the following, which is the information that Mrs. Holland wants :-

"DONELLY, The remains of the late Elizabeth Mary Donnelly, (43 De Vitre street, Lambton,) relict of the late Michael Donnelly, will move from Saint John's Evangelical Church, Lambton this Thursday morning at 9 o'clock for the Catholic cemetery, Campbell's Hill, West Maitland. Motor funeral by road. J. Meighan, funeral director.

"DONELLY, A Requiem Mass will be celebrated this Thursday at 7 o'clock in St. John's Evangelical Catholic Church at Lambton, at for the repose of the soul of the late Elizabeth Mary Donnelly. R.I.P."

"May 16th, 1894 1894, Samson Parker of Wallsend, was accidentally killed by tripping over a sleeper on the Co-operative Colliery railway line.

Feb. 4th, 1897. Butler was arrested for murder.

April 13th, 1897. James Fletcher's statue was unveiled at Newcastle, N.B.W.

In the issue of June 23rd, 1897 there is a patriotic poem by the jingo rev. Rode. Worth preserving in spirits!.

June 23th, 1897. Ninian Melville, M.P. died at Ashfield on the 26th, & was buried on the 28th. Born on the 29th of Dec., 1843.

July 10th, 1897. Salvation Army Rescue Home was opened at
Wrexham—Islington.

July 15th, 1897. Ben Tillet visited Newcastle, N.S.W.

July 16th. Rev. Isitt, of N.Z., visited Newcastle, N.S.W.

Aug. 3rd, 1897. Henry Martin's wife, herbalist, died at Wallsend.

Aug. 7th, 1897. Sam Liddle fined £5 & 2½s. 10d. costs, for assault, at Newcastle. Jailed 4 months.

Aug. 16th, 1897. Ben Tillet visited Newcastle.

Jan. 13th, 1898. Meeting held in Mechanic's Institute, Pittsburgh, to form miners' union of co-operative colliery miners.

Extract from "Newcastle Morning Herald," Aug. 30th, 1891.

Wallsend Police Court. In the case against Reuben Smith, Mr. Readett stated that for the Oct. 7th 1892. John Millar & Robby Dawson fined for fighting.

Sat. Feb. 27th, 1899. Jimmy Curley resigned from being weighman for the A.A. Co. to contest the election of General Secretary for miners. He was elected.

Tues., Aug. 3rd, 1899. Deeming sentenced to death.


June 3rd, 1891. Newcastle Quarter Sessions. Before Judge Backhouse, Wallsend Perjury Case. Reuben Smith committed from the Wallsend Bench., was arraigned on a charge of wilfully & falsely swearing on Dec. 4th, 1892, that certain writing on 2 envelopes & 3 letters (produced) given in evidence in a case an action for slander, heard in the Wallsend Court, in which the accused was the plaintiff, was not his handwriting. He further swore that he never sent, or caused to be sent, any of the letters to May Robinson, & that he was not the father of her child, & had not been intimate with her. The accused, who, it will be remembered, was arrested in New Zealand, & brought over to this colony, pleaded "Not guilty," & was defended by C.W. Readett.

Richard Windeyer Thompson, solicitor, stated that he was solicitor for the defendant in the case at Wallsend on March 4th, in which the accused was plaintiff. Prisoner took the oath in the usual way & kissed the Bible. Witness cross examined him & handed him the letter produced. Prisoner inspected it & said he had written it to some young man in England. There was no name. A second letter (produced) he admitted having also written. Witness then handed him two envelopes addressed to Miss May Robinson, about whose se-
uction the action was, & asked him if he had addressed them. He denied all knowledge of them, & the witness handed him the 3 letters produced, which were sent by him to May Robinson. The purport of the letter was that he admitted being the father of the child & made overtures to maintain it. He denied being the author of the letters & said they were forgeries. He also said that he had never written a letter to the girl, or had given her money or stamps. Witness had been a solicitor for upwards of 30 years, & had abundance of experience in handwriting. He had thoroughly examined the letters, with others that accused admitted, & had compared them with those that accused denied by the accused. In his opinion they were identical, & all of them had been written by the accused. The writing & spelling were bad, & the letters would be very difficult to forge. There were mar­­ke characteristics about the writing, such as the N's being made with four upstrokes, & the N's with three. The letters received by May Robinson were not signed, but merely had the initials S. R. At that time the girl was in trouble, & the accused swore that he had never seduced her as stated by the defendants, Burgess & wife

William Boyd, manager of the Bank at Wallsend, was called to give expert evidence with regard to handwriting. He said that the peculiarities of the letters were very plain throughout the whole of the letters, & he was of the opinion that they all had been written by the same person.

David Steele, manager of the Bank of Australasia at Wallsend, gave expert evidence.

Maitland,

Arthur Hardy deposed that he resided at West Maitland. For 12 months witness was secretary of the Nazarene Mission in that city, & accused was the captain or leader. They were there for twelve months. Witness knew the accused's handwriting well, & thought that one of the letters (produced) was written by him. May Robinson, the girl, was also a member of the Mission, & had stayed in the accused's house.

At this stage the letters were read out to the jury. They were from Wallsend to May Robinson in Maitland, & were candid admissions of intimacy. The writer alluded in all the letters to the approaching birth of the child, & made all sorts of promises. They were merely signed S. R.

May Robinson, a young girl, 17 years of age, stated that she resided with her parents at West Maitland. The accused was captain of the Nazarene Mission, & she had known him for 3 or 4 years. She was also a member of the Mission. On April 5th the accused left 1890; the accused left Maitland &
went to Wallsend. He first seduced her in March, 1890, in his own house at Maitland, & once after that. A child had since been born. Witness went to Wallsend & stayed in the house of the accused & mired his wife, who was sick, for some time. She then returned to Maitland, & while there received a letter (produced) from him. Witness wrote to him & he replied on 5 occasions, 2 of the letters being missing. She had received half a sovereign on one occasion, & on another some stamps. The witness was very much agitated.

By Mr. Readett: Witness could not remember how long she had stayed at accused's house at Maitland, but she left there in the early part of April. The house was a wooden one; & early one morning, before daylight, the accused entered her room, which was next to his wife's. Witness was asleep, but she woke when he entered, & knew him, as there was a little light. He had never taken any liberties with her before that morning, & had not even kissed her.

When he entered he was half dressed, & she was too frightened to scream. They had only been intimate twice. The date of the first intimacy was early in March.

His Honour said the accused was not charged with rape, & he failed to see why the witness should be tortured by detailing occurrences which had nothing to do with the case. He, however, had no wish to interfere with the defence.

The witness, who was much distressed, was then allowed to stand down.

Constable Green, of Wallsend, gave evidence as to the arrest, & said that in February the warrant was issued for the accused. He was once tried in He had, however, left the colony, & witness went to New Zealand after him & arrested him in Auckland in March. This concluded the evidence for the Crown.

Sis fan, a young girl residing with her parents at Maitland, stated that she knew the accused, & he was once tried in West Maitland. Witness stayed in his house from March, 1890 until the 13th of the same month, & one evening May Robinson stayed in the house & stayed in the same room as witness. The accused left for Wallsend, & the farewell of the Mission took place on the last day in March. May Robinson went to Wallsend with the accused. She played the organ at the services.

By the Crown Prosecutor: Her parents then lived in the same street as the accused, & witness & her sister stayed at his house on account of the flood. May Robinson slept there only once; & on that occasion they occupied the same room.
BOB.—The Relatives and Friends of the late MICHAEL BOB are respectively invited to attend his Funeral, to leave his late residence, Carmichael-street, Raymond Terrace, at 4 o'clock, This Day (Friday), for Catholic Cemetery, Raymond Terrace.

C. H. BOOTS & SON.

Funeral Directors.

BOB.—The Friends of Mr. and Mrs. W. ROSE and FAMILY, of Dungog, and Mr. N. ROSE, of Raymond Terrace, are kindly invited to attend the Funeral of their dearly loved brother-in-law and uncle, MICHAEL BOB, to move from his late residence, Carmichael-street, Raymond Terrace, at 4 o'clock, This Day (Friday), for Catholic Cemetery, Raymond Terrace.

C. H. BOOTS & SON.

Funeral Directors.

BOB.—The Relatives and Friends of Mrs. MICHAEL BOB, Mrs. O'CUIL and VAUGHAN BOB, Misses MAY, VIOLET, and CONNIE BOB, Mr. and Mrs. J. COCKING, Mr. and Mrs. F. SCHULTZ, Mr. and Mrs. R. KING and FAMILIES, are kindly invited to attend the Funeral of their dearly beloved husband, father, father-in-law, and grandfather. MICHAEL BOB, to move from his late residence, Carmichael-street, Raymond Terrace, at 4 o'clock, This Day (Friday), for Catholic Cemetery, Raymond Terrace.

C. H. BOOTS & SON. 9168

Funeral Directors.

BOB.—The Friends of Mr. and Mrs. PETER DAVID and FAMILY are requested to attend the Funeral of their late beloved brother and brother-in-law and uncle, MICHAEL BOB, to move from his late residence, Carmichael-street, Raymond Terrace, at 4 o'clock, This Day (Friday), for Catholic Cemetery, Raymond Terrace.

C. H. BOOTS & SON. 9168

Funeral Directors.

BOB.—The Members of the above Club are requested to attend the Funeral of their late Member, MICHAEL BOB, to move from his late residence, Carmichael-street, Raymond Terrace, This Afternoon, at 4 o'clock, for Catholic Cemetery, Raymond Terrace.

J. M. FEEKEY, Pres.

E. HARDMAN, Secretary.

BOB.—The Members of the above Club are requested to attend the Funeral of their late Member, MICHAEL BOB, to move from his late residence, Carmichael-street, Raymond Terrace, This Afternoon, at 4 o'clock, for Catholic Cemetery, Raymond Terrace.

J. M. FEEKEY, Pres.

E. HARDMAN, Secretary.
Sarah Tan gave corroborative evidence, & Mr. Readett addressed the jury.
He pointed out that the perjury was alleged to have taken place during the hearing of a case for slander in which the accused sued a man named Burgess, & his wife, for saying that he had seduced May Robinson. The defendants won the case, the essentials of a good description & after that the accused was sued for maintenance.

The speaker then dwelt upon the evidence of Miss Robinson, argued that it was not trustworthy, & therefore develop it. Accurately imaginative it could not be said beyond a doubt that the accused had written the letters & had committed perjury in saying that he had not.

His Honour briefly summed up & explained the nature of the charge, before they could find the accused guilty there must be overwhelming evidence. Illustrations certain, firstly, if the case of slander did take place; secondly, if the accused gave evidence on oath; thirdly, if he made the statements as alleged; & lastly, were those statements false, & known to be false to him. The first point was proved & were not disputed, & the case was narrowed down to

1. Food
2. Clothing
3. Means of communication
4. Shelter
5. Recreation

The case for the Crown was that the girls' statements were supported by the letters that the accused wrote them but denied it. His Honour pointed out that if the accused did not write the letters they were very clear forgeries, as they were lengthy & very similar. It was an easy matter to forge a signature. As to forging 3 lengthy letters such as those before them, 2 bank managers had sworn that the writing on the letters was identical with that on the 2 others admitted by the accused.

The learned Judge then compared the letters & showed the great similarity of the writing. He said that if the letters were forgeries they were marvelous productions. The 2 envelopes

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showed that the girl had received letters from Wallsend, as the postmarks were on them, & they were entitled to take into consideration the fact that the accused cleared out to New Zealand when he knew that there was a warrant out against him. If the case entirely depended upon May Robinson's evidence alone there must be a doubt; but if they believed that the accused wrote the letters the case was clear, & they could only find him guilty, as in the letters he admitted the truth of the girl's statements. Of course if they thought the letters were forgeries it was a very different matter.

The jury retired, & after the lunch adjournment, returned with a verdict of "Guilty".

His Honour: I agree with your verdict, gentlemen. It is a bad case of perjury; & the prisoner, first of all, ruined the young girl, & then not only denied it, but sought to punish others for saying that he was guilty.

The accused was remanded until to-day for sentence."

June 4th, 1891, The Wallsend Perjury Case. Reuben Smith, of Wallsend, was brought up for sentence, having been found guilty on the previous day of perjury. He made a long statement in a plausible way & protested his innocence, but still he was satisfied with the verdict of the Jury, & asked for leniency, saying that he would act properly if he ever got out of prison.

His Honour said that his statement was quite in keeping with his evidence. As a matter of fact he had been a hypocrite from first to last, & had taken advantage of his religious position to ruin that young girl.

Sentenced to three years hard labour in Maitland jail, he will, as is usual in such cases, be sent to Berrima for nine month's solitary treatment.

The Court then adjourned sine die."

May 8th 1891, Sir John Robertson died.

May 27th, 1891, Sir George Grey spoke at Wallsend on "One Man One Vote".

April 27th, 1896 the Newcastle miners strike began. It ended on the 15th of July, 1896.

Sir Henry Parkes died in April, 1896.
Aug. 5th, 1896. At Wallsend Police Court, Thomas Gibson was charged with assaulting David Wilkinson with a shovel at the "c" pit boilers.

The Butler murders were perpetrated in 1896.

Nov. 29th, 1894. Young Hewison was seized by a shark in 18 inches of water at the Newcastle beach, & was rescued by his brother, who punched & kicked the shark off.

Sun. 14th Feb., 1897. I went to Newcastle yesterday morning & finished paying the bill at the Co-op store. I then went to the "Herald" office & looked through some papers until 12:45 p.m. There was a man named Ashton, from Cardiff, there looking through the old papers to find some reference to a deceased uncle who was a millionaire at Sacramento, California. In looking through the old papers previously I found the following report of a speech by Harry Holland:

"Jan. 18th, 1893. Mr. Frank Butler at Tighe's Hill, public meeting was held at Young's hotel last evening for the purpose of hearing addresses from Mr. F. Butler & Mr. D. Watkins, M.P., to promote a branch of the Political Labour League. Mr. J.T. Croft occupied the chair, & introduced the speakers, & apologised for the absence of Mr. Watkins. He stated that Mr. Butler & Mr. Holland would address them."

(After Butler had spoken).

"Mr. H. E. Holland also dealt with the Socialistic question, & said that Robert Owen was the first man to recognize the socialistic & philanthropic phase of life, & who followed out his scheme in his own factory by giving his employees many benefits which they should have derived. He showed how Owen had fought against all obstacles to realize his scheme, & broke through the economic darkness. Mr. Holland followed out the history of Socialism & the pioneer workers in its cause. He referred to the Wallsend dispute, & said that 300 men who thought that they were doing an action that would benefit themselves were threatened by one man. During the progress of his speech he said they were worse off than the prisoners, who were well-housed & well fed; a remark which made matters lively for the speaker, several of the crowd angrily interfering, interrupting & taking exception to the remarks. Mr. Holland depicted a dismal & gloomy picture of the present state of life, which he claimed was the outcome of the inequitable distribution of the world's wealth. It was such that was forcing the march of Socialism, which would inevitably come.

Both speakers dealt lengthily with the subject of Socialism, in forcible manner, to a large audience. Mr. Butler answered several questions at the conclusion. A vote of thanks was accorded to the speakers."
Sun., Feb. 14th. (continued): To-day I have written a very long letter to Mrs. A. Holland, giving her all the information I have re Harry Holland. Jose had his stitches taken out yesterday, & to-day I went to the hospital & found that he had gone out & away in a motor car. I went to his home & discovered that there was no one there so he must have gone for an outing in the car. We expect Walter home to-night.

Following is a letter to Jose from Florence:-
"C/o Mrs. Leopold, Mark's Point, Lake Macquarie, 10/2/37.
Dear Joey, Very sorry to hear about your bad luck, or perhaps I should say good luck, for I suppose you are thinking it's a wonderful feeling to have the job over after such a lot of worry & pain. Anyhow, I suppose by this time you are up to the stage where you can read letters, & so it's the only thing I can do, seeing that's it is impossible for me to come & see you, although I would love to do that. I am wondering how you are enjoying hospital life. I suppose you are finding it a bit hard to take, but at least you won't be in long.
I am enjoying being out here, perhaps you may remember the day we came to Mark's Point; we went right on to the hill, but I must explain that I am not on the Lake side of it. This house is on the right side of the road going up, & so has a water frontage, & looks over towards Belmont. It's very nice here, & I am quite happy. The patient is a dear old chap, & the relatives & the doctor (Woods) are very nice, so it is quite a break from the cranks I have been with. I hope the time does not seem long to you there. I suppose you have lots of people to see you, when I see you again I hope you are looking nice & fat & rosy. And now I'll close up. Don't want to weary you with too much to read, lots of love from Diddy.xxx."

We have received the following letter from Walter:-
"The Volunteer Hotel, Corner Brisbane & George Streets, Launceston, P. Schadel, proprietor. (late A.I.P.) Phone 306.
Launceston, Tasmania, 7th February, 1937 1:30 p.m.
Gent Folks. Here we are in Launceston, having arrived yesterday about 3:30 p.m. I think that in writing the last letter I detailed our movements up till last Friday night.
On Saturday morning we played tennis on a local court, & in the afternoon the car called & took us to Mount Nelson signal station & to the Ridgeway tea gardens. At the former a fine view at 1300 feet elevation, & at the latter a very beautiful setting. Indeed, the florists' paradise. Sunday morning saw us at the Hobart Art Station at 10:15 a.m., from which we caught the train to National Park—strip of about 50 miles through excellent panoramic scenery with first-class views of the Derwent valley."
In passing, the trains may be described as antiques, the loco being dated 1884, & the first class carriages reasonably comparable with the dirtier second class up our way.

Arriving at National Park at 12:15 p.m., we inspected the Russel Falls, an interesting 3 stage fall, with a total drop of about 150 feet. We climbed to the top of this in company with 3 friends, Jack & Fred Dunkley & Carl Cullimans, whom we met on the boat, & with whom we have developed quite a friendship. Here I took 2 snaps. On Monday the car called at 10:15 a.m. & we were taken for a full days tour via Sandy Bay, up the reaches of the Huon River to Huonville, having lunch at Woodville. This trip, though interesting, was more like our own scenery, & was, to some extent, marred by the first rain we had yet experienced on the trip. At 4:45 p.m. we proceeded to the summit of Mount Wellington, an eminence of four thousand feet elevation which forms, with the smaller hills, a complete background for Hobart. Here again the rain proved a nuisance, for, after climbing above a low bank of clouds we were confronted with heavy rain on the summit, which entirely obscured the view.

However, we were fortunate in that, after descending some hundred feet to the Spring's Hotel, the weather cleared & we were able to look down on Hobart with its miniature buildings & shipping, through which wound the glistening estuary of the Derwent, the whole being surrounded by an undulating line of hills, & brightened by the sparkling red & silvery roofs; the whole, indeed, a beautiful panorama.

On Tuesday evening we again played tennis to keep ourselves in trim, & during the afternoon inspected the I.G.I. jam factory, together with several others, as a party. This is an impressive spectacle of mass-production methods; everything is made so quickly & with such ingenuity that we left astounded at the profits which must be made in the sale of these items, a small sample of which was given to each of us.

We had a short walk around the town in the evening, & turned in early. We have not had a swim in Hobart, the weather, though warm, appearing a bit too cold to thoroughly enjoy a swim.

I intended to bring a few apples home, but as yet the quality has been poor, it being rather too early in the season.

On Wednesday morning the car called at 9:40, & we proceeded across the punt to commence our East coast tour to Launceston. It was with some regret that we left Hobart, as it is impossible to deny its beauty, although we admit that it is old-fashioned, & the inhabitants are a lackadaisical lot, even including the policemen.

We were fortunate in the nature of our travelling companions--Dr. & Mrs. Ryan, of Forth, & Misses Maher, of La Perouse.
the last-mentioned being a young woman & her Aunty.

Wednesday was spent in going to Port Arthur, inspecting Tasman’s Arch & the bischeeze on the way. Wednesday afternoon was very enjoyable in the inspection of the old convict relics. These relics were interesting in themselves: much more interesting was the guide, an old scoundrel called ‘Alf’ who gloated in the misfortune of others, & who insisted on prefixing everything with:—

*New ladies & gentlemen.*

John & I did little but laugh amid the serpnt ruins, & seen had the rest of the party laughing also. We even succeeded in having Alf recite to us. The hotel accommodation was terrible; i.e. the water was undrinkable, & everything appeared to revert to the convict days in which Port Arthur still lives.

On Thursday we pushed on to Swansea, which presented a hotel in direct contrast to that provided at Port Arthur.

On arrival, at 4 p.m., we had a bit around the court & spent the evening singing around the piano. A little rain fell during the early evening, & the weather was generally too cool to indulge in swimming on the fine sandy beach which stretches along the front of the hotel.

*There are no sheets anywhere here, however, & our own Swansea is generally superior to its Tasmanian counterpart.*

On Friday we proceeded to St. Helen’s, where excellent accommodation was afforded in an otherwise sleepy & uninteresting town, relieved only by an avenue of ornamental trees of English origin.

Here again we played tennis, & spent the evening singing around the piano. The comrades of the three cars doing the trip have now been welded into a happy band. The consensus of opinion appears to be that considerable time is wasted in spending four days on the East coast trip, & that two extra days could more profitably be spent in Hobart.

On Saturday we proceeded to Launceston, stopping at Scottsdale for lunch. We entered Launceston through the suburb of Newstead, & one & all expressed surprise & admiration for the beautiful homes & gardens in what would appear to be this aristocratic portion of the city. We were all set down at our respective hotels, the Volunteer being in Brisbane street, right in the heart of the city, so much so that the early morning traffic proves a nuisance.

Launceston, with a population of 1, think, about thirty-thousand is deceiving when compared with any city suburb of similar population. It appears much more progressive than Hobart; is situated in picturesque surroundings; has a number of very fine public buildings which would be considered quite acceptable in a much larger city.

On page 6 you will notice an asterisk. At this juncture the car called & took us to Brady’s Lookout, from which eminence a wide view of the surrounding country is available.
However, a walk of about half a mile must be made through prickly wild grass to reach the point, & all the return journey to the gorge was occupied in removing the burrs from my trousers.

The Cataract Gorge demands mention. On the Northern wall of the gorge a walkway has been constructed, extending for about three quarters of a mile and ornamented trees & ferns & overlooking the rushing waters of the Esk River. This terminates in a very beautiful grassy reserve, after which steps lead to the suspension bridge, this latter appearing as in a picture-book, brightly painted, & passing over the waters where the velocity is a maximum. After passing under the bridge the waters open into a large, rock-enclosed pool, forming natural areas of stationary waters at the sides, which are utilised as swimming baths.

I was unceasing in my praise of the general spectacle, brightened in the sunlight by the gaily-coloured costumes of the swimmers beneath us, with here & there a sunbather on the slabs of rock. Unfortunately, I am given to understand, this is the best that Launceston can offer, the surrounding country being largely uninteresting from a tourist's point of view.

To-morrow we are going to Corinna & the power station. The "Blenheim" leaves Burnie on Tuesday & arrives in Sydney about 7 a.m. on Thursday morning. We are getting tired of Launceston & are rather anxious to get to Sydney, where we intend staying till Sunday. I hope you are all well, & more especially do I think of Joe whose operation I hope was a success.

Your's etc.

Tues. Feb. 16th, 1957. Yesterday morning I bade a new spoke put in Fred's bike, & a new lamp-battery fitted into the generator outfit, which cost me 1/9. I took the bicycle to the Waratah railway station, & paid 3/5 to have it sent to Wellington to Arthur. In the afternoon I went to the Waterford hospital & found Mrs. Bowditch & Ivy sitting with Jose, who was nursing young Noel. Jose is so well that he expects to be sent out to-morrow. On the way out of the ward I saw Mr. Pinfold, who was lying with 3 broken ribs, on a bed near the door. He recognised & spoke to me, told me that he is going home to-day.

Last night Arthur sent the following telegram:

"Don't send the bike, thanks, Arthur." Charlie ran up the railway station to stop the bike from being sent if it had not already gone, but the official who replied could not say whether it had gone or not.

 urn went to the Mayfield citadel yesterday afternoon to attend Dick Ford's funeral, but was a bit late. She did not go to Sandgate.
This morning I wrote a letter to the "Newcastle Morning Herald" on "Militant Christianity." As I have just smeared this typewriter tape with boot polish & oil, it does not write clearly enough to type the letter, so I wrote it in red ink with a pen. Son Jack visited us with Bill & Alma this morning. He is still at the coke works, learning how to manage them. He is trying to sell his house for five hundred & fifty pounds.

I'm searching through the old "Newcastle Morning Heralds" I found the following report of a meeting that was one result of a previous meeting to which the Co-operative Pit miners were invited for the purpose of forming a union of lodges of the Colliery Employees' Federation. At the first meeting a lodge was formed & I took the office of treasurer. The next day Jimmy Barr, the manager of the Co-operative colliery, Wallsend, gave forty six of us miners fourteen days notice that we were no longer required at the colliery. Some days afterwards the meeting that I am about to describe took place.

"Jan. 19th 1888, Co-operative Miners, Result of Deputation.
A meeting of the Co-operative miners was held in the Hall of the Flattsburg Mechanics' Institute yesterday afternoon at 3 o'clock. There was another large attendance, the roll call numbering 186 members. Mr. William Hughes was in the chair. The chairman explained that the officers had called upon Mr. Barr, who at once refused to see any deputation from the lodge, but explained that he had no objection to see any of the workmen, & if it was as workmen, & not as a deputation, that the interview took place.

In reply as to the reason why they had received 14 day's notice, Mr. Barr said he was not called upon to give any reason. When any of the workers gave him notice to leave the colliery he never asked the reason why, & he did not feel called upon to give any reason to his men. Mr. Barr also made reference to some agreement which he said the men signed. The deputation told Mr. Barr that they were not aware of having signed any agreement; & they requested him to supply them with a copy of any such agreement. This, however, he declined to do. He said he desired to work in harmony with his men, & further, that he would again see them after the 14 day's notice had expired. He, the chairman, wanted to know from Mr. Barr if it was in consequence of the agreement that he had received his notice of dismissal, but Mr. Barr refused to answer it. The question. Mr. Barr also stated that he had no objection to men joining any federation they chose.

Mr. James Curley, district secretary, stated that it would seem from the report of the deputation that the men had now done.
all they could to ascertain the reason why Mr. Barr had given so many of the men their notices. That gentleman appeared to have asserted that the men could not lodge they chose, but there must have been some reason why the men received 14 day's notice, following so closely on the inception of the lodge. Such actions in the past had furnished the necessary incentive & spirit to infuse new life into the men. No man living had the right in the present year, by intimidation, to prevent any man from exercising what appeared to him the right steps to take for his own & his fellow-men's benefit.

It appeared, from what the deputation had reported, that a number of men had appended their names in a book, which might possibly be an acknowledgement of the receipt of the colliery rules, or it might be that a number of names had been appended to some form of agreement which had not been read over, nor had they read it. But it would have been a simple affair for Mr. Barr to have read this agreement. He would neither do this nor receive a deputation; & it appeared strange that when that gentleman said that he had no objection to joining a federation, or forming a lodge, & yet object to receiving a deputation from a lodge.

Therefore it appeared that it was no use that gentleman saying that he had no objection. Actions spoke louder than words. He advised that the whole matter be laid before the Delegate Board; & he had no doubt the recommendation of the men would be duly considered. He advised that every man of the colliery, tomen & wheelers, be asked to join the Federation in order to see if they could not build up this lodge. He said that the lodge must not anticipate too much. Men who had been out of the Association were apt to think that every difficulty could be got over, as it were, at a jump, just the same as starting some machinery that had been idle for a lengthy period. But they had to work by degrees for their welfare as well as the welfare of the district.

He hoped they would have every delegate in the district & every lodge at their back, & that the delegates would be pleased to learn that two new lodges had been formed. He referred to the Co-operative & Wallarah. In the latter case no difficulty had arisen. Although things had a dark appearance at present yet, if they could get rid of their petty differences the day was not far distant when an improvement would take place. But whether or not, they had the right to endeavour to improve their position.

Mr. Curley next referred to the clauses in the Coal Mines Regulation Act dealing with the right of the men to appoint check inspectors & check-weighmen. Those were copied from the English Act, & no doubt they had some reason there for inserting them, & the same forces were operating here as in the old country. And if those two were not sufficient to enable the men to secure these privileges, then they must
more stringent legislation, in order that the manager be put in the same position as regards the law as the workman. In this country it was no uncommon thing to land men in prison for two or three years, but it was rarely that a manager was punished.

Mr. Curley proceeded to refer to the difference in the administration of the law as regards Capital & Labour, & expressed a hope that they would yet be free from the most contemptible actions of any man.

In referring to a letter which appeared in the "Newcastle Morning Herald" signed "Brotherhood", Mr. Curley said that the Members for the district had nothing whatever to do with the convening of the meeting. It was convened on the responsibility of the district officers, at the request of the Delegate Board, confirmed by the district, & the Members only attended by invitation.

(Appause).

Mr. D. Watkins, W.P. stated that he did not attend the lodge in his capacity of a member of parliament, but as a member of the Association; & proceeded to refer to the letter signed "Brotherhood", but he could assure them that at no time during his career had he attended to the advantage of any meeting for political purposes, unless the meeting was convened for that purpose, & it was no new thing for him to attend union meetings. Respecting the position, it must be clearly understood that any remark that he might make would not conflict with the opinion of their officers, & he strongly advised the men to be guided by their officers. The position was such that they must fight against any semblance of tyranny. All good men must stand by them.

Referring to the legislation passed for the protection of the lives of workmen, it appeared absolutely necessary for the men to form themselves into a body in order to appoint a check-inspector & a check-weighman, because the Act provided that every man was liable for the payment of the check-weighman's wages. As one of those who took part in passing that legislation, he considered it their duty to have those clauses tested or the law amended. The Inspector of collieries must be approached by the Delegate Board & asked whether the men were to be prevented from giving effect to the Coal Mines Regulation Act. The speaker referred to workmen appointing pickets when any disturbance arose, & if their men were by any act intimidated, the law said the right of the citizens was being infringed, but it appeared a different matter when men received notices of dismissal. No action was taken. The meeting held the other night was to form a lodge to obtain the benefit of legal enactment; & he proceeded to read the rules providing for them. The Trade Union Act gave to men the right to form lodges. He strongly advised the men to persevere, to do nothing rash, & to wait & see what the outcome of the Delegate Board action would be. He had no doubt that it was simply the bad circumstances of that & other districts.
during the past two years that had forced the men to continue working at the Co-operative colliery, as he understood that the position there was not an enviable one. (Applause.)

The meeting then decided to refer the whole matter to the Delegate Board, which will meet to-morrow.

Jan. 21st, 1898. "The Delegate Board decided yesterday to recommend the whole of the members of the newly-formed Co-operative Lodge to send in their notices in the event of the manager (Mr. Barr) refusing to withdraw the forty notices he has issued." "Newcastle Morning Herald.


The question of the deadlock at the Co-operative colliery, where a number of men had received 14 day's notice, was then considered. The Delegate meeting had resolved to advise the whole of the Co-operative miners to give 14 day's notice if the manager did not withdraw the 14 day's notice and a week of dismissal he had given to some of them. These miners about forty. These miners about forty.

The Co-operative miners shall first interview the manager & ask him to withdraw the notices. It was also resolved that a ballot be taken throughout the district on the question. The Delegate confirmed the resolution of the Delegate Board regarding the Co-operative case. A further resolve of the Delegate Board on the Co-operative case—question, "That the manager be censured for his action, & that further information be obtained as to the possibility of prosecuting him, intimidation", was also confirmed.


Delegate Board meeting. The annual meeting of the C.E.F. was held yesterday at the Trades Hall, Hunter Street West. Mr. J. Estell was in the chair, & the whole of the lodges were represented except Wallarah, the delegate having tendered a reasonable excuse. It was reported that the result of the ballot taken throughout the district was that the whole of the office-bearers had been re-elected; as follows:—President, J. Estell; treasurer, J. McFadyen; secretary, J. Curley; & William Bower (of the Glebe & John Bower of Wallsend).

The officers gave a report of their organising crusade, & their actions were heartily endorsed. The difficulty at the Co-operative colliery consequent on the manager sending out 40 notices of dismissal to the men who had taken a leading part of the newly established Co-operative Lodge occupied the delegates for the greater part of the day. It was reported that out of 230 men & boys employed at the colliery, 174 had
become affiliated with the union. The delegates did not think it was proper for the manager to refuse to see the 
"noticed" men as a whole; and the opinion was freely expressed that the men were acting within their legal rights 
in forming themselves into a lodge.
It was therefore decided that in the event of the notices not being withdrawn, the whole of the other members of the 
loge be recommended to give in their notices. This step will, however, not be taken till the expiration of the 14 
days notice. In any case the men who have received notice will be supported according to rule 33, which states that
men locked out or on strike shall be paid a sum not exceeding 2/- per day for themselves & three pence for each child 
under 14 years of age. "Newcastle Morning Herald".

Fri. Jan. 31, 1898. "Sea Pit Miners. The delegate, Mr. Curry gave a report of business transacted at the delegate,
meeting held on Thursday. The dispute at the Co-operative colliery was discussed, & ultimately the following motion 
was submitted from the delegates:—that a ballot be taken throughout the district as to the advisability of the Co-
operative miners giving 14 days notice. In discussing the motion the action of Mr. Barr was severely condemned. A
hope was freely expressed that the district would assist the Co-operative miners in asserting their right to combine.
The motion was adopted. "N.M.Herald".

Sat. Jan. 32, 1898. "The decision of the Delegate Board recommending the miners to send in their notices has not altered
Mr. Barr's tactics. He says he will not withdraw the notices which have been issued." "N.M.Herald".

Thur. Feb. 18th, 1897. This morning I wrote the following verses to send to the "Newcastle Herald":

DON'T FOR NEWCASTLE ALDERMEN

To the Editor, Newcastle Morning Herald.

Sir, Please accept this carping screed
From one whose soul is stirred indeed
With pity for the ones who bleed
When surfing at our beaches.

Although my rhyming may be rough
And my phillipic may be tough,
I hardly think I scold enough
The men whom it impeaches.
Dear Aldermen, excuse my cheek;
But of a week
Of sharks within your Throsby Creek
And at your beach, I'd mention
A knot that you could soon untie,
If you, with energy, would give
To save the luckless souls who die
Through civic inattention.
Of course it's not for me to teach
You how to run your lovely beach;
Such problems are beyond my reach,
Tho' not beyond your scorning;
Yet Aldermen have much to learn
Of citizens who long and yearn
For bathing free from mourning.
Hughes wants the populace to mount
To numbers he can scarcely count,
But hope is stifled at its fount,
And fire of fury kindles,
And blazes in the public mind
At aldermen who'd deaf & blind
While sharks attack poor human-kind,
And population dwindles.
But don't you heed these few remarks;
I'm only just a curl that barks;
Continue wasting cash on parks
And ocean-drives not needed.
Where ocean breakers rise and fall
Don't build a massive concrete wall,
Surmounted by a net, at all
Let Safety pass unheeded.
Sleep on and take your wondred rest;
Don't heed the mongrels who protest
That "Safety First" is surely best
Of slogans aldermanic;
Don't heed the walls of widowed wives,
Or mothers, over shortened lives,
But see that civic cloth survives
And grows to size titanic.
By critics do not be misled,
But let the ocean's foam be red
With blood ferocious sharks have shed
Of batters unprotected,
Don't make your beaches danger-free,
For what is life to el ess deef
Let this important matter be,
As usual, neglected.
Go on in your accustomed way,
Not caring what the people say;
Or tell them that "It wouldn't pay
To make the least endeavour,—
That batters would get very wet
By breakers dashing through a net"—
Don't be awakened by them yet,
But slumber on for ever!

OSBES CREEK

Sir,—After reading the report of the farewell meeting of the departing saint, "Fighting Mac," I am forcibly reminded of the maxims, "Birds of a feather flock together," and "Actions speak louder than words."

Your many readers have often read and heard the words of preachers who exhorted them to follow Him who said, "Put up again thy sword into its place; for all they that take the sword shall perish with the sword." Innumerable times those preachers have read from pulpits these words of advice and exhortation that John the Baptist gave to soldiers: "Do violence to no man." But modern Christians like "Fighting Mac" are in favour of compelling innocent, helpless boys to learn to use, not the sword, but the far more murderous rifle, bomb, and poisonous gas, and all other devilish means to do all possible violence to those whom Jesus told them to forgive.

A few months ago you published a letter written by "Fighting Mac" in which he admitted that he advocated compulsory military training, in bold defiance of God's commandment, "Thou shalt not kill," and in scorn of Christ's command, "Love your enemies." As that letter was never repudiated by the man who is going to teach the "poor heathen Chinese" all about mercy, forgiveness, and Christian love, he must be proud of his militant attitude. Almost every issue of your paper tells its many thousands of readers what fighting persons and "Fighting Mac" would legally compel boys and men to learn to do.

We read that Spanish rebels mercilessly murdered sleeping women and children in their homes, and that others were savagely bombed and shot on the road as they tried to escape from the scene of carnage. That is the kind of "active service" that Scouts and conscripts would be forcibly trained to give.

Of course, there were those who expressed admiration for the kind of Christianity favoured by "Fighting Mac," who, of course, denounced the bold, brave Communists who favour international disarmament and world-wide peace.

Thus the name of the Prince of Peace is dragged in the guilty mire of militarism, on the platform, by those who exalt it in the pulpit. Were Jesus to return to earth and to hear and see the proceedings at such a farewell meeting, you would have to repent, as the scribe did of old, "Jesus wept!"

"A SHAM HATER."

Mayfield West.
Don't make your beaches danger-free;  
For what is life to El Esdee?  
Let this important matter be,  
As usual, neglected.

Go on in your accustomed way,  
Not caring what the people say;  
Or tell them that it wouldn't pay  
To make the least endeavour,  
For bathers would get very wet  
By breakers dashed through a net"!  
Don't be awakened by them yet,  
But slumber on for ever!  

Daisy. 18/2/37.

To "W. 26th. 1937."

Sat. Feb. 20th, 1937. Yesterday I took Art's money-order to  
the post office & received six pounds. I went to Jose's  
house & saw him. He is getting stronger every day. Daphne  
is in bed with tonsillitis. Florence was at home about an  
hour last evening, but went back to her patient at Marks Point.  
I gave finished getting the paper & manure from Ken Parker.  
Rain last night & this morning has made the 60 drumhead  
cabbage plants stand up straight.

I have received the following letter from Mrs. Holland:-  
118 Irish Harry Road, Prospect, Adelaide, Feb. 15.  
Dear Mr. Coombes. You will think that I am very unkind for not  
replying to your 2 letters sooner. I sent your letter &  
verses to Ray soon after receiving them. Your verses are a  
true & sincere tribute to Harry's life. You are certainly  
going to a lot of trouble to gather past history. I was very  
interested in the name of one of the people you mentioned.  
I have some recollection of someone named Toll, who I think  
was in some Band, & I am sure Harry had his photo, but not in  
businessman's clothes. Mrs Connelly, we have heard since  
writing to you, died last July. She lived in De Vitre street,  
Lambton for over 40 years. Mr. Connelly died some years ago.  
We lived next door to them: they were very nice neighbours.  
Leila, my eldest daughter, corresponded with Mrs Connelly for  
many years. Only about 3 or 4 months before her death she  
wrote to her, she then would be past writing; she was in  
the eighties. The enclosed (newspaper clipping) was sent to  
me from New Zealand: it came to-day. If I am spared & well eno  
ugh I intend being present at the unveiling. Trusting that you  
will excuse my delay in replying to your kind letters, & with  
kindest to you all, I am yours sincerely, A. Holland.
The following is an extract from the "Newcastle Morning Herald" dated Mon. Jan. 24th, 1898.

"Wallsend Miners. Mr. Peter Bowling read & explained the delegate minutes, the most important being in reference to the newly-formed lodge at the Co-operative colliery, viz.,

"That the Co-operative miners be requested to give 14 days notice to cease work unless the men be reinstated who have been discharged; & that a ballot be taken to ascertain the opinion of the district.

The delegate explained the trouble that had arisen at the Co-operative colliery, & held that the district, having put its hand to the plough with the view of bettering the condition of the men, & thereby the condition of the district, the lodge could do no other than support the motion from the Delegate Board.

Mr. James Curley, District Secretary, gave a report of the business of organising in the district, & the success which had resulted from a lodge being formed at Wallsend & the Co-operative, & reviewed the whole of the difficulty at the Co-operative colliery, & trusted that now a lodge had been formed the district would back them up. If it had to be a fight, let them fight with a determination to win. He further pointed out that so far as the peace of mind of the district officers was concerned, it would have been better if the difficulty had not arisen; but they would not now be doing their duty if they did not grapple with the evil & endeavour to root it out, as it was a menace to the whole district.

A speaker moved "That the minute from the Delegate Board be adopted," & in doing so said that there appeared to be a very grave interference with the liberty of the subject in connection with the matter. Another pointed out that he had no doubt there were good & true men who had been compelled by force of circumstances to accept work at the colliery, & with those men he had every sympathy; but there were men who had left the Wallsend colliery & gone there to work, & these men were, in his opinion, worse than the original blacklegs, & he could not support those men.

Several other spoke in strong language of the action of the manager of the Co-operative colliery, & held that it was a contravention of the Coal Mines Regulation Act.

Another speaker pointed out that on the last occasion when trouble arose at the Co-operative colliery there were no men left to work the mine. On this occasion there would be 30 men left.

Mr. Curley said that he had been informed that even these men who had not given in their names were prepared to stop work. The motion was carried by a large majority.

The first motion—minute from the Delegate Board, "That this Board condemns the action of Mr. Barr in discharging the men; & that the men discharged be supported according to rule, & that the district Association obtain legal advice with
regard to Mr. Barr's action, was adopted."

to the Editor, Sir, The delegates met & considered the
above case & have characteristically bungled the whole
affair once more. They have advised the whole of the men
to give in their notices if Mr. Barr does not retreat or
back down from the position he has taken up. Nice chance
they have got. They ought to know Mr. Barr better than that.
Why don't they summons the manager & test the legality of the
case. They are blowing about their two thousand pounds surplus
but if their advice is taken there will be no more levies
struck to support those men while they are locked out, which
the miners are not able to stand at present prices. Argus."

by Delegate Board. The trouble at the Co-operative colliery
consequent upon Mr. Barr practically refusing to reinstate the
forty miners who received notice of dismissal, was considered
at the adjourned quarterly meeting of the Delegate Board at
the trades hall yesterday. It was reported that 150 had paid
their contributions to the lodge, while fifty others had pro-
mise to pay. The circumstances which had arisen from time to
time during the fortnight were also related to the Board.
After much discussion, the Board decided to adhere to its pre-
vious recommendation, which was to the effect that in the event
of Mr. Barr declining to reinstate the 40 men, the whole of the men
of the lodge should hand in their notices as a protest
against the action of the management."
This recommendation has, so far, met with the unan-
rious approval of the district lodges, but it has not gone the whol
round of the district as yet. When the final returns are
received a ballot will be taken throughout the district for or
against a strike at the Co-operative colliery. In the meantime,
however, the Board has decided to write to Mr. Laidley & Co,
proprietors of the Co-operative colliery, asking them to
grant an interview, so that the whole subject can be amicably
considered."

"Sir. I see by your press reports that the Delegate Board
has recommended to the various lodges that the Co-operative
miners give 14 days notice unless the 40 men that have got
their notices be reinstated. It is to be hoped that the
miners of the district will think twice before taking such
advice. It is also to be hoped that the lodges have not
We must all remember how Stockton, Greta, Mimi, & the Co-operative were filled up by strangers. What was done before can be done again; & with less trouble at the present, for the very simple reason that there was never in our history more idle men looking for work & unable to get it. In my opinion it will be much easier to deal with & support 40 men than 300 or 500-400.

Will someone tell me where the money is to come from to support all these men for an indefinite period? Things will yet take place, & history will repeat itself. These Men will be partly supported, & when their places have been filled up they will be declared off. But I suppose this is what Mr. Curley calls bettering their social position & industrial position. In my opinion it will just be playing into the hands of the coal companies. It will bring into the district two or three hundred more men when there are 1000 too many already. I see Mr. Curley also advised the Co-operative men to forget the past. If Mr. Curley had suffered as much as these did! Some of them have told the writer that they have travelled all over the district for months looking for work & unable to get it, & at last were glad to get work upon any terms. It may also be news to a good many, & I have it upon good authority, that Mr. Barr's time is almost fully taken up in refusing men from all over the district wanting work at the Co-operative colliery. I am etc. Lictor, Wallesford, 7th Feb. 1898.

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Feb. 17th, 1898. "Meeting of Hetton Miners. The chairman stated that a ballot taken on the Co-operative Question had resulted as follows:—For the Co-operative miners giving notice, 31; against giving notice, 68, informal, 11.

Fri. Feb. 18th 1898. "The Co-operative trouble. Following are the results of the ballots which have been taken by the mentioned lodges on the question of or against the Co-operative miners giving 14 days notice to strike in protest against the refusal of the management to reinstate the 40 men who were discharged subsequent to the formation of the Co-operative Lodge:—

Wickham & Bullock Island, For, 154; against, 57.
West Wallsend, For, 154; against, 29.
Seaham, For, 161; against, 38.
Back Creek & Duckenfield, For, 265; against, 45.
Burwood; For, 155; against 37.
Dudley; For, 122; against, 29.
Hetton; For, 91; against 68.

Result to date:—
For a strike, 933; against 536.
W. Wallsend; For, 154; against, 23.
Seaham; For, 101; against 36.
B.C. & Buckenfield; For, 263; against 45.
Burwood; For, 155; against, 37.
Dudley; For, 132; against 25.
Hatton; For, 31; against, 62.
Stockton; For, 106; against, 55.
Sea Pit; For, 136; against, 36.
Wearhead; For, 60; against, 12.
Wallsend; For, 154; against, 171.
Co-operative; For, 155; against, 40.
Total:—For, against, 1848; 751.

As 3 or four turn returns have yet to be made public, it seems impossible that the result can be altered.

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....The delegate (David Evans) then read & explained the minutes of the Delegate meeting held on Mar. 2nd. Re the Co-operative miners giving in their notices, the delegate explained that there was a substantial majority in favour of the men giving in their notices, but fresh evidence had been given at the Delegate Board meeting, which had not transpired before. It had been a difficult matter for the scrutineers to get the Co-operative men to ballot on the subject, & even before making a house to house canvas they only succeeded in getting 179 votes recorded, out of which only 69–69–99 were in favour of giving in their notices, which would leave 90 who were in favour of remaining at work, to which must be added 45 more who had not joined in, or refrained from voting. This would make about 125 men who could not be relied upon coming out if the Delegate Board issued instructions for them to do so. It was therefore decided by the Board that under these conditions it would not be advisable for the Co-operative miners to give in their notices at present. But in the meantime the district officers & the officers of the lodge should make every effort to get the Co-operative miners to fall in with the mandate of the district. The action of the Board in this matter was thought by the Seaham miners to be very wise, & the minute was therefore unanimously adopted. By paying the Co-operative miners from the General Fund, the Board there was no need to strike a levy for their support.
The minute was upheld.

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Extra acts from the "Newcastle Morning Herald".

Mrs. Catherine Booth, the Salvation Army "Mother", died in 1891.
General William Booth arrived in Newcastle on the 10th of October, 1891. (Saturday).

A letter of co-sympathy was sent by Wallsend friends to the Mother of the reverend Mr. Pugh (pronounced Pew) who died in 1891.

Tu. July 2nd, 1895. Alleged assault. In the case of Maud Scott versus Frederick Myles, alleging assault, there was no appearance of parties.

Sat. July 7th, 1895. Following are the names of Labor Members in the N.S.W. parliament:-
George Black; William Morris Hughes; Thomas K. Davis; E. J. Law; W.G. Smailes; James McGowan; J. H. Cann; T. Brown; H. Macdonald; William J. Ferguson; Richard Sleath; R. Nicholson; James C. Watson; Alfred Edden; Josiah Thomas; James Thomson; David Watkins; Arthur Griffiths; J.R. Macy...

"Wallsend, Tu. Sep. 10th, 1895. Surprise party."
On Friday night a pleasant surprise was given to Mr. & Mrs. O’Gara, of Brooktown, About 35 couples assembled, & headed by Messrs. J. Willis & J. Hopkins, were heartily received. The amusements commenced with dancing & parlour games, Mr. Os. Baird acting as M.C. About 12 o’clock supper was served, after which dancing & games continued.

Mon. Mar. 21st, 1898. "Co-operative Colliery Late Trouble."
Sir, A few weeks ago a ballot was taken throughout the district to decide whether the Co-operative men would come out on strike or not. It was carried by something like seven to one that their notices go in for a strike. No doubt this majority had in their minds a brilliant victory, such that have been achieved by calling out single collieries, or by a general strike, these last few years.

We all remember what took place at Greta, Stockton, & scores of other collieries when the miners there laid down their tools to better their social & industrial condition, as Mr. Curley would call it. And a great many of us remember how things ended. In a very short time the men at these collieries that were out had their eyes opened when they saw their places filled by strangers. And I know some who lost their homes over it—homes that were partly paid for, & not being able to keep up the payments they lost all. Truly a novel way of people bettering themselves. Now, some of us will remember the great Maritime Strike, when the great hearts of liberty all over the colonies
with a "Hip, hip, hurrah" cried at the top of their voice, "Now is the time to bring Capital to its knees".

But we also know how that great strike ended, Labor driven from every vantage ground that it ever held, & at the last the Government had to step in with either work or rations, to prevent many a family from starvation. Truly a bright victory in the cause of liberty.

Now, just a few words of advice to the Co-operative miners. Something like 2000 votes were given for you to lay your tools down. An aggregate meeting was called for last Saturday, no doubt to give you good advice to better your position, but, unfortunately for the leaders in this forward movement, just 50 persons turned up. Where were the 2000 that voted for you to lay your tools down so that others would step into your places? I have no doubt that would have taken place, as it has been done before when there were not so many workless men looking for work & failing to get it.

You will all remember when Mr. Curley & a few of the so-called Labor Party addressed your first meeting over the late trouble. He there said, "Gentlemen, look at your output for the last year. It is no mean factor in the trade of the district." Yes, gentlemen, that is all the trouble. If you had been working 2 or 3 days a fortnight there never would have been a vote taken over your affairs.

Yes, lads, it is your trade that they want to get hold of, not you so much. Why don't they trouble with the small collieries not far from the Co-operative, where coal is got at less per ton? Just because they are no great factors in the coal trade.

I may just mention here for general information that some members of the so-called Labor Party, with a few municipal representatives are doing all they can to this particular colliery to load it with expense, never thinking for a moment, I suppose, that the more expense Capital is put to the less will Labor get out of it. Still there are the men that are looked to as the great friends of Labor. And this is not all. They are trying their best to stop the coal trains from running to this colliery because a baker, butcher, or lemonade cart has sometimes to wait a few minutes to get past. But I think they have a big contract on hand. If the ratepayers a few years ago had asked the present aldermen of this particular Council to put this colliery to expense that it has been put to of late they would simply have been put down as a lot of fools, & some might have felt the weight of the malled foot. Yes, & would you believe it, Sir, some of these same aldermen some of these same aldermen that all they ever had of this world's goods was produced from this colliery. Lictor, Newcastle district, Mar. 16th.
Tu. Nov. 1st, 1898. "Co-operative Miners. The monthly meeting of the Seaham miners was held in Sharp's hall on Friday night, Mr. D. Evans in the chair. The only minute upon which comment was made was that with reference to the Co-operative men, who have been on the strike roll since last February. The delegate said he had been credited with having the motion passed at the Board that the men should visit the pits at least twice a week to seek work & obtain the checkweighman's signature at the collieries visited, & forward the same to the General Secretary. The delegate said he could not take credit for initiating the motion, but he heartily supported it as he considered it was high time that the men were off the funds of the Association. But, in his opinion, as long as they could get twelve shillings per week strike pay they would not look for work; in fact many of them were better off than if they were working.

The meeting supported the delegate in his contentions that if they did not procure work soon they ought to be struck off the strike roll."

Wed. Nov. 9th, 1898. "To the Editor, Newcastle Morning Herald". Sir, I generally fight enemies of workers, but I am now reluctantly compelled to attack an enemy in the ranks of the workers themselves. Until lately I have regarded Mr. Evans as a friend, but his unworthy statements at the last 2 meetings of the Seaham miners force me to exclaim "Et tu Brute", with the emphasis on brute. Mr. Evans is a very remarkable man in a very remarkable lodge. It is the only lodge in the district that is so devoid of brains as to be forced to elect one man to fill two offices, & Mr. Evans is the only man who would hold 2 billets against all (new) comers. That is probably why the meeting supported Mr. Evans in his contentions. But I would remind Mr. Evans that although he appears to have a monopoly or the intelligence in his lodge, he does not possess all the honesty in the district. Like double-barrelled Bluey, I am opinionative, & it is my opinion that when a James-faced person makes an incorrect statement he should put a small amount of plausibility in his allegation—not one like this: "Many of them (Co-operative victims) were better off than they were working.

The Seaham miners must know that there are only seven left of the forty, & yet he applies the term "many" to something less than seven. He must also know that a miner can make more than two shillings in any pit in the district. For myself, I wish to say.
that I am losing about thirty-three shillings per fortnight through the tyranny of Mr. Evans's friend. I do not know how much the others are losing, but any miner knows that they can earn more than 2/- a day in any colliery. But the most remarkable remark off of this remarkable chairman-delegate is this: "In my opinion, they (the Co-operative victims) could get 12/- per week they would never look for work."

If Mr. Evans had only swallowed soft stuff he would have remembered that it is lock-out pay, not strike pay, that we get. Let me tell all whom it may concern that I have looked for work & that I always come home sober. In the meantime I will take the credit of initiating the motion "That we confer the order of the Blue Ribbon on Mr. Evans for his untiring efforts on behalf of Capitalism in discouraging workers in forming unions where upstart tyrants rule".

Permit me to thank "Coal Jock" for his manly defence of the Co-operative men & unionism.

I would have replied sooner, but was away seeking tickets of leave or work. In conclusion let me ask Mr. Evans a few questions, let. Is it a fact that he can take the credit of initiating the system of filling coal for 1/- a skip at Hill's colliery, Co-operative 1st, 2nd? Is it a fact that he holds the positions of chairman & delegate through successfully opposing the nomination of a young man for those positions? 3rd. Did he receive strike pay from the Association for twelve months? 4th. If so, did he look for work & obtain certificates of application from check-weighmen? 5th. If it is true that we are better off now than when we were working, will he agree to exchange places with me if we could arrange with the manager to do so? By answering these questions he will confer a favour on:

Josiah Cocking, secretary, Co-operative Lodge, Nov. 22nd.

Sat. Apr. 30th 1898. Sea Pit Miners. The monthly meeting of the above miners took place on Thursday evening. The appeal from Mr. Cocking for the sum of twenty pounds to assist him in starting a business, being rejected by the Board, their action was upheld.

Tu. May 24th, 1898. Edmund Barton spoke at Wallsend.

Thur. July 7th, 1898. Attempted murder of Frank Craig's daughter by John Firth, of Hamilton.

July 8th. Firth surrendered at Hamilton.

Aug. 29th, 1898. Firth tried & discharged.

THE following statement on behalf of the National Executive of the New Zealand Labour Party has been issued to-day by the National Secretary, Mr D. Wilson:

For some time past it has been intended that the National Memorial to the late Mr H. E. Holland, who was Leader of the Parliamentary Labour Party from 1919 until his death in 1933, should be unveiled at Easter by the Prime Minister, the Rt Hon M. J. Savage. As the annual conference of the Labour Party opens in the Town Hall on Easter Monday, March 29 and continues for the three following days and this would no doubt have met with the general approval of the delegates who will be present from all parts of the Dominion.

However, as it is necessary that the Prime Minister should represent the New Zealand Government at the Coronation of King George VI in London during May and that he should subsequently attend the meetings of the Imperial Conference it will be necessary for Mr Savage to leave New Zealand prior to the opening of the Labour Party's annual conference, and under these circumstances the National Executive has decided to postpone the unveiling of the Holland Memorial until October 8, 1937, which is the fourth anniversary of Mr Holland's death.

This decision will no doubt cause disappointment to the four or five hundred delegates who are expected to attend this year's conference, but the National Executive feels that it is essential that the Prime Minister should officiate upon this most solemn and important occasion, and further that it is due to the memory of one of the greatest figures that the working class movement has produced that the present Leader of the Party, Mr Savage, should on behalf of the Labour movement pay tribute to our late Leader, Mr Holland, to whose work and untiring efforts the success of the Party at the general elections of November, 1935, is in no small measure due.

In addition the postponement will enable the Hon Walter Nash, Minister of Finance, who is absent in England to be also present at the unveiling of the memorial.
RETURN TO CHINA

Commissioner McKenzie

Farewelled

SALVATION ARMY CAMPAIGN

Commissioner William McKenzie, who has been chosen by the Salvation Army to lead a revival campaign in China, was last night at the Newcastle Citadel by Newcastle Division of the Army.

Representatives of Newcastle Churches, professional and business interests, and the Newcastle sub-branch of the Returned Sailors and Soldiers' Imperial League, paid tribute to the Commissioner. More than 50 local Salvation Army officers attended.

It is half a century since Commissioner McKenzie joined the Salvation Army. During that time he has seen service all over the world. He is well known throughout Australia, and was a padre at the Great War, besides having worked in China for some years. Last night he gave an outline of his life until the time he joined the Salvation Army, and touched on incidents after he became a member.

The Commissioner said he had been brought up as a Presbyterian and left Scotland when a youth for Australia. It was in 1887 that he became a member of the Salvation Army at Bundaberg, Queensland, after having seen much of its work there. From that time he had had many fruitful experiences. After touching briefly on the Great War, he referred to incidents in China, where he was a missionary a few years ago. Those were troublesome times; the Communist army was marching to and fro, destroying property, pillaging and laying waste missions and missions and massacring missionaries. Once he was accosted by Chinese bandits but managed to escape unscathed.

China had been his chief interest in the Christian Church, added Commissioner McKenzie, and the missions were doing fine work there.

MRS. McKENZIE NOT GOING.

Mrs. McKenzie has also had an eventful career. She has served in the Salvation Army throughout the Commonwealth and in New Zealand, and accompanied Commissioner McKenzie to China. She will not be with him this time.

It was a privilege, said Mrs. McKenzie, that they should have been selected to work there. She was disappointed that she was not chosen to accompany her husband this time, but was not without hope. She told of Chinese martyrs and referred to the Salvation Army's work for the heathens.

Many speakers paid tribute to Commissioner McKenzie's work for the Salvation Army. The Divisional Commander (Lieutenant-Colonel B. Richards) said they were proud of him for his faith, sympathy, foresight, and ability. He would be sadly missed.

Rev. F. Heyward said the Methodist Church, which he represented, was greatly interested in the Commissioner's appointment to the East. Everyone was sorry he was going—he was almost a tradition—but spiritually the Chinese would benefit tremendously by his leadership and example.

Rev. L. J. Gonn (Newcastle Baptist Tabernacle) also spoke regretfully of the Commissioner's pending departure. Despite Christianity, like his was greatly needed in the world over.

Dr. W. Nickson, M.D., the Vice-president of Newcastle sub-branch of the Returned Sailors and Soldiers' Imperial League (Mr. J. L. Keen), Rev. A. H. Morris (St. Philip's Presbyterian Church), and Mr. A. J. Way also spoke. Rabbi Morris was present.

Items were given by the Newcastle Citadel Brass Band and a choir.

Frank Cocking, who has just had his appendix taken out, he seemed to be coming on well.

WED. Feb. 24th, 1937. This is the opening day of the Newcastle, & as usual, there has been heavy showers of rain. I have received this letter to-day from my Sister, Elizabeth Jane Pettigrew:

38 Osborns Street, Dept. 23/2/37.

Dear Brother & Sister, I have just received your welcome letter & thought sorry to hear of poor Jose's troubles, yet am glad to hear that you are all well. As for myself, the doctor comes to see me every Monday evening, without fail. On his last visit he was very pleased, & said I am better each time he comes. I have had no turns since you were down here. I am getting fairly strong, & take a short walk each day. Dad & all the others are real well. Jim & his mate at the mine worked all through the Christmas holidays, so they applied for a week's holiday & went to Queensland by car. They had rain every day while they were away, but enjoyed themselves very much. Nellie & Bob are away just now on holidays. They are staying in Sydney a few days, but after that I don't know where they will go. Les & Florrie had a fortnight's holidays at Christmas. They are all well. Lila & George are well, also their boys. George is keen on growing vegetables, & sends me more than I can eat.

Ella Riley, Les's eldest daughter, is staying with her Grandmother. She has grown a lovely girl. The doctor won't consent to me going out in the cars yet, so I have not left the house since I saw you last. However, I am too thankful, to complain.

Sunday, Feb. 21, 1937. This afternoon I went up to Jose's house to see him & Saphne. She was about the same as yesterday, but getting gaining strength. From there I went by the Waratah tram to the General Hospital, Newcastle, & visited
There are no news to send you, that is the reason I did not write before. I received the Christmas cards for each of us. Florrie's little boy, Melville, goes to Sunday school regularly, & is a dear little soul. She comes down about twice a week, & Nelly about the same, so I am not lonely.
Pearl has left school & is learning dressmaking in Wollongong. You must forgive me not writing before, Joe, but my life is so uneventful that I seem to have nothing to write about.
I got a pleasant surprise a few weeks ago, when May & Johnnie walked in. They stayed one day, & went back to Pearl's. They both have wonderful health; I quite envied May being able to walk as she does. However, I must not complain, must I? I will conclude now with love from all at Depto, & Remain as Ever your loving Sister, E.J. Pettigrew.

Fri., Feb. 26th 1937. We have received this letter from Art:

"Public School, Mary Vale, Tuesday. Dear Folks, Thanks for sending the bike, although it hasn't arrived yet. I've seen the mail officer & got him to wire Waratah to find out about it, but no reply to his communication has, as yet, been received. Thanks also for the driver's license papers. I have filled in the particulars, but haven't dated it. If you think that it's worth while from a family point of view, cough up the 10 bob, will you please? I'll be sending more dough home next pay unless the Dr. & optometrist in Wellington are going to overcharge me.

My eyes have been a bit crook lately, so I consulted the optician, who stated that, although my eyes were greatly strained & there were traces of primary astigmatism, he suspected a "septic focus" somewhere in the body, not perhaps, directly connected with the lamps. The term lamps is, of course, a bit away from a verbatim report of what he said. He is putting pretty high-powered lenses into the old frames. This will have the effect of making my eyes artificially myopic (those that know what it means will explain to them as don't, I hope— it'd take too long by letter) while I have them on.

Wilmot, here, in before called the optician, sent me to Dr. Keirle for a thorough overhaul, suggesting that he might X-ray some of my teeth. He didn't find anything wrong, but didn't have time to X-ray my wisdom teeth. I am to go to the hospital on Thursday for an X-ray of the jaw. I have some argyrin & zinc sulphate drops.

Last night I went to Dubbo, but wasn't greatly impressed by the place, although I was surprised to find Coles-Cole's shop with Sydney prices. This afternoon I went for a swim in the Macquarie River. It's pretty good swimming, but we had to go about three miles to get to it.

It has been discovered that our branch of the family tree has another public singer in it. Believe it or not, as Pep—"
Handwork.

See course of instruction for manual work, 5th class, light woodwork, p. 151.


To utilise the educational force which lies in rightly directed bodily action or labour as a means of developing in the pupil physical and mental power which will be a sure and evident gain for life. Culture and education are main points of manual training. Pleasure in bodily labour, and respect for it, habits of independence, order, accuracy, attention, and industry increase of physical strength and power in appreciating what the eye can see — not a question of actual sight but of knowledge.

Medium in handicrafts.

Raffia, wood, card, metal, suitable to age, cost, situation.

Awaken and sustain interest.

Some healthy, methodical hand.

The scheme of work, but all should aim at my directed towards one.

Here It Is!

27/2/57

The Minister for Health (Mr. Hughes) said that he could conceive of no greater retribution of the charges against capitalism than Lord Northfield and his actions. His gift of £50,000 to the crippled children had brought comfort and joy to thousands of homes. It was a fine example that might perhaps prompt other men to follow. As an employer he had struck a blow at Communism and the movement to class war from which it would never recover.

All hail Lord Northfield, Imperialist propagandist, subverter of Fascist movements, strike-breaker!
ley says. Last Sunday we went to the village (which I call it for want of a better name) of Fingerson. Nick preached there, & as is his wont, he got me to have a spurt for a few minutes (I don't guarantee the spelling) & sang a duet with me. He tried to kid me to sing a solo. I wasn't having any, but I think it would have been easier, for there is always a tendency in 2-part singing to slip into the other bloke's part. However, I had the melody & I stuck to it reasonably, except in the first line my throat refused to function. Toward the end, however, I could quite easily tolerate our voices together.

The scene of my début was a Union church, holding, on this occasion about fifty people, but I think, principally composed of Simpson's & Andersons. I was introduced to about 6 Miss Simpson's (that's quite a conservative estimate) one of whom told me that we sounded lovely.

Of course, since she was the church organist, I couldn't call her a liar, could I?

(Willay's Supplement) Was she pretty? No, horribly plain.

Do you like her? Not much. Does she like you? I dunno.

We are living more or less to ourselves in Wallance's, although a sheila from over the road (about 3 or 4 hundred yards away) comes over & sings with us sometimes. She's a remarkably good singer & pianist, & is from several points of view quite an acceptable visitor, because, after her visits we can reciprocate by going over & listening to their wireless & pianola.

N.B. My eyes are, apart from slight astigmatism & iritis, quite healthy. Let not your heart be troubled, Arthur.

Sat. Feb. 27th, 1937. Commenting on a brief report of a speech in which Billy Hughes eulogised Henry Ford & Lord Nuffield who, he said had given Communism a blow from which it would never recover, I wrote these verses:

CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES. (Air—"Good Old Jeff").

When Bill was young his rebel's tongue
Denounced, on hill & moor,
The wealthy men—the Upper Ten
Who make the people poor;
His diatribes were loud & long,
His language bold & free,
His arguments immensely strong
And clear as clear could be.

Chorus—
Now Bill is old & blessed with gold
His Red career has closed;
He's changed his tunes, & now communes
With those he once exposed.
In days of yore he boldly tore,
In country & in town,
The black mask off each wealthy "toff"
Who kept the workers down.
Economists whose verbal twists
Kept working men confused;
And jingo rags that lauded flags,
Were rightfully abused.

"Behold", said he, "the Timor Sea
Where little isles abound;
Those islets show that far below
A continent is found:
Thus solitary peaks of crimes,
Of plutocrats, reveal
Vast continents of social slimes
They're trying to conceal!

With language grand Bill flogged the Band
That robs the poor of wealth
And then are sent to Parliament
To legalize their stealth.
With striking phrase & words unminced
He helped the Rebels' Cause,
While Anti-Socialists, convinced,
Accorded loud applause.

But now, alas! the very Class
Once charged with theft, & lies,
And all the crimes of olden times,
He's lauding to the skies;
But, though to twist he may contrive,
This fact he must allow:-
THAT TRUTHS HE SPOKE IN NINETY-FIVE
CONTINUE TRUE TILL NOW!

Mon., 1st May, 1937. Yesterday afternoon I went to the Newcastle General hospital & saw Frank Cocksing. He is getting better every day. His sister, Pearl Carpenter was with him, with her boy & girl. Later George Sheldon & Frank's wife & child came up (he is in ward 8, near the top of the building so I left early.
Florence came home for an hour on Saturday evening. Her patient is slowly sinking, & she thinks the poor old man will soon die. Jose came down to see us yesterday morning. He is very weak yet, but is getting stronger gradually. Daphne is almost well again, but Ivy is far from being well.
I went to the Waratah station & inquired about the lost bicycle on Saturday, but was told to return to day.
WORLD'S LARGEST
Fri. Feb. 26, 1937
New American Bomber

TESTS AT SEATTLE

A sixteen-ton Boeing bomber, described by its makers as the fastest and longest ranged aircraft of its type in the world, made a successful test flight at Seattle.

Designated as the YB-17, the plane, equipped with four 1000-horse-power engines, was manned by four Air Corps officials of the army and a mechanic.

At the controls was Major John D. Corkille, a veteran test pilot. Lieutenant Leonard F. Harman was the observer. Captain Stanley M. Umstead and Captain E. R. McReynolds were the other officers, and Roy Groome was the mechanic.

After running about half the length of Boeing Field, the ship rose easily from the ground and was about 160 feet high when it cleared the south boundary of the airport. An hour later it returned and landed easily. The pilots said they had flown over Puget Sound and Seattle at about 6000 feet.

The ship has been built to carry a ton of bombs and fly 3000 miles non-stop. It is the first of 13 similar ships ordered by the army to be constructed.

It has 1000 more horse-power than its predecessor, which had four 750-horse-power Pratt-Whitney radial engines. The new bomber has Wright Cyclone engines.

Engineers believe the new ship's speed will surpass that of its predecessor, which traveled non-stop from Seattle to Dayton, Ohio, at an average speed of 332 miles an hour.

The YB-17 has five machine-gun turrets, and carries its bombs in the fuselage whence they can be dropped through trap doors. The ship has a wingspread of 165 feet, is 90 feet long, and 15 feet high.

While the bomber was on its flight, Major Corkille's wife sat in the field radio room and tried unsuccessfully to talk to her husband.

I would like to express my gratitude for the excellent service rendered by this machine, which has made a successful test flight. I am confident that it will prove to be a valuable asset to the military forces of this country.

Major John D. Corkille

Leonard F. Harman

Captain Stanley M. Umstead

Captain E. R. McReynolds

Roy Groome

Puget Sound Area

Seattle, Washington
But they'll stop short, never to fly again,
When the fools get wise.

Chorus—

Many years they've been blundering, bang! boom! bang!
While the cannons were thundering, bang! boom! bang!
But they'll stop short, never to fly again,
When the fools get wise.

Through the centuries past men have suffered & toiled
To produce an abundance from earth,
But of freedom & wealth they've been rudely despoiled
And have lived in subjection & dearth;
They've been driven to drill, by the Plutocrats, to kill
Other slaves who attempted to rise;
But they'll stop short, never to kill again,
When they all get wise.

The stupidest game that the workers have played
For their Masters is certainly War,
But to play it the dupes are enticed & arrayed
When they know not what warfare is for;
Though the truth may be told that Plutus' wars are fought for
It's a fact that the foolish despise,
But they'll stop short, never to fight again,
When they all get wise.

When workers awake they'll refuse to design
And construct murder-planes for the Plutus,
Or employ them by night, with a purpose malign
To destroy babes, like bloodthirsty brutes;
They will banish war-Thugs & munition-making bugs,
And a Socialist Order devise,
And will stop short, never to fight again,
When they all are wise.


Tues. Mar. 2nd, 1937. This morning we were informed by telephone, from Waratah station, that the missing bicycle had been sent to a little-unattended railway station named Mangoola, near Mary Vale. I have to write to Art & tell him that the bike has been found.

Mon. 8th Mar. 1937. Last Saturday was voting day for or against altering the Australian Federal Constitution to give the Federal government power to control marketing & aviation. A majority of States voted NO on both questions.
This morning's paper announces the death of Mr. Leopold, & I think it is the unfortunate old man that Florence has been nursing. Ivy, & the 3 children have gone to the Lake for a fortnight.
This morning I received the following letter from Mrs. Web-
sen, Greenfield Terrace, Portreath, near Redruth, Cornwall, 23/1/37.

Dear Mr. Cooking, Many thanks for your kind & always welcome letter & papers you so kindly sent some weeks ago now. Really I am nearly ashamed to write for keeping you so long, but they say better late than never. To tell you the truth, we have all been on the sick list. Myra started before Christmas, & we been all seedy since. The flu is going very bad all through the village. In nearly every house someone has it. Pleased to see you are no worse & all your family well. Trust they are all the same. Health is something to be thankful for. We like the views of your house; it is so different to ours here. This is a nice well-built one; the floors, doors & windows been in it, & no new, since the house was built, nearly 90 years; but still it is something to keep up. We just had lots of repairs done. We have a large garden at the back—fruit trees & plenty of vegetables; but, as our Frank says, we have a plenty of work to keep it looking nice, but all seed potatoes & all others are gone up something awful. The big bugs don't mean for the working class to have but very little. It's cruel to see are—just—how poor people are just through, & yet they vote for them every time they get the chance to.

Well, we hope there will not be another war, but it seems they are very busy building for it. Parsons & preachers all enjoying it. They have the Scouts, Brownies, Rovers all in the churches & chapels. Bloodthirsty—can't rest without war. We are having lots of cold rain just every day, & you have too much dry weather.

Yr girls are well at present & are looking forward to coming home to-morrow. Kathleen has a good job as housekeeper: she is very happy, & like the people very much. She has plenty to do, but that's better than not enough.

Give our kindest regards to Mrs. Cooking, & trust she's enjoying the best of health, & that all the others are the same. Dear Mr. Cooking, my husband is saying that he would love to see you & have a good chat together. It seems you have the same ideas. He is capital well again now, & sends his kindest regards to you all. I can't find much news, but will write more next letter. As ever, your kind friends, Henry B. & Emily Webster.

God bless you all. Write soon.

 Tues. 9th March, 1937. This morning Florence returned from Belmont. Jose, Ivy, & the children were also here, as Jose has to have his nose done by Dr. Watkins. They are then going back to Coal Point, where they are camped in a hut. This morning I have finished typing a 4 page letter to the Websters. Cold & rainy.
Fri. 13th Mar. 1937. We have had Vivian Cone staying here since Florence came in from Belmont. This morning Florence took the photo of Vivian & me together, & I took Florence's with her little camera. Late evening I went to Hopkins' house in Waratah & inquired about 1000 bricks, but found that they would cost as much from him as from the brick yards. Art has not written yet, & we are wondering why. Cloudy but dry to day. "Common Cause" dated Mar. 13th contains my verses:— "What Is An Imperialist?".

Mon. 15th Mar. 1937. Yesterday Jim Cocking brought this note from his Brother— "Dear Joe, Will you please send me up a music book that lent you or gave you when I was at the Benevolent Home; it has no covers; it is an Alexander book: it has a price in it called "That Beautiful Land". It is an old book. If you have lost the run of it an old Sankey's will do until I get one. If you have any reading matter I shall be pleased to have some, Bob."

I sent a letter in reply to that this morning, & a copy of "Anzac Drive". I also took a parcel of old "World's News" & War Cries & "Geographical Magazines" to the Waratah railway station, & sent them to him. The freight was eightpence.

Rain has been falling nearly all day & still continues. On Fri. we had a drayload of cowdung brought. It cost 4/-.

Florence went with Vivian Cone to Cone's farm on Saturday, to stay for a few days. Jose & Ivy are still at Coal Point with their children.

I have started to make a type-written copy of my old diary dated Thurs. May 18th, 1893 to Sep. 1st, 1893.

Tu. Mar. 16th 1937. Rain has been falling almost continuously since yesterday, & is still dropping for the North-East this morning. Charlie brought home a lot of mush-room yesterday. No word from Art yet. Too wet to work in the garden or to wash clothes.

Sat. Mar. 20th 1937. We received the following letter some days ago:— "Wellington, Sunday Dear People, I am now at Nick's place in the city of the middle west. The day is pretty dry & drowsy, & the grasshoppers are filling the
she air. I use the word "filling" advisedly, for it's prac-
tically impossible to walk without colliding with them. Several
cars have screens of fly-wire or mosquito net erected on the
front mudguard, the dead wounded hoppers, after a long trip,
are reckoned in terms of buckets.
I didn't know whose turn it was to write, but it seems as tho
it's mine. Enclosed you will find a few snaps. The girl Vall-
ance allows me the use of her camera whenever I want it. They're
pretty decent people to live with. The old lady has offered to
darn all my socks & do all my mending. Life isn't so dull; the
shelias from over the road come over & play us corner, we go over
to their place & sing, or rather croon, & a whole host of social
connections are opening up.
Everyone in Mary Vale, Fingerpost, & about half of Wellington
knows me by now. With the exception of Wallance, am called Mr.
by more people in Mary Vale than any other member of the human
race. The kids are dull but amiable.
Reverting to the snaps: please observe that the dark colouration
under my nose is a mo. I nearly reduced it to half a mo yester-
day when the razor slipped.
Last Sunday, night I met Bernard Webber's sister. Yesterday I went
to the local federation meeting. I was introduced to Mr. Sul-
ivan whom I recognised as a fellow who taught me at Wickham.
It didn't take him long to remember me, & we exchanged reminisc-
ces for hours. I am going to his place for tea next Saturday,
where, as he put it, "the wife & daughter will be delighted to
see me".
(For Milady's sake I enclose the following information. The dame
hereinbefore called the daughter is 17 years old, works in the
office of a large store, & if she's the one I think she is,
doesn't look too bad. The general questionnaire cannot be answered
yet). There's also a picture of me with a bike to be sent later.
My eyes aren't so good at present, but were perfect till yester-
day. They'll soon get O.K. Arthur.

Yesterday we received the following note from Ar:

"Usual place, Tuesday. Dear Folks, I'd be obliged if you'd
send me, as soon as conveniently possible, the following:-
1. My charts on India, Java, China, South Africa, Great Britain,
Hume & Hovell, Sturt, (or other explorations), sunstroke, New
Zealand, & any others on white cardboard.
2. My Practical Chemistry & Physics books, & a copy of the Aust-
ralian Constitution.
3. Any notes I have on Economics, Physics, or Chemistry.

My eyes are now O.K. thanks. I haven't received the X ray photo-
graphs yet. I'll send you some dough the day after to-morrow.
Last Sunday I paid a visit to the Sullivans, whom I found most
hospitalable. Sullivan's a decent old stick, & his wife & daughter
are most charming. Despite the fact that I'd already had tea, I
couldn't talk them out of serving another issue specially for
them. Thanks. Arthur."
Sat. Mar. 20th continued.

Yesterday afternoon Florence returned from Cora's sheep station. The rain had prevented her from going out much, but she enjoyed the visit.

The following note should have been inserted in the diary for Feb. 4th.

This morning I wrote a short letter to Arthur.

Tu. Mar. 23rd 1937. This letter came from Brother Bob this morning:—March 23rd, 1937. Lismore Street, Abermain.

Dear Joe & Jenny. Your long-delayed letter to hand, also the beautiful parcel of reading matter. We are all delighted to get them. Many thanks for sending them along. We are pleased to know that Jose is over his operation, & is on the road to recovery again. We were somewhat surprised to learn that Arthur has been sent so far away from home. We are also pleased to hear that Liz-Jane is somewhat better. We are beginning to think that Florrie is training for a flying doctor. You will be surprised to hear that brother Jack came up in Jim's car to visit me. I had not seen him for six years. I am sorry that the cucumber seeds never came up as expected. However, if I can get any more I will send them down to you.

I & the family here are all well, except, of course, the usual children's cut fingers & skinned knees. We shall not be going away anywhere for the Easter holidays. We were pleased to hear that your garden gave you such good returns for your labor in it. We also had a lot of pumpkins. I read your verses, &, as usual, they had no effect on my way of thinking.

I am sending you a clipping; & if you give it your serious consideration I can, no doubt, claim you as a convert to my way of thinking.

Now, as you have always been my chopping-block for all my wants, I am, in a sense, compelled to ask a favor from you again, & this is it:—My glasses are not for reading; they are otherwise good. Well, the hymn books at the church are all of a small print, consequently I can't read them very well on a Sunday night, & I am hampered to some extent in taking part in the singing. I have a Methodist Tune-Book here, but, alas, the print is too small for me to follow. I thought that if you inquired when you are in Newcastle in a second-hand shop you may drop on to one. It's the words only I want. It's called "The Methodist Hymn-Book". Of course if I can't get any reading matter here in Abermain, as it is a one-horse town. Now, in conclusion, give my love to all the family circle & accept the same yourself. Our youngest boy is now started to go to school. He is 4 years & ten months old.

Brother Bob.
LAND OF MISERY, STARVATION AND HARDSHIPS

AMERICAN COMMUNIST ON SOVIET TRAVESTY

A land of misery and starvation of the masses; a land of oppression where the people suffer incredible hardships... a glaring travesty of liberty and justice. Such is Communism as practised in Russia.

An American Communist, who worked in Russia, has related his experiences in a remarkable book, "I Was a Soviet Worker," one of the greatest indictments of the system ever published.

The author, Andrew Smith, prefaced his disclosures with the statement that "during my entire adult life I have been a loyal and active member of the Communist Party of the United States. My wife, too, was an active and devoted Communist."

Smith describes a visit he paid to Russia as a member of an American delegation in 1929, when he, with others, was completely deceived by the elaborate stage managed tour during which they were shown (as he learned later) only the "show places."

In this fictitious setting he readily gained the impression that Russia was indeed the Land of Promise of which he had dreamed and for which he had worked for nearly two decades.

So impressed was he by all he saw that, on his return to America, he lectured throughout the United States, telling his audiences what a wonderful system functioned in Russia, and how happy and contented were the people. So enamored was Smith that he decided to leave America and settle in the land of the Soviets.

Disillusionment came to him almost before he had crossed the Finnish border. This time there were no brass bands to greet him; no imposing delegations of welcome; no costly and sumptuous banquets and luxurious travel facilities. Just a terrible drabness; a blanket of misery, everywhere pinched faces and hungry, ill-clad people.

His first meal on his return to Russia proved too much even for his strong digestion.

RESTAURANT HORROR

"Describing the restaurant, the author says:"

"A terrible stench greeted us as we entered. The tables were topped by discolored, dilapidated boards, spotted with remnants of decayed fish..."

"We ordered soup, and when it reached the table we looked at one another. The smell which arose from the soup was indescribable. It seemed they had cooked the entire fish, entrails and all... We could see the fish eyes and heads floating about in the plate. We tasted a mouthful of the soup—and left the remainder."

Smith is not writing of Soviet Russia in the early days of the Revolution, but of his experiences during the years 1932 to 1935.

The author's description of factory conditions is equally graphic as he reveals the sufferings of the people in the schools and hospitals, under the system of forced labor and comrade punishment. School accommodation and facilities, apart from the "show schools" displayed to foreign visitors, are wholly inadequate. The child problem is serious. In spite of the efforts of the Government to break up the bands of roving children, the author says that they are just as numerous and just as predatory as ever.

Smith has a good deal to say about the public hospitals, and it is on this subject that the book strikes a dramatic note.

DIET IN HOSPITAL

Suffering from a sore throat, he visited a hospital for treatment.

"When I looked round," says the author, "I felt worse than ever. The instruments, which had once been bright and nickel-plated, were coated with dirt and rust. Instruments were used on one patient after another without sterilising them. Neither the doctor nor the two nurses wore rubber gloves, and the nurses wore dirty coats which had long since ceased to be white."

"But the most disgusting sight of all was the doctor in charge. She was a tailo'clock thin woman of about 30, heavily rouged and powdered. The line of powder reached to her neck, which was black as coal. Her fingernails were..."
covered with rings, and her fingernails were deeply rouged. She reminded me of a gipsy fortune-teller."

This experience reached its climax when—

"This creature took up a pair of rusty clips to hold my eyelashes and examined my eyes. Then she thrust another dirty instrument into my ear. With another she looked into my nostrils; finally she took a long thorny and filthy spatula to hold down my tongue while she examined my throat. I seized the instrument and hurled it against the wall. I also scattered the entire set of dilapidated contraptions over the floor."

The Russian peasants, the author says, are living in conditions worse than the lowest animals. He ridicule all the assertions that there are no class distinctions in Russia, and endeavors to show that they are, in many respects, more marked than in the old Conservative countries.

"I was a Soviet Worker," by Andrew Smith (Robert Hale, London).

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**SQUANDERERS**

It is alleged that the Waratah Council pays a weekly subsidy of two pounds ten shillings to a football club. Vide daily papers.

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<th>SIR—</th>
<th>The Waratah Council pays a weekly subsidy of two pounds ten shillings to a football club.</th>
<th><em>SQUANDERERS</em></th>
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"SQUANDERERS":

It is alleged that the Waratah Council pays a weekly subsidy of two pounds ten shillings to a football club. Vide daily papers.

Who find their hard-earned money used to grind footballers' axes!
Such aldermen possess a nerve
Of iron thus to boldly swerve
From duty, when they've sworn to serve
The people as expected:
Their duty's NOT to foster sport
Nor useless games of any sort;
They ought to do the work, in short,
For which they were elected.

Why SHOULD a club be kept alive?
What benefits do we derive
From athletes when they kick & strive
To make their club a winner?
Does sport replenish empty plates
Of those compelled to pay the rates?
Or mend the roads before the gates,
Or make the weeds get thinner?

What right have councillors to pay
A favoured football club to play,
Thus squandering the cash away.
With which they are entrusted?
When next election comes around
Indignant answers may resound
From those who pay each wasted pound; for
For voters are disgusted!!


Mon. Mar. 28th 1937. This morning Fred was planing a bit
of Oregon wood & a splinter about 2 inches long & one eighth
of an inch wide entered his left leg. I went up & got Jose to come down to try to pull the splinter out. He tried,
but could not extract it; so he rang up the ambulance officier, who came about 15 minutes afterwards with a mate, & took
Jose & Fred to the Newcastle general hospital, where a doctor applied a local anaesthetic & pulled the splinter out. Fred &
Jose then returned home by tram.
This is an ideal day, cloudless & calm. Florence is off with
Bill to Swansea, where he has some friends. Walt is still at Wyong. Jose is mending his car.

Tu. Mar. 30th 1937. This morning we received a copy of "The
Wellington Times", (N.S.W.) & "The Harden Express" & the follow
owing letter from Arthur :-
"Govt. Tannery, Mary Vale, Easter Saturday.
Dear Folks, As you can see, I am not going very far for the
Easter holidays. Yesterday I spent my time at the Army in
Wellington, our band being augm ented by about 6 men, & the
congregation being increased by about 6 sheilas from
Gulgong. Gulgong is, I understand, a goldmining town
about 50 miles from here. Nothing eventful is likely to happen as far as I can see. I had conspired with some of the younger members of the Westyn family (they're the people who live opposite us) to harness up old Larkie & drive in a spring cart to the caves. Everything was settled except the old man's acquiescence in the plans & his willingness to forego a Saturday night in town. I thought this last factor would be a fly in the ointment, & so it proved. The old man sent word over early this morning that the trip was off. I haven't yet decided whether I'll go alone, or see if we can work it on Monday.

I wrote to Joyce Boyd several weeks ago, & again last week. I did not receive any reply to the first, but this morning a letter came from Mrs. Boyd, explaining matters. Joyce has been seriously ill for the last 6 weeks, but seems to show some improvement now.

I have not sent a Wellington paper before because I didn't think it worth while sending. When I walked into a newsagent's yesterday, & having obtained the paper, asked the fellow "How much is it worth?", the reply was, "Nothing, but you have to pay four pence for it."

The rubbish paper is just about as bad, but I'm sending a copy of each. Tomorrow our band is to play out near the caves, & the service (together with us) is to be broadcast, I understand.

I received the parcel O.K. Thanks. The paper comes quite regularly. Thanks again. Yours Arthur.

Fred went to work this morning. He said he feels all right. Jose is to start again this morning, too. This is another lovely sunny day with a cool breeze, the temperature inside is 79 deg. F.

Walt returned last night, & has gone to work also. He had a very pleasant time at Wyong.

Thur. Ap. 1st, 1937. This morning I received the hymn book that I sent, from Rob, & the following letter:

"March 30th, Lismore Street, Abermain. Dear Joe, Your letter & book to hand to-day. The Easter holidays have interfered with the postal delivery, so your letter was late in coming. You will be somewhat disappointed to know that the book is quite unsuitable; it is the same print as is used at our church. However, until you hear from me again don't bother any further in endeavouring to procure one for me, because some of the members of the church are inquiring in an effort to get me one. I will let you know in my next letter.

I am sending the hymn book, with many thanks for your interest on my behalf. I am sorry to know that Jose is not in his usual health, & hope he will soon be well again.

Yes, the music book was the one I wanted: thanks for sending it up to me. Yes, I certainly will try to get you some Russian cucumber seeds also the back numbers of the papers you asked me to get for you, as soon as I can."
New South Wales Section of
THE INTERNATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF WRITERS FOR THE DEFENCE OF CULTURE

The Writers' League

SECRETARY:
G. W. R. Southen
Hon. Treasurer: Max Tulloch

POSTAL ADDRESS:
Box 1778K
General Post Office
Sydney

Mr. Josiah Cocking
331 Maitland Rd.
Mayfield West
Newcastle, N.S.W.

22/4/1937

Dear Sir,

In reply to your note received recently, we have not at present any copies of our Constitution and rules available.

A revised Constitution which has been prepared will probably be adopted at the next General Meeting on 2nd May, and as soon as possible after that, we shall have it printed for circulation. However, that may not be immediately, because it is proposed to include the Constitution in the Symposium on Censorship booklet, and therefore, for the sake of economy in printing, we may have to wait until all the other material for the Symposium is ready for the press.

However, I think you need have no fear of being let in for the payment of any "levies and expenses". There has never been anything in our rules providing for the payment of other than the annual subscription of five shillings.

Yours sincerely,

G. W. R. Southen
Secretary.

MEETINGS: Every Sunday at 6 p.m. in the BLUE TEA ROOM 39 Rowe Street, (Near Hyde Park)
TO MEMBERS AND FRIENDS:

On Sunday 2nd May in the Blue Tea Room we shall hold a special General Meeting to consider the adoption of a revised Constitution which will be read.

The new Committee elected this year has been very active, and there will also be other interesting matters which the Committee will put before the Meeting. These include:

1. the plans for the publication of a Symposium on Censorship, which will contain the full text of Katherine Susannah Prichard's speech at our Dinner last January, together with contributions by other well-known writers, and a Manifesto on Censorship which the Committee has prepared and which will first be circulated to influential cultural figures all over the Commonwealth for endorsement or comment;

2. a scheme for rendering special service to free-lance writers, including not only the competent criticism of MSS, but insistence on fair treatment of the free-lance by the press. Free-lance writers who have suffered what they consider to be unfair treatment by the press are invited to send in details now to the Secretary, as this information will be valuable to the Committee in formulating its scheme. Similar information on cases of censorship will also be welcome.

The Committee also looks forward to forming a Legal Committee to examine cases of censorship or other legal matters affecting writers.

Preparations for the publication of an Annual at the end of the year are also being considered.

Details of a One Act Play Competition which have just been finalised are enclosed herewith on a separate sheet.

Our Sunday night lectures are advertised in the "Herald" and "Telegraph" every Saturday. The lectures for April will probably be: Sunday 4th, Clement Hosking on The Significance of Song and its Psychological Effects (illustrated); Sunday 11th, Dr. Ernest Hareen on Unpublished Work, "Law, Morals and Motherhood"; Sunday 18th, Leon Goran on S.J. Singer's much discussed novel "The Brothers Ashkenazi"; Sunday 25th, K.T. Pringle on Why the Cultural Standard of the Films Is So Low.

Finally, there is a Membership Application Form enclosed herewith. May I urge all friends who wish to become Members, and also Members whose subscription is due for renewal and who have not yet filled in one of these forms, to fill in this form and post it to me right away!

Yours sincerely,

G.W.R. SOUTHERN,
Secretary.

31/3/1937
ONE-ACT PLAY ON CENSORSHIP

Two Guineas Prize

To further the campaign of The Writers' League against the Censorship, the Executive Committee of the League announces a play competition. The best play submitted will be awarded a prize of Two Guineas.

The conditions of the competition are:

1. Plays submitted shall take the Censorship as their subject, and shall be written as burlesques;

2. For convenience in production, plays shall be written in the one-act form and each play shall consist of one scene only;

3. Playing time shall not be more than 30 minutes, and the maximum number of characters in a play shall be six;

4. Entries, preferably in typescript, shall be submitted to the Secretary of the Writers' League no later than the 30th June, 1937. Pen-names must be used, and the correct name and address of the author, together with the pen-name used, must be enclosed in a separate sealed envelope;

5. Competitors must be Members or Associate Members of the Writers' League. There is no entrance fee.

The judging committee will consist of suitable persons appointed by the Executive Committee of the Writers' League. The judging committee will announce its decision not later than one month after the closing date of the competition.

The Writers' League will guarantee production of the winning play, and the prize will be bestowed on the successful author at the first performance of his play. The winning play will remain the property of the author.

G.W.R. SOUTHERN, Secretary, Box 1778K, G.P.O., Sydney.

BARTLETT ADAMSON, President.
we are still enjoying the reading you sent up; it's real good stuff. I am not surprised to know that you don't believe that clipping I sent down to you: it's quite true, nevertheless. The weather passed with us just about in the same way as all other days do up here. One thing—it was extremely hot. The nights are now getting cooler.

In conclusion, give my love to all the family & accept the same yourself, Brother Bob.

We are all well here at present. Don't forget that you must not try to get me a hymn book until you find out if I can get one here.

Jose was not able to work yesterday, for his head ached & he did not feel well. He went to work on Tuesday, but the bosses were very kind & would not let him do more than inspect some blue prints of an ore bridge. Even that was too much, & he came home after dinner. Fred's leg is healing well.

This is another fine, clear, sunny day. Temp. 90 Fah.

Sun, Apr. 4th, 1937. This morning I wrote a 2 page letter to Arthur, in which I asked him to inquire about Mum's Father, & to have an interview with Mr. W.H. Chinnock of Wellington, N.Z.A. who is distantly related to Mrs Webster, of Portreath. Cool, dry, cloudy weather. Temp. 62 deg. F.

Sat. Apr. 10th, 1937. Jack's daughter Adell has swallowed a halfpenny & was taken to the Mater hospital for observa-
tion yesterday. She may have to be operated on to extract the coin from her stomach, where the X rays found it. Florence came home for a couple of hours last night. She was much amused because her patient, a man 80 years old, had proposed marriage to her.

Yesterday I wrote the following verses:-

TO JINGO PARSONS.

It's time you Jingoes dropped your masks
And stood beyond the rays
Of martial lime-light, where each barker,
On "sacred" anzac days.

Time's overdue to dam your heel
Of praise, by voice & pen,
Of "sacred" dunes who shed the blood
Of censcript fellow-men!

Is homicide synonymous
With piety, indeed,
That you should make a yearly fuss
Of those who made men bleed?
What's "holy" in a bay-net-thrust,
Or "sacred" in a shot
That turns a living man to dust
Where mad War's victims rest?

Your praise would pass in elden time
When Grandad steered his plow,
But sacredness & martial crime
Don't mix together now.

When weeping widows' orphans faint
And die for want of bread,
Will they, like you, admire each "saint"
Who shot a husband dead?

This fact appears, in light arrayed,
Despite the tricks you're at:
That war's a wicked game fools played
To serve the ends of Fat!

Your talk of "noble sacrifice"
May cheat a simple youth
And "Fighting Mace" who think wars nice,
But wise men know the truth.

The truth is, that ten millions died
"W'hile garments rolled in gore",
Because the ruling thieves had lied
Ament what war is for.

Its cause is not what "heroes" thought;
For armaments are made
And ev'ry "holy" war is fought
For POWER & for TRADE!


This morning I wrote this:--

The Kerinashun.

To the Editor, "Warratah-Wayfield Weekly".

Dear Sir, Mark Twane wunce ret a hook
In which he see a pawpur teek.
A royul prince's clobber;
That is to say, they made exchange.
For kiddys' triks is vary strange,
But nyther wuz a rebbur.
Mark Twain once wrote a funny book.

That is to say, they made exchange, and as their features looked the same, they were easy to put in the exchange.

The coronation.

Mark was a prince; Bob Peake was a pauper. A royal prince, 'bobpees', and none believed each was father.

That is to say, they make exchange.

For youngsters, tricks are very common.

And as the prince got tired, the "dinkum" joke of the pauper wouldn't be lost on the prince.

A few years ago, a pauper sailed away.

And none believed each was father.

THE CORONATION.
SAVING TOMATO SEED
From Selected Plants
Tomato-growers who recognise the wisdom of saving their own seed from selected plants are advised to allow the fruit to become overripe before cutting it in halves and squeezing out the seeds and juice.

The seeds and juice are then allowed to ferment for at least forty-eight hours, after which the mixture is diluted with water and vigorously agitated. The liquid is then drained off, more water is added, the mixture vigorously agitated and the liquid again drained off. The operation is repeated until the liquid drained off is quite free of organic matter.

It is strongly recommended that before drying the seed should be dipped in a 1 in 1,000 solution of corrosive sublimate for ten minutes. Dry the seed rapidly in the sun. Care should be exercised in the handling of corrosive sublimate, even the diluted dip abovementioned being deadly poisonous.

Tomato seed, if mature when saved, fermented correctly and stored under good conditions, will remain viable for six years.

The Federal Treasurer (Mr Casey) hard at work in his Melbourne office shortly after his arrival from Canberra recently. He had plenty of work to clear up before leaving for London.

In a vigorous and outspoken speech at Birmingham recently, on the Government's £400,000,000 for defence over the next five years, the First Lord of the Admiralty (Sir Samuel Hoare) sent a ringing challenge to the rest of the world to heed Britain's new awareness.
Sat., May 11th, 1937. Following is a letter from Art:-

Dear Folks, Since I arrived here I have been examining the hands, necks & ears of my kids every couple of days. Indeed the old rag & hairpin tactics seem to be lacking in the homes of the West. However, the other day I heard it whispered that one of my kids had pediculosis, or to put it in the vernacular, was lousy. The next day I examined the hands, necks, ears, & teeth of all the young hopefuls. I used threatening language to those whose teeth are incapable of being cleaned up within the next month, went over & got my soap & supervised the cleaning of the rest. It must have been a funny sight to see me out in the playground at 11 o'clock "cleaning off the chits" of about five of my boys, & rolling down the dresses of three of my girls, examining lugs every now & again. Most of the kids required 3 or 4 gesst at the dish before their lugs were declared fair average quality. The family found to be inhabited with what Wallace terms wild cattle was a Polish one (Ioblinzk by name, but it’s not, of course, for publication). Pursuant to the regulations I had, of course, to kick them out, advising them to report to me as headmaster once a week until their unwelcome visitors had left. This sort of work makes me feel more like an abattoir inspector than a teacher, for not one of my 35 escaped a thorough inspection. One of the kids (a girl) will be 14 on Friday, so I don’t suppose I’ll see her any more. Perhaps I shan’t tell you, but I want to Wellington caves on Easter Monday. It was quite delightful, but I haven’t time or vocabulary to adequately describe them now. On Anzac Day I’m going to Wudgee, by lorry, probably. My head has, by now, ceased to swell owing to the number of letters addressed to "The Principal", the headmaster, & so forth. I’m a dual personality from several points of view. First — as a lug-examiner & intellect examiner; second, as headmaster & his assistant; the others don’t matter. On banking days I write a receipt to myself for having handed the dough over to myself, & then take it down to the post office. At other times I “inform myself my staff,” i.e. my self, of certain matters. The Inspector came yesterday, but isn’t going to inspect me. I’ll get my doing at another school. Yours in haste, Arthur.
With each anzac day's returning
All the Jingo parlons, burning
With hot patriotic fervour
And high military pride,
Will relate their Pagan story
Of the battles mad & gory,
Of the heroes whom they worship
But whom pacifists deride.

All those holy thimble-riggers
Will describe how "noble diggers"
( Who defied the Ten Commandments
And injunctions of the Lord )
Fought the battles of their Masters
And inflicted dire disasters
On the Heathens who opposed them
With the cannon & the sword .

When those saints have finished praying
They will eulogise the slaying
Of poor slaves who were conscripted
And compelled to leave their wives.
And those paganistic parlons
Will compose the raids & arson
And the "brave exploits" of diggers—sinners
—Those conscripts—lives!—
Who destroyed those conscripts' lives .

They'll recount how each brave hero
( With his Christian love at zero )
With his blood-stained blade defenial
All the lands his Masters stole
From the poor exploited wretches
In the empire that now stretches,
In a crimson line of conquest,
O'er the earth from pole to pole .

But those pulpit-thumping leeches
In their anzac-raving speeches
Never mention that most heroes,
Whom their martial rulers sent
To defend estates & houses
Of the Masters & their spouses,
Are expropriated paupers
Who can hardly pay their rent!

Let each "Digger" now, who grovels
In a camp of paupers' hovels
In impoverished condition,
Show some commonsense & shame
And refuse to aid & foster
Any clerical impostor
Who describes a day as "sacred"
When dupes played War's hellish game!

As no farce can be absurder
Than to eulogise mass-murder.
At an Anzac celebration
As was done in years now flown,
It is time that every nation
Joined a World-Confederation
Wherein slavery & warfare
Shall forever be unknown!


Wed, Ap. 14th, 1937. Fred is making footpaths in the garden
with the bricks, sand, lime & cement that was brought last
week. Dell is not was not operated on yesterday so far as
we know. She is getting weak through being deprived of food
so as to be ready for an operation. A cold wind is blowing, &
the temperature is only 64 deg. F.

Thur. Ap. 15th, 1937. Young Dell was operated on yesterday
afternoon & the halfpenny was removed from her stomach. The
doctor tried to get the coin out by making her vomit, but it
would not move. She was not fully conscious when Mum left the
hospital. Jose is working, but is not doing hard work yet.
His headaches have gone, but his head is dull yet, & he is
weak. He sharpened some drills for me yesterday.
I have sent "The Coronation", & "When Anzac Day Returns", to
Common Cause" to-day: also "The Coronation" & "When Anzac Day
Returns", to "World Peace."
This is another cold day with a southerly wind & showers.
Bob sent me the following letter:-
"April 14. Lismore Street, Abermain.
Dear Joe, In reply to your request to procure the missing papers
of the date you mentioned, I have been unable to get them for
you, as our newsagent does not sell them, & the School of Arts
doesn't have them in its reading room. From inquiries up here
I am informed that the post office has a ban on them, but I am told that a few Communists give them away to the men sitting about here & there; & after they read them they are allowed to blow away.

Now, in regard to those cucumber seeds, well, the man who gave them to me has not one left. He also failed to grow any himself, & he has not one left for himself. You will hardly believe me when I tell you that I am as much disappointed as you are in not being able to grant your request, because I have, ever since I came up here, waited for you to do something for you, & when a chance came this way it is utterly impossible to do something in a small way for you have done for me.

We, or some of us, in Abermain feel that we should be placed on the same level as Wallsend & a seat in front of the Devil's muck rake. We feel that we are just as sinful as Wallsend.

Sunday, April the 4th a 6 roomed cottage burnt down. No one was living in it, A cricket match with a crowd of women & children looking on; several dog-fights on the ground; members of the tennis clubs marching to the courts in full regimental array, with the gentle sex almost naked. A couple of men carrying wood; a gang of hoodlums with shanghies, breathing out murder to any birds on their onward march.

Sunday, April 11th: Dog coursing for prizes; a large sprinkling of bookies; 800 people on the ground, including children & women. So you see that we here, or at least a large number of us, would be quite justified in claiming enrolment in the ranks of the Moscow Brotherhood.

In conclusion: I got fixed up with a hymn book at the Church. Thanks for your endeavour to get me one. We are all well here except for a few colds & sneezes; otherwise we are all O.K.

We have not finished the reading matter you sent up yet.

I see in the paper that Arthur has got a move on ticket again.

From Brother Bob, with love to all.

I have answered that letter & included a copy of "To Jingo Parsons".

Mon. Ap. 19th 1937. This morning I am going to post a letter to my Sister, with a copy of "The Struggle Still Continues." Mum, Walter, & I visited Dell yesterday. She was not quite as well as before, & her breath was not sweet. I went in Jose's car to the park in the afternoon & stayed till after 6 o'clock talking to Bill Longworth & Mrs. Grant. To-day I am taking copies of "The Coronation" & "When Anzac Day Returns," to the Mayfield Weekly.

Florence finished nursing old Tom Findley to-day. His sister is now going to attend to him.
Sun. Ap. 25th, 1937. This morning I wrote the following verses:—

"WHAT IS A NATION?"

"The Anzacs made Australia a nation." — Any anzac ranter.

It's nonsense to say that a nation is made

1. Whenever a murderer kills with a blade,
   Or uses a poison to smother
   A stranger, to favour a king or a queen,
   Abroad in a land where he never has been,
   Or slaughters a friend or a brother.

   Such falsehoods abound where "sad" padres unite
   To glorify war by each heathenish rite
   Performed at their annual outing
   To grieve over deaths of the victims they sent
   To die for the robbers, who never repented;
   But utilize parsons for spouting.

If war makes a nation, then Cain must have grown,

2. By murdering Abel, to numbers unknown;
   And hosts must have sprung from mad Nero;
   While Herod, the slayer of innocents, grew
   To millions because of the babies he slew,
   And Deeming's a multiplied hero.

   Though covered with clerical powder & paint
   A soldier for Fat is no heavenly saint

3. Transforming small peoples to nations;
   His wars are all crimes, & they sanctify none,
   For murder is murder wherever it's done,
   Despite of all anzac orations.

   At anzac conventions each hypocrite tries
   To sanctify slaughter by uttering lies
   Concerning their dupes who have perished

4. When scorning the laws that are counted divine,
   And rushing to ravage, like bloodthirsty swine,
   The brothers they ought to have cherished.
   Poor conscripts whom mothers had cherished.

   This farce will continue till workers arise
   With courage & wisdom to ban & despise
   Those clerical leeches who bleed 'em;
   The truth will be told to men, women, & boys
   That war is a curse that defiles & destroys,
   But Peace makes a nation with freedom!

The following letter came yesterday from Arthur:-

"The Same Place, Monday, Dear Folks, I think I owe you a letter, so here goes. Nothing remarkable has happened here lately, so little, in fact, that I don't know what to write about. As a result of a letter I received today I'm now of the opinion that I'll be sent somewhat nearer to Newcastle. Whether I am or not it seems pretty certain that I'll be within reasonable access of Newcastle for the May holidays. Next Friday I'm probably going by car to a place near Gilgandra. In fact I'm to have rather a hectic week. Wednesday is a holiday for the Wellington show; on Friday I'll leave for Gilgandra at 5:30 sharp, and will go to a 21st birthday party at about 8:30. On Monday next, as you know, I'm off to Mudgee. I'm not having a bad time here, for, even if I don't know everybody, they all know me. At the local school teacher I'm invited to every catfight, but there's often a catch in it—for a present is expected to be forthcoming. The Vaillances & I continue to agree pretty well, although the teacher is a bit eccentric. The bloke over the road hinted that he thought the teacher a bit rattty before he knocked off. He certainly is nervy. The young fellow of the place is away subsidised school teaching near Gilgandra; but there's always the 2 girls & the 2 boys from over the road with whom I can go out. I finish here 4th of May. Arthur."

I have also received a letter from C.W.R. Southern in reply to mine of the 19th. He (or she) said that I need not fear that I would have to pay levies & expenses in connection with the Writers' League, if I join it.

Jose has been ill with influenza all the week, but is better to day, though he is depressed over Ivy's sore breast. Dell is being fed with more solid food now, & seems to be getting quite well. Charlie & I are speaking again. Common Cause dated yesterday contains my verses entitled "Anzac Drivel".

Wednes, 28th April, 1937. Florence was called to the Nurses' Home, Maitland to-night, as she is likely to be sent to a case soon. I have been making the path up to the hut, but it is not completed yet.

Thur, 29th Ap. 1937. To-day we received this letter from Art: "Usual address, Wed. Dear Folks, I'm glad to hear that Dell's O.K. again, although sorry that Jose isn't so hot. I hope you received the bundle of papers alright. I receive the "Herald" frequently, for which I thank you. I went to the show last Wednesday (lucky guy) but wasn't greatly impressed, but I attended a pretty good circus (Ashton Bros.) at night. The trip to Mudgee came off alright, al-
though I can't say I particularly enjoyed the nerve-wracking 60 mile ride of corrugations. On the way we saw abandoned copper mines, some of Ben Hall's retreats, & in a few instances, men digging for gold. After giving a program at night we set out at a pretty good pace for "home". The lorry driver, however, was not conversant with the road, so took the wrong turning & unnecessarily took us thru Gulgone, so I had an unexpected chance of seeing the gold-mining town. We arrived back in Wellington in the small hours of the morning, after which I mounted the bike & began to ride to my country seat. Fate willed it otherwise, however, for it began to rain a couple of miles out, so I turned round & went back to Nicholson's place, where I spent what was left of the night. The kids & parents are going to give me a "surprise" send-off next Friday afternoon. They'll probably tell me what a fine fellow I am & all that eyewash; but after all, what's the use? , I know it already. I'll let you have some dough when I see you. Thanks for the cash offer.

Vacation commences 14th of May. No tuning-fork, thanks.

Arthur.

Fri. 30th Ap. 1937. To-day this note came from Art:

"As Usual, Thursday. Dear Folks, I have just received a transfer to Kockabill, somewhere near Walladora, on the road from Dubbo to Gilgandra. It's about 50 miles from here; I don't know where Hill is nor can I find the place on any map. See you in about a fortnight's time. Arthur."

I have received the following note from Mr. G.H. Prendergast. "Australian Movement Against War & Fascism. Room 6, Second Floor, 133, Hay St., Sydney. 28/4/37. Dear Friend, Will you kindly note that your subscription for "World Peace" due this month (April) has not been forwarded. You will appreciate the fact that subscriptions paid promptly ensures a proper functioning of the movement. Yours Fraternally, G.H. Prendergast, State Secretary, per A.M."

Sun. 2nd May, 1937. I have written a letter to G.H. Prendergast the State Secretary of the Movement against war & Fascism, Room 6, second floor, 133 Hay Street, Sydney. Florence came home last evening, as she has not yet been sent to a place. She is the next on turn. Jack & Gladys & the children were here yesterday & gave us a guava tree & a pick. Cell is still at the hospital, but she will probably be sent home next week, as she is getting well. Jose is not yet at work, but expects to start next Tuesday. I have completed the path up to the hut, & one across from one path to the other. I bought a set of drills & a ratchet brace (3/9) at the Co-op. store & 5 pounds of copper sulphate (5/9) at chemist shop in Mayfield."
May 4th, 1937. Yesterday morning I went to the Showground in Union Street, Newcastle & attended the May Day meeting of the unions & the Communists. I listened to the speeches & saw some of the sports, & came home about 3:30 p.m. The weather was ideal.

Jose is suffering with an attack of tonsilitis, & is not able to work. I received a bundle of "Common Cause" to day.

May 7th, 1937. Today Florence was called to nurse a clergyman at East Maitland. She has been expecting a call ever since she went to West Maitland. Dell is almost well enough to leave the Mater Misericordiae hospital.

Lovely weather.

May 8th, 1937. Jack & Gladys brought Dell home this afternoon from the Mater hospital. She is not looking well, & is very weak; but she is now allowed to eat mashed vegetables & white flesh, such as fowls & fishes. Nice warm weather.

May 9th, 1937. I did not go to Islington Park, but stayed at home in the nice sunshine & read the "Geographic Magazine" nearly all day. Jose came down with Ivy & the children. He is better to-day than he has been for a long time, but his throat is still sore. I am trying to make a Amelia cell by electroplating the inside of a tin with copper, but the deposition of copper is very slow.

May 11th, 1937. This is my seventieth birthday. I was born at Kadina, South Australia, on May 11th, 1867. My insurance money is now due from the Temperance & General Society. It would probably have been brought to-day but for the Coronation rehearsal of George Six. Jose & Ivy gave me an emery stone set in a frame, as a birthday present, & Keith, Daphne & Noel gave me a bag of almond taffy. Mum has already given me a big exercise book, & to-day she gave me a nice white shirt. Charlie returned to-day after an absence of a few days. Florence rang from East Maitland & told Mum that she likes the patient & his 14 year old daughter, & that it is the best case she has had yet. The old gentleman will recover.

We received the following letter from Art this afternoon:

"Go C/o R. I. Edwards, "Woodlea", Kickabill, via Balladoran, Coonamble Line."

Saturday. Dear Folks, Kickabill is a small 2 miles from the nearest house, 10 miles west of Balladoran, it is thus 20 miles from Fingalina, & 40 miles from Dubbo. I am writing this in Gilgandra Park, trying to race the sunset. The boarding house (home of 2 pupils) is 4 miles.
miles further to the West. All this country is typified by the lines, "the everlasting sameness of the never-ending plains". To overcome this isolation I have decided to purchase a motor-bike, so that I can go to Dubbo occasionally. Hence I would be obliged if the boys would keep their eyes open for any sort of boneshaker worth about $10 or $12. There are no hills out here, so anything that will do a steady go along the plains, or gives thirteen miles to the gallon, will suit me nicely. I also wish to purchase the push bike from Bob; but we can discuss that next week and when I will be at home.

Mail arrives Tuesdays & Fridays. I am sending a small gift for Mother, hoping that she will overlook the fact that it's a bit late. I have 17 kids (2 in 7th class, 2 going for O.C.) who have, with the exception of 5, had three weeks schooling this year. The 5 exceptions have not attended since last May.

"Hoping to see you next Friday, Arthur."

May 17th 1937. Last Friday Jose took Mum & me to East Medlow, in his car, & we had a chat with Florence outside of the manse where her patient lives. She was quite happy & contented with the place; & her patient is getting well again.

From there we went on to Aberma, where we saw Bob & young Bob, his son, & young Bob's son Bob; also Gladys, Dorothy, & Allen, who were all well. Their garden is a wilderness for want of water. Brother Bob looked well, but he badly wants a pair of spectacles for reading. I took him a bundle of papers, including some "Geographic Magazines", World's News", & Wide World Magazines.

From there we went on to Cessnock, which is a very large town on the Eastern side of a range of high hills. On the way we saw a motor-car that had collided with a telegraph pole & was badly damaged. One of its occupants had been slightly injured by the collision. We reached home before dark. The weather was ideal. Art is now looking out for a motor bicycle to ride to Kickabill on from home, by way of Merriwa.

Jose had an interview with Mr. Kinley, who advised him to have another week off work before resuming his duties at the Works. My experiment with the aluminium jardineire, with which I tried to transform into a Daniel cell by electroplating it with copper, was a partial failure because the aluminium was eaten through at the bottom, & nearly all of the sulphate of copper solution was wasted. I have now enamelled the outside of the vessel, & will close the hole & try again, as the metal is partly coated with hard copper.

Sun. May 23rd, 1937. This morning Arthur started to ride his motor-bike to Kickabill. He bought the bicycle for $14-10-0. Florence came home last night to see Art before
He returned to Kickabill. Her patient is almost well; so she expects to be finally leaving him next Monday.

We gave Art a gold wristlet watch, with his name & date of his birthday inscribed, as a birthday present; also a pocket watch, a wool singlet, a pair of stockings, & a shirt. He bought himself a pair of leather leggings. This is a beautiful, sunny morning, so Art should be able to travel a long way today. Mum, Charlie, & I got up early to see Art off.

My insurance money has not been paid yet, but it probably will be paid soon. Last Thursday I ordered 6 copper pots, 8 inches across & 6 inches deep, to be made by Trustcott's, Maitland road, for a Daniel battery. I have found that it is almost impossible to make a satisfactory electroplated pot by using either iron or aluminium containers. Jesse is not at work yet, but he expects to start tomorrow, or in the near future.

We have received the following letter from my Sister:

"May 1937. 38 Osborne Street, Merto.

Dear Brother & Sister, After a long delay I now take the opportunity of answering your welcome letter. I am thankful to say I am keeping well; the Dr's last verdict was that my heart is better, & that he did not think I would have any more turns for a long time. Of course I am living practically an invalid's life. The girl I had when you were down here left shortly after you did. She is now married. I still have a girl, & evidently will always have to keep one.

Dad is looking & keeping well, although he will be 68 this year. His work is light, & I suppose that accounts for it.

The silly miners are home again today: 3 days they have lost this pay again. There is plenty of work for them at the mine, but they lose such a lot of time for any old reason. Jim has to come home when they do; & does he rouse about it? He is still a bike crank, but that is all his faults so far, for he simply lives for his bike.

The girls are all well, also their families. Les Duley lost his mother last fortnight. The whole family are terribly cut up about it. She died suddenly. She was a dear old soul--73 when she died. Pearl White has left school. She helps Florrie each day but Thursday, when she goes to Wollongong to learn dressmaking. She has grown such a nice girl. Edna Duley is still living at her Grandpa's place, looking after the boys that are left & keeping the old home going.

There is such a lot of sickness in Merto just now. I suppose it is the cold weather. I am sending one of the papers you asked for, Joe, but Dad has been trying everywhere to get you some more, but our local newsagent does not sell them: one of the men at the mine brought this one out with him. Dad said he will keep on trying until he can send you one each week."
Well, Joe, I think I have told you all the news just now, so will conclude with love from all at Dapto, & remain your loving Sister, Elizabeth Jane Pettigrew.

I have answered this letter to-day & enclosed a clipping of "Common Cause" with "Anzac Drivel".

Mon. May 24th, 1937. Last evening, about 7.30, Arthur rang on the telephone from Merriwa to tell us that he had arrived there safely & was staying at the Royal hotel. The day had been fine, & he was well, but tired. He had dined at Mussellbrook. Florence also telephoned from East Maitland to inquire about Art. She was to have left there to-day, but as Mr. Finlayson's leg is not so well as it appeared to be, she will not come home for another week.

Yesterday afternoon Josie & Keith to the Islington park to get a book from Mr. Stanton & give him another one. I found him on a seat listening to Mrs. Isabel Longworth, who was conversing with about six men, & I gave him the book. He returned in the car to his home, & got the book for me, & we chatted outside for about 30 minutes. When we returned to the Sammy Citadel, where we had left Daphne practising something, we found her at the corner crying because we had not returned sooner. We brought her & Keith home. The weather was ideal.

Tues. May 25th, 1937. Last night at about 7.30, Arthur rang up from Dubbo, where he had arrived without much trouble. He said that he had started off from Dubbo to finish his journey, but as rain began to fall he returned to Dubbo. He was well but tired, & the motor-bike was in good condition.

This morning I took a large book on Physics, & a smaller book on Inorganic Chemistry, to the Waratah railway station & sent them to W.H. Ifould, principal librarian, public library, Sydney. The freight was four pence. On the way home I posted a bundle of papers to H. Webster, Cornwall. The latest paper was May 24th. I inquired at Trustcott's whether the 6 copper pots were made yet, & was told that they will be ready by next Friday. This is one of the sunniest, calm days we have had for a long time. We got a receipt for £2 6/6 from the Tarro Shire Council.

Fri. May 28th, 1937. Yesterday we received the following note from Arthur:-

Dear Folks, I arrived O.K. but am a series of aches & pains. The cost of the trip was, all told, about £2 6/6, so I'll be able to return your own money, plus a few quid, on Thursday. Will you please post the letter left on Flo's table ? Evers in haste, Arthur.

I made a rough table yesterday to put behind the garage to write on in sunny weather. Mum had a paper from the T & G.
A PAGE FROM THE PAST

Veterans recalled their early fighting days as Salvationists

WELLINGTON (Adjutant and Mrs. Nicholson)—Officers and comrades from Gulgong united with the local forces on Good Friday. The morning meeting led by Major Annie Hoepper was of a Holiness character, and definite witness was declared by Brother Hoepper (Senior), of Rockdale; Bandmaster Gudgeon and Sister M. Gudgeon, of Gulgong, and various local comrades. Adjutant Hoepper gave the Bible lesson. In the afternoon Young People’s Sergeant-Major Cameron spoke on Luke’s story of the Crucifixion. A company from Gulgong sang, and Adjutant Nicholson delivered a thoughtful address on “My Kingdom in not of this world.” An interesting feature of the night meeting was the testimony of a number of converts who recalled the date and place of their conversion. Brother Turnbull went back to Waterloo in the ‘nineties, and Brother Hoepper to South Grafton, fifty-three years ago. The Young People’s Company sang “When I survey the wondrous cross.” Bandmaster A. Cocking’s topic was “Calvary.” At the close of Major Hoepper’s Bible address four seekers knelt at the Mercy-seat.

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society, to be signed by someone who knows that she has been paying to the society regularly. Mrs. Mary Burgess, Lyla's wife, signed it. We may get the insurance money soon.

"Common Cause" dated 39/5/37, contains my verses, "Foolish Man". Jose is not back at work yet. Ivy is being massaged at Roberts' place in Newcastle for the cure of her breast & the restoration of her health, as she is very thin. The weather yesterday was cold & showery.

Sun. 30th May, 1937. Yesterday morning I went to Trustcott's workshop, expecting to find that the 6 copper pots that I ordered would be ready for me, but they were not even begun. I went to Newcastle by tram & bought 5 large basins at 1/11 each, & a larger one at 2/11 at Sorby's shop. They are to be sent out to me to-morrow. At the "Sports" shop I paid 16/ each for 2 forty-five volts Ever Ready dry cells, to use with our old radio receiver that Fred Redhouse made for 23 some years ago. I gave it to Jose a long while ago, but as he never used it he returned it to me, & I intend to use it in the hut. This morning I have written the following verses:

JOSEPH & HIS JOYRIDERS.

"As a gesture of friendly relations between Holland & Australia, the Prime Minister of Australia (Mr. A.J. Lyons) hopes to pay a courtesy visit to Holland when en route to Toulon to embark on the Orford. He has also been invited to go to Belgium. Mr. & Mrs. Lyons will spend the week-end at Mr. Malcolm MacDonald's country residence, near Chelmsford."-- Daily Paper. 29/5/37.

Who sent this man ten thousand miles
To shed imperialistic smiles
On thieves who wear bullet-toppers
And sit in secrecy to plot
And say who shall, & who shall not,
Become their bullet-stoppers?

Who gave his Jingo gang the right
To say Australians would fight
For empire when they're needed?
They jaunted off to please themselves
And left their duties on the shelves--
Where they remain--unheeded.

Who told Joe's gadding gang to say
That plundered working-men will pay
For means to murder others--
Swift aeroplanes, big bombs & tanks--
To save fat's palaces & banks
By poison-gas that smothers?
The Salvation Army's new commissioner, Malziel, is to be at the Mayfield citadel this morning, in company with Major Rixon & Lt.-Col. Richards. This is a lovely sunny morning, with only a few small clouds in the sky.

Florence is not at home yet: she is still nursing rev. Finlayson at East Maitland.

Fri., June 4th, 1937. Yesterday Mum received a cheque for £60-11-0 from the T.G.S. society as a maturity payment for me on reaching the age of 70 years.

Florence finished nursing Mr. Finlayson yesterday morning, & came home. She gave Mum five pounds to buy herself a new Winter's coat.

We received the following letter from Art yesterday:

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We received the following letter from Art yesterday:
At School, Wed. Morn. Dear Folks, Owing to the delayment of the (I believe) the Bourke mail near Orange, your letter is just to hand. It is nearly time to bring the young hopefuls in, so I have not the time to give you a detailed account of my trip: I will do so next mail. However, it should suffice to say that none of my aches & pains were occasioned by crashes or collisions. All have disappeared now. Last week-end I went to Wellington, stayed there on Saturday night, had dinner at Nick’a on Sunday, saw the folks in Maryvale on Sunday afternoon, & was back in time for tea at Olsen’s in Dubbo. Olsen kindly provided me with a bed for the night, so that I returned to Bootabyl mainly in the daylight. The mailman is coming, so Au revoir! Arthur.

This morning I have written this letter to the pensions department:—"331, Maitland Road, Mayfield West, Newcastle, N.S.W. 4/6/37. To the Deputy Commissioner of Pensions, Sydney. Sir, The maturity payment from the T.& G. society, of which I have previously notified you in the questionnaires sent, was made yesterday to my wife. I was surprised to find that the cheque, for £ 60-11-10, was in her name, & that it is really her money, as I thought it would be mine. However, she intends to bank the money with the £ 2-3-1 that we have as a joint account in the Commonwealth Bank, so half of the cheque will be mine. Hoping that this amount will not entail a further reduction in my pension of £ 1-14-0 a fortnight, I remain, Sir, Yours sincerely, Josiah Cocking."

Yesterday evening Jose & I tried to make the old radio set that we bought of Fred Redhouse, work; but the battery seemed to be too weak, & the attempt was a failure. Jack, Gladys, & the children were here last night. Jack is going to Port Kembla on a 3 days visit, next Monday, with some B.R.P. officials. Their object seems to be to see the new coke works there.

Mon., June 7th, 1937. On Saturday Jose charged the 6 volt old battery that he bought for me for 10/- & brought it down & got the old radio set to work again, but it will only pick up 2 or 3 stations. I walked to Islington park yesterday afternoon, expecting to meet some of the peace people there, but the park was deserted, probably on account of the cold weather. Jose intended to start working again this morning, so I suppose he has done so. I had a copy of the booklet entitled "The Radio Set Builder" brought to me this morning by our newsagent. Its price is marked at 1/-, Jack called in last evening on the way back from Raymond Terrace, where he had taken & left Gladys & the children to stay with Mrs. Bob until he returns from Port.
Kembla, He is going there this morning with some officials of the B.H.P. to inspect the new coke works at Port Kembla. Walter took Jack home in Jack's car & brought it back here to leave it until Jack comes home from the South.

I have sent a bundle of papers to the Websters; the latest being dated June 4th.

This morning I received the following letter from Mrs. Webster:

Greenfield Terrace, Portreath, nr Redruth, Cornwall, April 23rd, 1937. Dear Mr. Cooking, Many thanks for your nice long letter we were pleased to get; also the papers; they are good to look at & to read; we enjoy reading them. Well, we trust you are all enjoying the best of health. We are all fairly well at present, glad to say, but have been very seedy with bad colds. The weather been so changeable, such a lot of rain & bitter winds; but there! we hope we have got over all that, as it's been lovely this week—clear & warm sunshine. It's just time, too, nearly the end of April. We look forward to our Summer very much—it's very dull in Winter.

I see you have plenty of operations out there, too; it's the same here. My niece had an operation performed 6 months ago & is still very weak; we thought she would have died. Glad you are getting on again. You have had quite a family sick-list. I have been down with my nerves; dreadful since Christmas. I pity anyone who suffers with nerves. Never like it before, but pleased to say I am getting out of it again now.

Oh! My husband has been to town & had his photo taken. We've not seen the proofs yet, but if they come out like him I will send you one. He is almost well now, I am glad to say. He sends his kindest wishes to you & for your prayers. You remember you said in one of your letters you were praying for his recovery; & they have been answered. I believe in prayer. We don't hear of much other than the coronation. What a fuss to make! We can't believe it; & so much money being wasted; & then the fever of war in the air. Don't know what it's all coming to. Our chapels & churches home here as well are empty almost. No one to look to lead one on. Christians are not the same as they were; we can't trust them now. They believe in war & all that leads to it.

Well, Mr. Cooking, I not much news to tell you, we are all going on much the same. My son is working regular now, I am pleased to say. Last year he was out just all the Summer. I think on the whole they are beginning to touch up; there are lots more working now than last year.

Glad to see your sons & daughter are busy. Young people like to be doing. Kindly remember us to Mrs. Cooking. Trust you will all be in imperfect health by the time this reaches you, & may God bless you all. As ever, your sincere friends

H. & E. Webster.
Tu. June 8th, 1937. Yesterday I wrote a letter in reply to the Websters, & enclosed a printed clipping of "Don'ts For Newcastle idlers" & a typed copy of "Joe's Joyriders" Congressional Mat paper on back overlapping.

This morning at 5 o'clock I got up & wrote the following verses:

went back to bed again:

TO BILLY BLOGGS.

Dear William, do not deem me rude
Nor impudent, if I intrude
By writing this brief letter,
My purpose being to inspire
In you a Socialist's desire
To make conditions better.

It's evident, by each remark
You make, that those in Noah's ark
Had notions & opinions
Which slaves like you still entertain
Despite the knowledge you may gain,
Re rulers & their minions.

Regardless of the printers' ink
Of modern times, you fondly think
That men should tamely labour
Through ev'ry changing season's day, by night & day,
In poverty, for paltry pay,
To keep an idle neighbour.

You never clearly understand
That LABOUR, when applied to land,
Produces wealth & wages-
That wages men receive are made
By LABOURERS with pen or spade
In old, or modern ages!

Despite the tales of drones whomthieve,
Slaves MAKE the wages they receive-
They're NOT the gifts of masters
Who own the implements & soil
Whereon their plundered wages-slaves toil
And suffer all disasters!

Their little wages do NOT come
From pre-existent funds, or some
Magician's wand or fountain:
The industry of man & maid
PRODUCE the wages they are paid
In valley, plain, or mountain.

That being so, you'll surely own
That all the wealth that's made & grown
Should now belong to workers—
That they should rise above the stage
Where they accept a puny wage
From parasitic shirkers.

The toilers, then, should all combine,
From frigid Poles to torrid line,
To own the wealth they're making;
So, Bill, although your head is dense,
Just cultivate some common sense
And help them in the taking!

To "C. C." 19/6/37. To "W. Peake." 18/6/37. To W. Herd 17/6-37.

Mum & Florence have gone this afternoon to the pictures. A
The postman has just brought this letter from Arthur:

"Usual address. Dear Folks, Since you ask for a bump-to-bump
description of my ride out to Bootabil, I hereby supply it.
But I feel that the trip would be, in the mature judgement of
an experienced bike rider, considered uneventful.
Following Newcottage in fine style, I was buoyed up, in addi-
tion to the pneumatic tyres, by what I thought was an inexhaus-
tible supply of optimism. On approaching Greta I noticed that
petrol was leaking copiously, but the cause was soon traced
to a sticky needle & speedily remedied by the simple expedient
by walloping the side of the float chamber with the end of the
pliers.
Isn't it wonderful how soon one acquires the gentle technique
of the bike mechanic's art?
Although I had resolved to have the petrol leaks (for the bott-
m of the carburettor was also leaking) fixed at Brampton,
I noticed while there that garage facilities were inadequate,
so I "stepped on the gas" without further delay.
Arriving at Singleton about half past eleven, I took the bone-
shaker into a garage. The garage proprietor seemed to use his
"every means & implement of art, with twenty years' experience
to boot", to some effect. But the elation I felt at "this little
job being done", was very fleeting.
I had not gone more than five miles when I noticed that my 3/6
had so very recently been "coughed up" (I couldn't resist it)
in vain. However, it did not seem to leak when the engine was
pulling so I did not do anything further in the matter.
Dinner time (about 1-30 p.m. saw me at trip in a bit, over an
hour. A bit, of course, is capable of very elastic connotation. Leaving Musswellbrook about 2.30 p.m., after thoroughly overhauling the nuts on the bike, I set out for Derman, a town I could have avoided, but I was advised to take the longer road, rather than an infinitely worse track, to Sandy Hollow.

My hopes were now not quite as high, since Coolah, my objective for the night, was some ninety odd miles away.

Derman's stupid practice of closing all garages disconcerted me a bit, but after a thorough search of the town I managed to get half a gallon of Texaco. At this stage the road became almost unbearably corrugated, while the glare of the sun in my eyes prevented my opening up the throttle sufficiently to combat their effect. Such jumping of the front wheel took place that the rocker (I know no better term) bumped against the base of the headlight, completely shattering it. The tap on the auxiliary oil-feed, too, turned itself on, causing a stream of oil to flow all over my right shoe.

Night was just descending as the steed & I limped into Merriwa. I use the word advisedly, for the back wheel had pulled out of position so as to make the tire scrape on the wheel chain. A superficial examination in the Royal Hotel's shed revealed that the auxiliary oil-feed had completely separated itself into 2 parts. The lateness of my arrival was due to the fact that the engine would not completely de-clutch, & I found it impossible to change into second gear. Low gear could be "potted" perhaps once in 4 tries when the bike was stationary.

Hence on the hills of this district, which are an important factor to be reckoned with, I found it necessary to stop half way up, move for low & hope for the best. The latter condition, too, was now fulfilled with less facility.

At Merriwa I tightened up the back nuts & adjusted the back adjusters as far as the looseness of the chain would allow. This being done, I crawled into bed fully cognisant of the fact that "peace hath her victories as well as war". Shortly after daylight behold me sneaking out at the back of the pub, but, alas, waking the town by my inglorious & ineffectual attempts to get the bike to go into low, or any other, gear. After finally starting, a few minutes sufficed to take me out as far as the race-course. Now picture me, a forlorn figure, blowing "smoke" out with each breath (for it was bitterly cold) making a valiant & almost vain attempt to get the wheel into place & the nuts tightened. Just at the crucial point the shifting spanner almost invariably slipped.

At half past seven I once more went on my way, not, perhaps, rejoicing, but gratified by the thought of "something attempted, something done". The road was now indescribable, but my forearms were so numbed by the cold & vibration that I was practically oblivious to the shaking. The bike, however, was not so well imured to it, for the front mudguard rose over the heads of
bolts holding it, & came to rest on the front tyre - quite an
effective but unnecessary brake. The head shook off the carbure-
ttor, too, so that a few repairs were due at Coolah, I omit
Casillis as unworthy of mention in this account. While the
garage man fitted a mustard tin lid to the carburettor I went
up the street & partook of breakfast & dinner. The legend
"Must-die" was not as pregnant with ill-omen as a superstition
person might suspect, for thereafter my luck changed consid-
erably.
Dinedoo was my next objective, but I went ten miles too far on
this section. After leaving Leadville I reached a turn-off to
Mudgee & Gulgong. On consulting my map I came to the conclusion
that my way lay straight ahead. Five miles of ploughing throu-
gh sand made me revoke my decision, so I inquired at a house
which contained, at a conservative estimate, easily 15 dirty
& timid kids.
Although my map didn't show it, I should have gone along
the Mudgee road as far as Oraboon. I retraced my path & ar-
rived at Dinedoo, an unimpressive town apparently on the way to
nowhere. The route now lay along the banks of the Talbragar
river which, in common with the waters of the West, is what
Mum calls "a lick & a promise", but I didn't see enough water
for a lick.
Nothing eventful occurred until I reached Dubbo, apart from the
fact that the sand was so thick that I had to plough along in
second for nearly ten miles. The rest of the journey I have
explained to you. So far we have found it impossible to cure
the petrol leak. A reliable opinion is that I need a new needle
in the carburettor, for the old one has been nearly filed
in two by a previous owner. The petrol is now only weeping
from the overflow. A new needle is unprocurable in Dubbo, so
I'll write away for one.
Of course, I have spent a great deal of time on the bike, but
I think it has been worth while. We have had over an inch of
rain, so the wheat, & especially oats, are progressing beautifu-
lly. The Wellington district is a picture.
Just at present Mr. & Mrs. Edwards are away in Sydney, so that
at Buck's party, 2 lads & 3 men (in which category, of course,
I am) are keeping house for ourselves & living well.
Unfortunate incidents such as not ordering enough bread or but-
ter have occurred, but I've only had to miss one meal.
One of the Pommy lads is a good cook.
I meant to send you a few quid, but I just missed the mail last
night (it is now Sunday -- I am at Olsen's & going out elsewhere
tonight. Hence I will despatch the dough with extra weight next
mail. Yours Arthur,
p.s. I received the post & cards, for which I thank you
all right. A.C.
Fri. June 11th 1937. Yesterday Grace Cocking visited us. She is Matron of "The Fold" a Salvarmy home for children near Sydney. She is having 3 weeks holiday. The deputy commissioner of pensions sent me the following letter yesterday:-

"Commonwealth of Australia.
The Invalid & Old-age Pensions Act, 1908--1932.
New address, 1st Floor, 52 Carrington Street, Wynyard Square, From the Deputy Commissioner of Pensions to Mr. J. Cocking, 331 Maitland Road, Mayfield. In connection with your pension, further information is required, as indicated hereunder, which you are requested to furnish at an early date.

Date 8/4/37. R.A. Quin, for deputy commissioner.

Question.
1. Please forward your bank book for inspection.

2. What is the value of your Co-op. Soc. shares ?
   £ 43-18-3.

3. How many shares have you ?
   Forty three, at 1 pound each.

4. What amount is owing to you in respect of property sold to Mrs. Stones ?
   Nothing.

5. What is the exact amount owing to you by your son ?
   £ 23-0-0 owed jointly to my wife & me.

6. What amount, if any, do you owe on your present home ?
   £ 23-10-0 owed by my wife & me, jointly, to our daughter.

The number of our savings bank pass book is 13069.
"Common Cause" dated June 12 contains my verses "The Coronation".

Tu. June 15th, 1937. Last Sat., Florence went to the Maitland nurse's home to wait for a nursing job, as he is first on turn. This evening she telephoned to tell us that she is going to a child at Singleton, who has pneumonia. Last Sat. I went to Newcastle & paid the Co-op store bill--£ 15-18-1/4d. I cashed the cheque for six pounds ten that Arthur sent home. I bought 20000 microfarad variable condensers & 2 vernier dials; the lot cost me 12/-7. I also bought 4 1b. of NO. 20.
Fri. June 11th 1937. Yesterday Grace Cocking visited us. She is Matron of "The Fold" a Salvation Army home for children near Sydney. She is having 3 weeks holiday.

The deputy commissioner of pensions sent me the following letter yesterday:

"Commonwealth of Australia,

The Invalid & Old-age Pensions Act, 1908-1932,

New address, 1st Floor, 52 Carrington Street, Wynyard Square, From the Deputy Commissioner of Pensions to Mr. J. Cocking, 331 Maitland Road, Mayfield. In connection with your pension, further information is required, as indicated hereunder, which you are requested to furnish at an early date.

Date 8/4/37. R.A. Quin, for deputy commissioner.

Reply.

1. Please forward your bank book for inspection.


3. How many shares have you? Forty three, at 1 pound each.

4. What amount is owing to you in respect of property sold to Mrs. Stones? Nothing.

5. What is the exact amount owing to you by your son? £ 23-0-0 owed jointly to my wife & me.

6. What amount, if any, do you owe on your present home? £ 23-10-0 owed by my wife & me, jointly, to our daughter.

The number of our savings bank pass book is 152069.

"Common Cause" dated June 12 contains my verses "The Coronation".

Tu., June 16th, 1937. Last Sat. Florence went to the Maitland Nurse's Home to wait for a nursing job, as he is first on turn. This evening she telephoned to tell us that she is going to a child at Singleton, who has pneumonia. Last Sat. I went to Newcastle & paid the Co-op store bill—£ 15-13-1½d. I cashed the cheque for six pounds ten that Arthur sent home. I bought 2 0005 microfarad variable condensers & 2 varmer dials; the lot cost me 15/- I also bought ½ lb. of NO. 20
WHY BLOGGS SHOULD BE AUDACIOUS.

In "Common Cause" I've read each clause
Of your mild Log: Good gracious!
Why be so tame and beg with shame,
Dear Billy? Be audacious!

You live in fear, throughout each year,
Of Want—the fell destroyer,
And humbly sing "God Save the King."
And cringe to your employer.

No longer dream that each coal-seam
Was made by owning shirkers:
The coal, like air, if deals were fair,
Would all belong to workers.

You spend your time in sweat and grime
To keep a gang, rapacious,
That idly sits and owns the pits;
So, William, be audacious.

Their mansions stand on lofty land
Where smoky stacks don't sully:
Amid disease "hands" fry or freeze
In hovels down the gully!

Those drones have shirked, but never worked
Like stupid, patient asses,
In mining-holes for paltry doles,
Inhaling dust and gases.

To honest toil beneath the soil—
To weariness and dangers,
To servitude to Masters rude—
They're absolutely strangers.

They're never found beneath the ground,
Where perils are appalling.
When timbers crash, explosions flash,
And coal and rocks are falling!

They fly or float, by plane or boat,
To cities most extensive
To view the sights of vales and heights.
In luxury expensive.

They have "good times" in foreign climes
With Bugs well dressed and scented.
While you remain in needless pain
And poverty—contented!

They never gave a fawning slave
A home, repose and spacious,
With wide domains—they gave him chains—
So, Billy, be audacious!

You need more ease, more things that please,
More leisure to unravel
The tangled knots of authors' plots,
More chance to widely travel.

Therefore demand the tools and land,
With courage unabated,
Forego no jot, but claim the lot
That labor has created.

Of wealth you make don't ask nor take
A microscopic fraction:
Act well your role; you'll gain the WHOLE
By wise, united action.

"Taraxacum."

Of wealth you make don't ask nor take
A microscopic fraction:
Act well your role; you'll gain the WHOLE
By wise united action.

To "E. E." 19/6/37

Sun, 20th June, 1937. Yesterday we received the following letter from Florence Allen:

"To Mrs. A. McMillan, Elizabeth Street, Singleton. 19/6/37.

Dear Everybody, Just thought you that you might like a little newsless letter, seeing that I have been a few days away. I am nursing a little boy of 6 years with pneumonia; & he is pretty sick, in fact he is running a record temperature, but I am hoping everything will be all right. I had a couple of hours rest this afternoon,"
so I am feeling pretty fresh at present; I will give myself a few minutes out, just to walk along the street.

I do not know anything about this place yet: came here so quickly on Tuesday afternoon, & have not been out of the gate since, but I will let you know how I like it, perhaps next time. The people here are very nice, although very anxious & weepy, & they have to go for a neighbour to hold his hands while I give him a needle.

The doctor is very nice (Dr. Dalton, out at the Lake somewhere) & he is good to work with. We are having nice sunny days, but the nights are cold & frosty.

The people provide me with plenty of rugs to keep me warm, so it's not so bad. It's about 8 p.m., but very bright outside, so I think I may try to find the post office & drop this in. Good night! Hope everyone is well & happy. Love from Florence.

This morning I wrote the following verses, which Walt corrected:-

WHAT IS A MINER ?

A miner is a worthy man
Who always does the best he can
To keep the world's wheels moving;
But, though he spends his troubled life
In toil & class-engendered strife,
His lot is not improving.

His character may be defined
As one who's rather more inclined
To spend the mite he's earning
Than he's disposed to sit & pore
O'er tunes of economic lore,
Or scientific learning.

He's mostly loyal to his class
Of plundered workers, who must pass
Their lives in mass-production,
And, being landless, must engage
In labour for a paltry wage,
Through lack of wise instruction.

He seldom seems inclined to probe
The reason why this whirling globe
Is plagued by wholesale murder
Designed, & legalised, & made
By Bugs for power, fame, or trade,
Though nought could be abuder.
Such problems he refers to those
Who tell him that his only foes
Are men beyond the border.
That tale he foolishly believes.
And gives his sons to die for thieves
Who rule the Social Order.

He's always foremost in the lines
Of volunteers when gassy mines
Explode with booms of thunder,
Through carelessness or callous greed,
And, probably, survivors bleed
In afterdamp down under.

His fault is that he never dreams
That working men could OWN the seams
Of coal & lodes of copper.
He must persistently believes
As though all tolere should be slaves,
And freedom is improper!

Some future day, let's kindly hope,
His thoughts will have a wider scope—
His eyes a clearer vision—
Then he, unitedly, will own
The boundless wealth he's made & grown:
May that be his decision!


Wed., June 23rd, 1937. Florence returned from nursing young Les McMillan at Singleton yesterday, as he is convalescent. I posted "Why Blogga Should Be Audacious";
"To Billy Blogga ", & "What Is A Miner ?", to Common Cause yesterday. The rainstorm, which has lasted several days, has now moved south, & the sun is out again.

We received the following letter from Art yesterday:
"At present I'm Dubbo. Sunday night. (20) Dear Folks,
I have just recollected that I owe you a letter, so here goes. This is to certify that I am still alive & kicking, especially as I doing the latter, for the kick-start quadrant has been apt to slip. I spent yesterday afternoon filing a piece of metal teeth on a piece of metal which had been welded on, but I don't think the job is permanent. This is the second wet week end I have been touring, but I have purchased boots, an oilskin coat, & oilskin trousers. The rain has at present ceased. & I think it is not likely to resume. The motorbike has been somewhat troublesome, but, after all, it gives one what Va lance
I calls "colonial experience." Speaking of colonial experience I have much pleasure in reporting that Mrs. Edwards is still away. We have not eaten cake, except when I go out to tea, at week-ends, (and then I wolf it) for a fortnight. We had beans for tea, cooked by yours truly once, but our diet consists of sheep & spuds mainly. My bed was made for the first time on Thursday night. On one occasion we found ourselves with neither bread nor butter, so I took a tin of spaghetti from the pantry. I led on a tin-opener, so I took a screwdriver with me. Hence my lunch at school consisted of spaghetti opened & eaten with a screwdriver. And that's colonial experience. The first 20 years are the best. Yours, Arthur.

This morning I posted ten papers to the Websters, the latest dated June 23nd.

Wed. 30th June, 1937. Yesterday I went to Newcastle & bought 6 terminal pins (1d each) & a gridleak at Corney's shop, & five black-headed, lettered terminals (.1/-) & a 00015 mid variable condenser from Cole, for 3/-.

I also bought a thimble for Mum, & a small screwdriver for myself. I paid Mr. Jones, secretary of the Rosebud Lodge, 2/- 2/9. I came home in a crowded bus as rain was falling. I also interviewed Mr. Cavalier, optician, in Newcastle.

Rain has fallen frequently during the last week & this, & the sky is still cloudy.

Thur. July 1st, 1937. I received an increase in my pension to-day, of 3/3, which makes it £4 1/7 5/ per fortnight.

We received the following letter to-day from Art:-

"The Whackery, Bootabil, Monday. Dear Folks, I humbly apologise for my lack of courtesy in not explaining the desy patch of my watch. The explanation is that I thought it obvious that I would not send the watch unless there were something wrong with it. That being so, I would naturally want it fixed. Will you please apply to have it righted under the terms of the guarantee? It has not been subjected to violence. This week-end is the first I have wholly spent out here. Saturday was spent making a stand on which to lean the bike when I come to gates, & in repairing the back mudguard which had well-rich shattered to pieces.

On Sunday morn I set out for "church", to be held at a house a mere 8 miles away. The bike groaned & grunted its way along to the school, at a maximum speed of 15 m.p.h. I knew nothing serious was wrong, & so it proved, for a chain was dragging on the guard. On leaving the school, whereas I call-
ed to get soap to stop a new petrol leak, the bike refused to go, & the back wheel dragged on the ground when I ran with it. Thinking the wheel might grip on the "grass" of the playground, I took the bike in & dashed merrily back & forth in vain. Down the "hill" (I can now see hills round here--previously they were rises) raced a 1937 Pontiac. From it stepped the smartest man in the West. He knew all that was to be known about all things mechanical except motor-bikes, but he could master them in the twinkling of an eye. Conversation revealed that this was by far the least of his virtues. Stan Williams was a mere novice compared with this 26 year old giant. My new friend, for so he proved, proceeded to take the job out of my hands, even to running around with the bike like a mad dog. This paragon of arts & manly graces told me his name was Fred Wheaton, that he lived a mile distant, that I was cordially invited to dinner, & that he would fix the bike speedily & effectively if I would do his dwelling the honour of visiting it.

I accepted gracefully, & dined in a sumptuous manner of good, tender bull, finishing with luscious fruit salad & cream. During the meal I was agreeably entertained by a gentleman who had just returned from a trip to the Orient.

To get back to the bike. Church being now out of the question, we, I mean he, began on the bike. With a smile almost suggestive of contemptuous pity, he refused to allow me to do anything. Having a monopoly of mechanical knowledge he could not imagine how a mere academic scholar like myself could know anything practical. I accepted this relegation into the position of "Billy the Mug" calmly, smiling inwardly at his good-natured self-conceit.

To cut a long story short, the family in toto proved the soul of hospitality. I stayed to tea, & was driven home in the car aforementioned. To-night I am going to Gilganira with them & staying at Wheaton's overnight. For Milady: There are no eligible young ladies. There are, however, four teetotal young fellows, each imbued with unbounded self-confidence, but really decent & exceptionally obliging.

The bike is not together yet; but the real trouble was ultimately found to be a dirty armature in the magneto. The boys certainly do understand engines.

Please find enclosed one quid. Yours Arthur.

N.B. His Majesty is not writing to you, but, as I wrote this at school, & have no official use for small envelopes, I used the king's. Since this letter is so bulky I can't send the dough this time. I'll let you have a couple next mail."
Fri. July 2nd, 1937. To-day's "Common Cause" contains my verses, "Why Bloggs Should Be Audacious," I have sent to Mr. Halliday, who looks after the C.E.F. office at the Newcastle Trades Hall, for a few spare copies of that paper. The weather is now dry, but cold (59 deg. F.), with a South wind. This morning I sent five papers to the Websters, the latest being June 23th.

Tues. July 6th, 1937. Yesterday morning I went to Newcastle & bought a 5/16ths drill at the Co-op store. At Coles' shop I bought a U.X. valve socket & a 0000 0005 mfd variable condenser. The socket cost 6d & the condenser 3/6. At a radio shop in Pacific Street I bought a plug for a single phone-jack for 3d, also 1 lb. of 26 d.s.c. wire for 2/6. I went to Mr. Cavalier, & he told me he could not go to Abermain as his wife is very ill. Then I saw Daniel Price & asked him to go to Abermain to fit Bob with a pair of double glasses, but he wanted four pounds, so I decided to write to Bob & tell him to get the glasses in his district. Rain fell nearly all day.

Yesterday we got this letter:

"Lismore Street, Abermain, July 3.

Dear Joe, I have been waiting for some time for you to write up to me; however, I am pleased to let you know that we have shifted from down on the flat, up here on the hill, into Gladys' Mother's house, which is so much better for all of us. As for myself, I would not have stayed down there one week if I could have got into a home anywhere. The trouble now is that all the Homes are handed over to the Hospital Trust, & when one enters a home he is now compelled to sign over all his property to them. That being so, I refused to go into a home on that condition. However, it is much better here now. Jim & Ethel were up to see me a fortnight ago.

I have seen by the paper that Arthur has got a move on order again. He will soon be able to write a book on the far West. I also noticed in the paper that the basic wage is to be risen. Another Majuba for the worker who thinks he will be better off. It is, of course, a sop to fool them. As a matter of undisputed fact they will be worse off, for the price of living will go up & take it, & leave them worse than before. It is only the single men who will benefit. I was persuaded some years ago to join the Co-operative store, but I soon began to try to find where my dividends were coming from, but after a final reckoning up I could not, nor can anyone else. Come to any other conclusion but that I only got back a part only of what I paid too much for
Clyde Workers' Hymn Of Battle.

(Tune: "Pull for the Shore")

War is in Europe, toiler, blasting the land,
Workers stand facing workers, rifles in hand,
Your masters have quarrelled, toiler, loud their cannon roar,
Slaying slaves in millions, therefore, go to war.

Chorus—

Go to the war, toiler, go to the war,
Heed not the Socialist, but wallow in gore,
Save not your helpless children, care for them no more,
Leave your wife and family and go to the war.

Fight for the land sharks, toiler, they own the land,
Fight for your kind employer, you are his hand,
Slay for your pious landlord till life is spent,
While you raise your deadly rifle he'll raise your rent.

Heed not the Sixth Commandment, "Thou shalt not kill,"
Flout Christ, like jingo parsons, say, "Yes, I will."
Kill starving children's fathers, fill them up with lead,
Cheer up, boys, don't be downhearted, you'll soon be dead.

Vote for your scheming Wizard, when you get the chance,
He who, through this bloody conflict, led you all a dance,
He's coming to the people, toilers, woeful tales to tell,
How he saw your sons and brothers marching into hell.

Follow your martial monarch, see how he goes,
Mounted on a gallant charger facing the foes,
Far from the distant foeman bravely he fell,
If you follow his example, all will be well.
my goods. I then came to the only true fact that in comparing my fortight's order with the cash carry stores I was at a lot on the losing side; & so I soon pulled out & could see that I had been chasing a bubble; & so it will be with the working class; it will see bye & bye that a rise in wages does not benefit several plates stuck together said to them one bit. The rents will go up as well as the price of living. I can say without a shadow of doubt that it's only the storekeeper, butcher, & baker, & landlord who will benefit, & the single man. I see by the paper you are having some wind & rain down there. Well, we are getting it here as well; every day & night it is blowing & raining. I never felt so cold in my life as I do here—not when I was on the picking-tables in Wallaroo Mines. I do hope that this month will come in a lot warmer than the last 3 months. This winter has been a record in N.S.W. for rain, cold, & wind. Now, in conclusion, I must thank you again for the reading matter you left with me when you were up to see me. We have now gone through them, & they were most welcome to us. Give my love to all the family circle, & accept the same yourself, with love to all, from Brother Bob. Now, as you always have been my chopping-block, I want you, when you have time, to go along to Brother Jack & make inquiries to find out what became of May's Father's & Mother's glasses. I think perhaps one pair might fit my sight. If they are at May's place Jim would bring them up, & if they didn't suit he could bring them back again. Bob, Gladys, & the children are all quite well, including myself. Bob is putting his spare time in the garden.

Tuesday (continued). This morning I posted a roll of "World's News" to brother Bob, & a short letter with a money order for sixty five shillings. I also paid Florence's telephone bill £46 (3-8-34). Rain is falling again. Temperature 46 deg. Fah.

Thursday, July 8th, 1937. To-day we received this letter from Art:

"Usual address, Tuesday. Dear Folks, Mrs. Edwards is now at home; in fact she has been here over a week. My supply of clean clothes is not yet back to normal, but the tucker has resumed its former standard. Thanks very much for your offer about the latter, but my pride, even apart from physical inconveniences, would not allow me to avail myself of it. About the watch: will you please send it in good going order as soon as possible. Ralph Edwards will soon think I have borrowed his for keeps. It may be possible to..."
send it partly by air mail, i.e. to Narramine. I certainly require it, for when I'm at school I can't send over the road to find out the time. The watch is NOT overwound.

The bike is now going O.K., although the petrol leak has defied all attempts at suppression.

By the way, I would be greatly obliged if one of the boys would attempt to obtain, second-hand, a kick-start quadrant & the pinion wheel on which it grips. I would also be gratified to receive a new carburettor needle, as this one has nearly been filed in two, & a duplicate is unprocurable in the West.

I'll probably go to Wellington this week-end, my first excursion for 3 weeks. There is no likelihood of snow out here, although the frosts are beauties. July is going to be fine & cold here. I will have nowhere to go o' nights.

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

N.B. A couple of quid should reach you herewith. Don't address the watch to Narramine. If it is possible to obtain a crystal wireless wireless set which will guarantee good reception of 50 miles range & on which I could be SURE to hear Hubbo, please let me know.

Thursday (continued). We received the following letter from Bob:— "July 7th. Lismore street, Abermain.

Dear Joe, Your letter to hand this morning's post; also a parcel of reading matter which I am delighted to have; also something else. Well, it's a poor heart that doesn't rejoice sometimes. I am going up to-day to Cessnock to a large firm who is engaged by the miners' federation to fix up all the miners with suitable glasses. Gladys got her's there, & she is suited A.1.. I am quite sure they will suit me as well. I will tell you all about it in my next letter; so please don't write up till you hear from me again, perhaps at the end of this week, or early next week.

We are all quite well up here despite the howling wind & rain-storms. From brother Bob, with love to all.

Thursday continued. I finished making a one-valve set that is described & illustrated in "Wireless Weekly" dated Fri. 15th of Aug. 1930. The set brings in 2HD & 2KO, but no others.

This is Florence's 30th birthday.

Tues. July 13th 1937. I received the following letter yesterday:-

"Greenfield Terrace, Portreath, nr. Redruth, Cornwall.

8:6:37. Dear Mr. Cocking, I am writing to thank you for all the good papers you have sent us, & they are good, & so are you for sending them; & we trust you & all
your family are keeping well. We are grateful to tell you we are all well just now: much to be thankful for.

My husband wishes me to thank you for your prayers for him. You have been praying for his recovery, & he is like a new man now. His heart is almost well after all these years. He thinks your prayers are answered. He has been into Redruth & had his photo taken to send to you, although it's pleasant enough looking. He always looks that way when his photo is taken— not a smile to be seen; but anyhow it's not too bad for an old man, as he calls himself.

Well, our Summer is with us once more; but not much like it to-day: quite cold it's been all day, & June month, too.

I suppose you saw, & heard on the wireless, about the coronation & the Duke's wedding. Too much fuss, we thought; didn't trouble much about it. Hundreds from Cornwall want to see it London to see it, & some were disappointed; they never saw but very little of king nor queen, & were glad to come home. We were content to remain at home. The children all had a nice tea & mug: old people a half pound of tea each, in a nice little box with king & queen on it; in the evening fireworks; & sports all ended very nice.

I suppose your son & his wife & the little ones are gone to their new home before now...I hope they will like it: you will miss them. My brother at Falmouth had his daughter & 4 little girls staying with them 9 months now. They are sergeant-major in the army; so they're off with him, & my brother & wife feel it very hard to lose them; but life is made up of meetings & partings. In Heaven we all hope to meet where partings will be over.

Kindly remember to Mrs. Cocking & all your family. As ever, sincerely your friends E. & H. Webster.

Tues. continued. We also received this note from brother Bob:— "July 12th. Dear Joe, You, I am sure, will be pleased to hear that it is my intention to come down to Mayfield on Saturday & have a look at your new home. It is a long time since I have been away from here; so if you must cancel any arrangements that you have made to go anywhere I should be very disappointed if I come down & you not at home. I have for a long time wanted to come down to Mayfield, but same impediment always stood in the way. You need not answer this letter, because I can tell you all the news when I come down.

You will also be pleased to hear that we are all well & in the best of health. Now, in conclusion, give my love to all the family & accept the same for yourself from brother Bob. All being well I will leave here in the quarter past seven train. I will call at Jim's, then go up to your place.
Tues. continued.
Yesterday I finished writing the following verses and sent them to "Common Cause".

A COLLIER'S LIFE.

A Collier's Life.

He's born—where Mother's life is spent—
Within a shack, for which the rent
Must promptly reach some portly gent
Who owns long rows of houses;
While Father works to skin and bone
To keep this patriotic drone,
Who prates of empire, king and throne,
And guzzles and carouses.

A miner's son, he must engage
In labor at an early age
To supplement the slender wage
Brought home by Dad to Mother,
Who makes and mends and darns and knits,
And patches clothes with varied bits,
And cuts Dad's cast-off till it fits
The growing "little brother."

The miner's lad, with lamp and cap,
Is sent below and learns to "trap"—
To open doors to let a chap
Pass through with skips and trollies,
And there, apart from any throng,
In solitude intense and long,
He sits in silence or in song,
Amused by youthful follies.

When older grown, he learns to wheel
The coal from miners who must kneel
Or lie to hew with picks of steel,
While risking being buried
Beneath a greyback-loosened "jud"
That misses sprags and "comes a thud"
And crushes him, in gory mud;
To Death, whose flight is hurried.

The wheeler gains, at last, his goal;
He gets a cavil on the coal,
And he's as happy as a foal
That gambols on the clover;
He's cavilled to a special bord
And feels as wealthy as a lord,
Imagining he'll soon afford
To get his wedding over.

But then there come protracted strikes
And lock-outs that no miner likes,
While Fortune goes on lengthy hikes
Whence Peace has long departed,
In idleness he vainly frets,
With mind tormented by regrets,
Because he cannot pay his debts
Until the pits have started.

He marries next and hopes for joy,
But want of trade his hopes destroy,
And wage-reductions still annoy
His mind with long persistence;
His marriage is a fact to rue;
His dreams of wealth do NOT come true,
They're false mirages in the blue
Immensities of distance!

And thus he goes along through life,
Supporting children, self and wife,
A wage-slave, ruled in toil and strife
By statutes wrong or rotten;
And when he lives on earth no more,
But meets, on Death's eternal shore,
His loved ones who have gone before,
His name is soon forgotten!


To Death, whose flight is hurried!
This wheeler gains, at last, his goal;
He gets a cavil on the coal,
And he's as happy as a foal
That gambols on the clover;
He's cavilled to a special bord
And feels as wealthy as a lord,
Imagining he'll soon afford
To get his wedding over.
But then there come protracted strikes
And lock-outs that no miner likes,
And Fortune goes on lengthy hikes
Whence Peace has long departed;
In idleness he vainly frets,
With mind tormented by regrets,
Because he cannot pay his debts
Until the pits have started.

He marries next, & hopes for joy,
But want of trade his hopes destroy,
And wage-reductions still annoy,
His mind with long persistence;
His marriage is a fact to rue;
His dreams of wealth do NOT come true,
They're false mirages in the blue
Immensities of distance!

And thus he goes along through life,
Supporting children, self, & wife,
A wage-slave ruled in toil & strife
By statutes wrong & rotten;
And when he lives on earth no more
And meets, on Death's eternal shore,
His loved ones who have gone before,
His name is soon forgotten!

Sent to "C.C." 11/7/37.

Sun. July 13th 1937. Last Sunday morning I walked by way
of the coal line to Wallsend. I went into the Baptist ch-
urch & found about 35 people, mostly men & boys, reading
the psalms & hearing an old man read them in turn. There
was a big "honour" roll defiling the wall, so I went out
at once & went to the Presbyterian church. I peeped in &
saw another cut-throats' roll, so I did not disgrace myself by
entering that temple of Mars. I went to Ted Lee & got him to
fill in the identification form in connection with Mum's
application for a pension. I went to Lambton in the tram
& walked home from there.
On Saturday (yesterday) Charlie made a good crystal set to
send to Arthur. It will receive 2 K O , 2 H O, & another
station, 3 N C I think.
I went to the Waratah railway station yesterday morning to
meet brother Rob about a quarter to ten, eight, but as he did
not arrive I went to Jim Cocking's house & listened to the
wireless set for a while. Then I went back to the station
about a quarter to ten, & as he did not come by that train
I went to Mitchell's shop in Mayfield & bought an aerial.
wire & an alligator clip. Bob came, with young DorothyCocking, to our place just before dinner time & stayed until about 3 p.m. He wore his new glasses, which he bought at Cassock. I gave Dorothy 50c, & 1/2 to give her 2 brothers, I gave Bob a new handkerchief & a razor-strop. He looked well & said he felt well. He apologised for coming late, & said it was too cold for Dorothy to come out earlier.

Yesterday afternoon Mum, Florence, Ivy, Jose, & the children had a ride in the car around Cardiff & Wallsend.

This afternoon I finished writing a letter to the Websters, & enclosed a copy of "Why Brolggs Should Be Audacious".

Lovely clear day. Temp. 74½ degrs. Fah.

Thur. July 22nd, 1937. This morning we received the following letter from Florence:- "O/o Oombah Private Hospital, Dunog, Thursday 23rd.

Dear Everybody, Well, I arrived here O.K. I have found out just what the awful case really is. It's a pretty tiresome case but it's not quite as bad as the Sister in charge painted it. The old patient is 83, & he has pneumonia & heart trouble; & usually most of the night he spends tearing his clothes off & pieces out of himself, but he managed about 4 hours' sleep last night, altogether, so that's a little improvement. Of course the times when he is awake keep me going as well as himself. It is about 4-30 p.m. & I have had some sleep to-day, so I am going to have a little walk down the street to see what the place looks like. I am on duty at 7 p.m. The Sister-in-charge (Edginton) is very nice, but with a voice just like mum Hall. She treats me very well, & is quite a friendly kind of woman. Just why she should pick on a voice like that to copy I don't know.

Well, I don't know anything about the place yet to tell you of, but I will tell you that next letter. Now I must get a bit of fresh air. Doctor says the old patient will not see the week out, so I will not be here long, it seems. And now, cheerio. Love from Florence."

Thur. July 22 continued.

Yesterday this letter came from Art:- Public School, Kickabil, Balladoran, N.S.W. (The best address to reach me). Dear Folks, the watch was thankfully received in good order, & is keeping perfect time. The bike is consistent in nothing but sticking to its evil reputation. Just at present I have a rather nasty puncture, & when I open the throttle the bike sniffs out. Nothing unusual has occurred of late. I have, however, called at the homes of some of the parents & have been cordially received. One kid has ringworm; one kid has left, & 2 are likely to leave next week; so the
number of young hopefuls under my charge is soon to be very close to a dozen. I propose to attempt to convocate an inaugural meeting of the Parents & Citizens in a few weeks time. By the way, the holidays commence on August 26th. If the boneshaker is going well enough I will probably ride home through Sydney, & return along the Oxley Highway. If you see a bike which you consider ultra reliable & of reasonable price I wish you would let me know, please, by phone or letter to be opened by the postmaster. People often send news that way around here. I may be able to sell my bike in Dubbo. I know a fellow that's looking for a bike like mine. Of course my trouble may be trivial, & when I get new rings she may be bonzer. If I found I could sell my old bike I could remit the money immediately; even, perhaps, before the sale. A light bike is NOT the ideal out here. I went to Gilgandra the week-end before last, & to Wellington last week-end. Gilgandra will probably see me tomorrow. I don't go out of nights now, mainly because there is nowhere to go to except the super skites, who are 5 miles away. Still, life out here isn't too bad, anyhow; but it would be crook without the motor bike.

Yours Arthur.

P.S. I forgot to mention that the current "Education Gazette" invites application for the position of Truant School-teacher at Mittagong. I am applying, but I don't think I have a dory's chance, I don't think I am regarded as a teacher, except in my capacity as head master of a one teacher school. Still, it only costs 4d to try.

Arthur.

MITTAGONG TRUANT SCHOOL.

Vacancy for Teacher.

Applications are invited from single male teachers for the position of teacher at the new Truant School, Mittagong, to be opened shortly.

Applicants should have at least a IIa classification, and should be prepared to reside on the premises. Payment will be at Teachers' Award classification rates for a sixth class school.

The Truant School will be under the general supervision of the Superintendent of the Mittagong Farm Home, Child Welfare Department, but the teacher will be responsible to the Chief Inspector for the control and management of the school section of the Home. In return for free board and lodging, the teacher will be required to supervise the night studies, recreation, etc. of the inmates up to retiring time, viz., 8 p.m., on four school evenings per week.

Applicants should be capable of teaching manual arts. Qualifications in music are desirable.

— Thur. continued. I received the following letter from brother Bob last Tuesday:-

"July, Lismore Street, Aberm in. Dear Joe, A few lines to let you know that we got home alright after spending one of the best days that I have spent for 5 years & 6 months. I came home quite refreshed in mind & body. As for Dorothy, I never saw a child so full of juvenile life. In fact, on the way down to the station she skipped with childlike animation. Her desire to be frosty when she got to Mayfield put her mother to some extra work to make her look nice."
Well, my experience is that every child wants other people, too like it, as a rule. There may be a few that don't, but they are exceptions. As a matter of fact I have adored to be, in a small degree, the holder or a charming personality, as it is a factor of tremendous importance. It is the outward expression of the soul.

After I had a chance to tell Gladys & Rob all about our trip to Mayfield I couldn't say anything fresh, for Dorothy got in with all the news about our trip first. Then my account was second-hand news.

However, they were all delighted to hear that you, one & all, treated us so kindly; for which we are thankful.

Along with this letter you will, or you ought to, have a box with these glasses I promise to send down. If they don't suit you it doesn't matter; you may meet someone one day who is in want of a pair.

Gladys is now just about recovered from the flu, & so we have persuaded her to have a run down to Mayfield, & if the trip does her as much good as it has done me she will be quite well again. That being so, she will leave here in the 9-30 a.m. train on Saturday, that is, of course, if it is not raining & cold & stormy. So you need not be surprised if she pops in some time during the day on Saturday.

Now, in conclusion, accept my thanks for the kindness shown to us when we were down to see you.

Don't be surprised if young Dorothy comes with her Mother, as she is doing some pleading already to go down; she is so charmed with her last trip. You need not answer this, because Gladys will tell us all about everything when she comes home. Brother Rob.

Thur., July 28th, 1937.
The box arrived & contained 3 pairs of old spectacles with frames, & several separate glasses without frames. The "Common" cause of to-day contains the following:

"Clyde-Workers' Hymn Of Battle."

"Taraxacum" writes:

On opening my copy of your paper (19/7/37) I was surprised to find an altered Version of a song that I wrote for the "International Socialist" in January, 1915, entitled "Go To The War, Tollier!" You have reprinted it with an added verse next to the last, under the title "Clyde Workers' Hymn of Battle" and I am wondering where and when it may have been printed and who made the alterations.

(Could the contributor who sent in the cutting enlighten us? — Editor.)

This morning Mum received the following notice from the Pensions Office, Newcastle:

"Commonwealth of Australia Form 11. The Invalid & Old-Age Pensions Act, 1908-1933. To Mrs. M.J. Cocking Address: - Waitland Road, Mayfield. Notice to claimant to attend investigation. Take notice that the investigation of
your pension claim will be made on Friday the 28th day of July, 1937, at the Customs House at Newcastle at 2.30 o'clock in the afternoon, & that you & husband are th en & there required to attend & to support your claim by the production of papers or other evidence.

Dated at Newcastle 27th July, 37. A. Streeter, Registrar of Pensions."

"Please bring with you (1) Birth, baptismal or marriage certificate, or any other proof of age you may have, 
(2) Bank books, old & new, 
(3) Rate notices. (4) Valuer General's valuation notices. (5) Any forms attached to this notice completed.

Co-op. book.

There was also a card form with the following:

"FORM A.5. Pension No. Pensioner's name-------
Pension at the rate of ------- fortnightly granted, payable at-------- The pensioner was first entitled to payment of pension on "Pension Thursday", the ------- 19------- for the fortnight commenced on that date-------- Deputy Commissioner ------- Rate.--- Payment to be made in future at-------
The last payment made at this office was due on "Pension Thursday", the ------- 19------- at the rate of ------ per fortnight. Signed------ Postmaster at------- Date------- Payment to be made in future at-------- The last payment made at this office was due on "Pension Thursday", the ------- 19------- at the rate of ------per fortnight. Signed------ Postmaster at------- Date-------

This card to be forwarded by the Registrar to the Deputy Commissioner, who, if pension approved, will send it to a postmaster or other paying Officer. The last-named must retain the card as his authority for paying pension. The card should NOT be folded. Form 5. Particulars for identification of pensioner. Name of claimant in full, Mary Jane Cook.

Date of birth,---------- Place of birth---------- Postal address-------- Last occupation------ Number of children------ of whom------ are living. ------ Name of claimant's Father------ Maiden name of claimant's Mother------
Signature of claimant (or his witnessed mark)----------

Registrar. Rate of pension to be paid is shown on other side."

Wed, July 29th continued, Yesterday Florence returned unexpectedly from Dungog, where she nursed old Dr. Marquet, as he died. In the afternoon she had a call to go to Kerewather to take aided nurse to the Stockton Mental Asylum. She went & did the work & returned in the evening.

Last Saturday young Bob Cocking's wife, Gladys, & her son Bobby, visited us. She had been to Newcastle to buy some things, as they are cheaper in Newcastle than in Abermain. I gave the boy 6d for himself & 8d for his brother & & 6d for Dorothy. Also a ball for Dorothy. I also gave Gladys 3 pence-
Sat. July 31st, 1937. Yesterday Mum & I went to the Registrar of Pensions (Mr. Streeter) & showed him our bank-books, the Co-operative Society's share book, our marriage certificate, & a rate notice, & he typed out a statement for each of us, which we signed. He said that my pension has been overpaid during the last 12 months on account of Mr. Gildon owing us £200 on the house we sold to him. He promised to explain the matter to the head officials in Sydney, & to see that I would not have to refund any money, as I had already explained to the deputy commissioner that Mr. Gildon owed the money.

I left Mum to do some shopping in Newcastle & to meet Florence, who had arranged to meet Mum at Scott's shop. I got 5 copies of "Common Cause" at the trades hall, & came home about 4-30 p.m. Common Cause of this week, contains my verse "Collier's Life", & they are printed without any mistake.

This morning I re-wired the crystal set that Charlie made, for it would not work. Charlie tried it at Singleton, but it would not make a sound. After I rewired it the set worked well here; so I packed it in a box with a switch, pulley, aerial wire, & telephones, & carried them to the Waratah railway station & sent them to Arthur, Parradoran. The freight was 3/-.

On the way home I ordered a packet of rhubarb seeds at the florist's shop near the Victoria street corner.

This afternoon I planted a packet of peas. Walter sold his Clyno car to-day & bought a Morris Cowley for £75. He sold the Clyno for £20 pounds. Mum & Florence have gone for a ride in the new car with Walt.

This evening I posted "Don'ts For Workers" to "Common Cause."

"New Trade-union Policy. A new & more active trade-union policy to prevent war was approved by the congress of the Australian Council of Trade-unions, which continued its sittings in Melbourne to-day. The congress favoured international action to limit armaments & block war; the organising of all anti-war organisations under the wing of the Labour Party; the democratic control of the army in Australia; & the repudiation by the next Labour Government of any Imperial commitments made by Mr. Lyons of Mr. Parkhill if they were considered undesirable.... The congress decided to ask the International Federation of Trade-unions to hold the world conference designed to create a unified international body.... The purpose of this decision was to bar the door to further advances towards Fascism & war." --Daily paper, 31/7/37.
DON'T'S FOR WORKERS.

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—Daily paper, 24/7/37.

It's time the crime
Of foul war should be detected
And its implements neglected.
For no good can be expected
From the slaughtering of slaves in sordy slime.

Don't make or take
Any bayonet or rifle.
Or a poison gas to stiffe
Other workers for a trifle;
Say: "I'd rather cause a wedding than a wake."

Don't train again;
Say: "War's game is much too silly;
And, as graves are rather chilly,
I prefer that little Billy
And war-MAKERS should be numbered with the slain."

Refuse to use,
On the land or on the water,
Any implement of slaughter.

To destroy a son or daughter
Of the workers whom the jingoists abuse.

Don't drill to kill
Conscript slaves, who dwell 'neath skillions
By the thousand, or by millions,
To increase Fat's stolen billions,
For the fools who fight Fat's battles pay his bill.

Don't try to fly;
Say: "The workers would be asses
To annihilate the masses
With Fat's foul, infernal gases,
And his bombs for blasting babies to the sky."

Beware! Take care!
Don't encourage boys in drilling
To be trained, and rendered willing
To engage in wholesale killing,
By the Boy Scout frauds whose slogan is "Prepare!"

Be wise; despise
All the falsehoods in the papers
Of the vile opinion-shapers
Who incite boys to be apes
Of the "heroes" who will nevermore arise!

Don't wag a flag
When the jingoistic Tories
Tell their false recruiting stories
Of their empire and its "glories";
Say: "A burglar of his loot should never brag!"

Don't go; say: "No,
War, for plundered slaves, is madness;
Its results are death and sadness;
I believe in life and gladness.
And, excuse me, it's the master's turn to go!"

—"Taraxacum."

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When I'm Jingoistic Tories
Tell their false recruiting stories
Of their empire & its "glories";
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"Godless Russia, 25. Grace Cooking, 137.


Jack helping, 15. Johnny Rose, 57. 1908 Ill, 55. 69. 69. 73.


"Joseph's Joyriders", 129. 130. Jack at Kembla, 32.

Kickabil, 123. Ken Parker, 25, 46.


Photos sent, 45. Peter Lucas, 43. Patrick's family, 44. Pearl Carpenter, 55.

Qiggins, 7.


EMPIRE DAY.

"Empire Day was celebrated in the usual fashion yesterday by Union Jack-waving children."—Daily paper, 25/5/38.

Yes, let them wag the criss-crossed flag.
And tell them jingo stories
Of Nelson, Blane, bold "Bobs" and Draké,
Of battles and their "glories."

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

Describe the trips of slaughter-ships
That crossed the hot equator,
And conquered lands on foreign shores,
To make the empire greater.

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

Let children know that empires grow
When cannons rock and plunder,
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 doles in shacks and holes
Beneath the flags that flutter.

And don't reveal that those who steal
At bay-net 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 steams and leads 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."

Samson Fisher, 70. Stan Williams, 37. Shire council, 32.
Sam Liddle, 71. Sir J. Robertson, 76. Sir O. Grey, 76.


Ulick Bourke, 25. Union of Co-op. miners, 74.
Visit of Flo Williams, 26, 28. Valve set, 147. V. to Cone's, 196.
Munie Boyle, 28. Webster's house, 32.
Ho, mothers and daughters, and sisters and wives,
Of workers who waste their laborious lives
Producing vast wealth, that is stolen by Dives

Consider the state of this planet to-day—
Imposters preparing to plunder and slay,
Enlarging their empires the usual way,
By murder and ruthless destruction.

Your husbands and fathers, and brothers and sons,
May shortly be victims of dictators' guns,
And you may be bombed while you're baking your buns
Or making new dresses for daughters.

It's time that all women from silence awoke,
Combined round the world and unitedly spoke
To banish at once, by a shattering stroke,
Foul warfare's detestable slaughters.

Show rulers that women no longer believe
That mothers should honour war-gentry who thieve,
Nor credit imposters who always deceive.

Refuse abuse to mother and nurse
Decline to enrich a profiteer's purse
By living beneath the war-mongers' curse
That greed for profit and "glory"

Arise a host as one;
Declare and continue this strike of your sex;
Till victory comes to surprise and perplex
Warmakers and owners of billions.

This power you hold in your motherly hands—
To banish all war from the seas and the lands—
For rulers would have to obey your commands
Through lack of recruits for their forces.

It's better forbidding sweet souls to be born
Than being left sanses, bereaved and forlorn,
When kindred are butchered, shell-shattered and torn,
And trampled by war-maddened horses!

Resolve to abolish wild war with its crime,
Its cruel destruction, diseases and slime;
For women, united, can usher the time
When peace shall alight, like a heavenly dove,
On earth, and continue for ever.

In "Common Cause", 30/7/58—"Capsicum."