NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All contributions and business communications should be addressed to the Managing Editor, "The Workers' Weekly Herald," c/o A.L.P. Office, Room 20, Trades Hall, Adelaide, or Box 603E, G.P.O., Adelaide.

Cheques, money orders, and postal notes should be made payable to "The Workers' Weekly Herald."

Contributions for publication for the current week's issue should reach the Editor not later than noon on Monday.
Fri. Sep. 15, 1939. This morning we received the following letter from Gladys & Jack:

"1st Avenue, Warrawong, Wednesday, 6th. Dear Grandmama, we received your welcome letter & were pleased to hear that you are all well. We are very pleased indeed to hear about Wallie. It's a wonder he hasn't been to see us. I have sent you a slip & a pinny under separate cover. I hope they fit you, & that you will have a very happy birthday. We are pleased Jose & Ivy are well; also that the children are better of the measles. Jack is making a play room under the house for the children's toys, etc., We are all well, only for John's arm, & Adell has an ulcerated throat.

What do you think of the war? We are pleased we're away from Hitler. We don't know when we'll be up to see you all.

Remember us to Jose & Ivy & the kids. Love to you all from us here at Warrawong. Adell & Alma want to send a kiss to kids. Love from Glad, Jack, & grandchildren. I have sent parcel by post. Hope you receive it safely."

Sat. Sep. 16, 1939. This morning I went to the Co-op. store & got my new blue-black suit, & paid £ 8-8-0 for it. I then went to Mr. Jones' house & paid Mrs. Jones 10/- for the Gardeners' Lodge. From there I went to the trades Hall & asked the miners' rep. for some Common Causes, but he found that they had all been taken away. He advised me to write to Mr. Willis, Kyle House, Macquarie Street, Sydney. I bought 2 copies of the "Tribune", as the Workers' Weekly" is now called, at the Communist room, near the Sarmy citadel. This is an ideal way, but I have a cold. Fred & Charlie have finished the back porch or veranda, except the windows & the door. Florence is still at Hooker's, nursing.

Tues. Sep. 19, 1939. Yesterday morning Mum received a cheque for thirty nine pounds five shillings from the Temperance and General Insurance society, as she had reached the age of 65 on the 17th of this month. Yesterday morning we were visited by Mr. & Mrs. Hooker & their only daughter Netta. Mrs. Hooker is now well; so Florence was paid off & is now at home. This morning I sent a note to Mr. A. Streeter, Registrar of Pensions, Customs House, Newcastle, informing him that Mum had received the £ 39-5-0 from the F.&G. The plumber is here this morning fixing the pipes for the washtubs, as the floor has been raised in the porch or back verandah. Mum's birthday fell on the 17th of this month, so she has received from Florence an Onoto fountain pen & a duchess set; from Charlie she received a bag; & from Ivy a pair of Stockings & an apron; & from Gladys some other presents.

Charlie was born on Monday, Sep. 18th, 1905, at Wallsend. He is 34 years old. Mum gave him a shirt on his birthday. Mum's birthday is on the 17th, & Charlie's on the 18th of Sep. My cold is very much better to-day.
Thur. Sep. 21, 1939. We have lost our pension certificates, so when I went down to the Mayfield post office for our pensions I got 2 application forms to fill in to have new certificates issued to us. I asked to have our pensions sent to us in future, & had to sign my name in a big book. I was told to write to Mr. A. Streeter, Registrar of Pensions, Newcastle, & ask him to send our pensions by post. So I have written the following note:-

"331 Maitland Road, Mayfield West, N.S.W. 21/9/1939.
To Mr. A Streeter, Registrar of Pensions, Customs House, Newcastle.

Dear Sir, As I am suffering from Bright's disease, & my wife is afflicted with sciatica or rheumatism, we would be much obliged if you would have our pensions sent to us, at the address above, in future. Thanking you in anticipation, we are, Yours sincerely Josiah & Mary Jane Cocking.

My certificate number is 555996, & my wife's number is 729437.

The times for clearing the pillar post are:-
Monday to Friday, 9-15 a.m. & 4-45 p.m. Saturday, 11-40 a.m.
Holidays, 9 a.m.

Thur. Sep. 28, 1939. Last Friday we received the following letter from Arthur:-

"Weemabah Street, Trangie. Tuesday. Dear Folks, The weather here is perfect; too perfect, perhaps, for it presages a pretty hot Summer. The countryside is wonderful -- a lovely green relieved by myriads of yellow, pink, & purple flowers. One feels it's good to be alive out here at this time of the year. I'll be starting swimming soon, & may be starting night tennis in the near future. Trangie hasn't had a night tennis court before, but now the locals are doing a great deal of talking about the night courts which will be opened soon. A bowling green is being made too. The town's looking up, eh?

I'm looking up too. I'm really enjoying the job now, while making a bit of progress in the music line. I've lost my feeling of inferiority for some reason or other. Perhaps it's because I'm getting thinner (I hope). The journey to Trangie a week yesterday needs very little comment, except that the door fittings on the car were completely shattered by the vibrations. We held our doors closed for about 50 miles, after which Edith had a brain wave. She put the iron supports for the side curtains in their sockets, & tied a piece of cloth from them to the rear hood supports. The scheme worked admirably, in fact is still working well, for I haven't installed the new fittings which I bought on Saturday. I'll do so early tomorrow. To get back to the trip over. We reached Wellington about a quarter to four in the afternoon, after which I cleaned the car & made a couple of social calls. Naturally, I stayed in Wellington (or thereabouts) until about 11 o'clock that night, following which I proceeded to Dubbo where I made a social call on our old friend Merve. I thought I'd wait for Merve until I

3068
Thur. continued. After a long drought that made the ground in the garden hard & cracked, the rain began to fall, & the ground is now saturated. Yesterday Olive Worley spent a few hours here with Florence & us. She is stationed at New Lambton. This afternoon Florence has gone there to visit Olive, although the weather is showery. Fred has put the glass in the back porch windows. Charlie got a piano tuner to come last Tuesday, but he has not finished his tuning yet. Now that another stupid war has begun in Europe, Jose has postponed the erection of a new house on his block of land on the hill above our place. Russia has invaded Poland, which it has divided with Germany.

Fri, Sep. 29, 1939. We have just received the following letter from Jack & Gladys: - "Let Avenue, Warrawong, Thur. 28th, Dear Grandma, Excuse pencil as I am in a hurry trying to get this note scribbled & the house a bit tidied up before I catch the quarter to ten bus to Port Kembla to take John to the doctor. I took John to the doctor a fortnight yesterday, & he told me to take him to Wollongong Hospital on Thursday to have his arm X rayed. They Xrayed it & put a third lot of plaster of Paris on. They said he had a good movement in his fingers, & it was making union all right, but they were sorry to say he has a bow in his arm. They told me to bring him back in a fortnight, so the time is up to-day. I don't know if they will take the plaster off to-day & just have splints, or what they are going to do. I'll let you know later. All being well, we may go up to see you all, not next week-end, but probably the second week-end after that. Jack thinks he gets 3 days off then. If we don't go up don't be disappointed, as they may alter his shifts or something. We'll try to go up, all being
well. Wally popped in to see us last Sunday week for a little while; he didn't stay, but he promised to come & spend next week-end with us; we're expecting him to-morrow night; we hope he comes. It's as cold & windy as can be, & it's raining; it's not a nice day. I wish I could leave the girls home, but I can't—I have to take them. I'm glad you got your insurance & the piano, also your fountain pen; you'll soon be all set. How are all the family? I hope you are all tip-top. We're still in our winter clothes. I hope we soon get some nice weather. Love to all from Alma, Adell, John, Jack, & Gladys Coeking. How is Grandfather? I hope he is real well now."

Sat. Sep. 30, 1939. Walter came home in his car last night. He looks well. Fred laid the linoleum on the porch floor yesterday, & he painted the walls & ceiling. Charlie tried the enlarging lantern on Thursday night, & it worked well. He enlarged a small negative of Molly Riley & the black pony, & one of the caravan, the pony, & himself, up to postcard size, & postcards. Florence has a call to go to Morisset to nurse a woman. The war news is that the Russians & Germans may ask the French & British to stop fighting, as Poland is now beaten--there is therefore no reason to continue hostilities.

Mon. Oct. 2, 1939. This morning I received the following letter from Selina Murphey:

"Kadina, Sep. 27, 1939. Dear Joe & family, I guess you are thinking I am a nice one to keep you waiting so long for a reply to your very nice, welcome letter. Well, Joe, I am sorry to have kept you waiting, but to tell you the truth I have been just too upset for anything & could not settle to write. I owe several letters; first of all, my ceiling had to come down: it was just ready to fall, & I could not use it for a long time, so I had the old room at the back pulled down, & the matchwood from it put one in my bedroom by getting a few feet more. And talk about the mess! as the one before was one of those plastered plastered ceilings, & you can just guess the treat I had. And before my son could finish the job he had a week's work to load some wheat, & then he got the flu, & so the job was hung up. I got it as well—in fact we have all had it—my sons & their families, & both of my daughters & families; & just about all around me have had their turn. Well, we just got all finished up—put 2 ceilings in—one in my room & one in the kitchen, & it is all done out & painted, so I won't have any extra cleaning to do for Christmas. And the jolly war has got me down: it upsets me awful; there is nothing worries me more than war, for I know if my boys had to go it would about kill me. I do hope it soon ends. Well, Joe, I hope you & your wife & family are quite well, & that you have recovered from your illness. I am fairly well at present only for my indigesti
I get such a lot of turns of that. I got it to-day again: it is like gas gets around my heart, & it does play up with me. My family are all o.k. again, but no work.

Well, Joe, I got a surprise last Monday week. I had just go down to my daughter's to wash, & Aunt Lizzie Vercoe came up Mr. Sam Vercoe brought her up-- that is one of Silas' boys-- She went back on Tuesday, the next day. She is quite well, but hooped up a lot. She is 76 years old next January. She asked me to convey her love & best wishes to you & your family, & to tell you that she would love to get a letter from you to know how her dear brother Charley died; & to hear some news about him & you all. She is living in Adelaide. I will put her address in this letter. She lives with her youngest son Henry. Her oldest son lives with Henry. His wife & their son are going to Sydney for a holiday. Mary Terrill is living in Town also. Aunty Lizzie said she would get Mary's address & let me have it.

Joe, I can't seem to find out Emily Matthews at all. I saw Bess White on Sunday night: I met her down at the meeting. Thomas B. Kent, the evangelist, was speaking on the coming of Christ. He is good to hear; my word, he can talk on the Bible. So Bess wishes to be remembered to you, & that they are all well.

Joe, I am going away for a week or 2 next month--about the 23rd if all is well. I am going down to my daughter's at Minlaton. I have a married son & a married daughter there; & it is their show on the 25th. I go down once a year. And my youngest son is at Curramulka, That is nearer here, out from Maitland. He is single, & works in a grocer's business.

Well, Joe, I don't know of much news to write about on the war, & I feel sick when I think of that. Joe, what do you think about this war? Everyone seems sad over it.

Well, Joe, I will say Cheerio & lots of love to you & yours. I remain your true cousin, Selina Murphey.

Write before I go away.

Aunt Lizzie's address is Mrs. H. Vercoe, 13 Brunswick Place, Norwood, South Australia.

Today's paper contains the news of the death of Mr. George Shelton the editor of the Newcastle Sun. Florence nursed him some months ago. This morning we received the following note from F. Pogson:-

"Commonwealth of Australia. Invalid & Old-Age Pensions Office, 5 Carrington Street, Sydney, 29th September, 1939. Memorandum to Mr. J. Cocking, 331 Maitland Rd., Mayfield West. In connection with your application for payment of your pension by cheque, I have to advise that arrangements have been finalised, & a cheque for the fortnightly amount of your pension will be sent by post to you. Please collect no further instalments of your pension, endorse your pension paybook "CHEQUE" & forward it to this office by return mail.
In reply to this I have written the following note:

"331 Maitland Road, Mayfield West, N.S.W. Oct. 2, 1939.

To the Acting Commissioner, Old-Age & Invalid Pensions, 52 Carrington Street, Sydney. Sir, I have just received your note of Sep. 29th instructing me to forward my pay-book to your office in order to receive my next pension payment by cheque. You are evidently not aware that I had lost my wife's pay-book & my own before the last pension day, & that my wife & I have applied to have new pay-books issued to us. As we have not yet received them I am unable at present to send them. I was informed at the Mayfield post office that our next payment would be made at that place. I am, Sir, Yours sincerely, Josiah Cocking."

Tues. Oct. 3, 1939. This morning I have written a letter in reply to that of Selina Murphy. The topics dealt with are the alteration to our back; the occupations of our sons; the present war in Europe; the attitude of persons to war; Aunt Lizzie Vercoe; & the search for Emily Matthews. With the letter I sent a postcard photo of our back yard, looking towards the hut.

Tuesday Oct. 3, 1939. To Mrs. H. Vercoe, 13 Brunswick Place, Norwood, South Australia.

Dear Aunt Lizzie, Through the kindness of dear cousin Selina I have obtained your address & am able to write to you & tell you something about our family. As you know, we 3 boys left our old home at Wallaroo Mines in the year 1886 & came to N.S.W. We left Mother & Liz-Jane behind until we got work & were in a position to send for them to come to us. The first of our family that left home were my brother Jack & your dear brother Charley. They soon got a temporary job at or near Queanbeyan, in the Canberra district, where Silas Vercoe had some railway contract. Perhaps you are unaware that at that time brother Jack fell in love, or imagined that he did, with a girl named Etty Atkins whose parents lived at Wallaroo. She was a member of the Salvation Army at that time, & used to spend a good deal of time at our house. Well, Etty Atkins' people left Wallaroo shortly before Jack & Charley left home, & she went with them to Port Macquarie on the North coast. Jack resolved to follow her, but he & Charley only got as far as Newcastle, where they got work at the Glebe reservoir that was being constructed. When that job was nearly completed brother Bob left home & came here & got work also at the Glebe reservoir. When the work there was finished they all got work at the Wallsend reservoir, which was being constructed by Fox & Hoax, contractors. Then I left home.
& came over here & got work with Bob at the reservoir. Then
when that work was all done, Bob, Jack, & I got work from a
contractor named George Harris to make a deviation of the main
road near the Cardiff railway tunnel. We camped in a tent near
the road. Before that work was completed we sent a telegram to
my mother & Liz-Jane to sell out & come over here to us. In the
meantime we took & furnished a house in Old Lambton,
where placed Mother & Sister when they arrived. Soon afterwards
we took a cottage at Wallsend, where we got work at the collieri
s. After moving about from one house to another for some time we
arranged with the Northumberland Building Society to buy a cot-
tage in Devon street, Platteburg (which is part of Wallsend) on
the instalment system, for 180 pounds. Then there began a long
period of little or no work at the pits, & we could not keep up
our payments for the house. Finally, after we had paid off 90
pounds of the purchase money, the company terminated the arrange-
ment & declared that as the payments were not made regularly
all that was paid was lost, & the house was taken off us.
Charley worked most of that time, when there was work, at the
Co-operative pit, on the surface. Jack was mostly shunting, &
Bob & I worked in the Wallsend colliery. I should have said that
before we moved into the Devon street cottage we lived in a
new brick house, where Mother nearly died of rheumatic fever
which permanently injured her heart & kidneys. For years she
could do little or no housework & had to hire girls to help Liz
Jane with the domestic duties. Brother Jack married an Ixileland
girl named May Robinson either in December 1895 or January 1896.
They lived at Wallsend until about 1912 or 1913, when Jack got
work at the B.H.P. steelworks that was then being erected at
Port Waratah, close to the Hunter river. Then they shifted to My-
ola street, Mayfield, where they have resided ever since. May's
family consists of 3 sons living & one dead, & 3 living daughter
s. Elizabeth Jane married a man named James Pettigrew in Decem-
ber, 1895. He was a miner & worked in the Co-operative colliery
for several years; then they moved to Catherine Hill Bay & he
worked on the coal there for some years. Then they shifted to
Lithgow, where Jim also worked as a miner. Finally they went to
Dapto where Jim worked first as a miner, & then became an ambula-
tance man at the Wongawilli colliery, which position he still fill
I am very sorry to say that my dear Sister was bereaved of her
Mother on Sunday, the 8th of May, 1910. Poor Mother died in her
sleep, for her heart was in a very weak state for years.
Charley then went to live with Liz-Jane & Jim at Lithgow, & we
saw little or nothing of him for years. When the heroes brought
the plague from the putrid battle fields of Europe in 1919 poor
Charley caught it, or something like it, & passed away peacefully
on the 19th of April 1919 (Good Friday). His last words were,
"I shall not be long now". He was buried at Lithgow, & there
were many other poor unfortunate buried on the same day. I am
not able to say anything about his spiritual condition at that
time; but as he had ample time to confess his sins & claim the salvation of Jesus Christ, let us hope that he was saved.

Three months later another bereavement was suffered through the death of Liz-Jane's eldest daughter, Elizabeth, who was the wife of Robert Woodward, just after she had given birth to her first child—a daughter—who was named Vera. Liz-Jane took Vera as her own baby & mothered her for a few years, then Vera's Father, Bob Woodward, married again & claimed his child, but Liz Jane stormed & raved & would not part with Vera until forced to do so.

Vera's stepmother proved to be an ideal Mother to Vera & reared her to be an intelligent, industrious, respectable young woman. Now Vera is either just about to marry or has recently married.

Her parents have been living at Port Kembla until lately, but they are now living up at Goff's Harbour, or some place on the North coast.

Well, the deaths of Charley & young Lizzie almost drove my poor dear Sister mad. For weeks after her dear Father & Daughter died Liz Jane would be found alone at the silent cemetery weeping her heart away. I think that that double bereavement was the cause of her heart trouble that made & kept her an invalid for years. Many a time Jim Pettigrew has had to run for a doctor at night to have a heart stimulant injected to it going. He & the daughters did everything that human hands could do to help Liz Jane, but on the 25th of August, 1937 we received a telegram from Jim informing us that Liz Jane had died. Jinny (my wife) & I went down to Dapto at once & attended the funeral. The burial was not in Dapto, but in Wollongong cemetery, where a headstone marks her grave. Sister had no sons, but 5 daughters. One died in infancy. Lizzie died in 1919, but the 3 others are married & are living down at the South coast. Their names are Nelly White, whom married Bob White; Florence Duley, who married Les Duley who was a widower with one daughter named Edna; & Lila, who married George Richardson. Bob & Nelly White have no son & only one daughter, named Pearl who is now almost a young woman. Lila & George Richardson have one son, named Melville.

Jim Pettigrew is now living with one of his daughters, as he broke up his home after Liz Jane died.

My brother Bob married a Maitland girl, named Ethel Robinson, in August, 1899. She was a Sister to May, Jack's wife. Ethel bore 2 sons but no daughter. The elder son is named James, & the younger is called Robert. James married a Salvation Army girl named Ethel Neal, & they have one son (Douglas) & one daughter. Poor Ethel (Bob's wife) died of enteric fever, at Minni, on the 26th of February, 1907. For about 2 years Bob had an old Salvationist woman as housekeeper, & then he married a very nice woman named Annie, but unfortunately she died just after her baby was born. It transpired that poor Annie had something wrong with her kidneys before she married, & that was the main cause of her untimely death. Bob has been living with his son Bobby & Bobby's wife Gladys at Abermain for some years. Bob has had a lot of sickness but he is fairly well now. He is
I was very deaf. We seldom see him, but I believe he is pretty comfortable with Bobby & Gladys & 2 children.

Brother Jack was born at Kadina on the 11th of July, 1864, so he is now over 75 years of age, but he is stronger & healthier than I am. He is still a Salvationist & so are Grace & Pearl & Matilda & their 3 daughters. Grace has been the Matron at A Salvation Army Home for children for some years. Pearl married Lionel Carpenter, who has long been an Envoy in the Salvation Army. They have 3 children. Lionel is a clerk in the central railway station, Sydney, but his home is at Earlwood.

So you see, Aunt Lizzie, that the Cocking tribe has become quite large in this district, & is growing larger. There is no one drunkard, gambler, nor swearer among them that I know of.

It was on the 10th of December, 1895 that I first met my wife. She came to do domestic service in our home at Wallsend as Mother was not able to work much. Her name was Mary Jane Anderson & her age about 21. She had lost both parents when she was quite a child. Her Mother had died or disappeared first, leaving her in charge of her Father—Thomas Anderson—who brought her to Lithgow in or about the year 1875. No one knew where he came from, but he brought his little daughter in his arms to Mrs. Catherine Reed, a good, kind, Christian, & asked her to take his little girl & look after her, as he could not do his work & nurse the child. Now, Mrs. Reed was suffering from some chronic complaint & found it hard to do her work & look after her son Jack & her husband, William Reed, but she pitied the child & promised to ask her husband whether he would let her take it. At first he refused, because he thought that the care of the child would be too much for his wife; but she pleaded so earnestly for her that he finally consented. Although they were not really related to Mary Jane they told her to call them Aunt & Uncle, which she did when she was old enough. For a few years Thomas Anderson used to visit Reed's home & bring money & gifts for his daughter, but he went off somewhere looking for work, & has never been heard of since. The only document left by him was a Bible that contained the name of his wife, but the Bible was destroyed when Mrs. Reed died, & the name was forgotten. "Then Mary Jane was old enough she went out to domestic service in Sydney for a few years & then returned to Lithgow. When young Jack Reed married she went to live with him & his wife Kate, but as they did not get on well together Mary Jane went to service again. That is how I met her. I married her on the 22nd of May, 1897 at Wallsend. We bought a little cottage in Boundary street, Wallsend. Our first child—a son—was born on the 1st of May, 1898, & we called him Robert Rowe, as Rowe was Mother's maiden name. Unfortunately, when Bobby was only 7 & a half months old he died of bronchitis. He was a lovely boy & we still mourn his loss. On the 18th of March, 1909 we sold our house, & as I was victimised by the colliery proprietors I could not get
work in the district, My wife & I went to Wallaroo Mines. I soon got work at the mines with the carpenters; & John Botheras & his wife let us a room for 5/-per week. I soon began to build a house in Federal Row, & while it was being built Will Treise very kindly let us live with them, rent free, until we had one room of the new house fit to live in. I shall never forget the help & kindness of both Mrs. & Will treise at that time, & we shall always feel very grateful for their help in time of trouble.

While we were living with them our second son--Josiah Thomas (Jose, for shortness) was born. That was on the 3rd of Sept 1899. We did not live in the new house long, for Mother was very anxious for us to return to Wallsend, & there were persistent rumours that the mines would soon stop, so we sold the partly finished house to Syd Eddyvean & returned with Jose by train to Newcastle. We arrived at Wallsend on Friday, the 15th of June, 1901. Jack got work for me of Andrew Snedden to bale water in the old colliery at the Co-operative. I soon left that colliery because I had to work all night by myself, & was not allowed to leave work until most of the wet places were baled, which sometimes kept me in the pit 9 or 10 hours. I became ill, & when I recovered I would not start working in Snedden's pit again. Then Will Fletcher got me a start in Elmermore Vale pit that was managed by old Bob Maddi Jack helped me to build a sawn slab house on Wallsend Company's land in front of Dan Rees' & Billy Brennan's houses between High street & Hill street, Pittown. Our 3rd son, William John, was born there on the 27th of April, 1903. On Sep. 13th, 1905 our 4th son--Charles Ernest--was born there; & on the 9th of July, 1907, our only daughter--Florence Ellen--was born at the same place. On July 27th 1909 our 5th son--Frederick George--was born there. Our 6th son Walter Perkyns--was born at Wallsend on Tues.Jan. 16th, 1911. In 1913 or 1914 we sold our house at Wallsend to Herbert Caunt for £40. & moved to a fruit & lolly shop at the corner of Bryant street & Maitland Road, Tighe's Hill. We paid a pound a week rent for the house to old Mr. Robinson; & we began to sell lollies, fruit, drinks, etc. We then bought a block of land next to brother Jack's allotment, in Myola street, Mayfield, intending to have a house built there.

I started working at the steelworks shortly before we shifted to Tighe's Hill. Jose had been delivering papers, on horseback for Joe Coleman at Wallsend, & later worked in Dick Evans' factory at Wallsend. Then he got work at the steelworks on the coke-ovens, but the work being too heavy, we took him away, & he started to work in the electrical department at the steelwork, under old Mr. Smith. Jose began to study electricity, & we paid for a course of lessons by the "I.C.E." This was a 5 years' course, which Jose successfully completed.

We began to buy a new house erected & owned by Mr. Edward De in Henson Avenue, & paid for it by instalments.
We sold our house in Henson Avenue in... bought a large house on the corner of Ingall & Gorrick streets, Mayfield East. Our 7th son was born on the 8th Sunday, the 1st of June, 1916. His name is Arthur James. In March, we sold our big house in Ingall street & bought a nice large allotment, & our son Charlie drew a plan of a smaller, better house to be fitted with every modern domestic convenience. The plan was passed by the Shire Council, & Charlie began to build the house we now live in, & with the help of 2 other carpenters it was fit to move into in June, though it was not quite finished.

This, then, is the bare skeleton of our history since we left Kadina, & some day I may clothe the bare bones with the flesh of detail & try to make the dead past live again. Last January Arthur, his Mother, Sister, & me on a 3 weeks tour. We visited Broken Hill, & I intended to try to find all of our friends & relations in Broken Hill, but as rain began to fall before that could be done, we hurried away for fear that the long road from the Hill to Kadina would become impassable by the car. Fortunately for us the rain was only light, & we got back in time for Art to resume his teaching at Kickabul. I was very sorry indeed to have to leave Broken Hill without having the pleasure of seeing you & Mr. & Mrs. Trezise.

I don't expect you to write a long, detailed account of your experiences, but I would like to know what you have all been doing since we last saw you. I hope to hear from you soon.

Yours with fond remembrance,
Josiah Cocking
331 Maitland Road
Mayfield West, Newcastle, N.S.W.


On Wednesday we received the following letter from Florence:
"C/o Mrs. Mullard, "Clareval", Morrisett, Tuesday 3rd.
Dear People, Hope you have not been wondering how & where I was, too much. I would have written yesterday but thought that this was the first mail since the week end. Yesterday being 8 hour day I thought it applied to here & just now have discovered my mistake. There is only one mail daily at 4-30 p.m.

The job is fair-- the people very nice-- the patient an old mental case but very quiet just now, in fact she doesn't seem as though she will live many days.

I went for a run out to Avondale Seventh Day Adventist settlement yesterday but could not look over the factory as it is closed for inspection while the war is on. It was a nice little run, but I enjoyed the trip to the mental hospital more (Dool will think this is very natural). The grounds go right down to the lake, & they have a launch there to take
the patients there. There is also a good swimming bath. I didn't know they had kangaroos there. We must have seen 20 or more from tiny little ones to great big old ones. I am getting a fair amount of sleep. Work from about 12 midnight till 9 a.m., then sleep till one, & then have a few hours again after tea. The people are very easy to get on with, & help me in every way. Forgot to tell you that I went on those 2 trips yesterday with the Cramps & some friends of theirs from Sydney. Sister Cramp is off until Thursday night so of course she was the one who invited me to come along. Hope you are all well. I am o.k. I don't know just how long I will be here; it is difficult to say: at the most it should only be a week, but then it may hang on. Love from Florence.

I have finished writing a letter to Aunt Lizzie Vercoe. It is printed on pages 6,7,8,9,10 & 11. Charlie & Fred finished erecting a new fence on Jose's ground today. Mum has had a power point & a light point put in the back porch. We have received the negatives & positives of the photos that Walter took last Sunday. Most of them are no good, but one showing Walter standing by his car is excellent. Rain to-day. The war seems to be almost suspended until the British & French see whether the Russians are going to fight them or not.

Sat. Oct. 7, 1939. This morning I posted my letter to Aunt Lizzie Vercoe. I sent a photo of Stone's house with it. The war news is that Hitler has proposed peace terms, but the French & British are not likely to accept them. Russia's attitude is still obscure. Stalin may aid Hitler in war, or may remain almost neutral.

Wed. Oct. 11, 1939. Fred is painting our house outside. This morning Mum & I sowed some peas & beans. Yesterday Mum was in Newcastle nearly all day. I have received an invitation from Mrs. Longworth to attend a meeting of the Peace League on the 14th Oct. Yesterday a large envelope came for Walt, so I re-addressed it & posted it to him. We have nectarines & oranges on our trees, but they are very small yet. Charlie has made a new crystal set. The war news is not very definite. The nations seem to be waiting to see what Russia will do. Many Australians are enlisting for "service" at home or abroad. Florence is still at Morrisett nursing.

Thur. Oct. 12, 1939. Florence came home to-day as her patient died. Poor Mrs. Mullard was mentally deranged, & her family is pleased that she died. Florence has given Mum a cover for a cushion, & gave me a 10/- note. This afternoon we received the following letter from Arthur:

Post office, Trangie, Sunday.

Dear Folks, He who excuses himself accuses himself, so I won't
give any excuses for not writing sooner. You know how it is; a bloke must feel in the humour for writing letters or they are no good. Not very much has happened, though I've done a fair bit of tripping about. This is being written at Merve's place. Merve is now perfectly okedoke & sends his regards to all the crowd. Last week-end, being Sydney 8 Hour Day, was a long week end off for me. I improved the shining hour (it was literally shining, for it was ideal weather) by going to Wellington on the Saturday night, & of course, taking Clarrie Paix with me. Since the cadets were to be in Dubbo the next day, we returned to that town early on the Sunday morning taking in our party, Although not in my Austin, the Johnson girls, Wal Cameron (manager of the local Plume depot), & his fiancée, June didn't come; she had to play the Florence Nightingale to her sick sister. By the way, it seems as though the Mostyns are going to be kicked off place after all. They've been wondering for years how long they would last on their place without paying anything off it.

To get away from gossip & back into news. We returned, as I say, to Dubbo, where I acted the kind Samaritan by taking Merve's mother to & from the meetings a couple of times, & doing a couple of trips with Mrs. Hill. I was fully rewarded for this by being invited out to both dinner & tea, the first of which I declined, but the latter was so importunate that I couldn't wriggle out of it. They're a bit too kind, some of these west-erners. I wanted to have my meals with Clarrie & the crowd, but, as I say, I only managed the one.

I should have mentioned that I renewed acquaintance with Laurie Gilbert of Lambton, & Ray Wilson of Broken Hill, both of whom often went to our parties round Newcastle & the Lake. They are now cadets. On Sunday afternoon I rang the Wheaton's, to find that the old boy had been pretty sick, but that he & the rest of the crowd would be pleased to see me (so they said). Accordingly, I went out there late on Sunday night. Old Mr. Wheaton looks a very sick man, but is still quite cheerful about things. Otherwise everything in the garden is lovely; their crops are the best they have ever had.

Incidentally, the rain we had yesterday should make them certain of a bumper harvest.... We spent the morning eating oranges, drinking squashes, & inspecting the crops, after which we had a swim. In the afternoon I helped (sic) them muster some sheep, & went for a ride on a neddy. About ten o'clock at night I left for home, getting there about half past one in the morning. The trip was only about 50 miles, but I had to open about thirty gates. Yours Arthur."

Fri. Oct. 13, 1939. This morning I received the following note: "Commonwealth of Australia. Registrar of Pensions, Customs House, Newcastle, 18th October, 1939.

Kindly forward your bank book to this office for examination
in connection with your own & wife's pensions. P. Wright, Registrar of Pensions. How much cash have you & your wife in hand."

I have just finished reading the book entitled "Twenty Years in The Wild West", or Life in Connaught" by Mrs. Houston, author of "AYacht Voyage To Texas." The former book consists of 288 pages & describes the unpleasant experiences of Mrs. Houston amongst the drunken, crafty priests & their ignorant dupes in Ireland.

Sun.Oct.15,1939. This morning at 11 I went to the Congregational church in Werribee street & heard a lad named Hume try to preach. There were about a dozen adults then & a few children. There was nothing in the sermon that he read & it was a waste of time listening to him.

Jack, Gladys, Adell, Alma, & young John visited us last Friday night, & then they went on to Raymond Terrace to stay with Mrs. Bob & family. They visited us again Saturday & stayed until the evening, & then left for Port Kembla. Young John's right arm is still encased in plaster of Paris, but he will soon have it taken off. They are all well, & have finished paying for their car.

Mon. Oct. 16, 1939. We received the following letter from Pat O'Grady this afternoon:-


Dear Joe & Mrs. Cocking, It seems to me that quite enough water has run under the old bridge since I last wrote a line to you. How are you all? Although I was the last to write, still that doesn't matter; & here goes. I had been intending to pen a line or 2 to you for some time, but in the same old way I kept putting it off. I often, when up town, stop for a few minutes at the Army ring & listen to things they say, & to their delightful music. Last Saturday night I stopped as usual, & the head serang mentioned, inter alia, that a visiting friend from Newcastle, N.S.W. was in their midst. So after a while I asked one of the quaintly-bonneted sisterhood who was within whispering distance of me, if she would kindly point out to me the visiting brother from Newcastle. No, she could not, but she kindly pointed to the head serang (she called him the sergeant-major) & assured me that he would oblige; & he did kindly oblige. He caught me by the arm & gave me safe conduct (think that is how you soldiers phrase it). He, the Cornstalk, shook my hand cordially & seemed delighted to have met a chap who knew one of his comrades from over there. He assured me that you were still going strongly. I told him that was about all that I needed to know from him -- that I would be writing to you in a day or 2.

He was sorry he could not give me your address -- excepting that it was in Mayfield, & was delighted to know that I al
ready knew it, "331 Maitland Road"). As I did not wish to monopolise him I thanked & left him. I have forgotten whether he gave me his name, but it doesn't matter. If he did I have forgotten it. He asked my name, & when I told him he showed his acumen by remarking that I must be Irish \[\ldots\] He pleaded guilty to a few streaks of Irish in his own physical composition. So we shook again & parted as brother Irishmen. In parting he said "God bless you!" & as I did not know the countersign I simply said "Good night, brother", & left it at that. I assure you, old friend, that it was quite an adventure. I have moved again. I have the best room I ever had. Although I took it as unfurnished, the landlady left me for my own use a wardrobe, chest of drawers, washstand & toilet-set, kitchen safe (2 storied), oilcloth for floor, & a beautiful carpet. (The room-rent, by the way, is only £6 a week). Measuring ten feet by six. So I am on a pig's back, as the vulgar express it. Since my last letter to you I have had a rather bad time of it. The winter here was a very severe one—about the worst South Australia ever experienced. I went in to Willard Hall (W.C.T.U.) where they give free concerts & a cup of tea & a bun to the needy poor every Saturday night. I sat at the back, too near the open door, & caught a rip-snorter of a cold. As usual after a cold or flu, I got bronchitis, & it took 3 solid months to shake it off. I literally got it in the neck. But I am O.K. again. But to my old word-- if that's any good-- it is bitterly cold to-day. I had been seriously thinking of moving to Sydney this year. Kitty, my daughter who lives in Paddington with her kiddies, wants me to come, but my brother Tom at Lawson, Blue Mountains, made me think well over it first. He assured me that the cost of living is much higher over there. Room rent also. Speaking with a Sydney chap one day I asked him about the cost of living in Sydney. "Oh, he answered, "same as in Adelaide, nine pence a pint." So there you are.

My dear friends, I would be glad if you would agree to an occasional letter between us. I do not even see the Workers' Weekly Herald nowadays, & do not know if you contribute to it now. I have not seen anything of mine in print for over a year. But I am expecting our Pensioners' League paper, "The Pensioner" to print a little thing of mine in the November number. The league paper, "The Pensioner" is issued in Melbourne & circulates in all the States, so if you ever see it have a squint at it. The General Secretary here sent it on, & the editor replied that it would be printed in the November number.

My best respects to yourself, Mrs. Cocking, & the boy & girl I met in Adelaide last Christmas. I wish those whom I have not met the very best also. I was sorry there was not time when you were here to make better acquaintance with those two, & to have had such a tiny slice of your & Mrs. Cocking's time. But next time we meet it may be better. Hope so. Good night, friends, & a long & happy life to you (us) all. Yours in sincere friendship, P. O'Grady, 68 Hanson street, Adelaide."
331 Maitland Rd, Mayfield West, Newcastle, N.S.W.17/10/19

To Mr. P. O'Grady, 68 Hanson Street, Adelaide, S.A.

Dear Pat, I almost feel ashamed to write after neglecting you ever since last Christmas, for I should have written months ago. What made me delay, until now, I do not know, unless it was my desire to complete my self-imposed task of typing my old diaries & old, valued letters of yours & those of other dear old friends of mine. For many years my old diary has been in a confused condition owing to my failure to copy friends' letters into the diary as I received them. Besides this defect there was the greater one of fading of the writing & yellowing of the paper. So I decided to begin the long, tiresome labour of writing all of my records, letters, & verses in new books & in their proper consecutive order. I often wonder whether the resulting books will be worth all the time & labour spent on them or not; but the thought that they will be records of my life's labours & my friends' kindness in times of trouble so me on when I feel inclined to stop writing. This work has so much monopolised my time & attention that other that were perhaps more important have been postponed too often & too long. Now your unexpected but doubly welcome letter has made me see that I am guilty of unfriendly neglect in not writing to you months ago.

The most welcome news in your interesting letter is that, in spite of cold & bronchitis, you are well again. In future avoid draughts for they cause endless trouble. To oblige a woman in a crowded train I gave her my seat & sat in a draught for 2 hours; the result was a cold that nearly cost me my life. All of us except myself are enjoying good health, & mine is slowly improving. I am not yet able to walk far nor fast, but by going very slowly I am able to walk a mile. One fortunate fact is that my digestion is good, but though I can eat & digest almost any kind of food I have to abstain almost entirely from meat, & I have to drink plenty of barley-water & eat fruit every day. This bright's disease seems hard to cure, for though I have taken 4 large bottles of Warner's safe cure, & had 7 tubes of extract of liver injected into my blood, I am not yet free from that persistent ailment. Being over 72 (as I was born at Kadina on the 11th of May, 1867), suppose I must consider myself very fortunate to be alive & as well as I am.

It is a pity that you could not tell me the name of the visitor whom you interviewed in the Army ring, for I would like to know who he was. He was mistaken about my alleged activity in the Army, for I was practically forced out of it some years ago by the officers then in charge of the Tighe's Hill corps. For about 14 years I had been an active, earnest soldier in the corps, but in August, 1935, I read a newspaper report of a recruiting speech made by colonel MacFarlane in which
he asked his audience, "How can we induce young men to do as they used to do, that is to give up their sports & join the military force?", & to which "Fighting Mac" of the Salvation Army replied, "By compulsory training!". I read that report to the officers at Tighes Hill, & asked them what they thought of it. They said they did not believe that commissioner McKenzie said it. So I wrote to that guy & asked him whether the report concerning his interjection was correct or not. To that note I received the following reply:—From the office of the Commissioner, Territorial Headquarters, Sydney, N.S.W. 27th August, 1935.

Dear Sir, Your note of the 11th instant has just reached me on my return to Sydney this morning, & in it you raise the question as to what my reply was to Colonel McFarlane who stated that something must be done or the voluntary training system in Australia would crash. It is quite true that I suggested the remedy in compulsory training for the young men. It is beneficial for the young men physically, in addition to providing a defence force for the Country, & no right thinking person will deny the need for such in a greatly disturbed world condition. There are several Nations in Europe with burning ambition to possess colonial empire. Australia is a plum that tempts a few of such. You may know that Germany had already in Australia, prior to the Great War, a suitable appointee for Governor General for this Country, & a scheme for the subjugation of the people under German control. And to remain in a fool's paradise without adequate protective measures is simply to invite a strong man to take possession of a household, namely, our Island Continent. I certainly believe in compulsory training. Yours sincerely, William McKenzie, commissioner."

Well, I got this lovely "Christian" letter published in the daily rag, which evidently made the Scotch fire-eater afraid that some of his dupes would censure him for his heathenism, so, shortly afterwards the following was published:—

"UNWANTED WAR. NATIONS SHOULD TRY TO PREVENT IT."

Commissioner McKenzie ("Fighting Mac"), Salvation Army: While there is much room for improvement in social, material & spiritual conditions in Abyssinia, it seems to me that this improvement cannot possibly be brought about by a devastating war. By all that we read in the papers, Italy is making gigantic preparations for an attack on Abyssinia, which will simply mean a mowing down of the people. Surely the world has had enough of war. Surely it should have learned the lesson of its demoralising & impoverishing effects. From the ocular demonstration given in the Great War there is need for every other nation throughout the world.
to use every effective means short of war to prevent Italy from destroying the Abyssinian people, which is quite unnecessary.

You will notice that there is much difference between the private letter to me & the dope that was issued for public consumption.

Well, I showed the Jingo officers Mac's letter in which he showed his imperialistic jingoism; & the Commandant said, "Well, the commissioner is a man of the world, & he knows what is right. If I held the opinion on war that you hold I would leave the Army. You are only poisoning the minds of the young people by talking as you do".

From then on I took particular notice of the attitudes of some of the Army leaders, & I was disgusted to find that they were all in favour of war for dear kind master. Therefore, after thinking long & seriously over the matter, I concluded that, as either I or they did not understand the basic principles of Christianity, it was useless to remain in the Army; so I very regretfully withdrew.

I think that the brother Gocking referred to by the visitor must be my big brother Jack, for he certainly is still going strongly as a soldier.

As you are probably aware, the army now has a new general in place of poor old Evangeline, the admirer of heroes. His name is Carpenter; & I believe he is a good, earnest Christian. I hope that little Billy & his military crowd don't contaminate general Carpenter. Of course I do not expect him to publicly denounce Chamberlain's war, for that would be suicidal & useless; but I hope that he will prove to the soldiers & the children that no Christian can be a soldier, that is in the cut-throat army.

It is pleasant to find that you now have a comfortable home but I am surprised to learn that you do not see the "Worker's Weekly Herald". No, Pat, I do not contribute to it lately for, as I have said, I have concentrated on my old diary to the exclusion of other work. There is not much likelihood that anything of mine would be heartily approved of by a jingo censor, anyhow.

It is also pleasant to know that you still do a bit of pen-pushing, & I shall certainly try to get a copy of next month "Pensioner", though you did not say what name I should look for. It would be nice if you could see your way clear to go to Sydney, for then we might meet oftener. Our son Walter is working at Phillip House, Phillip street, Sydney. On the 228th of last June Walt started in Sydney, & began drawing & designing machinery that is to be used in sorting & handling postal matter, but he has lately been put on some other kind of drawing. He is boarding with Mrs. O'Connor, a very distant relative of ours, & he likes the accommodation well. He also likes his work & his workmates. He says they are a very decent
lot of fellows. Walter's address—that is his boarding house—is 39 Queen Street, Ashfield, Sydney. When Walt first went there he advertised for a suitable place to board, & asked that replies be sent to the "Herald" office. This is how he related his experience to us:—"On Friday I called at the Herald office. 'Were there any replies?" The girl fumbled a little, then tumbled a bundle of 39 on the desk. It was hard to keep a straight face. I was receiving fan mail for the first time. Surprising, you say? Yes. So I called again on my way home, to nett another 24. Now you understand why I'm busy. I called again this morning to get another 18. Grand total now is 83."

Walt pays 25/- per week for board & lodging, & 2/6 for garage, as he has a nice car. He can afford to pay it, for his salary is £504 a year. He would have got more, but some official in Canberra thought that as Walt is young he could not possibly be worth the full pay; so he docked some off the full salary on the strength of that assumption. They must have some wise men at Canberra. Wal comes home to see us sometimes.

Arthur, the lad you saw, began teaching at Gin Gin on the 7th of last February, as he asked for a shift from Kickabil. Gin Gin (pronounced like the gin in the word begin) is about 10 miles from Trangie, which is a little town quite close to the Western line that ends at Bourke. He wants to take me on a tour to Brisbane & back at Christmas time, when he will have about 6 weeks holiday. Some fellows are lucky! You & I never had even six days, much less 6 weeks off on full pay. He went on the "Otranto" with a lot of other tourists, on the latter end of last August & had a trip to Papua. While it was on its trip the recent stupid war started, & we were a little afraid that the steamer might get a German torpedo in its ribs, but it returned safely.

Florence (the girl you saw) has nursed several people this year, but she is at home now for a rest, as night nursing is very exhausting work. She is well & happy.

With this, or shortly after, I will send you a book that may interest you. The author, Gus Austin, lets a little light fall on the dark doings of the pampered social parasites who shamelessly gad around the planet to waste the wealth that they legally steal from the poor. Gus seems to be one of them, so he ought to know them well. He also knows the cost of living as well as your Sydney bloke did. This book may be taken as a peace offering from me to atone for my neglect. Send a postcard & let me know if you don't receive it within a few days. I must now conclude for the time, hoping that you & all your dear ones are as happy & as healthy as it is possible to be in a world of wealthy warmongers. Tell them all to enlist as soon as possible, for Brave Bob is afraid of Adolph's Nasty submarines, & Billy can't win this war too.

Yours fraternally, Joe Cocking.
Wed. Oct. 18, 1939. This morning I have copied & slightly altered "To The Careless", on page 50 of my diary from Oct 16, 1935 to July 31, 1937, & "To Bill Bloggs" on page 133 of the same diary. I have handed the book entitled "Pilgrim Father" to Charlie to post to Pat O'Grady.

This afternoon we received the following letter from Aunt Lizzie Vercoe:— "Adelaide, Oct. 15, 1939.

Dear Joe & wife & family, I hope these few lines will find you all well, as it leaves me at present. Well, from the bottom of my heart I must thank you for writing that letter to me. I never thought I would hear from any of you after all these years. I must thank poor Selina for it. No one knows how please I am to know how my poor brother has died, & also your mother too. I have often wondered all the years what became of you all, but it seems to come to me like a dream to think that I had someone to think of me after all. Well, I lived in Wallaroo Mines 14 years after I was married, & then I went to Broken Hill, & lived there for 27 years, & I lived in Adelaide 16 years.

Uncle Henry died on the 9th of August, & he has been dead 14 years. Poor brother Steve has been dead 17, & my sister Jane has been dead 18 years. My mother died 39 years ago, & father 45 years ago.

You must excuse my writing, for I ain't much of a scholar. I never had much schooling when I was young; so you must forgive me; but for all that, I am pleased to know you are still living.

My word, I see by your letter that you had a lot of worry with your brother & his wives. He seems so unlucky with them dying, & leaving them all behind; but it was to be. Well, I had 3 boys & one died. My eldest boy is 56, & my youngest is 48; so you they are leading up; & I am 76; so we are all getting old now. I was down & spent a day & a night with Selina. She is there on her own. I may tell you that I am living with my youngest son. My, no one knows what it is to be left without anyone. He has 2 children; one is 23, & the girl is 21 in January. Some are lonely, so I can't thank you enough for writing to me. I often said that my brother went away & I didn't know what became of him. It is nice to know where & how he is now.

Well, my oldest boy has 3x four children—2 boys & 2 girls—so what a few years tell! Well, Joe, I want you to give my love to your wife & family, & to your brothers & their wives for me. I hope & trust I see some of you sometime, or other.

And from my heart I thank you for writing, for it is nice to know how my poor brother's wife is faring. I told her we never know when our time comes, & we will have to go some day.

Well, I close with heaps of love to one & all. Good bye till I hear from you again. From your Aunt Lizzie Vercoe."
Thur. Oct. 19, 1939. T-day Mum received a pension cheque for £ 3-7-6, & I got one for £ 1-13-9, which is 33/9 in excess of what is due; so I have written the following note to the Pensions department:

"331 Maitland Road, Mayfield West, N.S.W. 19-10-1939.
To Mr. P. Pogson, Acting Deputy Commissioner of Old-age & Invalid Pensions.
Dear Sir, owing to some mistake, my wife has just received by post a cheque for three pounds, seven shillings & sixpence, & I have received by post a cheque for one pound thirteen & nine pence. As my wife's pension was paid on last pension day at the Mayfield post office, we have now received payment that is £ 1-13-9 more than is due to us. I am therefore writing to ask you whether we should keep the money overpaid & let you deduct the amount from the next payment, or return the cheque for £ 1-13-9 to your office. Yours sincerely, Josiah Cocking."


Sat. Oct. 21, 1939. This morning I wrote the following:

"The Prime Minister announced that compulsory military training would be introduced in Australia. --Daily paper, 21-10-39.

So, once again the young must train
To kill with bombs & rifles
And march away to die or slay,
For youngsters rights are trifles!

To aid the young, whose wrathful tongue
Will challenge Bob's decision
To rob the boys of harmless joys
And treat them with derision?

No man has right to use his might
To trample on another,
Despite the call of men to fall
Or slay a foreign brother.

Though "Fighting Macks" & Jingo Jacks Compulsion have applauded,
Yet, when coerced & loudly cursed
The lads will be defrauded.

They all have right to life & light;
And what sane boy is willing
To lose a day of peaceful play
22.

To learn the art of killing?

Too long coerced & cowed & cursed
By boors in khaki clothing,
Boys' wrath has burned, & they have turned
From drills with scornful loathing.

With heavy packs upon their backs
And rifles on their shoulders,
The lads were drilled till pity filled
The hearts of kind beholders.

Will now the Dads of threatened lads
Regard their sons' condition,
And stand like rock, combined to block
This cruel imposition?

It's more than time this callous crime
Against the sons we cherish
Were banned & barred without regard
To autocrats who perish.

Let's show Bob's crowd it's not allowed
That Menzies, Hughes, or Peedom
Make boys train for war again
And rob them of their freedom.

This fact is clear:— though freedom's dear
It's wrong & stupid, rather,
To rob a lad of all he had
To give it to his father!

Will ev'ry man oppose this plan
With anger & revulsion
And blunt the edge of Menzies' wedge—
Conscription & Compulsion?

Sun. Oct. 22, 1939. This morning I have made the following additions to the foregoing verses:

PIE-CRUST PROMISES.

"The Prime Minister announced that compulsory military training would be introduced in Australia."—Daily paper, 21-10-1939.

Did not we hear, distinct and clear,
A pie-crust promise spoken
On honour bright, to guard the right?
But now, alas! it's broken!

Soon once again the young must train
To kill with bombs and rifles
And march away to die or slay,
For youngsters' rights are trifles.
Whose wrathful tongue will aid the young
And challenge Bob's decision
To rob the boys of harmless joys
And treat them with derision?

No gang has right to use its might
To trample on another,
Despite the call for men to fall
Or slay a foreign brother.

Though fighting Macks and jingo Jacks
Compulsion have applauded,
Yet, when coerced and loudly cursed,
The lads will be defrauded.

They all have right to life's delight;
And what sane boy is willing
To lose a day of peaceful play
To learn the trade of killing?

Too long coerced, and cowed, and cursed,
By boors in khaki clothing,
Boys' anger burned until they turned
From drills with scornful loathing.

With heavy packs upon their backs
And rifles on their shoulders,
The lads were drilled till pity filled
The hearts of kind beholders.

It's more than time this callous crime
Against the sons we cherish
Were banned and barred without regard
To autocrats who perish.

Will now the Dads of threatened lads,
Regard their sons' condition
And stand like rock, combined to block
This cruel imposition?

Will Labour take this yoke, or make
A protest strong and hearty,
And quickly fight to guard boys' right,
Like Scullin's noble Party?

Let's show Bob's crowd it's not allowed
That Menzies, Hughes, or Peedom
Shall make boys train for war again
And rob them of their freedom.

This fact is clear: though freedom's dear,
It's wrong and stupid, rather,
To rob a lad of all he had
To give it to his father.

Will ev'ry man oppose this plan
With anger & revulsion
And blunt the edge of Menzies' wedge—
Conscription and compulsion?.

I have also typed the verses entitled "A Message From Hell", on page 18 A of the diary from Jan. 31, 1935 to Oct. 15, 1935., but II added the following as the first verse in place of the 2 prose lines:-

"Were sinners in Hades permitted to write
Or radio those whom they love,
Perhaps some glad message like this they'd indite
And send to their friends up above".

I have omitted the last verse, that is the 11th. I am intending to send it & "Pie-Crust Promises" to Common Cause & the Workers' Weekly Herald, Adelaide.

Mon. Oct. 23, 1939. This morning I have received the following letter:— 15 Greenfield Terrace, Portreath, nr Redruth, Cornwall, Sept. 8th, 1939.

Dear Mr. Cocking, Hope you will forgive us for keeping you so long without thanking you for all the papers you so kindly sent, & your kind letter. Well, trust you are all fairly well if not in perfect health. Glad to tell you we are all capital well at present, & my son was brought once more from hospital last Saturday at 1 a.m. in early morn. All had to be cleared out of Redruth hospital that night. Some poor things were very ill & were waiting for the second operation. I don't think they should be moved in such a condition to poor homes where they with little children could not be properly attended to. But there! the same mad ideas as they been ruling our country in— not fit to rule pigs. Now we are all plunged in a mad war again for our wicked rulers; it's dreadful. We are all darkened for fear of an air raid, & it's sad to see the poor souls whose sons & husbands are gone.

Well, Mr. Cocking, I don't know if I told you our Frank's leg never set after being in hospital 8 weeks—home 5—& then when the plaster was taken off the doctor was frightened to find it hadn't set owing to the lack of marrow in bone. Couldn't come together. Then, poor boy, he was rushed off & had 3 operations; then in the end they had to insert a silver plate. Our doctor said he thought it would have to be done, but the 2 other doctors tried to manage it without, but couldn't; so, poor boy, he has suffered. It's 6 months no news of the trial yet. The lawyers are working the case. He is here
He is now on crutches, just able to creep about.

Yes, I can remember Fred Rowe living with his Grandma Rowe & going to a private school. He was the only son of the family who could speak & write English. He was in an English bank out there in Chili, your Aunt told me. I wrote for her, when your uncle Walter Perkyns died, & told them she only had 7/6 a week old age pension, & would be glad if they would write & let her know how they were, as she hadn't had a letter from them since their father died: & on his last letter before he died he told her he was leaving a plenty for them to send to her the same as if he was living; & they promised to do so, but they never wrote but one letter saying their only sister had died, & their mother was ill. So your aunt had a letter sent them, she told me, but they never answered neither letter, & they never returned.

I wrote & told them of your aunt's death, & said on the outside if not delivered return to my address. Never returned nor answered it. But I well remember him: he was very dark complexioned. They must be out there still. He wasn't much older than me, & I am 65. Perhaps if you wrote you might hear from them. I expect their mother is dead, poor thing. Your aunt thought so before she died. The boys had all there was to come to them, & then they didn't care. This Fred was the only one that could speak English, I have heard.

The war has started, worse luck; we are all in darkness—all windows darkened blackened, & all have our gas masks for a gang that don't know how to rear pigs, much less rule a country. The farmers aren't allowed to grow more potatoes. Now we are to have a shortage of them—it's started already. And when the poor fishermen caught the fish, wouldn't let them sell them—threw them back in the sea again, & the fishermen been starving. What, I say, what can they expect from God? What use is it to pray when they are doing & have done such mad things?

My nephew has gone: he belongs to Air Force. Poor boy, he was out of work for a long time. Poor boy was, I suppose, too glad to be out of the house where the money was scarce. Poor Frank won't be any use to them now he is on crutches; & I am afraid now, the war is on, there won't be much of a case made of it; but someone will have to pay, as the hospital expenses will be over a hundred pounds, they're saying.

Well, dear friend, glad your boys are doing so well & you yourself improving so nicely. That's good news. My husband is capital—in fact he seems better than me now. I have worried a great deal over Frank, & it's telling on me; I don't feel quite as strong as I would like to.

My girls are still at Falmouth. My eldest son, Fred, is still teaching at St. Day. I am afraid he will be called up, too. He & his wife & lovely boy are 9 years old, come home quite often now. There was some difference between us, for what we can't explain, nor they, but it's all over now. They find father & mother their true friends who, like our
heavenly Father, never fails us if we do what's right.
Now, Mr. & Mrs. Cocking, we both send our kindest regards
to you both. Your sincere friends, H. & E. Webster.
Many thanks for papers."

Tues. Oct. 24, 1939. 331 Maitland Road, Mayfield West,
Newcastle, N.S.W. Australia.

To Mr. & Mrs. E. Webster

Dear Friends, I was very much pleased to receive yesterday your interesting letter dated Sept. 8, 1939, for I had been wondering why you had not written. Now I can see that Chamberlain's stupid war & Frank's unfortunate accident gave you plenty to think of without bothering about writing to anyone. Indeed, under the circumstances, I am lucky to be favoured with a letter from you, especially such an instructive one as this latest. We sympathise with all of you in this time of trouble & expense; but it may be that the accident may be the means of saving his life by making Frank ineligible for enlistment in the army or navy. I hope that by the time his leg is quite well & strong again the idiotic slaughtering will be stopped. There is one good feature about the war, that is that the British & French generals are ashamed to order the men out to be shot down in thousands as the silly leaders did in the Great War of 1914. Although the Germans are supposed to be enemies, I pity them, for the poor fools are reported to be suffering intensely with the Winter's cold, & are without blankets. What a pity it is that the world's workers do not have enough commonsense to see that they all have the power to abolish warfare by combining internationally & refusing to make or use the tools of mass murder. Most of the German workers do not want war; but the curse of military conscription forces them to leave their peaceful homes & make themselves the targets for foreign bullets. Some day the workers of all nations will enrol in an international federation of toilers, & will refuse to be the conscripted tools of wealthy warmongers. Already, at Oessnock, some of the parsons & preachers have boldly & nobly declared that warfare is entirely opposed to the principles of Christianity; but, unfortunately, some of the parsons & clerics in this district have oposed that declaration, & have brazenly stated that they approve of those who defy God & Jesus by going to war. In spite of such hypocritical impostors, however, there are many who see the futility & imbecility of war & are not afraid to say so.

The latest imposition here is that Menzies' gang intends to compel the lads of 20 years to become soldiers, in spite of his lying promise to respect the rights & liberty of the people. I don't think he will find it easy to perpetrate this
shameful crime on the helpless boys. The federal Labour Party has declared its intention of resisting this move; & the big labour organisations like the Miners' Federation will probably organise a general strike to prevent Menzies & his jingo mob from robbing the young fellows of their rights. Besides, the lads themselves have not consented yet. There is little doubt that many of the heads of the church will favour compulsory military training; & most of the leaders of the Salvation Army will aid & abet Menzies in this crime. "Fighting Mac" will probably be delighted to find that "Thou shalt not kill" is to be flouted & ignored again. My opinion of the whole diabolical business may be better expressed thus:

PIECRUST PROMISES.

Did not we hear, distinct and clear,
A pie-crust promise spoken
On honour bright, to guard the right?
But now, alas! it's broken!

Soon once again the young must train
To kill with bombs & rifles,
And march away to die or slay;
For youngsters' rights are trifles.

Whose wrathful tongue will aid the young
And challenge Bob's decision
To rob the boys of harmless joys
And treat them with derision?

No gang has right to use its might
To trample on another,
Despite the call for men to fall
Or slay a foreign brother.

Though fighting Macks & jingo Jacks
Compulsion have applauded,
Yet, when coerced & loudly cursed,
The lads will be defrauded.

They all have right to life & light;
And what sane boy is willing
To lose a day of peaceful play
To learn the trade of killing?

Too long coerced, & cowed, & cursed
By boors in khaki clothing,
Boys' anger burned until they turned
From drills with scornful loathing.

With heavy packs upon their backs
And rifles on his shoulders,
The lads were drilled till pity filled
The hearts of kind beholders.

It's more than time this callous crime
Against the sons we cherish
Were banned & barred without regard
To autocrats who perish.

Will now the Dads of threatened lads
Regard their sons' condition
And stand like rock, combined to block
This cruel imposition?

Will Labour take this yoke, or make
A protest strong & hearty,
And quickly fight to guard boys' right,
Like Scullin's noble Party.

Let's show Bob's crowd it's not allowed
That Menzies, Hughes, or Peedom
Shall make boys train for war again
And rob them of their freedom.

This fact is clear: though freedom's dear,
It's wrong & stupid, rather,
To rob a lad of all he had
To give it to his father.

Will ev'ry man oppose this plan
With anger & revulsion
And blunt the edge of Menzies' wedge—
Conscription & compulsion?

The information you have given concerning my uncle William's family surprises & saddens me. He has left behind him a record of filial love and care that any one could be proud of, & his noble provision for the continuation of help for his poor old Mother after he had passed into the eternal silence is something that makes me proud to call him Uncle. What puzzles me is the cold, callous disregard of his last wish that was shown by my cousins. They evidently enjoyed the possession of a good education, a good home, & good positions, & therefore had no need to be selfish and greedy I have often wondered who Uncle William married. Mother did not know whether his wife was English or Spanish, but as you say that only one son could speak English, I think she must have been a Spaniard. If so, that would probably explain why the children never learned the English language. Perhaps, too, she was a Roman Catholic, & consequently had no love
It is pleasant to find that you and your daughter-in-law are now reconciled & that you both forgive & forget. You are evidently making yourself ill through fear. You seem to assume that Fred will certainly be called up, but there is no certainty about it. There are so many hundreds of thousands of others to call that he may never be required. The enlistment danger is only one of many that exist all around us. For instance, my son Jack's boy--young John--was rushing out of their gateway recently when he tripped and fell with his right arm doubled under his body. When he arose it was found that he had broken 2 bones near his elbow. He was taken to hospital at Wollongong & the arm was set in plaster of Paris, & is not right yet. Then there is the danger of motor cars, trains, buses, horses, storms, floods, fires, lightning, diseases, and many more risks, hazards & dangers, but you are not worrying about them. This danger of being conscripted is new & therefore looks more menacing than the others that you have got used to. Why single out this latest danger to worry over. It is no more certain to touch your boy than the others are. Therefore don't worry about it.

I have just received a letter from an aunt whom I have not seen for about 50 years. Her name is Elizabeth Vercoe, & she lives with her son & his wife at Norwood, a suburb of Adelaide, South Australia. She is 76 years of age. Another letter came from a cousin--Selina Murphy--who lives at Kadina, South Australia, where I was born. Now I want to find another relative--Emily Matthews--whom I have not seen for 38 years. She is the daughter of Mrs Eliza Matthews who was distantly related to my Father. We have just received a letter from Arthur, our teacher son, who is teaching at Gin Gin near Trangie on the Western line. He is quite well & happy, & is expecting to take me on a tour to Brisbane & other places at Christmas time, when he will have a 6 weeks vacation. Then he intends to take his Mother for a round trip somewhere in the South & West. Our son Jack & his wife & 3 children visited us on the 14th inst. & were all well, barring young John's broken arm. We are about the same as usual in health. I am very glad to find that Harry is so well, & I hope he will remain so, & that in spite of the silly war you will all have a peaceful, pleasant Christmas. May the new year bring in an era of peace, plenty, & prosperity. Florence has to go to Dungog next Tuesday to nurse a lady there. We are expecting Walt home from Sydney next week. He is doing well there & likes his job & his fellow workers very well. Our sons always come to see us when they have an opportunity. Trusting that your sons, daughters, Daughter-in-law, & grand child will all meet & enjoy Christmas dinner together free from "alarums & excursions, I remain yours fraternally, Josiah Cocking.
Wed. Oct. 25, 1939. I posted the letter to Websters this morning, and enclosed a post card photo of Arthur & Mum standing beside the Baby Austin car. There was a thunderstorm with vivid lightning this morning. Yesterday I posted some papers to Pat O'Grady.

I have written the following note to the editor of the "Pensioner" Melbourne:-

"Sir, As I wish to become a reader of your paper, & perhaps a contributor to its columns, I would be much obliged if you would kindly send me a copy of this month's issue & let me know the yearly rate of subscription. I only know that "The Pensioner" is published somewhere in Melbourne, so please excuse the inadequate address on the envelope. Thanking you in anticipation for an early reply, I am, Sir, yours sincerely, Josiah Cocking."

This morning Mum received the following note:

"Commonwealth of Australia, Invalid & Old Age Pensions Act 1908-1932. Notice of alteration. To Mrs. Mary J. Cocking, 331 Hattland Road, Mayfield West. Certificate No. 7249 (the last figure should be 7) 11/1/39. Payable by cheque. It has been decided to amend your pension from 33/- to 30/- per fortnight, commencing with the instalment due on 2/11/39. The postmaster has been instructed to pay 30/- on 2/11/39 & subsequent instalments at the amended rate until further notice. In order to prevent any delay in payment, please hand your certificate as soon as possible to the postmaster. Reasons for alteration, husband's bank account. Date 24/10/39. F. Pogson, acting deputy Commissioner of Pensions."

I received an almost similar note. The "National Geographic Magazine" came to-day, dated October 1939.

I have filled in a form in connection with the Percil competition. The answer suggested to Maud's question, "Gosh! Maud, what made your frock so white?" is, "Percil tells you!". The result is to be known on Dec. 8, 1939.

This afternoon we received the following letter from Selina Murphy: "41 Digby Street, Kadina, Oct. 22, 1939.

Dear Joe & family, Just a few lines to say how pleased I was to receive your very welcome letter, & I hope this to hand will find you one & all quite well. My family are quite well, bar a few small ailments, & I am not too good myself; I have had another bad turn of stomach worry. It is gall trouble; & to make matters worse I had a nasty fall a fortnight ago. I was going down to see my sister Ellen, & I caught my foot in the root of a tree that was growing across the footpath, & I came an awful thud: it did shake me up a treat; I have not got over it yet. I cut a piece out of my chin & gravel-rashed all of my face & out my nose. I was a sight to see; & I could not lift my arm above my head for 3 days, & I was bruised all over. Still, I am getting.
better now. I am going away to-morrow doen to Minlaton to my married daughter's for a month, so I will have a good rest, & hope to come back much improved. Well, Joe, I am sending on the address of Mary Terrell, & the address of Charlotte Giles that was—Mrs. Slone. I had a letter from Aunt Lizzie, & she got back safely. Her son Henry & his wife & their son have gone to Sydney for a holiday.

I saw Bess White last Sunday, & she wishes to be remembered to you. Well, Joe, I see the war is still going on. Well, I don't know of much news I can write about this time. Things are very slack here at present. Two of my sons are out of work, worse luck.

Well, I must say cheerio & lots of good wishes to you & yours. Excuse this short letter. I remain your ever true cousin, Selina Murphy. I hope your health will soon be restored to you again."

The addresses sent are:—Mrs. C. Slone, No. 50, Capel Street, West Melbourne.

Mrs. F. C. Terrell, No. 5 Victoria Street, Glenelg. S. Aus.

Sat. Oct. 28, 1939. Walter came home about 9 last night. He came up from Sydney by himself. This afternoon he has taken Mum out for a drive. The war drags on, & many ships are being sunk by the Germans. Russia is not fighting against France & England although allied with Germany. I think Hitler has made a mistake in joining in with Stalin.

A few days ago we received the following letter:—

"Wemabah Street, Trangie, Friday 27/10/39.

Dear Folks, You'll notice, I hope, that I'm not so slow in replying this time. Last time my eyes were pretty crook, so that, because I didn't want to tell you about it, I had to keep on postponing. My eyes seemed to be jumpy all the time. I think it happened this way. One night I felt a little energetic & I decided to work back at school. I couldn't very well have done the same job at school, for I wanted to refer to school books frequently. Anyhow, there are no diversions at school. I frequently did this sort of thing at Kickabil, & it didn't affect me much at all. The only means of illumination, of course, is the old candle. In this instance I used 2, & the light didn't seem too bad. However, after I had worked till about 8-30 my eyes were so flickery that I could hardly see to drive home straight. I've been using reading glasses pretty consistently lately, so the old blinkers hardly blink at all now, & are no longer sore.

I'm getting thinner!!! Rations are still a bit overdone in both quantity & quality, though. I didn't notice it myself, but a couple of reliable & unbiased critics told me it was so. I could have fallen on their necks & kissed them. Conversely, I could cheerfully sock anyone in the eye who comes out with the old familiar "Gee, you're getting fat". If I keep on
the way I'm going I'll have some

clothes that fit me soon. By the way, you should see my 1st sports coat & trousers— a bit of a shock to a person inclined toward nervousness or biliousness, but, once you get inured to the sight of it, she's a real sparkler. You wait till you see it on me. I nearly wrote, "wait till you see me in it, but a rig-out like it makes the bloke inside feel that his appearance is relatively unimportant. I shouldn't have bought it, for it is miles too light for the rough times I give clothes, but I just couldn't resist it. You fellows who take size 5 can queue up for the loan of it when I return, unless, of course, it's too dirty for human beings by then. It's not often I get enthusiastic about clothes, is it? On Sunday fortnight I'm commissioned to take Merve to Alectown, near Parkes. He has friends near there, & though I really don't want the trip, having been there before, since I feel obligated to Merve, who has been very decent to me & has given hoping for nothing in return, as hereinbefore stated, I'm going.

Nothing noteworthy has occurred, except that I have antagonized a couple of the parents by insisting that their kids should clean. Funny thing! I haven't whacked any of them for dirtiness, either. It doesn't matter, anyhow. I don't have to live anywhere near them, & they can't do anything about it, for I've kept within the regulations. I don't mind half the kids being dirty, say, once a week, but it's a bit thick when three quarters of them are dirty every day. Nobody is so very hostile, you know; I haven't had ructions.

The men are definitely for me. Arthur.

P.S. I thought I had better explain, or some of you would have visions of hordes of half-castes lined up at the school door, each vying with the other for the pleasure & privilege of wringing my neck. No such thing, you. I have received a fairly polite noles assuring me that their kids weren't all dirty; they just looked dirty because of their brown skins. I was sufficiently tactful not to ask them to account for the fact that what looked like dirt invariably washed off when I had a go with them at them, & that the kids, on occasions, have cheerfully admitted that they hadn't washed themselves for a week. Let's forget about them. They don't worry me a bit. The kids are fairly clean now, anyhow.

About our Christmas trips. Have you decided who goes where. I'd suggest for Dad a trip to Brisbane, taking about 3 days in the Austin, a couple of days in Brisbane, to Tooowoomba via Ipswich, from there through Warwick to the New England tableland & home. We could do it in a fortnight, but you can take 3 weeks if you like.

For Mum, my suggestion is:- South as far as, say, Moruya, via Braidwood to Canberra, thence through Goulburn to Sydney. You can please yourselves. I'd even go to silly old Broken Hill (I never did have much sense) & not moan about it. Please,
don't let this prompt you to want to go to MilpaBruka. If you can make up your minds when, I'd like you to tell me of your decision. There's no need to submit your scheme to me for ratification; I'll fall in with your wishes whatever they are. I make one proviso, though: we go in the Austin. I break up on Dec. 15th, & will be at home on or about the 17th. After you have made your plans I can plan the rest of the holidays. Arthur."

Mon. Oct. 30. 1939. Walter went back to Sydney yesterday. In the afternoon Jose took me in his car to the Islington park, where I heard Mrs. Longworth & several men speak about the war & compulsory military training. The meeting was poorly attended. A much condensed report of the speeches appears in the Newcastle Herald this morning. This is a clear, bright day. Jose had charge of the Mayfield Army meeting last night as the officers are on furlough. Not many were present.

Fri. Nov. 2, 1939. To-day I have sent a copy of my note on page 21 to Mr, P. Pogson, the acting deputy commissioner of old age & invalid pensions & added the following:-- I have not only received no reply to that note, but have receive a cheque for £ 2 that belongs to Richard McGrath, which I am returning with this. Please let me know what I am to do with the cheque for £ 1-13-9 that was paid in excess last pension day".

Florence went to Dungog on Wednesday (31) to nurse someone who lives near the railway station. Fred has finished the painting of our house, & is to work somewhere with Charlie shortly.

The war news is that Russia will not fight for Germany against France & Britain. That saves the British empire.

Sat. Nov. 4, 1939. This morning I sent 2 entries for the Persil Competition. The first is:-- Said Maud to Claude, What all applaud-- The cleanser universal That makes frocks shine Indeed, like mine-- Is Mother's idol, Persil !"

The other entry is:-- "Persil tell you it's Persil!" The next entry will probably be:-- "Don't be iggerant, Claude, it's persil wot gives white frock's that schoolgirl complexiveness!". Also this:-- Well, stone the crows ! That question shows You're just a pencil-biter; It's Persil suds that cleanses duds And makes all white clothes whiter.

Mon. Nov. 6, 1939. Yesterday afternoon Jose took me to the Islington Park again, where I heard speeches from young Dave Watkins, Mr. Franklin, Mr. Cram, Mr. Williams, & Mr. Wilson, on the war & compulsory military training, which they all
condemned. I met Mr. J. Skillicorn & gave him 2/- to pay postage of "Common Cause" to me.
In the evening Jose took me to the Christadelphian church near Birdwood Park, where we heard a lecture or sermon on the fulfilment of prophesy by the return of Jews to Palestine. Yesterday was a lovely day.
I have written the following letter to Mrs. Charlotte Slo ne, who is one of Steve Giles' daughters:

"To Mrs. O. Slone, 50 Capel street, West Melbourne, Vic.
Dear Cousin Charlotte, It is several years since I had the pleasure of writing to you, but now, having received your address from Cousin Selina Murphy, I take this opportunity to write again to you to inquire how you are faring in this world of want & war. When you last favoured me with a letter you were at Broken Hill; so I was a little surprised that you are now living in Melbourne. If I had known last Christmas that you were in Melbourne I would certainly have visited you, as my wife, daughter, youngest son, & myself took advantage of Arthur having a long vacation from school-teaching, & had a 3 weeks' tour by car through N.S.W., S.A., & Victoria. We were in Melbourne last January & might have passed you in the crowded street without recognising you, & you may have seen us then without knowing us, for time makes slow but great changes in our faces & sometimes in our affections. I can remember you as a little girl; & I can sit & see a mental picture of the old home where you lived. Indeed I can see, in my day-dreams, the homes & faces of friends & loved ones who have gone awhile from sight. We could also have visited your sister Mary, who lives at 5 Victoria street, Glenelg. In fact, while I was resting at the Adelaide People's Palace my wife, son, & daughter visited Port Adelaide, & we could have all visited Mary. Any how, it is good to know that you are both still in the land of the living, & I hope you are well & as happy as it is possible to be in a land of wage-slavery, unemployment, poverty, & idiotic warfare.
A stranger from the planet Mars would almost think that this Earth is the lunatic asylum of the universe when he learned that, despite the solemn fact that there are many diseases & disasters that prematurely destroy thousands of people, millions of stupid men will go cheerfully thousands of miles to kill or be killed. For many hundreds of years the rulers of nations have set up a fetish called Militarism, & have cunningly taught their subjects to honour & almost worship it. Jingo parsons set up so-called "Honour Rolls" near their pulpits or on their walls to publicly honour those who defied or ignored the Commandment, "Thou shalt not kill". And now the moneyed few who own & control the earth have started another wicked war in brazen defiance of Jesus Christ & Almighty God. Soon more crocodile tears will
be shed by padres & parsons over those whom they have enticed to their graves. More "sacred" anzac days will be set apart for the purpose of glorifying war & warriors. Will the people ever see & understand that, in spite of thousands of wars, they are hewers of wood & drawers of water for the crafty few who own the planet? You will see by this that I am not howling for blood, but am an ardent advocate of universal peace. There is really no need for one worker to murder another to please the warmongers who never stop bullets themselves. I hope that none of our tribe have been butchered in the last war to end war, & I hope none will have their names on new "honor" rolls.

Perhaps I should not write in this strain, Charlotte, for you may hold an opinion on warfare that is exactly opposite to mine. So, if I have hurt you I apologise.

While we were on our tour we called on Selina & found her living a lonely life in her own house in Digby street, Kadina. I was delighted to see her, & she was glad to meet me again after so many years of separation. At Wallaroo Bay I inquired for the Brickmans -- Harry & Maria -- but found that they had passed over to the great, silent majority.

Dear old Harry! I shall never forget those old days when we were young & used to ramble about the Bay together, Aunt Maria always made us boys welcome at her place, & George was always hospitable & cheerful. Notwithstanding our intense poverty, I think that our young days were our happiest days. We lived in blissful ignorance of the fact that slavery & poverty were imposed upon us by the greed & craftiness of a few moneyed men. We did not know then that we were born with rights to life, liberty, & happiness, which were denied to us. So we lived all our young lives in a fools' paradise. But now our wisdom teeth have come, & we realise the saddening fact that we have wasted our lives in hard labour & suffered needless poverty, not because the earth did not produce enough of everything, but because the workers ignorantly allowed a few to monopolise the land & the wealth that it produced. I feel that it is only since I became too old to continue producing wealth for the wealthy that I have really lived in peace & commorative freedom.

I am now 72 years of age, & my wife is 7 years younger. We are blessed by having 6 good sons & a good daughter. We also own the good new house that we live in; & all that we want now to make us supremely happy is good health, which, unfortunately, I do not possess. My trouble since before last Christmas has been Bright's disease of the kidneys. I have to drink barley water (like "uncle Clarence" in Dad & Dave) & take plenty of medicine, but I am a long way from being well. However, I can still walk short dista
noes & do a little work about the house & garden. I do not suffer much pain, & I can eat well & sleep soundly; so I am still hoping to get rid of this ailment.

I hope that you, too, are in comfortable circumstances & that you do not want for anything. Four of our six sons are in good positions. Jose (the eldest) is foreman of the blast furnace electricians at the B.H.P. steel works; & he has a good wife & 3 children, & they live in their own house not far from ours. Our son Jack is one of the foremen at the B.H.P coke ovens at Port Kembla, & has a wife & 3 children. Our son Walter is a designing engineer & draughtsman in a Government department in Sydney. He is not married. Our youngest son, Arthur, is at present school-teaching at a little place called Gin Gin, a few miles north of Trangie, which is near the Western line that runs to Cobar. Our sons, Charlie & Fred, are carpenters & painters. They are also single. Our only daughter, Florence Ellen, is a trained nurse. She goes out nursing patients all over the State, but she is mostly employed at the Mater hospital at Waverley. It is a Roman Catholic institution. It is visible from our front door. Our house is situated on the Western outskirts of Mayfield West, & the busy Maitland road is before our front.

Now that I have given you a brief description of our family, I would like to know something of you & yours, & how the world has been using you since I last met you. Some fine day we may meet again, for motor cars run a long way in a little time. It is not like our young days when a lot of travelling was done in waggons & spring carts. Arthur wants me to go with him, by car, to Brisbane next Christmas time, when he will have 6 weeks holiday. If I feel better I may go with him as I have never seen Brisbane. During Arthur's last holidays he went on the tourist steamer "Oronto" to New Guinea, & enjoyed the trip immensely. Four of our sons have a car each & during their holidays they generally go for a long trip somewhere.

Well, I must not be as long-winded as poor old Jabez Dodd, so I will let this suffice for the time. Please do not be too long in replying. Frequent correspondence may benefit us both, & it is always pleasant to receive a letter from one we love. I don't expect a long letter from you, but just a few lines sometimes to that you have not forgotten us.

I also intend to write to Mary shortly. If you can tell us where a letter will find Emily Matthews, who lived at Wallaroo Mines, I would be glad of the information. We have not heard from her for many years. Yours fraternally, Josiah Cooking.

P.S. As one of my friends in Adelaide told me that he had written an article for the paper called "The Pensioner", which is published in Melbourne, I wrote to the editor for a copy if this month's issue, but, not knowing the full & proper
address, I could only address it to Melbourne, expecting the postmen to deliver it to the proper place. No reply has come from the editor; so, if it is not asking you to do too much, I would like you to procure a copy of this month's "Pensioner" & send it to me. And while you are inquiring for that paper I would like you to also find & send me the address of a paper called "The Labor Call, which I believe is also printed & published in Melbourne. I am enclosing postage for the papers. Joe Cocking.

I enclosed a postcard view looking from our front door.

Wed. Nov. 8, 1939. This morning we were visited by Jack, Gladys, & the children, on their way home from Dungog, where they went on Monday to attend the funeral of Gladys' aunt--Mrs. Rose--Mrs. Bob's brother's wife, who died suddenly through heart failure. They were all well, & young John has the plaster of Paris off his right arm now. They went away this morning. Walter has sent me 2 copies of "Grit", the Sydney prohibition paper.

Fri. Nov. 10, 1939. Yesterday I went to the Co-op store & got the dividend, & got 2 ribbons for our typewriter. Last night Charlie & several musicians met at our place for practice & made a horrible din for hours. It made me feel quite ill. This morning I have written 2 more entries for the Persil Competition, which are as follows: -- 1. Don't be iggerant, Claude, it's Persil wot gives white frocks that school-girl complexiveness! 2. Well, stonc the crows! That question shows You're just a pencil biter; It's Persil suds that cleanses duds And makes all white clothes whiter!"

This week's issue of "Common Cause" contains my verses, "Piecrust Promises". Yesterday we received the following letter from Arthur: -- "Post Office, Trangie, Friday. Dear Folks, The weather is hot & enervating as only a Western day can be; even the blowflies seem listless: the air holds a promise of rain which we probably won't get; in short the day is a real Sally, (a perfect cow).

I feel like thanking God that I am not like other folks when I think of the poor brutes working 12 & 14 hours a day in heat like this. Everyone is haymaking now, you know, & it's pretty hard, hot work. Just the same, if I were in Kickabil now I'd be out haydigging as soon as school were over. I miss the exercise. Up till now things out here have been looking pretty good, but the grass & the garden plants are dying &
drying & dying off now. By the way, I had something like a
garden here a few weeks ago. You should have seen the poppi
Some day, at this rate, I'll be able to teach the little
darlings (as some say) all about the garden instead of
them "learning" me.

I haven't been to Parkes as I said: I'm going on a Sunday,
D. V. Last Saturday we were feeling a little bit energe
tic (by we I'm not implying the royal plural) my I mean my
room mate & I. We only had push bikes to convey us, & she wa
a mighty hot afternoon, but we thought we'd try a bit of
fishing at the good old Gin Gin Bridge. In case you're a
bit rusty on the geography of these parts, I'd better tell
you that the bridge is 10 miles from Trangie. Why didn't we

go in the Austin? She was in dock. Two of the 3 studs
holding the back wheel on had broken. I rode the bike to
school for about a week & feel the benefit of the exercise.
I was talking of our fishing trip, wasn't I? And I'm the
blonde who roars up the kids for rambling in their composi-
tions. Well what about the trip. I'm coming to it. We did
the ten miles in about an hour's hard pushing, for the wind
was against us. Rastus, our pointer, came with us. By the
time we got to the river old Ras was pretty nearly knocked
up. We fished all the afternoon with nothing to bring back
except the tale of the one that got away. He really WAS a
whopper, too. The prospect of riding back in the heat of
the evening didn't exactly thrill us, for the wind had fallen
but we soon brightened up, for a lorry came by after we
had gone about a mile, & took us into town. You should
have seen the poor old hound the next day. He
had worm the skin
off both his front feet, so Huggings had to spend about
half an hour bathing his tootsies with Condy's fluid. He's
OKE now. You didn't tell me clearly about the trips during
the holidays. I'm sorry Dad doesn't want to go in the Aus-
tin, but I can't see any alternative. May he or any of you
can see any other way of taking the trip. If you can let's
know. I withdraw my proviso, for I'll take him in a tip
dray if he wants to go. A bed only costs about 3/- per ni-
ght. I'm pretty sure any other car would cost well over six
bob more per day to run compared with the good old Austin.
However, prejudices are prejudices, & if we can arrange any
other way I'm quite willing to forget mine.
I don't want Mum or Dad to feel obliged to go away with me;
I only want to take you if you want to go. Yours Arthur.

Tues. Feb. 17, 1940. To-day we received the following let-
ter from Arthur:

"Pairs Place, Sunday Night. Folks. It is a typical Western
afternoon, a shave later might be a good idea, but just at
the moment my conscience is pricking me because I haven't
Mon. Nov. 13, 1939. Yesterday afternoon Jose drove me over to Islington Park, where I expected to meet Mr. Skillcorn with some "Common Causes", but I did not see him. I listened to several speakers who described the world-situation & dealt with the imposition of compulsory military service by the Menzies government. Jose brought me home again in the evening. Florence came home on Saturday, but only for the day, & went back to Dunroig at night. Yesterday morning I wrote the following verses:

WALKER'S WARRIORS.

"Central Methodist Mission. Sunday.--- Any visiting soldiers will be cordially welcomed to these services. Rev. F. Trafford Walker". Daily paper, 11/11/39.

I wonder will this parson preach
On laws that Jesus used to teach
In wonderful orations,--
"Thou shalt not steal", "Thou shalt NOT kill",
And those divine Commands that still
Apply to men and nations?

Will Walker homicide applaud
And say that Jesus was a fraud
Who hid, in language polished,
The "fact", from thronging friends & foes
Who listened to his words, that those
Old statutes were ABOLISHED?

Has he the hardihood to say
That Christians now may maim & slay
And set poor widows weeping?
Will he declare Christ loves it well
When heroes drop a bomb or shell
On babies who are sleeping?

If Jesus is the "Prince of Peace"
He surely wills that wars should cease:
And nought could be absurder
Than statements that the peaceful Lord
Would eulogise the dripping sword
Or sanction wholesale murder!

If not, can preachers reconcile,
By means of unctuous craft & guile,
The patent contradiction
Between the "Peace" that Christ did teach,
And "War" that martial parsons preach
With simulant conviction?

Will Walker pray, while heads are bowed,
That brutal warfare be allowed
To saints who follow Jesus,
Provided that the war is waged
By Christians who are all engaged
To guard the wealth of Croesus?

If "Peace" is wrong, then War is right,
And Jingo parsons ought to fight,
Despite of mourning mothers,
And play Hell's game of stopping lead
Among the dying & the dead,
Instead of stopping mothers, urging others.

They ought to show no fear nor shame
In playing War's infernal game,
And, flouting Christ's injunction
To love their foes for evermore,
They ought to shed their Foemen's gore
Without the least compunction.

Since Menzies, Chamberlain, & Bill
Refused to rush away to kill,
Or on Commandments trample,
I wonder will this parson fear
To tell the youthful men who hear
To follow their example?

Will Walker tell the welcome news
To soldiers in the sacred pews
That, fearless of disaster,
In future he's resolved to tell
The naked truth that "War is Hell"
And hated by his Master?

Sent to "Common Cause" Herald 13/11/39.
Also 6d in stamps for C.C.
To day I received the following letter from Pat O'Grady:
"58 Hanson St. Adelaide, S.A. Nov. 9, 1939. To Mr. J.
Cooking, 331, Maitland Rd., Mayfield West, Newcastle, N.S.W.
Dear Joe & Mrs. Cooking, Your very welcome letter of 17/10/39
to hand, & I am not sure whether I should be too communicati
in reply, seeing that you are compiling a diary of the letter
of your friends with a view, I suppose, of later on having
it published in book form. Anyhow, I am going to be careful
lest I am caught napping. I am sorry, Joe, that I neglected
to inform myself of the name of the Newcastle friend whom I
met in the Army ring at Adelaide. The Cooking he recalled
must be, as you say, your brother. The main thing is that
we are in touch again. I am not a bit surprised that you w
were forced out of the Army. The Army is, in my opinion, just as good as any other "Christian" body, but no better. But without intending anything in the way of fulsome flattery, I am of the opinion that Joe Cocking is far too good and sincere a Christian to be mixed up with any "body" pretending to be Christian. There are a few sincere individuals in existence, I am sure, but no "bodies". And I am proud to say that I have a friend who comes under that category. But it is useless you, or any other, trying to bring about a rejuvenated Christianity, because that would be an impossibility. When Christianity was inaugurated, Joe, those on the spot and within reach were a kindly, simple lot; and as society became more complex it became more selfish until religion became an empty shell. Now, first try to imagine a people carrying out the teachings of Christ!

Love your neighbour as yourself; do good to those that hate you; if one asks you for your coat, give it, and your cloak also; Resist not evil; &c., &c., &c. My dear Joe, what's the use of telling you that Capitalism got well there and captured what is generically called "The Christian Church" as soon as it was ready to grab the major portion of the goods produced by the individual Christian workers; you already know it—knew it long before I did. Indeed it was you who taught me the hideous fact. And do you for a moment believe that, having secured a stranglehold on us through the agency and aid of the church they pinched from us, they will let up on us, if we just refuse to allow our younglings to fight for them?

Forget it, Joe! And by all means be yourself, as near a Christian as possible. Is this what I call being careful of what I communicate to you lest I am caught napping? Never mind, let it go.

I am sorry to learn that, although the rest of the family are enjoying good health, you are "enjoying" poor health, but slowly improving. Well, it could be worse, and I hope is much better by now. Be careful with that barley-water, especially if an infusion of hops and sugar is added thereto. They say such a mixture is not good for old Bright's disease. Yes, Joe, I have at last a very comfortable home, and let me say that it must be something unusual that will make me quit it.

Now, Joe, I thank you for those papers you send about every week. But why that Adelaide rag? That is not a Labor paper. Not even an apology for one. The editor is a good fellow, but not a journalist, worse luck; but the gang who boss him wants booting out of it, but who is going to do it? If you continue to send it, I must retaliate by sending you a small shipment of coal. But the "Tribune" and "Common Cause" are good. But please discontinue the Herald. If you fail to get a copy of Nov. Pensioner I shall be glad to forward you one. My first contribution to it is, like
most first contributions, a bit sickly, but if they print the one I sent for some future issue I am thinking it will cut a little more ice. Oh, yes, I forgot to say look for Oh, Gee !, my pen-name in the "Pensioner". I am glad to learn that your son Walt is doing so well in the city. I again congratulate you & their mother on having such clever & good children. They are a credit to you both. As I got that book, "Pilgrim Father" that you so kindly sent me I did not need to send you that post-card you asked me to send if I did not get it (looks a bit Irish, that). Thanks, Joe, I can always rely on a book you send. One of these odd fortnights I will send you a good one, too. I have a few that are readable. There was no need for a peace-offering, either.

Now, my friends, I must close. It is quite useless my trying to adequately answer your letters, they are so lengthy, until I get a typewriter. I am sure I have missed a few matters I should have touched on.

Oh, yes, I am not going to Sydney. My daughter & grand children would like me to, but the sea journey would be too trying & the train too costly. So I will stay till the end in little old Adelaide. Love to all from your sincere friend, P.O'Grady, 68 Hanson st. Adelaide, S.A.

P. S. Hanson street is that which Mrs. O. took us in for a cool drink that hot day when you called on me. Remember?

Tues. Nov. 14, 1939. This afternoon we received the following letter from Lottie Slone:--

"50 Capel Street, West Melbourne, Nov. 12, 1939.

Dear Cousin, Just a few lines in answer to your ever welcome letter, which I received a few days ago, & was very pleased to get a letter from you after so many years. Well, I am not keeping too bad in health of late, for which I am very thankful, & thank God he has given me good health. Well, I do hope you are much better by the time this letter reaches you. Well, you see I am a war-widow; I have been a widow since 1917. I have no family, & I have no one of my own this side of South Australia--- that's where my old sister, Mrs. Mary Terrell lives. I had 2 brothers: one is called Stephen Giles; he lives in Broken Hill. My old dear brother died some few years ago. They both are returned men. I was home to see my sister about 3 years ago, up at Broken Hill. My dear mother & father, sister & brother I never saw for many years. I am like my brother Stephen--- I just love to go from one place to another. I get a pension of £ 2 one shilling a fortnight; it's not a great deal, but I am quite happy in my own way. I am very thankful to God for giving me my health, & that's a good deal in life. My word, you have some good sons & a good daughter. This war is a cruel thing; it's no good to anyone. My poor
THE DESIRE FOR PEACE

"I believe we want peace more than we hate war," said Rev. F. Trafford Wilkin, who preached at the Central Methodist Mission yesterday morning. "Our revulsion against war is only a part of the reason why we want peace and not the biggest part. We desire peace not merely because we hate war, but because the whole trend of our life is ordered along peaceful lines. War for us is an interruption of what we consider and expect to be the normal and natural state. At the same time the religious background of our life and thought of this peoples adds Christian significance to the peace we love. It is a mistake when people allow their hatred of war to take the place of their love of peace. Instead of gazing so fixedly at the horrors of war they should look more earnestly at the infinite values and possibilities that peace contains. They are far too precious to be twisted or broken and destroyed. It is better to face an operation however distressing temporarily it may be rather than be crippled or maimed for life.

The issue at stake today is more than country or Empire, it is something more than freedom, it is peace. Peace to worship God, to live as Christian men and women, to enjoy our life in a friendly, happy home where liberty and truth and justice and mercy are respected and freedom is cherished. Peace that will leave us free to think and speak for ourselves, to believe and obey the best teaching we can find. It is the more Christian elements in this peace we love that are threatened today and that have risen in defense.

"This has been described as 'the strangest of all wars.' Strange because there has never been a war before that people on both sides wanted less, or one that was so out of accord with the spirit, of the times. In this country there is much more healthy and Christian attitude towards it. Far from harboring any hatred or bitter ennui we are heartily sorry that it has had to come to this, and earnestly hope that it will soon be over. It may be that there is more of the Christian spirit behind the strangeness of this war than has yet been realized—the spirit that some day must triumph over enmity and hatred, greed and selfishness if we are ever to find an end of war."

P.S. The lady sitting down in the photo is myself, with my cousin Charlotte Stone. The 2 girls are both grown up now. They are here for Christmas.
Wed. Nov. 15, 1939. To day I wrote a letter to Miss Edna Davies, whose mother has just died of cancer, & I quoted the poem "Is God Cruel, on page 113 of the diary from Aug. 21, 1933 to April 1934.

DAVIES—The Relatives and Friends of Mr. HERBERT DAVIES, Mrs. R. GIBSON and FAMILY, Misses MARY and EDNA DAVIES are invited to attend the funeral of their late beloved Wife, Mother, Mother-in-law and Grandmother respectively, ELIZABETH DAVIES, to move from her late residence, 80 Northumberland-street, Maryville, This Afternoon, at 3 o'clock, for Sandgate Cemetery. Motor funeral. Friends please travel by usual funeral train.

Fri. Nov. 17, 1939. Yesterday I wrote a letter to Mary Terrell, of 5 Victoria Street, Glenelg, S.A., & enclosed a photo of Liz Jane the view from near the Mater hospital. This morning I wrote a note to Walter asking him to get 6 "Common Causes" of the 11th Form. Jose is for the doctor this morning as Noel has been suffering from ear-ache all last night.

Sat. Nov. 18, 1939. Noel had a painless sleep, & the doctor said there will be no need of a mastoid operation. Daphne has a bad cold, so Ivy is keeping her in bed all day.

This afternoon I received 6 copies of "Common Cause" of Nov. 11, from Kyle House, so I suppose Walter had them sent.

Fred & I straightened up our Western fence, as it had partly blown over. I posted some papers to Pat O'Grady, & a "Wide World Magazine" to brother Bob. I feel better to day than I have for a long time. The days are getting warmer now, & the weeds & vegetables are growing quickly. Much of our fruit has been blown off our trees by strong Westerly winds.

I am still engaged in typing out my old diaries & letters into new books. The war is almost at a standstill, partly because the weather is too cold & wet to carry on the stupid game of mutual murder, & partly because neither side is very proud to engaged in such imbecility. Some ships are being sunk by both sides, but no great land battle or naval engagement has yet been fought. The workers may yet shame the so-called "statesmen" out of the whole silly enterprise. Jose has got everything ready to take a trip somewhere, but the children's illness is likely to detain him. Charlie is still doing the music lessons that Miss Welford set him, & he is making some progress on the piano.
Common Cause

Pie-crust Promises.

"The Prime Minister announced that compulsory military training would be introduced in Australia."—Daily paper, 21/10/1939.

Did not we hear, distinct and clear,  
A pie-crust promise spoken  
On honor bright, to guard the right?  
But now, alas! it's broken!

Soon once again the young must train  
To kill with bombs and rifles,  
And march away to die or slay;  
For youngsters' rights are trifles.

Whose wrathful tongue will aid the young  
And challenge Bob's decision  
To rob the boys of harmless joys  
And treat them with derision?

No gang has right to use its might  
To trample on another,  
Despite the call for men to fall  
Or slay a foreign brother.

Though fighting Macs and jingo Jacks  
Compulsion have applauded,  
Yet, when coerced and loudly cursed,  
The lads will be defrauded.

They all have right to life's delight;  
And what sane boy is willing  
To lose a day of peaceful play  
To learn the trade of killing?

Too long coerced and cowed and cursed  
By boors in khaki clothing,  
Boys' anger burned until they turned  
From drills with scornful loathing.

With heavy packs upon their backs  
And rifles on their shoulders,  
The lads were drilled till pity filled  
The hearts of kind beholders.

It's more than time this callous crime  
Against the sons we cherish  
Were banned and barred without regard  
To autocrats who perish.

Will now the Dads of threatened lads  
Regard their sons' condition  
And stand like rocks, combined to block  
This cruel imposition?

Will Labor take this yoke, or make  
A protest strong and hearty,  
And quickly fight to guard boys' right,  
Like Scullin's noble Party?

Let's show Bob's crowd it's not allowed  
That Menzies, Hughes, and Peedom  
Shall make boys train for war again  
And rob them of their freedom.

This fact is clear: though freedom's dear,  
It's wrong and stupid, rather,  
To rob a lad of all he had  
To give it to his father.

Will every man oppose this plan  
With anger and revulsion  
And blunt the edge of Menzies' wedge—  
Conscription and compulsion?

—"Capsicum."
Mon. Nov. 20, 1939. Yesterday Jose took me over to Islington Park. I bought a copy of "The Tribune" & the "Communist Review", & listened to speeches by Jack Wilson, Mrs. Isabel Longworth & others on world politics & compulsory military training. Jose called again about 5 p.m. & brought me home. The children are almost well again.

(New Ribbon). On Saturday morning I wrote the following verses, except the last 2:

WHAT WE SHOULD SCRAP.

We're living on a fertile earth
Where servitude, & want, & death,
Deception & extortion,
And all the giant ills, indeed,
Now suffered through our masters' greed
Need never be our portion.

There's ample room & wealth for all
Who struggle on this earth
To gain a bare existence;
But, ignorantly uncombined,
To rogues who rob all mankind
We offer weak resistance.

Let's scrap resolves to be content
To let our lives be spent
In servitude & sorrow;
Let's scrap divisions & combine,
Then land & wealth, from Pole to Pole,
We may possess to-morrow.

Let's scrap monopoly of land
And make the landless understand
Their native rights & powers
To repose the stolen soil,
And wealth produced by slaves who toil
In showers.

Let's scrap the apathy that kills
All movements to assert the wills
And inborn rights of workers;
Let's scrap subservience that asks
Not rights, but ill-remitted tasks
Of avaricious shirkers.

Let's scrap our patriotic pride & pride
In hellish, wholesale homicide
Of victims of oppression
To benefit rapacious bands
Who "legally" annexed the lands
And still retain possession.
Jan.5, 1902, Money, by Count Leo Tolstoi. 100 pages.
Jan. 5, 1902, Man And Woman: Their Respective Functions. by Tolstoi.
Jan. 5, 1902, The Mother. by Tolstoi. Jan. 6, 1902, Father
Matthews, His Life & Its Lessons, by L. Gane.
Feb. 27, 1902, Water-Weeds & Sunbeams. by Mrs. C. Brent.
May 30, 1902, Facts About The Transvaal. 24 pages by Arthur Griffith, M.P.
June 19, 1902, Plutocracy Or Nationalism, Which ?. 30 pages by Ed. Bellamy.
June 26, 1902, Socialists In French Municipalities. by C. H. Kerr.
Aug. 20, 1902, Would Christ Belong To A Labor Union ?. by C. J. Myers, D. D.
Nov. 3, 1902, A Tour Round The World In 80 Days. by Jules Verne.
Jan. 19, 1903, The Devil's Legacy To Earth Mortals. 80 p.
Feb. 1901, England's Ideal. by E. Carpenter.
May, 1901, Richard Bruce. 313 p. by Chas. M. Sheldon.
May 4, 1901, A Temperance Reading Book. 149 p. by John Ingham.
June 29, 1901, Sketchy Characters Of Goldfields Life. 32 p. by C. Hamb.
Aug. 1901, Lectures On Heroes; Chartism; Past & Present. by T. Carlyle.
Sep. 9, 1901, The House We Live In. 218 p. by Vesta J. Farsworth.
Oct. 23, 1901, Ancient Empires: Their Origin, Succession, & Results. 425 pages.
Oct. 30, 1901, His Brother's Keeper. 300 p. by C. M. Sheldon.
Nov. 6, 1901, The Great Problems Of Our Great Towns. 19 pages.
Nov. 28, 1901, The Pillar Of Fire, Or Israel In Bondage. 376 p. by J. H. Ingraham.
Dec. 7, 1901, Vestiges Of The Natural History Of Creation. 266 p. by J. S. Fardner.
Dec. 12, 1901, Britain's Social State. 252 p. by D. Lewis.
Dec. 16, 1901, Corruplency And The Cure. 54 p. by F. C. Russell.
Dec. 27, 1901, Mental Therapeutics. 139 p. by W. J. Colville.
Dec. 31, 1901, The Land Question. 64 p. by Henry George.
Feb. 1, 1903, The Prince Of The House Of David. 326 p. by...
Compulsory Military Training

Shacks which constituted an unemployed camp at Mayfield, N.S.W. Most of them have been removed to form a similar camp at Waratah.

Come, all who dwell within these shacks,
And you who tramp the dusty tracks
With hot “Matildas” on your backs
In search of some employment,
Come, drop your empty waterbags;
Sit down upon your heavy swags
And listen while you brush your targs—
Here’s news for your enjoyment.

The Governments that now control
The mighty empire as a whole
Are anxious that you should enrol
And learn the art of killing

Those foreigners who starve in camps,
Or go on master-seeking tramps,
Although the poor conscripted scamps
Are horribly unwilling.

Regardless of all truth and right,
The rulers, by their legal might,
Will force your sons to train to fight
For thieves who dwell in mansions:
They’ll force you all to wield the blade
That takes and holds the marts for trade
For which all masters’ wars are made
And empires seek expansions.

Although they own no inch of soil
And are denied the chance to toil,
Your sons will be compelled to spoil
Their lives by martial training.
Be careful, though, for love of Mike!
Do not rebel, nor go on strike,
For all Conscriptionists dislike
Rebellion and complaining.

It’s time you sleepy parents woke
And with a voice of thunder spoke,
Or blasted with a light’ning stroke
Conscriptionists to Needham.
Combine to save your helpless boys
From sly Imperialist decoys
And each impostor who destroys
The youngsters’ rights and freedom.

Arise and dump the “clever” crew
Whose legislation for the Few
Produced the grand results you view:
Yet they’ve the cool effront’ry
To tell the very men they rob
To give their sons to Bill and Bob
To do their Masters’ dirty job
And save their bleeding country.

And each impostor that destroys
The youngsters' rights & freedom.

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Whose legislation for the Few
Produced the grand results you view;
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And save their bleeding country.

Sent to "common-Cause" with view if part of Mayfield camp & "Compulsory Military Training", & "What We Should Scrap". 25/11/1939. Also view of whole camp & same verses to the "Workers' Weekly Herald". (Printed in "C. Cause", 13/1/40.

Mon. Nov. 27, 1939. Last Friday night Walter came home by himself in his car, and brought 6 copies of the Nov. 11th issue of "Common Cause". He took Mum in his car to Dungog on Saturday morning, & they called on Florence & brought her home, but she returned to Dungog by train on Saturday night. The papers announce the death of Mr. J.J. Skillicorn last week. He was a great letter-writer in defence of truth and right. Jose, Ivy, & the children had been camped at Brandon Grove, but when Walt & Mum got there on Saturday they found that Jose & party had left, probably for Foster.

I have written the following verses & pasted them in a copy of Kendall's poems that I intend to send to brother Bob:

Aesthetic Poets.

Oppression, servitude, and fears,
Injustice and decay,
Afflicted men in by-gone years,
And torture men to-day.

Yet Poets write aesthetic songs
Of flowered hill and glen,
Ignoring all the cruel wrongs
Imposed on working men.

All sympathy I fail to trace
In bards of Kendall's kind:
To evils that afflict the race
They seem deaf, dumb, and blind.

Kind thoughts of fellowship they spurn,
Devoid of care or shame,
And fiddle while the nations burn
In War's infernal flame.
Those poets close their eyes and dream
Of sunset hues and dyes;
Regardless of the floods that stream
From human hearts and eyes.

While nations perish poets still
Their vapid verses pen,
Though landless armies rush to kill
Their plundered fellow men!

I have no reverence for those
Whose talents are employed
To write a sonnet to a rose
While children are destroyed.

Let poets of these modern times
Defend the plundered mob
And advertise the callous crimes
Of those who rule and rob.

As all things have their time and place,
'Tis premature indeed
To eulogise old Nature's face
Until all slaves are freed.

Then let the poets write of Spring,
When stupid wars shall cease,
And make the azure welkin ring
With songs of joy and peace.

Jo "L.H." & "W.M.H." 28-11-39.  And To P. 6 & 7./38
I have posted Kendall's poems to Bob, with 3 penny stamps on the book.

Tues. Nov. 28, 1939. I have written a letter to brother Bob
this afternoon & havemade ready to send "Aesthetic Poets" &
to Common Cause & the "Workers' Weekly Herald".

Sat. Dec. 2, 1939. This morning Jim Cocking brought his Dad
to see us, & Bob stayed until 2 p.m., when Jim, Gladys, &
Ethel came & took Bob with them to Belmont.

Mon. Dec. 4. 1939. This afternoon I have written to the
editor of "The Pensioner", room 85, 8th floor, the Strand
Building, 64 Elizabeth street, Melbourne, & enclosed "Pensioners", & a stamp for return if unsuitable.
This morning we receive 2 letters from Art, the first of
them being as follows:- "Trangie, Sunday, Nov. 26, 1939.
Dear Folks, Although I am away from home I feel that I had
better catch to-day's mail, or you'll be thinking I'm dead or something. I have intended writing every day this week but for various reasons I haven't done so. At present I am at Johnson's. I have no longer any feminine attraction down here, but I came for Clarrie's sake. I am under such an obligation to his family, you see. Mrs. Paix continues to mother me. I no longer stay at Merve's place. He became tired of batching and took to boarding. His health is now O.K. I'm still good pals with Merve & his mother, of course I took Mrs. Ewers to the Army last Sunday.
The day is as hot as the one our desert party struck here in January. There may be rain, but I hope for the farmers' sake there won't be. Stripping has been delayed by rain already, & the cookies are getting a bit impatient. To-morrow night we will probably be having a meeting to see if we can get Father Christmas to visit the school. We may even be having a concert, although I don't relish the idea of holding it in a woolshed. There's really nothing to tell except that I'm all right, that I'm quite happy, & that I'm looking forward to coming home for Christmas. Yours Arthur

The other letter is as follows:-
"Trangie, Sunday, Dec. 3, 1939. Dear Folks, I wrote you a letter about a week ago, but, alas! I have carried it about in my pocket ever since. At the moment of going to press (as journalists say) this copy is being typed by yours truly seated in the sun on the typewriter case, with the machine supported on the school tankstand. The village parson is in the schoolroom giving the little heathen of the neighbourhood a bit of religious instruction. Life here lately is easy, and, if not eventful, not unpleasant. Who could help being ?im happy 2 weeks from his holidays? By the way, I was, & of course am still, thinking that if one of you would like to favour me with your company (this isn't sarcastic; I use the word advisedly) I will go home any way you like. The field of selection is narrowed to Chip & Fred, I suppose. If it comes to a pinch I could take both of you, providing you sent your luggage home by train. Will you let me know as soon as you can whether you are coming? Nothing worth writing home about has transpired. I can tell you all the news when I see you. The parents and I met together the other night. They don't think I'm such a bad sort of bloke after all. We're going to have a Christmas tree function and a pretty poor sort of concert. Blame the wind for this crock typing. I hope you can translate this letter into English. Yours Arthur."

The verses that I am sending to "The Pensioner" are:--
PENSIONERS.

We're passing on! We're passing on
We're Passing On; we're Passing On
To where our Friends of Youth have gone
And where we are Expected,
Our Sinking Sun has almost set,
And we shall go, without regret
Our Tasks we have neglected.

We shunned no Pioneering work,
But Laboured hard, from Morn to Murk
Without the least Assistance.
We slept beneath the Open Sky,
We Laboured long to Beautify
The "Future in The Distance ".
That "Distant Future" is the "Now !"
In which we make our Final Bow
Upon Life's Stage of Action,
Where we have Played our Active Parts,
In Scenes of Toil and Finer Arts
With Perfect Satisfaction.

We Cleared the Land; we Ploughed and Sowed;
We Fenced and Built; we Reaped and Mowed,
On Paddock, Farm and Station.
Begrudging neither Time nor Toil,
We Reared upon this Austral Soil
A Strong and Active Nation.

Despite the Spears of Hostile Blacks,
With Heavy Loads upon our Backs,
We Crossed the Rugged Mountains
Enduring Hunger, Thirst and Pains,
To find Extensive, Fertile Plains
And Rivers, Lakes and Fountains.

In Summer's heat and Winter's Cold
We sought and found Elusive Gold.
And Deemed it not Improper
To leave our wives in Lone Abodes,
Whilst we Discovered Seams and Lodes
Of precious Coal and Copper.

We wasted our Time and Health
To Multiply the Country's Wealth
By small Reward or Present.

With Eager Minds and Active Hands
We Toiled to make these Southern Lands
Salubrious and Pleasant.

We laid the Sleepers and the Lines
Through virgin Scrubs of Gum and Pines;
We built the Sturdy Bridges
That span each Seaward moving Stream,
Whose wide and lengthy Waters gleam
Below the Mountain Ridges.

We Pensioners have done Our Best,
And we Deserve and Need a Rest
From strenuous Employment.
As we have made the Nation's Wealth
We now Demand enough for Health
And Rational Enjoyment.

We ask, before our Sun has Set,
That we may Pass without Regret,
Resentment or Disorder.
With Love for Kin we leave behind;
And Faith that we shall surely find
Old Friends Beyond the Border.

"CAPSICUM" 4th December 1939.
We laid the sleepers and the lines
Through virgin scrub of gums and pines;
We built the sturdy bridges
That span each seaward-moving stream
Whose wide and wealthy waters gleam
Below the mountain ridges.

We pensioners have done our best,
And we deserve and need a rest
From strenuous employment.
As we have made the nation's wealth
We now demand enough for health
And rational enjoyment.

We ask, Make pleasant our remaining years,
And let us pass devoid of fears
To meet the just Recorder
With love for kin we leave behind
And faith that we shall surely find
Old friends beyond the border.

_Thur. Dec. 7, 1939._ To-day I wrote the following verses:—
A MODERN PROPHECY.

The time shall certainly arrive
When working men no more shall strive
To better their conditions
By acting as confounded fools
Who manufacture murder-tools
And "perpetrate munitions".

They'll cease to think it's wise & right
That they should be compelled to fight
And be the mad destroyers
Of fellow-slaves in foreign lands,
And stain with blood both souls & hands
To please their "kind" employers.

Enlightened toilers will refuse
To manufacture, lift, or use
Their masters' tools for slaughters,
In countries near, or far away,
Or mutilate, & maim, & slay
Defenceless sons & daughters.

Then working folk, for very shame,
Shall cease to play War's stupid game
Now praised in song & story—
The ghoulish game of taking lives
Of conscript workers & their wives.
For masters' gain & glory.

The workers soon will want to know
What benefits the poor can show
From centuries of battle--
What wealth or freedom they derive
From wars in which they're forced to strive
And bleed like butchered cattle.

War's game has lasted far too long,
And toilers soon will know it's wrong
To nurse the thought that cankers--
The thought of Empire & its pride--
That leads to wholesale homicide
For plutocratic bankers.

Soon men shall wish to know the need
For myriads of men to bleed
While Earth produces plenty
And poverty need punish none
While fertile fields, that hold but one,
Could hold the homes of twenty.

Abundant food, & ample space
Exist upon the planet's face
To house & feed the workers;
There's no necessity for dearth,
But now, alas! the fruitful earth
Is owned by idle shirkers.

Some day the workers will be wise
Enough to freely fraternise,
By colour unrestricted,
With fellow-slaves, to work & plan
To form the "Parliament of Man"
That Tennyson predicted.

This prophecy shall be fulfilled:
The cannons' thunders shall be stilled
And battle-fields forsaken;
All idiotic wars shall cease,
And Earth enjoy eternal peace
When workers all awaken!

To "K.N.H," 1/1/1940

The paper to-day announces the death of Tommy Fryar of Wallsend.
Mon. Dec. 11, 1939. Last Friday night Florence came home from Newcastle, where she did some Christmas shopping, & returned to Dungog by the midnight train. She has received an engagement ring which cost 15 guineas & is studded with diamonds. Mrs Dark, Florence's patient, is now able to walk a little. Joe had decided to leave the Salvation Army because if the military motives & actions of some of the officers & soldiers, but he was persuaded to stay in it. This morning I received the following letter:

"The Australian Pensioners' League. Old Age & Invalid Pty Ltd. Registered Office, 8th Floor, Room 85, "The Strand", 64 Elizabeth Street, Melbourne; 8th Dec. 1939.

Mr. Josiah Cocking, 331 Maitland Road, Newcastle, N.S.W.

Dear Sir, I have to acknowledge receipt of yours of 4th inst., enclosing "verse" for publication in the "Pensioner". The Editor will be pleased to insert this in the next issue but regrets that he is unable to grant a fee for same because all work in connection with the publication is done gratis. He is, however, prepared to forward you a dozen copies of each issue free of charge. Wishing you the compliments of the season, Yours faithfully, C. H. Skinner, Gen. Secretary."

Tues. Dec. 12, 1939. This afternoon Florence arrived home with a sore throat. She procured a nurse from Maitland for her patient before leaving.

I have just received the following letter from Pat O'Grady:

"From P. O'Grady, 68 Hanson Street, Adelaide, S.A. December 9--'39. Dear Joe & Mrs. Cocking, Your very nice letter to hand, & pleased to find thereby that you are all sparkling efficiently, as I am. You say I need not fear that anything in my letters will be printed and published. That may be right & all very well so far as you yourself are concerned, but how about your biographer? Many rather embarrassing things have come to light in biographies in the tragic past, & no doubt there will be also in the light of the mad doings of our masters, national & international-- in the even more tragic future. So, my very good friend, if there is to be a biography, please let it be of the auto variety, gender, or sex. And while I am on the subject of bio. matters let me say that that piece of biographical family history in your last letter gave me something of a thrill. As you rightly observed, no confidences of a family or domestic nature have ever been traded in between us, although-- perhaps because-- we have been such close friends. I think that it is just that mutual respect for each other's right to our inhibitions & reticences that has, perhaps uncons
ously been the main factor in the cementing of our unique friendship. And it was a very interesting sketch of your Mother's life. I had never met any of your family till you & Mrs. Cocking came to Federal Terrace from N.S.W. I had not even ever heard of the existence of such a family. When you returned to Wallaroo Mines I had scarcely been there a year, so I knew very few & was, I am afraid, looked upon as something akin to, if not much worse than, an alien—whatever that might mean. But I found you & your wife—well, different, & "cottoned" to you both. There was nothing "little", such as their spurious patriotism about you. (I learned of the genuine patriotism later when you sent me Francis Wright's verses on "True Patriotism", & have not forgotten them.) Now I have, of course, a history, but I am afraid it is of such a prosaic nature that it would cost me quite an effort to compile it. You have read my little "Biographical Sketch Of a Pioneer" in the S.A "Pensioner's Journal". That will give you an idea of what my life had been prior to coming to the Kingdom of Captain Hancock. Yet I might add just a line or 2 about my well-beloved parents. They were both born in County Clare ("God help us!") Ireland. Apart from listening in to conversations between them & visiting neighbours at our little place at Macclesfield (28 miles S.E. of Adelaide), we heard little or nothing of their past. But I just remember Mother telling us as small children that she & Father married when she was but sixteen, & that she had much difficulty in gaining her parents' necessary consent. But she did succeed in getting it, & with it a good beating. They landed at Geelong, Vic. just about the time the Bendigo & Ballarat gold rushes broke out. Father wanted to be off with the rest; but poor Mother, a girl of 16 in a strange country, with not even an acquaintance, threatened to follow him if she had to do it on foot. So Dad stayed at Geelong. The wages then had jumped to a pound a day, & as that was, to him, an unheard-of wage, he stayed on at hod-carrying, thinking that, I suppose, gold digging could not possibly be much better. Eventually they came to Macclesfield, S.A. where a brother of Dad's had settled some time previously. And that "Bio. Sketch" in the Journal will give you a near enough account of my subsequent life. But all of us except Johnny, who was born at Geelong, were born in S.A. (Dinkum Crow eaters) Johnny died when 12 of diptheria. That is a lovely piece of poetry in your letter: "Aesthetic Poets". I can't make out how you do it. Yet it looks ridiculously easy—to read. I have tried a few times, but I'm not built that way, it seems. I make a start by sketching out a scheme theme; & so far as poetry
is concerned that's the end of it. The thing that's the chief difficulty is the matter of rhyme. What little reason (sense) there is in the dash thing slips clean away when I discover the essential rhyme word & put it in. So I am not scattering any of my better thoughts with senseless "poetry". But you? Oh, carry on; you're it! (Itt). Kendall? I remember an N.S.W. poet I read years & years ago, & it seems to me it is he. Did he not have something to say about what a terrible drunkard he had formerly been? in one of his poems? He had always a good word to say for his late wife." That gentle girl of better days, As timid as a mountain faun Who used to choose in trodden ways To place, at night, her rags in pawn.' And then he lashed himself unmercifully for the brute he had been; & asked something about: "Have I nothing to in extenuation urge?", because of his treatment of her, which, I gathered, helped to bring about her death. And he added: "This much I'll say: The Hell the Christian fears to name Was Heaven to his fierce remorse." Those are the few scraps that remain in my memory, after all those years, probably 50. I just imagine that it was Kendall, & the poem impressed me very much at the time. Although I know those words, "The Hell the Christian fears to name was Heaven to his fierce remorse" jarred on my youthful, sensitive soul, & it strangely still does. Tell me was it Kendall? And, Joe, boy, if so would you type it for me & earn my grateful thanks. I had been intending to give you what may be news to you of a friend of mine from Kadina who is just at present on a visit to her daughter in Adelaide, which daughter is also a friend of mine. Mrs. Tom Huxtable is the daughter, & her visiting mother from Kadina is Mrs. Trows e, formerly Mrs. Silas Vercoe. You mentioned a Mrs. Henry Vercoe in your last letter, but this lady's husband was Sil as Vercoe, whom I knew fairly well. I also knew his wife while he was still at the mines, but I do not know her Christian name. I am wondering if she is known to you. I will be seeing her in a day or 2, & may ask her a question or 2, & yet I may not. Anyhow, I wish you & yours the best of everything here & in any possible hereafter. And while I am about it I am wishing you all the compliments of the season. In my strange, reticent way I wish to remain your very sincere friend, P. O'Grady, 68 Hanson Street, Adelai de, S.A.

P. S. Thanks for the book, "Pilgrim Fathers", which is good. A week or 2 ago I posted you a little book, "Liberty To-Day", by C. E. M. Joad, which is, in my opinion, good. P. O'G."
Wed. Dec. 13, 1939. This morning I have finished writing the following verses:

**WHAT IS POETRY?**

The flower and the fruit of thought
Which Life's vicissitudes have brought
To absolute perfection,
More precious than the sparkling gems
That scintillate on diadems
And that dazzle by reflection.

A poem is the mystic and source
Of that divine compelling force
That moves the minds of nations.
By stirring thoughts, expressed, songs,
From servitude & cruel wrongs
To seek emancipation.

In ancient days and modern times
The poets' soul-impassioned rhymes
Berated lying factions
And lit the blazing torch of Truth,
Enlightening the mind of Youth
And urging Age to action.

In movements for the people's good
Brave poets always foremost stood
With purpose and decision;
Beholding, in the time afar,
Sweet Liberty's ascending star
With clear prophetic vision.

To benefit his fellow-men
A poet uses voice, and pen,
And all poet's powers;
Not poets of the Kendall clan,
But those whose sympathy for Man
Exceeds their love for flowers.

What nations ever yet arose
And burst Oppression's bonds but those
Whose poets have succeeded,
In spite of apathy and doubt
Of those who all predictions flout
In having warnings heeded.

The modern poet's urgent task
Is now to tear the "glory" mask
From War's repulsive features
And reprobate the sin and shame
Of War's insensate wicked game
Of killing fellow creatures.

Let poets write each tuneful lay
And teach the warring world the way
To live a life of leisure
With universal peace & right
And unity its chief delight,
And poetry its treasure.

To J[89]. H[117]., 17/11/40. T[261]. E[121]., 26/11/40

This morning Mum went to Newcastle & bought "Lasseter's Last Ride", 240 pages, by Ion L. Idriess. for 3/6.

Tues. Dec. 19, 1939. This morning Art took the car to Newcastle by himself & had a swim. Afterwards he too Keith & Daphne to Newcastle to swim, & on the way he posted "Lass-iter's Last Ride", & some "Common Causes" & "Communist Reviews" to Pat O'Grady. Florence is not well yet, but she had a call to return to her patient at Dungog, but declined

Tues. Dec. 26, 1939. Since the 19th I have been arranging the letters that I & others wrote in 1907-8 &9 to "The Newcastle Morning Herald" on the Industrial Workers of the World union I finished the job to-day. Art brought young Wilson, the officer's lad, home with him in the car. Walt also came home in his car. They are both well. Walt gave Mum £2 10. Florence came home also as she had a very sore throat & was ill. So they are all at home for the holidays except Jose & Jack who have to work. On the 19th we received the following note from Gladys & Jack:-

"1st Avenue, Warrawong, Mon. 18th. 1939. Dear Mum, The children received their birthday presents safely. John's shirt fits him perfectly, & the girls are thrilled to bits with their dress-lengths: they are lovely, I think they are a sweet pattern. You will find, under separate cover, a small parcel; I hope you receive it safely. I have sent it by post. Jack is working for Christmas, so we will not be going up, so if any of you feel like coming down, come by all means--there is plenty of room & you are welcome at any time. Hoping all are tip-top, & wishing you the compliments of the season, your loving daughter-in-law, Glad. xxxxx Jack & the children send their love."

We have had a lot of Christmas cars sent to us. Cousin Sel-
ina Murphy sent us a card bearing the following words:—
"Greetings & best wishes. Greeting you with all kind tho-
ugus & the best of good wishes for your health & happiness
at Christmas & throughout the coming year." Fro Mrs. S.
Murphy to Joe & family.

41 Digby Street, Kadina.

From Mr. & Mrs. J. Weston, 42 Brown Street, Lithgow, we rece-
ived a card with this message:— Once more the Christmas spirit
Is floating through the air, and people are exchanging
Glad greetings everywhere, & I am sending wishes so cheery & so
gay, the whole world could not wish you a better Christmas
Day." From the boys & Florence I received 3 new books. 1.
"Australia Through The Windscreen", 303 pages by William Hat-
field, 1939. 2."The Coloured Counties",114 pages by Charles
Bradley Ford. 3."Japan Reaches Out", 311 pages by Willard
Price. 10/6. From Grace Cocking we received a card bearing
these words:— "All kindly thoughts at Christmas and sin-
cere good wishes for your happiness in the New Year."

From Muriel Cone we got a card with these words:— "Christmas
greetings & all good wishes for a bright & happy New Year".

Nell, Bob, & Pearl sent a card with this message:— "At Christ-
mas we light our candles at the altar of Remembrance." I
wish you the happiest of Christmas tides & the best of luck
throughout the coming year".

Florrie & Les Duley sent a card with this greeting:—
"Kindest Christmas & New Year greetings. To-day our thoughts ar
meeting in loving Christmas Christmas greeting, & wishes fly
from heart to heart for joys that never shall depart."

And from Daphne a self-decorated card with this message:"A
Merry Christmas. A Happy New Year,To Grandma from Daphne."

Our Christmas gifts were:— To Fred—A portmanteau &
pair of slippers from Mum. A shirt from Art; Trousers from
Walt. Three handkerchiefs & a tie from Florence.
Mum's presents are:—A water-set from Florence; a vegetable
container from Walt; a silver teapot from Art;2 big pictures
& a photo of Noel from Jose & Ivy;face cream, handkerchief, &
scent from Charlie; bath salts from Daphne & Keith; a box
of chocolates from Mrs. Jensen; clothing, powder, pepper &
salt shaker from Fred.
My presents are:—A cockoo clock from Walt;a pocket wallet
containing 10/- from Mum;a white shirt from Jack & Gladys;
a pair of carpet slippers from Charlie;a pair of black ox
from May & Jack;& a white handkerchief from Ken Jensen.Also
the 3 books from the boys.
Mum also got a cushion cover from Florence & a rod & curtain
to prevent splashing in the bathtub, from Fred.
Florence's presents are:— An engagement ring. A toilet set
from Walt;electric iron from Mum; an ornament & a photo of
Noel from Jose & Ivy.

Walter's presents are: - A sweater from Mum.

Art's presents are: - Two pairs of pyjamas from Mum; a multi-coloured silver pencil from Walt; a tie from Flo; a hank from Jose, Ivy, & kids; a gramophone from Charlie.

Wed. Dec. 27, 1939. Yesterday Florence had a trip to the Hawkesbury River, & a launch trip to the mouth of the river. She enjoyed the outing, which did her good, & returned late last night. This morning she has returned to Dungog as she is almost quite well. "The Pensioner", the official organ of the Australian Pensioners' League, arrived this morning. It contains my verses, "Pensioners", but the composer who set it up seemed to be short of small letters & has used capital letters at the beginning of many of the words, which do not improve its appearance.

Thur. Dec. 28, 1939. Yesterday afternoon Walter & Johnny Rose left by car for Sydney, as Walt has to start working again to-day. Walt forgot to take a coat, & Johnny dropped a pound note on the dining room floor & went off without it. To-day I wrote a letter of 3 pages to Pat O'Grady & sent a copy of "What Is Poetry". Also a card. Fred is working somewhere, & Charlie is also away for the day. I am taking Daniel Price's medicine, consisting of sweet spirits of nitre, 3 times a day.

Mon. Jan. 1, 1940. Yesterday morning Art took me in his car to the Tighe's Hill Samry hall. Only about 20 people were present. Major Baker led the meeting. I met Harold Vaughn, Mrs. Lucas; Mr. Stansbury, & Mrs. Bannister. Art brought me home again. Jose has left the Army again in disgust at its jingoism. Ivy is also inclined to desert.

I have finished reading "Australia Through the Windscreen". I have prepared "A Modern Prophecy" & "Pensioners" to send to "Common Cause" & the "Workers' Weekly Herald".

Thur. Jan. 4, 1940. Yesterday Art took Mum to Dungog, where they saw Florence, who introduced them to Mrs. Dark, her patient. They returned in the evening.
Sat. Jan. 6, 1940. On Thursday evening I wrote a note to Mr. Allbutt, the engineer & manager of the electrical dept. Newcastle, explaining why we did not notify him that our electrical installation had been examined by Mr. Blanch & declared to be in proper order. Yesterday Art took Mum to the Strand at Newcastle. They bought 6 sheets of carbon paper for the typewriter for 1/-.

Noel & Darshie have been unwell, but are about right again. Now Keith is on the sick list. I am fairly well today, though the temperature inside the house is 90 degrees. I have written the following verses:-

**WHAT IS MARTIAL GLORY?**

It's an evanescent bubble,
On a sea of social trouble,
That is blown by cunning rulers
With deceptive martial breath,
With intention grim & ghoulish
To entice the young & foolish
To engage in wicked warfare
And to suffer pain & death.

Boys are gullled by each impostor
Who delights to praise & foster
The achievements of each "hero"
In his trade of cutting throats,
And describes the voice of Reason
As "disloyalty & treason"
To the mighty stolen empire
On whose magnitude he gloats.

 Bugs are blatantly belauding
 And persistently applauding
 And encouraging their victims
 With the diabolic lie,
 Which they tell in song & story,
 That to gain eternal "glory"
 Men must wage insensate battles
 And make fellow creatures die.

 And a person who's unwilling
 To participate in killing
 For the benefit of rulers
 Who are never shot nor shelled
 On infernal fields of battle
Where the deadly Maxims rattle,
To become a baby-killer
Will be legally compelled.

With a blasphemy prodigious
Bugs declare their wars "religious"
And pretend that God's assistance
In their slaughters is supplied—
That, defying His injunction,
Men may murder sans compunction
Yet be blessed by the Creator
Whose Commandments they defied.

And, to make the farce absurder,
They have sanctified mass-murder
And declared that "Christian" heroes
Who defy divine commands
And proceed to stab or smother
A conscripted foreign brother
Will be welcomed into Heaven
With his blood upon their hands.

They expect the sane to swallow
Those assertions false & hollow,
Which they publish in their papers
And declaim upon the air,
But a person would be silly
Who would credit Bob or Billy
Or the jingoistic parsons who
Who infest "Australia fair".

When all workers are united
They will cease to be incited
To engage in self-destruction,
But declare that wars shall cease
Through a Workers' League of Nations,
When warmongers' occupations
Shall be banished & forgotten
In a universal peace.
Fri. Jan. 12, 1940. This morning at 5-40 Art & Mum started off car for Port Kembla, to stay at Jack's place until Monday. As Art expects to meet young Mr. Paix at Sydney & bring him home here by car, he will send Mum home from Sydney by train. We expect Mum to be at home on Tuesday. Charlie stayed at home to-day & cooked the dinner. I have not been very well to-day. Jose & family are staying at Ivy's Mother's place at Merewether for a fortnight.


(The abovementioned books & pamphlets were all read in South Australia) The following books & pamphlets were read by me in N.S.W.

Let's scrap our ignorance & fear,
And with fraternal aims draw near
To men of every nation
Who live a peaceful life.

Let's banish warfare's wicked strife
And gain emancipation.

Let's scrap each martial force & fleet,
And let all slaves in friendship meet
To save their sons & daughters;
Let Peace be Earth's eternal boon,
For Death, alas! comes all too soon
Without War's senseless slaughters.

Tues., Nov. 21, 1939. This morning I received a copy of "The Coalfields Chronicle" & the following letter from brother Bob:

"Lismore Street, Abermain, Nov. 20, 1939.

Dear Joe, As your letter to me has earned that old & somewhat true adage, "As scarce as angels' visits", I thought I would write down to you, not because it is your turn to write. Now, let me in all sincerity & heartfelt thanks add my richest blessing upon you for your kindness in sending me so much nice reading matter. Of course we have a reading room up here, but its shelves are packed with Yankee, blood-freezing, backwoods rubbish. That being so, I don't frequent it. You not only gladden my lonely hours, but others' as well. You see, at the church there is an old lady who has 2 daughters—young women—who is very kind to me, & so after I have finished reading all, with the exception of the "Wide World Magazine", I pass them on to them, & they are extremely thankful to get them. You will, I am sure, be surprised to hear that we have up here 5 or 6 converted parsons. They have pledged themselves to take no part in anything pertaining to war, or send-offs, or welcome-homes. As a matter of fact they are now condemning all & everything that smells of recruiting or training for war. I am sending you a letter that was sent to the press; also "The Coalfields Chronicle", which I will send down to you as often as I can get one. It is issued by the clergy up here & given to all church members free.

It's a nice little paper.

We are all well up here at present. Bob is working on the Kurri sewer still. Our boys & our girl are all quite well. I am keeping fairly good; so is Gladys. Our garden is turning out well. We have 14 young fowls just starting to lay, so we have little or nothing to complain about at present. We are, as most humans, never really contented. When it was very cold we wished it was hot; now it's hot we wish it was cold. As you are, and have been ever since I have been here, my chopping-block, I have a request again to make, that is, if
you have any poetry, or if, when you are in Newcastle, you drop on a cheap book of poetry. I can’t put my hand on a single book of poetry, & I do love poetry.

Now, in conclusion, give my love to all the family circle, & accept the same yourself from brother Bob.

Jim & Ethel come up here more often than they used to to see me. They are also very kind to me as well as yourself. It’s nice to have a friend, for a friend in need is a friend indeed. I am saving that "Common Cause" copy. Good job you marked it, as I should have cut out those verses & pasted them in my old book—cover: they are real good."

**WAR IS UNCHRISTIAN**

Sir—I am a pacifist of the purest blood, and radical in the extreme. Every denunciatory epithet hurled against war finds an echo and a re-echo in my soul. It is fiendish, diabolical, and intrinsically unchristian. Reason rejects it, history once demonstrates it, and religion anathematizes it. There is righteousness in war only in the same sense as there is honour amongst thieves.

Many of my intimate friends are pacifists with limitations. They believe that past wars have been the instruments of God, and that the Son of God sometimes marches at the head of an army. On the other hand, they are convinced that war is a social evil to be finally abolished by eternal decrees. I have never been able to subscribe to the doctrine that war is a virtue sometimes, and at other times a vice, nor have I been able to understand the paradoxical situation of resorting to arms in order to prove that might is not right. The difference I have with my friends is not in ideals but in the methods by which these ideals shall be translated into realities.

If general compulsory military service were introduced my extreme pacifism might bring me before a magistrate who would question me with questions—"If an enemy soldier came into your home and showed cruelty to your mother what would you do?" or "If a mad dog broke loose, what would you do?" I have no desire to evade the questions, to run for shelter, or seek some excuse. Men equally as savage as mad dogs have been conquered by the sharpest sword. The civilising of wild men, even cannibals, is irrefutable evidence that religion has greater innate power of conquest than brute force. The history of Christian missions is one long glorious story of conquest by the sword of righteousness, the spear of conciliation, and the guns of gentle persuasion. The imposition of ideals upon society by brute force has its counterpart in imposition of religion at the point of the bayonet.

With dogged tenacity and relentless zeal my friends assure me that the only safeguard against war is preparation for war. The absurdity of this statement is demonstrated by the present conflict. War is the inevitable end of an armament race. If there are no destructive weapons there can be no destruction. We discern criminals in the interests of peace, and arm the safeguarding of like interests. Was there ever greater paradox than that of nations preparing for a war that is not to take place?

Total destruction of arms is the only guarantee of perpetual peace. No weapons of warfare, however ingenious they may have been devised, can save civilisation from the ravages of war. An ounce of goodwill is worth a ton of mustard gas, and a friendly handshake is a greater weapon of defence than a thousand bayonets.

My perception are increased by the fact that the Scriptures are our only rule of faith and conduct. A cursory reading of the Old Testament leaves the impression that God was head of great military forces. To identify God with war is a delightful anthropomorphism of our nursery days. When the Old Testament makes the Deity a participant it is just a primitive conception of the relation between the Creator and the creature. I am told that Jesus used physical force. The reference is to Christ's making a small whip and driving the money-changers out of the temple. A little knowledge of Greek may be dangerous, but this is my misconception of the original text—a "wisp of straw" or "a bunch of rushes." It was more litter from the floor of the temple which could not even bruise a sensitive skin. The temptations of Christ demonstrate His repudiation of physical force. He never used it. He depended entirely upon moral and spiritual power. Only by re-making the New Testament and recreating the Christ can the Gospels be made to reflect the military aspirations of modern civilisation.

The turning aside from a nebulous kind of pacifism to the real thing was determined by the following considerations—Militarism would compel me, either directly, or indirectly, to be a participant in the crimes of war. Conscience will not allow me to drop bombs on sleeping cities. Bayonet some mother's son in cold blood, poison wells of water, send innocent men, women and children through the tortures of hell, and break 10,000,000 mothers' hearts. All my service is rendered in the name of the Father, Son and Holy Spirit. I could not destroy culture, kill humans, put back the clock of modern progress a hundred years, clip the wings of the dove of peace, and retard the Coming of the Kingdom of God in that threefold name. The way is clear. I may kill it in the name of the Church or the name of the State, but in the name of Jesus I can neither kill nor send someone else to be killed. God has made us brethren all. Am I my brother's keeper? Yes I am. This is the greatest break I have with my friends. War is not Christian, and my ardent pacifism is the product of a deep and profound religious conviction.

**REV. J. FAULKNER**

Presbyterian, Maine City

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**Wed. Nov. 22, 1939**

This morning I have posted Ella W., Wilcox, a copy of a book of poetry to brother Bob, & pasted this on the inside of the cover:

"In times of loneliness & grief. Forgetfulness may bring relief & Art may bring elation; Philosophy may soothe the mind, but in Religion men still find The greatest consolation.

So, Bob, I send you this little book. That, if despondent, you may look On life with hope & pleasure. The poetess would say loo--k above; And may her lines of life & love Become your valued treasure."

Wed. Jan. 17, 1940. Cecil Robinson's wife, Bertha, died at about 2 o'clock this morning in the Newcastle hospital. This afternoon Cecil, aunt May, & Ron Harrigan—Cecil's son-in-law—came to see us & tell us the sad news. Yesterday I received the following letter from Pat O'Grady—

"68 Hanson Street, Adelaide, 12/1/40. Dear Joe, Mrs. Cocking, & Family, I was, as usual, pleased to get your very fine letter of Dec. 27th last, & was pleased to know that you had a genuine old-time like Christmas & family re-union. I always say that those are the happy ones who can retain the old-time ideas & ideals such as the annual family gathering around the"
heavily laden with the best, or the next best at any rate, at Christmas time. But for myself, I have long since outgrown those old traditions. I had, certainly had posted to me by one of the boys & also by 2 of the girls, cards & good wishes for a "happy Christmas". And I know that those were sincere wishes; but they must hurt somewhat. I never discuss with my boys or girls the peculiar relations of the units of the family -- one to the other -- how could I without seeking sympathy for self or, on the other hand, apportioning blame to another? So I say nothing on the subject, & allow them to judge for themselves.

Mrs. Trowse is still in Adelaide. I saw her at the Central Market on Friday evening last. She is, I think I mentioned in my last, suffering from rheumatoid arthritis, but is improving fast, although she is still being wheeled -- when out in a cane invalid chair. She went out to Parkside -- a Southern suburb -- on Monday last to stay for a week with one of her sons, Sam Vercoe, before returning to her own home at Kadina. She is going to make inquiries off her son, & other Kadinaite as to the whereabouts of Emily Matthews, & will let us know. I like those verses of yours on "What Is Poetry?" in your last letter, & read & re-read them in wonder! Were I capable of producing such stuff as that, I would do little else than get myself in that condition & reel it off in reams, if only for my own delight & satisfaction.

When you mentioned May Holman you called her Ada Helman, & said she was Billy Holman's daughter. Do you mean W.A. Holman, late premier of N.S.W.? I think I read that she came with her family to W.A. from Broken Hill. I thank you, Joe, for that copy of Idriess' book, "Lasseter's Last Ride". It is great stuff & should be read by every Australian at least. It gives one a good idea of the vastness of this continent. I could not help wishing, when I had finished it, that poor Lasseter had re-discovered that reef & gave its exact location, not so much for the satisfaction that the gold in it might bestow on humanity, but for the reason that it is inevitable that other attempts will be made to find it, with equally disastrous results. Again I thank you, Joe, & the many others sent from time to time. You wound up your letter with a request that I should write "when the spirit moves". Well, Joe, that is the only time one should write a friendly letter to a good friend; & my long delay on this occasion may be put down to the fact not even spirits seem capable of moving this old body when it becomes sluggish. So your forgiveness is hereby craved with a promise of something more human next time -- if the spirit is propitious than just now.

I have not been writing anything lately for print. The last effort was sent to the Melbourne "Pensioner", to be used "when he was in need of copy". There has only been one issue since, but the January issue may print it. I am not very
anxious to see it, anyhow. Papers all make me ill; those who have the handling of them seem to me to ever on the look-out for some personal advantage or other. Anyhow, you would not care for it (the contribution I mean) because it is "not true." — Get me? But to me, not everything that is "not true" is "a lie," but only those things not true are not for the purpose of deceiving others—they are lies. It is signed Oh Gee! as were the previous efforts. It is cautioned "A Stimulating Afternoon's Adventure." It is an imaginary dialogue between myself & an intelligent member of a rival Pensioners' organisation, & if it ever appears in EXXEXXX print I shall be tempted to follow it up with a sequel or two. I have already a rough draft of the next one. One advantage these little rags have over the more roomy & ambitious ones is that to gain admittance to their columns one has to concentrate—boil down you know. And that is good practice at any rate.

Again thanking you for your good wishes for a prosperous new year, & for the card, I am, dear friends, yours affectionately

P.0'Grady, 68 Hanson Street, Adelaide, S.A.

P.S. And I notice I have omitted a just appreciation of your poem, "Pensioners" in last issue of the paper. P.O'G."

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ROBINSON.—The Relatives and Friends of Mr. CECIL ROBINSON and FAMILY, of 44 Garvey street, Mayfield West, are invited to attend the funeral of their beloved Wife and Mother, BERTHA ROBINSON, to move from James Murray's Funeral Parlours, Belford-street, Broadmeadow. This Afternoon, after service commencing at 2.15 o'clock, for Church of England Cemetery, Sandgate, by road per motor service.

JAMES MURRAY, A.F.D.A.,

Funeral Director.

ROBINSON.—The Relatives and Friends of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. COCKING, Sen., and FAMLY, of Myola-street, Mayfield, and the BREWER FAMILY, are invited to attend the funeral of their beloved Daughter, Daughter-in-law, Sister, and Sister-in-law, and BERTHA ROBINSON, to move from James Murray's Funeral Parlours, Belford-street, Broadmeadow, This Afternoon, after service commencing at 2.15 o'clock, for Church of England Cemetery, Sandgate, by road per motor service.

JAMES MURRAY, A.F.D.A.,

Funeral Director.

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Fri. Jan. 19, 1940. Yesterday Mrs. Harrigan, the mother of Audrey Harrigan's husband, was here a little while with Audrey & Vera Cocking to watch from the front of our house while 16 cars passed down Maud street in the funeral procession of Bertha Robinson. Art took Mum in his car to the Sandgate cemetery, where Bertha was buried in the Church of England portion. Poor Bertha! I hope it is well with her. This morning we received the following letter:—

"Craiglea, Woolooma, via Scone, 17 Jan. 1940. Dear Mrs. Cocking, Many thanks for your Christmas gift & good wishes. It was very kind of you to think of me. We all spent a very pleasant Christmas. We were all at home together for the first time for 4 years. There were 24 of us counting adults & children; plenty of work, but lots of fun. Two sisters who live away were home with their babies & spent for awhile after Christmas. Our last visitor left on Thursday, so it is quiet now. I hope that you & Mr. Cocking & all the members of your family are well. And how is Florrie? I haven't had a letter from her for ages. Please convey my thanks to her for Christmas gift, & tell her I will write later, as

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Sun. Jan. 21, 1940. Walter came from Sydney last Friday night & will return again to-night. He was out at Belmont last night & slept there. The paper announces the death of Jim Holland at Wallsend. He married Dave Watkins' sister. To-day I intend to write a letter to Selina Murphy, Kadina, S. Aus., as I am going to send her a new year present. It is a box of soap, scent, powder, & (I think) oil. I also intend to send a similar present to Lottie Sibley, & perhaps to Lizzie Vercoe. Walter brought home from Sydney a book from Dymock’s book arcade, 426 George St., Sydney, entitled “Documents Concerning German-Polish Relations & the Outbreak of Hostilities Between Great Britain & Germany on Sep. 3, 1939.” The book contains 195 pages, & cost 2/-. I have not read it yet as I have not finished reading my new books.

Mon. Jan. 22, 1940. With my letter to Selina Murphy I am sending a photo of our house as seen from the hut. Clarence & Art were singing while Clarence played the piano this morning. The stupid war in Europe continues, & everyone expects a very great battle to begin soon. When shall the world’s workers declare War “black”? 

2 L. R. W. WATSON. 1/40

Mr. G. Watson, late, died at his home on the morning of the 16th January, 1940. He was born in Whoredon, New South Wales, on 24th Dec., 1870, but came to Sydney about 28 years ago. Mr. Watson, for many years was employed in a mines of the district, and also as a miner, and was a member of the miners’ delegate. He was a foundation member of the New South Wales Miners’ Union, and a member of the miners’ delegate of the New South Wales Miners’ Union. He was a member of the ‘Druidic Lodge’ of the ‘Druidic Lodge’. The funeral took place yesterday at his residence, and took place at the residence of the ‘Druidic Lodge’. The pall-bearers were W. J. A. A. M., W. T. W. W., W. P. W., and W. F. W. W.
To Mrs. Selina Murphy, 41, Digby St., Kadina, S.Aus.

Dear Selina,

You will probably think that I am a rather cold-hearted cousin to let Boxing Day pass without sending you a box of some kind, or even a little card; & you would think rightly if I were enjoying good health. Unfortunately the hot weather did not improve my health & cheerfulness, & I did not feel much inclined to write to you. But now I am fairly well, & wish to tell you that I am now sending you a little New Year's present that is much overdue. You will be pleased to know that Mum, Florence, & the boys are all well & happy. Arthur brought home in his car, from Mudgee, a young man named Clarence Paix (pronounced Pay) who lives & works at Mudgee. He & his mother have been very good to Art when he has gone to Dubbo to attend meetings of the Salvation Army, of which Clarence & Mrs. Paix are members, as Art is. This young man has been working in a bakery, & has overworked himself, for he has worked as many as 23 hours without a rest or sleep, & has been so sleepy when going home after a long period of work, that he has fallen asleep on his bicycle several times & has fallen & awakened to find that he was scratched & bruised by falling off.

So, as it was thought that a holiday near the ocean would be a pleasant change from the dry, hot interior, Art brought him home, & he is staying here until Art returns to his school at Gin Gin, when he will take Clarence back to Dubbo.

We are well blessed, Selina, for we had all of our family at home for Christmas dinner, except our son Jack, who had to be at work at the B.H.P. Cos. coke works at Port Kembla. Mum & Art drove down to Port Kembla on the 12th of this month & found Jack, Gladys, & the 3 children quite well & happy. They live near the sea & lake Illawarra, so they get plenty of sea air. They have had some trouble with their only son John, for he accidentally fell & broke his arm while getting through a fence, & had his arm in plaster of Paris for a long time. Now he is nearly all right again. Our Joe's 3 children have been ill, but are well again.

I am sorry that you, too, have been in trouble also, but I hope that you are well again.

Brother Jack's stepson, Cecil, lost his wife (Bertha) on the 17th of this month. She had been an invalid for 7 years with heart trouble, & has suffered very much. She was conscious and resigned almost to the end. She had no fear of death, & could speak, with dry eyes, of parting from her family. She had suffered so much & so long that death was welcome to her; & although Cecil & the family dearly love their mother they felt thankful, despite their sorrow, that she was at last rid of her torture. For 7 years poor Bertha's affliction has kept...
Cecil like a prisoner at home at nights. He works for the Bramble company, furniture removers, & have been working for them for several years. Although Bertha was, or had been, a member of the Salvation Army for years until she became ill, she was buried in the Church of England portion of the Sandgate cemetery. There were sixteen motors in the funeral procession, & many people at the grave side, for she was well & widely known. I hope she is happier where she has gone: she deserves to be, for she was a good wife & mother, & I think her loved ones will miss her very much for a very long time.

I think, Selina, that if death is the end of all things life is a huge mistake, & the poet is right who wrote, "This life is but a fleeting show, for man's illusion given." Almost all nations & tribes believe that death is only an entrance into another life; & their belief is possibly even probably substantiated by facts such as an old friend of mine related to me years ago in a letter. He said, in a letter dated 13/1/1908, "Regarding Spiritualism I can honestly say I believe in it, & was forced into that belief quite against my wish. The first house we lived in at Tighe's Hill was the cause of my conviction; & the following are the main particulars.

In the first place, we always felt we were intruders in the house, as it were. The first thing we noticed was continuous knocking upon the walls, which were sawn slabs, therefore solid (i.e. having no space for rats, etc.) The knocking became very bad from 11 p.m. to about 2 a.m., & during that time there was very little sleep. The sounds or knocks were (mostly) as if someone with flat hands was striking the slab walls. Some knocks were sharper, as if done with a stick; & one night I saw a woman pass out of the bedroom through the door, which was open; & the fire being opposite to the door, the firelight showed up the figure splendidly. On describing the figure & mode of walking we were informed that it was the wife of the owner, who passed away in the hospital at Newcastle as the result of an operation.

One night we heard a terrible crash, & on examination found that there was nothing moved or disturbed. After this we determined to move out of the house, but, before doing so, moved both beds into the one bedroom to please my wife on account of the children, & kept the lamp burning on the table in the front room, & kept the bedroom door open. During the night I was aroused by my wife making a curious moaning sound, & I had a difficult job to arouse her; & when I succeeded she simply turned over & buried herself under the clothes, & I could get no explanation from her. Thus lying awake & wondering at the turn things had taken, as wide awake as I am now, I was attracted by something on the bed where the children were, & looked, saw a little
girl standing up in the bed. At first I thought it was our
own girl, & lay down again; then the strangeness of the
whole thing struck me & I sat up the third time & had a good
look at the figure, which faded away as if by distance.
"Well, the child seemed about 5 or 6 years of age, a laughing,
 oval face, with wavy hair hanging down covering each ear.
She had on a dress such as children about that age wear now—
those loose nightgown looking dresses. I learned afterwards
that my wife saw the same child hanging over the foot-rail of
our bed, & was startled. "My other experiences are similar to
those of other Spiritualists. I often see figures quite long
enough to know the figures are entities. We all do. "I have
not had much of a chance to investigate, not having had a chan
cce to get into a good circle. I have tried those clairvoyants
about Newcastle, but never got much satisfaction; the predom-
inant feature seemed to be wanting to know the winning hor-
se, or when to invest in Tattersall's sweeps; so I gave up
in disgust."

There, Selina, is the evidence of a man whom I could trust.
But a few months ago a 7th Day Adventist preacher lent me
a large book in which the writer declared that all manifest-
atations of spirits to human beings are produced by lying
devils who wish to make people believe that God was wrong
in telling Adam, "Thou shalt surely die". The Adventists believe that death ends all until the resurrect
on day. There is evidence which amounts to proof that there
is a spiritual world; but the inhabitants of that world may
be all evil spirits. Yet we read of angels visiting this earth
& disappearing into some invisible place or state.
Anyhow, I hope that poor Bertha & all deserving people will
awaken from death's sleep to find that they have not perished
for ever--that their years of study to gain a knowledge of
the universe, & their seemingly purposeless sufferings were
not all in vain.
You will be pleased to know that I have received replies
from cousin Lottie & aunt Lizzie, & that now that I feel fit
to write again I intend to communicate with them again.
We have not yet found out what has become of Emily Matthews,
although I have been making inquiries of various persons for
months past. Poor Emily has had a sad life, though she is a
good woman & deserved a better fate. We WOULD like to know
where & how she is, & to receive a letter from her. Perhaps
you could inquire of your friends concerning her, & let us
know the result.
Florence is nursing an old lady at Dungog, but she comes home
sometimes for a day. She has been nursing the same patient
since the 31st of last October, except during a fortnight
when Florence was ill. She expects to finally give up nursing
at Easter time. Why? With love from cousin Joe.
Tues. Jan. 23, 1940. This afternoon Art took 2 bundles of papers, a letter to Selina, & a box containing scent, soap, oil, & powder to post to Selina & one to Lottie Slone. Poor old George Watson of New Lambton has passed away. He was a great Labourite in the 90's, when the Labor Party was most active. He helped Billy Hughes when Billy first came to Lambton & Wallsend with his toes hanging out of his boots & his clothes the worse for wear. He helped to make Billy a successful politician; but Hughes was ungrateful & neglectful concerning George. He also assisted Harry Holland in the early days of the Socialist & Labor Movement; & Harry came from New Zealand & visited George when Harry became the head of the New Zealand Labor Party. "Friend after friend departs; Who hath not lost a friend? There is no union here of hearts That Hath not here an end!"

Fri. Jan. 26, 1940. To-day I finished writing a letter of 2 pages to Lottie Slone to let her know that I sent the Christmas box to her. There in no photo with the letter.

( New Ribbon ).

Wed. Jan. 31, 1940. This afternoon Mum received the following letter from Mrs. Morris:

"8 Waratah Street, Lithgow, Jan. 29, 1940.

My Dear Old Friend, Just a few lines to see how you are; also all of your care. We do hope you are well; also Mr. Cook. He was not the best, you said, when you last wrote. Harry was very sick at the time, & was sick for some time, & then got nervous very bad; but thank God for his goodness, he is much better--can get about all day & do light work about, and that is grand, don't you think? Well now, we were at Maggie's place for nearly 4 months, and I caught a cold coming home & have been so sick, but I am much better & able to be about again. I never forget to thank God, for he helped me such a lot. Well now, Mary, how are you & Florrie; is she still working at the hospital, & are Fred & Charlie married? What do you think of this war ? They won't leave any of our young men, I am afraid. It is a terrible war. What is the weather like? It is very hot & dry in Lithgow, but I fancy it is pretty general. We want rain badly for every purpose.

I must thank you, Mary, for the nice Christmas present you sent me: I must thank you very much. Our minister, Mr. Daniels, just called. A nice man, & I like him very much. I always feel better after he has called. Eva's girl starts school to-morrow. Don't they soon grow up ?. The other baby is nice; her name is Jan.Rae. and Jan, both short names. The baby is good; sleeps best part of the time. Her husband is working at the factory. Where did you say Arthur is teaching? Fancy, they have sent Edna up to Albury. It is a long way from home.

Well, Mary, all send kind regards to you all. Also best love from myself. From your old friends Eliza & Harry."
Sat. Feb. 3, 1940. About 7 this morning I photographed Art & Clarence Paix standing beside Art's car. I used the half plate camera, & exposed the Kodak plate for 1 second with stop 30. They then left for the West via Sydney. Art & Clarrie intend to be at the Salvation Army meeting at Petersham tomorrow, when Art will lead a meeting there for Major Gibson. They intend to leave Sydney on Monday morning for Dubbo, where Clarrie lives & works. From there Art will go on to Trangie to begin teaching again. Yesterday Mum bought me a 1/9 bottle of "Cystex" tablets to cure my kidney complaint, if possible. Florence is still at Dungog nursing Mrs. Dark.

Fri. Feb. 9, 1940. This morning we received from brother Bob a copy of "Consolation", a Judge Rutherford pamphlet, & a copy of "The Coalfield Chronicle". Also a letter from Clarence Paix. It is as follows:

Meroua, 155 Bourke St., Dubbo. 7/2/40.
Dear Mr. & Mrs. Cooking, I thought while writing some mail I could include a short note to you for kindness & generosity to me. These words are inadequate to express my feelings of gratitude to you for the way you so unstintingly cared for me, & made me feel one of your family.

"Love is the green spot beside Life's dusty road," & if ever a green spot will remain before my eyes it will be the three weeks I spent at your home. All I can say to you both is a very Big "Thank You!" We arrived in Dubbo at 12-30 a.m. Monday morning, both well & without a hitch. I daresay Arthur has informed you of all the facts concerning our trip & stay in Sydney. I feel remarkably well, & start work to-morrow. So once again I would say thank you for helping me back to health. Give my kind regards to the remainder of the family. Yours sincerely, Clarence Paix.

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GOLDEN WEDDING
Mr. and Mrs. J. Hardie, of WallSEND

A happy gathering in the Ravens Nest on Saturday, January 26, 1940, celebrated the golden jubilee of Mr. & Mrs. Anthony N. Hardie, of WallSEND. The wedding of Mr. & Mrs. Hardie was the only one in the WallSEND district that day. The bride and groom, Mr. & Mrs. Hardie, were both born in WallSEND, and have lived in WallSEND all their lives. They have four children, two sons and two daughters. The children are Mr. & Mrs. W. Hardie, Mr. & Mrs. A. Hardie, and Mr. & Mrs. J. Hardie. The Hardies are well-known in the WallSEND district, and are active in community affairs. The wedding was attended by many friends and relatives, and was a significant event in the WallSEND community.
Tues. Feb. 13, 1940. This afternoon we received the following letter from Arthur:—

"Paix's Place, Sunday. Dear Folks, It is a typical Western afternoon; a snooze later might be a good idea, but just at the moment my conscience is pricking me because I haven't written to you before. Not that I have anything about which to write. I know, too, that you're not nervous when I travel, as you used to be a couple of years ago. Nothing of moment occurred on the way up, except that Norman Knight, bandmaster of Petersham, offered to bring pressure to bear on the Department so that I might be transferred to Sydney. He is always on the lookout for recruits for the band. I declined with thanks, of course, his kindly offices. He has obtained jobs for a considerable number of his bandsmen, which seems to me very close to a form of bribery.

Merve came round to see me on the Monday we arrived. He's very enthusiastic about a trip to the Barrier Reef in September. I think he will accompany Oscar & me.

By the way, if any of you wants any dough let me know; I can spare a bit. I'm not feeling collar-proud, as many might expect. I had a good holiday, & I really feel like work now. I think I'll be starting a Parents & Citizens' Association to-morrow.

If I left the Shefte book at home, will some good kind friend post it up some day, please? The Paix's one & all are willing to fall on your neck & kiss you for the way you treated Clarrie. Merve sends regards. Arthur.

N.B. Please don't forget the saxophone, Chip!"

Sat. Feb. 17, 1940. Yesterday I received the following letter from Lottie Slone:—

"No. 50 Capel Street, West Melbourne, Sun. Feb. 11, 1940.

My dear Cousin, Just a few lines in answer to your ever welcome letter; also many thanks for the parcel which I received from you.

Well, I do hope this letter will find you & your family enjoying the very best of good health. This leaves me not too bad just now. I was very sick a few weeks ago, & my nerves were not too. They seem a bit better again just now. I have just wrote to my sister, Mrs. Kelly; me & her always write to each other. I have not had any letter from my eldest sister for quite a long time: she don't like writing; but I do think it is very nice to hear from one another at times. They tell me Mary is looking very old, & of course we must expect to look old. She is the eldest of our family, & I have turned 60 years old on the 4th of last month.

Well, we are getting along very nicely. I used to go to a Mothers' Meeting every week, but I shall not be able to go now, as the chap that has been with me for years ( he's just
(like a father to me) he has 2 strokes. The other men are much younger than him. I hope they don't take him away. I'd sooner see God take him off the earth than see him go off his head and have to be taken & put in a home.

Well, the weather here is very nice— not too hot & then not too cold. We shall soon be having plenty of wet, cold weather. We are always complaining.

I will send you some little thing later on, all being well.

Excuse me for not writing a longer letter, as I am a wee bit worried. So I will close with fondest to you and your dear wife, and will still remain your loving cousin, Lottie Slone."

Walter arrived home in his car last night. He brought up a man named Hayward from Sydney. Walt looks well. He has joined the Young Men's Christian Association in Sydney.

Mon. Feb. 19, 1940. This morning we received the following note from Gladys:-

"Warrawong, Friday. Dear Ma, Your letter to hand safely. We were sorry to hear that Grandfather wasn't too well; I hope he is quite recovered by this. How are all the rest of the family? I hope they are all well. We are all tip-top. It's terribly dry down here, & the bush-fires are raging everywhere.

Well, we start our holidays next Thursday fortnight, March 7th. Jack has to be back to start work on Easter Sunday; we are going to Melbourne, please God. There's no news to tell you of, only that my sister Vi is getting married in June.

Love from Jac, the children, & myself, & wishing you all a happy Easter, from Glad. xxxxx."

Mon. Feb. 26, 1940. Last Saturday Jose took me to Newcastle in his car, & I consulted Max Stemler, the herbalist, to find out what he thought of my condition & to know what prospect there is of being improved or cured. He asked me several questions regarding my diet, habits, & symptoms. He said I am Anaemic, but that my heart beats very regularly. We arranged that I shall take a month's medical treatment, costing 42/-, & see how I progress.

Tues. Feb. 27, 1940. To-day I have finished reading the book entitled "Major Douglas Speaks." It was lent to me by John Rose. The weather is very hot, & the garden is almost bare of vegetables, & the ground is hard & cracked. We expect to have Florence home to-morrow. Horace Robinson has published his engagement to Miss Wearne, in to-day's Newcastle Herald.

Mon. Mar. 4, 1940. Yesterday we expected to be visited by Max Stemler, but he did not call. So Jose arranged to take Mum & me to Wallsend just to look at the old town; but
we found Mr. Steenber at Jose's house consulting Ivy. Afterwards he questioned me about my condition & promised to buy 2 luvo's wherewith to wash my body, & a fruit-press to squeeze out the juice of fruit & vegetable. He also prescribed for Keith.

Jose then took Mum & Ivy & Noel & me to Wallsend. We had a look around the place & saw the site of our old home at Nelson street. We returned via Jesmond, Lambton, & Waratah. This morning we received the following letter from Arthur:

"Usual Address, Saturday, 2nd.

Dear Everybody,

There has really been nothing about which to write, so that I have delayed replying to your letter of so long ago.

I'm wrong, there was! Hooray! Here goes:-

The other day one of the nips told me, during the dinner hour that he had seen a snake down the boy's lavatory some half an hour before. Questioning elicited the fact another kid had seen it too. Now, Jack Ovenden specially requested me to get some snake skins for him, so I must confess that I was to some extent pleased at the prospect of going in quest of one. So, with the light of battle in my eyes I charged down, armed with a hammer, (to remove a sheet of iron) & an iron rod which I have kept for just such a contingency. There seemed to be some trace of a snake's hole, but nary a sign of the reptile. I prodded & looked. Then I waited: a scurry, a dart, a swipe, a sickening thud. & it was all over.

I had killed a goanna! The kids assured me that they had seen a fair dinkum, sure enough snake, so I went on with the search. Risking fire, I burned paper underneath the structure hoping to burn our quarry out. It took a log time before the fire died out; in fact, to avoid burning the superstructure, I had to throw buckets of water on it.

We didn't find the snake. What an anticlimax to what might have been a thrilling tale! My guess is that the snake had departed for places unknown before I started looking for him. Another thing. I haven't told you about the Gin Weir, have I? One of the lads of the village, & yours truly went out there recently. It's about 5 miles from the school, & is a favorite picnic spot. (If the kids had written that sentence I'd want to know why).

If I knew I'd tell you who built it & when. Nobody round here seems to know. The perpetrating engineer deserves a leather medal, anyhow, for there is not one bit of reinforcement in the whole caboodle. The idea isn't too bad. (.q.v.).
Although the concrete was about 10 feet thick at the bottom & 3 feet six at the top, huge blocks quite as big as a motor car were washed half a chain down stream in the first flood.

(I mean the first flood after it was built, not the one when Noah got his navigator's ticket).

Getting back to the subject, which I suppose is I'm working pretty hard & studying pretty constantly, so that since both days & nights are occupied I don't mind being out here at all. My room-mate & I go for a bike ride each night, too, so that I am keeping the averdupois down as well as can be expected.

Yours Arthur.
Tell the People That!

You, gentlemen who tell the Jews,
By means of radio,
The miles-of-manufactured news
You fancy they should know,
Why glorify the martial crimes
Men perpetrate for Fat
And multiply a million times?
Please the Gentiles THAT.

While armies struggle far away
To kill the old and young,
You colly murder, night and day.
The proper English tongue:
When telling hearers what occurs
At Bourke or Ballarat,
Why turn the passing years to YOURS?
Now, tell your victims that!

A penny is a "pennay" now;
A flower is a "flah":
And you corrupters must allow
A shower is a "Shah"!
Why justify the scorn of Shaw
(Who watches like a cat)
By calling ev'ry war a WAW?
Just tell your list'ners THAT!

While suicidal wars are made
And lauded to the skies
By Thugs who benefit by trade
And gain by martial lies,
And Charity, where want abounds,
Is sending round the hat,
Why pay Sir Paunch ten thousand pounds?
Now, tell the paupers THAT!

Now, why, in Nineteen Seventeen,
Though Bob & Bill were strong,
Did they decline to serve the queen
And join the fighting throng?
And why again in Thirty Nine
Have they in safety sat,
Avoiding still the firing line?
Please ask the Jingoes THAT!

Since six per cent possess the land
That's called "Australia Fair", 
And exercise complete command
While ninety-four despair,
Why don't those owners of the soil
Proceed to wield War's bat
Instead of urging "hands" who toil? 
Please tell Bob's conscripts THAT!

While motor-cars with reckless speed,
Collide, and skid, and smash,
And crowded aeroplanes proceed
To fall in flames and crash--
While germs in countless trillions lie
To kill one like a rat,
Why go to battle-fields to die?
Now, ask the recruiters that!

When Jingo's all have been compelled
To face the firing line,
Where conscript slaves are shot & shelled,
Then warfare will decline.
All idiotic wars shall cease
When slaves know what they're at,
And all the world shall be at peace;
Now, tell the nations THAT!

Thur. Mar. 7, 1940. This afternoon Florence received the following letter:-

"1st Avenue, Warrawong, Wednesday. Dear Flo. Your letter to hand safely. We are pleased to hear you are well & intend to do the job at last. How are all at home? I hope they are all tip-top. We are leaving in the morning for our holidays, all being well, after Jack comes: he is working night shift. We are going as soon as he has breakfast & gets ready. We are having 17 days for our holidays. We don't think we can get up for the wedding, but if we can possibly make it we will get up. We are going to Melbourne, all being well, & of course you don't know what happens when you start. We hope to stay at Canberra to-morrow night. We are going off the main road to go there.
I have enclosed £5 (five pounds) for your wedding present. You buy what you like with it, as I don't know what you would like. I wish you & Bill every happiness in your new life; & listen! Don't be too tough on him, the poor guy, he's taken a big risk marrying you, don't you think? Anyhow, old kid, I'll have to say cheerio, & all the best to you both. Glad. xxxxxx.
Jack & John have sore eyes. I've been putting Rose's eye-lotion in for them: I hope they are better by to-morrow."
Mon. Mar. 11, 1940. Walter brought up a carload of passengers last Friday night, & returned with them last evening. He gave Mum £ 10. Yesterday Joe took Mum & me to Newcastle, Merewether, the hills beyond, & to Croudace street, & nome's through Lambton & Waratah. This morning I received the following letter from Selina Murphey:

"March 7th, 1940. Dear Joe, Wife, & Family, just a few lines to say how pleased I was to receive your very nice letter also the lovely gift you sent to me. It was a big surprise to me, & it is very kind of you, Joe, to think of me. I thank you ever so much for it, but I am so sorry, Joe, that I have not written before; but when I tell you that I have been down with my daughter for 6 weeks. I only came home yesterday. My daughter has been laid up with a little son, & she had a very bad spin. She had baby all right, but had kidney trouble after & she also had her other little girl, 2 years old, in bed in bed with the measles, & her husband in bed ill a week. He is a returned man & always ill. Her little girl has been pretty sick; the measles left her with an abscess in the glands of her neck, so I had to stay with her to help out, as she has 5 children now, so I can tell you, Joe, I am so glad to be at home again, for I have been kept going, & needed a rest. I could not get time or peace to sit to write; but things are about normal again now. So it just happened I could not concentrate to write letters or anything.

But I am sorry to keep you waiting. You will surely think I am a nice sort of a person; but truly, Joe, I have been thinking about you all the time, & I trust this finds you & your good wife & family quite well. I am not too well myself, I have a very bad back—it is awful at times, but I have such a lot on my feet, & it is really too much for me. But one has to do all they can for your children. I don't know what they will do without us mothers.

The rest of my family are all well; but my son-in-law down in the country is out of work, & also my son, but he has joined the air-force—grounds airman. He has passed all tests & is waiting to be called on. He is 30 years old on the 5th of May. My baby son is 26 years old to-day. He is single. He got a rise in wages now the award is passed. He gets £ 4-10-0 a week. He has been away from home since he was 13 years old. He is such a good boy, my youngest child. My brother Jim is 55 years old last December; & he got word to finish work the 9th of this month, so he will have to put in for the old age pension now, as he don't get anything else. He was 47 when he started in the Tramway Trust. If he had been 45 he would have pensioned off at £ 2 a week as long as he lived.

Have you written to Aunt Lizzie Vercoe yet, Joe? I have not heard from her for quite a while now, but I owe her a letter. I will write to her now I am at home & got more time to myself. The beastly war is still going on. Thanks, Joe, Also..."
87.

For the snap you sent me: it is very nice. We will soon have Christmas holidays here. My word, the time flies, don't you think? I am glad you are much better, Joe, and trust you keep well, for it is not very nice to be always out of sorts. I am glad, Joe, that your boys are all doing well. There is not much work here at all. My 2 married sons were both working for the harvest; one was wheat-lumping, and the other was running a wheat lorry; but both are idle again now, worse luck.

Well, Joe, there is not much news I can write at present, so I must bring this letter to a close, and trust all is well. Remember me to your wife & family; and again thanking you for the very nice present-- it was very nice I am sure. So cheerio & best wishes for 1940.

I remain your cousin, Selina Murphy, hoping to hear from you soon. Ta, ta!

Please Joe, I forgot to say that my sister's husband has been very ill—not expected to live—but is out of danger again, Mr. Mowbray. S. Murphy, 41 Digby Street, Kadina."

(Mon. continued). I also received the following letter from Mrs. Webster:

"15 Greenfield Terrace, Portreath, nr Redruth, Cornwall, England, Jan. 20th, 1940.

My dear Mr. Cocking, I don't remember if you owe us a letter or we owe you one. Anyway, we are talking & thinking of you out there, and we trust you are all keeping well. We have been nearly frozen; it's been bitter frosty weather, the worst we have had for years, & Pa & myself have been nearly dead with flu, but glad to say we are feeling much better. We thank you for the papers, which arrive safe. The war is on top of all home here; I don't like to think of it more than I can help-- it's dreadful. This has been planning for years & can't rest, all for the greed of gold after God made everything so wonderful & provided for all our wants so lovely, & always enough if the rulers who rule the world would let each have a share.

Your verses ("Piercuss Promises") are very good. We only wish the people could see what blunders the rulers are making; but some of them down here are so headstrong, they won't reason with you. My husband does a lot of talking; he is very outspoken & will try to make them see through it if possible. Some don't like it; but he says, "Why should one man be afraid of another?" "There is only one King I'm afraid of. Our King here on earth is only a man like ourselves: why be afraid?".

My uncle William's wife was a Spaniard. She could not speak one word of English, he told his Mother when he was home on holiday. I can just remember him. My Mother spent many hours with him & his son. They stayed with your uncle & aunt Perkyns,
& his Mother also lived in a house or 2 above. He tried to get his wife to speak English, but she couldn't learn it. I think, by what I have heard my Mother & your Aunt say, that Mrs. Rowe had a large family & was very delicate. One daughter was named Grace. So you see he must have been a good sort to always think of his homeland. He was a good man. I have heard lots about him; but it was very unkind of his sons not to remember, & your poor old Aunt so badly in need of help, as shoemaking & mending got too much for your Uncle Walter, & all they had was the old-age pension. They were too proud, after being raised so nice, to let it be known. We were about the only ones who knew. They would starve rather than go to the parish. But there! Poor old dears, they gained their reward in Heaven.

Oh, we had a lovely letter & views of Bendigo from my cousin. I must thank you, Mr. Cocking, for finding him. Now he has promised to send me his wife's & his photo. I have yours & Mrs. Cocking on my bedroom mantelpiece, & you do look very nice. I am going to get Pa to be taken with me, & you shall have one.

I think your son's little car is very nice; but Mrs. Cocking is looking older. They tell me I am, too. Now dear friend I must thank you for those nice verses; they are very suitable. With kindest regards to you all, as ever your true friends, Emily & Harry Webster. Not too late for something good A Happy New Year!"

Thur. Mar. 14, 1940. Last evening Ivy gave Florence Ellen a ten pounds note as a wedding present. This morning Mum & Florence have gone to Newcastle to do some shopping. I don't feel well to-day, possibly because the weather is not. I have written a note to the editor of the "World's News" asking him to help in finding the author of the verse that Pat O'Grady wants to know the author of, which is quoted on page 58 of this book.

Mon. Mar. 25, 1940. Last Thursday evening our Florence was married in the Mayfield Methodist church by Rev. Silas Bembrick. I was not present. Afterwards Walt arranged & conducted the proceedings at the marriage supper & the reception at Newcastle. Florence afterwards went to Sydney for a few days before going to her new home at Maitland. Yesterday Jose took me in Walter's car to Wallsend, where we had a conversation with Dorrie Prideaux, who lives in our old house at the corner of Hill street & High street. This morning's "Newcastle Herald" contains a photo of Florence & an account of her wedding. Last Saturday's "Newcastle Sun" contains a report of Florence's wedding & a description of her dress. We expect her to come home this evening.
THE FLOWER AND THE FRUIT OF THOUGHT

The flower and the fruit of thought
Which Life's vicissitudes have brought
To absolute perfection
More precious than the sparkling gems
That scintillate on diadems
And dazzle by reflection.

A poet is the mystic source
Of that divine, compelling force
Which moves the minds of nations
By stirring thoughts, expressed in songs,
From servitude and cruel wrongs
To seek emancipation.

In ancient days and modern times
The poet's soul-impasioned rhymes
Berated lying factions
And lit the blazing torch of Truth,
Enlightening the mind of Youth
And urging age to action.

In movements for the people's good
Brave poets always foremost stood,
With purposeful decision,
Discerning, in the time afar,
Sweet Liberty's ascending star
With clear, prophetic vision.

To benefit his fellow-men
A poet uses voice and pen
With altruistic powers;
Not poets of the Kendall clan,
Not those whose sympathy for man
Maketh their deeds their love for flowers.

What nation ever yet arose
And burst Oppression's bonds but those
Whose poets have succeeded,
Despite the apathy and doubt
Of fools who all predictions flout,
In having warnings heeded?

The modern poet's urgent task
What nations ever yet arose
And burst Oppression's bonds but those
Those poets have succeeded,
Despite the apathy and doubt
Of fools who all instructions flout,
In having warnings heeded?

The modern poet's urgent task
Is now to tear the "glory" mask
From War's repulsive features
And show the world the sin and shame
Of War's infernal, stupid game
Of killing fellow-creatures?

Let poets write each tuneful lay
To teach this warring world the way
To live a life of leisure
In universal peace, with right
And unity its chief delight
And poetry its treasure!
Dear Joe, prime fall,

I have just received your letter, much sooner than I deserve. You must forgive me not writing before, but I have been so ill that all other matters have had to stand aside. Then came the shock of poor Ada's death, that it nearly undid the good the doctors had done for me. She was too young to die, and it was as if a piece of my heart had been taken away.

She had apparently not thought herself well for some time, and would not see a doctor. To you she was ready, she was gone to meet a just judge. She was a good true Wife and Mother, and we all miss her sadly. We come here every day, we cling to Dad like a child. His girls are still working in Wollongong. They were stunned at first, but they have lived away from home so long, that the blow may not be as bad as if they had been always with us.

Worpa has closed down again for an uncertain time, and Mat has gone to...
Lila has had to remain at home for some months, as I could not have done without her. She is one of the blessings for which I am very thankful, also her sisters. Young Jim is still at the Tech School; he came second in his class and had a splendid report. He has also grown much bigger than I, for I seem to be growing downward. Arthur has chosen a sensible occupation for there seems nothing else for the young men just now. There are boys here in Stafs that have studied for professions and are now walking about, with no hope of anything. Jim will be 14 in January, and we shall try to get him in the post office until he is old enough to be apprenticed to a trade. He has almost lost the asthma, and is a strong big chap. Dad is walking about a bit, old looking man, much more so than Mat. His accidents have made him so flabby, however, he is still the same cheery old chap and has never altered his devotion to us. You mentioned the blessings I should count Joe, but believe me, the blessing of good health is among them. I am very thankful to say that I am getting stronger each day and with care, I may be granted the
blessing. I am pleased to hear that I wrote this letter on your
and will be looking forward to seeing her
also. Mother, while she is on holiday
I received a nice letter from Pearl the
some months ago but I have not answer
it yet. I will do so now. You did not say
if you need anything still and by your letter
are helping the boys. I do hope you are not too
worked and that you will get along well.
new venture. Do you say it is really but never
ventures successive. People have had a
wonderful time. The money was idle for two
and only worked two days and is now closed.
How every although she is a small town where
there are no real hardships, everyone can
get along with each other and compare
our lot with others who are less fortunate.
Our tradespeople are very humane and
stand by us while we need it. There are
many of poor people walking through the
who have not tasted food for days and
are just moving on. One man told me
had walked from the Katessenbury and
had no hope of getting work or food.

3/56
Said 11-2-1946. [Signature]

Dear [Name],

I received a letter from Frank a long time ago, but he did not mention how Bob was. Give me love to Joe. I shall tell her I will give Florence the baby boy and tell her I will give Florrie the baby girl.

I have heard and I am pleased to hear that I have Vega Woodward with us each holiday she goes. She has grown such a fine girl, though not resembling our family much, she still has the loving nature of her dear brother. She is such a comfort to us, Bob is still working and is keeping well. Florence got her traveling tickets to take this sheet and is going to go by the week and I am sure you will be very warm concerning her children, but they are all wonderful, so fat and pretty. Edna has grown to be a lovely girl, too, and she looks handsome, she can stop. Call her, and it is so happy to hear her.

I know that now you feel about your grandchildren. For they are treasures we ought to be proud of. Pearl has grown a little bit although she is nearly 10 years old she just looks 7. She has a sweet nature and is very sensible. She was not spoiled and I think she lies on Pearl alone. If you see Jack. I must give him our love and that also. I must conclude now. I am so long from all at home and am only writing this to let you know your loving wife [Signature]

And remembered all was sending. Pettigrew to the boys.

315th d.
Wed. Mar. 27, 1940. The presents given to Florence are as follow:-

The wedding cake & the breakfast were given by Mum;

Guest-towel & butter dish given by Adjutant Olive Worley;

Electric water-jug--Mr. & Mrs. Mallan;

Casserole dish & silver stand, by Jim & Ethel Cocking;

Casserole dish --Tilly, May, & Jack;

Wall mirror--Vera Cocking & family;

Pair of vases-- Frank & Ada Cocking;

A vase-- Alf & Lola Cocking;

Supper cloth--Netta & Mrs. Magner;

Cake plate-- Mrs. & Maran Jensen;

Six cake forks-- Mrs. Murphy;

Casserole dish-- Mrs. Brighton;

Supper cloth-- Mrs. Dark;

Coat hanger-- Mrs. Marks;

Supper set-- from Mrs. Coombes;

Cake stand-- from Mr. & Mrs. Tate;

Cut glass vase-- Sister Nell Hayes;

Sweets dish-- from Mrs. Lane;

Cut glass water set-- from Walter;

Ten pounds-- from Walter;

Five pounds-- Jack & Gladys;

Tens pounds-- from Jose & Ivy; from Bert

Five pounds-- from Fred; & Clarice.

One pound-- from Dad;

One pound -- from Charlie.

Walter

Last Monday Mum took Mum & me out to Belmont in the afternoon, where we stayed about an hour by the lake shore. There were a lot of cars & people there. Jose came out just after us & brought Ivy & the children. Florence was here for a little while on Monday. We have sent copies of last Monday's "Newcastle Herald", containing Florence's photo & description of her marriage, to brother Bob; Mrs. H. Webster (England); Selina Murphy; Pat O'Grady; Lottie Slone.:

Thu. Mar. 28, 1940. We have received the following letter from Art:-

"At Paix's, Good Monday.

Dear Everybody, As you can see, I am now at Paix’s, where I have spent an uneventful, but not exactly boring week-end."
Our band went down to Wellington on Good Friday, hiring a bus for the purpose. I went with the rest of the crowd, & so did the trip for 2/6 return. The Austin stayed in Dubbo. I wouldn't have gone as cheaply in it as in the bus. By the way, ordinary petrol out here goes up to 2/9 to-day. I bought a tankful at 2/6 per gallon on Saturday. Some time later to-day I purpose going out to Wheaton's where I will spend the night, after which I'll follow a bush track through to the Oxley Highway. Perhaps I'll scab on the union by doing a bit of work tomorrow afternoon. I have really no news to give you, for nothing is happening up this way. Partly owing to the high price of petrol, I have become a foundation member of the M.I.A. (Mic Institute of Australia) unlimited. So keen am I on its prestige that I haven't been to town for 3 weeks, excepting, of course, this week-end. Life out here isn't as monotonous as this note suggests, however. I receive about an hour's tuition weekly in hortony, & to cope with that hour I have to do about 5 hours' "homework". Schoolwork keeps me pretty busy too.

I'm the world's prize thickhead to forget the date of Flo's marriage. I had the 29th in mind, somehow, but Clarrie told me it was Easter Saturday.

Give milady my love. Yours Arthur. P. S. I hope Dad is O.K. by this. It doesn't matter about the saxophone, Chip, thanks, I think I can get one out here. Arthur.
Oct. 16, 1911. *Heresy, or Led To The Light. 223 p. by H. Tuttle
Dec. 9, 1911. As To Politics. 78 p. by Dan. De Leon.
Dec. 11, 1911. Light On The Path. 102 pages by M.C.
Dec. 20, 1911. Wolf Ear, the Indian.
Mar. 10, 1912. True Occultism. 15 pages by E.B.
Mar. 9, 1912. Maria Monk. 192 pages by Maria Monk.
June 22, 1912. X Rays Simply Explained.
May 4, 1912. Three Years With Thunderbolt. By A. Pratt.
May 5, 1912. The Prince & The Pauper. 107 p. by Mark Twain.
May 11, 1912. Dan Kelly, Outlaw. 221 p. by A. Pratt.
May 28, 1912. The Desert Argonaut.
Sep. 21, 1912. The Case Against Conscription. 40 pages.
Aug. 1, 1913. Mutiny. 120 pages by S. Clarke Hook.
Aug. 13, 1913. The Toiler & His Food. 28 p. by Sir W. E. Cooper.
Sep. 11, 1914. Ghosts In Solid Form. 120 p. by Gambier Bolton.
Nov. 29, 1916. Outlines of the History Of Ireland, By Joyce.
Mar. 10, 1917. Famous Voyages Of The Great Discoverers. E. Wood
June 1917. Odd People.
Jan. 1918. Groundwork Of British History. 749 p by Warner & May
May 1918. Tales, Poems, & Sketches. 322 p by Bret Harte.
June 27, 1918. Samoa. 18 pages by H.E. Holland, M.P.
July 18, 1918. The Workers' Compensation Act.
Nov. 3, 1918. The Eternal City. 279 p by Hall Caine.
Nov. 8, 1918. The Two Wars. 48 pages.
Dec. 29, 1918. Good Soldiers. 128 p by Rev. R. Newton D.D.
Jan. 3, 1919. Tales Of the Gods & Heroes. 286 p by Sir G.W. Cox
Jan. 16, 1919. One Big Union For Australia. 28 p by N.C. Anderson.
Jan. 29, 1919. Judd's Speech From The Dock. 72 p by E.E. Judd.
May 16, 1919. The Story Of a Lost Planet. 41 p by D. Healy.
May 29, 1919. Value & Surplus Value. 30 p by Karl Marx.
July 29, 1919. The Light Of Mars. 52 p by Will Ford.
(Doyle)
234 p by D.W. Faunce, D.U.
Nov. 10, 1919. A Bridgewater Treatise. 332 p by J. Kidd, M.D.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Author(s)</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Nov. 20, 1919</td>
<td>Armageddon Or Calvary. 183 p by H.E. Holland</td>
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<tr>
<td>Dec. 7, 1919</td>
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<td>Tom Tutton’s Toll. 320 p by E. Everitt Green</td>
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<td>Dec. 21, 1919</td>
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<td>Dec. 28, 1919</td>
<td>Stamps To Christ. 168 p by Mrs. E.G. White</td>
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<tr>
<td>Jan. 8, 1920</td>
<td>Beyond Death’s Barrier. 128 p by C. Teasdale</td>
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<tr>
<td>Feb. 17, 1920</td>
<td>When The Holy Ghost Is Come. 205 p by Parenge</td>
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<tr>
<td>Feb. 23, 1920</td>
<td>A Plea For Russia. 16 p. Upton Sinclair</td>
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<td>Feb. 25, 1920</td>
<td>She Stoops To Conquer. by Oliver Goldsmith</td>
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<tr>
<td>Feb. 29, 1920</td>
<td>The Road. 302 pages by Jack London</td>
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<tr>
<td>Mar. 2, 1920</td>
<td>How Ben Franklin Made His Mark.264 by Thayer</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Apr. 1, 1920</td>
<td>Cornish Tales In Prose &amp; Verse. by L.T. Tregellas</td>
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<tr>
<td>Apr. 3, 1920</td>
<td>Rasputin the Rascal Monk. 158 p by Wm. Quéux</td>
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<tr>
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<td>Is Home Rule Rome Rule ?. 192 p by J. Hocking</td>
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<tr>
<td>Apr. 24, 1920</td>
<td>Ragged Trousered Philanthropist. 235 R. Tressall</td>
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<tr>
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<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>May 8, 1920</td>
<td>Psychical Research. 252 p by Sir W. F. Barrett</td>
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<td>May 31, 1920</td>
<td>Creed Of Christendom. 128 p by W.R. Greg</td>
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<td>May 30, 1920</td>
<td>Is Spiritualism True ?. 43 p by Wm. Denton</td>
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<td>Jun. 1920</td>
<td>N.S.W. Railway System Holiday Resorts, &amp;c. 174 p</td>
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<td>Aug. 24, 1920</td>
<td>Labor Movement In Japan. 16 by C.J. Smith</td>
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<td>Sep. 27, 1920</td>
<td>Collectivism. 24 pages by Jules Guesde</td>
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<td>Sep. 27, 1920</td>
<td>Organisation Of Labor. 14 p by W.D. Haywood</td>
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<td>Oct. 2, 1920</td>
<td>Useful Work &amp; Useless Toil. by W. Morris</td>
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<td>Oct. 23, 1920</td>
<td>The Parasite, 100 p by A Conan Doyle</td>
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<td>Oct. 27, 1920</td>
<td>Germinal, or Master &amp; Van. 204 by M. Zola</td>
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<td>Nov. 9, 1920</td>
<td>Irish History, the Historical Basis of Socialism In Ireland. 24 p by P. Brady</td>
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<td>Nov. 15, 1920</td>
<td>Joe Wilson’s Mates.239 p by Henry Lawson</td>
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<td>Dec. 6, 1920</td>
<td>Help To The Reading Of the Bible. B.E. Nicholls</td>
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<td>Dec. 7, 1920</td>
<td>Martin Rattler. 192 p by R.M. Ballantyne</td>
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<td>Dec. 12, 1920</td>
<td>The Girl Crusoes. 312 p by Mrs. Herbert Strang</td>
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<td>Dec. 12, 1920</td>
<td>Charlie’s Success. 128 p by M. Seymour</td>
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<td>Jan. 4, 1921</td>
<td>The Musgrove Ranch. 192 p by T.A. Brown</td>
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<td>Jan. 9, 1921</td>
<td>God’s Outcast. 374 p by Silas K. Hocking</td>
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<td>Mar. 7, 1921</td>
<td>Sam Jones’ Own Book. 539 p by rev. S. Jones</td>
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<td>Mar. 21, 1921</td>
<td>The Russian Revolution. 32 p by Karl Radex</td>
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<td>Apr. 11, 1921</td>
<td>Tales Of My Tramps. 224 pages by A.N. Cooper</td>
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<td>May 12, 1921</td>
<td>Martin Luther. 144 p by E. Velvin.</td>
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<td>May 31, 1921</td>
<td>The Sentimental Bloke. 133 p by C. J. Dennis</td>
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<tr>
<td>June 3, 1921</td>
<td>The Way To Life. by Thomas Guthrie. D.D.</td>
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<td>Sep. 12, 1921</td>
<td>Hard Problems Of Scripture. 82 pages.</td>
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<td>Sep. 12, 1921</td>
<td>Roger’s Reasons.</td>
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<td>Oct. 8, 1921</td>
<td>King Of The Air. 272 p by Herbert Strang</td>
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Oct. 12, 1921. Round The Empire. 263 p by G.R. Parker.
Dec. 21, 1921. Stones Rolled Away. 184 p by H. Drummond.
Feb. 13, 1922. Reds In Congress. 35 p by J. Howie.
Feb. 19, 1922. The Key To Hypnotism. 140 p by R. Ellsworth, M.
Apr. 26, 1922. The Light Of India. 224 p by Harold Begbie.
May 9, 1922. Broken Earthenware. 256 p by H. Begbie.
May 18, 1922. The Everett Massacre. 302 p by W. C. Smith.
May 25, 1922. Unto This Last. 284 p by John Ruskin.
June 20, 1922. Life Of Catherine Booth. 524 p by Booth-Tucker.
June 27, 1922. The Angel Adjutant.
July 6, 1922. Popular Christianity. 185 p by M. Carpenter.
July 25, 1922. Perils Of Bolshevism. 16 p by Cooper-Read.
Aug. 23, 1922. General Booth. 311 p by Commissioner Railton.
Aug. 24, 1922. Li Hung Chang's Scrap Book. by Hiram S. Maxim.
Sep. 6, 1922. Hunted & Harried. 195 p by R.M. Ballantyne.
Oct. 3, 1922. 1000 Tales Worth Telling. by Henry Pickering.
Oct. 6, 1922. Cry Of Christendom. 207 p by Alex. King.
Nov. 5, 1922. Rowland Hill. 293 p by V. J. Charlesworth.
Dec. 13, 1922. More Victims Of the Priests. 48 p by A. Roger.
Jan. 12, 1923. Safe Through the Blood of Jesus. 100 pages.
Jan. 27, 1923. James Gilmour & His Boys. 288 p by R. Lovett, M.A.
Mar. 17, Gems Of Bible Story. 254 p by unknown author.
Nov. 12, 1923. The Roman Empire. 184 p by Society for promoting
Christian Knowledge.
Wed. Apr. 10, 1940. Yesterday Florence came home in the afternoon, & went back to Maitland at night with a new clock that was given as a wedding present. She is quite contented & happy in her new home.
Sat. Ap. 13, 1940. Walter came home last night, but he did not bring the young married couple as he intended to, as the lady had to work overtime at her office.

The "World's News" of Mar. 30, contains the following:

"J.C. Mayfield West, N.S.W. This reader would like to know the authors of the following lines & any information that can be obtained concerning them:

"That gentle girl of better days,
   As timid as a mountain faun,
   Who used to choose untrodden ways
   To place, at night, her rags in pawn."

Also:

"This much I'll say,
   The Hell the Christian fears to name
   Is Heaven to my fierce remorse."

The "World's News" of Ap. 13th, contains the following reply:

"J.F.B. Tamworth, N.S.W. This reader has written: "In reply to J.C. (Mayfield West, N.S.W.) the 2 quotations from the same poem the author was Henry Kendall. I could give the information as to who the "Gentle girl was, but the inquirer would have something worth reading if he or she purchased the poems, if obtainable, of Henry Kendall."

Sat. Ap. 15, 1940. Yesterday morning Jose to Daphne, Keith. Noel was in Walter's car, to Minmi & back. The weather was ideal. Left home at about 5 o'clock this morning for Sydney. He took a young man who works with him.

This afternoon I wrote the following note to the editor of the "World's News":

Dear Sir, I am very grateful to you for publishing my request for information concerning the verses which your kind correspondent, J.F.B. Tamworth, informs me were written by Henry Kendall. As I would like to correspond with J.F.B. re the "Gentle girl", I would be glad to receive his or her name & address, for which I enclose a stamped envelope addressed to myself. Hoping that I am not asking too much, & again thanking you for your prompt & valuable assistance.

I remain, Sir, Yours with respect, Josiah Cocking."

Sat. Ap. 20, 1940. Yesterday Mum & I each received a questionnaire from the pensions department, which I have begun to fill in. To-day I received the following letter from brother Bob:

"April 19th. Lismore Street, Abermain.

Dear Joe, I have for some considerable time waited for an answer to my last letter to you that I wrote about 4 months ago, but my Jim was up here this week & he told me that you have not been well. That being so, it is a full explanation why you have not written to me. I felt downright sorry to hear that you have not been well. I would suggest that you have a change
of doctors by way of a trial. It is a well-founded fact that some doctors bring about a lasting cure when others have failed to do so. Then again, why not get a packet of aspirin tablets & take 2 each night when going to bed? It would be a good idea if you did get some patent medicine from the chemist. Jim handed me a nice parcel of reading matter which you so kindly sent up to me. I will be able to spend some long hours of my time in reading. You need not in future send up any labor papers, as we get all of them up here gratis, with the exception of the Adelaide Labor paper.

I like the "Reader's Digest." They are really good, & so are the "Wide World Magazines." I would welcome a few copies of the "Christian Herald", or the "Sunday Companion". Second hand ones will suit me just as well as new ones. You see, I can't get any get any reading matter up here--old or new--as there is no book shop here.

We are all fairly well here at present wi. the exception of myself. I still suffer with that incurable malady called rheumatism which has baffled all the world's doctors so far. Jim is now on half time. Although I did not tell him so, I was pleased to hear him say he was, as he has worked 25 years without a spell. He has gone to his work in rain & shine; so a spell will do him a world of good; he honestly deserves it.

Bob is still on the sewer, & is keeping in real good health. This town is now as all other coal mining towns--it is in the hands of 2 Communists named Nelson & Orr--the 2 Pied Pipers of Hamelin who own all, or nearly all, the shares in all the Labor papers printed in N.S.W. I take it for granted that you are aware that that limb of Satan--Hitler is crushing the life blood out of all the small nations. He wants putting down wit a strong hand.

Now, in conclusion, give my love to all the family circle & act the same yourself. I do so sincerely hope that you will soon be on the road to a complete recovery. From Bob.

Jan. 22, 1940. To-day I typed part of a letter to Bob but was too ill to finish. I am a lot better to day. Mum has received the following note from the Westons:

"Mr. & Mrs. Weston, 42 Brown Street, Lithgow. Dear Friends, we received the wedding cake & the paper with your daughter's photograph; it was very nice, & like her when last we saw her in Lithgow. It was kind of you to have thought of us on your daughter's wedding day, & we wish them every happiness and success in their married life. Love to all from your sincere friends, Mr. & Mrs. J. Weston."

Mrs. Hooker died suddenly, with a stroke, yesterday.
Fri. Ap. 26; 1940. We received the following letter from Art yesterday:—

"Post Office, Trangie, Monday. Dear Folks, I have made several attempts to write to you, but have been dissatisfied with each essay. Fact is, there has been nothing about which I could write. Oh, yes, there was—I've had my second Western cold. She was a little beauty, in fact if I didn't have something beside a cold I think somebody is cheating. I didn't miss any days work, but I did precious little when I got there. All lessons were given extemporaneous, & I sat down nearly all day. The kids were very decent about it. They realised I was off color & worked as well as usual without my having to keep them up to it. They're not a bad lot on the whole.

I had just got back into my stride when the boss, his Royal Importance the District Inspector paid me an unexpected though not unwelcome visit. He should have gone to Girilambone, but the teacher there has a duodenal ulcer, & of course, is off on sick leave. The inspection shouldn't have been made till August, really.

However, my preparations were duly done; the boss liked the improvement in the kids, & to cut a long story short, I'm to receive more shekels as a result. The rise may not become effective until next year, though, I'm now my own boss.

I asked the boss about a move to Sydney or Newcastle at the end of the year. He told me that there's a distinct probability of my getting it, although he could not promise. Anyhow, I'm pretty sure to get into a fair sized town, which is a good thing. I'll be able to afford it by then, in view of the augmented salary. I reckon I'll wangle it within a couple of hundred miles of home, anyhow, perhaps, say, Taree or Wollongong. This is my 4th year in the thirsty West.

I am studying theory music as well as the piano playing, you know. I reached a standard equal to the Intermediate in 2 months, & hope to reach the Leaving in a third.

The Paixs are now on holidays. Charrly has been put off because of the coal strike. Mrs. Paix cordially invites any, each, & if you like, all of you to her place any old time you like. She has fallen in love with you by repute. She did suggest that, as Dad wouldn't take the trip, Mum might like to come up by train, stay with her a few days, or a week, (she'll only be home a week before the holidays) & return per Austin, with me. I don't know how you like the idea, Mum. I know of course you & Mrs. Paix would like each other because you're both mother of the same young fellow.

You might like Dubbo for a few days, too, now that the weather is cool & the country looks good. It would give you a change, too, of seeing Orange, & having another wander through Lithgow. Furthermore, I'll pay your fare up if you care to come.

On the other hand, Deg or Chip might like a car trip through the mountains. On yet another hand (the bloke in mind is a freak) Merve would like to repeat his performance of last May. You
know what he's like. I'd like him to do it, but I don't want to foist him on you. Naturally the matter rests with you. That should not interfere with the above stunt, for Merve could go one way by train & return by car. Tell Chip I'm not peeved (he can read this & tell himself) about the sax. We'll leave it in abeyance until the holidays. Oh, by the way, I meant that I'd pay all expenses for Mum, not just railway fare. I'll reply quicker next time. Arthur."

Friday continued. To-day Fred posted to Pat O'Grady the copy of Kendall's poems that Walt sent to me from Sydney. It is a second-hand book, & cost 1/- . I am getting Bob's copy ready to return to him. This afternoon is the first time that I have been free from hemorrhoid pain since last Monday. Mum wrote to Art last night.

"On, Ap. 29, 1940. Walter returned from Sydney last Friday night & brought his room-mate & another young man with him. They stayed with us until 5 o'clock this morning, when Walt took them & another man back to Sydney. I have replied to Pat O'Grady's letter of 12/1/40 & his latest letter. I have enclosed a copy of "Tell The People That." I have returned Kendall's poems to Bob.

"Wed. May 1, 1940. Florence was here all day yesterday & returned to Waidland by a late train. She brought the photo of the wedding group. Bob was here with Ethel last Monday but he is so deaf that it is very difficult to talk to him. He is staying with Jim for a week.

Sat. May 4, 1940. This morning I received the following note from Bob:-

"Lismore Street, Abermain, May 3rd, 1940.
Dear Joe, Just a few lines by way of an explanation. The chief reasons why I never visited you are as follows:- On Monday I came up to see you, but as you were not atwell I could not enter into a conversation with you— but I fully intended to do so before I went back home. On it was almost impossible on account of the stormyboisterous 2 following days, Tuesday & Wednesday: so it was arranged for me to be driven up by Jim to see you on Thursday; but that idea misfired. Gladys & her Father came up to bring me back home on Thursday, & everything seemed to be right up against me coming back to you during the week. So, for these reasons I am quite sure that you will not think me ungrateful in not coming to see you. If I waited until Saturday to come home by train it would have cost me 2/3.
However, I do so hope you are on the improve & that you will be getting well again. That book of Kendall's poetry that
you sent back to me came to hand all right. If Florence comes up just give her my best wishes & tell her that the reason I gave her no wedding present was because I had nothing whatever to give her. She will, I am sure, understand. Yes, I got the cake all right by post. If you are not too well don't answer this letter until you are stronger. From brother Bob with love to all."

Answered Sat., May 4th, 1940.

"On May 6, 1940. On Saturday, the 4th, Mr. Steiner called & we paid him 4/- for the next month's treatment. He is well satisfied with the progress I am making towards recovery.

This morning Florence came down to spend the day with us. Yesterday Jim & Ethel went by car to Maitland & took Florence for a run to Crape. I wrote a letter to brother Bob yesterday. This morning I received the following note:-

"The World's News, 50-66 Elizabeth Street, Sydney, N.S.W.
2nd May, 1940. Mr. J. Cooney, 331 Maitland Road, Hayfield
West, U.S.T. Dear Mr. Cooney, Thank you for your letter. We are glad to know we have been of service to you. The name & address you required are: J. F. Bowden, Dunbogan, via Tamworth. Yours faithfully, E. Riddell, editor, World's News."

This afternoon I wrote a note to J. F. Bowden, asking for information re the "gentle girl of better days."

Wed. May 8, 1940. This afternoon we received the following letter from Art:-

"Post office, Trangie, Wednesday. Dear Everyone, I have now reached the stage of counting the days until the holidays. I'm feeling parasitic already. By the way, I'd be obliged if you'd forward the enclosed letter to Wal; I don't know his address. (It doesn't matter, I've thought of it). Last Thursday, it being Anzac Day, saw me at my first anzac day service. After listening to the flowery phrases of the local parson's poetic panegyric, I felt that a trip out in the country would clear my wits somewhat. My wits needed clearing a bit. You've no idea how much I have you?) how it feels to seem unique in a crowd. I felt worse than a fish out of water as I heard the hallful of people celebrating in such solemnity what seemed to me a pagan rite. Naturally, I kept my thoughts to myself. I'd as soon be the voice crying in the wilderness as I'd try to swim up Niagara. Intolerant Jingolism seems a function of a group of people's distance from the coast.

Well, to get back to my story, the local postal clerk & yours truly jumped in the "Baby" & went to Warren, whose situation is very similar to that of Gin Gin. It seems a prosperous, clean, & friendly little town, & we greatly enjoyed our outing. Last Sunday found me at Paix', with Clarrie & I holding the
fort between us. Mr. & Mrs. Pax were in Sydney. Clarence
is sick of being out of work because of the strike; so is
packing up & going to Sydney for good, if he can get a job
down there. He'll probably use his ability as a bandsman to
get him work. When Merve & I get home depends on Wal.: I
have to get some tyres re-treaded in Sydney. See you all
soon. Arthur."

Sat. May 11, 1940. This is my 73rd birthday, & Mum bought me
a nice pyjama suit, & Daphne, Keith, & Noel brought me a new
electric radiator as a birthday present. Last night Walt got
home by car from Sydney; & this morning Art arrived with
Merv Ewers, who is staying here with us until he & Art go back to Dubbo. As I accidentally broke our thermos flask,
Walter gave me one this morning. Walt took Mum & me down
to the Mayfield post office this morning, & we handed in our
pension questionnaires. We have given notice (through Ivy) to
withdraw our share money from the Newcastle & Suburban Co-operative store; but we may let it remain there.
This morning I received a letter from brother Bob in reply
to my letter of last Saturday. Art has taken Mum to Mait-
land to see Florence.

Mon. May 13, 1940. Walter left home at about 5 this morning to
return to Sydney with a friend. This morning I received the
following letter from Pat O'Grady:-

"68 Hanson Street, Adelaide, S. Aus. May 10, 1940.
Dear Joe & Mrs. Cocking, Your kind letter to hand & sorry I am
to learn of your recent illness. Hope you have completely re-
covered by now. I am in my usual state of almost perfect health.
Yes, I received by post the nice copy of Kendall's poems you
sent me with your usual characteristic kindness. But I am sorry you were put to such a troublesome searching for it. I am, I
think I mentioned before, not so keen on poetry as I know I shou-
d be; probably because during the early, impressionable years
in my life my environment was like unto that of the more prim-
itive dwellers of this earth some few thousands of years ago.
Still, when I did escape into an environment a trifle more enlig-
htened I did encounter a few scraps of mental pabulum of the
uplifting kind among which was some of Henry Kendall's stuff.
That poem about his callous, brutal treatment of his wife,
"That gentlegirl of better days, as timid as a mountain faun,
Who used to choose untrodden ways
To place, at night, her rage in pawn."
Now, my somewhat Calvinistic friend, though I have assisted
persisted in the manufacture of probably millions of gallons of "the Devil's broth" during the 25 to 30 years of employment in
that what probably you would stigmatise as "industry", yet
after that experience, having emerged therefrom untouched by
its virus. I cannot avoid believing that the fault is not a
ith His Nibs' brew, but lies in a combination of evils. The evil inherent in the Devil's broth coming into contact with that contained within the system— in the make-up of some unfortunate humans—, I was taught when young that there is within us all "a strong propensity to evil", that in every descendant of Adam & Eve has to be fought this inherent inclination to evil. That's all very fine & large, but we have not all been equally provided with its antidote. Besides medical science is now teaching that crime & evil tendencies are largely, if not wholly, a question of certain glands that "gang aft aglee". There are more things in Heaven & earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy, & of course in my philosophy also. But I very much enjoyed reading that particular poem, besides several others. As far as I believe, that particular poem was in the miscellany of an Adelaide weekly paper, "The Observer" now deceased. Had I had the good fortune to have seen the whole of Kendall's poems at that impressionable age I am pretty sure I would have absorbed many of his fine sentiments. But that must have been more than 50 years ago; perhaps 60.

Curiously enough, 2 or 3 days before I received your letter I called on Mrs. Huxtable, the daughter of Mrs. Trowse— the old lady who lives at Kadina & who promised to make inquiries re Emily Matthews—whom she knew. Mrs. Huxtable had just recently had word from her mother asking her to get in touch with me & to inform me that apparently no one in Kadina knows a thing about that missing lady. One of these odd fortnights I intend to invade headquarters of the "Adelaide Salvation & issue an ultimatum demanding the head of the lady in hiding.

Well, Joe, I believe I have not even said a word about the war overseas. And it is because "I had no word to say". I am becoming more & more convinced that having no say in the making of wars, why the dickens should it concern me how it is going or how it is likely to end. Just at present it looks as if it is only a matter of weeks for the whole mess to end in favor of "the mad dog of Europe". Hitler, though a callous brute, is but one of the mad dogs of Europe, & I am wondering what does it matter which of the mad dogs wins. If Germany does win I believe I feel, that a saner Government will replace Hitler in Germany. Anyhow, can things be much worse than they are under British rule? I saw that contribution of yours in the "Pensioner" & was quite satisfied that you had not written it as it was printed. I think you will soon come to the same conclusion as I have: that it is useless wasting one's efforts trying to better the conditions of the underdog while he is content to be the underdog.

I also received the paper announcing the marriage of your daughter. Please convey to her my sincere wish that she & her husband will have a long, prosperous, & happy married life together. I'm sure she deserves it.

I do not agree with you in all you say regarding Labor politics. The workers are in politics, not for the purpose of indulging in show heroics, but for the purpose, among others, of frustrating
the intentions of Fat & his "Labor" hirelings. You mentioned a precious pair of the latter tribe in your letter. It seems that flog high or flog low the Labor renegade is ready to sell out to Fat all the time. Lang & Beastly have glib tongues with which they tickle the gullible as often as necessary. And the Communists? There are a thousand varieties of so-called Communists. We have them here in Adelaide. Every time that it seems that Labor may win the election the Communists do the usual twist! No, I do not think they sell out—they have so little to sell—but they seem to love trouble & sensationalism. There are about 4 different varieties in Adelaide Botanic park each Sunday afternoon, & no matter which one you approach you invariably hear the speaker say something in disparagement of "your Labor Party"; & apart from that they say little else. They make me sick!

And is it not a fact, Joe, that with very few exceptions those anti-worker Communists & Langites were originally in Labor politics? Why did they leave it? Oh, somebody offended them at the Labor meeting & they knew how to get even with the rot. Then again some were becoming impatient at the delay in our emancipation & quite sincerely went over to the little band of Communists. And how much nearer is our emancipation as a consequence? These latter were the brainy ones & left Labor politics the poorer for their defection. Is it any wonder so many of us are losing heart? Of course all the hypocritical claptrap about Communist domination of political & industrial Labor is—just hypocritical claptrap.

Do you wish me to return Kendall's book of poems? In any case please give my best thanks to your son Walter for having procured it for me.

Now, Joe, I am somewhat tired & will say au rev. My best respects to yourself, Mrs. Cocking, & all the members of what surely is the model family of Australia.

Truly yours, P. O'Grady.

Tues, May 14, 1940. As Walter wants to have the telephone put into our house again we had it replaced in its old position this afternoon. The number will be the same as before—678 Waratah. I posted my letter to Bob this morning.

Fri. May 17, 1940. This morning I have finished writing a note to Jack & Gladys. Art was examined in music yesterday, & this morning he has to be examined again on other subjects.

Sat. May 18, 1940. Art & Merve Ewers left here this morning to go to Terrigal, where Merve's uncle lives, To-morrow, all being well, they will resume their journey to Sydney, where Art will probably visit Walt at Ashfield, & then they will begin their trip back to Dubbo, where Merve will stay while Art returns to Trangie & GinGin. As the miners' strike has...
Tues. May 21, 1940. Yesterday morning I received the following letter; "Dungowan, 17th May, 1940. Mr. Josiah Cocking, Dear Sir, Please excuse me for not replying to bote sooner, but I am getting old & don't do much writing now. In a biographical note with the book of Kendall's that I have it describes him as the first Australian poet to draw his inspiration from the life, scenery, & traditions of the country.

His father, Basil Kendall, who had been away, returned to Australia in 1840. One day in that year he met a Miss McNally, & the next day they were married. They settled on a farm 2 miles from the little town of Milton. There, in a primitive cottage, twin sons Basil & Edward & Henry were born on 18 April 1841. In 1867 Henry had been giving a lecture in the Sydney School of Arts on "Love, Courtship, & Marriage" & walked home after the lecture with a Miss Rutler, a Dr's daughter, fell in love with her & shortly after married her. I can't tell you of all the hardships they had as there was little to be made by his poems & he had given up a job he had. Before his death his friend Sir Henry Parkes, many years premier of N.S.W., had made him Inspector of Forests at £500 per year. The work proved too severe for him, & on 1 August, 1882 he died in his wife's arms, & was buried at Waverly, overlooking the sea. I have had the poem that you were interested in written out, & am enclosing it herewith. I think you will gather from it who the "gentle girl of better days" was. I suppose you have read the poem that he wrote of his little daughter Araluen. Could anything be more pathetic than "Take this rose & very gently place it on the tender deep mosses where our little darling Araluen lies asleep"?

What do you think of:

"Where are the woodsthat ninety summers back
Stood hoar with ages by the water track?
Where are the valleys of the flashing wing,
The dim green margins & the glimmering springs?
Where now the warrior of the forest race
With glaring war-paint on his fearless face?"

I may say I was very pleased to get your note, & was always an admirer of Kendall's poems, & thought it was a great pity that he went to the drink for a while because of his disappointments. Should you be at Tamworth any time you might take a run out to my place, it is only 28 miles & a good road, also nice scenery. With best wishes, yours faithfully J.F. Bowden."

Verse 1.
I dread that street--its haggard face
I have not seen for eight long years.
A mother's curse is on the place,
There's blood, my readers, in her tears.
No child of man should ever track
Through filthy dust the singer's feet;
A fierce old memory drags her back:
I hate its name-- I dread that street.

Upon the lap of green sweet lands
Whose months were like your English days
I try to hide on Lethe's sands
The bitter, old Bohemian days
But sorrow speaks in singing leaf
And trouble talketh in the tide
The skirts of a stupendous grief
Are trailing at my side.

I will not say who suffered there,
Tis best the name aloof to keep.
Because the world is very fair
Its light should sing the dark to sleep.
But, let me whisper, in that street
A woman, faint through want of bread
Has often pawned the quilt & sheet
And wept upon a barren bed.

How gladly would I change my theme,
Or cease the song & steal away,
But on the hill & by the stream
A ghost is with me night & day.
A dreadful darkness, full of wild
Chaotic visions comes to me,
I seem to hear a dying child;
Its mother's face I seem to see.

Here, surely, on this bank of bloom
My verse with shine would ever flow,
But, ah! it comes-- the rented room
With man & wife who suffered so!
From flower & leaf there is no hint,
I only see a sharp distress
A lady in a faded print--
A careworn writer for the press.

I only hear the brutal curse
Of landlord clamoring for his pay,
And yonder is the pauper's hearse
That comes to take a child away
Apart, & with the half grey head
Of sadder age again I see
The father writing by the dead
To earn the undertaker's fee.

No tear at all is asked for him;
A drunkard well deserves his life:
But voice will quiver, eyes grow dim
For her, the patient pure young wife.
The gentle girl of better days,
As timid as a mountain faun,
Who used to choose untrodden ways
To place at night her rags in pawn.

She could not face the lighted square,
Or show the street her poor thin dress;
In one close chamber, bleak & bare
She hid her burden of distress.
Her happy school mates used to drive
On gaudy wheels the town about:
The meat that keeps a dog alive
She often had to go without.

I tell you this is not a tale
Conceived by me but bitter truth;
Bohemia knows it pinched & hale
Beside the pyre of burnt out youth
These eyes of mine have often seen
The sweet girl-wife in winters rude
Steal out at night through courts unclean
To hunt about for chips of wood.

Have I no word at all for him
Who used down fetid lanes to slink
And squat in taproom corners grim
And drown his thoughts in dregs of drink.
This much I'll say, that when the flame
Of reason reassumed its force
The Hell the Christian fears to name
Was Heaven to his fierce remorse.

Just think of him beneath the ban
And steeped in sorrow to the neck,
Without a friend-- a feeble man
In failing health-- a human wreck
With all his sense & scholarship
How could he face his fading wife?
The Devil never lifted whip
With thongs like those that scourged his life.

But He in whom the dying thief
Upon the cross did place his trust
Forgets the sin & feels the grief
And lifts the sufferer from the dust.
And now, because I have a dream
The man & woman found the light
A glory burns upon the stream,
With gold & green the woods are bright.

But still I hate that haggard street,
Its filthy courts, its allys wild;
In dream of it I always meet
A phantom of a wailing child.
The name of it begets distress:
Oh ! song, be silent: show no more
The lady in the perished dress,
The scholar on the tap-room floor !

Wed. May 22, 1940. Last night I had to sit up by the fire
all night with pain caused by too much laxative medicine,
but I am much better to-day. On Monday Ivy withdrew thirty
pounds of our share money from the Go-op. store, & left 14
pounds there still. Florence came home yesterday afternoon &
stayed until night. The striking miners have gone back to wo-
rk, but restrictions on the use of gas & electricity still
continue. The German army seems to be too strong for France
& England. Italy is almost sure to attack France shortly.

Thur. May 23, 1940. To day I wrote a note to J.F. Bowden,
Dungowan, via Tamworth, N.S.W. thanking him (or her) for
the information he sent re Kendall's poems. To day I am free
from pain. I slept well last night.

Mon. May 27, 1940. This morning we received the following let-
ter from Arthur:-

"Post" office, Trangie, Friday, 24th May, 1940.

dear everyone. To-day I am again parasitic, for it is empire
day. Thanks to good old queen victoria, we get a half holida;
I don't know when I'm going to get a bit of instruction in;
there hasn't been a full school week for over a month. I'd
rather give the kids a few lessons this afternoon than loaf
around the joint. It will be tough when I have to work for my
living, won't it? To save my voice & to give the young hope-
fuls a bit of a break I'm departing from ordinary procedure by
taking the kids to one of the school houses & giving them a cha-
ce to hear an empire day broadcast specially designed for school.
It looks as though I won't be here very much longer. When I ar-
rieved back in Trangie I found a letter from the boss that claims
my immediate attention. It stated that the departmental powers
that be wish to know if I still want to go to a staffed
school. The boss remembered that I wished to go somewhere in
the city, but didn't remember exactly where. He suggested that
I mention it in my early application for a transfer. On both
personal & professional grounds I applied for a move to a
suburb of Sydney preferably close to Petersham & / or the Un-
109.

diversity, or a suburb of Newcastle, preferably handy to Mayfield West. I wonder what the gods will send me? Besides a chance to go to the University, a transfer to Sydney would give me a chance to attend band practice, & eventually to play with Petersham. I'm pretty pally with the officer, whose place I used to take in Dubbo on the few occasions when he was sick. I could go home about once a fortnight, too. If I manage to get to Newcastle I can go to Tech. at night, & eventually teach science in a High School Perhaps. On the other hand, I might be packed off to a country town like Coonamble or Hillston. Mix I'll kick up a noise if I do. I feel pretty optimistic, anyhow.

In a way, though, it's a bit of a cow leaving here. The P. & C. Association is now on a sound footing, & it looks as though I shall do the same trick here as I did in Kickabil — pay for school stocks out of my own pocket for nearly all the time, & then leave a credit balance for my successor. The parents here no longer overtly object to my insisting that the kids be clean. How was the trip up? Nicely, thanks; how's yourself. Nothing remarkable happened except that I had to buy 2 new spark-plugs, had a very close approach to a row with the gorilla man in the ticket-box at the People's Palace. My throat was a bit too sore to argue the point much, so he won on points. A few years' residence in the West, where everybody is polite to everybody else, makes me resent it when anybody talks to me like a dog.

I thought that perhaps my sore throat was bringing out the bulldog breed, & that my sore throat was making me cranky. Merve, as you know, is a bit timid, so he didn't say anything to the bloke, but he said a bit about him later. It seemed that for once I was in the right. My voice was a little better in the morning, but the bloke wasn't on. Please

Elizabeth Jane married a man named James Pettigrew in December, 1895. He was a miner & worked in the Co-operative Colliery for several years; then they moved to Catherine Hill Bay & he worked on the coal there for some years. Then they shifted to Lithgow, where Jim also worked as a miner. Finally they went to Bito, where Jim worked first as a miner, & then became an ambulance man at the Wongawilli Colliery, which position he still fills. I'm very sorry to say that my dear sister was bereaved of her mother on Sunday, the 8th of May, 1910. Poor Mother died in her sleep, for her heart was in a very weak state for years. Charley then went to live with Liz-Jane & Jim at Lithgow, & we saw little or nothing of him for years. Then the heroes brought the plague from the putrid battlefields of Europe in 1919 poor Charley caught it, or something like it, & passed away peacefully on the 19th of April 1919 (Good Friday). His last words were, "I shall not be long now," He was buried at Lithgow, & there were many other poor unfortunate buried on the same day. I am not able to say anything about his spiritual condition at that
find enclosed cheque for ten quid. Together with the 6 odd pounds in your possession, (I mean the green cheque which should have arrived) it should be enough to cover the debts to Deg & Chip as well as the Store bill, etc. Thanks for the dough. I'll bring my cheque-book home with me next time. I'll let you know when I know when & where I'm going. Yours, Arthur Cocking. (Gee, I forgot I wasn't signing an official letter. Sorry.)

(Mon. continued.) Mr. Stemler was here last Saturday night & said that he was well satisfied with the progress I am making towards recovery. I did not pay him.

Wed. May 29, 1940. This morning I received the following letter:

"28th May, Lismore Street, Abermain. Dear Joe, To-day I received a magazine by post, but someone has misfired. In connection with it as I have a copy of it sent up by you 3 months ago. Therefore I am returning it to you so as you can bring it back to your agent & get the one that should be dated June 30th instead. You got 2 "Wide Worlds" of the same date, which are of no use to anyone as the tales are the same.

Well, we, or they, are all back at work again. They recently came to the conclusion that there are enough miners willing to take their places. That overpaid Hamelin Piper, Mr. Orr, went up to Queensland to speak to the coalminers, but they all at work, so he came back with the usual advice to the mugs--"Get back to your work again". Yes, I was told that 35 years ago after running in debt to about 50 pounds, then go up to the office door, take off your hat, & ask for a job.

I did the same thing at the SteelWorks in the 1917 strike, that strike did good, as they will never come out on strike any more. There is a pit up here called Rothbury. They came out in sympathy with all the others, but Miller's Coal Co. filled all their places next day. Of course you know that men working in the coal pits don't get the coal now; they have to put the token on & fill it. No Chinnaman or Jubilee seams up here--it's a collar & tie job now.

My shoulder is a little better now, & all the rest of us are in tip-top health. Bob is still down at Kurri on the sewer works. He keeps in good health. Our garden is now coming on fine, & our fowls are giving us 3 eggs some days, & increase to 5 or other days; so we have not much to grumble about at present. I was pleased to hear that your boys visited you recently, & I do so hope that you will soon be well again.

My Jim's & Ethel's visits are few & far between. I think the price of petrol has frightened him off the road. You will soon have a copy of the parson's paper. They, to their lasting credit, don't attend any send-offs or welcome homes. We have been very short of coal since the big smoke..."
at the pits, but will get a load in a few days. I don't
tknow when I'll be coming down to see you again as the days
& nights are bitter cold up here now. Give my love to all
the family circle & accept the same for yourself.
Brother Bob.
P.S. If you see Jim or Ethel give them my address."

Wed. continued. Florence was here nearly all day yesterday,
& returned to Maitland in the late afternoon. She is well
& happy.

Fri. May 30, 1940. Last night Fred went to Mr. Stemler & paid
him the £ 2-2-0 that was due on the 26th of this month, &
Fred brought home some bark to make a soothing remedy for my
ulcerated mouth & tongue. He also brought home a rubber air-
cushion for me to sit on. This morning I received by post from
Walter the following books:—"The Definite Object", 374 pages by
Jeffery Farnol. 1/-.
"Elbow Room", 383 pages by Max Adeler;
INDEX.

A
Addell 2. Art 2. 31. 62. 30. 60. 74. 90. 99. 79. 80. 82. 89. 99. 101.
67. 68. 69. 70. 71.

B
Bendigo 88. Bob 97. 98. 100. 101. 102. 110. 47. 51. 97. 100.
Building house 1.

C
C pillar 2. Compulsory Military Training, 21. 49. Cocking, V.
Capt. Hancock 57. Clarrie Paix 74. 75. Cecil Robinson 75. 76. C. Paix

D
for Peace, 43. D. of Mrs. Davies, 44. Dan Price, 62. D. of T.
Concerning German - Poland's Relations" 74. Dubbo 75.
101. 105.
Engagement Ring, 81. Edna Fowler 78. Edith, 2. Elbow Room 111.
Eva Morris 111.

F
Fletcher 10. Florence 1. 4. 5. 6. 36. 60. 62. 77. 79. 85. 11. 19.
Fred, 1. 12. Franklin 13. Fighting Mac 10. Fryar 52. Funeral of
Bertha 73. Fred 100. Florence 111.

G
Gin Gin 19. 101. 3. 29. Gifts to Fred 61Gardeners Lodge 1. Helen
Germany 103.

H

I

J
Johnny Rose & Walt at Sydney 62. Jim Holland 74. Jack & Glad

K
Jensen 61.
Kendall 100, 104, 105, 51.


Olive Worley 3. O'Grady 14, 15, 16, 40, 5b, 71, 102. Ovenden /2. 82.


Presents 95.

Queanbeyan 6.

Snedden 10. Steelworks 10. &th &th 7th Day Adventists 11.
Vera 0. 73. "What We Should Scrap" 46. War 3.

Ulcerated throat 101. Uncle W's wife 87.

3182
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