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BOTANY

EXERCISE BOOK

From Oct. 14 1921

SCHOOL To MAR. 16 1923.

CLASS

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FILE SINCE

1090

JOSIAH COCKING'S DIARY.

1.

The following letters should have been inserted into my diary dated from May 1st 1920 to Dec. 20th 1921, & lettered F.

"The Meadows, Potterend, Berkhamstead, England, 1st Sep. 1921.
Dear Mr Cocking, You will see by this letter that I have arrived safe at home, but I must say that I am very disappointed in things here. Things are very different from what they were in the old days. My Mother has given up her small poultry keeping business as the feed is too dear. Really I don't feel at home at all, and I am thinking of returning. My Mother has got very old & fidgety, & my children seem to worry her. My little girl Betty & Grandma don't get on at all. It makes me feel that I have made a great mistake in coming back. We had a very nice voyage & enjoyed it very much. I should be so pleased to hear from you at any time to let me know how things are there at Newcastle. How are Mrs. Cocking & family? I was so glad to have seen her that Sunday, & if you would send me a Newcastle paper it would be like old times again. They have had a real Australian summer in England this year-- the hottest & driest for about 40 years, so it is said. There are no vegetables or fruit, much, at all, & what there is is very dear. We have been and picked a few blackberries, but they are not very nice. You would laugh if you could see Betty when the blackberry bushes prick her fingers. She said she don't like this England-- such a lot of prickly things live here; she likes Australia best. I tell her we may come back again some day. She seems to miss the sea, as it is very quiet here. We live about 3 miles from a town, but I don't mind it in the summer time. I don't know how we will go on in the winter time. Dear Mr. Cocking, I don't think I have any more to tell you now. I hope Mrs. Cocking & family are all well. What sort of a winter have you had? but I suppose it is getting nice now. I shall envy you at Christmas time-- nice warm weather & we are shivering with the cold. I must close now with best wishes to you & Mrs Cocking. From yours Alice Sheppard."
(Answered Oct. 15th 1921.)

Note:- Mrs Sheppard's letter should have been typed on page 103 of diary F, May 21, 1920 to Dec. 20, 1921.)

Copy of a letter from Dr. Rice:-

William S. Rice, Ltd, 8 and 9 Stonecutter Street, London, E.C.
23rd Sep. 1921. Mr. J. Cocking. Dear Sir, "It is an ill wind that blows no good" is a saying which occurs to me at the moment. The present industrial upheaval has given me the opportunity of reviewing some of my records, which I had been unable to do before, particularly those relating to people who have reported themselves cured of their ruptures by the use of my treatment.

2.

I have always endeavored to impress upon everyone who adopted my treatment that my interest in their case did not cease upon receipt of their order, but that I welcomed at any time the opportunity of being of service to them and of giving them ~~my~~ any information in my power to assist them in completing the cure of their rupture. I am equally interested in those who have reported their cures, & just as ready & willing to ~~keep theirs~~ give them the best information to enable them to keep their cures permanent; for I have a record of permanent cures of which any man might be justly proud.

I frequently receive letters from ruptured people who have become somewhat discouraged through not being cured by the various appliances, systems, etc. which they have tried, asking me to tell them of people in their own locality who have been cured by my treatment, that they might investigate my claims to have a treatment which really does cure permanently.

I would be extremely grateful to you if you would write me a letter & tell me if your cure has proved permanent thus far, & , if so, whether you would have any objection to my referring inquirers to you as one who has been cured. You may rest assured that in case such inquirers should communicate with you, you would stand to lose nothing if you would let me know of it; for if I received an order as a result of your recommendation I would see that you received a commission on ~~such order~~ to reward you for your kindness.

If through some accident or any other unforeseen cause your rupture should have re-appeared, I would appreciate an opportunity of again considering your case & assisting you to complete the cure so that it would be a permanent one.

Over 6,500 cures in the British Isles is a good record. I do not include among them those who say they are "satisfied with my appliance", for if I did so the number could be multiplied many times, but only those who reported themselves cured so as to completely discard their appliances.

All of us receive appeals everyday to help this or that cause with money. I do not ask for money, simply the help that can be given by a grateful person by recommending my treatment which has proved so beneficial, or by sending me the names of ruptured people, that I may send them the particulars of my treatment. Thousands of ruptured people are to-day looking for a real genuine treatment that will cure. I am doing my utmost to put my treatment before them, but it is practically impossible to reach them all. You can help to spread the news. Will you join me in trying to relieve their sufferings. ? I enclose a stamped envelope, & would greatly appreciate a prompt reply. Faithfully yours
W.S. Rice."

Copy of a typed letter from Jim Moroney:-

"So is t

"Socialist Labor Party of Australia. Rawson Buildings, Central Street, Sydney. Oct. 14, 1921. Mr. Joe Cocking, Tighe's Hill N.S.W. Dear Comrade, We were glad to receive your letter & the enclosure of 2/-, & we enclose a little bill, which we hope will not over-excite you, but will be settled, & that you will include another year's sub with it to the paper, which, as you say, has improved out of all bounds. It must be kept up to standard, so, comrade, do not be afraid to send along any financial assistance you can for the press. We would advise that you communicate with the "Worker" office with regard to the price for printing a book of verses. I could give you no useful information on the subject myself, not being a printer. But verse does not sell very well. Hoping that all will continue to be as bearable as possible for you, Fraternally yours, Jas. O. Moroney, acting general secretary."

Copy of an invitation to the wedding of W. Cocking:-

"The Salvation Army. The pleasure of the presence of Mr. & Mrs. J. Cocking and family is requested on the occasion of the marriage of Vera Josephine Shoesmith to William James Cocking on Wednesday, October 12th, 1921, at 7-45 p.m. at the Salvation Army Hall, Bryant Street, Tighe's Hill. Staff Captain Annetts will conduct the ceremony. R.S.V.P."

Copy of Sister's letter:-

"Reid Avenue, Lithgow, 18th Oct. 1921. Dear Brother, Sister, & family, I received your welcome letter to-day, and was pleased to find that you still thought of me, for I am sure I do not deserve it. However, if I have not written to you, Joe, I have never forgotten either of you. I think that at times sorrow & trials makes us selfish. Be that as it may, I have had no thought these last 2 years of anything but my own immediate grief. I am glad to hear you are all well, as we are at present. We are still in Lithgow, and I don't think there is a more miserable family in the town. Since baby Vera has gone, Joe, I have had a sad, lonely time; but since she was put into my arms I have only studied her welfare & happiness. Now it is the same. If her Father & Ethel can keep her with them without fretting I am satisfied. I quite believe they will both be good to her; & if they rear her to be as good a girl as her Mother was they will do well. Of course she will have many advantages with them that perhaps I could not have given her, but nevertheless I miss her sorely. God will guard & watch over her, I am sure. I got a letter from Dad to-day, & he is pleased with his work, & more than pleased with the place. I am longing to be down there, but houses are so very scarce. He is making much more money than he made here. I got a letter from

4.

Florrie to-day, & she says Vera is getting quite used to Bob & calls him Daddy without being told. Also that the weather at Dapto is glorious. If you had been here to-day, Joe, you would have thought it was midwinter. It is bitterly cold. Lila sat to-day for her qualifying certificate test, as the teacher told me she stands a good chance. Nelly & Bob are staying with me. Bob is doing well. Their baby (Pearl) is a beautiful child. Nelly is dreading the time coming when I leave her, but it would take a lot of Nellys to keep me here after Dad gets a house. I shall surely take a trip to Newcastle at Christmas if I am spared, for I could not stay any longer without seeing Vera. I hope you are all working well, Joe; also the boys. There is a lot of distress here-- hundreds of men out of work. Uncle Mat & Charlie are promised work down with Dad. Mat looks like a lost sheep without Dad. Charlie has a new motor car of his own. It is his chief hobby. Well Joe, my brother, I must conclude with love from the girls, & will ever remain your loving Sister, Elizabeth Jane Pettigrew.

P.S. I will let you know when I am leaving Lithgow for either Wollongong or Dapto. Remember me to the boys & Florrie."

Copy of a letter from aunt Grace Perkyns:-

"Jenkins Terrace, Redruth, Nov. 30th, 1921. My dear Nephew, I received your kind letter & the money order all safe a few days ago; & many thanks to you for your great kindness to me, for which I trust God will bless you. I see you are wondering how I get my money. Mrs. Webster goes to the office for it. I have not been able to go for nearly 4 years now to get my pension. Mrs. Webster gets mine & got Walter's as well; we could not go out, either of us; but she gets it all right. Well, my dear nephew, I was sorry to see you had scalded your foot, but trust it is better by now, & that your good wife & family are all well. I am very poorly, & the winter is bad. We have had some very cold winds; no frost nor snow yet. I am glad, too, for I cannot stand the frost. I sent a letter to your uncle Robert Rowe in July, & it's just come back to us again--he can't be found. I think he & his wife are gone away to stay at one of their children's homes, as Robert was not very well the last time they wrote. I should say if he was worse they would have written & told me. I don't like the letter returning. My dear nephew, you wanted to know if poor Walter had any relations that could help me, but they are all gone but one sister, & the last I heard of her she just like myself-- can't help anyone--depending on neighbors. Her husband died just before poor Walter. She had no children, so she is left very lonely, & her neighbors are not very nice to her, she says. I see you are with the Salvation Army still. Well, I think they are a very nice lot of people. They do a lot of good, I believe. I see you were saying that a pla-

gue had broken out. We have a lot of sickness home here. Several of our leading men have been taken away almost suddenly. Miss Mabel Harry has never sent us a line since she has been gone. Not very kind of her. Her mother lives 2 doors above me. I hear now & again how she is getting on. The address we sent is the right one. Now I trust you will all have a merry Christmas & a bright new year. Give my love to your brothers your wife, & all your family. I trust this will find you all well. I am as ever your loving aunt, Grace Perkyns.
 P.S. I must tell you Mr. & Mrs. Webster are very good to me. God bless you all."
 (Answered 4th Feb. 1922.)

Copy of a letter from Mrs. Webster:-

"Jenkins Terrace, Redruth, 5th Dec. 1921. Mr. Cocking, my husband & myself thank you very much for your papers, but, as my husband says, I don't think they would find room in our dear "Cornubian" for your writings, they are too plain for them. We had a friend a few years ago who wanted them to print his, but they refused. They are all afraid of one another here in Redruth, for they all sail in one boat; then they are afraid to offend each other. Well, we do try to do our best for your aunt. Poor old soul, she is not too well-- getting feeble--she can't stand the cold. We could not do any other than be kind to her. We have lived by each other so long; & my mother went to school with her & your mother at St. Day, but they never learned much, for my mother was not much of a scholar, more's the pity. My children are all good scholars. I am glad to say the children have better chances now to learn. My eldest boy is at school; he will be 17 at Christmas. He is going in for teaching. You were asking how Mrs. Perkyns gets her living. I do all her business for her. She has not been outside the terrace for all of 4 years now. Her legs fail her. The last time she went out she fell in the street, so she has not been out since. Mr. Perkyns has no one but a sister, and she is the same as Mrs. Perkyns-- old & feeble. Mrs. Harry called to say Mabel, her daughter, had received a letter from you. I am glad that you found the address was all right. She is a nice girl; but we call her mother "Morning News", for she loves to hear all the news to tell again. Your aunt never tells her more than she wants the world to know. Now we both join in sending kind regards to you all. From Emmie & Harry Webster.
 P.S. I hope you will all have a very happy Christmas. It is very near now. The little ones are looking forward to the extras. My baby is 3 years old, & there is a lot of fuss with her about Christmas. Now good bye, & may God bless you all. Emmie Webster."
 (Answered Feb. 4th, 1922.)

Thur. Dec. 22, 1921. Yesterday I mended & varnished my old half plate printing frames. Jose will be laid off for a week on Sat. Jack was paid off yesterday, & will not be wanted again for a

6.

fortnight. Charlie is still working. Brother Bob is also laid off. He gave our Florrie a beautiful front for a dress, a gold brooch with an amethyst in the centre; also a cake of scented soap, all for a Christmas present.

I have written the following verses:-

WHAT IS CHRISTIANITY ?

A sacred movement that began
With Jesus Christ, the Son of Man,
In ages long gone past,
Whose wondrous words & works shall shine
And prove his nature is divine
As long as earth shall last !

He is the Savior of mankind;
He cured the sick, the lame, the blind,
And gave the dead new breath;
He reprobated sin and crime,
And taught the world the truth sublime
That men live after death.

A Pagan world this truth he gave
That they survive beyond the grave
Whose forms on earth we miss,
That though entombed their bodies lie,
No disembodied spirits die,
But live in pain or bliss!

He also taught, in olden time,
That human warfare is a crime
And sin against his will;
That enemies we should forgive;
That nations all in peace should live
And not destroy nor kill.

His title is the "Prince of Peace";
He wills that brutal wars should cease
And men put up the sword;
But jingo Christians rush away
With armies trained to maim and slay,
And shame their peaceful Lord.

He scorned the rich who robbed the poor;
He freely opened Heaven's door
To all who would believe
That he has paid redemption's price
By his atoning sacrifice,
And will his name receive.

For wholesale murders done of yore--
For martyrs' floods of tears & gore

The Industrialis

2/2/1922.

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A sacred movement that began
With Jesus Christ, the "Son of
Man,"

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Whose wondrous words and works
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And prove his nature is divine
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price

By His atoning sacrifice,
And will His name receive.

7.

Once shed in his great name--
For "holy" wars of old crusades--
And blood-stained, fratricidal blades--
Good Christ is NOT to blame !

His sacred Golden Rule demands
That all shall own the tools and lands,
And exploitation end;
That all shall earn what they enjoy;
That none shall lethal arms employ,
And all shall each befriend .

Daisy.

For wholesale murders done of
yore—

For martyrs' floods of tears and
gore

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That all shall own the tools and
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And exploitation end,
That all shall earn what they en-
joy;

That none shall lethal arms em-
ploy,

And all shall each befriend.

DAISY.

I feel pleased about it. Dear Mary, I received your letter to-
day. So sorry about Mr. Cocking & Jack not having any work: &
poor Jose-- it will be hard on him not being at his own work.
But he will do his best. We feel so sorry about him not being
too well. So when Ern goes over I will give him some culture
to take to you. I find it does me a lot of good. Tess will let
you have it. He wont be coming over for a week or so. Well,
dear old friend, I hope you will soon have good news to write
about. So now I will close. Love to all from all at home. I
remain your old friend, Eliza Morris."

Copy of a typed letter from Harry Holland:-

"Westport, New Zealand, Dec. 28th, 1921. Dear Joe, I am home for
a few days for the Christmas vacation, & am taking this oppor-
tunity to write a few lines. We are up against it in NZ. The
Massey Government is writing its laws for the direct benefit
of the big landowner & big business, & on the other hand they
are cutting down the Public Servants' wages, & this is to be
followed by a general cut on the part of the employeats. The
industrial organisations are not able to combat the cut for the

Copy of an undated
letter from Mrs. E.
Morris)-
"Lithgow Wednesday.
Dear Old Friend, Just
a line to tell you
Maggie was married
On the 7th of the mon
th. They had a nice
quiet wedding--just
ourselves & Bill's
people : Maggie can't
stand all this fuss.
She had a nice cream
costume with hat to
match, & Eva and
Stella were bridesmai
ds. They had pleated
skirts & knitted
jumpers: they all
looked lovely. Mag-
gie & Bill have gone
to Melbourne after
spending a few days i
in Sydney. I had a
wire to day to say
they were both well.
I don't think Maggie
will forget home.
They will be living
with us for a while.

8.

simple reason that all the economic inevitabilities are against them, & they are so positively badly organised that they could not very well fight if the conditions were favourable. It may be that the very fact that the "doing" which they will now experience will drive the industrials into closer combination.

I note what you say about Parliament. Here while the enemies of Labor are in control our work can only be combative & critical on the floor of the House, with an occasional presentation of working class philosophy and politics as opportunity occurs. Until we can achieve a majority, backed by the power of the class-conscious workers, we can do nothing. When we do achieve power-- and I recognise that it is one thing to win office and another thing to achieve power-- our work will be that of economic transformation. A conscious working class cannot tolerate the idea of merely administering the class State. But to what extent that work of transformation can succeed will depend absolutely upon the measure of knowledge which marks the rank & file of the Labor movement. I do not accept the idea of an intellectual minority leading the uninformed majority. I remember that Moses could lead the Jews into the wilderness, but he died before they got out. As long as ever the workers have to depend upon leaders they will fail in the effort towards the supreme objective of Labor. Our success will come when the rank & file are capable of giving their instructions, and not while they are content to be led. The ideal Labor movement will be that in which the official will be the willing servant of the movement-- not its boss.

I agree that shorter hours are infinitely more important than higher wages. Still I think we are going to be called upon to fight to hold what we have in the matter of both wages & hours. In the long run a fall in wages rights itself, undoubtedly; but in the incidence of the change the worker suffers & the profiteer gains. Of course it is the purchasing power of money that counts, not merely the money expression of wages. However, when I started to type this message I did not intend to inflict a long screed upon you. I intended to send you a Christmas & New Year greeting-- & to include Mrs. Cocking as well. I had hoped to get across again this year, but that has not been possible; & next year will be filled in with propaganda work, the session, and the general election at the end of the year. Had I found it possible to make the visit I should have run up to Newcastle for a week or so. With every good wish, yours fraternally H.E. Holland."

Mon. Jan. 2, 1922. This morning Jose, Jack, & I came back by train from Sydney. We had left Newcastle at about midnight on Sunday the 25th ec. on the steamer Hunter, & arrived at 6 a.m. on Monday at the Balmain wharf. The sea was calm, & we had a pleasant voyage with no sickness. Jimmy Cocking & Bob's housekeeper (Mrs. Martin) were on board with us. They were bound for Bath-

hurst by rail from Sydney. We had some of our own food for breakfast on board, & all walked up to the railway station, where we parted. We missed 2 trains for Dapto, but caught the third, & had an enjoyable trip to Dapto, where we arrived about noon. We soon found where Jim Pettigrew lives in Station street, & learned that Nelly & her husband Bob White & Florrie Pettigrew's sweetharat (Will Guthrie) had arrived before us, & were all staying at Jim's place. However, we were made quite welcome. In the afternoon all of us, including Nelly's baby Pearl, went to sports in the Dapto showground. There were foot races, horse races, throwing a cricket ball at a stump, & a wood chopping contest. Jim pointed out old Bill Beach, the ex-champion sculler, to us. At night Liz-Jane made a bed on the floor for Jack, Jose, & Will Guthrie, & I had a single bed. We slept well, as we did not sleep much on the steamer. On Tuesday morning Jim Pettigrew took all of us except Liz Jane, Nelly, & the baby, out on foot to Lake Illawarra, where we saw the remains of an old smelting works. Rain began to fall on Monday & fell at intervals until we left Dapto on Friday. On Wednesday we all, except Liz Jane, the girls, & little Jim, to Wollongong & Port Kembla, where we were shown over the Metal Company's wire works. A lad took us around and showed us how the tubes of copper & of brass are made, & how the copper wire is made and coated with cotton. Then we went to the chemical works near by, & were shown over the works by the chief chemist. The process of making superphosphate of lime was shown & explained to us, including the manufacture of sulphuric acid. From there we went to the Electrolytic Company's works, but as we were late our guide was in a hurry, so he did not explain much to us except the deposition of copper on copper plates by electrolytic action. On Thursday we all went by train to Kiama, where we saw the famous blow-hole in the top of the cliff near the sea. Jack took photos of the water as it was blown up into the air; also of the lighthouse. Sister & the girls & young Jimmy went to the railway station, & we went to the blue metal quarry, & Jack took a photo of it, & of the stone walls built in the early days by lags around the little farms & gardens. We also saw the remains of an old convict building. On Friday morning we left by train for Sydney & arrived in the afternoon. We went to the Salvation Army people's Palace, where Jose paid 13/- for a room with 2 single beds for 2 nights. When we went up in the lift & saw the room we found that it was unsuitable for 3 of us, and as the charge was too high we decided to try to get our 13/- back & go to the Brighton Palace almost opposite in Pitt street. After a stormy interview with the manager we got our money & went to the Brighton, where we got a room with 3 beds for 2 nights for 18/-. We were kept awake for a long while by 2 vile men who conversed in a most disgusting manner. Before going to bed Jose & I walked to Circular Quay & to the general post office. We bought a little 9carat gold chain for our Florrie's brooch, & a

metal tray for her Mother to keep pins in. Jose bought a thermometer. Our Jack went to the pictures. On Saturday morning we went to Botany Bay, & I sent this telegram to Jinny:—"Staying at Brighton Palace, Pitt Street; home on Monday." We saw the spot where Cook is supposed to have landed on at La Perouse; & saw the monument there that marks the spot. Drizzling rain fell all the morning. The sun was not visible, so we did not know north from south nor east from west. We went from La Perouse to near the museum by way of the rifle range & Little Bay prison. We spent an hour in the museum, & from there we walked to the Brighton palace. At night I attended a meeting of the Central City corps near the corner of Goulburn & George streets. Rignold was in charge. He got £ 5 in the collection. On Sunday we left the Brighton palace & took our luggage to the Newcastle Steamship Co's office & left it there until we called at night. We went to the Art Gallery, but it was closed then; so we went to the Domain baths, the Botanical Gardens, & the cafe', where Jose & Jack had dinner. Then we went to the Art Gallery for a while, & then to the Domain where we heard several speakers addressing meetings. We heard Dick Sleath who once represented Broken Hill in parliament with Bill Ferguson; Mr. Huie, the Single Tax advocate; Ernie Judd the Socialist; Percy Macdonald, & others. I also attended a meeting of the Woolloomooloo corps, & a meeting in aid of cripples. In the evening we attended a meeting of Theosophists in the King's Hall near Macquarie & Hunter streets. We were amused at the nonsense that the lecturers talked, & we left before they had finished speaking. From there we went to the Newcastle Steamship Co's office to get our luggage & go on board the Hunter, but we were told that she would not sail on account of the violent storm raging along the coast to Newcastle. We got a refund from the company's office of a portion of our return fares, & walked to the railway station & waited until 1 a.m. on Monday for the train to Newcastle. We reached Newcastle a little past 6 a.m. & came home by tram. The fare from Newcastle to Sydney, saloon, return, was 13/-. The fare from Sydney to Newcastle by train, 2nd class, single, is 10/5.

Tues. Jan. 3, 1922. This morning I went to the B.H.P. Co's employment office at the steelworks and waited in the rain to hear if my name was called for work. It was not; so I got a permit from Joe Gillard to go into the works to see Safety Mitchell, about the Yearly Fund. I interviewed him & he said that on account of the disturbed state of affairs he had not got the books in yet, but a meeting would be called soon to see what would be done with the surplus.

Wed. Jan. 4th, 1922. This morning I went to the steelworks gate & waited until 10 a.m. to hear my name called for work, but it was not called. We are all idle at home now, but Jack expects to start working to-morrow. Charlie & Jose have made a tool box for Jose. While I was waiting at the gate I thought of this theme:-

JOE HILL

By Ralph Chaplin.

High head and back unbending—rebel "true-blue,"
Into the night unending; why was it you?

Heart that was quick with song, torn with their lead;
Life that was young and strong, shattered and dead.

Singer of manly songs, laughter and tears;
Singer of Labor's wrongs, joys, hopes and fears.

Though you were one of us, what could we do?
Joe, there were none of us needed like you.

We gave, however small, what life could give;
We would have given all that you might live.

Your death you held as naught, slander and shame;
We from the awful thought shrank as from flame.

Each of us held his breath, tense with despair,
You who were close to death seemed not to care.

White-handed, loathsome Power, knowing no pause,
Sinking in Labor's flower, murderous claws.

Boastful, with leering eyes—blood-dripping jaws . . .
Accurst be the cowardice hidden in laws!

Utah has a
our blood; white hands are wet;
flood" NEVER FORGET!

your laws now had their fill
and Cause ye cannot kill

unbending—such men a
was it you?



Yours for the O.L.U.,
JOE HILL.

NEW YEAR NOISES.

What's the matter ! What's the matter ?
 What's the cause of all this clatter ?
 Why this blowing of steam sirens
 And the clangor of each bell ?
 Has the Socialistic Order
 Come across Fat's blood-stained border
 To the robber-cursed environs
 Of the city where I dwell ?

Are the deafening commotions
 Caused by alcoholic petitions
 That the populace has taken
 On this New Year's sultry eve ?
 To produce intoxication ?
 Or does all this Austral nation
 Thus my drowsy mind awaken
 But to torture and deceive ?

Or has Bobby Burns' vision
 Of a Social State, elysian,
 In which all men shall be brothers,
 Now at last been realised ?
 Are the lands men and the seamen
 O'er the earth at last made free men,
 Or are they still slaves of others ?
 Are they still press-hypnotised ?

Am I wide awake, or dreaming ?
 Are those lights so brightly streaming
 All the veritable torches
 Of the workers, free and glad ?
 That they're all emancipated
 From the servitude they hated ?
 Have they entered Freedom's porches--
 Or are they just simply mad ?

Is this din the sign and token
 That dumb slaves at last have spoken
 And havetaken--sans permission--
 All that's needful, as their own--
 All the means of wealth-production,
 Distribution or destruction ?
 Are they in a free condition,
 And the rebbers overthrown ?

Or is this insensate hooting
 And confounded tootle-tooting
 But the braying of the asses
 And the bleating of the sheep--

Just the yearly exhibition
Of the stupefied condition
Of exploited working classes,
That disturbs my peaceful sleep ?

Though I may be disappointed
That King Labor's not anointed,
Yet the day of his ascension
To his throne is drawing near;
And, despite all sceptics' scorning,
I shall see some New Year's morning
When War, Want, and class-contention
From the earth shall disappear !
Violet.

NEW YEAR NOISES

3/1 ——— 1922.

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What's the cause of all this clatter?
Why this blowing of steam sirens
And the clangor of each bell?
Has the Socialistic order
Come across Fat's bloodstained border
To the robber-cursed environs
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Caused by alcoholic potions
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I shall see some New Year's morning
When Want, War, and class-contention
From the earth shall disappear!
—"Violet."

AT THE GATE.

If an argument is needed
 Where no others have succeeded
 To convince the most dull-witted
 That the workers are but slaves,
 It's supplied by thousands thronging
 At their masters' gates, and longing
 To be called and re-admitted
 To employment by the knaves.

It's an argument conclusive
 To the boneheads who're abusive
 Of the Socialists who utter
 Naked truths, and who expose
 All the shameless exploitation
 Of the workers of each nation
 By the patriots who flutter
 Empire flags beneath your nose !

It's an answer to their prattle
 When the wage -slaves stand like cattle
 Meekly waiting to be branded,
 At their masters' ~~gates~~ guarded
 gate,
 All expecting the enjoyment
 Of the boon of re-employment,
 And are stoney broke and stranded
 On the rocks of cruel Fate.

There they stand, devoid of powers
 Through division, in the showers,
 The torrential waters falling
 On their garments patched and thin;
 And though rivulets may welter
 They're afraid to seek for shelter
 Lest they miss the clerk's voice calling
 All the wanteds from within !

When this social system passes
 And no workers stand like asses
 Who are waiting for the carrots
 That their gentle masters give--
 When the laborers awaken
 And the fruitful earth have taken
 From the parasitic parrots
 Who permit them now to live,

When their masters' bones are rotten

And their very names
 forgotten
 In bright Freedom's
 future ages,
 Then the nations now
 unborn
 Will be filled with
 mirth, & laughter
 Shall resound through
 floor and rafter
 When they read in
 Hist'ry's pages
 How we waited to be
 shorn !

Mon. Jan. 9, 1922. On
 thursday, friday, & sa
 turday I waited until
 10 a.m. at the steel-
 works employment offic
 e with many more, but
 I was not called.
 Yesterday I attended a
 all of the Army meet-
 ings & spoke at all
 but the last. Adjut-
 ant & Mrs. Brooks &
 baby Coral are leav-
 ing on wednesday next
 for Ipswich in Queens-
 land. Two officers
 are coming to Tighe's
 Hill corps, & two to
 the new corps that is
 to be established at
 Mayfield. Our Charlie
 is to start work again
 this morning, after
 a fortnight's holiday.
 Jose has to start work
 too to day. Jack has
 already started.
 Jack Gibson, who marri-
 ed Eva Robinson, was
 here at our place &
 had dinner with us
 yesterday. He works at
 Morpeth for Sims & Co.
 manufacturers of far-

Industrialist

26/1/1922.

At the Gate.

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Where no others have succeeded
To convince the most dull-witted
That the workers are but
slaves,

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All the shameless exploitation
Of the workers of each nation
By the patriots who flutter
Empire flags beneath your
nose!

It's an answer to their prattle
When the wage-slaves stand like
cattle

Meekly waiting to be branded,
At their master's guarded gate
All expecting the enjoyment
Of the boon of re-employment,
And are "stone-broke" and
stranded

On the rocks of cruel Fate!

There they stand, devoid of powers
Through division, in the showers,
The torrential waters falling
On their garments patched
and thin;

And though rivulets may welter,
They're afraid to seek for shelter
Lest they miss the clerk's voice
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All the 'wanteds' from within!

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And their very names forgotten
In bright Freedom's future ages,
Then the nations now unborn
Will be filled with mirth, and
laughter

Shall resound through floor and
rafter

When they read in history's
pages

How we waited to be shorn!

ing impliments. Arthur Burgess'
brother Frank has returned with
his family to Tighe's Hill. They
have been at Bathurst about 9
months.

Tues. Jan. 10th, 1922. I waited
at the gate again this morning,
but I was not called, though I
expected to be called. I came
home with brother Bob, who is
also out of work. Jimmy Cocking
& Mrs. Martin have not returned
from Bathurst yet, & Bobby is
still idle. (New ribbon.)

I went to the Water Board's of-
fice this afternoon & paid 15/
2x 16/2 off the sewerage work
account. I had a look at the
exhibits in the Technical Col-
lege museum, & had a very ear-
nest conversation with the
caretaker on the subject of
religion. I strongly urged him
to give up drinking & gambling
& become a true Christian. I
bought 2 bags of boot-sprigs
at Sorby's.

Thur. Jan. 12, 1922. I went to
the B.H.P. employment office,
but came home disappointed. In
the evening I went to the Sal-
vation Army citadel in Newcas-
tle to see the
new commissioner
(Whatmore) & his wife & dau-

That the earth is full of beauty,
Few will venture to deny;
Who can travel o'er its mountains,
lakes and streams,
Bent on pleasure or on duty,
And the lovely scenes descry,
Which the workers but behold in
pleasant dreams.

All the parasites who travel
And expend the ample wealth
Which they've stolen from the slaves
they leave behind,
May behold the earth unravel
In their trips for joy and health,
All its wonders that invigorate the
mind.

They may gaze from lofty mountains
At the distant verdant plains,
Where wild flowers tint the landscape
white and gold;
Or descend to fern-clad fountains
In the nearer mountain chains,
Whose sharp pinnacles the fleecy
clouds enfold.

They may camp beneath the willows
By the silver river's side,
And enjoy the golden sunset's fading
glow.

Or may wanton in the billows,
Where the emerald ocean's tide
O'er the music-making sand and
shingle flows.

But the workers, caged in hovels,
Where they trudge, from toil to sleep,
And for which they pay their land-
lords ample rent,
Are denied scenes bright and novel;
While their masters revel keeps
and may travel to the uttermost
extent.

Though to travel is expensive
Yet each social leech receives
A sufficiency of cash by force or
stealth;

And the planet, though extensive,
Is a playground for the thieves,
Who monopolise the means of making
wealth.

In the coming Age of Science,
When all toilers shall be free,
And the primal fount of energy is
prized—
When the nations bid defiance
To the storm-cloud and the sea,
And the atom's mighty force is util-
ised—

When the azure air of heaven
Is a highway for each fleet
That shall travel like the lightning
in the skies—
When the Council of Eleven,
In Earth's Parliament shall meet,
And the workers of the world shall
fraternise—

Then their servitude shall vanish
Like the night before the sun,
And the earth shall be a playground
for the Whole:
The United World shall banish
Ev'ry fratricidal gun;
And all nations live in peace from
pole to pole!

—DAISY

ghter who have all just arrived from England. The citadel was full, & the air inside was hot. There are no windows on the eastern side of the building, & their absence makes the ventilation bad. Mr. Cornish, mayor of Newcastle, was present; also col. Knight & brig. Knapp, & several others on the platform. The Tighe's Hill band played. several addresses of welcome were given, & Mrs. Whatmore spoke, & her daughter (a young woman) sang something to the tune of "The Dear Little Shamrock". She has a sweet, musical voice, but rather weak. Com. Whatmore spoke for about an hour, & seemed to be an earnest, sincere man. Florrie, Fred, Walter, & Jose also went to the welcome. This morning I went to the office again, expecting to start working in Teal's gang, but was not called. Jimmy Cocking returned from Mathurst yesterday.

Fri. Jan. 13, 1922. This morning I waited at the gate to hear my name called for work, but it was not called. A great number of men were there waiting in the rain. Last night I attended a welcome meeting of the Tighe's Hill Salvation Army to welcome commandant Hilder & Ensign Marsh to the corps. Staff Capt. Annetts led the meeting, & Levi Burgess spoke. George Millar & Mrs. Woodbury also spoke briefly. Old Augustus Cannon & Mr. Carpenter also welcomed the new officers. Staff-capt. Michell made a short speech, & the 2 lady officers replied. I wrote most of the following verses one morning when Jose, Jack, & I were on a visit to Sister at Dapto:-

TRAVEL.

That the earth is full of beauty
 Few will venture to deny
 Who can travel o'er its mountains, lakes, & streams
 Bent on pleasure, or on duty,
 And the lovely scenes descry
 Which the workers but behold in pleasant dreams .

All the parasites who travel
 And expend the ample wealth
 Which they've stolen from the slaves they leave behind,
 May behold the earth unravel,
 In their trips for joy and health,
 All its wonders that invigorate the mind .

They may gaze from lofty mountains
 At the distant verdant plains
 Where wild flowers tint the landscape white and gold,
 Or descend to fern-clad fountains
 In the nearer mountain chains
 Whose sharp pinnacles the fleecy clouds enfold.

They may camp beneath the willows
 By the silver river's side,
 And enjoy the golden sunset's fading glow,
 Or may wanton in the billows
 Where the em'rald ocean's tide
 O'er the music-making sand & shingle flows .

But the workers ,caged in hovels,
 Where they trudge from toil to sleep,
 And for which they pay their landlords ample rent,
 Are denied scenes bright and novel;
 While their masters revels keep
 And may travel to the uttermost extent!

Though to travel is expensive,
 Yet each social leech receives
 A sufficiency of cash by force or stealth;
 And the planet, though extensive,
 Is a playground for the thieves
 Who monopolise the means of making wealth .

In the coming Age of Science,
 When all toilers shall be free
 And the primal fount of energy is prized--
 When the nations bid defiance
 To the storm-clouds or the sea,
 And the atom's mighty force is utilised--

When the azure air of Heaven
 Is a highway for each fleet
 That shall travel like the lightning in the skies--
 When the Council of Eleven
 In Earth's parliament shall meet,
 And the workers of the world shall fraternise--

Then their servitude shall vanish
 Like the night before the sun,
 And the earth shall be a playground for the Whole:
 The United World shall banish
 Ev'ry fratricidal gun,
 And all nations live in peace from pole to pole!
 Daisy.

(Printed 20/4/1922, in "The Industrialist".

Mon. Jan. 16, 1922. This morning I went to the steelworks gate
 & waited until almost noon to be called for work, but was not
 called. While waiting I had a friendly discussion with a few of
 the chaps on religion while the crowd looked & Joe Gillard listened.

15.

Yesterday I went to all the meetings of the Army & spoke at the open-air meeting in William street, & at the Islington Park meeting in the afternoon. There were no conversions. Yesterday was the first Sunday that our new officers, Hilder & Marsh, have spent here.

Wed. Jan. 18, 1922. Yesterday I went to the steelworks & to the Newcastle Labour Bureau, but could not get work. The bureau clerk found my registration card for the year 1916 when I worked at the sewerage job at Broadmeadow with brother Bob. To-day I went to the steelworks again, but no work was available. I wrote to Sister this evening.

Thur. Jan. 19, 1922. I went over to the steelworks this morning but only a few men were put on to work. Hot weather. 85 deg. Fah.

Thur. Jan. 26, 1922. During the last week I have been going to the steelworks or to Newcastle to try to get a job, but with no success. There are hundreds of men out of work in this district. Hundreds of men & boys meet at the Labor Bureau daily, vainly seeking for work. Last night I attended a meeting of the unemployed, near the Central poison shop, Newcomen & Hunter streets, Newcastle. Six speakers addressed the crowd; but the only ones who seemed to understand the cause of unemployment were 2 Socialists, who spoke. Last Sunday I attended all of the Army meetings as usual. No new recruits are being added to the Tighes Hill corps. A few days ago we received a letter from aunt Grace Perkins. We also got a letter from Mrs. Alice Sheppard. Jose, Jack, and Charlie are still working, but there are rumours of the steelworks being closed altogether. The B.H.P. Co. is asking for a 33 per cent reduction in wages; & the colliery proprietors are asking for a drop in the colliers' wages. Brother Bob has started dealing in fruit & vegetables. Bobby is working, but Jimmy is still out of work. Last Monday I attended Mr Wallbridge's funeral. He lived in Henson Avenue, but he died after an operation had been performed on him. Poor Mrs. Wallbridge is left with 6 children, but I think the Freemasons will look after them, as her husband was a Mason. I have written the following:-

TO SOCIAL PARASITES.

If you wish to live in clover till your useless lives are over,
And are anxious still to emulate the Turk
And have no restraint or bridle on your beastliness while idle--
Take a candid friend's advice--don't ever work !

If you long to be respected let your duties be neglected,
But keep cunningness as keen-edged as a dirk;
Tell the toilers lying stories of your empire & its "glories"
And its victories in war-- but never work !

If you wish to lose no portion of your power of extortion

And your dignity, & privilege to shirk,
 Drink champagne to stupefaction, but avoid each useful action
 That could truly be described as useful work.

Do be careful not to mention that you have the least intention
 To deserve or earn the victuals you enjoy,
 For you know it's deemed degrading to engage in toil or trading
 When exploited herds of slaves you may employ.

You may sleep like Rip Van Winkle, for you've learnt the robbers'
 wrinkle

To monopolise machinery & land !
 And few wage-slaves' ire will kindle to expose your "legal"
 swindle

Which the workers mostly fail to understand.

They will toil from night till morning, good advice & knowledge
 scorning;

And will labor from the morn until the night
 In an atmosphere that smothers, making wealth for you & others,
 And will never dream the action isn't right !

You may safely read your novels in your mansions, while in hovels
 Slaves curtain their sad existence by their toil.

Fear no wild revolt nor strictures while they've races, beer, &
 pictures

They're content to let you keep your stolen spoil !

Till your dupes & slaves awaken & your plunder is retaken,
 All your blood-stained wealth securely you may keep;
 You may freely rob & revel & plunge headlong to the Devil,
 For the workers of the world are fast asleep !

Daisy.

(Printed Feb. 9th, 1922.)

Mon. Jan. 30, 1922. This morning I went to the steelworks, but
 although a large number of men were called for work in the open
 hearth I was not called. Yesterday I attended all of the meet-
 ings of the Army. I led the knee-drill meeting at 7 a.m. I read
 Luke, 10th chapter & verses 32 to 37, & spoke on the need of all
 Christians to know what Socialism means, & to take part in all
 movements for the betterment of the people, & the abolition of
 warfare & want. Commandant Hilder was displeased because I did
 not confine my remarks to "spiritual" lines. She gave out a
 hymn, thus taking the meeting out of my hands. After the meeting
 she told me she had never read anything about Socialism.

On Friday I went to the Co-op. store & paid our month's bill of
 £ 8-12-2. This week's "Industrialist" contains "At The Gate."

To Social Parasites

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Till your useless lives are over,
And are anxious still to emulate
the Turk
And have no restraint or bridle
On your beastliness while idle—
Take a candid friend's advice—
don't ever work!

If you long to be respected
Let your duties be neglected,
But keep cunningness as keen-
edged as a dirk;
Tell the toilers lying stories
Of your Empire and its glories
And its victories in war—but
never work!

If you wish to lose no portion
Of your power of extortion
And your dignity, and privilege
to shirk,
Drink champagne to stupefaction
But avoid each useful action
That could truly be described
as honest work.

Do be careful not to mention
That you have the least intention
To deserve or earn the victuals
you enjoy.
For you know its deemed degrad-
ing
To engage in toil or trading
When exploited hordes of slaves
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You may sleep like Rip Van
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To expose your "legal" swindle
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to understand.

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securely you may keep;
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And plunge headlong to the devil,
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are fast asleep!

—DAISY.

NO DANGER.

"I hope you are not afraid of
microbes," apologized the paying
teller as he cashed the school
teacher's check with soiled
currency.

"Don't worry," said the young
lady. "A microbe could'nt live on
my salary."—The Seaman's
Journal.

Tues. Jan. 31, 1922. This afternoon I went to the Labor Bureau office at the corner of Watt & Scott streets & got a ticket to start work in the morning. I have to be at the Tighe's Hill fire station at 7-30 to-morrow morning to know where I & a lot of others have to work. This morning I wrote out my verses---"Wanted" --- that I wrote in 1910 when the Federal Defence Act was passed by Andy Fisher & his alleged Labor mob. I have written them out for Ted Sinclair. This afternoon he typed out several copies in the office of the "Industrialist" at the trades hall.

Thur. Feb. 2, 1922. Yesterday I started on the relief work with 20 others to cut a new straight channel for the Throsby Creek at Tighe's Hill, which makes a big bend below Bryant and Elizabeth streets. The old channel is to be filled in & the swampy land raised between the old and the new channels. The wage is to be 15/2 per day from 7-30 a.m. to 5 p.m. I was put with 2 others to chop down & clear away the mangrove trees growing in the creek. It is a dirty job, but 1/3 per day extra is given for it. Will Nelmes, who used to work at engine-driving at the steelworks, was with us. Will is an Atheist. Another member of our party of cutters is a Roman Catholic. He told us that there is no R.C. Bible, & that he believed in the Prayer Book but not in the Bible! I wonder is such ignorance common amongst R.Cs. Yesterday was h but the sky is clouded this morning. 7 p.m. I worked again to-day at the canal. More men, horses, & drays were put on the job this morning.

Fri. Feb. 2, 1922. To-day I have been cutting down trees behind McGregor's butchers shop. Evan Evans & I brought 4 blunt axes home to our place to sharpen them on our grindstone. We sharpened 2 & partly ground a third one, & went back to the creek & had dinner there. After dinner we came back home and sharpened 2 more axes on the grindstone. That work occupied us until 3 p.m. We went back & cut more mangrove trees down. We were all paid to-day. I had 2 days' pay, which was £ 1-15-8. The wage is 15/2 per day, but I have been getting 1/3 a day extra for working in mud & water. That makes my pay 16/5 per day of 8 hours.

Sat. Feb. 4th, 1922. No work was done on the creek to-day as the weather is too wet. I have written the following:-
TO MOTHERS.

Mothers ! Give your best attention
To a subject I shall mention
If you wish to know the reason
Why you struggle all your lives
In this stupid social order,

And exist upon the border
Of starvation when a season
Of declining trade arrives.

When your minds & limbs are weary
Of domestic duties, dreary,
Do you ever doubt or question
If it's natural or right
To be darning, patching, mending
To economise in spending,
And imperil your digestion
By your slaving day and night ?

I'm aware your minds are muddy
For the want of time to study
Books on science economic
Which would make your notions clear;
You have little will or leisure
To amass such mental treasure,
Though you may peruse a "Comic"
Where no politics appear !

Of the reasons that are many,
And the greatest cause of any
Of your lack of clear instruction
Why your bondage is maintained,
And why women suffer under
This regime of blood & plunder
Is the system of production
That a PROFIT may be gained !

And the worst of your degraders
Are the patriotic traders
Who deprive you women-workers
Of your leisure & your lives.
While those idlers play & chatter
You replenish glass & platter
And you flunkey for the shirkers
And their concubines & wives.

You're the living cornucopia
Who provide the Thieves' Utopia
With the labors of your daughters
And the bodies of your sons;
For ~~th~~azyou mothers of the masses
Give the idle owning classes
All your conscript sons for slaughter
On their fields of hellish guns !

Whilst your tongues & hands are nimble

Lift your minds above
the thimble;
Talk this subject with
your neighbor
In a chat across the fence
And with brothers hold
communion
In a world-embracing
union
Which shall take the world

for Labor
By its unity and sense !

Thereby save your lads and
lasses
From exploiting, warlike
classes
Who would rather kill than
labor
For the ample wealth they
steal !
Would you have injustice
ended
And all womankind defended
Be united with your neigh-
or
For the future Common-
weal !

Daisy.

(Printed 16/2/22.)

Mon. Feb. 6, 1922.

Yesterday I attended all
of the Army meetings, &
at the last meeting I
went to the penitents form
Staff-capt. Annetts led
the meeting & kept it
going until late.

To-day I worked again on
the canal, cutting down &
clearing away mangrove
trees out of the line of
the canal or new creek chan-
annel. Rainy. I have
finished writing "The
Eighth Craft Union
Meeting" & have post-
it to "Common Cause".

16/2/1922.

To Mothers.

Mothers! Give your best attention
To a subject I shall mention

If you wish to know the reason
Why you struggle all your
lives

In this stupid social order,
And exist upon the border
Of starvation when a season
Of declining trade arrives.

When your minds and limbs are
weary

Of domestic duties, dreary,
Do you ever doubt or question
If its natural or right

To be darning, patching, mending
To economise in spending,
And imperil your digestion
By your slaving day and
night?

I'm aware your minds are muddy
For the want of time to study
Books on science economic
Which would make your
notions clear;

You have little will or leisure
To amass such mental treasure
Though you may peruse a
"comic"

Where no politics appear!

Of the reasons that are many,
And the greatest cause of any
Of your lack of clear instruction
Why your bondage is main-
tained,

And why women suffer under
This regime of blood and plunder
Is the system of production
That a PROFIT may be
gained!

And the worst of your degraders
Are the patriotic traders
Who deprive you women-
workers

Of your leisure and your
lives.

While those idlers play and chat-
ter

You replenish glass and platter
And you flunk for the shirkers
And their concubines and
wives!

You're the living cornucopia
Who provide the Thieves'
Utopia

With the labors of your daugh-
ters

And the bodies of your sons;
For you mothers of the masses
Give the idle owing classes

All your conscript sons for
slaughter

On their fields of hellish guns.

Whilst your tongues and hands
are nimble

Lift your minds above the thimble
Talk this subject with your
neighbor

In a chat across the fence:—

With your brothers hold com-
munion

In a world-embracing union
Which shall take the earth for
Labor

By its unity and sense!

Thereby save your lads and lasses
From exploiting, warlike classes
Who would rather kill than
labor

For the ample wealth they
steal!

Would you have injustice ended
And all womankind defended
Be united with your neighbor
For the future Commonweal!

—DAISY.

tains the names of the students who
have passed at the Technical College exam.
Son Jack passed in the "B" grade in
Theoretical Chemistry & in Practical
Chemistry. Our Charlie passed in the "A"
grade in Carpentry & Joinery, and in
"B" grade for Trade Drawing. Both of
them are very much pleased with their
passes.

I wrote a letter
to aunt Grace on
Saturday, but we
are not sending
any money this
time. I sent a
few of Jack's
small photos.
I also sent a let-
ter to the Webste
ers, who live
near aunt Grace
in Redruth.

Wed. Feb. 8, 1922.
Yesterday I worked
all day cutting
& clearing off
mangroves near
the bridge over
the creek at the
bottom of Bryant
street. Three othe
ers were working
with me. Fine wea-
ther. I was too ti
tired to attend
the hall meeting
last night.
Yesterday's Newca
stle Herald con-

Thur. Feb. 9, 1922. I worked again to-day, clearing & burning of mangrove trees near the bridge. After dinner Jack Valentine, the boss, sent me to help to fill drays as 3 men had gone home. One of them was young Jimmy Bray, a lazy loafer. This morning Jose has gone to Mayfield to fix electric lights in the big tent in which the Army meetings are to be held until the new Mayfield citadel is completed. Hot weather all day. Yesterday I received a newspaper from Mrs. Sheppard who is in England.

Tues. Feb. 14, 1922. I worked last Friday & was paid £ 2-15-8 for 3 days' work. On Saturday I baled water, & filled scoops with mud. On Sunday I attended all of the Army meetings & spoke in the hall & in the park. Last Friday's "Industrialist" contains "To Social Parasites". Yesterday I pulled up ferns or bracken all day near the big coal heap of 45000 tons. It is owned by the Federal Government, & is controlled by some military body. My hands are sore through pulling up the ferns. I have received a letter from Mr. Freeberg, the editor of "Common Cause", which is as follows :-

"Common Cause Newspaper. Official Organ of the Workers' Industrial Union of Australia. Mining Department, 434 Rawson Chambers near railway, Sydney. 11th Feb. 1922. Dear Comrade, It is the worst type of journalism to print in sections a thing which is worth printing. I have been through the verse, & although I like it, with the present pressure on space it is at least twice as long as I can stand. Regarding a trip to Newcastle, I did give a lecture at the Trades Hall at the end of October, I think. A report appeared in the "Industrialist" about it. I am returning the manuscript under separate cover. As for criticism-- I would offer one point. I would suggest putting proper English into the mouths of the jingo characters-- & even that might be a matter of personal opinion. Next time I visit Newcastle I shall be pleased to have a chat with you. Yours fraternally Norman R. Freeberg. If you can cut it down without spoiling it have a try."

That letter was written in reply to one of mine with which I sent "The 8th Craft Union Meeting", for publication in "Common Cause".

Wed. Feb. 15, 1922. I worked at fern cutting again to-day at the coal heap near the abandoned oil refining works. I had only 1 mate with me. I wrote the following verses for the "Industrialist" :-

A PROPHECY.

Socialism stands for Right
Over all the earth,
Concentrating men to fight
Ignorance and dearth.

Altruistic love demands
Leisure, learning, peace,
Industries in workers' hands,
Slavery's surcease!
Millionaires who now control
Industries for gain

Suicidal wars extol,
 Gloating o'er the slain!
 Revolution comes apace
 Over land and sea
 Welding all the human race
 Into unity.
 Nations now misunderstood
 Gladly shall install
 Universal Brotherhood--
 Peace on earth to all .
 Daisy.

These version contain the answer to the question; }-- "Why is Socialism like a healthy child ?" A prize will be given to the first boy or girl who sends the answer to the editor within one month after the date of publication.

Fri. Feb. 17, 1922. Yesterday was a hot day. I worked with my mate all day cutting down ferns around the coal heap & by the fence. We are now employed by an agent of the military body that controls the coal. We do not pull out the ferns, which is too slow and painful a method, but we cut them close to the ground with sickles to prevent fires. As my mate has a job at a pottery works near Merewether he finished cutting last evening, and will not be with me to-day.

Alex. Curran & I started to work again this morning, but after working at the ferns for 2 hours heavy rain made us go home. This Alex Curran is a son of Dick Curran who worked with brother Bob & me on the sewerage works near the old Newcastle brewery. Dick died last June. Alex is a typical Australian-- ignorant of the principles of Christianity & political economy.

A Prophecy.

Socialism stands for Right
 Over all the earth
 Concentrating men to fight
 Ignorance and dearth.
 Altruistic love demands
 Leisure, learning, peace,
 Industries in workers' hands,
 Slavery's surcease!
 Millionaires who now control
 Industries for gain
 Suicidal wars extol,
 Gloating o'er the slain!
 Revolution comes apace
 Over land and sea
 Welding all the human race
 Into unity!
 Nation's now misunderstood
 Gladly shall install
 Universal brotherhood--
 Peace on earth to all!

—DAISY.

These verses contain the answer to the question "Why is Socialism Like a Healthy Child?" A prize will be given to the first boy or girl who sends the answer to the editor within one month after the date of publication.

xx ~~xxx~~ 23.
xxx

Feb. 17, continued. I have written the following verses:-

WANTED.

Wanted, millions of recruits steeped in social slime,
Any kind of sinner suits; come while yet there's time !

In the Army's ranks fall in ! Come, repent, believe;
Come with all your scarlet sin; Jesus will receive !

Wanted, millions bound by drink. Jesus died to save
Drunkards, gamblers, ere they sink hopeless to the grave.

Come, devoid of shame or fear, all who are depraved,
Jesus suffered nails and spear that you might be saved.

Come, regardless of your dress;
Come, though all is spent;
Jesus Christ your soul will save if you will repent.

Gamblers in the two-up schools robbing child and wife,
Cease to be the Devil's tools-- seek eternal life !

Jesus Christ for you was slain ! Hasten to enrol;
What will be your final gain if you lose your soul ?

Come to Jesus Christ who bore thorns upon his brow
That you all may sin no more: Come--you're wanted NOW!
Dandelion.

WANTED BY THE MILLION!

WANTED! millions of recruits
Steeped in social slime.
Any kind of sinner suits;
Come while there is time!

In The Army's ranks fall in!
Come, repent, believe!
Come with all your scarlet sin;
Jesus will receive!

Wanted! millions bound by drink.
Jesus died to save
Drunkards, gamblers, ere they sink
Hopeless to the grave.

Come! devoid of shame or fear
All who are depraved.
Jesus suffered nails and spear
That you might be saved.

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Come! though all is spent.
Jesus Christ your soul will save
If you will repent.

Gamblers in the two-up schools
Robbing child and wife
Cease to be the Devil's tools--
Seek eternal life!

Jesus Christ for you was slain!
Hasten to enrol;
What will be your final gain
If you lose your soul?

Come to Jesus Christ, who bore
Thorns upon His brow
That you all may sin no more:
Come--you're wanted NOW!
—Dandelion.

Nov. 21st 1931.

Sent to "War Cry" 18-2-22. Again 22-10-31. Printed 2-11-31.

Sun. Feb. 19, 1922.

~~23~~ 24.

I am resting today as I am tired. I have written "Wanted" for the War Cry, but I am doubtful of it being printed. Charlie has started playing in the Tighe's Hill band again. Last night I went to Newcastle & had a chat with Mr. Sherwin in the "Industrialist" office. That paper printed "To Mothers" this week. I paid 2/- to a woman at the house ~~six~~ where Mr. Laughlin, the secretary of the United Laborers Union, as he was at the beach. I have finished reading "Reds In Congress", which is a 35 page pamphlet by J. Howie. It deals with the first congress of the Red International of Labor Unions at Moscow on July 3, 1921. I rested all day & did not attend a single meeting.

Mon. Feb. 20, 1922. I have just finished reading "The Key To Hypnotism" by B.G. Ellsworth, M.D. Will Nelmes lent me the book last Saturday. I have read it before-- in 1919. Alex Curran & I worked together again to-day cutting down ferns outside and inside of the paling fence that surrounds the 45000 tons of coal near the ruins of the oilworks & the Laundry Works. In the afternoon commander Fernley came & told Mr. Gow, our boss, that only £9 had been voted for the work we are doing ; so to-morrow we shall be put back on the creek job that we started on. I wrote a note this evening to the editor of "Common Cause" re my 8th Craft Union Meeting. Posted the "War Cry" to Sister this morning. Rolled up an "Industrialist" for H. Webster this evening.

Wed. Feb. 22, 1922. Yesterday Alex Curran & I finished with the Naval Board's job of cutting down ferns. We did not complete the job: there is much work to do yet; but the nine pounds that were given to Fernley are about spent, so this morning we shall probably go back to the old job. Will Nelmes lent me another book yesterday entitled "HYPNOTISM" by Dr. Foveau de Courmelles. It consists of 321 pages, & is illustrated.

Thur. Feb. 23, 1922. No work to-day. Walter, Art, & I walked to the Broadmeadow showground where I paid 1/6 for myself, & 3d each for the boys to enter the ground. There were more people & motor cars than I ever saw there before. We walked about nearly all the afternoon, & in the evening we saw a storm coming from the south west, so we hastened home. We were not quite home when the rain began to fall, & it has not stopped since. Fred & Florrie also went to the show, but I did not see them there. My outing cost 6/8. To-day I received 4 "Common Causees" from Sister. She included a note to say they were all well, & that Jim is working long hours for little pay.

Sat. Feb. 25, 1922. I worked yesterday filling drays with sand. Mr Gow paid me £ 4-6-9 for the week at ferncutting. Rain fell at 4 p.m. & nearly spoilt the full day, but most of the men kept on working until 4-45, when they were paid.

"The Industrialist" contains "A Prophecy" , & "A Shirker's Life" this week. I worked at the same job to day. This afternoon I have been cutting down "The 8th Craft Union Meeting" for Common Cause", & have cut out 21 verses & left 59. Jose, Florrie, & their Mother have gone to Newcastle.

Mon. Feb. 27, 1922. I was too tired to attend knee-drill yesterday, & I mistook the time for the 10 a.m. open-air meeting, but I attended all of the other meetings. In the open-air in the evening I read "Wanted", the new verses that are written on page 23. At the night meeting in the hall a lad went to the penitent's : Jack took "A Soul's Pilgrimage" to Ted Sinclair in Islington park yesterday to give to the boy Bayliss who solved the puzzle in "A Prophecy".

Tues. Feb. 28, 1922. I worked all day at the creek job, & at night I took "The Child's Book Of Wonders" to Ted Sinclair at the Trades Hall to give it as a first prize for the boy who solved the puzzle in "A Prophecy". At first I intended to give "A Soul's Pilgrimage" as a prize, but the boys & their Mother thought it was too shabby. Later on Florrie voluntarily gave me the "Child's Book Of Wonders" to give as a prize; so I took it & decided to give the "Soul's Pilgrimage" as a second prize. I got back to Tighe's Hill in time to hear the various items on the program. Amongst others Jose & Florrie took part in the proceedings. Jose recited "How Jim Johnson Formed The Band". He spoke well ! Florrie took part in a dialogue with Glace & May Burgess, Tilly Cocking & Pearl, & several others. The item was called "A Leg O' Mutton". It was very funny. Brig. Charley Knapp led the meeting. Mr. Levi Burgess & his wife were given a silver inkstand by the Tighe's Hill corps as a token of its appreciation of the 21 years' service in the Young People's work of the corps. Mr. Burgess spoke in appreciation of the gift, & of the good feeling that prompted the givers. I bought 2 loaves of bread, a water melon, 2 bottles of jam, 1/- worth of lollies, a cake, a tin of honey, & 4 bottles of soft drink. Rain drizzled from 3 p.m. until after 5 p.m. There was a good attendance. I have written the following:-

I WONDER.

I wonder does each shining star
Revolving in the heavens, far,
Contain such stupid asses
As disunited working men
Who labor for the Upper Ten
Through ev'ry year that passes !

Is Mercury, in heaven's dome,
The habitation & the home
Of things with man-like features
Who spend existence half awake
And give the bulk of all they make
To lazy fellow creaturres ?

Is Venus peopled by a race
Whose social system's a disgrace--
Who spend their whole edistence
Producing ample stores of wealth
Which cunning robbers take by
stealth
Without the least resistance ?

Is Earth the only residence
Of humankind, bereft of sense,
Who spend their lives in labor,

26.

And countless forms of wealth produce
For either ornament or use
To keep an idle neighbor ?

I wonder if the planet Mars
Provides rich drones with motor cars
And carriages vice-regal ?
And do the Martians strain & strive
To keep fat parasites alive
Who make their thieving legal ?

I wonder is each Asteroid
Inhabited by men devoid
Of sense, & quite contented
To labor all their lives, & give
Their products to the drones, & live
In hovels highly rented. ?

Is Jupiter with many moons
The domicile of man-like loons
Who never do examine
The rotten basis of the State,
And seek not to investigate
The cause of war & famine ?

Is Saturn with its flattened rings
The home of parasitic kings
And "noble" thieves who plunder
The Saturnites of tools & land;
And do they fail to understand
The theft, like us, I wonder ?

Uranus may, for aught I know,
Be swarming like the Earth below
With slaves who feed & foster
The authors of their servitude
Who keep them ignorant & rude
And serve each rich impostor ?

Is Neptune, where the climate cools,
The paradise of human fools
Who send their children drilling
To murder other slaves, alas !
With Maxim guns & poison gas,
And proudly do the killing ?

Or do all live, devoid of strife,
A higher spiritual life--
Ideal, transcendental ?
And are their social systems sane

In which men reach the
highest plane
Both physical & mental ?

9-3-1922

I Wonder !

I wonder does each shining star
Revolving in the heavens, far,
Contain such stupid asses
As disunited working men
Who labor for the Upper Ten
Through every year that passes!

Is Mercury, in heaven's dome,
The habitation and the home
Of things with man-like features
Who spend existence half awake
And give the bulk of all they make
To lazy fellow creatures ?

Is Venus peopled by a race
Whose social system's a disgrace--
Who spend their whole existence
Producing ample stores of wealth
Which cunning robbers take by
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Without the least resistance !

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Of human kind, bereft of sense,
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 To murder other slaves, alas!
 With Maxim guns and poison gas,
 And proudly do the killing?

Or do all live, devoid of strife,
 A higher spiritual life—
 Ideal, transcendental?
 And are their social systems sane
 In which men reach the highest
 plane,
 Both physical and mental?
 —DAISY

~~THUX~~ Copy of a letter from aunt Grace:-
 "Jenkins Terrace, Redruth, 28th Feb. 1922.
 My dear Nephew, A few lines to tell you
 I have been very bad since we last wrote
 to you, but I am glad to tell you I am
 much better, but so weak that I can
 scarcely walk up & down the stairs; it's
 like going a long journey to me. I have
 received a letter from uncle Robert, &
 he & his wife have been very bad in bed
 all through the Christmas. Your uncle's
 wife's eyes have been very bad, & she
 says she was obliged to wear dark glasses
 . I got the nice book you sent me. I en-
 joyed looking at the pictures. I thank you
 so much for them. I shall be pleased to
 hear from you again at any time, & I
 trust God will bless you for your kind-
 ness to me. I trust this will find you &
 your good wife & all your family well.
 We have had a bitterly wet & stormy Win-
 ter. Mr & Mrs Webster send their kind
 love to you. Please give my love to
 your good brothers. I hope they & you
 are all in work, as there are hundreds
 here out of work, & in some districts they
 are starving. Whatever is it all coming
 to in a Christian England? It's really too
 bad! I must close with love to all.

Printed 9/3/22.
 Your loving aunt Grace perkyns."

Dear friend, my husband thanks you so much for your papers. He
 thinks your writings are very good--just the very thing that
 ought to be written to wake them up; but some think they have no
 eat beef steak-- they must be contented to pick the bones, poor
 stupid fools. Well, your aunt has been very bad since I wrote.
 I thought she was going to die. I had the doctor, & he said it was
 old age. She has had 4 bottles of medicine & it has done her a
 world of good, poor old soul . I promised I would do my best for
 her, ~~whathaxshaxlivesxaxxdies~~ & with my husband's help I will,
 as she has no one but us that care for her home here, whether she
 lives or dies. I bought her 2 night dresses with your money that
 you so kindly sent her; 2 flannels, a corset, 2 knickers, 2 pairs
 of warm stockings,; & her brother sent her a little present: so
 last friday I bought her a nice pair of cloth boots; so she is
 quite comfortable now, & much better, I am pleased to say. It is
 not so much to do when she is fairly well, but she never does
 anything as she can't stand long together with weakness in her
 legs. I think now that when this cold weather goes she will be
 better again. We have a lot of sickness home here; the flu is

reigning badly, lots dying with it. This is after the war. What misery that war has made in every way ! Now believe us your sin friends Harry & Emmie Webster. We are sending on some papers."

Thur. Mar. 2, 1922. We were idle yesterday on account of the rain. I finished "I Wonder", mended a chair, turned a bit more of my mangrove porous pot, tried to fix the lock of the breakfast room door, read some of Dr. Courmelle's book on Hypnotism, & went to bed. To-dat Tom Cambridge & I cut turf at the creek to turf the sides of the new channel for the creek. He is a married man; has a wife & 2 children, & lives in Gordon Avenue, Hamilton. Jose received a letter to-day from the Taxation Department telling him to pay nearly ten pounds as income tax. I met commandant Hilder, (an old woman) & ensign Marsh on my way home to-day, & had a chat with them. I posted "I Wonder" to Ted Sinclair this morning.

Sat. Mar. 4, 1922. This morning I finished reading "Hypnotism" by Dr. Foveau de Courmelle, 321 pages. This afternoon I rolled up "The Industrialist" of Feb. 16, & Mar. 2nd to send them to Jim Pettigrew: also one of Feb. 23 to H. Webster. The "Industrialist" of 2nd contains "What Is Craft Unionism ?"

Mon. Mar. 5, 1922. Yesterday I attended all of the Army meetings and spoke at all except the last. Addie Storey went out to the table in the holiness meeting. She has been out of the Army for 6 months. I visited old granny Robinson at Violet's house yesterday. The old lady is ill

& she thinks she is going to die. the pity is that she is still unsaved & has no hope of Heaven.

Tues. Mar. 7, 1922. I posted 4 "Industrialist"s to-day on the way to work. An old gold digger named Jack Sullings was our mate to-day cutting surf. Fred & our Jack saw "Raymond, the Hypnotist" last night. I have written the following:-

WHAT IS PROHIBITION ?

A movement Reds should all admire
To make all wage-slaves sober,
And free from alcoholic fire
And stronger drink than Robur.

For while the masters' dope remains
And slaves continue drinking,
It's evident their muddled brains
Are never fit for thinking !

Hard mental battles must be fought
By slaves who must awaken;
And brains must be prepared for thought

Ere Freedom is retaken !

Can Reds expect each drunk
on slave

To help them in the battle
To win the liberty we crave
By alcoholic prattle ?

This social system can't
be killed ,

Although it's diabolic,
As long as drunken
slaves are filled

With poison alcoholic .

"It's but a wowsers' move", you say,
 "To kill the joys of living".
 But I reply that Rebels may
 Be far too unforgiving !

Though wowsers sooled the boys to kill,
 But stayed from battles risky,
 It follows not that slaves should fill
 Their brains with beer or whisky !

Though Socialism is, we hope,
 The Order we are nearing,
 The drink is master's strongest dope
 To keep it from appearing .

We'll reap a harvest yet, no doubt,
 From rebel seeds we're sowing;
 But thirst for alcohol's the drought
 That hinders them from growing !

Daisy.

(Printed May 4th, 1922.)

Thur. Mar. 9, 1922. I worked at turf-cutting yesterday with Tom Cambridge. Last night Mrs. Eliza Morris & her daughter Maggie visited us & stayed until 9 p.m. Brother Jack also came in, as the Army was holding a meeting in Henson Avenue. Hot weather.

Sat. Mar. 11, 1922. I worked on Friday, & my pay was & 3-14-5. I went to Hamilton at night but was late at the Sarmy meeting. I gave out the hymn "Whoo'll Be the Next", but made no speech. I came home by tram with George Millar & helped him with the organ. One man at Hamilton put a pound into the collection. "The Industrialist" this week contains "I Wonder". Hot weather.

I have written the following verses:-

CONSISTENCY
 There was a man, once on a time,
 Possessed of impudence sublime
 (Let's call him Jon J. Grundy)
 Who most sincerely did detest

4/5 ===== 1922.

WHAT IS PROHIBITION?

A movement Reds should all admire,
 To make all wage-slaves sober,
 And free from alcoholic fire
 And stronger drink than Robur .

For while the masters' dope remains
 And slaves continue drinking,
 It's evident their muddled brains
 Are never fit for thinking!

Hard mental battles must be fought
 By slaves who must awaken;
 And brains must be prepared for
 thought

Ere Freedom is retaken!

Can Reds expect each drunken slave
 To help them in the battle,
 To win the liberty we crave,
 By alcoholic prattle?

This social system can't be killed,
 Although its diabolic,
 As long as drunken slaves are filled
 With poison alcoholic!

"It's but a Wowsers' move," you say,
 "To kill the joys of living."
 But I reply that Rebels may
 Be far to unforgiving!

Though Wowsers sooled the boys to
 kill,
 But stayed from battles risky,
 It follows not that slaves should fill
 Their brains with beer or whisky!

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 The Order we are nearing,
 The drink is master's strongest dope,
 To keep it from appearing .

We'll reap a harvest yet, no doubt,
 From rebel-seeds we're sowing;
 But thirst for alcohol's the drought
 That hinders them from growing!

DAISY.

Reds speaking on the Day
 of Rest
 And desecrating Sunday !

30.

Now, Jon was absolutely right
In putting up a Christian fight
'Gainst sabbath desecration.
One day of rest slaves should possess;
And I agree that righteousness
Exalteth any nation !

But this is what amuses me; }
That Grundy could both hear and see
Upon each Sabbath morning,
From where his congregations kneel,
A Sabbath-breaker making steel,
Divine commandments scorning !

He saw the smoke and steam arise
To float across the Sabbath skies,
And knew the place was killing
The hosts of Sabbath-breaking slaves
And sending them to early graves,
For some, like Jon, were Willing !

He saw the sights & heard the sounds
Of Sabbath-breakers making pounds
'Mid noises loud and vi'lent;
But he seemed partial to the Boss
Who worshipped Profit as his Joss,
And Jon, somehow, was silent !

It makes one think that unawares,
Perhaps he owned some paid-up shares
Where human bees make honey
And labored hard each Sabbath day
To make the Institution pay,
Though souls were lost for money !

And this recalls to mind again
The anecdote of Markus Twain
(Which may, of course, be fable)
About the South Sea Island man
Who once a loud harangue began
'Gainst Cain for killing Abel.

The Native had long since begun
Denouncing, when a wag, for fun,
Thus slyly interjected:-
"Cain was a villain ! Let me see,
A South Sea Native-- was'nt he ?
Then came the unexpected !

The Native stopped-- an awkward pause

Ensued-- and then amid
applause
And laughter none could
smother
He said, "Well I would
like to know
The reason that made
Abel go
A-fooling round his
brother ?"

Such inconsistencies as
these
Remind me of the Phar-
isees--
Graves decked with white
enamel !
I wonder why this
friend of Fat
Should strain at such a
little gnat
And swallow such a
camel !

Violet 17-3-22.

Printed 24-3-'22.

Mon. Mar. 13, 1922.
Yesterday I attended all
of the Army meetings.
At the holiness meeting
Grace Cocking had a
kind of preliminary
farewell, & I said a
few words. In the hall
at night Grace had a fa-
ewell, as she is going
to the Army Training
College shortly. Her
parents both spoke, &
Grace made a good short
speech. No one went to
the penitents form.
Commandant Hilder is
away on furlough for
3 weeks. A few of us wo-
ked to-day at the new
channel for the creek.
Most of the men had to
go home as the high
tide broke down the mud
dam & flooded the job.

24/9/1922

COMMON CAUSE.

Consistency.

There was a man, once on a time,
Possessed of impudence sublime,
(Let's call him John J. Grundy)
Who most sincerely did detest
Men speaking on the Day of Rest,
And desecrating Sunday!

Now John was absolutely right
In putting up a Christian fight
'Gainst Sabbath-desecration;
One day of rest we should possess;
And I agree that 'righteousness
Exalteth any nation.'

But this is what amuses me:—
That Grundy could both hear and see
Upon each Sabbath morning,
From where his congregations kneel,
A Sabbath-breaker making steel;
Divine commandments scorning!

He saw the smoke and steam arise
To float across the Sabbath skies,
And knew the place was killing
The hosts of Sabbath-breaking slaves;
And sending them to early graves;
For some, like John, were willing!

He saw the sights and heard the
sounds
Of Sabbath-breakers making pounds
'Mid noises loud and violent;
But he seemed partial to the Boss
Who worshipped Profit as his Joss.
And John, somehow, was silent!

It makes one think that, unawares,
Perhaps he owned some paid-up
shares

Where human bees made honey,
And laboured hard each Sabbath
day

To make the Institution pay,
Though souls were lost for money!

And this recalls to mind again
The anecdote of Marcus Twain
(Which may, of course, be fable)
About the South Sea Island man
Who once a loud harangue began
'Gainst Cain for killing Abel.

The Native had long since begun
Denouncing, when a wag, for fun,
Thus slyly interjected:—
"Cain was a villain! Let me see,
A South Sea Native—wasn't he?"
Then came the unexpected!

The Native stopped—an awkward
pause

Ensued—and then amid applause,
And laughter none could smother
He said, "Well, I would like to
know

The reason that made Abel go
A-fooling round his brother!"

Such inconsistencies as these
Remind me of the Pharisees—
Graves decked with white enamel
I wonder why the friend of Fat
Should strain at such a little gnat
And swallow such a camel!
Violet, 17/3/22.

Jackie at the Tec. I wrote a letter to-
night to Norman Freeberg, editor of "Com-
mon Cause."

Tues. Mar/ 14, 1922. We all worked to-day as
usual. There is a revolution in South Af-
rica & much fighting is going on. This
evening I wrote a letter to Mrs. Sheppard,
now Townsend, I received a letter from her
to-day. I am sending the War Cry of Mar.
11th, & the "Industrialist" of Mar. 9th
to Jim Pettigrew & to the Websters, & the
"Advocate" of Mr. 15th to Mrs. Townsend.

Thur. Mar. 16, 1922. I worked at the creek
again to-day. Twenty men were put off this
~~afternoon~~ & will be paid off to-morrow.
Amongst them are "Kelly" (Charlie Oxenham)
& Tom Cambridge. I lent Oxenham one of the
"Bridgewater Treatises" & "Roger's Reasons".
I also lent George Sheldon "A Young Man's
Difficulties With His Bible". Violet's Moth-
er is getting better.

I wrote the following verses:—
ANZAC DAY.

Another year has passed away
And once again dear Anzac Day
Is here !
This sacred, solemn, holy time
Which Jingoos in this Southern clime
Revere !

And they, with patriotic joy,
Remember when each loyal boy
Was sent

This evening Jose
& Florrie have gone
with the Army to
Raymond Terrace to
help the Salvation-
ists there in their
Harvest Festival.
Walt & his Mother
have gone to Mrs.
Ern Morris' place in
Northumberland st.
Charlie has gone to
band practice, &

To kill the vile, competing Hun
 With poison gas or Maxim gun,
 Content
 To fight for "freedom", "flag", & king,
 And the Millenium help to bring,
 When dearth
 And Want should vanish from the land
 And ev'rything be new & grand
 On Earth !

That many thousands left their bones
 To rot through fighting for the drones,
 We know !
 They promised that, when flags were furled,
 They'd give them a celestial world
 Below !

But now their youthful dupes are back
 The drones have given them--the SACK.
 They fought
 For promises all unfulfilled;
 And countless fellow-slaves they Killed
 For nought .

The drones say "Wages must come down
 In village, city, field, & town
 This year."
 You ask, "Are Anzacs still the same,
 Or do they understand Fat's game ?"
 No fear !

Most still believe that war is right
 And are prepared to go & fight
 And carve
 Their masters' foes, for open parts
 To sell their goods in foreign parts--
 And starve.

They still believe their masters' lies
 That ev'ry worker lives & dies
 Quite free,
 And that he owns "his" native land,
 Where ample wealth he can command,
 And he

Should scorn to own a ruby "rag",
 But should defend his master's flag
 And sing,
 Whenever jingoes meet & rave,
 That loyal doggerel, "God save
 The king".

Some future day when drones
 And queens
 Are numbered with the
 once-have-beens,
 When tools
 And land, & all the
 wealth we make
 Are ours-- the Anzacs
~~XX~~ may awake,
 Poor fools !

And meanwhile let
 us work & strive
 To make that joyful
 day arrive
 When we
 No longer shall be poor
 and bound,
 But workers shall, the
 world around,
 Be FREE !

Printed in "Industrialist"
 13-4-22.

Fri. Mar. 17th 1922.
 I worked to-day &
 was paid £ 4-13-8.
 There is nothing
 of mine in the "Indust-
 rialist" this week.
 I received a note from
 Norman Freeberg to-
 day. I am sending
 him "Consistency"
 & "I Wonder". I po-
 sted my letter to
 Mrs. Townsend this
 morning.

Sat. Mar. 18, 1922.
 I filled drays to-
 day. In the after-
 noon I went to New-
 castle to see the
 secretary of the
 United Laborers'
 Union, but he was
 "pretty full" as

a young woman at his house told me. I got my union contribution book, & went to the "Industrialist" office & put "Anzac Day"

13/4 **Anzac Day.**

1922.

Another year has passed away,
And once again dear Anzac Day
Is here—
This sacred, solemn, holy time
Which jingoes in this southern clime,
Revere!
And they, with patriotic joy,
Remember when each loyal boy,
Was sent
To kill each "vile" competing Hun
With poison gas and Maxim gun,
Content.
To fight for "freedom," "flag," and
King,
And the Millenium help to bring,
When dearth
and want should vanish from the land
And ev'rything be new and grand
On earth!
That many thousands left their bones
To rot, through fighting for the
drones,
We know!
They promised that when flags were
furled,
They'd give them a celestial world
Below!
But now their youthful dupes are
back
The drones have given them—the
sack!
They fought
For promises all unfulfilled;
And countless fellow-slaves have killed
For nought!
The drones say, "Wages must come
downe

In village, city, field and town
This year."
You ask "Are Anzacs still the same,
Or do they understand the game?"
No fear!
Most still believe that war is right
And are prepared to go and fight
And carve
Their master's foes for open marts
To sell their loot in foreign parts—
And starve!
They still believe their master's lies
That ev'ry worker lives and dies
Quite free;
And that he owns "his" native land,
Where ample wealth he can command
And he
Should scorn to own a ruby ""
But should defend his masters' rights
And sing,
Whenever jingoes meet and rave,
That loyal dorrgerel "God Save
The King!"
Some future day when drones and
queens
Are numbered with the once-have-
beens,
When tools
And land, and all the wealth we make
Are ours—the Anzacs may awake,
Poor fools!
And meanwhile let us work and
strive
To make that joyful day arrive
When we
No longer shall be poor and bound,
But workers shall, the world around,
Be free!

—DAISY

To Peacemaker 1-5-57,
To Tribune 1-5-57

under the
door. I then
went to New-
comen st.,
where I heard
Mr. McGirr,
the Minister f
for Health,
speak. Thous-
ands of peop-
le heard him.
Connel & Mur-
ray also
spoke. I came
home by tram w
with Jose.

Mon. Mar. 20,
1922. Yesterday
I attended
the Sarmy me-
eting in Hen-
son avenue, &
those in Smed-
more, & Mary-
ville, & read
& spoke. I also
attended the
holiness me-
eting & the
park open-air
meeting, &
that at the co
rner of Eliz-
abeth st. &
Maitland rd.
Also the in-
door meet-
ing, at which
young Wood-
bury & Wally
Bull went to
the penitents

form. Wally has been out of the Army for some months, & there was
rejoicing when he returned. Jack & his Mother went to the Mayfield
meeting with the rest of the family at night. Grace Cooking was
farewelled there. Jose was put off work at the steelworks last
riday. On Saturday he paid off the balance due on the organ,
so it is now our own property. Jack & Charlie are still working.

Mr. & Mrs. Young's girl, 3 years old, died on Saturday afternoon. They live opposite to us. The poor dear child took fits, but was apparently healthy, & was quite fat. She will be buried to-day.

Copy of a letter from Norman Freeberg, editor of "Common Cause";-
 "Common Cause" Newspaper. Official Organ of the Workers' Industrial Union of Australia. Mining Department. 434 Rawson Chambers, near Railway, Sydney, Mar. 2, 1922. J. Cocking, 10 Henson Avenue, Mayfield East, Dear Comrade, With reference to your letters of the 20th & 25th instant. With regard to "Common Cause", I have added your name to our list, & the paper will be posted weekly direct to your home. There will be no charge to you, this being a return for your help & proffered help. Regarding the verse as revised, it has not yet arrived. It may still be too long, but I will see what I can do with it, & will use it if possible. If not I will return it. Let me know if the paper does not arrive regularly. Yours in unity, Norman Freeberg, Managing editor.

Copy of a letter from Mis Mabel Harry:-
 101 Calhoun avenue, Bridgeport, Connecticut, U.S.A. 11th Mar. 1922.
 Dear Mr. Cocking, It gives me great pleasure to write you these few lines in answer to your most kind & ever welcome letter which I received. I am sorry that I did not answer it before. Very pleased to hear you are all enjoying good health, as it leaves me in the pink at time of writing. Pleased to hear your sons are working. The average hours here are 8 a day. You wanted to know if they own their own cars. Yes, you would think they were given away; almost everybody has one. Well, about Prohibition: in one way it's a good thing, & in another it isn't, as some people are making their own liquor, which is causing the death of hundreds, & some are going blind through it. You wanted the name of your uncle Walter Perkyns' nearest relative. I wrote home & asked my Mother, & she says Mrs. Tom May, Chapel Street, St. Day; also Perkyn Hancock, Illogan Highway, near Redruth. I often think about Mrs. Perkyns; she must feel lonesome. Well, I love this country, & am doing fine. Of course I think about my Mother & sisters & brothers. They have been sick with the flu. You will find enclosed some of Bridgeport views. We have had a lot of snow this Winter, & times here have been very dull, but it's looking a bit brighter now. I'm working in a shop. Maybe you have heard of the Cartridge Shop where they make sporting shells. We have been on 3 days a week for months, but started last week full time. They cut the wages so much that we only get a half that we used to get, but it's the same in every shop. Well, I suppose you have read about the awful times in England. I have a brother & brother-in-law that have been out of work for many months & can't get any. Of course they have unemployment money; but in this country they haven't anything like that. Well, I was more than pleased to get your letter, & would like to get one at any time. Hoping these

few lines will find you all in the very best of health, I must close, hoping to hear from you again. Kindly give my best respects to all. I remain yours sincerely, Mabel Harry. 101 Calhoun Avenue, Bridgeport, Conn. U.S.A."
(Answered May 2, 19 22).

Copies from aunt Grace & Mrs. Webster :-

"Jenkins Terrace, Redruth, 29th March 1922. My dear Nephew, I was pleased to get your very welcome letter. Glad to see you & all your family were enjoying good health, for which you have to be thankful, for since we wrote to you last I have been very bad, but glad to say I am a little better, but like a baby with weakness. I am in my 84; I shall be 84 in June, so I must not expect to feel like a young person now. Dear Nephew, I was so sorry to know you were out of work. It's a bad lookout for working people. What a lot these rich people will have to answer for, to starve the ones that work hard year in & year out & risk their lives to get riches for them. They think anything is well enough for the slave & his family. I hope the day will soon come when they will be punished for their bad deeds. I was a bit disappointed, ; but I know if you had it you would send it to me. I trust very soon you will have work again. Home here there are thousands out of work, & the landlords are trying to make those who are working pay more rates & rent to take it off their shoulders.

Mr. Webster is working at a smelting works, & they keep reducing the wages & reducing the men, but not the black jackets-- they are all right. I tell you it will be like Ireland home here before long, as they are stopping all the dole money next week. I had a letter from your uncle Robert a few weeks ago. He is still very bad, & his wife as well, so I suppose they have enough to do to get on; but every little is a help. Sorry Mabel Harry has not written to you. I used to like her when she was here, & I always paid her for writing for me, but she never wrote me a line. They forget themselves sometimes. We have had such a bitter Winter home here, & it's still continuing to be very cold. Frost & snow we have had all the week. Now I must close with kind love to yourself, wife, & all your family. I remain your loving aunt, Grace Perkyns.

Dear Mr. Cocking, Thanks for your kind wishes to us. We will do our best for your poor old aunt, but she is very feeble at present. We take her as one of the family, so she will be alright, don't worry. Many thanks for papers you so kindly send us. Your aunt is very pleased with the photos. Jack is a lovely boy, she says. Sorry to see so many out of work. It seems to be just all over the world. As you say, they try to starve us to submit to their way of working to heap up riches for them. We are just the same home here. Now I trust this will find you all well. We remain your true friends, H. & E. Webster."

Tues. Mar. 21, 1922. I worked at the Throsby Creek channel to day. It is nearly finished. I got a "Common Cause" from Sydney. Grace Cocking had a house party last night, as she will leave very soon for Sydney. Jose, Florrie, & their Mother were at the party.

Thur. Mar. 23, 1922. I worked yesterday & to-day at the creek. I received a "Common Cause" to-day from Dapto.

Sat. Mar. 25, 1922. I worked yesterday, & at night I went to Newcastle & heard Frank Anstey, Phil Vial, Davey Watson, Amram Lewis, Murray, & Connel speak from the Rawson pub balcony. I asked Watson how it was that the Labor party did not effect all the reforms he spoke of, when they had the power? He replied that he was not there; & that every bit of good legislation we had got came from that Party. I wrote the following:-
THE CONTENTED SLAVE.

I have met him very often, but his features never soften,
For a frown of incredulity of facts affects his face;
He is always patriotic though his rulers are despotic;
And his blasphemous garrulity a heathen would disgrace.

He will wheel a mud-filled barrow on a plank that's steep & narrow,
But his putrified profanity is not against the thieves
Who have forced him, foul & dripping, to the plank where he is slipping,
For their brutal inhumanity he thankfully receives!

He despises those disloyal to the parasites called "royal",
And believes in reciprocity between the dupes & knaves;
He is sure that Arbitration is a boon to any nation;
And exhibits his ferocity when told that he's a slave.

He is fearful that invaders, sent by vile competing traders,
Will his impecuniosity increase when they arrive
To begin the brutal slaughter of his Mrs. & his daughter
With a wild impetuosity, & leave no soul alive!

He's a victim of delusions, for his notions are confusions
Of the Jingoist mendacities his master's papers spread!
It may safely be asserted that his concepts are inverted;
So no Socialist veracities can penetrate his head!

He despises foreign ~~xxxxx~~ faces, for he studies naught but races,
And remembers racing history since Carbine won the Cup;
But his knowledge ne'er advances past the horses & their chances:
It would need a Red Consistory to wake the beggar up!
Violet.

Mar. 25 continued.)

I worked to-day, & this afternoon I went to the polling booth in Ingall st. & voted. The candidates are:—John Marcus Baddeley; Hugh John Connel; John Milton Lovell Cram; Magnus Cromarty; John Lionel Fegan; Arthur Rowland Gardiner; John Sexton Gilligan; Thomas Hoare; William Glaire Jeffery; George Whitfield Jenner; Robert George Kilgour; Amram Lewis; Kenneth Alexander Mathieson; David Murray; Walter Peden Joyce Skelton; David Watson; Harry Lambert Wheeler; . Of these, Hoare & Jefferey are Socialists or Communists; the others are Laborites & Nationalists. Five are to be elected. I voted for Hoare, Jeffery, Baddeley, Lewis, Murray, & Skelton, in that order of preference.

31/3/1922.

COMMON CAUSE.

THE CONTENTED SLAVE.

I have met him very often,
But his features never soften,
For a form of incredulity
O facts affects his face:
He is always patriotic
Though his rulers are despotic;
And his blasphemous garrulity
A heathen would disgrace!
He will wheel a mud-filled barrow
On a plank that's steep and narrow,
But his putrid profanity
Is not against the thieves
Who have forced him, foul and dripping,
To the plank where he is slipping,
For their brutal inhumanity
He thankfully receives!
He despises those disloyal
To the parasites called 'royal,'
And believes in reciprocity
Between the dupes and knaves;
He is sure that Arbitration
Is a boon to any nation;
And exhibits his ferocity
When told that he's a slave!
He is fearful that invaders,
Sent by vile, competing traders,
Will his impecuniosity
Increase when they arrive
To begin the brutal slaughter
Of his missus and his daughter
With a wild impetuosity,
And leave no soul alive!
He's a victim of delusions,
For his notions are confusions
Of the jingoist mendacities
His master's papers spread!
It may safely be asserted
That his concepts are inverted;
So no Socialist veracities
Can penetrate his head!
He despises foreign forces,
For he studies nought but races,
And remembers racing history
Since Carbine won the Cup;
But his knowledge ne'er advances
Past the horses and their chances:
It will need a Red Consistory
To wake the beggar up!
—VIOLET.

Mon. Mar. 27, 1922. I worked at the creek again to-day. Yesterday I attended all of the Sarmy meetings. At the night meeting I spoke on the liberation of Paul from prison by an angel. A young man named Frank Scott went to the penitents form, & although the meeting had closed we sang & prayed with & for him. As he had no place to sleep I brought him home, & we put our couch in the shed for him. We gave him a shirt, & he had a warm bath before he went to bed. This morning he had breakfast here. He was given food & sixpence & he went away to look for work (as we supposed). To-day Horace Francis told me that I could go at the fern cutting again next Wednesday. The election figures seem to show that the Labor Party will be in a minority in the N.S.W. Parliament.

Wed. Mar. 29, 1922. I worked yesterday at the creek, but it was my last day there. To-day I have to start at the fern cutting around the big heap of coal near the creek at Tighes Hill, where I worked before. Jinny gave Frank Scott some food & 2/-, & told him not to come back again. She is afraid of him; & I have discovered that his pretended conversion was only a trick to obtain food & shelter. Last night Jose, Florrie, & their Mother went to a Sarmy I received a letter from Norman Freeberg to-day re the pieces I sent him. He said that he expects to use the "Craft Union Meeting" & the shorter pieces soon. I

concert at Waratah. I received a letter from Norman Freeberg to-day re the pieces I sent him. He said that he expects to use the "Craft Union Meeting" & the shorter pieces soon. I

³⁸wrote a short letter to aunt Grace to-night, but I am not enclosing any money. I worked on the old fern cutting job to-day. The weather was very hot. Dave Gow is my mate on the job. He is the caretaker.

Thur. Mar. 30, 1922. I worked at the ferns again to-day. The sun was very hot, Bertha Robinson--Cecil's wife-- has been very ill with gastritis, but she is better now. Jose posted my letter to aunt Grace this morning. I received 2 copies of "Common Cause" from the editor to-day. Jessie Taylor was here this evening to let Jack show her how to develop photographs. I have written the following verses :-

CAPITALISM.

If social systems were designed
To make slaves deaf & dumb & blind
To evils most unpleasant,
And make them work, & fight, & bleed,
No social system could succeed
Much better than the present!

For cunningness & callous guile,
Brute force, & fraud, & crafty wile
To rule & rob each nation--
For agencies to kill & sell--
This robbers system must compel
Old Satan's admiration !

Unnumbered slaves, through countless years
Have yielded wealth, through blood & tears,
Sans organised resistance;
And very few have e'er complained,
Because their youthful minds were trained
To toil for bare existence !

No scheme nor plan is ever spurned--
No likely stone is left unturned
Nor law left unenacted
By lazy, brutal, haughty Thugs
To subjugate their docile mugs
And keep their minds distracted.

The Master Class quite understand
The value of a large Brass Band
to keep the workers quiet;
And no impostor better knows
The use of pubs & picture shows
When fixing wage-slaves' diet !

The racecourse & the football field

Assist to keep the fact
concealed
That working folks are
plundered;
And Orange hatred of the
Green
Assists to drive a wedge
between
The slaves to keep them
sundered !

O when shall slaves-- black,
brown, & white,
In One Big Union all unite,
And sink the Green & Yellow
And all the wedges
that divide
As color, creed, &
social pride,
And let each help his
fellow !

Daisy.

(Printed in "The Industrialist", 6-4-22.)

Capitalism.

If social systems were designed
To make slaves deaf and dumb
and blind

To evils most unpleasant,
And make them work and fight
and bleed,

No social system could succeed
Much better than the present.

For cunningness and callous guile,
Brute force, and fraud, and crafty
wile,

To rule and rob each nation—
For agencies to kill and sell—
This robbers' system must com-
pel

Old Satan's admiration!

Unnumbered slaves, through
countless years,
Have yielded wealth through
blood and tears,

Sans organised resistance;
And very few have'er complained,
Because their youthful minds
were trained

To toil for bare existence!

No scheme nor plan is ever
spurned—

No likely stone is left unturned
Nor law left unenacted

By lazy, brutal, haughty thugs
To subjugate their docile, mugs
And keep their minds distracted.

The master-class quite understand
The value of a large brass band
To keep the workers quiet;
And no impostor better knows
The use of pubs and picture shows
When fixing wage-slaves' diet.

The race-course and the football
field

Assist to keep the fact concealed
That working men are plun-
dered;

And Orange hatred of the Green
Assists to drive a wedge between
The slaves to keep them
sundered.

O when shall slaves—black, brown
and white

In One Big Union all unite,
And sink the Green and Yellow
And all the wedges that divide
As color, creeds, and social pride,
And let each help his fellow?

—DAISY.

Sat. Ap. 1, 1922. All Fools' Day.

Yesterday I worked with Dave Gow
cutting ferns around the fence
that encloses the big stack of coal.
My pay was £4-12-3. Charlie went to
Newcastle & bought some strings for
his ukulele that he made. He was paid
his bonus, so his pay was £5-4-2.
That includes a refund of his Tec
fees. I worked until 11-45 to-day.
In the afternoon I went to Will
Orell's shop in Newcastle & bought
4 "Industrialists". This week's
issue contains "Then And Now." I
went to the "Industrialist" office
& put "Capitalism" under the door.
I paid Ed. Laughlin 5/6 for the
United Laborers' Union, so I am now
paid up on the books. Jose has to
start work at the Steelworks next
Monday.

Mon. Ap. 3, 1922. I attended all of
the Sarmy meetings yesterday. At
night I sang this chorus from the
platform, while Hilda Yates played
the tune of the "Sailor Boy":—
"O sinner, come to Jesus now,
Return with all your guilt;
He wore the thorns upon his brow:
For you his blood was spilt.
If weary of your wandering
And sorry for your sin,
Your sorrow to the Savior bring,
And he will take you in."

Com Hilder lent me 3 books about
the Army. No one went to the penitentiary
form. Old Augustus Cannon gave his
farewell address, as he is going to
live at East Maitland.

Tues. Ap. 4, 1922. I worked at the ferry
again yesterday. "Common Cause" con-
tains "The Contented Slave" this week
I was paid off to-day. My pay was
£4-11-0 for 6 days' work of 8½
hours each. I wrote the following:—

WHEN I AM QUEEN .

40.

When I'm a queen I shall begin
To cleanse my realm of want & sin
By means of education,
And make the workers understand
That private ownershil of land
Is hamful to a nation.

I'll teach the workers all to see
That land, like air & light, should be
Quite free to those labor :
That none possess a right to buy
Nor sell the land & thus deny
Full freedom to a neighbor !

I'll make the toilers realise
That any lazy man who tries
To live in ease & plenty,
And ev'ry useful task would shirk
Intends to make some others work,
And steal the wealth from twenty !

I'll teach the children in the schools
That free access to land and tools
Is needful for production--
That those who own the tools and soil
Compel the landless slaves to toil
And send them to destruction.

In my dominion wars shall cease
And all my subjects live in peace,
Exempt from War's disasters:
No children shall be forced to drill,
Nor made conscripted tools to kill
For traders and for masters .

In my domains no lazy thief
From useful toil shall have relief
By cunning exploitation,
But ev'ryone in my control
Shall fairly earn his buttered roll
Or die of self-starvation !

I'd tolerate no martial class
Which squanders wealth on guns & gas
To murder men in millions
To foster trade for Thugs who thieve
The fruits of labor, and receive
Their stolen wealth in billions..

I'll introduce without
debate
A peaceful Socialistic
State,
With fleets & forts de-
molished--
A Universal Commonwealth
Where all shall live in
peace and health,
With boundaries abolished.

And, lastly, I shall ab-
dicate
My throne, & let the Work-
ers' State
Be run by those elected
To execute the people's
will
With justice, freedom,
sense, & skill
To do as they're directed !
Daisy.

Thur. Ap. 6, 1922.

Being now out of work,
I went to the Newcastle
Labor Bureau & inquired
of Mr. Huntley about
work. He told me to
call again next day.
I paid 1/6 for a book of
songs & music to get the
tune of "The Old Rustic
Bridge By the Mill."
I want it for my new
hymn which Comdt. Hil-
der is going to sing
at Easter in the hall.
I got our bill at the
Co-op. store, & walked
to Hamilton & paid
11/- to Dr. Bourke's
secretary for one
quarter. I met Alex
Johnson, the ex-fitter
from the steelworks,
in Islington park, &
we had a long chat.
I have written the
following verses for
the "War Cry":-

27/4/1922.

When I am Queen

When I'm a queen I shall begin
To cleanse my realm of want and sin,
By means of education,
And make the workers understand
That private ownership of land
Is harmful for a nation.

I'll teach the workers all to see
That land, like air and light, should
be

Quite free to those who labour;
That none possess a right to buy,
Nor sell, the land and thus deny
Full freedom to a neighbour!

I'll make the toilers realise
That any lazy man who tries
To live in ease and plenty,
And ev'ry useful task would shirk
Intends to make some others work,
And steal the wealth from twenty!

I'll teach the children in the schools
That free access to land and tools,
Is needful for production.
And those who own the tools and soil
May force the landless slaves to toil,
And send them to destruction.

In my dominion wars shall cease
And all my subjects live in peace,
Exempt from war's disasters;
No children shall be forced to drill,
Nor made conscripted tools to kill
For traders and for masters.

In my domains no lazy thief
From useful toil shall have relief
By cunning exploitation,
But ev'ryone in my control
Shall fairly earn his buttered roll,
Or die of self starvation.

I'll tolerate no martial class
Which squanders wealth on guns and
gas,

To murder men in millions;
To foster trade for thugs who thieves
The fruits of labour, and receive
Their stolen wealth in billions.

41.

I'll introduce, without debate,
A peaceful Socialistic State,
With fleets and forts demolished--
A Universal Commonwealth,
Where all shall live in peace and
health,
With boundaries abolished.

And, lastly, I shall abdicate
My throne, and let the Workers'
State

Be run by those elected.
To execute the people's wil l
With justice, freedom, sense and skill
To do ac they're directed.

DAIS:

A SALLY BLOKE'S OPINYUN.

I struk a bonzur Sally chap--
A Briggydeer kalled Charley Knapp--
Who's D.C. in the Army,
An' 'e's as full o' jokes an' wit
As mortur is o' lime an' grit,
Tho sum koves kid 'e's barmy!

Gee whizz! but kan't 'e spruik & sing,
An' walse aroun the Army ring,
An' play 'is konsatina?
'Is voice is lowd an' kleeer & strong,
An' few kan sing a bettur song
This side o' Riverina!

An' kan't 'e kadge? O spare me days!
'E makes the deeners, sprats, an' trays
An' brums in streems kum flowin';
An' wen 'e sees the ryno drop
'E sez "I'll tell you wen to stop;
That's splendid, keep on throwin'!

The Brig amooses tarts an' blokes
With dinkum songs & sparklin' jokes
Brim ful o' wit an' yoomur;
An' 'e kolle kts the dough to aid
The Army's wurk, an' aint afraid
O' ballanse sheets-- no bloomur!

A dopey kritik wood be rash
To say the Army's run for kash
Like bees is kep, for 'oney,

For, let it be well unerstood,
The Army aims at doin' good
To milyuns with the money .

Wen Charley speeks no 'earers sleep:
Tho fond O8 fun 'iz mind iz deep
An' bowndles as the oshun.
Fokes' teer-filled eyelids offen tell
That 'e 'as reeched the deepest well
O' konsciense an' emoshun .

Suksess attend the Briggydeer !
An' may 'e lingur longur heer
An' keep in good kondishun
To fite against the wickid blokes
Who trap an' rocin simpul fokes
An' sink them to purdishun .

If I kood rite 'is eppytaff
I'd rite, 'E made the peepul laff"
(Let's 'ope past ninety seven)
An' was a cove of solid wurth
Who laffed all thru 'is life on urth,
An' now 'e laffs in 'Eaven !

Wen Knapp lobs thare 'e'll 'ave 'iz joke:
St. Peeter's ribs, per'aps 'e'll poke ,
Wen round the sity showin',
An' ask Peet duz ~~Stx~~ 'iz poultry pay ?
Or duz 'e recollekt the day
'E ' eard a rooster crowin' ?.

(Printed in "Newcastle Sun" 14-11-22.

DEFINITIONS OF

SOCIALISM.

Now this is just what the word means--
Hard labor performed by machines;
The produce will then
Be enjoyed by free men,
Not profiteers, princes, & queens.

No want, no drones, nonovertail,
No parasites to steal the soil,
No war-producing schism:
Production carried on for USE,
All wealth to those who do produce--

Sat. Ap. 8, 1922.
Yesterday I went lo-
oking for work in New-
castle, but could not
get any. I walked along
the shore towards
Merewether & saw men
building a concrete wall
near the beach. Farther
on 2 gangs of men were
making a road. I asked
the boss for a start,
but was told that all
the men are sent by
the Labor Bureau.
Young Bobby Cocking
was taken by the am-
bulance to Newcastle
hospital yesterday &
was operated on for
appendicitis. He is
getting over the operati
Several analytical
cnemists have been notif
ied that they will not
be required at the
Steelworks, but our
Jack is not among the
number. This week's "I
Industrialist" contains
"Capitalism".
I wrote the following
verses on Dec. 4th, 1918
for a competition in
"The Worker".

DEFINITIONS OF
SOCIALISM.

Now this will ex-
plain what it means

Now this is Socialism.
.....
When wealth's not made
for profit,
And no shark nibbles
off it,
And all, devoid of fear,
Work peacably together
Without a master's
tether--

Then Socialism's here.

.....
It's life and love and laughter
On earth for ever after
All slaves are freed;
When masters all are neighbors
And live by honest labors--
Not theft and greed.

.....
Production for use, not for gain;
All freed from wage-slavery's chain;
And ev'rything done
By the workers as one,
And no one in war to be slain!

.....
Shortly means the world at peace;
Slavery & war to cease;
All well taught and polished;
Ev'rything for those who work;
Nothing for the drones who shirk;
Parasites abolished !

.....
WHAT SOCIALISM IS NOT.

Socialism's not a plan
Whereby any lazy man
Shares the wealth of others !
Socialists, of course, deride
Fools who say we must divide
Wealth with idle brothers !

Socialism's not a dream
Of a land where riches stream
On an idle nation !
Neither does the notion suit
That we hope for bread and fruit
Minus cultivation !

Socialism doesn't mean
That an idle man shall lean
On a thrifty neighbor.
"Share and share alike" is trash !
Socialists expect no cash
But by honest labor !

Socialism's NOT a scheme
Planned by loafers called "extreme",
"Inincere", and "shifty"
To deprive by force or stealth
Any worker of his wealth
Gained by being thrifty.

If the subject's rather new
Buy our books & read a few--
Don't be fooled nor fright-
ened--
When you read you'll under-
stand
Socialism's right & grand,
For you'll be enlightened !
Printed Daisy.
5-1-23.

Mon. April 10, 1922. I am
sending the "War Cry" of
Mar. 25 and April 10th to
Jim Pettigrew; also the
"Industrialist" of March
30th & April 6th 1922 .

Good Friday Ap. 14, 1922.
Yesterday I took a bundle
of old "International
ocialists" to Newcastle
& lent them to Ted Sin-
clair at the Trades Hall.
Last night I went to Ham-
ilton & took part in the
Sarmy's open-air meetings in
Beaumont street. I spoke
on the words, "Now Barrabas
was a robber." Ten shillings
were collected in the ring,
but the work of collecting
spoiled the meeting, and
the audience dwindled away.
I helped Sol Woodbury to
carry the organ to the
tramline. Afterwards I
had a long talk with Sol on
Russia & Socialism. Son
Jack went to Belmont yes-
terday for a few days,
I received a letter from
aunt Grace Perkyns yesterday
To-day I wrote the follow-
ing lines:-

BOBBY.

From dark Oblivion's
gloomy main
The tide of Time cast on
Life's shore
A loving son whom we would

FAIN

Definition of Socialism

Now this will explain what it means—
 Hard labor performed by machines,
 Their produce will then
 Be enjoyed by free men—
 Not profiteers, princes and queens!

No want, no drones, no overtoil,
 No parasites to steal the soil;
 No war-producing schism;
 Production carried on for USE
 All wealth to those who do produce—
 Now this is Socialism.

When wealth's not made for profit,
 And no shark nibbles off it,
 And all, devoid of fear,
 Work peacably together
 Without a master's tether—
 Then Socialism's here.

It's life, and love and laughter
 On earth forever after
 All slaves are freed;
 When masters all are neighbours
 And live by honest labors—
 Not theft and greed.

Production for use, not for gain;
 All freed from wage-slavery's chain;
 And ev'rything done.
 By the workers as one,
 And no one in war to be slain!
 Shortly means the world at peace;

Slavery and war to cease;
 All well taught and polished;
 Ev'rything for those who work;
 Nothing for the drones who shirk;
 Parasites abolished!

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 Socialists, of course, deride
 Fools who say we must divide
 Wealth with idle brothers.

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 Of a land where riches stream
 On an idle nation!
 Neither does the notion suit
 That we hope for bread and fruit
 Minus cultivation.

Socialism doesn't mean
 That an idle man shall lean
 On a thrifty neighbour;
 "Share and share alike" is trash!
 Socialists expect no cash
 But by honest labor!

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 Planned by loafers called "extreme"
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 To deprive, by force or stealth
 Any worker of his wealth
 Gained by being thrifty.

If the subject's rather new
 Buy our books and read a few—
 Don't be fooled nor frightened—
 When you read you'll understand,
 Socialism's right and grand.
 For you'll be enlightened!

11/5/1922. DAISY.

Have loved & kept for evermore,
 But scarcely had his tiny form
 Stood on Life's hard & cruel stone
 When came a fierce remorseless storm
 And left us childless, sad, & lone!

Thus Father wrote my epitaph
 With mind incensed against his God,
 Not knowing that, on my behalf,
 He laid my form beneath the sod.

But Mother's heart was more resigned,
 She bowed to what she thought was Fate
 And knew that He who seemed unkind
 Would raise me to a higher state.

Though God had taken back her child,
 Whose months scarce numbered more
 than seven,
 She knew that Christ & angels mild
 Would love her infant boy in Heaven.

And so they have! The time has
 flown
 So fast in this celestial clime,
 It's wonderful that I have grown
 To manhood in so short a time.

How Mother's loving mem'ry clings
 To mental visions of her boy!
 She treasures yet ~~the~~ her baby's

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44.

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How Mother's loving mem'ry clings
To mental visions of her boy!
She treasures yet ~~the~~ her baby's

45.

things

Lest Time my image should destroy.

Since first to Heaven I was brought
The angels have been more than kind;
They placed the highest, purest thought
Within my young receptive mind.

They taught until I understood
A part of God's transcendent plan
To place the highest, greatest good
Within the reach of sinful Man.

I'm not a helpless baby now;
I've grown in Heaven's realm sublime,
And manly thoughts within my brow
Denote that I'm in manhood's prime.

I'm happy in this land, so bright,
Where all is peace and joy and love:
And how we shouted with delight
When Father sought this Home above!

He knows that Heaven is as real
As any country seen below;
And holy Scriptures all reveal
The truth which mortals all should know.

And he expects that when his race
On earth is o'er, and Heaven won,
That he shall once again embrace
His eldest, long-lost, loving son!

And Mother-- though she loves me still
And sees a feeble ray of hope
That some sweet day her heart shall thrill
With pleasure in bright Heaven's scope--

And though to meet me she expects--
And though she loves me still the same,
The means to meet me she neglects--
Salvation through the Savior's name.

O how I long to see her kneel
To Jesus who was crucified,
To ask forgiveness, and to feel
That her request is not denied!

And how I long to hear her sing
The songs of Christ's redeeming love,
And hear the angels' voices ring

Because she seeks this
Home above.

And how I look, and wait,
and yearn
To hear my Mother's earnest
nest vice
In prayer, and see
her gladly learn
Of God, and make His
way her choice.

O may she not salvation
miss,
But seek it through
the Savior's grace,
Then I shall greet
her with a kiss
And clasp her in a fond
embrace!

May brothers, sister,
Father, all
With Mother seek this
happy shore
Where tears of sorrow
shall not fall
When we have met to
part no more!

Wed. Ap. 19, 1922.
Last Saturday I did
a bit of gardening, &
at night I went
with Florrie & Jose
to a combined Army
meeting in the Newcastl
Citadel. I gave Brig.
Knapp a copy of "A
Sally Blok's Opinyun".
The meeting was led by
Knapp & Annetts, & a
woman & 2 men went to
the penitents form.
On Sunday I attended
every meeting of the
Army, & spoke at night.
A young woman was conve-
ted. On Monday all

of us except Jack (who is at Belmont) went on the steamer "Wattle" with the Sarmy to Tomago. It was an ideal day, and everybody seemed to be happy. At the meeting in the open air I read "A Sally Bloke's Opinyun", which amused the crowd. As Brig Knapp offered 10/- to anyone who would write a song for him to sing at the next Sarmy Congress, I wrote a song of 6 verses to the tune of "If you want pardon, if you want peace", & took it to Knapp at his office in Cook's Hill. He said it was unsuitable; so I promised to write another. Previous to this I had met brother Bob at the Labor bureau. Our Jack returned from Belmont on Monday night, & to-day he is going to the Technical College. I have written the following song for Brig. Knapp:-

THE NEWCASTLE DIVISION. Tune--"We're the soldiers of the Army of Salvation".

Dearest Comrades of the North, we come with greeting
To share the work & pleasure of to-day:
We regret that Time, like life, alas! is fleeting
And has taken many loving friends away.

Chorus:-

Undivided we've decided
To the battle we'll go forth;
And to the Norward ~~we're~~ we're pressing forward
Through the din and dust of battle in the North.

(Spoken)--

We have 19 corps represented here, namely:-

Kendall, Gosford, Cessnock, Lambton, ~~Kurri~~ Mayfield, Kurri,
Dungog, Wallsend, both Maitlands, Kempsey lone,
Raymond Terrace, West Wallsend, Taree, and Mere-
Wether, Singleton, Tigne's Hill, Scone.

We're from back beyond the Hawksbury & the Manning
Where soldiers sing and bandsmen sweetly play;
And our officers are always busy planning
How to capture Satan's forts to far Macleay.

In that land of fruit and honey, milk, & cattle,
Where golden wattle blossoms gild the gums,
You may hear the sound of our unending battle
And the boom of our reverberating drums.

If our leader asks what more our Army's needing
To save this Austral land from shore to shore,
We reply "The help of God through earnest pleading"
And extend fraternal hands to ~~the~~ Hugh Whatmore!"

I am sending "The Industrialist" of Ap. 13th to the Websters.

Fri. Ap. 21, 1922. Yesterday I dug up a bit of ground in the

morning, & went to the "Industrialist" office in the afternoon & gave Ted Sinclair "Definitions Of Socialism". I went to 61 Dawson Street to give Knapp my new song, but only Annetts was in the office. He told me that Knapp had gone to the railway

station to meet someone. I went to the station & gave Knapp the song, & he sang it. As he wanted a little alteration I have made it this morning. Instead of the first verse I have written this:-

We are glad to see again, in Congress meeting,
Salvation Army comrades here to-day!
Our Commissioner we give a welcome greeting,
And sincerely hope that he has come to stay!"

I also altered the chorus, which now reads thus:-

"Undivided we've decided that, in spite of pain or loss,
To the battle we'll go forth
All Hell defying, colors flying,
All resolved to fall or conquer in the North!"

In the second verse I have transposed some of the names thus:-

"Gosford, Cessnock, Kendall, Lambton, Mayfield, Kurri." Between the second & third verses I interposed the following:-
"Some have come from where black ~~di-~~ di-a-monds are gleaming
And virgin ships are launched with native keels:
From where Nobby's welcome light is seaward streaming, And the furnaces are pouring molten steels."

The 3rd & 4th verses are the same: the 5th (the last) has been omitted & the following substituted :-

"May our meetings at this congress bring the blessing
Of Him whom all Salvationists adore!
And may ev'ry soldier still keep onward pressing
'Til this continent is saved from shore to shore!"

Sat. Ap. 21, 1922. To-day I made a round wooden stand for reels of cotton, and enamelled it black. I did a little more to my wooden porous pots, & Jose helped me. "Common Cause" this week contains my "Seventh Craft Union Meeting" O.B.U., The Working Class Debate In Verse." It also contains "Anzac Day." "The Industrialist" this week contains "Travel." which I wrote partly in Sister's house at Dapto.

Mon. Ap. 29, 1922. I am sending the Industrialists of Ap. 13 & 20 to Jim Pettigrew. Also the War Cry of Ap. 22. I attended all of the Army meetings except knee-drill yesterday, & spoke in the afternoon in Islington park, & at the open-air meeting at night. Bobby Cocking is at home again & is recovering rapidly. Charlie

had to go home from the 10 a.m. open-air meeting in Henry st. because he was ill. He is much better to-day, but is having a day off work.

Tues. Ap. 25. This is anzac day. Last night I went to the corner of Tudor street & Gordon Avenue, Hamilton, & heard Herbert Booth, the rebellious son of William Booth, the founder of the Salvation Army. The meeting was held in a tent like a circus tent. There were hundreds of people present. A preliminary prayer meeting was held & I attended it. I paid 3d for a hymn book entitled "Hymns That Help." It contains some hymns written by himself. He spoke well about the lame man who was cured at the beautiful gate of the temple by Peter. The argument was that there are many crippled Christians in the churches. He did not invite anyone to go to the penitents form. I came home with Florrie, Eben Worley & Hazel Worley. To-day I have written a letter & a copy of "A Sally Bloke's Opinyun" to send to the War Cry. I repaired the wash-house venitian blind to-day, & put our most valuable documents into a powder tin that I enamelled. I also repaired the couch. On Monday I went to the Labor bureau, but there was no work for me, though 25 men were put on for the Taree job. I saw Eben Worley at the bureau, as he is also out of work, with hundreds of others.

Wed. Ap. 26, 1922. Yesterday our Jack received a week's notice that his services at the steelworks will no longer be required. Charlie has gone to work again to-day fully recovered from his slight illness. I wrote the following verses this morning:-

JINGO PARSONS.

Of all the hypocrites, accurst,
Thw jingo parsons are the worst
That I have ever seen!
They praise the stupid slaves who spill
The blood of brother slaves and kill
For master, king, or queen.

They know that Christ, the Prince of PEACE
Declared that brutal war should cease,
And all in peace should live!
They know that Jesus taught that those
Who follow him should LOVE their foes
And injuries forgive!

They know religion undefiled
Is "Visit thou the orphaned child
And let the widows lean
On you for succour all you can,
But be an upright, peaceful man,
And keep your spirit clean.

*To Newcastle Sun
28-10-1927.*

But jingo parsons thrill with joy
When fools in uniform destroy
The orphans' main support--
The fathers and the widows' sons
Who fall before the masters' guns
Defending trench or fort.

Those jingo advocates of blood
Drag Christ's religion in the mud;
And his commands, divine,
With scorn and ridicule they greet,
And trample them beneath their feet
Like brutal, Pagan swine!

The Sixth Commandment they ignore
Like Pharisees in days of yore,
And brazenly have lied:
Again they are prepared to shout
To Mammon, "Let Barrabas out,
And Christ be crucified."

"Put up the sword within its sheath"
The jingo parson thinks beneath
His infidel contempt:
For thirty pieces he will send
The slaves, in warfare to contend
While he remains EXEMPT!

On each succeeding Anzac Day
The jingo parsons falsely ~~prax~~ say
(When clocks are striking seven)
That ev'ry slave who fought and died,
Although he swore, and drank & lied
Most surely went to Heaven!

What flagrat blasphemy is this--
That sinners enter Heaven's bliss
Because they fought and fell,
And with infernal hatred tried
To kill, and thus God's law defied!
Who, then, are sent to Hell?

How long shall those impostors drag
Christ's name in filth, and raise a flag
To fill His holy place?
How long shall they extol the GUN
And honour those who make blood run;

And Jesus Christ disgrace?

O when shall He return,
I ask,
And jingo hypocrites unmask
And cleanse His sacred name
From martial filth, disease, and crime,
And raise it to the height, sublime,
From which it earthward came?

Daisy.

(Printed by Industrialist"
12-5-'22.)

I have revised "Run The Greaser, Run!" for "Smith's Weekly".
To-day I finished reading "The Light Of India", by Harold Begbie.

Thur. Ap. 27, 1922.
Son Jack is 19 years old to-day. Jose was put off yesterday. He & I have finished turning the porous pot out of a bit of mangrove wood. Jose is going to hear Herbert Booth this evening. Last Monday night rain filled our iron tank. I have revised "Share and Share Alike", which I sent to "The People" on Dec. 18, 1919, but that paper did not print it. In its altered state

Jingo Parsons.

11/5 — 1922.

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From martial filth, disease and crime,
And raise it to the height, sublime,
From which it earthward came?

DAISY.

cher spoke
One day, of work and thrift,
I asked him, as a little joke,
If he had brought a gift?

"We are not Socialists," he said;
Then, seeing me amused,
"Of Socialism I've not read"
He said, and seemed confused.

"Now, I'm a steady, thrifty lad,
And never smoke nor drink;
I never gamble, for it's bad,
But save my surplus jink!"

I've labored hard for all I've got,
And certainly dislike
That I with some unthrifty sot
Should share and share alike!"

I hastened to assure the youth
That he misunderstood--

it is as fol-
lows:-
"SHARE AND
SHARE ALIKE .

Old misconcep-
tions linger
long
Upon this
earthly stage ;
And one of them
is going strong
In spite of hoar-
y age !

The misconcep-
tion that de-
ceives
'Most ev'y man
we strike
is, "Ev'ry So-
cialist belie-
ves
In "Share and
share alike " .

For instance:-
when our but-

51.
That "Share & share alike", in truth,
We don't declare is good.

We Socialists do NOT believe
And never do declare
That idle spendthrifts should receive
A thrifty worker's share.

We don't believe that those who work
With weary flesh and bones
Should share their wealth with those who shirk,
Nor fatten useless drones.

We DO believe in equal chance
To live, and love, and learn,
In equal hazards to advance
And own the wealth we earn.

We DO believe in equal share
Of work, and joy, and health;
But Socialists do NOT declare
For equal shares of wealth.

We claim ourselves and all the earth
Although it is so big,
But Socialists of any worth
Don' claim a neighbor's pig !
Daisy.

(Printed in "The Industrialist" 25-5-'22.)

We do believe in equal chance
To live and love and learn;
In equal hazards to advance,
And own the wealth we earn!

We do believe in equal share
Of work and joy and health;
But Socialists do not declare
For equal shares of wealth.
We claim ourselves, and all the earth
Although it is so big;
But Socialists of any worth
Don't claim a neighbor's pig.

DAISY.

Industrialist.
SHARE AND SHARE ALIKE.

25/5 1922.

Old misconceptions linger long
Upon this earthly stage;
And one of them is going strong
In spite of hoary age!
The misconception that deceives
'Most ev'ry man we strike
is, "Ev'ry Socialist believes
in "Share and share alike!"

For instance—when our butcher spoke
One day of work and thrift,
I asked him, as a little joke,
If he had brought a gift?
"We are not Socialists," he said,
Then, seeing me amused,
"Of socialism I've not read."
He said, and seemed confused!

"Now I'm a steady, thrifty lad,
And never smoke nor drink;
I never gamble, for it's bad,
But save my surplus jink."
I've labored hard for all I've got,
And certainly dislike
That I, with some unthrifty set,
Should share and share alike."

I hastened to assure the youth
That he misunderstood;
That "share and share alike," in truth,
We don't declare is good!
We socialists do not believe,
And never do declare
That idle spendthrifts should receive
A thrifty worker's share

We don't believe that those who work
With weary flesh and bones
Should share their wealth with those
who shirk,
Nor fatten useless drones.

Copy of a letter from Staff-captain C.M. Rixon:-
 "Territorial Headquarters, 69 Goulburn Street, Sydney, April 29th, 1922. Mr. J. Cocking, 10 Henson Avenue, Mayfield East, Newcastle. Dear Comrade, We received your copy entitled "Salvationists At Play" and are very pleased with this. It will see the light shortly. As regards the rhymed description of Brigadier Knapp, while absorbingly interesting I am sorry to say that this is not of a character that would lend itself to publication. You have the gift, and much of your matter has been very pleasing, and I am hopeful that you will be able to find time to pen matter of a character that we will be able to re-produce. You will recognise readily that seeing the "War Cry" is the official gazette of the Salvation Army there is a certain check, and material must have a certain definite quality before it can be accepted. Trusting that you are having a good time personally, and that Mayfield will thrive, I am yours under the flag, C.M. Rixon, Staff captain.
 P.S. Might I suggest, Brother Cocking, that there are local officers or veterans of the corps who might be written up for our Facts and Faces column, which with their photos would be very desirable. C.M.R."

The following O.B.U. song was sent by me to "The One Big Union Herald", Melbourne, on the 12th of July 1919, & on Sep. 4th 1919, but so far as I know it was not printed. I have now written it out again for "Common Cause" and the "Industrialist".

ONE MIGHTY UNION.

Tune-- "Ring the bell, watchman !"

One Mighty Union is coming apace,
 Coming to cheer all the sad human race,
 Laden with treasures that no tongue can tell !
 Workers all around the planet, ring, ring the bell !

Chorus:

Ring the bell, workers, ring, ring, ring !
 Ring for the power One Union shall bring.
 Sing and rejoice, for its advent is near,
 Welcome in the One Big Union, cheer, workers, cheer !

When One Big Union encircles the earth
 We shall be strangers to Famine and Dearth;
 Plenty and Peace in a glad world shall dwell:
 Want and Warfare shall be banished;
 All shall be well !

One Mighty Union vile race-hatred spurns,
 Seeing the vision of bold Bobbie Burns:
 Cannons all silent and war-flags all furled;
 Nations one great Brotherhood all over the world .

When One Big Union the slaves organise,

"Peace" for its slogan; the world for its prize,
 Masters & monarchs shall soon pass away !
 Life shall be, for ev'ry worker, one holiday !

Daisy.

(Printed in "Industrialist" 18-5-'22.)

Industrialist

1875 ONE MIGHTY UNION. 1922.

Tune—"Ring the Bell, Watchman"

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Chorus:

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 Ring for the power One Union shall bring.
 Sing and rejoice, for its advent is near,
 Welcome in the One Big Union,
 cheer, workers, cheer.

When One Big Union encircles the earth
 We shall be stronger to Famine and Dearth.
 Plenty and Peace in a glad world shall dwell;
 Want and Warfare shall be banished;
 all shall be well.

One Mighty Union vile race-hatred spurns,
 Seeing the vision of good Rabbie Burns;
 Cannons all silent and war-flags all furled;
 Nations one great Brotherhood all over the world.

When One Big Union the slaves organise,
 "Peace" for its slogan; the world for its prize,
 Masters and monarchs shall soon pass away!
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DAISY.

The following verses were written in Feb. 1919 and sent to the "Newcastle Argus", and on the 13th of July, 1919 they were sent to "O.B.U.", but neither paper printed them. I intend to send them to "Common Cause", & to the "Industrialist".

DELUDED SLAVES.

(Tune-- "Good Old Jeff".)

It's many years since old Jim Gay
 Was forced by Fat to work:
 He labors still for little pay
 While Fat all labor shirks:
 Jim toiled and hoped for better days
 When he was young & strong,
 And still believes when Master says
 That Socialism's wrong !
 Chorus--
 He's weary of his fruitless quest,
 But knows not what to do !
 Awaken him ! Don't let him rest
 Till in the O.B.U.

A wage-slave took a little farm
 Out in the Golden West,
 And, captivated by its charm,
 Began a weary quest:
 He worked for wealth and happiness,
 And thought that he was free,
 But now no farm does he possess--

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Chorus:

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 Ring for the power One Union shall bring.
 Sing and rejoice, for its advent is near,
 Welcome in the One Big Union, cheer, workers, cheer!

When One Big Union encircles the earth
 We shall be strangers to Famine and Dearth;
 Plenty and Peace in a glad world shall dwell:
 Want and Warfare shall be banished;
 All shall be well!

One Mighty Union vile race-hatred spurns,
 Seeing the vision of bold Bobbie Burns:
 Cannons all silent and war-flags all furled;
 Nations one great Brotherhood all over the world.

When One Big Union the slaves organise,

"Peace" for its slogan; the world for its prize,
 Masters & monarchs shall soon pass away!
 Life shall be, for ev'ry worker, one holiday!

Daisy.

(Printed in "Industrialist" 18-5-'22.)

Industrialist

18/5

ONE MIGHTY UNION.

1922.

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 Was forced by Fat to work:
 He labors still for little pay
 While Fat all labor shirks:
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 better days
 When he was young & strong,
 And still believes when
 Master says
 That Socialism's wrong!
 Chorus--
 He's weary of his fruit-
 less quest,
 But knows not what to do!
 Awaken him! Don't let
 him rest
 Till in the O.B.U.

A wage-slave took a little
 farm
 Out in the Golden West,
 And, captivated by its
 charm,
 Began a weary quest:
 He worked for wealth and
 happiness,
 And thought that he was free,
 But now no farm does he
 possess--

It failed, and so did he!
(Chorus)

Old Sailor Bill was sent to sea
When he was but a boy;
He fancied that he, too, was free--
That life was full of joy!
He toiled upon the stormy wave,
Obeying harsh commands;
But now he is a hopeless slave,
And empty are his hands!

(Chorus)

Such workers are too common, far,
In this declining age,
Content to be the slaves they are
And labor for a wage!
The Socialist Regime they fear,
And O.B.U. they ban!
So make their true position clear
And wake them-- if you can.

Daisy.

(Printed in "Industrialist" 18-5-'22,
and by "Common Cause" 11-5-'22.)

Sat. Ap. 29, 1922. Yesterday I went to the labor bureau. No work. I then went to the Trades Hall & gave Ted Sinclair a copy of "Deluded Slaves", & "One Mighty Union". The "Industrialist" this week contains "When I Am Queen". This morning I wrote the following verses for the "Industrialist":-

THEY SAY.

They say that Mr. Herbert Booth
At Hamilton is preaching,
And that some red-hot gospel truth
To ministers he's teaching.
We hope the good "Ambassador"
Will never be deserted
By wowsers who delight in war,
And hope they'll get converted!

They say that Fuller and his mob
Have cut the M.P.'s wages!
He knows the value of the job
Of filling "Hansard's" pages.
Their salaries they've never earned;

DELUDED SLAVES.

Tune—"Good Old Jeff."

It's many years since old Jim Gay
Was forced by Fat to work,
He labors still for little pay,
While Fat all labors shirks!
Jim toiled in hopes of better days,
When he was young and strong,
And still believes when Master says
That Socialism's wrong.

Chorus:

Hee's weary of his fruitless quest,
But knows not what to do!
Awaken him! Don't let him rest,
Till in the O.B.U.

A wage-slave took a little farm
Out in the golden west;
And, captivated by its charm,
Began a weary quest
He worked for wealth and happiness,
And though that he was free;
But now no farm does he possess--
He failed, and so did he!

(Chorus).

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Content to be the slaves they are
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So make their true position clear,
And wake them--if you can!

(Chorus).

DAISY.

18/5/1922.

And all those useless talkers
Should work, so far as we're concerned
For Little, Dun, and Walker!

They say "the headless oyster learns,"
And so do periwinkles;
And ev'ry working man who earns
His bread should learn some wrinkles
From Fat & Co. (who have combined
To plot in close communion)
And he should now make up his mind
To join the One Big Union.

They say that "industries must stop
Through foreign competition,
And workers' wages ought to drop
To ease the tight position."
But if employers lower all
To ease the situation,
The foreign wage again will fall
In each competing nation.
Our wages then again must sink,
That masters still may fight 'em;
The foreign wage again would shrink,
And so ad infinitum!

This Capitalist system fails
To give us work & wages,
Except within our masters' jails--
And it has failed for ages!
Before this system e'er succeeds
We say, like Pat O'Farrell,
The social musket really needs
A new lock, stock, and barrel!

Daisy.

(Sent to "Industrialist" 29-4-22; to
"Common Cause" 29-4-22; to "Smith's
Weekly" 29-4-22. Printed by "Industri-
12-5-22.

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stop
Through foreign competition,
And workers' wages ought to drop
To ease the tight position!"
But if employers lower all
To ease the situation,
The foreign wage again will fall
In each competing nation.
Our wages then again must sink,
That masters still may fight 'em.
The foreign wage, in turn, would
shrink,
And so ad infinitum!

Sat. Ap. 29th continued. I wrote the following verses years ago, but they were not printed. I am now sending them to the "Industrialist" & to "Common Cause".

THE RED FAVORITE. Tune-- "Never Take The Horseshoe From The Door".

Now, you sporting men who study every history
And pedigree pertaining to the nags,
Let me give to you a tip devoid of mystery,
If you would fill your pockets & your bags!

Chorus--

You never to the racecourse need to ramble,
But take this tip, reliable & true,
If you would like successfully to gamble,
O never back a horse but O.B.U.!

He's by Labor from Necessity; he's training
To win the Human Race, with color red;
And more popularity he's daily gaining,
So invest your cash on him-- he's thoroughbred!

Old Conscription, War, Starvation, & Wage-Slavery,
Plague, Famine, Want, and Death are but a few
Of the starters on the field of Rulers' Knavery,
To compete against the youthful O.B.U.!

He's a trier true, superb in form and features;
He is ridden by White Slave, who knows his worth,
And he'll win the prize-- the freedom of all creatures--
By a swift, triumphant gallop round the earth!

xxBaisyx Violet.

THE RED FAVORITE.

(Tune: "Never Take the Horseshoe From the Door.")
Now, you sporting men who study every history
And pedigree pertaining to the nags,
Let me give to you a tip devoid of mystery,
If you wish to fill your pockets and your bags!

Chorus:
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--"Violet."

"Common Cause."

1957 1922.

Copy of a letter from Mrs. Townsend:-

74 Bury Road, Hemel Hempstead, Herts, England. May 1st, 1922.

Dear Mr. & Mrs. Cocking, I was very pleased to get your letter. Well I guessed that was the reason I had not had any papers just lately--you thought that I was returning again. I am afraid I shall not be coming back just yet for awhile, but hope to be able to when the children get older. I think there is much more chance for young people in Australia than here. I should be very glad if I was coming back to-morrow if the man I have married would come. It would cost him nothing for passage for himself or me & children. He said he would before we were married, now he has changed his mind, & of course I feel rather sore about it. He is good to the children, in his way, but of course he is not a father; & I think a man or woman who have no children of their own are not the same as those who have. He would never think of playing with them like Bert would. I often think what poor old Bert would say if he could only see his boy. I think he gets more like his Daddy every day, & such a fine boy he has grown: he will soon be 2 years old. And Betty--she has grown into a long-legged girl. She will be five in June, then she is going to school. I wonder how she will like it. She is very anxious to go. She goes to Sunday school, & wants to know every day when it will be Sunday. We miss our Grandma very much. It was very nice in the old home in the Summer time with all the fruit & garden & fowls, & ducks, but terribly lonely in the Winter. We miss the old place. Our family have lived there for over 100 years. I have one sister. Just the 2 of us are left now. Poor old Mother! She was so glad to think that she was able to see me & the children once again. She only lived 5 months after we got home. It is strange how things turnout & fit in one with another. If Bert had not met his death as he did I don't suppose I should ever have come home, & I should never have seen her again, which would have been a lifelong regret to me. Dear Mr. Cocking, I hope you & your family are all well. I hope by the time you get this letter things will have improved. I read a bit in the paper the other week about the Steelworks closing down. It will make it bad for Newcastle. But there! I don't suppose it will be closed for long. I suppose the blast furnace is closed & Bert's old car is not running now. We are still having some very cold weather. It is quite as cold as we had it in the Winter in Aussie. Such long winters, there is no end to it; it would be quite a treat to feel the nice warm sun again; but the children don't seem to mind the cold at all. Such rosy cheeks they have got. I sometimes get a letter from Stockton. Mrs. Morgan was in a great way because they thought of coming home for a trip & she thought Bill would be put off."

(Answered June 8th, 1922.)

Tues. May 2, 1922. Last Sunday I attended all of the Army meetings & spoke at most of them. In the night meeting I was much pleased to see a young fellow at the penitent form. Last evening I went to Mayfield to hear Lt. Col. Veale, the Army evangelist, speak. He is a very old man, & he plays a violin & sings. No conversions. To-day I finished making a wooden porous Leclanche cell. It has a lot of resistance to electricity, but it may get better. I wrote the following verses to day:-

PATRIOTISM. (Without apology to Scott.)

Are there wage-slaves with brains so dull
Within each doubly thickened skull
That they believe the jingo rot
Re slaves who "own their native land",
And have not sense to understand
The nonsense of Sir Walter Scott.?!
If such there be, go mark them well
And mark the hovels where they dwell
In slavery & want, content
So long as they can pay the rent;
Believing ev'ry jingo lie,
Content to slave, and fight, & die
For thieves who own the tools & soil
And thereby landless slaves despoil
despoil
Of learning, liberty, & joy,
And soul & body both destroy!

It's time that such a man or youth
Should learn the naked, shame ful truth
That "Native Lands"whereon they dwell
Are NOT their own, for each receives
A bare subsistence from the thieves
Who own the land-- and slaves as Well.

The only thing the wage-slave owns
Is energy of flesh & bones
Which he MUST sell at the command
Of Pay triots who own the land.
They train their stupid slaves to take
A fraction of the wealth they make,
And, making, cease to hope or think
'Til, dead in flesh & soul, they sink
To mother Earth, from which they sprung,
By thieves unhonored and unsung!
Daisy.

(To "Com. Cause" 2-5-22. Printed in "Indus'T", 18-5-22.)
Our son Jack was paid off at the Steelworks to-day. He was

given a good reference from David Baker, the manager. Charley is the only one of us at work now. I received a letter & 3 postcards from Mabel Harry. I answered to-night & asked for a "War Cry from America. I wrote the following verses some years ago, but I am not sure that they were printed.

WORKING MEN. (Tune-"Sweet Marie".

I've a message now for you, working men
You should join the O.B.U., brothers,
then
Ev'ry nation on the earth
Shall rejoice at Freedom's birth,
And you'll get your labor's worth, working men!

Chorus-
O.B.U., working men;
Join it, do, workers,
then
You will not reside
in hovel nor in den!

WORKING MEN. continued.

Ev'ry toiler shall be paid
All the wealth his work has made,
And you'll fight no more for trade,
working men!

When I think of millions slain,
working men,
To support the idle vain Upper Ten,
Then my mind is filled with grief
That you don't seek quick relief:
You are patient past belief, working men!

When you concentrate your powers,
working men,
You will weild for fewer hours pick
or pen!
Exercise your common sense;
All combine & save expense,
Then your might will be immense,
working men!

Don't delay another day, working men
Don't let chances slip away from
you when
You may reap the fields you've sown
And enjoy ~~the~~ what you have grown,
And the world will be YOUR OWN,
working men!

Violet.

The last verse I have just now written. Printed in "Common Cause", 11-11-22.

Thur. Ap. 4th, 1922. To-day & yesterday Jose has been making a magic lantern. Last night I went to the open-air meeting of the M Mayfield Sarmy corps, & later to a meeting in the new Citadel, as the new hall is called. The meeting

was led by Lieut. col. Veale, and was devoted to music and singing. I left before the meeting ended. I sent a letter to Mabel Harry yesterday with postcards of Wingham. I partly wrote the following verses some years ago:-

AN INVITATION.

Tune-- "The Old Folks At Home".

"Industrialist"

18/5 PATRIOTISM. 1922.

(Without apology to Scott.)

Are there wage-slaves with brains so dull,
Within each doubly-thickened skull,
That they believe the jingo rot
Re slaves who "own their native land"
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The nonsense of Sir Walter Scott?

If such there be, go marks them well,
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Of learning, liberty and joy,
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A bare subsistence from the thieves
Who own the land--and slaves as well.

The only thing the wage-slave owns
Is energy of flesh and bones,
Which he MUST sell at the command
Of Paytriots who own the land,
And train their stupid slaves to take
A fraction of the wealth they make.
And, making, cease to hope or think
Till, dead in flesh and soul, they sink
To mother Earth, from which they
sprung;
By thieves, unhonoured and unsung!

DAISY.

WORKING MEN.

10/11 1922.

I've a message now for you, working men, You should join the O.B.U., brothers, then Every nation on the earth Shall rejoice at Freedom's birth, And you'll get your labor's worth, working men!

O.B.U., working men, join it, etc, workers then You will not reside in hovel nor den! Every toiler shall be paid All the wealth his work has made, And you'll fight no more for trade, working men!

When I think of millions slain, working men, To support the idle, vain Upper Ten, Then my mind is filled with grief That you don't seek quick relief: You are patient, past belief, working men!

When you concentrate your powers, working men, You shall wield, for fewer hours, pick or pen! Exercise your common sense; All combine and save expense, Then your might will be immense, working men!

Don't delay another day, working men! Don't let chances slip away from you when You may reap the fields you've sown And enjoy what you have grown, And the world may be YOUR OWN, working men!

(Air: "Sweet Marie.") ---"Violet."

AN INVITATION. 2.5/8 1922.

tune—"The Old Folk at Home." Wage-slaves of ev'ry clime and nation. We call to you! The road to your emancipation Lies through the O.B.U.! Why labor all your lives for others Who live at ease? Come join the O.B.U. as brothers Over all lands and seas.

Chorus:

All the world is yours for taking From the poles to line; You may enjoy the wealth you're making if you will only combine! Life, freedom, learning, health and treasure

You may command:

Art, travel, science, love and leisure You, when combined, may demand! Slaves all around the world repining, Bound by the Few. All should be eagerly combining— Joining the O.B.U.!

DAISY.

Wage-slaves of ev'ry clime & nation, We call to you! The road to your emancipation Lies through the O.B.U.! Why labor all your lives for others Who live at ease? Come join the O.B.U. as brothers Over all lands and seas.

Chorus--

All the world is yours for taking, From poles to Line: You may enjoy the wealth you're making If you will only combine .

Life, freedom, learning, health, & treasure You may command; Art, travel, science, love & leisure, You, when combined, may demand! Slaves all around the world repining, Bound by the Few, All should be eagerly combining-- Joining the O.B.U.!

Daisy.

(To "Industrialist" 5-5-22. Printed in "Common Cause" 2-6-22.)

(Thur. Ap. 4th continued.) Jose went & repaired Geordie Hall's electric switch this afternoon & got 2/- for the job.

The following verses were written for "The Newcastle Argus, but on account of that paper ceasing publication they were not printed until 6-7-22, when "Common Cause" published them:-

BABY'S SOLILOQUY. Or What a Wage Slave's child Would Say If He Could.

Now, I am only born to slave for loafers till the friendly grave Shall give me peace & rest! Soon I shall go to Masters school Where jingo teachers gull & fool the young at his behest!

They'll teach me there to sing and brag About the "empire" and the flag, And tell me I am free! They'll train my infant limbs to "March", And "Halt", and stand as stiff as starch, Without consulting me!

And later (thanks to Fisher's Bill) By cut-throats I'll be trained to kill At Master's harsh command! His Press will tell me it is right That I 'gainst other slaves should fight To "save my native land!"

No native land shall I possess But what I dearly buy, I guess, From some land-grabbing drone-- Some "loyal, patriotic man"-- On Master's kind time-payment plan, In some suburban zone!

I see the whole infernal game-- The slavery, the want, the shame, The pyramids of crime-- Now caused by Master's gory hands Which murder still for cash & lands With callousness sublime!

Yes, I am doomed to be a slave For some fat, parasitic knave Who'll "give me leave to toil" Until the workers all awake And all unite to wisely take The products of the soil.

That great event seems seems far remote Through Master's strong thought-anti-dote-- Toil, nicotine, & grog! The more slaves work the less they think; And Masters know that work & drink The toilers' minds befog! Daisy.

Yesterday my Sister sent 2 "Common Cause's" and a letter to me, and I have written a reply to-night. I am sending the "Industrialist" of Ap. 27th 1922 to H. Webster, Redruth, England, & to J. Pettigrew, Dapto. The following is a revised version of a labor song that I wrote & sent to "The International Socialist" & to "One Big Union Herald" on June 14th, 1919. I don't think it was printed:-

6/7/1922.
BABY'S SOLILOQUY

Or What a Wage Slave's Child Would Say if He Could.

Now, I am only born to slave,
For loafers till the friendly grave,
Shall give me peace and rest!
Soon I shall go to Master's school
Where jingo teachers gull and fool
The young at his behest!

They'll teach me there to sing and brag
About the "empire" and the flag,
And tell me I am free!
They'll train my infant limbs to "march"
And "halt," and stand as stiff as starch,
Without consulting me!

And later (thanks to Fisher's Bill)
But cut-throats I'll be trained to kill
At Master's harsh command!
His Press will tell me it is right,
That I 'gaist other slaves should fight
To "save my native land!"

No native land shall I possess
But what I dearly buy, I guess,
From some land-grabbing drone—
Some "loyal, patriotic man"—
On Master's kind time-payment plan,
In some suburban zone!

I see the whole infernal game—
The slavery, the want, the shame,
The pyramids of crime—
Now caused by Master's gory hands
Which murder still for cash and lands
With callousness sublime!

Yes, I am doomed to be a slave
For some fat, parasitic knave,
Who'll "give me leave to toil"
Until the workers all awake
And all unite to wisely take
The products of the soil!

That great event seems far remote
Through Master's strong thought an-
tidote—

Toil, nicotine and grog!
The more slaves work the less they think;
And Masters know that work and drink
The toilers' minds befog!

—DAISY.

62.
NO UNION LIKE ONE.
(Tune—"Home, Sweet Home".)

Craft unions spend labor & money in
vain;
In strikes they're defeated, & weak they
remain!
While thus we're divided we're certain
to fall!
Let's join One Big Union--it's better
than all!

Chorus--
One, one union, One!
There's nothing like union--no union
like One!

You sing "Home, sweet home, but its
sweetness is spent
When poverty stope you from paying the
rent
And landlords evict you to places un-
known!
Come, join One Big Union; have homes
of your own.

You yell "Rule Britannia", but yet you
are slaves
Obeying your masters from cradles to
graves;
In mines, fields, & workshope exploited
each delves!
Come, join One Big Union, and own them
yourselves.

Break down racial hatred; cast out all
craft pride:
It's time that all workers were ranged
side by side
Regardless of color, of sex, creed, or
birth,
And formed One Big Union of all slaves
on earth!

Daisy.
(To "Industrialist" 5-5-22, and to
"Common Cause" & the "Revolutionary
Socialist..It was not printed. I have
written the following verses for the
Labor papers:-

63.
WAR'S VILE GAME.

Tune--"When I Was Quite A Lad."

Since the days of Tubal-Cain
Slaves in battles have been slain
To increase their masters' riches,
might, & fame;
And this blood-soaked planet rings
With this crime of thieves & kings
Who still carry on the same vile game.

Chorus--
The same bad game, the same mad game!
Rulers slaughter still with poison, steel, and
steel, and flame;
And they trouble not at all
Though ten million workers fall,
For there's money in the murder game.

Still the Pulpit and the Press
Are employed by Bugs to bless
And encourage war in God's pure name;
And it matters not to them
That true Christians war condemn,
For there's PROFIT in the fiendish game.

When shall slaves in ev'ry land
Have the sense to understand
That mass-murder is infernal sin & shame?
That to slaughter working men
Profits but the Upper Ten
Who conscript them for the insane game.

Daisy.

(Printed in "Industrialist" 18-5-22.)

WAR'S VILE GAME.

Air—"When I was Quite a Lad."

Since the days of Tribal-Cain,
Slaves in battles have been slain
To increase their master's riches,
might and fame;
And this blood-soaked planet rings
With this crime of thieves and kings,
Who still carry on the same vile game

Chorus:

The same bad game, the same mad
game!
Rulers slaughter still with poison,
steel and flame!
And they trouble not at all,
Tho' ten million workers fall;
For there's money in the murder
game!

Still the Pulpit and the Press
Are employed by Bugs to bless
And encouraged war in God's pure
name;
And it matters not to them
That true Christians war condemn,
For there's PROFIT in the fiendish
game!

When shall slaves in ev'ry land
Have the sense to understand
That mass-murder is infernal sin
and shame?
That to slaughter working men
Profits but the Upper Ten
Who conscript them for the insane
game.

DAISY.

18/5/1922

Mon. May 8, 1922. Our Artie went to the Mayfield public school this morning. This is his first day as a regular scholar. His Mother went to the school with him and introduced him to the lady teacher. Jack went to the Stockton slip to-day to try to get work there, and was told to call again next thursday. Yesterday I attended all of the Army meetings, and taught a big boys class in the Sunday school. Ensign Marsh has returned from furlough, and is now an Adjutant. She led the night meeting, but no one was converted. Jose went looking for work to-day but returned disappointed. He is fixing up the little emery wheel on an iron stand. The following verses were written by me some years ago, but were not printed. I have slightly altered them.

HAIL THE ONE BIG UNION.

Tune--"Killarney".

By One Union of all slaves
Freedom shall be won at last
When the ruby ensign waves
And wage-slavery is past!
Then shall come a happy time,
For the workers shall be free
And shall rise to heights sublime
In that Golden Age to be!
Then around the peaceful world
Guns shall rust, and flags be furled
By the One Big Union;
Hail the One Big Union!

By our masters' murder-shells
Fertile fields and smiling bays,
Peaceful vales and verdant dells,
All are blackened and decay!
Curst Conscription blights all lands;
Gory footprints ev'rywhere--
Ruins vast on ev'ry hand
Show that warfare has been there!
One Big Union longs for peace
And that Masters' wars shall cease!
Join the One Big Union!
Hail the One Big Union!

Blasted homes where orphans pine,
Gory fields where workers die
Make our faith in War decline
When in death ten millions lie.
Multitudes of slaves were brought
From their hovels, east and west,
For the Master Class they fought;
Mangled now in death they rest!
Unity may rescue Man

From curst Warfare's insane
plan:
Welcome One Big Union,
Universal Union!

Copy of Sister's letter:-

"Station St. , Dapto,
May 8, 1922. Dear Brother,
Sister, & Family,
I received your longed-for
letter to day, and apart from the
satisfaction of hearing of
Vera's welfare it has relieved
all our minds to know that you
are all well. I feared all sorts
of things, & of course I feared
the worst. I read the paper
daily, & I wondered were you
out of work, or shifted, or
ill; & with no news of our
baby you wonder why I couldn't
sleep. However, I am thankful
things are no worse. We are
all in perfect health still;
Wongawilli is working again;
Ernie Pettigrew is back with
us; & the weather is perfect!
Poor old Nelly is the only
one who is worried just now.
Bob White wiree on Saturday
that

the blast furnace was closed down, & she is waiting for a letter to-day. Dad is trying his hardest to get him work at Wonga, but there were only 6 pairs of men started at present, & he has to wait till the mine is in full swing. He started work before

Easter at Port Kembla, but the boss started bullying him, and he left & went back to his work in Lithgow, which they had kept for him. I have written to-day to ask him to come down here until he can get work, & I hope he will.

How did the ruse of placing a letter in "Common Cause" work, eh? I had written once, & getting no reply, the big idea arose of trying some other way, for I know how interested you are in reading, & I knew you would get that letter. I feel very sorry, Joe, to hear of the distress in Newcastle, especially of your own family, & I fear things will be worse; but if they ever get too bad with you I hope you know, if I can do anything you will let me know. Dad fears that the blast furnace closing down will affect the Wonga working, but others seem to think they will get sale for their coke, apart from Lithgow. What we know is that instead of being called a Capitalist you ought to call us Socialists, for if you could hear our men talking about Hoskins you would think they were Anarchists. If he could hear them he would shake in his boots, for they are always saying what they would do with him if they had their way.

I feel sorry for Bobby Cocking, poor kid; he must feel the need of a Mother's love just now. As for brother Bob, I think he must be going dotty. Is there anyone looking after Bob's family? If not, I am afraid poor Bobby is in for a bad time of it.

I thank you, Joe, for the interest you are showing in our baby. It relieves our minds to know she is getting well looked after, but it seems very hard to think that others who are in no way related to her have the pleasure of being with her & seeing her often. I have not had a letter from her Father, Bob Woodward, since he took her away; & if it is religion that is causing it the sooner he is in Purgatory the better I will be pleased. It was our poor Lizzie's birthday yesterday, & our hearts were aching with memories. I wonder did he think of her. You spoke of keeping your home circle unbroken, Joe. I hope you will never let your children leave you while you can prevent it, for no one knows the misery & heartache of broken home circle more than we do. I don't think your boys will ever leave you, though, for I think you are blessed by having boys who realise what home is. My girls are getting big, fat women. Lila is like a strong man. She is bigger than any of us, & can carry her Father across the room.

Florrie has severed all connection with Will, & says she is going to stay at home. She is a quiet, good girl, & I don't know what I could do without her. Young Jim has not had a turn since he came here. He is such a big boy, & weighs just half a pound off 4 stone. Dad is much thinner than he was, but I think he had a hard time boarding at the port. He found it was not like home.

66. We had Bob White's brother Jack with us yesterday. He & his wife have travelled 300 miles per motor-cycle & side car. They have no children, & are enjoying their lives to the fullest. He has been shearing & wool-buying, & is in a very prosperous position. Some people have all the luck. I think all the Jacks are alike. What do you say, Jack? Ernie Pettigrew's wife is in Lithgow. She is very delicate & is a fully stocked chemist's shop. It has already cost Ernie £100 for operations, & she has to undergo another one in July. She is not a believer in the immigration scheme. I do not know of any more news just now, Joe, but if you promise to write oftener I promise I won't put any more letters in "Common Cause". Hoping times will soon brighten up for you all, I remain as ever Your Own Sister, E.J. Pettigrew."

Wed. May 10th, 1922. On Tuesday I walked over to the Waratah Council Chambers & had my name registered for work. I was told to call back in about a fortnight's time, & in the meantime watch the paper. I received a letter to-day from aunt Grace Perkyns, Jenkins Terrace, Redruth, Cornwall. Jose & I mended 2 water pots to-day, & I enamelled them. Jose also fixed up our small emery wheel on a stand so that it can be turned rapidly by means of clog wheels. He also mended Lyle Burgess' bicycle. I fixed a brick pillar under the kitchen floor. Mrs. Sol Woodbury called this morning.

Sat. May 13th 1922. Last Thursday I wrote a part of "The 9th Craft Union Meeting." Yesterday I went to the Labor Bureau & spoke to the clerk about mistakes he had made in Jose's and Jack's registration cards. At the employment office Ted Sinclair lent me a book entitled "The Everett Massacre", a history of the struggle in the lumber industry, America, by Walker C. Smith, & published by the Industrial Workers Of the World Publishing Bureau, Chicago, Ill. I was 55 years old on the 11th of this month. "Common Cause" of 12-5-22 contains my Labor song--"Deluded Slaves." "The Industrialist" printed "They Say"; "Definitions Of Socialism"; and "Jingo Parsons". I walked to Hamilton last night & attended an open air meeting of the Army. I did not read, as was intended, because some rain fell & the meeting ended rather abruptly. I walked home with Solomon Woodbury & George Millar.

Mon. May 15th, 1922. Yesterday I attended all of the Army meetings. I taught the "Warrior" class of boys at the Sunday school in the afternoon from Proverbs 24th chapter & from the 30th to the 34th verses. No conversions at any of the meetings. The weather was rainy & a cold south-westerly wind blew all day. We did not have our usual afternoon meeting in the Islington park as there were so few people there, but we went into a street just beyond the park & held a meeting there. Sol Woodbury lent me a book entitled "Dark Days." & Comm. Hilder lent me the

"Life Of Catherine Booth." To-day I am sending the "Industrialist" of May 4th & 11th to H. Webster; the "War Cry" of 29-4-22, & the "Industrialist" of 4-5-22 to Mabel Harry. This morning I altered my verses "Important Notice" (on page 19 of diary from 8th Nov, 1920 to May 31, 1921) to read as follows so that they will be suitable for the "War Cry":-
NOTICE.

If this should meet the sinful eyes
Of Jeremiah Brown
And William Smith, or kin & kith
In country or in town

Communicate at once with us--
We've splendid news to tell,
Which isn't myth, for Brown & Smith
And other folks as well!

For many years these legatees
Have wandered east and west
In search of health & joy and wealth
And satisfying rest.

They've sought for ease and bliss in
Apparently content
To waste their time in sin and crime
And let their lives be spent

In vain attempts to harbour Peace
Within their weary souls,
But no success their efforts bless--
They harbour only ghouls.

When heard of last the souls we seek
Consorted much with fools
At Folly's club and Leach's pub,
And Chance's gambling schools!

Authentic news has come to hand
Whereby their search may cease--
Their fruitless quest for joy and rest,
And happiness and peace!

For we have found a valid Will,
Within his Father's tome,
Of Jesus Christ whose blood sufficed
When prodigals came home.

He wills the sinners to repent
And ask him to forgive;

And his bequest is Peace
and Rest
To all who look and live!

Will those who meet the
wanderers
Inform them they are heirs
And let them know that
here below
Eternal life is theirs?

Eternal life for all who
seek,
If they repent, believe,
Forsake their sin, get
Cleansed within
And his bequest re-
ceive!

Tell all--for all are
legatees--
That Jesus ne'er denies
His boundless wealth of
love and health
And mansions in the skies!

To all who wander far from
God,
If you return, we vow
To you that your bequest
is sure:
Return and take it NOW!
Dandelion.

NOTICE TO JEREMIAH BROWN

If this should meet the sinful eyes
Of Jeremiah Brown
And William Smith, or kin and kith
In country or in town.

Communicate at once with us—
We've splendid news to tell,
Which isn't myth for Brown and Smith
And other folks as well!

For many years these legatees
Have wandered east and west
In search of health and joy and wealth
And satisfying rest.

They've sought for ease and bliss in sin,
Apparently content
To waste their time in sin and crime
And let their lives be spent

In vain attempts to harbour Peace
Within their weary souls,
But no success their efforts bless—
They harbour only ghoul!

When heard of last, the souls we seek
Consorted much with fools
At Folly's club and Leach's pub,
And Chance's gambling schools!

Authentic news has come to hand
Whereby their search may cease—
Their fruitless quest for joy, and rest,
And happiness, and Peace!

For we have found a valld Will
Within his Father's tomb
Of Jesus Christ, Whose blood sufficed
When prodigals came home.

He wills the sinners to repent
And ask Him to forgive;
And His bequest is Peace and Rest
To all who look and live!

Will those who meet the wanderers
Inform them they are heirs;
And let them know that here below
Eternal life is their's?

Eternal life for all who seek,
If they repent, believe,
Forsake their sin, get cleansed within
And His bequest receive!

Tell all—for all are legatees—
That Jesus ne'er denies
His boundless wealth of love and health
And mansions in the skies!

To all who wander far from God,
If you return, we vow
To you that your bequest is sure:
Return and take it NOW!

—Dandelion.

"War Cry"

To "War Cry" 15-5-22. To English Cry 9-11-22.
Printed in N.S.W. Cry 30-11-29.

Fred posted a paper to Mabel Harry; 2 Crys to Sister, & a paper to Websters this evening. There was a lot of numbers published by the Labor Bureau this morning, but our card numbers are not among them. Continuing the imaginary controversy that I am conducting among "Daisy", "Dandelion", and "The Soshalistic Kove", re the 10,000,000 pounds reward, I have written the following:

A PROPOSAL. An Open Letter.

Dearest Daisy, I kood kiss you
For yer vurses in this issue
(If yool pardin me expreshun
Wich I use with dew respekt)
Fer I'm dinky-die delited
With the way you left an' rited
All them wowers whose perfeshun
Is wite anted Thru neglekt.

I'm agen a jingo parson
Who'd enkourige stoush an' arson
An' sool wurkin' koves to murdur
Uther blokes they nevir seen;
Fer I reckon it's a morul
That thes workin' blokes don't quorul
Till thay're sooled on 'sum Sirdar,
Or sum parasite or kween

Sich impostars is dis gustin',
Fer thay kid us thay are trustin'
By the Lord to be partektid
Till their urthly sprint is run;
But thare so afrade o' dyin'
That we find 'em all relyin'
On the Idol thay've erektid,
Kalled a Automatik Gun!

I'm ded nuts on any navy
(All the blud I spil is gravy)
An' a blud an' thundur army?
Well, it fair gits on me nerves!
An' I think a bloke wots willin'
To be Mastur's toolm fer killin'
Must be absolutely barmy,
An' 'e gits wot 'e deserves!

Jingo pars is a lieble
On relijun, fer the Bible
Tells a kove to luv 'is rival--
Not to fill 'im full o' shot!
Now that Booth is neer the sity
It's a bloomin'; dinkum pity
That 'e don't, in 'is revivil,
Take an' Kristianize the lot!

Give 'em beens again, deer Daisy;
Kik 'em whare Muldoon kiked Kasey!
Blast their anzak adorashun
With yoor mental litenin' stroke!
An' wen sik o' livin' single
Give me tele-bell a tingle!
I remane with admurashun
Yours, The Soshalistic Bloke!

(See "Jingo Parsons" in the "Indus-
"Industrialist", 11-5-22.)

"Industrialist"
26/5 1922.
A PROPOSAL.

Dearest Daisy, I kood kiss you,
For yer verses in last issue,*
(If yool pardin me expreshun,
Wich I yuse with dew respekt),
Fer I'm dinky-die delited
With the way you left-an'-rited
All them wowers, oo's perfeshun.
It wite-anted thru niglekt!

I'm agen a jingo parson
Oo'd inkourage stoush an' arson,
An' sool wurkin' koves to murder
Uther blokes they never seen;
Fer I reckon it's a morul
That us wurkin' blokes don't quoral
Till weer sooled on by some Sirdar
Or some parasite or kween!

Sich impostars is digustin'
Fer they kid us they are trustin'
By the Lord to be partektid
Till their urthly sprint is run,
But thare so afrade o' dyin'
That we find 'em all relyin'
On a idol they've erekted
Kalled a Automatik Gun!

I'm ded nuts on any navy
(All the blud I spil is gravy!)
An' a blud and tunder army!
Well, it fair gits on me nerves!!
To be Mastur's tool fer killin'
Must be absolutely barmy,
An' 'e gits wot 'e deserves!

Jingo parsons is a lieble
On religion; fer the Bible
Tells a kove to luv 'is rival--
Not to fill 'im full o' shot!
Now that Booth is neer the sity
It's a bloomin' dinkum pity
That 'e don't, in his revival,
Take an' kristianise the lot.

Give 'em beens agen, deer Daisy;
Kik 'em whare Muldoon kiked Kasey!
Blast their anzak adorashun
With yoor mental litenin' stroke!
An' wen sik o' livin' single
Give me tele-bell a ting!
I remane, with admurashun;
Yours, The Socialistic Bloke.

(*See "Jingo Parson" in "Industrialist", 11/5/22.

Tues. May 16th, 1922. I wrote the verses above to-day, & Jose posted them to the "Industrialist", & repaired Lyle Burgess' phonograph. I transplanted 50 cabbage plants. Jack went to Newcastle early this morning & waited all day to see if he could get work, but came home disappointed. I sent "The 9th Craft-Union Meeting" to "Common Cause" last Monday.

Wed. May 17, 1922. To-day I thinned down a porous pot of man-grove wood, on Jose's lathe, to see if it is equal to an earthenware pot for a Leclanche battery, I found that the mangrove wood, being formed in hard rings, offered more resistance to electricity than a porous pot of earthenware does. Nose has repaired the old black telephone receiver that he bought of Mr. Filmer at the Tec.

Fri. May 19, 1922. Last night I attended an open-air meeting of the Tighe's Hill corps at the corner of Elizabeth street & Maitland Road. Lieut. Col Neale was present. We afterwards had a meeting at the hall, & one went to the penitent form.

20,

Sat. May 20, 1922. Yesterday I went to Newcastle & paid the Co-op. store £ 5-17-3. From there I walked to the Trades Hall & gave Ted Sinclair his books-- "Songs Of Freedom" and "The Everett Massacre." He has now lent me "Socialism, What Is It?", by Norman R. Freeberg, who is the editor of "Common Cause". Ted is editing the "Industrialist". From there I walked to Hamilton in light rain & attended the Army's open-air meeting near Gow's shop in Beaumont street. Veale led the meeting. I read "Notice". I walked back with Sol Woodbury, Adj. Marsh, Comm. Hilder, Millar, & Veale. "The Industrialist" this week contains 4 of my contributions-- "Deluded Slaves", "Patriotism", "War's Vile Game", & "One Mighty Union". "Common Cause" contains "The Red Favorite". I am sending away the following papers-- The Industrialist to J. Pettigrew; also the War Cry. To the Websters I am sending 2 copies of Common Cause.

Wed. May 24, 1922. Last Sunday I attended all of the Army meetings. In the night meeting I went to the penitent form -- Jack Eckerley, Irene Lindsay, & Willy Worley. On Monday I pulled up the weeds in the Sarmyhall yard, & at night attended the open-air meeting, & the indoor meeting led by col. Veale. Yesterday I burnt the weeds in the hall & made up the foot path between the Primary hall & the army hall. Last night I attended the open-air meeting of the Army & the indoor meeting led by Veal. Adj. Marsh gave me a letter that she brought from Brig. Knapp, in which he said that as he had a more suitable ~~song~~ ~~xxxxxx~~ song than mine for the Congress, he was returning it. I have transplanted some cabbage plants to the south side of our yard. Charley Wickham's wife gave us a black amber grape vine and one of another kind

& I planted them. I also sowed radish seeds.

Fri. May 26, 1922. Yesterday I raked all of the rubbish from under our house, & mended a rake that I found. In the evening I attended the last of Frank Veal's meetings. No conversions. Cecil Robinson lent me a pamphlet written by Herbert Booth & entitled "The Night & The Morning." It has 54 pages & deals with the second coming of Jesus. I have written the following verses as a song for the Army:-

THE OLD STORY.

(Tune-- "We're the Soldiers of the Army of Salvation" 300.

There's a story that has stood the test of ages,
The truth of which the ancient martyrs tried;
It's recorded in the Holy Scriptures' pages
That for sinners Jesus Christ was crucified!

Chorus-

Don't neglect it nor reject it,
For the One who died for you
Will your soul with peace endue!
Come believing and receiving,
And rejoice to find the wondrous story true!

Though you're poor as Lazarus, or rich as Croesus,
If you're weary of your wickedness and strife,
Come, believing all the promises of Jesus,
And accept his priceless gift--eternal life!

There are millions who have verified the story
That the Saviour suffered on the cross for them:
They are happy with the angel hosts in glory
And are wearing an eternal diadem.

There are millions who have yet to cross Death's river,
For whom the ancient story has sufficed;
They have proved that God, in mercy, is the giver
Of salvation through the blood of Jesus Christ!

J. Cocking, Tighe's Hill.

(Printed 19-7-1922.)

Sat. May 27, 1922. Last night I went to Hamilton & bought a rubber pad for cleaning clothes, for 1/-, at Gow's shop. I attended the Sarmy open-air meeting & spoke, & afterwards read a part of the last chapter of Revelations. Fifteen soldiers were present. Yesterday I scrubbed 4 tables at the army hall. To-day I went there again & cleaned up the rubbish under both halls, & made a path between them of ashes & stones. Mr. Groves helped me in the afternoon. Wally Frew's widow and her daughter Sadie were scrubbing the halls, & by conversing with them I discovered who they are. I met a man at Islington

who told me to look him up next Monday as he might give me a start at laying pipes near Newtown. To night I am preparing my lesson from 2 Chron. 5. 1-14 verses, for the Sunday school class.

THE OLD STORY.

Tune—"We're the Soldiers of The Army of Salvation." 300. There's a story that has stood the test of ages, The truth of which the ancient martyrs tried; It's recorded in the Holy Scriptures' pages That for sinners Jesus Christ was crucified! Chorus. Don't neglect it nor reject it, For the One who died for you; With your soul with peace endure! Come believing and receiving, And rejoice to find the wondrous story true! Though you're poor as Lazarus, or rich as Croesus, If you're weary of your wickedness and strife, Come, believing all the promises of Jesus, And accept His priceless gift—eternal life!

Mon. May 29, 1922. At 7 a.m. yesterday I was at the mes-drill in the Army hall. At 10 a.m. I was at the open air meeting in Isaacville, & at the holiness meeting at 3 p.m. I was at the meeting in Islington park, & at the open air meeting at 6 p.m., & the night meeting in the hall, led

There are millions who have verified the story That the Saviour suffered on the Cross for them; They are happy with the angel glory And are wearing an eternal di. There are millions who have crossed Death's river, For whom the ancient story was sufficed; They have proved that God, in mercy, is the giver Of salvation through the blood of Jesus Christ! J. Cocking, Tighe's Hill.

by George Millar. A lad named Soper went to the penitent form. This morning I walked to the Newtown gas works to see the man who had half promised to give me work on a pipeline; but as he was not there I went to where big pipes were laid loose on the ground to Waratah. I could not find him, so I returned to the gasworks & saw a gang of men preparing to lay the pipes. I inquired for the man that I expected to meet, but could not find him. I then walked with a man named Lucas to the Newcastle office of the gas company & found that no one was wanted to lay pipes, & no one but a Mr. Jones had authority to put men on to work. I saw Mrs Martin on the way home. She is leaving brother Bob's service to-day to go to a place in Tighe's Hill. The "Industrialist" of the 25th inst. contains "A Proposal"; "Share And Share Alike"; and "An Invitation".

Wed. May 31, 1922. Jose paid £3 yesterday for a second-hand magneto for a motor bicycle. I cut up most of the wood & shifted the old scrap iron from the back of the shed & put it under the house. I put a downpipe on the iron tank to lead the overflow water away. Jose went out to Durham colliery to-day to look for work, but could not get any. I went to the soldiers' meeting last night, but there were only Mrs. Bennet, Mrs. Groves, Mr. George Millar & myself there. We had a meeting, which Millar led. I have prepared my lesson for the Sunday school.

Sat. June 3, 1922. To-day I glued together the old "Black And White" magazine that Mother used to like, & I repaired the brass clasp on the very large Bible that Mother used to own. In the evening I walked to Hamilton & attended an open-air meeting of the Army. Norman Woodbury, & captain Ford of Albury, were in the ring. I did not speak. A man gave a pound in the collection. Last Thursday Jose & I mended the old deputy's pit lamp that we have had for years. Jose has repaired Bert Cocking's motor bicycle, & yesterday Jose & Jack went to Wallsend on it, but they had a fall when coming home through Waratah, as the road was in a bad state. Jose hurt his leg slightly. To-day's "Common Cause" contains "An Invitation, to the tune of "The Old Folks At Home." The "Industrialist" has nothing of mine this week. I am writing out John Ruskin's on the "plough", in his book-- "Unto This Last", for "Common Cause". Jose has repaired the magneto that he bought. The contact breaker was not symmetrical, so the spark did not come at the moment of its greatest strength. To-day I received a pamphlet from Harry Holland, M.P. New Zealand, entitled "The Marxian Theory Of Value." I have not finished reading it.

Mon. June 5, 1922. I attended all of the Army meetings yesterday. No one was saved; but we stayed late praying for a young man who was concerned about salvation, but he did not get saved then. I have written the following verses for the Labor papers:-

A LAME EXCUSE.

Some people have an easy way To answer ev'rything we say About this mundane sphere; Our arguments they can't deny Re social evils, but reply "Well, Christ will soon be here."

Now, let this fact be understood-- That I believe that Christ is Transcendently divine, (good-- And that he died, our souls to save From punishment beyond the (grave When we in death decline.

And I believe he shall return And that his righteous wrath shall Against the hoggish band (burn Who rob the poor of joy and health, And revel in their stolen (wealth, And dominate the land.

The stupid attitude of mind Of Christians deaf & dumb & blind To all the earth's misuse-- To evils that we Reds deplore--To mingled seas of tears & gore-- Is quite without excuse !

All those who love the Saviour's name Should contemplate the (the sin & shame

Of making millions poor,
And should denounce the social plan Which forces any fellow-man
To beg from door to door.

This social system some applaud Is based on violence & fraud,
Monopoly, and might!
And Christian men should interfere (Though Jesus Christ may soon
And battle for the right. (be here)

Their coward's trick has not sufficed To leave the work for
To do when he returns! (Jesus Christ
Those Christians who consort with Dives Will surely find when
That hypocrites he spurns. (Christ arrives

Take off your coats, roll up your sleeves, Give wheat, & wool, &
To those who do not shirk. (fruit, & beeves
On Justice base your social state, Then, whether Christ comes
He'll find you at his work! (soon or late

(Printed 29-6-1922.)

A LAME EXCUSE.

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To answer ev'rything we say
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Re social evils but reply
"Well, Christ will soon be here."

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Transcendently divine,
And that He died or souls to save
From punishment beyond the grave
When we in death decline.

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To leave their work for Jesus Christ
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Those christians who consort with
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Will surely find when Christ arrives
That hypocrites He spurns.

Take off your coats, roll up your
sleeves,
Give wheat, and wool, and fruit, and
beeves
To those who do not shirk
On Justice base your social state,
Then, whether Christ comes soon or
late,
He'll find you at His work!

—DAISY,

Wed. June 7,
1922. To-day
we received 2 1
letters; one
from Mrs. Alice
Townsend, 7
Bury Road, Hem-
el Hempstead,
Herts. England
& the other from
Mrs. Alice
Holland, the
wife of Harry
Holland, M.P.
Queen street,
Westport, New
Zealand. It is
as follows:—
"Queen St.,
Westport, New
Zealand, May
28, 1922.
Dear Mr. & Mrs.
s. Cocking,
You will get
a shock when y
you see who
this letter is
from. My mind

is never off Australia; and now that there is so much suffering
I get miserable & often very sad. I let my thoughts go back to
days of our awful struggles while Harry battled so hard to keep
the little Socialist pa per going, & who knows what we endured
better than you both? Days & nights of hunger, not days only,
but years. I don't regret one hour of my suffering, because I
know it was all for the good of our fellow creatures. We went
hungry, not because Harry could not get employment, but because
he realised at that time that Socialism was the only remedy to
end want and suffering; & as I understood the position of the
workers also I never once tried to discourage him. As you knew Har-
ry in the old days you will find him now, though crippled in body
& soul, trying to make life brighter for the toilers. I have
shed many a tear over him because he is crippled, & no one knows
but himself what it means to him. He can't bend his knee; & when
travelling in trains or trams it comes very unpleasant— he most-
ly stands unless he can get into a corner where his leg will not
be in anyone's way. I don't care where you go you will not find
a truer friend to his class than poor Harry.

If all goes well I hope to be in Sydney at the beginning of the
new year, & I will take a trip to Newcastle to see my sister, Mrs.
Trezise, in Newcastle, & a niece, Mrs. McVittie, the rev. McVittie's
wife. The session starts about June 22, so he wont be home again
for at least 6 months. We live in such an isolated part of New
Zealand, travelling is so expensive— it is just £ 5 each way on
land, but by boat £2 each way; but the boat only runs once a we-
ek, & often she is bar-bound, & that wouldn't suit Harry. She
always leaves Wellington too early in the week, anyhow.
I am awfully clannish about my country, dear old Aussie, & when
I see twaddle in the local papers about Westport coal being su-
perior to Australian coal I get wild. I heard the mayor saying
at some function that if it hadn't been for the Westport coal on
the "Sydney" the "Emden" would not have been sunk. Excuse this
scrawl— no time to write it. "

(The concluding portion is lost.) Answered 12-6-22.

I am sending the War Cry & 2 "Industrialists" to Jim Pettigrew,
& the Newcastle Advocate" to Mrs. Townsend. Also a photo of the
Bogy Hole, Newcastle. I sent "Common Cause" to Mrs Webster.

Fri. June 9th, 1922. Yesterday I wrote a letter to Mrs. Alice
Townsend, widow of Bert Sheppard, who was found dead at the Steel
works. Last night I attended a meeting of soldiers at the Tighe's
Hill hall. There were only 4 soldiers & the adjutant & commandant
present. At home I put 2 handles on the washing-box. On tuesday
I also attended a soldiers' meeting at the hall, but only a few
soldiers attended. I am reading the "Life Of Mrs. Catherine
Booth. Jose finished wiring ~~Rowe's~~ ~~shop~~ house in Henson avenue
& was paid two pounds for the work. I have just finished writing
a letter to Jim Pettigrew. To-day I wrote "A Word To The Wise."

Sun. June 11, 1922. Last night brother Jack & I went to an open-air meeting of the ~~signs~~ ~~at~~ ~~Waratah~~ Mayfield corps at Waratah. Envoy George Millar was there, & we both spoke. Adjutant Cross read out "A WORD TO THE WISE". No visible results, but we are still hoping on. This morning I went to knee-drill at 7. Adj. Marsh, Comdt. Hilder, envoy Miller, Willy Worley, granny Ford, & Hilda Yates were present.

Mon. June 12, 1922. To-day I wrote a letter to Mrs. ~~Miss~~ Annie Holland, Queen st. Westport, New Zealand. I also wrote to aunt Grace & enclosed with the short letter a tinted photo of Jose in his Army uniform (band) & our Jack with his hands in his pockets; Audrey Robinson; our dining room; & Harrold Burgess & Artie with a billy cart. I have also written out Mrs. Catherine Booth's opinion of military training, from page 176 of "The Short Life Of Catherine Booth", the mother of the Salvation Army, for the "Industrialist."

A WORD TO THE WISE.

If Jesus were a citizen of Adelaide to-day
And you a weary stranger, with a load,
Who asked him to direct you to the most convenient way
To Kadina, & he pointed out the road

You'd listen to him eagerly and gratefully receive
Instructions how to find the distant town;
His warnings and directions you would readily believe,
And, arriving, lay your heavy burden down.

Now, all of us are travellers,; and non of us can tell
How soon our earthly journey shall be o'er!
With seraphim in Heaven, or with demons down in Hell
We shall live in bliss or woe for evermore.

The prudent seek instruction as their journey they pursue
To find the Golden City, far away,
Believing all the promises of Jesus Christ are true,
They expect to live with him in endlass day.

The foolish scorn directions on their dreary downward path
That leads to endless misery ~~miser~~ and pain,
Though Jesus would instruct them to avoid eternal wrath,
And would counsel them eternal life to gain.

The Saviour now invites you to the Land of Light and Love!
"I am the way, the truth and light", said he!
O heed his plain direction to the blessed Home above!
Believe his truth & it shall set you free.

Thur. June 15, 1922. I went to the Newcastle Labor Bureau yesterday

and inquired about getting relief. I saw Tom Duncan there and had a chat with him. He advised me to go to the Trades Hall & inquire. I walked there & saw Mr. Jeffery, the Socialist candidate, there, also Hugh Sutherland, J.J. Riley, & 2 others. Jeffery wrote out a form for me, & I took it back to the Bureau & got a small printed form to take to the Co-op. store. I rode in the tram back to the store & got 17/2 worth of groceries consisting of 12 lbs. of sugar, 6 lbs. of flour, a lb. of Bushell's tea, a tin of golden syrup, 2 tins of jam, and 4 tins of gold medal condensed milk. From there I carried the parcel to the Hamilton railway station, where I ~~got~~ a lot of War Crys for Mr. Carpenter (was to get)

but as I was late they had been taken by someone else. From there I walked to the Army quarters at the eastern end of Bryant street, & saw Tom Stead, who said that the officers had gone out. In the evening I went to the open-air meeting of the Mayfield corps in Sunderland street, Waratah. There were only 12 of us in the ring. Adjutant Cross led the meeting. Brother Jack, Frank Burgess, & I spoke. We marched back to the citadel & had a meeting inside. The great event of the meeting was the opening of the Devil's chest. It was a box that had been securely nailed. It was opened with a claw hammer by Mr. Johnson, & contained an apple, a pack of cards, a whisky flask, a prayer-book, a bible, a cross, & 1 or 2 other articles. Adj. Cross read from some Army publication an imaginary soliloquy of Satan on each of the articles, describing their usefulness to him in luring souls from God. The idea was new & very good. I was asked to say how, when, & why I was converted; & I spoke on the subject. No one went to the penitent form. Fred posted a letter yesterday to aunt Grace, and one to Mrs. Holland. Last Sunday I left off the belt that I have been wearing for several years to cure my hernia, & I seem to be cured.

Sat. June 17, 1922. Last night I got ready to go to Hamilton, but rain kept me at home. I made a brass stand for an iron-rest, out of an old primus stove. I heard that Mr. Groves is doing well at rabbit trapping near Singleton. Jack had to do 7 hours murder drill yesterday.

Wed. June 28, 1922. Since the 17th things have gone on much the same as usual. Art has just got over an attack of the mumps. Last week I went to Newcastle & got 17/2 worth of relief at the Co-op. store. On Sat. I dug up the grass in the front garden at the Salvation Army quarters for comdt. Hilder & Adj. Marsh. On Sunday I was at all of the meetings. On Mon. I was at the quarters again clearing away the weeds, grass, & rubbish from the yard. In the evening I went to the Newcastle citadel to the farewell meeting of staff-capt. & Mrs. Annetts, who are going to Sydney. I finished my work at the quarters yesterday. Jose is wiring George Sheldon's house.

Thur. June 29, 1922. Yesterday I went to the Newcastle Labor Bureau & got a relief order for 17/2 on Sheargold's store, Mayfield. I took Jinny's teeth to dentist Edwards in Hunter st. to see whether they could be mended, as the front of the plate is broken off. I could have them done for 7/6. I went to Sheargolds & got the goods & carried them home. I have tried all day to mend Jose's old accordeon, but have not done it much good. Very cold weather to-day. Jose mended aunt May's bathtub.

Sun. July 2, 1922. Last Friday I went to the Labor Bureau as there were to be 30 men started to work on a reclamation job at Adamstown. Only returned soldiers were put on. I met Jim Frazer there. He used to work at the steelworks & coke-ovens. He is out of work, & his wife has been under 2 operations. She returned from her parents' home in Victoria & is fairly well. I interviewed comdt. Hilder about giving Jim some relief, so she gave me 5/6, which I gave him last Friday afternoon. He was very grateful. In the evening I went out to adjt. Smith, who is in charge of the Sarmy home in Newcastle, but lives at Mayfield, & I gave him a note that comdt. Hilder wrote & gave me to give him. Smith told me to tell Jim to call at the Sarmy home to-morrow morning. That morning I missed the knee-drill, but attended the meeting in William street, which was held under a shop verandah to avoid the rain. I read a chapter & spoke to a crowd of boys about football on Sundays. Adj. Marsh also spoke to them. Sol Woodbury prayed, & we concluded our short meeting & went to the hall, where Knapp addressed the children & led a holiness meeting. At 2 p.m. I taught my class, but could not finish the lesson as Knapp wanted to give the children another lesson. I had arranged to meet Jim Fraser at Islington park at 3 p.m., but the Arm did not go out because of the rain. I went to the park, but as Jim was not there I walked out to his boarding house at 30 Bishopgate street, Wickham & told him that adjt. Smith wished to see him to-morrow morning. I was introduced to Mrs Fraser who seemed to be very delicate. We conversed awhile, & I walked home.

Mon. July 3, 1922. Last night I attended an open-air meeting led by Knapp. He led again inside the hall. This morning I went to the Primary Hall & took down from the spare room 3 trestles & a table, as there is to be a meeting of officers in the big hall to-day, & there will be a combined dinner. I took the keys up to the officers' quarters & borrowed "The Light Of India" to lend to Jim Fraser. Jose led the meeting last night at Mayfield. I am sending the War Cry and the Industrialist to Jim Pettigrew.

Tues. July 4, 1922. Last evening I went to Wickham & lent Jim Fraser The Light Of India, by Harold Begbie. Jim told me he went to the Army Home & got an order for 10/- worth of food. He

has a prospect of getting a job as powder-monkey at some excavation job. When I returned to the hall I found Knapp and other officers there waiting to have an open-air meeting at 7 p.m. We had the meeting, & one inside led by Knapp. No seekers. Alf Johnson called this morning & told Jose to go to Mullins' job at Newtown this morning to work with the boilermakers there. It is only for a couple of days. Last Friday's Industrialist contains "A Lame Excuse."

Wed. July 5, 1922. This afternoon I went by tram to Newcastle & got an order from the Lab. Bureau on Dunn's store, Mayfield East & caught the next tram back. Lovely day. Reading "Popular Christianity," by Mrs. Catherine Booth.

Thur. July 6, 1922. I went to the Sarmy's open-air meeting in Mayfield last night, & to a citadel meeting led by brig. Knapp, who commissioned all of the local officers. Jose worked again yesterday painting for Mullins. To-day he is working for Mullins. Heavy rain is falling. I have written the following verses for Common Cause and the Industrialist :-

I WOULDN'T HURT A WORM.

Nat Thoday had a magpie once Whose sayings were absurd,
Although it was not half a dunce But quite a clever bird.
No helpless insect did she spare, Nor any things that squirm:
But ere she ate them she'd declare, "I wouldn't hurt a worm!"

The world is full of counterfeiters Who use endearing terms
To perpetrate their vile deceits On simple human worms.
For instance, there's the publican Who does what God forbids--
He dopes the weak-willed working man And robs the wives and kids.

Bung makes the poor man poorer while His steps grow more
and yet one would think, to see Bung smile, he would (infirm,
And jingo parsons who pretend To pity those 'not hurt a worm!
in pain,

Will yet, for thirty pieces, send The foolish to be slain.

They help to blast the poor to bits And spread Plague's deadly
(germ,

Yet dupes believe the hypocrites Would never hurt a worm!
The workers die in many lands Of alcohol and lead
Administered by robber bands Who steal their daily bread.

Men die of dust and gas in mines-- Of steel on battlefields--
Of want & cold when Fat declines To give what Labor yields.
Beware of "birds" who kill & thief Yet brazenly affirm
And cunningly make fools believe They wouldn't hurt a worm!

I finished reading "Popular Christianity", a book of 183 pages by Catherine Booth, this evening. It is well worth reading.

Jose did not finish his job to-day, but has to return to it to-morrow. Heavy rain this morning. Jose is reading the Life Of Mrs. Catherine Booth.

Wed. July 12, 1922. Last Friday night I went to Hamilton & attended the Army's meeting. Jim Fraser came to our place on Sat. mornin. I got him to try on a pair of light boots that Will Cocking gave me for him, but they were too small. I therefore gave Jim my light boots. We went by bus to the Co-op. store, & I bought him a pair of grey dungaree trousers, size 6, & 2 pairs of wollen socks. I lent him a pound to help him to keep his wife & daughter while he is earning his first fortnight's pay as powder monkey at some government work at Singleton, where he went last Monday. On Sat. night I went to the Mayfield open-air meeting at Waratah. I was at all of the Tighe's Hill meetings on Sun. & taught in the school. Mr. Groves also attended the meetings, being back from rabbiting near Singleton for the Sunday. He told me that he is only earning tucker. On I went to the Waratah Council Chambers & spoke to Mr. Jackson about work for the council, as he is taking the names of men who are to be given one day's work at 18/- per day. He said he would let me know when I am wanted. Yesterday I made a new galvanometer of a matchbox filled with soft iron wire & burnt tinplate wound all its length with 36 or 40 covered copper wire. I suspended a magnetised sewing needle on a silk thread over the full box & found that the needle will move when the electricity produced by a copper wire & an iron wire immersed in plain cold water is passed through the coiled wire. I also found that, I also found that when I put my right finger into the the water & held one wire in my left hand the needle would move.

Last Friday's Industrialist contained "Baby's Soliloquy". Last Monday night I walked to Lambton to a combined meeting to welcome staff capt. Richards & his wife who have come to the Eastern Division in place of staff capt. Annetts. Knapp was in charge of the meeting in the hall, which was crowded. Among others Jose spoke a few words of welcome on behalf of Mayfield corps. I walked home alone. Last night I was going to a meeting of Tighe's Hill soldiers when Alex Johnson stopped me & introduced me to Mr. German, from Craven, near Taree. We stood in the cold talking on religion until the meeting was almost over, when German left. Alex & I talked until the meeting finished, & then we walked home together. Jose is still working. I am preparing to send the Industrialist to the Websters, & a Cry & an Industrialist to Jim Pettigrew.

Sat. July 15, 1922. Last night I walked to Hamilton to an Army meeting. Not many soldiers were present, but a crowd listened. Jose was paid yesterday for 6 days' work £ 6-6-0. Charlie was also paid. I was forced to put on my truss again last week. I thought my rupture was cured (That is my second one: the first was cured by Dr. Rice's belt) but I was mistaken. Jack is going to Cess-

nock to-day to play football. I have been experimenting with my new galvanometer to see if a battery could be made of a tin & a carbon rod immersed in a solution of common salt. Such a battery will make some electricity, but not enough to ring a bell. Copper & zinc gave the best result with salt solution. I have finished reading "The Principles Of Christian Brethren", which I borrowed months ago of Charles Rawling, 9, Redman st. Islington. Our Charlie received a letter re the ucalalie, an Hawian musical instrument, yesterday. The writer wants 14 dollars for a course of 20 lessons on the instrument. Jose is working again to-day. On thur. he went to dentist Hutchinson & had a top molar extracted as it is hollow, & had ached the day before. This afternoon I went to Sol Woodbury's house to have a chat with his sister who is a member of the Christian Brethren sect. We conversed on religious topics over an hour, & she lent me a book entitled "Safe Through The Blood". From there I walked to Rawling's place & returned "The Principles Of Christian Brethren." He lent me a book entitled "Chief Men Among The Brethren." Henry Pickering is the author. Rawling also gave me 3 pamphlets-- "The Lord Is Coming Again;" "Things As They Are But Ought Not To Be"; & "Christadelphianism Briefly Tested By The Scripture".

Thur. July 20, 1922. Last Sunday I attended all of the Army meetings, & at night was pleased to see 2 young men at the penitent form. On Mon. I went to Wickham & called at Jim Fraser's place & inquired how he is getting on at his work. I was told that he had slightly hurt his leg, but was working. Mrs. Fraser was not very well, & was in bed, so I did not see her. I paid Mrs. Cadogan 15/2 for the Gardeners' Lodge. I paid the Water Board 11/10 off the sewerage balance. Then I walked to Hamilton & paid doctor Bourke's secretary 11/- for a quarter. My right eye was filled with dust in Newcastle, & some stuck in & inflamed & irritated my eye. The weather was cold & windy. On Tues. Bill & Mrs. Worley were farewelled at the Tighe's Hill army hall, but as my eye was sore I stayed at home. Our next-door neighbors--the Wickhams--moved out of "Sunshine" on Tues. Charlie Wickham is working at Awaba, & Mrs. is going to live with her people at Young Wallsend. Last evening I went to the Mayfield open-air meeting in Rowe st., & afterwards marched to the citadel. Adj. Cross sang my hymn, "The Old Story", that I sent to the Cry on 26-5-22. It is in the War Cry this week. Jose is still working. I was very glad to see a man & his wife at the penitent form last night. They are Irish backsliders. They are just out from Ireland. On Mon. I sat in the West End Park & read & read Norman Freeberg's pamphlet, or small book, entitled "Socialism: What Is It". I have written an appreciative letter to the author. The postman has now brought a letter from sister Liz Jane Pettigrew, @apto.

Fri. July 21, 1922. We received a letter to-day from aunt Grace perkyns, which is as follows:-

"Jenkins Terrace, Redruth, Cornwall, June 2, 1922. My dear Nephew, Just received your kind & always welcome letter. So glad to see you were all in good health, & trust you are still the same. I have been very poorly since I last wrote, but feel a bit better, tho weak as a baby-- can't do anything now but sit down. It is owing to my age. I am 84 this month. I have not heard from Robert since Christmas; he was very poorly then, & his wife also. I was very sorry to see you ~~are~~ out of work still, or were when you wrote. I do hope you are working by now. The distress home here is awful too with the mines all stopped. People starving in a land of plenty. The shops are full of everything, but no work, & those that are working out down, & the prices still high. People have enough to do to live. Mr. Webster is still working-- that's a blessing or I don't know what we should do. But his wages are cut & he has to do more work. He comes home nearly killed. They are told if they can't do it there are plenty that can; so that's what men have to put up with. But don't worry about us, as I am all right-- plenty to eat & drink while Mr. Webster is working; but I am worrying about you & your 2 kind brothers. I trust better times will soon come to you all, as you all have been so kind to me. Give one & all my kindest love; & may God bless you all. From your ever-loving aunt, Grace Perkyns."

Dear Mr. Cocking, Thank you very much for your papers: my husband enjoys reading them; but don't put yourself out of the way to send them now you are out of work: we do not expect it. Don't worry about your aunt; she is all right just now, & is not bad off for clothes. I just put the money that you sent her in nice changes, as she was very bad off for them. So now don't worry-- we will do our best for her. My husband joins in sending kind love to you. I remain yours sincerely, Emmie Webster."

(Answered July 26th, 1922.)

Sat. July 22, 1922. Last night I walked to Hamilton as usual & took part in the Sarmy's open-air meetings. Tom Stead sang my hymn, "The Old Story", from this week's War Cry. Envoy Sol. Woodbury spoke well. There were no conversions. To-day I am sending the W. Cry to Jim Pettigrew. I posted a letter to Norman Freeburg last night. I have altered "I Wonder" for the Cry, as follows:-- (but it was printed in the Cry under the heading:--
DOES SALVATION REACH TO THR STARS ?"

I wonder if the distant stars Beyond Earth's ruddy neighbor,
Are occupied by creatures (Mars,
Created long before the Flood, Whose bodies are of flesh & blood,
With human forms and features !

Is Mercury, in Heaven's dome, The habitation & the home
Of men since the Beginning ?
And do they through existence plod Ignoring their creator--God--

And lose their souls through sinning ?

Is Venus peopled by a clan, like Earth, which grieves the Son
By asinine behaviour ? (of Man
And do they strive vast wealth to win By force, & fraud, & scar-
Rejecting Christ, the Saviour ? (let sin,

Is Earth the only residence Of humankind With scanty sense
Who scoff at truth supernal
And seek the things of fleeting time For which they steep their
And lose the life eternal ? (souls in slime,

I wonder are there men on Mars With sightless eyes & ghastly
Through murdering in battle ? (scars
Do Martians march to fields of death, Blaspheming with their
And perish like mad cattle ? (dying breath,

I wonder is each Asteroid Inhabited by men devoid
Of wisdom, and contented
To gamble, drink, & steal, & lie And Godless live, & Christless
With sins all unrepented ! (die

Is Jupiter with many moons The domicile of man-like loons
Who love in sins to revel,
And join the unbelieving bands Who disobey divine commands
And gladly serve the Devil ?

Is Saturn with its flattened rings The home of animated things
Who break God's laws asunder ?
Do Saturnites in human shape Imagine that they shall escape
His punishment, I wonder !

Uranus may, for aught I know, Be swarming like the Earth below
With beings rich as Croesus,
Who, like the unrepentant thief, Through greediness & Unbelief,
Are lost, though close to Jesus.

Is Neptune, where the climate cools, The residence of "clever" fools
Who question God's existence, (fools
Although his works are ev'rywhere, And lose, through sinful
His Heaven in the distance ? (pleasures there,

Or are the planets occupied By those for whom the Saviour died ?
And is each star a mansion
Revolving in the sky above Where beings know Jehovah's love
Through all its vast expansion ?

And do they live devoid of sin, And wisely strive to enter in,
When Death life's cord shall sever,
To join the countless, happy throng Who worship God & Christ
In paradise for ever ? Dandelion. (with song

DOES SALVATION REACH TO THE STARS?

God has declared to the three worlds of angels, men and devils, that justice is satisfied, and that henceforth no gally son or daughter of Adam need despair of His mercy and Salvation—the accepted sacrifice for all men, and we know not for what other beings. How far-reaching its benefits are we cannot tell—perhaps to distant planets and suns; anyway they reach to you and to me.—MRS. CATHERINE BOOTH, in "Popular Christianity."

I WONDER if the distant stars
Beyond Earth's ruddy neighbour—
Mars,

Are occupied by creatures
Created long before the Flood;
Whose bodies are of flesh and blood,
Which human forms and features!

Is Mercury, in Heaven's dome,
The habitation and the home
Of men since the beginning?
And do they through existence plod
Ignoring their Creator—God,
And lose their souls through sinning?

Is Venus peopled by a clan
Like Earth which grieves the Son of
Man

By asinine behaviour?
And do they strive vast wealth to win
By force, and fraud, and scarlet sin,
Rejecting Christ, the Saviour?

Is Earth the only residence
Of humankind with scanty sense
Who scoff at truth supernal,
And seek the things of fleeting time
For which they steep their souls in
slime,
And lose the life eternal?

I wonder are there men on Mars
With sightless eyes and ghastly scars
Through murdering in battle?
Do Martians march to fields of death,
Blapheming with their dying breath,
And perish like mad cattle?

I wonder is each Asteroid
Inhabited by men devoid
Of wisdom, and contented
To gamble, drink, and steal, and lie,
And Godless live, and Christless die,
With sins all unrepented!

Is Jupiter, with many moons,
The domicile of man-like loons
Who love in sins to revel;
And join the unbelieving bands
Who disobey Divine commands
And gladly serve the Devil?

Is Saturn with its flattened rings
The home of animated things
Who break God's laws asunder?
Do Saturnites in human shape
Imagine that they shall escape
His punishment, I wonder!

Uranus may, for aught I know,
Be swarming like the Earth below
With beings, rich as Croesus,
Who, like the unrepentant thief,
Through greediness and unbelief,
Are lost, though close to Jesus.

Is Neptune, where the climate cools,
The residence of "clever" fools
Who question God's existence;
Although His works are ev'rywhere,
And lose, through sinful pleasures
there,
His Heaven in the distance?

Or are the planets occupied
By those for whom the Saviour died?
And is each star a mansion
Revolving in the sky above
Where beings know Jehovah's love
Through all its vast expansions?

And do they live devoid of sin,
And wisely strive to enter in,
When Death life's cord shall sever,
To join the countless happy throng
Who worship God and Christ with
song

In Paradise for ever?

DANDELION.

Dec. 26. 1931.

"War Cry."

Jim Fraser called to-day & offered to repay me the pound I lent him, but I refused to take it. He has hurt his left leg, but is getting better.

Mon. July 24, 1922. Yesterday I went to all of the Army meetings except one in Hubbard street, Islington. I am pleased to say that 2 girls, Stead and Davis, were converted. This morning rain has fallen steadily, but Jose & Charlie have gone to work. I have done my next Sunday's lesson for the children of the Sunday school. I have to lead the knee-drill meeting next Sunday.

Tues. July 25, 1922. To-day I walked to Newcastle via Smedmore, but found the tramline flooded, so I had to go back a little & along another street to get through. I read "The Reason Why", a pamphlet by an unknown author, on the way, & finished it in Newcastle. I went to number 30 Bishopgate street, Wickham, & found that the Frasers had shifted from there to 136 Darby street, Newcastle. I went there & had a talk with Mrs. Fraser, & got a letter of introduction for Arthur Burgess to give to Mrs. Weidner, Mrs. Fraser's Mother, of Warragal, Victoria. I walked to the Co-op. store & got our bill, which is now over £ 13. I met Cecil Robinson in Islington park & had a chat with him. In the evening I attended the soldiers' meeting. Those present were comdt. Hilder, adjt. Marsh, Mrs. Millar; Mrs. Carpenter; Mr. Carpenter; the lieutenant from the Army Home; young Nelson; Sol Woodbury, & myself. I gave the commandant the verses "I Wonder" for the War Cry. I read "The Perils Of Bolshevism", a pamphlet by J.B. Cooper-Read, on the way home from Newcastle.

Fri. July 28, 1922. Last Wed. I walked to Newcastle & told Mrs. Fraser to see Arthur Burgess on Sunday re her son. At night I attended the soldiers' meeting at the Tighe's Hill hall. In the evening I went to the open-air meeting of the Mayfield corps in Nile st., and the hall meeting, at which a lad was converted.

Yesterday evening Jose bought a "Brown's" motor bicycle of Bennet & Wood, Newcastle, for 10 pounds. Jack helped Jose to bring the bike home. They took it to pieces to inspect the parts, & found a broken ring. I have filled in my federal taxation paper & given my income from 1-7-1921 to 30-6-1922 as £ 141, less £ 2-9-1 insurance. I filled ~~Jack's~~ paper at £ 263 income for the same period, & Jack's at (Jose's) £101 for the same time.

Sat. July 29, 1922. Last night I walked to Hamilton & took part in an Army open-air meeting near Gow's corner. Rain had fallen nearly all the evening, but it held off fairly well during the meeting. Those present were Comdt. Hilder, adjt. Marsh, envoy George Millar; treasurer Carpenter; a lieutenant from the Home; an old man; & myself. I walked home with Miller.

Mon. July 31, 1922. Yesterday morning I led the knee-drill meet- ing in Tighe's Hill hall. First, a prayer, then song, "O Boundless Salvation"; an address on "Love", followed by song "With Pan- ting heart That Dares To Seek"; more prayers; then song, "Let us Sing Of His Love Once Again." Concluded with John 1 & a prayer. I went to the meeting in Henry st at 10 a.m.; school at 2p.m; the park meeting at 3 p.m. Missed the last meeting. I hear that 11 penitents went to the form at Mayfield last night. To-day I have prepared the Advocate for aunt Grace Perkyns, & 2 Crys for Jim Pettigrew.

Tues. Aug. 1, 1922. I wrote a long letter to Sister Elizabeth Jane Pettigrew to-day, & will send her the "Young Soldier" containing the photos of Grace Cocking & Irene Lindsay. Ernie Smith called this aftnoon.

Wed. Aug. 2, 1922. I have finished reading "The Why And The Wherefore Of the Rules & Regulations Of the Salvation Army", compiled by the general. Florrie & her Mother bought some stuff at Scott's at half price; also a suit for Charlie. I have copied my song entitled "Jesus", on page 37 of diary F, from 21-5-1920 to 20-12-1921, I am going to give it to Mrs Murphy to sing it at Mayfield corps.

Thur. Aug. 3, 1922. Yesterday I rode to Newcastle & signed my name in a book at the Co-op. store for the withdrawal of 13 pounds 10 shillings to pay the bill. I walked from there to the Trades Hall to lend Ted Sinclair the little book entitled "Rogers Reasons", but Ted was not there, but at Macdonald's house, 31 Corlette st. I went there & saw Jim Macdonald. He said that Ted had gone out; & that he himself was going to South Australia, as his parents had an orchard there, & he was going to live with them until times got better. I read a pam- phlet entitled "Dark Days", on the way as I walked home. I met Ern Smith near Islington park, & had a chat with him. Bert Austin's son, Keith, aged 4½ years, was killed by a kick of Bert's horse. The poor boy hit the horse with a stick, & the brute lashed out & kicked him on the base of the skull & frac- tured it. Keith was taken unconscious to the Newcastle hospital, but died 3 hours after he was kicked. Very much sympathy was expressed for the parents last night at the Army meeting at Mayfield. Jose nearly got hurt in Newcastle yesterday. He was driving Mullins' horse in a cart, and the beast shied at a rubbish tin and fell. Fortunately no harm was done, for which I am thankful. I attended the out-door & indoor meetings of the Mayfield corps last evening, & gave Mrs Murphy my song, "Jesus".
 I have amended the verses "Another War" written 21.12.1921
 I have also put a new heading to them as follows
 ANOTHER WAR

xxxx 1922 xxx 87.
 July 22 continued. The photos of Grace Cocking & Irene Lindsay are in "The Young Soldier" this week. This afternoon I walked to This afternoon I walked to Lambton via Waratah & went to Mat Charlton's residence to see if he would bring young Jim Fraser back with him in the train from Melbourne. Mrs Fraser took the boy over to her Mother in Warragul, Victoria, & he became ill there; so she had to leave him with her Mother until he got well. I explained the case to Mrs Charlton, a pleasant woman with large blue eyes. She told me Mat is in Melbourne, but may be at home next Saturday. She thought he would bring the boy back, but did not know. I promised to call or telephone next Sunday or Monday to learn whether Mat is at home or not. From there I walked to Newcastle & told Mrs Fraser what I had done. We chatted with old Mrs Donnelly for a while on Spiritualism, & then I walked home. I went to the Co-op. store & arranged with the secretary to pay our bill by having the amount deducted from our share money. I have written the following verses for the War Cry:-

THE PROFIT.

"For what is a man profited, if he should gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" Matt. 16: 26.
 He gains the "right" to please himself; The name of God, and be Extreme
 To seek for pleasure, fame, or pelf, In thought and acts infernal;
 And have his own opinion Concerning Heaven, Earth, and God, He gains the "right" To scoff with those Who say that Jesus never rose
 Exempt from God's dominion . Nor promised life eter- nal.

He gains the "liberty" to think That he may gamble, swear, & drink, And wallow in pollution--
 That time and talents he may spend In sinning till his life shall end, And meet no retribution.
 For God gives ev'ry soul a chance To retrogress or to advance

He gains the "freedom" to despise The Bible, and be worldly-wise, And waste his hours of leisure In worship at the pagan shrine Of Bacchus, and from ruddy wine Derive his sinful pleasure.
 By its own free volition To seek the life beyond the skies, Or feel remorse that nev er dies, And suffer in perdition.

He gains the "freedom" to reject The grace of God, and to neglect The means of his salvation-- To wanton on the very brink Of Tophet, and expiring sink To self-imposed damnation!
 No men in all creation's range Shall ever profit by exc hange Of soul for wealth or pleasure. The souls of men tran- cend in worth The value of a golden

He gains the "freedom" to blaspheme

Earth --
They're Christ's dear, blood-bought treasure.

Printed
14-11-31.1931. Dandelion.

Nov. 14th The "Profit" 1931.

"For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?—Matt. 16:26

HE gains the "right" to please himself,
To seek for pleasure, fame, and pelf,
And have his own opinion
Concerning Heaven, Earth, and God,
And think he is a soulless clod,
Exempt from God's dominion.

He gains the "liberty" to think
That he may gamble, swear, and drink,
And wallow in pollution—
That time and talents he may spend
In sinning till his life shall end,
And meet no retribution!

He gains the "freedom" to despise
The Bible, and be worldly-wise,
And waste his hours of leisure
In worship at the pagan shrine
Of Bacchus; and from ruddy wine
Derive his sinful pleasure.

He gains the "freedom" to reject
The love of God, and to neglect
The means of his Salvation—
To wanton on the very brink
Of Tophet, and expiring sink
To self-imposed damnation.

He gains the "freedom" to blaspheme
The name of God, and be extreme
In thoughts and acts infernal:
He gains the "right" to scoff with those
Who say that Jesus never rose
Nor promised life eternal.

For God gives ev'ry soul a chance
To retrogress or to advance
By its own free volition—
To seek the life beyond the skies,
Or feel remorse that never dies,
And suffer in perdition.

No men in all creation's range
Shall ever profit by exchange
Of souls for wealth or pleasure!
The souls of men transcend in worth
The value of a golden earth—
They're Christ's dear, blood-bought treasure.
—DANDELION.

Don't you see the workers training for the fray?
Can't you notice it, you mothers who have had your loved ones
On their masters' field of murder far away? (slain

Don't you see your orphans drilling in the parks & at the schools?
Can't you hear them reading jingo magazines
To prepare their minds for killing other sons of working fools
Who are also trained as soldiers & marines?

I have amended the verses, "Another War", written May 21, 1921, for the "Industrialist", but not printed. I have put a new heading on them, as follows:—

ANOTHER WAR.

"Admiral Mark Kerr, interviewed, declared that in the air Britain must have at least one and a half power standard.... Future raids would be almost beyond imagination in frightfulness.... The nation had an acid of which three drops would kill a man. Then there were poisonous & high explosive bombs.... Bombs would be rained on every city making munitions."

Mr. Edison said: "I don't believe the aeroplanes will have any chance of playing a part at sea, except against merchant ships... Neither I nor my acquaintances have discovered any protection against the aeroplane even in its present state of development. No means exist of preventing an aeroplane flotilla from flying over London to-morrow, spreading over London's millions gas which will asphyxiate all in a relatively short time. Fifty aeroplanes would be sufficient for the purpose.--
Master's Press, 3-8-1922.

Can't you see War coming, brothers?
With its whole infernal train?

Don't you read your owners' papers in which each impostor tries
To delude the toolless, landless slaves who toil,
To perform flag-flapping capers, By his patriotic lies
That the "foe" in foreign countries wants "their" soil?

Don't you know that you are landless! (That's the reason you are
That you have no tools but hands to earn a meal?— (slaves--
That if you were also handless You'd be rotting in your graves,
As you have no other wealth a "foe" could steal!

Can't you see the impositions Of your masters' lying press
When it tells you that you're prosperous and free?—
They are moulding your conditions, And will make your pittance
If you don't in One World Union soon agree. (less

To be free from War's disasters All the workers should combine
In a Universal Brotherhood Of Slaves,
And refuse to kill for masters Who regard them but as swine
To be slaughtered where the flag of profit waves.

We should pass this resolution Round the world with speed of
"We refuse, for thieves, to handle sword or gun, (light;
Or engage in War's pollution,
But as One assert our right
To enjoy all wealth we make beneath the sun!

"We refuse to be commanded; We refuse to volunteer
To destroy our fellow-slaves in wars for trade.
Let all armies be disbanded & all navies disappear
We shall henceforth use the plough share, not the blade."
Violet.

(printed in "Common Cause", 9-9-1922.)

Mon. Aug. 7, 1922. Jose's little finger is slightly poisoned, but he has gone to work again to-day. Last Friday I went to the funeral of little Keith Austin. We marched behind the Army band to the Waratah railway station. I walked with Bill Jackson the steel-works timekeeper. Brother Jack bought a return ticket for Sandgate for me. Florrie also went. There was a good number at the grave in the Sarmy portion of the cemetery. Adj. Cross conducted the burial service. There were several wreaths of white flowers laid on the grave while the service was going on. Keith is buried a few feet to the eastward of Charlie Wilson's wife, who died suddenly in July, 1921, & was buried on Aug. 2. There was a Chinese funeral at the same time as Keith's, & about 10 Chinamen attended. They let off some fireworks at the side of the grave. In the evening I walked to Hamilton & took part in the Army meetings. No visible result. Rainy. Yesterday I attended the knee-drill; the Northumberland st. meetings at 10 a.m.; the indoor meeting at 11; the Sunday school at 11.30 p.; the open-air meet-

ANOTHER WAR! X

Can't you see war coming, brothers,
With its whole infernal train?
Don't you see the masters training
for the fray?
Can't you notice it, you mothers
Who have had your loved ones
slain
On their master's fields of murder far
away?

Don't you see your orphans drilling
In the parks and at the schools?
Can't you hear them reading jingo
magazines
To prepare their minds for killing
Other sons of working fools
Who are also trained as soldiers
and marines?

Don't you read your owners' papers
In which each imposter tries
To delude the toolless, landless slaves
who toil,
To perform flag-flapping capers,
By his patriotic lies
That the "foe" in foreign countries
wants "their" soil?

Don't you know that you are land-
less!
(That's the reason you are slaves!)—
That you have no tools but hands to
earn a meal?—
That if you were also handless
You'd be rotting in your graves,
As you have no other wealth a "foe"
could steal

Can't you see the impositions
Of your masters' lying Press
When it tells you that you're pros-
perous and free?—
They are moulding your conditions,
And will make your pittance less
If you don't in One World Union
soon agree!

To be free from war's disasters
All the workers should combine
In a Universal Brotherhood of Slaves,
And refuse to kill for masters,
Who regard them but as swine
To be slaughtered where the flag of
profit waves!

We should pass this resolution
Round the world, with speed of light:
"We refuse, for thieves, to handle
sword or gun,
Or engage in war's pollution;
But as One assert our right
To enjoy all wealth we make be-
neath the sun!

"We refuse to be commanded!
We refuse to volunteer
To destroy our fellow-slaves in wars
for trade!
Let all armies be disbanded,
And all navies disappear—
We shall henceforth use the plough-
share—not the blade!" Violet.

Common Cause
Fri. Sep. 8th 1922

90.
ing, Islington Park, at 3 p.m.;
(where I sang my first solo,
"When Peace Like a River attend-
eth My Way".) Lalso attended
the o.a. meeting at 6 p.m., &
the last meeting in the hall.
No conversions. Fred Butcher's
wife lent me a book entitled
"General Booth", by George S.
Railston. I have read L chapter
Fine weather. Son Jack went
out on the motor bike for a
run. Common Cause printed
"patriotism" in last Sat.

Fri. Aug. 11. 1922. Last tues-
day evening I attended a cot-
tage meeting at Chris Ivers-
on's house, next door to the
Tigne's Hill R.C. church. in
Bryant st. Those at the meet-
ing were Mrs. And Chris Iverson
n; Mrs Bedford; Marsa & Hilder?
Groves; Harrola Nelson; Nelson,
& myself. It was the first co-
ttage meeting, & I liked.
Chris was the only unsaved per-
son present. After the meet-
ing I had a chat with Chris on
religion. He seemed very care-
less about salvation. On Wed.
I attended the o.a. meeting of
the Mayfield corps. t the
indoor meeting 2 women were
converted. I walked to Newcas-
tle on Wednesday & told Mrs Fra-
ser what I had done re getting
Mat Charlton to bring home the
Fraser lad from Melbourne.
I had a conversation with old
Mrs Donnelly & Mrs Fraser on
Spiritualism, & urged them to b-
ecome Christians.

We have received the following
letter from Sister:-
"Station st. Dapto, Aug. 7, 1922.
Dear Brother, Sister, & Family,
I received your dear letter
again, & cannot express my
thanks for the comfort it gave

91.
me & mine. Mrs Beecher used to write often, but even that small c-
comfort is denied me now; but God always provides a friend in
need, & I would rather that friend to be my own brother. Our
hearts & minds are always our baby, & it does comfort us to know
she is well & happy. I fear I shall not see her for a long time,
Joe, for I am not well, & if I went down there they would not
let me see her. I am afraid of the consequences for me.
I am very sorry you are not all working; & I think, by to-day's
paper, it will be some time before the steelworks will start
again. Even if it did, how are the poor men going to support
their families on the shameful wage they are offering them?
The mine here is working well so far, but the rough wet weather I
last week stopped the work for a few days. Dad & Ernie drive to w-
work, & Bob goes on the engine. Bob is only getting the basic wag-
e, but it is not do bad yet as their family is not large, & they
are living at home with us. Ernie's wife is still in Lithgow.
She does nt get good health; & he can't get a house down here;
neither can Nelly. Florrie has returned from Lithgow accom-
panied by her tall friend. He enjoyed his stay here for a couple
of days, as the weather here is glorious just now. Little Pearl
is growing such a pretty little soul, & is nearly walking alone.
She is having a hard time with her teeth, but Nelly takes her
out a lot. My nerves are a bit stronger: I am taking Clement's
tonic, & as the girls do the housework I have nothing to do but
take care of myself. You spoke of your dear boys coming to Dapto
on a visit. Tell them I would just love to see them again. I
thank you for sending Grace's photo. She looks much older, I thin-
k, but she has a very sincere face; & I hope she will do well.
You spoke of my girls going into the Salvation Army; but you can
not expect girls who are reared in a place where there is no
Army to live the life of those who are reared in a real S.A. home.
Mine are good girls, dutiful & obedient: &, judging by the con-
duct of some Army people towards their own family, they will
stand a good chance of going to Heaven as the other girls will.
I am sorry poor old Bob is not working, & that his boys are also i-
idle, but it is not so bad for him as for uou, for I know
what it is to keep a family of big children. Uncle Mat Pettigrew
is not well: he has a dreadful cough, & Lithgow is no place for
him. I am afraid it will be a long time before he will get down
here, as they are talking of putting off some men.
Did you notice who little Vera resembles, & if her hair is still
curly? Nelly sent Bob one of her baby's photos, but he never
even acknowledged it nor answered her letter. Is Bob Woodward sti-
ll working at Peter Callan's shipyard, do you know? They tell
me he has a home of his own in Stockton, near the beach. Little
Jim often speaks of Uncle Bob. He never forgets Vera, & when I
read your letter he said, "I knew Vera was hap py, because I ask
God every night to bless her & make her happy." He is such an
intelligent boy; & since coming to Dapto he has lost all signs
of asthma, & runs about bare footed all the time. I suppose

Arthur has grown a big boy now. Are you going to send Florrie into the Army work? She must be a help to Jinny now. When are you going to let her pay me a visit? I am sure she or Jinny would enjoy a trip down here, & especially now the Spring is coming. I got a letter from Pearl Shaw. She gives me all the news of Wallsend & Cessnock. Our men came home to-day looking very miserable. After a lot of quizzing I found out that Wongawilli mine is tottering again. It appears that they have struck a seam of stone or shale; & the under manager is very doubtful of the mine working even until Christmas. We have had 3 months of good money, & I assure you it was badly needed, for, with 6 months of the basic wage, & Dad paying board out of it, it fairly knocked us out. We have been pulling up with all our might; & if I can get another month in I shall be square again. If not, well then I suppose it will mean another move, for Dapto is no place to live in without work.

Will you let me know if old Colguon is still alive--you know who I mean-- Mrs Beecher's father. He was pretty bad the last time she wrote, & I think that may be the reason she has not written to me. I am sorry to hear of poor old aunt Grace Perkyns' pitiful plight. If it was in my power to send her anything I would gladly do so for my precious Mother's sake. I know she would have helped her if she was here. I sometimes think, Joe, those who have passed beyond are spared a world of trouble. I hope you & your family will soon be over your bad luck, & get working again. I will let you know of any fresh developments at the mine. I will conclude now with love & blessings from your sister & family. Keep on sending me any news you hear of our darling baby. You are the only one who thinks enough of us to relieve our minds & may God bless you for doing so!"

Copy of the preamble of the Workers' International Industrial Union:- "The working class & the employing class have nothing in common. There can be no peace so long as hunger and want are found among millions of working people, and the few who make up the employing class have all the good things of life. Between these 2 classes a struggle must go on until the toilers come together on the political field under the banner of a distinct revolutionary political party governed by the workers' class interests, and on the industrial field under the banner of One Great Industrial Union, to take & hold all means of production and distribution, & to run them for the benefit of all wealth producers.

The rapid gathering of wealth and the centering of the management of industries into fewer & fewer hands make the trade unions unable to cope with the ever-growing power of the employing class because the trades unions foster a state of things which allows one set of workers to be pitted against another set of workers in the same industry, thereby to defeat one another in wage wars.

The trades unions aid the employing class to mislead the workers into the belief that the working class have interests in common with their employers. These sad conditions must be changed, the interests of the working class upheld, and while the capitalist rule still prevails all possible relief for the workers must be secured. That can only be done by an organisation aiming steadily at the complete overthrow of the capitalist wage system, and formed in such a way that all its members in any one industry, or in all industries if necessary, cease work whenever a strike or lockout is on in any department thereof, thus making an injury to one an injury to all."

Mon. Aug, 14, 1922. On Sat. evening I went to Waratah & took part in an open-air meeting of the Mayfield corps. Before going there I went by tram to Newcastle & gave Mrs Fraser the letter I had received in the morning from Mat Charlton M.H.R. in which he said that he had seen Dave Watkins, & that Dave was willing to bring young Jim Fraser home from Melbourne. Mrs Fraser said she would go with Jim to Wallsend on Saturday evening & see Watkins. Yesterday I was at knee-drill in the Juniors' Hall at 7 a.m. with Mr. Carpenter, adjt. Marsh, & Ken Woodbury. At 10 a.m. I attended a meeting in Norfolk Avenue, Smedmore, & at 11 a.m. a meeting in the Smedmore Mechanics' Institute. As comdt. Hilder is suffering from influenza adjt. Marsh led the outdoor meeting, & George Millar led the hall meeting. At 2 p.m. I taught the boys in Sunday school. At 3 p.m. & was at the open-air in Islington Park at 3 p.m., & at 6 p.m. I was at the Maryville meetings. At 7 p.m. I attended the Institute meeting again. The only visible result was the conversion of 2 girls, but I am doubtful that they know what conversion means. I am sending the "Cry", & the "Young Soldier" with the photos of Grace Cocking & Irene Lindsay in it, to Jim Pettigrew. Also the "Advocate".

Copy of a note from Jim Fraser:-

"136 Darby st., Cook's Hill, 13th Aug. 1922. Dear Jos, Mrs Fraser & I went out to Wallsend last night to interview Dave Watkins. We found out that he had left Wallsend & is now living in Hamilton at de Meric street. It was too late then to go and see him, so I went out this morning & fixed up with him about bringing our little boy back to Newcastle. He was quite willing to do so, & said that he would be coming back either on the 25th of Aug. or 1st Sep., but he would let me know definitely next week the date for certain. He also said he would wire to Warri-gul so as to give them plenty of warning. Mrs Fraser has written to her Mother, telling her what to do when she gets to Melbourne, so that there will be no mistake made. I am very thankful to you Jos. for the kindly interest you have taken in this matter, for it will mean a big saving to us, & will all help towards allowing us to get on our feet again. With kind regards to yourself, w

wife, & family, I remain sincerely yours Jas Fraser."

Copy of letter from aunt Grace perkyns:-
 "Greenfield Row, Portreath, Aug. 13, 1922. My dear Nephew, Just received your kind & welcome letter, & trust these few lines will find you all well. I am very poorly myself-- been so for months now-- weak as a baby, but I am 84 years of age, so can't expect much other now. Well I am very sorry to see you are all out of work still. I trust the tide will soon turn for us all, as home here it's awful among the poor. The rich are all right; the poor have to suffer all the time. I hope when you get in work you will remember me, as I don't get a penny from anyone else, & the pension is very little to live on & pay rent with. I have not heard from brother Robert since Christmas, & Mrs Webster has sent 2 letters, & no answer yet. I am some worried about him as he was very bad at Christmas. He would write if there was not something wrong. You will see we have taken a bigger house-- you will see by the new address-- & now I am in the same house. It's more comfortable to be together-- not so much work for Mrs Webster. It's more rent, though; but still we have a lovely garden, back & front, & we live near the Wesley chapel. I am not able to go out, but can hear them singing quite well from here. I am very comfortable & like it very much. Mr & Mrs Webster send love to you. We like the papers very much. You say you are still sending them, but it's weeks since we have had any from you. Mr Webster is working still but very hard-- too hard for him-- & can't get any more at present, we only wish he could, as they have taken off nearly 2 pounds a fortnight from them. If the men complain the bosses tell them to get out of it; there's plenty more that will be glad of your jobs." "What villains the demons are! They ought to treat them in one way like the Irishmen are doing, although I do not approve of all their mad acts. Well, I hope we will all have better news to send next time. I thank you for the photos. Your 2 sons are fine, nice-looking young men. You need to be proud of them. Give them my love, & also your good brothers. I hope they are well-- also their families, & your good wife. Your little boy is Mrs Webster's little girl's sweetheart, she says. She is just turned in her five and goes to school. She says he is lovely. She is here looking at him now. We all join in sending kindest love. I am ever your loving aunt, Grace perkyns. Our new address is:- Mrs Perkyns, C/o Mrs Webster, Greenfield Row, Portreath, near Redruth, Cornwall." (Answered Sep. 27, 1922).

Mon. Aug. 21, 1922. Last tuesday I attended a cottage meeting at Chris Iverson's house. Those present were comdt. Hilder; adjt. Marsh; Mrs Iverson; Arthur Groves, & myself. On thur. fri & saturday Arthur Groves & I were working about the Army Hall, getting ready for the tea meeting. On fri night I walked to

the open-air meeting of the Army at Hamilton. On the way home with Sol Woodbury a man named Hunter gave me 12 copies of St. John's gospel. Hunter is one of "The Brethren." Last wednesday Bert Cocking was married to Clarice Hughes in the Mayfield Army citadel by brig. Charles Knapp. Grace Cocking came from Sydney training college to be present, & she spoke after the ceremony. On Sat. the Tighe's Hill corps had a well-attended tea meeting at 5-30 p.m. in the primary hall, & at 8 p.m. a meeting in the Hall to celebrate the re-opening after being repaired & painted. Brig. Knapp & staff capt. Richards were present. I had to go home before the meeting began, as I had earache. On Sat. Mr Soper was buried at Sandgate by the Army. He left a widow & 3 children in destitute circumstances. Yesterday brig. Knapp led the meetings at the Sunday school in the afternoon, the meeting in Islington park, the street-corner meeting, & the indoors meeting at 7. He spoke on Samuel & the witch of Endor. Two girls went out for conversion.

Tues. Aug. 22, 1922 Last night I attended a street meeting of the Tighe's Hill corps, led by Richards, & in the hall one conducted by Knapp. Mayfield band helped. A meeting of officers from the corps in the division was held in the afternoon. £ 4-14-0 were collected at the night meeting. I have written the following verses for the "War Cry":-
 WANTED-- A POET.

Will someone with poetic gifts immortalise before he shifts
 To scenes that are supernal
 A man of wisdom, worth, & wit Who's always happy, bold, & fit
 To speak of things eternal?

We want a poet who will write The witty speeches of this sprite
 Who wears D.C.s regalia
 And lashes ignorance & sin, But makes unnumbered thousands grin
 From West to East Australia.

Don't wait until this spirit flies To gladden in celestial skies
 His loved & sainted Mother!
 Before he greets that distant sphere Appreciate him while he's
 And love him as a brother! (here

A prophet had but little worth Within his native place on earth:
 And geniuses are "asses"
 Until, alas! they're gone or dead And records of their lives
 By dull, unthinking masses. (are read

We want a poet here & now With lengthy tresses on his brow--
 Or bald-- it doesn't matter,
 Some Begbie who will write in rhyme Of wit & humour, scorning
 And wattle-blossom chatter! (thyme

We need a bard, whose lines will scan, To write the virtues of
Without the least misgiving, (this man,
And make his wit & wisdom shine In ev'ry bold, immortal line,
To praise him while he's living!

"Who ~~isthis~~ ~~this~~ this man?" you ask, mayhap. A brigadier named
Of whom this is a proem. (Charley Knapp
Now, high-browed poets, sit & think, Fill fountain pens with
And kindly write that poem! (golden ink,

Mon. Aug. 23, 1922. Last night I went to Hamilton & found the
T. Hill army band bombarding near the park. I went to see George &
Mrs Price, the Spiritualists, & had a long chat with them. They
don't hold spiritualist seances now, but are thinking of starting
a circle shortly. I gave Mrs Price a copy of the gospel of st.
John, & promised to try to get "The Light Of India" for her. I
have finished reading "General Booth", by commissioner Railton.

have written the following verses for "Common Cause":-
TO BILLY MUG. (1).

Ikkuse me Bill, I feel inclined To chat yeh, jist to ease me mind,
About a littel matter.
In "Kommon Kause" I seen yer dile From time to time, & ~~xpilas~~
Of yer amusin chatter! (read a pile

I seen yer pitchers droo be "Zif", The Kio Kousin Jack; & if
~~The~~ E's not ixajeratin'
I've bumped agen yeh in me time In this 'ere sunny suthern klime
Wen I've bin exkavatin'.

It mite a bin yer bruther, Bill! Yer litter's big enuf to fill
This land o' goldin wottle!
You Mugs don't skrum in Labor's strife; An' wen yeh vew the fakts
Yeh sight em thru a bottle! (o' life

Yeh grant an' gamble, smoke an' drink, But not a Mug'll ever THINK
Or take the ~~exightest~~ slightist akshun
To free 'imself, or 'elp a mate: Yer alwis in a dopey state
O' kronik stoopefakshun!

Fer instans, all you tribe o' Mugs Let Jingo parsons bite yer lugs
An' sool yeh on to slauter,
Wile THEY got arf-a quid a 'ead, An' you stopped arf a pound o'
Acrost the brinj water. (lead

Yeh went an' killed the very men Wot bought the surplus produkts
Yeh grafted iin Orestralure, (wen
An' now, Bill Mugs you've all lobbed An' got the Order of the
Yer slauter's bin a failure! (sak

Now most o' you are out o' work Altho yeh butchered 'Un an Turk
Fer markits fer yer master;
An' those who work'll get less pay Fer toilin' thru a longer day
An' bein' driven faster!

Tare awf that badge frum on yer chest! Give Master's lyin' Press
Awake an' stop yer drinkin'!
If you for ever wood be free Join One Big Union, an' agree
To do some sober thinkin'!

The Socialistik Bloke.
(Kio-- Moonta, South Australia. Printed 9-9-22 in C. Cause.

8/8/1922.

TO BILLY MUG

Ikkuse me, Bill! I feel inclined
To chat yeh, jist to ease me mind
About a littel matter.
In Kommon Kause I seen yer dile
Frum time to time, an' read a pile
Of yer amusin' chatter!

I seen yer pitchers droo be Zif,
The Kio* Kousin Jack; an' if
'E's not ixajeratin'
I've bumped agen yeh in me time,
In this 'ere 'sunny suthern klime,'
Wen I've bin exkavatin'!

It mite a bin yer bruther, Bill
er litter's big enuf to fill
This land o' goldin wottle!
You Mugs don't skrum in Labor's

Fer instans—all you tribe o' Mugs
Let jingo parsons bite yer lugs
An' sool yeh on to slauter,
Wile THEY got 'arf-a-quid a 'ead,
An' you stopped 'arf-a-pound o' lead
Acrost the briny water!

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Wot bought the surplus produkts wen
Yeh grafted in Orestrailure,
An', now Bill Mugs you've all lobbed
bak
An' got the Order of the Sak,
Yeh slauter's bin a failure!!

Now most o' you are out o' work
Altho yeh butchered 'Un an' Turk
Fer markits fer yer master;
An' those who wurk'll get less pay
Fer toilin' thru a longer day
An' bein' driven faster!!

a gir^l months old, for 10/- per week for about 3 weeks. To night
Florr went to dentist Hutchinson to have several teeth attend-
ed to. Arthur Groves was at the Sarmy meeting to-night. He &
his wife & children are going to Moss Vale to-morrow.

Sat. Aug. 26, 1922. I wrote the following verses to-day for "C.
Cause" :-

DON'T ARBITRATE!

Joe Hill, the poet-martyr, said, "Don't mourn for me when I am dead,
Don't mourn-- but ORGANISE".
Though many Summer suns have shone Since that poetic soul has gone,
His parting words are wise!

If Joe were living here & now The thoughts within his noble brow
That surely would arise
Are, "Workers, do not arbitrate To patch this rotten social state,
But simply organise!"

Mon. Aug. 23
continued.
I walked to
Hamilton to-
night & took
part in an
Army meeting
in front of
Gow's shop
in Beaumont
street.
Our Florrie we
went to work
as a nurse
for Mrs Cott-
ril, yester-
day. She is to
look after

~~But simply organise~~

"Don't arbitrate, with gangs who^o thieve, To fix the pittance you
For you thereby condone (receive,
The rooks who rob you of your health, Your freedom, leisure, & the
That should be yours alone! (wealth

Don't arbitrate with rogues who sit In confab, for you thus admit
A claim that is not true:-
That all the produce of your hands-- The wealth you make on seas
Should NOT belong to you. (& lands--

By arbitrating you agree That each impostor should be free
To grab & hold the soil
By robbers' laws upheld by force, And holding this--the primal
Of wealth-- make wage-slaves toil! (source

By arbitration you distract The slaves' attention from the fact
Which numbers never knew--
That God created this earth-ball To be the happy home of all,
And not for just a few.

Don't labor till you're deaf & blind, Nor arbitrate with thieves
How little they will give, (to find
Or what the parasites shall take Of all the boundless wealth you
To kindly let you live! (make--

Stretch forth a warm, fraternal hand To fellow-slaves in ev'ry
Form one United State; (land ;
Don't haggle with employing elves; Unite to own the world your-
UNITE--don't arbitrate. (selves--

Don't arbitrate, but organise To make the Earth a paradise
Where slavery shall cease!
Unite to own the wealth you earn; Combine to live, & love, & learn
In health, and joy, and peace!

(Printed in "Common Cause".)

Tues. Aug. 29, 1922. Last Saturday evening I walked out to War-
atah and took part in an open-air meeting of the Mayfield corps.
There were 14 soldiers present-- mostly women. I spoke last.
On the way home Mrs. Murphy told me about the lies that one of
the girls told her; & how Mrs. M. nearly left the Army in dis-
gust through them. On Sunday morning I was late for knee-drill, so
I didn't go; but I attended all of the other meetings and spoke
in the park & in the hall. A young man & a girl were converted.
Yesterday I walked to the new picture-palace that is being built
at Mayfield, to see Mr. Moore, who is the contractor for building.
I wished to interview him about getting our Charlie apprenticed
to him as a carpenter & builder, but I could not see him. From
there I walked to Price's place in Hamilton, & left the book

entitled "Broken Earthenware" with a neighbor for her. From there
I walked to the Co-op. store & left our share book. I got an-
other docket for £ 4-9-6 to give to dentist Hutchinson who is
filling Florrie's teeth. Then I walked to the Trades Hall in
Union street & gave Ted Sinclair his book--"Li Hung Chang's
Scrap Book, by Hiram Stephen Maxim. At Winn's I changed a pair
of trousers for myself. I bought a pair of leather half-soles
& some protectors at at Hewitt's shop for 1/7 ½, & walked home.
To-day I helped to wash.

Thur. Aug. 31, 1922. Yesterday I mended the stiff bag that I used
to carry my dark slide in. In the afternoon I took 48 lettuce pla-
nts to Tom Stead's house. From there I went to Albert street,
along which the tram runs, in Wickham, & began collecting for the
first time for the Sarmy's self denial fund. I got 3 books & 3 ma-
gazines & many promises of more books. I have just read one of th-
e books given-- "The Double Four", by Phillips Oppenheim. I was
also given 6/8 ½.

Sat. Sep. 2, 1922. Yesterday I attended an open-air meeting in
the southern part of Beaumont street. Ernie & Mrs. Witton of
Mayfield helped us. We had the little organ out. This afternoon
I went to Howe street, Lambton & asked Mr. Fleming about a job
at Thornton, cutting pit props. I was too late, as he already had
2 men for the work. I had my hair cut in Lambton (1/-), & walked ho-
me. Doris Orchard of Lithgow, & her younger sister are here.
They are going home to-morrow morning. This morning I went to the
new offices at the steelworks to attend a meeting of the employ-
ees, but could not get in through being put off too long ago.
I heard that the men had decided to put the proposal for a reducti-
on in wages before the arbitration court--poor fools!

Copy of a letter from Norman Freeberg:-

"Common Cause", 432-5 Rawson Chambers, Sydney, 28th Aug. 1922.
Josiah Cocking, 10 Henson Avenue, Mayfield East. Dear Comrade,
I thank you personally, for your unsolicited praise of my little
book, "Socialism: What Is It?" The few grains of modisty which
I have left make me deprecate the praise, but while I don't think
so much of it in 1922 as I did in 1918, still I think it fills a
want. It might interest you to know that I published it when the
market was at top price & the "Worker" slugged me good & hard.
I was subsequently informed that I could have had it printed in
Sydney for less than half the cost. I got five thousand copies
printed, & while I had the time to devote to its sale I disposed
of about three thousand. Incidentally I am still at a loss of
seventy or eighty pounds over it. However, we started the Work-
ers' School of Social Science in Brisbane, & what with being
class Lecturer in Social Evolution & Industrial History, & with
doing propogandra & public lectures for the Movement I had to
drop the book completely, though with regret both from the move-

ment & financial point of view. The book was also strongly sabotaged because of its advocacy of the O.B; U. However, your warm letter has revived the matter in my mind, & I have sent to Brisbane (where they are) for a parcel which I shall put in the hands of the Best Bookshop. I might even consider sending them out or advertising. However, we shall see.

And now it would be dishonest of me to hold your esteem under false pretenses. I am a Marxist-- & that explains itself. I differ from many propogandists, however, in that I don't insist that a man is a fool or dishonest, or insincere in the movement who still holds to his religion. I stand by chapter 24 of my book. I had a friend who was a Socialist & a good revolutionary-- and a Catholic.

As regards manuscripts, it arrived, & I regret that I did not send an immediate acknowledgement. I have used, I think, a couple of the smaller pieces & will use more. The "Craft Union Meeting" I have by me to use when space is not so pressed. In conclusion, I again thank you. It always has been a cause of regret to me that prop-aganda in my book should not be doing its work, but now that you have moved me I might keep at it. Yours fraternally N. Freeberg, Managing Editor."

Copy of a typed note from N. Freeberg:-

"Common Cause", Official organ of the Workers' Industrial Union of Australia (Mining Department). 432-5 Rawson Chambers, Sydney. 31st Aug. 1922. Josiah Cocking, 10 Henson Avenue, Mayfield, Newcastle. Dear Comrade, I have "overwound the clock" & have been ordered away. In order not to keep you waiting until I return, for a reply, I am typing this brief note. I have sent to Queensland for the books, "Socialism: What Is It", but thus far they have not arrived. I shall endeavor to smother my modesty when they come to hand. Your contributions arrived, & one, I think, will appear in next issue. If at any time you would like a few extra copies don't hesitate in the slightest, but write for them. Yours fraternally Norman Freeberg. "Managing Editor, "Common Cause"."

Copy of a letter from Herbert Groves:-

"Care of Mr. R. Ritchie, Burrawang, via Moss Vale, 6th Sep. 1922. Just a few lines to let you know that I have not forgotten you. We reached Burrawang at 5-30 p.m. last Saturday week, & I started work on the Monday following. I am getting 10/- a day, & pay 5/- a week rent for rooms. It costs me nothing for wood, cabbage, or milk. I like the work very well. I don't know if I'll go back to Newcastle or not. Mrs. Groves wants to go back but I don't, but I feel lost of a Sunday-- no meetings to go to, which I will miss very much. To-morrow the Bexley Boys will be at Tighes Hill. I would like very much to be there. However, I hope they will have the hall full to overflowing. Well, Joe, I think I have told you all this time. Your friend Herb. Groves. God be with you till we meet again."

Thur. Sep. 7, 1922. Last Sunday I attended all of the Army meetings, but said little. No visible results of the meetings. On Tuesday I walked to Hamilton & went along Albert & Fleming streets collecting for self-denial. I got some books and 3/6. Yesterday I went to Hamilton railway station & got a bundle of War Crys for the commandant. She gave me a 2/- ticket for the Bexley Boys' concert to 3/4 night in the Tighe's Hill picture palace. I went to several members of the T. Hill corps & got a few books for my projected bookstall. Mrs. Crook gave me 3 good books. Mr. Woodbury brought 10 books yesterday morning. Arthur has been ill 3 days with gastric influenza. Doctor Bourke of Hamilton came yesterday. Charlie has spoken to Mr. Rueben Wilson about going with him as an apprentice to learn carpentry & building, but nothing definite is settled yet. Violet Sheldon was here yesterday in her new Army uniform. She looks well in it. I have read 2 of the books that were given to me to sell for self denial: they are "Double Four", and "Hunted and Harried", by R.M. Ballantyne. I wrote to "Common Cause" on small coal.

Mon. Sep. 11, 1922. Last Fri. night I went to Hamilton by tram & took part in an Army street meeting. There were only Adj. Marsh, Comdt. Hilder, & myself there when we started, but drummer Harry Smith, envoy George Millar, & 2 lads arrived later. Last Sat. I prepared my Sunday school lesson instead of going to the Mayfield open-air meeting. Yesterday I attended all of the Tighe's Hill Army meetings. I spoke in the park in the afternoon. It was Envoys' Day. I wrote a report of the meeting for the "War Cry". "Common Cause" has printed "To Billy Mug." and "Another War," I answered Herb Groves' letter to-day. Arthur is getting well again. He has been seriously ill. Jose has had a molat tooth extracted, & has a sore throat. Mrs. Ern Fowler was here this evening with 2 books. I have received some papers from Mrs. Sheppard (now Townsend) on Saturday.

Fri. Sep. 15, 1922. Last Tuesday I went to the soldiers' meeting, but there were very few there. The soldiers seem to take very little interest in the success of the corps. On the way home one of the firemen at the fire station said he would lend me a book entitled "Air, Sea, and Sky". I saw George Robinson there & conversed with him on religion. He seems quite unconcerned about spiritual matters. I went to the steelworks & interviewed Mr. Calder about getting a transfer for Charlie to Rueben Wilson. Calder said he would have to see Wilson before doing anything further in the matter. Charlie went to Wilson's place last night, & Rueben promised to see Calder at any time. Charlie has had a cold for several days, & one day this week he spat out some blood, which, he said, was due to violent coughing. He is much better now. Jose has had a sore throat for some days, & is not much better yet. Florence is

still going to a dentist & having her teeth filled. Artie is getting better slowly. The weather is still cold & wet. Brother Bob gave me a hamperful of books to sell for the Self Denial Fund. I am sending the "War Cry" of Sep. 16th to sister Liz Jane. Also the "Newcastle Herald" to Mrs. Townsend, England.

Mon. Sep. 18, 1922. I was at all of the Sarmy meetings yesterday, except knee-drill. At 11 a.m. commissioner Whatmore, col. Knight, staff-capt. & Mrs. Richards were at the holiness meeting. Some members of Mayfield corps attended. There was a good meeting. Whatmore led, & spoke of the woman who asked Jesus to free her daughter from a devil. At the last meeting 2 lads went to the penitents form. Arthur is getting better very slowly. Son Jack went to the Liverpool cut-throat camp to-day, much against his will.

Wed. Sep. 20, 1922. I went to Newcastle on foot on monday afternoon, & saw Ted Sinclair at the Trades Hall & got him to make 2 copies of "Wanted: A Poet", on the typewriter. I went to brig. Knapp's house at 61 Laman street, Cook's Hill & showed him the verses. He did not think that the "War Cry" would print the verses. But said I could send them if I like. From there I went to Jim Fraser's place in Darby street & saw his boy Jim who was brought over from Warrigal a fortnight ago. Mrs. Fraser returned "The Light Of India". She has had the book before, but had not read it when I got it back from her. From there I walked to George Price's house in Hamilton & lent Mrs. Price "The Light Of India". She returned "Broken Earthenware". Mr. Price gave me 2 copies of "Common Cause". Artie got up yesterday but was giddy. I attended the soldiers' meeting last night: there were only a few there. Jose is still working.

Thur. Sep. 21, 1922. This morning Bobby Cocking came up & said that his father wished to see me at the old oilworks near the Hamilton gasworks. So I walked over to Bob, & he told me that a man named H. Shackleton wanted a man to clean 10,000 bricks for 15/- a thousand, & that he would see me at his home in Merewether on Saturday afternoon. This afternoon a little after 3 o'clock, there was an almost total eclipse of the sun. It was a total eclipse in Queensland. Fred, Walter, Art, their mother, & I watched the eclipse come & go. The earth was not dark here. Arthur Burgess is getting better. Yesterday Sol. Woodbury paid us a farewell visit, & brought 5 copies of Hammond's book, "With One Voice", for sale at my self denial bookstall. Sol is going to start for Inverell with his son Ken to-day. I have written the following verses:-

TO BILLY MUG.

"The newspapers are giving prominence to New Zealand's offer to

assist in the defence of Gallipoli, & to W.M. Hughes' cable-gram to Lloyd George, saying that Australia will join in whatever action is necessary to ensure the sanctity of Gallipoli, including the despatch of a contingent.-- Daily rag, 19-9-1922

Deer Bill, there seems another chance
To stoush agen, an' booze, an' dance
Acrost the briny fome,
An' kut the throats ov 'eathen Turks
Fer master, oo in safety lurks--
As usual-- at 'OME !

Some kidded that you 'ad enuff
O' Yooses paytriotik guff,
An' tumbled to 'is gag
About the "empir an' the throne",
An' jerried to the bantom drone
Oo skites about the flag.

But I --well, don't I KNOW yeh, Bill ?
Yeh'd go a millyun miles to kill
A kove yeh never seen;
Yeh'd kroosify 'im on a kross
To please yer blud - an' - thunder Boss
An' serve yer nobul kween !

Ov korse yeh never want to know
W'y blud an' tears agen shood flow
To make a krimson flud;
Enuff fer you that jingoes please,
Fer dough, to skatter plague's disease
An' drench the erth in blud !

You'll skoot away, wen Billy bids,
Rigardlus ov the wives an' kids
Oo'll peg fer want o' bread.
Yoor willin' still to be the tool
O' Guts an' wowers wen they sool
Fer 'alf-a-quid a 'ead !

You aint got sense to take a pull,
Nor savee that the wurd is full
Ov weepin widders yet
Oo's 'usbands went out stoppin' lead
Fer Guts, oo stayed at 'ome instead
Ov rottin' in the wet .

Wake up ! wake up, yeh dopey kow,
An' let the krooks that made the row
Git skittled--if thay must !

Don't rush wen Billy Stickybeak
(The Mitey Atum) gives a skweak;
You'll soon enuff be dust!

Violet.

Sent to "O.B.U. Herald", 22-9-22; also to "C.Cause" Printed in
C.C. 29-9-1922.

TO BILLY MUG.

[The newspapers are giving prominence to New Zealand's offer to assist in the defence of Gallipoli, and to W. M. Hughes's cablegram to Lloyd George, saying that Australia will join in whatever action is necessary to ensure the sanctity of Gallipoli, including the despatch of a contingent.—Daily rag, 19/9/22.]

Deer Bill, there seems another chance
To stoush agen, an' booze, an' dance,
Acrost the briny fome,
An' kut the throats ov' leathen Turks
Fer master, oo in safety lurks—
As usual—at 'OME!

Some kidded that you 'ad enuff
O' Yooses payriotik guff,
An' tumbled to 'is gag
About the "empire an' the throne,"
An' jerried to the bantam drone
Oo skites about the flag!

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Bill?

Yeh'd go a millyun miles to kill
A kove yeh never seen;
Yeh'd kroosify 'im on a kross
To please yer blud-an'-thunder boss
An' serve yer nobul kween!

Ov korse yeh never want to know
Why blud an' tears agen shood flow
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Yoor willin' still to be the tool
O' guts and wowers wen they sool
Fer 'alf-a-quad a 'lead!

You ain't got sense to take a pull,
Nor savee that the wurld is full
Ov weepin' widders yet
Oo's 'usbands went out stoppin' lead
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Wake up! wake up, yeh dopey kow,
An' let the krooks that made the row
Git skittled—if they must!
Don't rush wen Billy Stickybeak
(The Mitey Atum) gives a skweak;
Yoo'l soon enuff be dust!

29/8/1922. —"Violet."

Wed. Sep 27, 1922. Last friday night I walked to Hamilton to attend an open-air meeting of the Army near Gow's corner in Beaumont street. The people listened fairly well to the message of salvation, but none accepted the invitation to become Christians. On Saturday I walked to Merewether & found Mr. Shackleton who wanted me to clean bricks, but when I spoke to him about it he said he was not sure whether he would buy the bricks or not as the cost of cartage might be too much. He would let me know by next Saturday whether he wanted me or not. Son Jack came home late on Saturday night from the cut-throat camp at Liverpool. On Sunday I was at all of the Army meetings & spoke at some of them. Last week's "Common Cause" contained my verses, "Don't Arbitrate". Last night I attended a public meeting of the Tighe's Hill corps, at which Mrs. Woodbury farewelled, as she is going to Inverell. Adj. Marsh spoke of the many good qualities of sister Woodbury; & envoy Tom Stead & envoy George Millar also spoke well of her. Eben Worley spoke at some length, & said that he had felt called upon to fill the position vacated by sister Woodbury. A silvered butter dish was given to Mrs. Woodbury by comdt. Hilder. Mrs. Woodbury was much surprised. She urged the young people to go on on the path that leads to Heaven. She wished us all good bye. A few cakes & cups of tea were handed around when the speaking concluded.

I promised to send Mrs. Woodbury's book—"Darkest England" when I have

read it. Jose worked all day on Monday & all of Monday night. He

slept all day yesterday. Our Artie is running about again. I have written the following verses:—
THE CHRISTIAN JINGO.

Of all the men I ever knew (And I've encountered not a few
Twixt here & distant Bingo)
The queerest man I ever met, Belonging to the martial set,
I name the Christian Jingo!

This living contradiction prays, As sinners should, on Sabbath days,
In accents mild & winning;
"Give us this day our daily bread: Our trespasses forgive instead
Of punishing for sinning.

"Forgive as we forgive all those Who trespass & become our foes."
But yet there's no denying
That his petition is absurd, For ev'ry inconsistent word
Is pure and simple lying!

For when the millionaires make strife 'Twixt nations, he'll leave
Without the least compunction (child & wife
And kill his "foes" with bomb & shell, And blow their shrieking
In spite of God's injunction. (souls to Hell

"Thou shalt not kill" he then defies, And treats God's promises
And his commands as trifles; (as lies
His trust in Jesus promptly ends: The gods on which he then depends
Are maxim guns and rifles!

The charge of Jesus, mild & meek, To "turn again the other cheek"
He treats with cold derision
And stabs conscripted youngsters' hearts With merciless, unerring
And murderous decision. (darts,

The mighty God, to whom he kneels, He cannot trust like sharpened
When life is placed in dangers! (steels
Like Cromwell, he will not rely On God, but keeps his powder dry
To kill conscripted strangers,

O when shall Christian Jingoese cease To stultify the prince of
And honestly endeavour (peace,
The principles of Christ to teach, And learn to practice what
To banish wars forever! ? (they preach

Sent to "Common Cause" & "O.B.U. Herald". Not printed.

To Peacemaker.

Copy of a letter from T. Audley, undated.
"The Workers' International Industrial Union. Mr. J. Cocking, Newcastle. Dear Comrade, Yours to hand re "O.B.U. Herald". Well we know to our sorrow of the trouble of getting the "O.B.U. Herald"

delivered by post, but now this trouble has been overcome, & the paper reaches subscribers regularly. The paper has been registered by the post office. We have put up a big fight to get it; but to be doubly sure I would get them to wrap a paper up specially for you if you subscribe. We have got to make every post a winning one these times. We now have a good list of subscribers in Newcastle district; and Newcastle notes will appear in the paper from time to time. Trusting that this answer meets with your approval, Yours fraternally, Thomas Audley, secretary-treasurer."
(Answered Sep. 22, 1922.)

Wed. Sep. 27, 1922. (continued) I received a letter from aunt Grace Perkyns to-day. Her new address is, C/o Mrs. Webster, Greenfield Row, Portreath, near Redruth, Cornwall, England. Answered.

Thur. Sep. 28, 1922. I received the following letter from Mr. Rixon, the editor of the Sydney War Cry:-
My dear Comrade, Yours of recent date to hand safely, also accompanying poem entitled "Wanted--A Poet". There is no necessity for any communication to this office passing through your officers' hands, unless, of course, corps reports which must be countersigned by the C.O.s, & anything other than this intended for the War Cry sent to me direct, when it will receive my best attention. You ask me, Brother, to inform you where you fail to reach our standard of excellence or suitability. I think in the previous communication I said that the great barrier to your compositions being used was their length. In a small production like the 8 page War Cry the perpetual struggle is to provide variety without too much of any one feature, really just a taste of this & a taste of that. As regards the last received, "Wanted--A Poet", while it reads well it fails because, instead of doing justice to Brigadier Knapp, through the whole 7 verses it is practically asking for someone who could adequately describe him. There are reasons which I cannot discuss on paper why the previous humorous sketch you submitted could not be published. Some day I hope to see you, & may then explain the reason for that. If you could versify the character sketch of the Brigadier, as that is your best medium, I should be delighted to receive it. I have kept all your compositions hoping that at some time & in some way I may be able to adapt them for publication, because you have the spark of originality, which supplies the variety we so much need. While we do not desire, in your own words, to keep to one dead level of uniformity, there certain departures that no commissioner, nor reading public, would tolerate in a paper like ours. I hope you can do something in the direction suggested; & I return the poem--"Wanted--A Poet", in case you have not kept a copy, so that you may recognize that it after all, does not describe Brigadier Knapp, but calls for

someone else to do so. If you could describe him in a similar metre, & even length, I would gladly give it a place. The matter scrapped in this office every week in the endeavor to make a selection of the very best & greatest variety is very considerable. Far more is handled & cut, or drastically edited, than ever sees daylight, & with so much of everything this must of necessity be the case until the time arrives when we boast an enlarged War Cry. Trusting that you and yours are well, I am, dear Brother Cocking, very gratefully Yours, & in anticipation I remain yours for the Kingdom's extension, C.M. Rixon, Major."

I answered Rixon's letter this evening & sent him the following verses:-

LOUD APPLAUSE.
Some people wait until too late
To tell those they adore
How much they prize the love-lit eyes
Not lost, but gone before.

I therefore move that we approve
Of Knapp, the Brigadier,
(Who takes the bun gor wit & fun)
And say so while he's here.

He's holding forth around the north
Of sunny New South Wales,
Where all admire his mental fire,
And relish all his tales.

His native wit makes sorrow flit
From those who solace seek;
And all agree his repartee
Is pungent as a leek.

His sparkling fun bursts like the sun
Through winter's rifted clouds,
And warmth imparts to many hearts
That misery enshrouds.

His mind is--well-- a secret cell
Where fragrant honey hides--
A store replete with nurture, sweet,
Composed of many sides.

When he begins to speak of sins
And actions seldom named,
And tells the love of God above,
The guilty feel ashamed

No faithless clod denying God
Could ever truly say

Mon. Oct. 2nd, 1922.
Last Friday I walked to Hamilton to an Army meeting. On the way home I listened to the speakers in a meeting of "Brethren". I saw Charles Rawlings there & walked with him to his home in Islington. He lent me 2 books-- "1000 Tales Worth Telling", by Hy. Pickering; and "Many Infallible Proofs." I have read the first book. On Saturday morning I walked to the Co-op. store & paid £7 off the bill. In the evening I walked to Waratah & took part in the Army's open-air meeting near the post office. Yesterday I attended all of the Army meetings, & spoke in the park in the afternoon after reading John 5: 25-29. No converts for the day. This morning Florrie is at home again, as she has finished at Cotteril's. I have taken the following stories from "1000 Stories Worth Telling":-

THE LITTLE AND BIG RELIGIONS. A visitor in Australia was conversing with her host's small son, & opened, as a matter of course, with the question, "Do you go to school now?" "Yes," replied the smart youth. And do you learn -- reading, writing, & sums?" "Oh, yes, and I learn religion too. "Religion?" "Yes, I learn the little religion, which teaches that we all came from Adam. But my elder brother is in a higher class, he learns the big religion, & that teaches that we all came from monkeys." It may be called little, but it is very old, & will finally triumph for, "in the beginning God created." Gen. 1:1. "All things were made by him!" John 1:3.

HIS GREATEST DISCOVERY. Sir James Simpson, the famous Edinboro chemist, & discoverer of chloroform, was asked towards the end of his remarkable career what was his greatest discovery. "My greatest discovery was what Jesus Christ would be to me," was his prompt reply. He accepted Jesus as his Saviour, Lord, and Master, & is now in glory. John 1:12.

Wed. Oct. 4, 1922. Last night the Mayfield corps opened its Self Denial Fair. Jose cleaned his little steam engine to lend them to the corps for exhibition during the fair. I read a book entitled "The Daughter Of The Chieftain", by Edward S. Ellis, last night. I have just read, "Sam: The Story Of a Little While." 128 pages, by Ismay Thorne. I have written the following verses:--

THE CHRISTIAN SOLDIER.

Now, the strangest contradiction
I have found in fact or fiction
Is the pious Christian soldier
Who in secret kneels and prays
To the meek and lowly Jesus,
But in public stabs for Croesus
And destroys his fellow-creatures
In a multitude of ways.

When those foul opinion-shapers--
The employers' daily papers--
In obedience to orders
Pour their poison in the minds
Of the unreflecting toilers
Who maintain their fat despoilers,
Then the Christian soldier swallows
Each infernal lie he finds.

Then he dons his war-regalia
And prepares to leave Australia,
Or the country where he happens
To be slaving at the time,
And, in spite of his profession

Of religion, takes
possession
Of Fat's implements
of murder
And esteems it not a
crime!

He will rush o'er
land or ocean
With the inconsistent
notion
That he's serving his
Creator
When he slashes and
destroys
Conscript Husbands,
sons, & brothers
And makes widows of
the mothers
Of unnumbered orphaned
maidens,
And of starving, help-
less boys.

111.
Sooled by Pagan jingo parsons,
He assists in wars where arsons
Are but trifles to the devilries
Committed by the bands
Of deluded Christian diggers
On the yellows, whites, & niggers
Who are soldiers by compulsion
Of the thieves who rule the lands.

His defiance of the Bible
Is disgusting, and a libel
Of the name of peaceful Jesus
Who when dying prayed, "Forgive!"
"Thou shalt NOT kill" he opposes,
Though engraved on stones for Moses,
And though Jesus said to Peter
Let your angry foemen live.

Christian soldiers may awaken
When the churches are forsaken
By the honest men disgusted
At the hypocrites who try
To perpetuate the gammon
That they CAN serve God and Mammon--
Can be Christian men, yet killers--
Which the Gospels all deny!

Printed in "O.B.U. Herald", 1-1-'23.

I also wrote the following verses:--
SILENT LIARS.

There are liars of various kinds & degrees
Who delight in untruthful aspersion;
But the commonest liars the Socialist sees
Are the ones who use silent assertion.

They are daily beholding the planet begirt
By the bonds of a System that's frightful
In producing trade-wars, yet they dare to assert,
By their silence, that slaughter is rightful.

Though they know that a person who witnesses wrong
Should protest in words written or oral,
By their silent inaction they side with the strong
And declare that mass-murder is moral.

They are silent, though viewing the terrible fate
Of the millions of toilers who perish
Through persistently laboring early and late
To provide for the drones whom they ~~naux~~ cherish.

10/11 SILENT LIARS. 1922.

There are liars of various kinds and degrees
Who delight in untruthful aspersion.
But the commonest liars the Socialist sees
Are the ones who use silent assertion!

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With the bonds of a system that's frightful
In producing trade-wars, yet they dare to
assert
By their silence that slaughter is rightful!

Though they know that a person who wit-
nesses wrong
Should denounce in words, written or
oral,
By their silent inaction they side with the
strong.
And declare that mass-murder is moral!
They are silent, though viewing the terrible

fate
Of the millions of toilers who perish
Through persistently labouring early and
late
To provide for the drones that they
nourish.

They're aware that the workers are crushed
to the dust
By the parasites' legal coercion,
Yet proclaim that the infamous system is
just
By their falsehood of silent assertion!
--VIOLET.

He stayed to hear the brigadier
And went unwarned away!

He takes, in speech, the bones that bleach,
Of ancient heroes slain,
And clothes afresh those bones with flesh
And makes them live again!

We almost see blest Galilee
Where Jesus walked serene,
And Peter tried to walk the tide,
When Knapp describes the scene.

Long may he stay to sing & play
And labor for the cause!
Now let me see the motion be
Approved with loud applause!

(Printed in "Newcastle Sun", 16-1-1923.)

"Moody's Life.
D.L. Moody, in
reply to a re-
quest for a
sketch of his
life, wrote as
follows:-

"I was born of
the flesh in 18
37. I was born o
f the spirit in
1856. That whic
h is born of th
e flesh may die
. That which is
born of the spi
rit will live
for ever". John
3: 16."

141 LOUD APPLAUSE! 1923.

Some people wait until too late
To tell those they adore
How much they prize the loveliest eyes
Not lost, but gone before!

I, therefore, move that we approve
Of Knapp, the brigadier,
(Who takes the bun for wit and fun)
And say so while he's here!

He's holding forth around the north
Of sunny New South Wales,
Where all admire his mental fire,
And relish all his tales!

His native wit makes sorrow flit
From those who solace seek;
And all agree his repartec
Is pungent as a leek!

His sparkling fun bursts like the sun
Through winter's rifted clouds,
And warmth imparts to many hearts
That misery enshrouds!

His mind is—well—a secret coil,
Where fragrant honey hides—
A store replete with nurture, sweet,
Composed of many sides.

When he begins to speak of sins
And actions seldom named,
And tells the love of God above,
The guilty feel ashamed.

No faithless clod denying God
Could ever truly say
He stayed to hear the brigadier,
And went unwarned away!

He takes, in speech, the bones that
bleach,
Of ancient heroes slain,
And clothes afresh those bones with
flesh,
And makes them live again!

We almost see blest Galilee,
Where Jesus walked serene,
And Peter tried to walk the tide,
When Knapp describes the scene!

Long may he stay to sing and play
And labor for the cause!
Now let me see the motion be
Approved with loud applause!

14/1/22. -DAD.

"Plant the Acorn & Expect the Oak.

An English writer asked a Russian Christian what the result of Bible reading in that land would be after a time of liberty for the spread of the gospel under Alexander the first, when his brother Nicholas was persecuting the Christians & prohibiting the reading of the Scriptures. "Who can tell?" was the reply. "You plant the acorn, your descendants sit beneath the oak. Sow and reap."

A Little Boy who Beat 4 Men,
"Chaffed by 4 men in the work on account of the smallness of his stature, a lad quietly replied, "I can do something that none of you four can do." Interested, they pressed for his reply. "I can keep from swearing." "This is the victory," John, 4: 5.

"A Rector's Surprise. A rector visiting one of his poorer parishioners, an old woman afflicted with deafness, she expressed great regret at not being able to hear his sermons. Desiring to be sympathetic, he said, with unnecessary self-depreciation, "You don't miss much." "So they tell me." was the unexpected reply. (1 Peter 3:8.)"

The Solomon System. An athletic young man asked a preacher if there was any harm in learning the manly art of self-defence. "Certainly not," replied the preacher. "I learned it myself in my youth, & have found it of the greatest value." "Indeed!" exclaimed the would-be boxer. "May I inquire what system you learned?" "I learned the Solomon system described in Proverbs 15:1." All Christian workers should learn this system." Prov. 15:1 is:- "A soft answer turneth away wrath: but grievous words stir up anger."

Misapplied truth was recently exemplified by the billposter in an English town who stuck up one of the recruiting posters, "Wake up! Your country needs You!" on the walls of a cemetery."

"IN GOOD COMPANY. A Christian woman, crossing in a New York ferry late one night, noticed a man watching her. He approached later & asked, "Are you alone?" "No, sir," said the lady. The man dropped behind, but she heard his step after her as she walked through the deserted street, & lifted her heart to God in prayer for protection. Presently his step was quickened, & the man was walking beside her. "I thought you said you were not alone", said he sarcastically. "I am not, sir," was her reply. "I do not see anyone who is in your company," he said. "The Lord Jesus Christ & his holy angels", was her reply; & with the briefest possible pause he said, "Madam, you keep too good company for me. Good night." And he raised his hat & left her to her better company. "My presence shall go with thee." Ex. 33: 14. Isa. 63:9.

A FATHER'S ADVICE. "My boy," said a father to his son, treat everybody with politeness, even those who are rude to you; for remember that you show courtesy to others, not because they are gentlemen, but because you are one."

SLOW TO SPEAK. (James 1:19.) should be the motto of those who speak to children, unless they have something to say, & say it in a bright, manly way. One man, after asking for the privilege, went on to speak with tears in his eyes. One boy said to his neighbor, "What's that old buffer crying about?" "Shut up, Billy!" replied the other boy. "If you had to speak & had as little to say as he has you would cry too."

112.
They're aware that the workers are crushed to the dust
By the parasites' legal coercion,
Yet proclaim that infamous System is just
By their falsehood of silent assertion. Violet.

(Printed in "O.B.U.Herald" 1-11-'22; also in "Common Cause".

Fri. Oct. 6, 1922. I received a postcard view of Hemel Hempstead to-day from Mrs. Alice Townsend. It bore this message:-
"August 21. Best wishes to you all. This is a bird's eye view of Hemel Hempstead. Hope all are well, as we are. Yours very sincerely A. Townsend & family." I have finished reading the book entitled "The Cry Of Christendom", 207 pages, by Alex. King.

Sat. Oct. 14, 1922. Nothing exceptional occurred since last Sat. On Sunday I was going all day with the Army meetings. On Monday I was at the Army Hall making ready for the self denial Australia Fair". In the evening about 12 of us put up the stalls and decorated them with coloured paper. On Tuesday at 8 p.m. the fair started. The Methodists were present & gave a good program of songs and recitations. I was in charge of my bookstall, and had Jose's Wimshurst electric machine in the back room. I sold 5/10 worth of books. Among the books given to me for sale were 4 or 5 copies of "The Picturesque Atlas Of Australasia" that Ned Bedford gave me but they were not sold. On Wednesday the fair was on again, & the Congregationalists gave a good program. I sold 1/9 worth of books. We did not have the Wimshurst going as the driving belt was broken. On Thursday evening the fair was continued & concluded. The meetings were crowded, but nearly half of the stuff was unsold. I sold 4/2 worth of books, which made my total takings for books etc. 11/9. My total, final sales were 14/3. Yesterday Eben Worley, Mr. Carpenter, & I took down the stalls, flags, & decorations, and returned the borrowed stuffed birds, bottled snakes, etc. to Mr. Holt in Bryant street. We burned the rubbish. I returned a bundle of flags to the Hamilton Council Chambers. It was rumoured yesterday that a railway man was murdered on the bridge over the Tighes Hill creek at Maryville. Police were out with a crowd all day trying to find the man in the creek. Later, a man who had killed a dog there told the police that the blood & hair they saw were from the dog. A man named Jones committed suicide on Thursday night at Maryville by hanging himself. Last night I took part in the Army meetings at Hamilton. Only 5 of us were present. Frank Robinson's wife was here on Thursday. She is suffering from heart trouble, & came down from Taree to consult a doctor. I received the "One Big Union Herald" of Oct. 2 last Tuesday. Last night I gave commandant Hilder £ 1-11-5 for the self denial fund. I have written a letter to David Baker, manager of the B.H.P. steel-works, asking for work.

113.
Sun. Oct. 15, 1922. I spoke at all of the Army meetings but the evening open-air. "Sonny" Hardes & his wife Tilly (nee Ferguson) were with us all day, & he led the meetings. He made an earnest appeal for converts at the last meeting, but no one responded. Jose did not feel well to-day, so he stayed at home & read all day. Jose & Jack have repaired the back wheel of the motor-bike.

Mon. Oct. 16, 1922. To-day I am sending to Harry Webster some copies of "Common Cause"; & the "War Cry", & the "Young Soldier".

Tues. Oct. 17, 1922. This evening I attended a meeting of the Sarmy, but only a few soldiers were present. Most of them seem to lukewarm about attending, except on Sundays.

Wed. 18th. To-day I saw an ad. in the "Advocate" re a contract for clearing 2 acres of land between Texas & Fitzroy streets, Mayfield, so I went out and looked at the ti-tree scrub on the land. I came home & walked to Newcastle to interview Lang, Wood & Co. who are letting the contract. A man in their Newcastle office told me that they wanted the trees taken out to 6 inches below the surface. When Charlie returned from work he he said that my name is on the board for work at the steelworks.

Fri. Oct. 20, 1922. Yesterday morning I went to the steelworks, & Joe Gillard gave me a note to start in Teal's gang again at half time work. I got my clock number--2800-- & a clock-card, & rang the clock & met Bill Sullivan, the boss, at the office. I was sent with 3 others to dig out around the bottoms of the legs of the blast furnace trestles near the coke ovens. The day was very hot, but we were in the shade, & there being no boss there, the pace was not as hot as the weather. On the way home I was overtaken by Eben Worley who is slaving at the slag-dump. I wrote a 4 page letter to Sister last night in reply to the following letter:-
"Station street, Dapto, 12th Oct. 1922. Dear Brother & Sister, I cannot wait any longer without getting a letter from you. I answered your last the same day as I got it; & I am quite worried about you all. I cannot see any news of the steelworks starting, & all I can read is the terrible distress down there. I was quite surprised when Dad read in the WarCry of Bertie's wedding. He always looks for Mayfield news, & got quite a shock when he read it. If you see Bertie, Joe, tell him his aunt wishes both of them the best of luck & happiness. How are your boys getting on? Tell Jose I often speak of him at home. We are all in good health. We are getting splendid weather; the mine is working well, & the only drawback we have is the dreadful suspense through hearing of the closing down of the Wongawilli mine through finding the cinder fault, or the strike. I think if either happens it will be the last of Wonga, for the miners are barely over their last trouble yet, & Dapto is no place to

live in unless the mine is working well. "e still have the horse & sulky, & Dad drives to work. He says it is the best colliery he ever worked in; & if a strike does come it will not be by the miners voting for it here. Dad is still healthy & strong & cheery. He will be 53 next Sunday, Oct. 15th. & still maintains he is 28. The girls are still at home: also Nelly & Bob. Pearly is walking everywhere, & Nelly has her hands full looking after her, she is so spoilt. I often tell her she ought to have her aunt Jinny's family, she would know how to rear children, then. Little Jim is running around like a native-- no boots & few clothes, & is as hearty as can be. He will start school some time next year. He has quite lost his asthma. I would like you to see Lila. She is the biggest girl I have, & the strongest. She is preparing to take Florrie's place if Florrie marries. Florrie has had her six feet nothing down again for the holidays, & it seems a settled thing that an engagement will shortly take place. Bob White is still working on top at Wonga, but does not like his little money. I think he will shortly cart poor Nell back to ~~Ernie~~ "sunny" Lithgow.

Ernie Pettigrew is still Dad's mate, & has brought his wife down here. They are boarding in Dapto. His wife does not like it here-- it is not swiftenough. I have not had any news of baby Vera since you wrote last. Mrs. Beecher has stopped writing to me, but I know that God is watching over baby, & that some time I shall see her again. We are not going anywhere at Christmas, for we don't know when we shall have trouble. We are not getting any visitors either (only Will) & there will be room for any of you who would like to come down. I know, Joe, that you cannot be very financial after your struggle of this year, but if you can only scrape up the fare we will promise you a good time. The country around here is beautiful now, & Jinny would benefit by a trip down, if only for a week. Try to persuade her, for I would just love to see her again. I think she knows why I do not care to go to Newcastle. I must conclude now with fond love from all at home. Your own sister, E.J. Pettigrew. Write soon, Joe if only a letter-card."

Sun. Oct. 21, 1922. Last night I walked to Hamilton & took part in an open-air meeting of the Army near Gow's shop. There were 20 including the band, in the ring. I afterwards went to the open-air meeting of "Brethren", & one of them gave me "The Witness", & "The Student Of Scripture." for May & Aug. 1922. This morning I worked with a gang digging a trench, near the coke ovens, for a big water pipe. We left work at 11-30 a.m. Fine.

Mon. Oct. 23, 1922. Last Sat. night I walked out to Waratah & helped in an Army open-air meeting. Only a few soldiers were present, but most of us spoke or sang. I thank God for the inspiration & freedom given to me while speaking. I hope that some of our audience were convinced. On Sun. I went to all of

the Army meetings but only spoke at one. Envoy Tyrell of Sydney led all day. No visible results. I worked again to-day unloading trucks of ashes near the river, opposite to Walsh Island. At dinner time I had a friendly debate with a young man, on religion. May he soon emerge from spiritual darkness!. Hot weather.

Thur. Oct. 26, 1922. Last Thursday I went with Barney Healey & Dave Hughes to put in a crossing over 3 railway lines. The morning was very hot, & Dave & I carried most of the sleepers & put them beside the rails and spiked them there. Then we took slag, of road-metal size, & put it into a square frame to measure it, & poured hot tar over it. We turned the tarred slag over 3 times & wheeled it to the crossing, where Barney placed it between the sleepers & levelled it. We worked very hard, but Barney did not. I finished working my week on tuesday. Most of the ~~slaves~~ are now working only half time. Yesterday I was very sore & tired, but the weather was much cooler. In the evening I went to the open-air & the indoor meeting of the Mayfield corps, I spoke of Omar Khaayam at the o.a. meeting. I brought home a bundle of Warx ~~Crys~~ Crys for Florrie. Charlie slept on the verandah last night. I wrote the following for "Common Cause":-

A RARA AVIS .

"Archdeacon Saxon has forwarded the following letter to M. T. Hoare, President of the Miners' Federation.

"Will you allow me to suggest that you should recommend to the various lodges on the coalfields that big public meetings should be arranged for Nov. 11, Armistice Day,..... I feel that there are many thousands of people who are averse to war, but they have no means expressing themselves, & their silence is sometimes misconstrued by our leaders in the political world, so that pledges are given that we will undertake war if such leaders deem it necessary. Actually, I suppose, war will not cease until people make it perfectly clear that they will not fight..... It may be that you would not agree with my opinion on social reconstruction, as I might not agree with yours, but I expect that we would both agree that education is essential to progress."-- "Newcastle Morning Herald", 25-10-22.

I rise to move "That we approve
Of Saxon, the archdeacon
Who thinks it's right that he should light
An anti-warfare beacon."

With glad surprise, indeed, I rise
To move this urgent motion,
For I endorse his views, of course,
And like his Christian notion!

Such men are
rare
Who boldly dare
To battle for
the masses
Who humbly slave
from cot to
grave
To keep the
robber classes.

116.
We work & fight, & think it's right
That slaves without a shilling
Should take a gun & madly run
To do our masters' killing!

They've stuffed our minds with many kinds
Of lies called "education":
Their press & schools are used as tools
To misinstruct the nation.

Each patriot talks jingo rot
To ev'ry wage-slave's daughter,
And tells each son of "freedom" won
On fields of wholesale slaughter.

Yet all around the world we're bound,
In spite of all their "kidding",
By masters' laws to fill their maws
And humbly do their bidding.

We fight for marts, in foreign parts,
With cannons flash and thunder,
That thieves who rob the working mob
May sell the goods they plunder.

Let love abide, but fratricide
Be dumped with all that's rotten!
This fertile ball will feed us all
When warfare is forgotten.

Let all refuse to make or use
The means to kill another,
Or fight for drones on useless thrones,
Or slay a foreign brother.

Let's say it's time that warfare's crime
Should end; & let's endeavor
To make it cease, & live in peace
With other slaves for ever!

Violet.
(Printed in "Common Cause", 3-11-'22.)

Copy of a letter from Mrs. A. Townsend:-
"x 74 Bury Road, Hemel Hempstead, Herts. England. Sep. 18, 1922.
Dear Mr. & Mrs. Cocking, I was very pleased to get your nice long
letter. I hear from Stockton friends sometimes, but not as often
as I would like, & I must say my heart is in sunny Aussie. I
long to be back again, & get such fits of the blues I fell as if
I could come straight back again. We have had such a cold, wet
summer--really no summer at all. We have been wearing thick winter
clothes all the time. I don't know what we shall do when the

(Continued from the
bottom).

real winter comes, I
am sure. I have had
neuralgia all the sum-
mer through the cold,
damp weather. I really
think if I cannot get
my husband to make up
his mind to come out ne-
next year I shall come
without him. I could ge-
get a living in Austral-
ia now my children are
growing, & my sister
& her husband are think-
ing of coming.

The unemployment and
wages are very bad here
in England, & everyone
is looking forward to
a hard winter. One
thing, if you are havin-
bad times just now in
Australia, you do have
the nice warm sunshine,
& one can bear a lot
when the sun shines.
I am sending you a WarC
Cry very often, as my
husband is a bill-
sticker, & he often
sticks bills for the
Salvation Army in this
town; & I believe they
do a lot of good among-
st the poor.

I was sorry to hear
your boys were out of
work, but hope things
will soon get right.

117.
again in Aussie. I know your boy Jack was a very good worker.
I have often heard Bert talk about him. I know he often used to

Nov. 31 1922. X

A RARA AVIS.

"Archdeacon Saxon has forwarded the following letter to T. Hoare, president of the Miners' Federation:—Will you allow me to suggest that you should recommend to the various lodges on the coalfields that big public meetings should be arranged for November 11 (known as Armistice Day). I feel that there are many thousands of people who are averse to war, but they have no means of expressing themselves, and their silence is sometimes misconstrued by our leaders in the political world, so that pledges are given that we will undertake war if such leaders deem it necessary. Actually, I suppose, war will not cease until people make it perfectly clear that they will not fight. It may be that you would not agree with my opinion on social reconstruction, as I might not agree with yours, but I expect that we would both agree that education is essential to progress."—
"N. M. H." 25/10/'22.

I rise to move "That we approve
Of Saxon, the archdeacon
Who thinks it's right that he should
light
An anti-warfare beacon!"

With glad surprise, indeed, I rise
To move this urgent motion,
For I endorse his views, of course,
And like his Christian notion!

Such men are rare who holdly dare
To battle for the masses
Who humbly slave from cot to grave
To keep the robber classes.

We work and fight, and think it's
right
That slaves without a shilling
Should take a gun and madly run
To do our masters' killing!

They've stuffed our minds with many
kinds
Of lies called "education":
Their press and schools are used as
tools
To misinstruct the nation.

Each patriot talks jingo rot
To ev'ry wage-slave's daughter,
And tells each son of "freedom" won
On fields of wholesale slaughter.

Yet all around the world we're bound,
In spite of all their "kidding,"
By masters' laws to fill their maws
And humbly do their bidding!

We fight for marts, in foreign parts,
With cannons' flash and thunder,
That thieves who rob the working
mob
May sell the goods they plunder!

Let love abide; but fratricide
Be dumped with all that's rotten!
This fertile ball will feed us all
When warfare is forgotten!

Let all refuse to make or use
The means to kill another,
Or fight for drones on useless
thrones,
Or slay a foreign brother!

Let's say it's time that warfare's
crime
Should end; and let's endeavor
To make it cease, and live in peace
With other slaves for ever!
—"Violet."

compare
him with
Mrs. Mor-
gan's
Stanley, &
tell her
if Stan
was a bit
more like
him he
would do
a bit of
good for
himself.
Of course I
Mrz. Mor-
gan thought
there was
no one li-
ke her
Stan, & it
was not
his fault
that he
did not
get on at
the steel-
works. I
have not
heard from
her for a
long time
& do not

know if Bill Morgan was put off with the rest. Yesterday being
a nice day we went for a walk round the old home. It always
makes me sad. I cannot get used to seeing strangers in the old
home yet. Betsy could not quite understand why she could not run
in the garden & pick the apples like she did last year. She goes
to day school now, & is very proud of it. When she has learned to
write she is going to write a lot of letters. She thinks Jim is
terrible long in growing up. She is waiting to take him too. She
tries to play schools with him at night, but Jim doesn't care
about schools at all--all he thinks about is knocking things
about with a hammer & mending motors & trains. Anything with
wheels is a motor or train.
I wonder what sort of weather it is in Australia now. Yesterday
& to-day are nice days, but there is a cold snap in the air to

118.
let us know winter is not far off. I am sure we shall feel cold this winter, as last winter we could put on warm clothes, but we have worn our winter clothes all the summer, so we shall need a double lot this winter.
Well, Mr. Cocking, I trust this will find you & your family in prosperous circumstances than when you wrote last. I wish I sometimes had your faith. You can always see a silver lining to every cloud. Remember me to Mrs. Cocking. I hope she is quit well & also yourself. I remain yours very sincerely A. Towns-
end."

(Answered Nov. 6th 1922. Views of Toronto sent. Also flannel flowers.).

Sat. Oct. 28, 1922. I sent a letter to Grace Cocking yesterday, & verses to the "One BIG Union Herald". Last night I attended an open-air meeting of the Army in Hamilton, led by staff cap Richards. George Millat was there too with Charlie Mills & a few women & girls. The 2 officers were collecting money along the street & took no part in the meeting. Jack & Jose were trying to buy a motor bicycle last evening but failed. Son Jack has an ad in to-day's paper offering his motor bike for sale for £25-0-0. I have finished reading "Barton Todd" this morning.

Mon. Oct. 29, 1922. Yesterday I attended all of the meetings of the Tighe's Hill corps, & spoke at all but one. Adjutant Smith, the manager of the Army Home in Scott st., Newcastle, conducted most of the meetings. No conversions. Last Sat. night I went to the Y.M.C.A. Hut in Perkin st., Newcastle, & heard Mrs. Jameson Williams & Dave Watson speak on Prohibition. Only a few people attended.

Thur. Nov. 2, 1922. I started to work my second week yesterday after being off work a week. I was with Harold Davis who was a boss in Teal's gang last year. We had 2 mates, & were all moiling out concrete in the machine shop floor. It was tiresome, hard work. To-day I went to near the rail mill & wheeled bricks until 10-45 a.m. Then the boss told me I was working in the wrong place, & that I was wantee at the mill boilers. I went there and worked with 2 men who were concreting new fire-places under the boilers. The day has been hot, & my new boots are tight, ; so I had an unpleasant day. Jack brought home a second-hand "Indian" twin cylinder motor bike to-day, which cost him £25. I met Charlie Fitzgerald, the electrician, to-day at the mill boilers. I also saw Nat. Booth who had accidentally stepped into some slime. I helped him to wash it off his feet & legs I gave him a copy of "The Witness".

Mon. Nov. 6, 1922. On friday & saturday I worked with a large gang of men who were lifting & packing some railway lines. On

119.
friday I was paid £ 3-8-2. I went to Waratah on ~~sea~~ In a urday evening to an open air meeting of the Army, led by brig. Knapp. On un. I went to all meetings are except the first, & spoke 3 times. At the night meetin a young woman went to the penitents' form; one is named Harde. May they be kept on the way that leads to eternal life! This is a holiday, so we are all at home. Charlie has taken his galvanised iron boat to Throsby Creek; Jose & Jack are overhauling the motor cycle. I have written a 4 page letter to Mrs. Townsend this morning, & enclosed a flannel flower & a post card view of Toronto. I am also sending the "Herald". Jimmie & Florrie took Walter, Fred & Art to the beach.

Wed. Nov. 8, 1922. I worked at the steelworks again yesterday packing ashes under railway sleepers. Nat Booth was in the gang. The day was fine but not too hot. I received the "Daily Mirror" of Sep. 13th and the English War Cry from Mrs. Townsend yesterday. To-day I am off work again, & shall not go to work again for a week. I have finished writing "To Billy Mug" (3) this morning. "Common Cause" contained "A Rara Avis" last week. Jose & Jack have almost finished repairing the motor cycle. We were visited by Mrs. (Harry) Baldwin & her 6 months old boy, Harry. She is Polly, the daughter of Streaker Smith of Wallsend. She also has a daughter. They live opposite to Marcus Clark's garage in Hunter st. west. Newcastle.

TO BILLY MUG. (3).

You are typical, Bill, of the millions who toil
To provide an abundance of wealth from the soil,
With contented, unthinking persistence,
For the pleasure of idlers you slaves never knew--
The contemptuous land-owning, gold-owning ~~few~~ few--
In return for the barest existence!

"There is something wrong somewhere", you often declare:
So I'm anxious to render the mystery bare
Which so long has escaped your detection;
And I hope, when the source of your troubles is plain
It will make an indelible mark on your brain
When you're making a careful inspection!

Now, the sources of wealth are the diligent hands
Of the workers conjoined with the generant lands--
NOT the money of Croesus or Moffit!
And the "something" that's wrong on this planet to-day
Is the system of slaving for masters who "pay",
And insensate production for PROFIT!

120.
let us k
cold t
When the toilers enjoy ALL their labors produce,
And this system's displaced by production for USE,
And all labor-exploiters you banish--
When the hypnotised workers are fully awake
And combine in One Union to own all they make--
Then the evils they suffer shall vanish!
Violet.

(Printed in "Common Cause", 1-12-'22.)

TO BILLY MUG. 3.

You are typical, Bill, of the millions who toil
To provide an abundance of wealth from the soil,
With contented, unthinking persistence.
For the pleasure of idlers you slaves never knew--
The contemptuous land-owning, gold-owning few--
In return for the barest existence!

"There is something wrong somewhere" you often declare:
So I'm anxious to render the mystery bare
Which so long has escaped your detection.
And I hope, when the source of your troubles is plain,
It will make an indelible mark on your brain
When you're making a careful inspection!

Now, the sources of wealth are the diligent hands
Of the workers conjoined with the generant lands--
NOT the money of Croesus or Moffit!
And the "something" that's wrong on this planet to-day
Is the system of slaving for masters who "pay,"
And insensate production for PROFIT!

When the toilers enjoy ALL their labors produce,
And this system's displaced by production for USE,
And all labor-exploiters you banish--
When the hypnotised workers are fully awake
And combine in One Union to own all they make--
Then the evils they suffer shall vanish.--"Violet."

1/12 1922.

Newcastle, 8th November, 1922. Mr. J. Cocking, Henson Avenue,
Mayfield East. Dear Sir, Labor.

Referring to your recent interview with me, please report to
the Company's Employment Officer, at the Crebert street gates,
on Monday next, the 13th instant, at 7-30 a.m. I can only
offer you laboring work, which you are, of course, prepared
to do. Yours truly David Baker, manager.
This note is for son Jack. I have written the following
verses:-

AT LAST!

"To Condemn War. Meetings will be held in Newcastle & throu-
ght the Maitland district to-morrow evening under the au-
thority of the northern executive of the Workers' Industrial

Thur. Nov. 9, 1922.

This morning I
wrote out "A Sally
Bloke's Opinion", &
"Notice" for the
English War Cry.
Last night I went
to Mayfield & spoke
at the open-air me-
eting, & afterwards
marched to the cit-
adel to hear brig.
Knapp speak on his
life. There were man
y present though the
price of admission
was sixpence. The
lecture was very
humourous & instr-
uctive. We received
the following note
from David Baker to-
day:-

"The Broken Hill
Proprietary Coy.
Limited. Iron
& steel works.

121.
Union, when resolutions will be submitted condemning war. In a
an advertisement published in this issue the arrangements are
given in detail. Mr. T. Hoare, president of the Miners' Feder-
ation, will preside at the meeting in Newcastle. Archdeacon
Saxon, at whose suggestion the meetings are being held, will
address the gathering at Cessnock. "Newcastle Herald.

At last! at last, the night is past!
The day begins to dawn!
Great Labor's sleep, so long & deep,
Is ending with a yawn.

Some sense of pain has stirred his brain
For ages brutalised
By war & toil on sea & soil,
And doped & hypnotised.

He soundly slept while mothers wept
O'er loved ones foully slain
On oceans' flood & fields of blood,
But nought disturbed his brain.

Sometimes he'd dream that wood, and stream,
And mountains blue & dim,
And verdant plains, & vast domains
All, all belonged to HIM!

Though but a slave he'd often rave
Of "country", "flag", and "king";
And dream that he was just as free
As eagles on the wing.

Though all the lands are ruled by bands
Of rogues who are "the State",
He dreamt that gory death in war
Is honourable fate.

Enslaved & robbed, though widows sobbed,
He'd always madly go
With mind asleep, across the deep
To kill his master's foe!

But Socialists dispelled the mists
And broke the magic spell
That numbed his mind & made him blind,
And deaf and dumb as well!

He now perceives that cunning thieves
Make wars to suit THEIR ends--

THAT WARS ARE MADE
TO FOSTER TRADE,
And make him murder
friends.

May he arise and
e'er despise
The infamy called
"War";
And now resolve,
while suns revolve,
He'll slaughter slav-
es no more!

Violet.

(Printed in C. Cause
24-11-'22.)

Sat. Nov. 11, 1922.
I wrote "At Last" yes-
terday & posted it t
to "Common Cause" la-
st night on the way
to the Army's open-a-
air meeting at Ham-
ilton, where I spoke
We had a good meetin
but no converts.
Florrie & her Mother
went to doctor Burke
as Florrie has laryn-
gitis. Jose has to
work 48 hours a wee-
k now for Mullins &
Cowling. I posted
"To Billy Mug". (3)
to the "One Big Un-
ion Herald", & sent
"A Sally Bloke's Op-
inion" to the London
War Cry. I received
the following note

from J. Tuck yesterd-
ay:-

TO CONDEMN WAR 4/11/22

Meetings will be held in Newcastle and throughout the Maitland district to-morrow evening, under the authority of the northern executive of the Workers' Industrial Union, when resolutions will be submitted condemning war. In an advertisement published in this issue the arrangements are given in detail. Mr. T. Hoare, president of the Miners' Federation will preside at the meeting in Newcastle. Archdeacon Saxon, at whose suggestion the meetings are being held, will address the gathering at Cessnock.

AT LAST.

Meetings will be held in Newcastle and throughout the Maitland district to-morrow evening, under the authority of the northern executive of the Workers' Industrial Union, when resolutions will be submitted condemning war. T. Hoare, president of the Miners' Federation, will preside at the meeting in Newcastle. Archdeacon Saxon, at whose suggestion the meetings are being held, will address the gathering at Cessnock. —"Advocate," 10/11/22.

At last, at last, the night is past!
The day begins to dawn!
Great Labor's sleep, so long and deep,
Is ending with a yawn!

Some sense of pain has stirred his brain
For ages brutalised
By war and toil on sea and soil,
And doped and hypnotised!

He soundly slept while mothers wept
O'er loved ones foully slain,
On ocean's flood and fields of blood,
And nought disturbed his brain!

Sometimes he'd dream that wood, and stream,
And mountains blue and dim,
And verdant plains, and vast domains
All, all belonged to HIM!

Though but a slave he'd often rave
Of "country," "flag," and "king";
And dream that he was just as free
As eagles on the wing!

Though all the lands are ruled by bands
Of rogues who are "the State,"
He dreamt that gory death in war
Is honorable fate!

Enslaved and robbed, though widows sobbed,
He'd always madly go,
With mind asleep, across the deep
To kill his master's foe!

But Socialists dispelled the mists
And broke the magic spell
That numbed his mind and made him blind,
And deaf and dumb as well!

He now perceives that cunning thieves
Make wars to suit THEIR ends
THAT WARS ARE MADE TO FOSTER
TRADE,
And make him murder friends!

May he arise and e'er despise
The infamy called "War";
And now resolve, while guns revolve,
He'll slaughter slaves no more!
—"VIOLET"

122.

"140 Castlereagh st. Sydney. Nov. 9, 1922. Mr. J. Cocking, Dear Sir, Mr. N. Freeberg informed me that you required some of his pamphlets—"Socialism: What Is It". We can supply them to you at 1/6 each, post free, or in half dozen or dozen lots at 1/3 each, post free. Thanking you in anticipation, Yours faithfully C. J. Tuck. Judd Publishing Co."

I have answered Tuck's letter, & aunt Grace's letter, which is as follows:-

"Greenfield Row, Portreath, nr Redruth, Cornwall. My Dear Nephew, I received your kind & welcome letter some weeks ago. Sorry not to have written to you before, but I have been very poorly & Mrs. Webster has been busy cleaning. She buried her sister-in-law, poor thing, it upset her very much, as she was like a sister to her. I am feeling better, but very weak. Glad to see you are all in good health. Sorry you are out of work still. Mr. Webster is working, but his wages are cut shamefully. They tell them they can do it or have plenty that will take their places. So it's all the same now just everywhere. Heartless creatures!

I had a letter from my brother Robert's wife, & he was in bed 3 months, & she too. Had to have a trained nurse for him; & his eldest daughter came & attended her, poor thing. They have their troubles too! She sent me a few shillings & said she would send more if she could. They have good children, or they would be very bad off. I should be glad of a few shillings when you get in work again, as we are gone in a larger house together now. I have a nice bedroom to myself, & we get on lovely together; & we have a lovely garden-- plenty of fresh air, but it's a good lot of rent, & rates. I could not live by myself, as I can't more than dress & undress myself, & some days I can scarcely do that: Mrs. Webster has to help me. Well, I trust you & all your family

123.

& your good brothers & all of them are well. I feel grieved to see you all out of work. I hope the tide will very soon turn for the better. We received your papers last week; thank you for them. Mr. & Mrs. Webster send kind love to you. He is working, but is very poorly. The doctor told him the work is too hard. He ought to give it up altogether. Now we all send our kindest love to you all. I remain your loving aunt Grace Perkyns."

Mon. Nov. 13, 1922. On Sat. night I went to Newcastle & heard Tom ("Bondy") Hoare, Jack Hudson, Mr. Connell, M.P., & Dave Murray, M.P. speak against war. Yesterday I was at all but one of the Sarmy meetings, & spoke at 2 of them. They were led by staff capt. Richards. A little girl went out for conversion at th night meeting. Son Jack is going to work at the steelworks this morning.

Tues. Nov. 14, 1922. I have received the following letter from Mrs. Fraser:-

"134 Darby St., Cook's Hill, 14th Nov. 1922. Dear Mr. Cocking, We are sending 10/- to you, which I hope you will receive safely; & I will send the next soon. I am sorry I have kept you waiting so long. Jim would have gone over to Mayfield to see you, but he is working longer hours now, & gets home Saturday night, & away again Monday morning, so he has very little time at home now. I hope you and all at home are keeping well. We are all well at present. With kind regards from Jim & myself, also Mrs. Donnelly-- Your sincere friend, M. Fraser."
(Answered Nov. 16.)

I wrote the following verses on the 13th:-
MISANTHROPES.

Some good, mistaken misanthropes
Who seem devoid of social hopes
Assert with force prodigious,
That nothing in creation's range
Can men's enslaved condition change
Until they are religious.

Their jeremiads I oppose
Because I am not one of those
Who think that no condition,
Environment, nor social plan
Can elevate degraded Man
Or alter his position.

The misanthrope says, "Man is vile;
His heart is full of greed & guile
And naturally jealous".
But I have always understood
That ev'rything God made is good,
For so the Scriptures tell us.

124.
No Christian misanthrope I've met
Would classify himself a "Wet"
Opposed to prohibition,
Though prohibition is a scheme
Of those some designate "extreme"
To alter Man's condition.

But I presume he would assent
To absolute disarmament
Of ev'ry son and daughter,
That all the world may live in peace
And fratricidal wars may cease
'Tween nations armed for slaughter.

Now, I contend it is a fact
Environments & men react
And alter one another!
We can remove some source of sin:
And Duty calls us to begin
To help a failing brother.

Environments that do degrade
Should be destroyed or better made,
And those now fine made finer:
~~Though good surroundings may~~
Through good surroundings men advance,
And each propitious circumstance
Will make men's souls diviner.

Though I believe what some deny--
That we shall live beyond the sky--
Sweet Socialism's leaven
Shall germinate & live & grow
And change all men and things below
And make Earth more like Heaven!

The verses above are an alteration of "Cui Bono" 15, which was written 7-10-'21, but not printed.

I began my week last Wed. when the weather was intensely hot. After to-morrow I shall be laid off until Dec. 6th, & will work one week in three. Jack is to work full time, but is only getting the lab. chemists' wage for lads under 21. Arthur is in bed to-day with mumps.

Wed. Nov. 22, 1922. I worked yesterday with the same gang in the same place. I gave each man a copy of "The Reason Why"-- an Army pamphlet explaining why general Bramwell Booth was deposed. I gave Tom Pink a copy of Saint John's Gospel. Yesterday I finished my week. I won the second prize (5/-) for a poem in the New-

Tues. Nov. 14, 1922. To-day I wrote a 4 page letter to Solomon Woodbury, Bundarra Rd. Inverell. Very hot weather. I wrote "On Misanthropes" for Common Cause to-day.

Mon. Nov. 20, 1922. To-day the weather has been very hot. I worked in the stock-yard with Billy Warren, Tom Pink, Charlie Perry, Bill Huddlestone, & another, cleaning the railway line. Jack also worked. Florrie started at her new place this morning, working for Mrs. & Mr. Goodwin. I attended all my meetings yesterday, & spoke at nearly all of them. At the last meeting 6 girls went to the penitential form. I hope they will remain faithful. I worked on Saturday on the same job as to-day. In the evening I walked to Waratah to a meeting of the Mayfield corps. Adj. Cross was not present as he was on furlough. We had an attentive crowd, but no converts. I worked on Friday, but as the day was hot I too tired to go to any meeting.

"Cui Bono" 15, which was

125.
castle "Sun's" postcard poem Competition, & Jack Bowling won the F.) first prize. My poem was "My Wife." (See page 23 of my diary for Mon. Feb. 7th, 1921). I helped to wash to-day. I sent away my State income tax papers. My income for 1920 is given at £ 208, and for 1921 at £101. Arthur is still down with mumps.

Mon. Nov. 27, 1922. Last Thursday evening I went out to Mayfield & heard Dave Watkins & Bill McIlroy speak. Dave is a candidate for the federal House of Representatives. I asked Dave some questions & addressed the crowd when the meeting was over. On Friday evening I walked to Hamilton to an Army meeting. There was a small audience, & little interest was shown. On Saturday evening I attended the Army meeting at Waratah. Fair attention was given, but no visible results. Ernie Whitten led. Adj. Cross is away on furlough.

Copy of letter from Frederic Slater:-

"The Newcastle Sun", 127 Scott St., Newcastle, 23rd November, 1922. Mr. Josiah Cocking, 10 Henson Avenue, Mayfield. Dear Sir, Enclosed herewith you will find postal notes to the value of five shillings, being the amount awarded for the second prize in our 47th postcard poem Competition which was won by you. Accept my congratulations on your success. Kindly sign and return the enclosed voucher at your earliest convenience. Yours faithfully Frederic Slater, Managing Editor."

Copy of a typed letter from David Baker:-

"The Broken Hill Proprietary Coy. Limited, Iron & Steel Works, Newcastle, 23rd Nov. 1922. Dear Sir, I wish to call your attention to the nomination of Mr. John McMeekan as a member of the Municipal Council of Waratah. I think, in view of the importance of this industry to the community, that there should be some official of the plant in the Council, so that when any matters arise affecting the Company's interests, someone may be in attendance who can properly present the Company's side of the case. You are no doubt aware that the company has been misrepresented in the Daily Press in the discussions that have taken place recently in the various Municipal Councils in the district. This is very unfortunate at the present time when every effort is being made to reduce the cost of manufacture in order to get this great industry started. I hope, therefore that you will give your assistance by casting your vote for Mr. McMeekan. Yours truly David Baker, Manager."

Copy of a letter from Grace Cocking:-

"Livingstone Rd. Petersham, Nov. 24, 1922. Dear uncle Joe and Auntie, Seeing I have a few minutes to spare, I thought you would like to know how I am jogging along. Well, she is just the same old Grace, ever thinking of you all. I am looking forward to my week-end off of seeing you all, which will come the first

week in December. We have finished our Self-Denial collecting. I tell you we all felt like shouting Hallelujah! when it was over. It is a very tiring job when you have a fortnight straight off. It is too funny this week. We have all denied ourselves sugar and supper, officers included. They had special night last Tuesday night at College. It would be lovely if only you could see how one is conducted. To start, 10 boys & 10 girls are picked out through the day for promptitude speaking, & they have to sit on the platform. When the time comes for them to speak, a blackboard with 10 subjects-- Bible and doctrine. First one up said what subject he or she was going to take; then that is crossed out. When that 10 is done the next blackboard stating 10 more. This lot is a mixture on outside work. Each speaker has 2 minutes. Then the bell goes for that one to stop & the other one to rise. They get that excited it nearly puts you into fits laughing. To our surprise, the commissioner was standing outside all the time. The main object of it is to see how smart you are. Perhaps you would like to know how we put a day in at the college.

1. Get up bell at $\frac{1}{2}$ past six; dress in working clothes; strip our beds (we generally make them) & be ready for roll-call at 20 to 7. If late, state reason.
2. Do our work from 10 to 7, & be dressed in uniform for breakfast. No time for idle hands.
3. Eight o'clock breakfast till 20 past, when prayers for 10 minutes.
4. Quarter to 9 bell goes for private prayer till $\frac{1}{2}$ past.
5. Half past 9 bell goes for side prayers in class room, conducted by side officer, where we have some wonderful times. Between each lesson we have 10 minutes.
6. Quarter past ten, lecture by the Principal or a visiting officer in lecture hall, which is a very sacred place to us all.
7. Quarter past 11, Bible class for half an hour.
8. Twelve o'clock, questioned on Bible previous lesson.
9. Quarter to one, dinner-bell goes: we are always ready for it.
10. Recreation $\frac{3}{4}$ hour.
11. Two o'clock bell goes for doctrine hour. It is nice to have it open, but it is better to see it close.
12. Three o'clock. The field officer. The dear old Book. It is awful, because we all like it when it is under the desk.
13. From 4 o'clock till $\frac{1}{2}$ past 5 is personal requirements, when we look for all the buttons off our clothes, the holes in our stockings, & do our washing. (Oh it is great joy!)
14. There goes that awful bell again. (you wake up with it ringing in your ears, & go to sleep with the dear old thing) for tea.
15. Quarter past 6, private prayer again. This is special prayer for our Army all over the world.
16. Seven o'clock bell again. Two hours private study, but very often out of that is one hour sleep. We are clips.

17. Supper bell, 9 o'clock.
18. Lights out at half past. "God bless you all" echoes through the cubicles. This is Monday's work. You can imagine what time we have for letter-writing, but still the responsibility will be ours in a few weeks time, when we will be teachers of others. I can assure you it makes me think of where they are, & how weak concerning spiritual things; but thank God he is ever by one's side. I think this is enough until I see you. Hoping it will find you all well in soul and body. Yours in His service--young Grace.
"By the pathway of duty flows the river of God's grace."

Nov. 27 (continued) Our Arthur is up again. Mrs. Ern Fowler was here on Sat. evening, & we had an argument on Socialism. I was at all of the Army meetings yesterday & spoke at all but the last. No converts. "Common Cause of 25-11-22 contains "At Last"."

Wed. Nov. 29, 1922. I was disappointed yesterday, for a copy of "A Sally Bloke's Opinion" that I sent to the "Sun" for its postcard poems competition did not appear. Last night I was at a soldiers' meeting. There were 5 women soldiers present and a young woman from the Army Home, 2 officers, Mr. Carpenter & myself. Mrs. Millar came late. I am sending a postal note for 5/- to C.J. Tuck, Sydney, for 4 of the pamphlets that he sent to me. I am sending the following verses to the Newcastle Sun:--

CONSOLATION.

There surely is another life awaiting after this,

Beyond this scene of toil and strife--

A life of woe or bliss;

Or life would scarcely be a boon on this terrestrial ball

If Death, which comes so sure and soon

Denotes the end of all.

Now, psychic science demonstrates that Man is more than dust--

That spirits in a future state survive because they must.

Our flesh shall perish and decay beneath the grassy sod,

But we shall live in endless day if we obey our God!

Our spirits have a larger scope than this brief life below,

In which we work, & wait, & hope eternal life to know.

Then let us seek that life above where all is joy & peace,

And meet again the ones we love when life on Earth shall cease!

Dad.

(Printed 9-1-23.)

128.
Fri. Dec. 1, 1922. Yesterday I cleaned out the rubbish from the yard at the back of the Tighe's Hill Army Hall. I sent a postal note for 5/- to C.J. Tuck for Freeberg's books. I still owe 2/6. Charlie has been informed by Mr. Calder that he would be transferred in the new year to Mr. Wilson. Jose & Jack are still working, & Florrie is at service at Goodwin's place, Mayfield To-night I was out with the Army at Hamilton. I returned "Many Infallible Proofs", & borrowed 2 more books from Mr. C. Rawlings. I have written the following verses:-

Second Prize

CONSOLATION 1923

There surely is another life
Awaiting after this,
Beyond this scene of toil and strife--
A life of woe or bliss;
Or life would scarcely be a boon
On this terrestrial ball,
If Death, which comes so sure and
soon,
Denotes the end of all.

Now, psychic science demonstrates
That man is more than dust,
That spirits, in a future state
Survive, because they must.
Our flesh shall perish and decay
Beneath the grassy sod,
But we shall live in endless day
If we obey our God!

Our spirits have a larger scope
Than this brief life below,
In which we work, and wait, and hope
Eternal life to know.
Then let us seek that life above,
Where all is joy and peace,
And meet again the ones we love
When life on earth shall cease!
--DAD.

"The monthly meeting of Wallsend miners lodge took place last night at the Masonic Hall.... It had also been resolved that owing to the Minister for Education introducing an innovation into the schools whereby the children have to salute the flag & repeat the formula, "For God, king, & country", the Northern branch enters an emphatic protest against same, instructing the children not to do so, & that in the event of their being forced by the teachers we refrain from sending our children to school on the days for the ceremony". This was adopted!--Herald.

Oh, fie, Wallsend! Why won't you send
Your youngsters for tuition,
On Bruntnell's plan, which he began
Without your permission?

Are you afraid his plan will aid
To keep the Gang, despotic,
Who teach the kids to lift their "Lids"
And make them patriotic?

Why not bow down to sage or clown
Who loafs in castles royal;
Or humbly sing, "God save the king"--
Why make the kids disloyal?

Let Son & Sis bow down & kiss
The ensign's silken ~~boarders~~ borders,
For should not they, like you, obey
And do as Albert orders?

A thousand years, through blood & tears,

FIE WALLSEND!

Where mankind fries
or freezes,
That flag has waved
aloft & braved
The battles & the
breezes!

Each rebel raves
about the "slaves"
Beneath the flag who
grovel--
But show me ONE-- a
slave undone--
A pauper, or a
hovel!

The Hun & Turk may
have to work
While masters loll
at leisure,
But tell me when
our Austral men
Have toiled for

129.
ought but pleasure.

I must admit that millions sit
In poverty & sorrow
Beneath the flag of which we brag,
Compelled to beg or borrow,

You are annoyed the unemployed
Their ill-clad ribs are showing;
But what of that? The Few are fat,
And our great empire's growing.

So let boys bow to flags, for how
Can we escape disasters
If children learn that those who earn
All wealth should be its masters?

Yes, let them drill & learn to kill
For empire, king, and "glory";
And if Red knaves declare you're slaves
Well--DON'T BELIEVE THEIR STORY!

Violet.

(Printed in "Common Cause", 5-1-'23.)
("Two Pages From Roman History" pamphlet I think would be a good seller. It is prohibited from being imported here, that is why we printed it locally. They retail it at 9d each. We can supply them at 8/- a dozen, or the same rate the half dozen. Thanking you for your trouble, yours faithfully, C.J. Tuck."

Mon. Dec. 4, 1922. On Sat. I went to Newcastle & tried at several places to buy a copy of an old song called "The Jap-Loo Baby", for Ernie Whitten, but could not find one. I bought a one 16th drill for 9d, at Sorby's, for Jose. Florrie Drury is dead. She has been married about 2 years. Poor girl! I hope she is in Heaven. Our Florrie is suffering with something in her feet, & can hardly walk at times. She could not go out yesterday. On Sat. night I went to Waratah & helped in an Army meeting. Grace Cocking is at home from the Training College for 3 days, so she led the meeting in the absence of adjt. Cross who is on furlough. Grace has improved very much, and looks well. All day yesterday I attended Army meetings. At night, outside & inside, adjt Smith, manager of the Newcastle Army Home, led the meetings. No visible result.

Wed. Dec. 6, 1922. On my way to the soldiers' meeting last evening I bought a Newcastle "Sun" & was surprised to find that I had won the second prize again for "A Sally Bloke's Opinion". I attended the meeting, which was poorly attended. To-day I began my week again at the steelworks, & have spent the day shovelling ashes. Ernie Witten, Jack McIntire, driver Jack Parsons, were

129.
Copy of letter from C.J. Tuck:-
"The Best Bookshop", 140 Castlereagh St., Sydney, Dec. 1st, 1922. Mr. J. Cocking. Dear Comrade, Your letter & postal note for 5/- to hand, for which thanks. The balance will do whenever it is convenient for you to sell the others. I have enclosed a list that I think will suit your purpose. "The Strategy And Tactics"

WALLSEND MINERS' LODGE.

The monthly meeting of Wallsend Miners' Lodge took place last night at the Masonic Hall, Mr. W. Capewell, the chairman, presiding.

It had also been resolved that owing to the Minister for Education introducing an innovation into the schools whereby the children have to salute the flag and repeat the formula "For God, King, and Country," the northern branch enters an emphatic protest against same, instructing the children not to do so, and that in the event of their being forced by the teachers we refrain from sending our children to school on the days for the ceremony. This was adopted.

FIE WALLSEND

5/1 1923.

The monthly meeting of Wallsend Miners' Lodge took place last night at the Masonic Hall. . . . It had also been resolved that owing to the Minister for Education introducing an innovation into the schools whereby the children have to salute the flag and repeat the formula "For God, King, and Country," the Northern branch enters an emphatic protest against same, instructing the children not to do so, and that in the event of their being forced by the teachers we refrain from sending our children to school on the days for the ceremony. This was adopted. —Herald.

Oh, fie, Wallsend! Why won't you send
Your youngsters for tuition,
On Bruntnell's plan, which he began
Without your kind permission?

Are you afraid his plan will aid
To keep the Gang, despotic,
Who teach the kids to lift their "hids"
And make them patriotic?

Why not bow down to sage or clown
Who loafs in castles royal;
Or humbly sing "God Save the King"—
Why make the kids disloyal?

Let Son and Sis bow down and kiss
The ensign's silken borders,
For should not they, like you, obey
And do as Albert orders?

A thousand years, through blood and
tears,
Where mankind fries or freezes
That flag has waved aloft and braved
The battles and the breezes!

Each rebel raves about the "slaves"
Beneath the flag who grovel—
But show me ONE—a slave undone—
A pauper, or a hovel!

130.
with me. Rain drizzled nearly all day. I wrote a note to the editor of "The One Big Union Herald", Melbourne, asking for last month's & this month's issues of the paper, & a list of subscribers in this district. Florrie is at home with acute rheumatism in her feet

Thur. Dec. 7, 1922. I worked again to-day with E nie Witten, Jack McIntire, George Parsons (the boss of the 18 inch mill) & Percy

Neale, a lazy bandsman.

We were loading & unloading ashes into and out of a motor lorry, & taking them to a spot near the employment office. Rain fell again, but we worked all day.

This evening I finished reading "R. Booth, or The Factory Boy Who Became a Gospel Temperance Evangelist" I gave Parsons a copy of "The Reason Why".

Fri. Dec. 8, 1922. I worked with Charley Perry, Dick Gillivray, & Frank Field

The Hun and Turk may have to work
While masters loll at leisure,
But tell me when our Austral men
Have toiled for aught but pleasure!

I must admit that millions sit
In poverty and sorrow
Beneath the flag of which we brag,
Compelled to beg or borrow.

You are annoyed the unemployed
Their ill-clad ribs are showing;
But what of that? The Few are fat,
And our great empire's growing!

So let boys bow to flags, for how
Can we escape disasters
If children learn that those who earn
All wealth should be its masters?

Yes, let them drill and learn to kill
For empire, king and "glory;"
And if Red knaves declare you're slaves
Well—DON'T BELIEVE THEIR
STORY!

—VIOLET.

SENATE

Senate figures are not complete. In New South Wales A. McDougall (Lab.) has been elected, and when we went to press the second seat seemed sure for Millen (Nat.), and Grant (Lab.) third. In Tasmania, Ogden (the anti-O.B.U., anti-Brisbane objective, anti-coal-miners Laborite) was returned and Bakhap and Hayes (Nationalist). All other States are incomplete.

to-day, lorrying ashes & dirt from the store trestles to the new bike sheds. I lent Perry "With One Voice".

Tues. Dec. 12, 1922. To-day I worked with Dave Henderson, Tom Pink, George Robson, & Barney Healey near the benzol works. We put

131.
ashes on on a road until 11 a.m., & then took our barrows, picks & shovels to a spot near the pigmill where pig-iron is broken. Yesterday when working with Dave Henderson, I accidentally knocked a large piece of skin off my right shin, but a kind stranger put the skin back into its place. This afternoon Dave & I packed up a lot of galvanised iron scraps near the bike sheds, after which we wheeled ashes near the coal-storage yard. The sun was exceedingly hot, & there was a thunderstorm at 5 p.m. The Newcastle Sun sent me a cheque for 5/- on Sat. for my verses on Knapp. Jim Pettigrew has won £ 200 in an art union. Charlie could not work yesterday nor to-day as he has mumps.

Wed. Dec. 13, 1922. To-day I am off work, & will not be wanted until the 27th of this month. I scrubbed & washed to-day. Charlie is still at home. I am sending the "Sun" of the 5th to Sister. Eliza Morris sent us a letter to-day. She said the Lithgow pits are working 2 or 3 days a week, & things are bad there. This evening I wrote another letter to the manager of the "One Big Union Herald" asking for the paper for Nov. & Dec. I have finished reading "More Victims Of the Priest." by rev. Alex. Roger.

Thur. Dec. 14, 1922, I wrote out & sent to Common Cause, "What Next?" Fred bought a watch to-day from a boy for 4/-.

Dec. 15, 1922. I went to the big office at the steelworks this morning & got my pay, which was £ 3-17-6 for a week. I have given the watch that Fred bought to a man who called here this morning with Mr. Perkyns, who called him "Snowy". Snowy said that his own boy, aged 6, took the watch from a man who was working near Vaisy's shop, & that if the man can get the watch back he would say no more about it. This morning I wrote the following verses, :-
THE GAMBLER.

He's joyful with the firm belief that he's about to win
A wager from another thief, unmindful of the sin.
He knows each rider and each course,
And he can truly trace
The pedigree of ev'ry horse that won or lost a race.

Religion has no place nor part within his callous mind;
In learning, science, nature, art he's 50 years behind.
He schemes & strives by skilful play, no matter who forbids,
To win the very bread away from other people's kids.

Regardless of the bitter tears of those whom he deprives
Of sustenance, he never fears to rob the gamblers' wives.
He seldom labors to advance his native commonweal

By politics, so long as chance enables him to steal!

He'll rob a Gentile or a Jew: & though it is abused,
His conscience is as good as new because it's never used!
Oh, may his conscience soon awake before his time has flown
For ever, & resolve to take no wealth that's not his own!
Violet.

(Printed by "Newcastle Sun", 12-1-23; & by "Common Cause",
12-1-23. Also by War Cry, 1-1-23.

12/1 GAMBLING FIEND.

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That he's about to win
A wage from another thief,
Unmindful of the sin.

He knows each rider and each course,
And he can truly trace
The pedigree of every horse
That won or lost a race!

Idealism has no place nor part
Within his callous mind:
To learning, science, nature, art,
He's fifty years behind!

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No matter who forbids,
To win the very bread away
From other people's kids.

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His conscience is as good as new
Because it's never used!

Oh, may his conscience soon awake
Before his time has flown
For ever, and resolve to take
No wealth that's not his own!—Violet.

Sat. Dec. 16, 1922. Yesterday I walked to Hamilton & posted a money order for 5/- to aunt Grace Perkyns, & postal note C.J. Tuckfor 2/6 due for 6 copies of "Socialism: What Is It". I also posted a letter to the "O.B.U. Herald". From Hamilton I walked to the Co-op. store & bought 2 lbs of white lead, (1/6); & 2 heels for my boots. From there I walked to the Newcastle Sun office. I saw Jack Enright, (Tiny) & another man & had a chat with him. I walked to Jim Fraser's house in Darby st. & had a chat with Mrs Fraser, who looked thin & weak. She had been ill. From there I walked to the Trades Hall & tried to get a copy of the "O.B.U. Herald", but could not. I walked to the round-top bank, & came home by tram. After tea I walked to Hamilton again & took part in the Army's meeting near Gow's shop. I walked back with Eben Worley & George Miller.

Mon. Dec. 18, 1922. Last Sat. morning I walked part way to the Sandgate cemetery & got a ride in a motor lorry to the abbatoir gates. I walked the rest of the way & was overtaken by Edd Lew Sam, a half-caste Chinese who was going to do up 4 graves of members of his family. We had a chat on religion. I went to the Salvation Army portion of the cemetery & cleared away a lot of grass & weeds that had been dug up. Levi Burgess came at 2 p.m. & watered some flowers. While he was doing it some thunderstorm came from the south, so we went to the railway station, where we had a chat with Mrs Price. I bought a single ticket to Waratah (6d) & returned by train. Yesterday was Young People's Annual at Tighe's Hill corps. I attended all of the meet-

ings except the afternoon Sunday school. Envoy Dick Smith was with us all day at the hall. Prizes were given in the afternoon, when the hall was crowded. The children sang & recited very well. Walter received a book entitled "Barnaby Rudge", by Dickens. Mrs. Crook was in from Cardiff in the morning. At night the hall was full again. The meeting was led by Envoy Dick Smith who spoke well. Irene Lindsay recited something about slums. Raining a little.

The election news this morning is that the Fed. Nationalist party seems to be defeated by the Labor party, with the Country party second in favor.

Tues. Dec. 19, 1922. Last night I attended the anniversary service of the Tighe's Hill Young People, at the Army hall, which was full. Near the end of the proceedings I was dressed to represent Father Christmas, & made a little speech to the children & brought them some bags of lollies, which caused great excitement among the little ones. Charlie has mumps on the other side of his throat now. Drummer Harry Smith's mother was buried yesterday. Lovely weather.

Copy of a letter from the "Newcastle Sun":-

"The Newcastle Sun", 127 Scott st., Newcastle, 7th Dec. 1922. Mr. Josiah Cocking, 10 Henson Avenue, Mayfield. Dear Sir, Enclosed herewith find postals to the value of 5/- being the amount awarded for the 2nd prize in our 49th Postcard Poem Competition which was won by you. Accept my congratulations on your success. Kindly sign & return the enclosed voucher at your very earliest convenience. Yours faithfully Frederic Slater, managing editor."

Wed. Dec. 20, 1922. Charlie is laid up again with mumps. Frank Ford & Mrs Wickham were here this morning. I have finished reading "The Lord From Heaven", by Robert Anderson. I bought 2 250 volt lamps for Jose this evening for 2/3 each at a shop near Ingall street. Rainy.

Sun. Dec. 24, 1922. This is Christmas Eve but we are not making any elaborate preparations for Christmas. As far as money is concerned it has been a poor year for us, & the new year's prospect is increasingly black & discouraging. Jose has been put off from Mullins & Cowling's works, & I am off work probably for a long while, from the steelworks. But I thank God that we have had fairly good health this year. No serious accident has befallen either of us, & no very serious illness has prostrated any of us; so we have much to be thankful for.

Yesterday at 9 a.m. I went to Vaisey's shop in Maitland road and acted as Father Christmas again until 1 p.m. I was engaged by Mr. Williams on Friday morning to start at 3 p.m. on Friday to dress in a red & white costume & walk from one of Vaisey's

By politics, so long as chance enables him to steal !

He'll rob a Gentile or a Jew: & though it is abused,
His conscience is as good as new because it's never used !
Oh, may his conscience soon awake before his time has flown
For ever, & resolve to take no wealth that's not his own !
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(printed by "Newcastle Sun", 12-1-23; & by "Common Cause",
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shops to the other & give away ball ons & knives to the children. My pay for the whole time--11 hours-- was 12/6. Last night I walked to Waratah to an Army meeting & spoke on Matt. 9: 1-9 ,especially the 9th verse. There were only a few soldiers present. No results visible.

Mon. Dec. 25, 1922. Christmas Day! Yesterday I was at knee-drill at 7 a.m., & the open air meeting in Henry street at 10 a.m. at which I spoke. I also attended the indoor meeting at 11; the sunday school at 2 p.m., at which, as my class(The Warriors) was absent, I taught the "Love" class of girls. In the afternoon I was at the meeting in Islington park, & spoke on Matt. 2nd chapter. In the evening I attended the meeting at the corner of Elizabeth st. & Maitland road; & spoke on the 9th of Isaiah at the last meeting. on the power of the Creator in forming the heavenly bodies. The weather was very hot yesterday, last night, & again this morning, but this afternoon there is a thunderstorm & rain. Charlie was out last night & this morning at 4 o'clock he went out with the Army carollers. Jose & Florrie ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ went out carolling with the Mayfield band. This afternoon Charlie, Frank Ford, Nelson, & Bob Riddel have gone by train to a camp near Toronto to stay there for a week or two. Jose & Jack are at home this afternoon fixing the motor-bike for Jack's use. I have written some verses on "New Year's Noises" for "Common Cause". I have received a Christmas card from commandant Hilder & adjutant Marsh, & Charlie got one. Vera, Will Cocking's wife, had a baby girl last night.

Tues. Dec. 26, 1922. Our Jack has gone by steamer to Port Stephens to-day. All of us except Jack & Charlie are at home. Will Cocking was here this morning to get Jose to mend a spirit lamp for Beryl May--the baby. Heavy rain fell last night. Eben Worley called this morning & lent me a book entitled "The Gospel And Its Ministry", by Robert Anderson, D.D. We had a chat, & Eben related some of his experiences as an officer of the Salvation Army. Cecil Robinson came this evening, & I lent him "How To Study The Scriptures", by Dr. Torrey; & I sold him a copy of "Socialism: What Is It?" Jack returned very late from Port Stephens. I read the book, "Adventures In Africa" right through to-night.. It belongs to Norman Woodbury.

Wed. Dec. 27, 1922. Arthur's eyes are inflamed this morning. I put some Rose's eye lotion in them, which made them a little better. This evening I went to the soldiers' meeting. Five women soldiers were present, with Mr. Carpenter & the 2 officers.

Thur. Dec. 28, 1922. This morning I cleaned the Army hall yard & put 2 bolts on the insides of the w.c. doors. This evening

our son Jack wanted me to give him my written consent to go as a worker on a ship to New Zealand. He went away afterwards and was told that the seamen's strike is not over. I would not have consented, anyhow. Jose, Arthur Burgess, & Alf Johnson are going by the steamer "Hunter" to night to Sydney to try out a new kind of swinging berth or hammock to prevent rolling and pitching at sea. They are to return on Sat. morning. Johnson claims that he originated the idea, but it is now supposee to be invented or improved by Mills. Son Charlie came home for his cornet, & returned to Blackalls last night. I received a letter to day from T. Audley re the "One Big Union Herald". He said he was sorry that I had not received it for the last 2 months, but they had found that disguise is illegal; & that he was sending it on for me. It has not come yet. Brother Bob was here this afternoon to inquire about Wonthaggie, where he thinks he can get work as a coalminer.

Sat. Dec. 30, 1922. Jose returned from Sydney by steamer this morning after a rough trip. On the way to Sydney he & Alf Johnson were sea-sick. The invention acted satisfactorily, he said. This morning I have written the following verses:-

SANDGATE.

If the careless & unthinking who spend time & cash in drinking,
Would bur ramble in the morning where the dead at Sandgate lie
And if those who swear & gamble would among the tombstones
They would all receive a warning
That they, too, must surely die. (ramble

Though they turn with scorn & curses
From the subject of these verses.
And dismiss the painful matter
With a gesture of disgust;
Still Death comes when least expected,
Unannounced & ~~unexpected~~ undetected,
All their earthly hopes to shatter
Ere their bodies turn to dust.

There the verdant carpet covers
Young and old-- the loved and lovers:
There the lonely husband parted
From the priceless, loving wife;
There sad orphans left their mothers,
And fond sisters lost their brothers;
There lone widows, broken hearted,
Lost the sunshine of their lives!

But I thank the God above us
That our dear departed love us,
And are waiting at the portal
Of His city in the sky,

Where despite of
sceptics' scorning,
We shall meet them
in the morning
Of celestial life,
immortal,
When our spirits
upward fly!

Dad.

(Printed by Newcastle Sun", 23-1-23)

Copy of a letter from Mrs. Webster, :-

"Greenfield Row, Portreath, Nov. 19, 1922. My Dear Mr. Cocking, With regret I must write to tell you of your dear old aunt's death (Grace Perkyns) which took place last Wednesday, the 13th. She was downstairs every day until Monday; then she seemed to want to lie down quiet. She had no pain-- it was only weakness & old age, the doctor said. But I was thankful I was able to do as I promised her I would do for her. She was a dear old soul, & we miss her very much. When I wrote I told you she was feeble. You did not seem to quite understand how infirm she was. She has never been out of doors since we have been here. I used to try to get her out in the garden: it's a lovely one, & a nice house. My husband's father built it. We rent it of the sister's husband; she is dead. That's why we were lucky to have such a nice house. Much better than at Redruth. Your poor aunt liked it very much. I am sorry she could not stay with us longer to enjoy it. She was so timid living alone, so when we came all together she was delighted.

SANDGATE 1923.

If the careless and unthinking,
Who spend time and cash in drinking,
Would but ramble in the morning,
Where the dead at Sandgate lie
And if those who swear and gamble
Would among the headstones ramble,
They would all receive a warning
That they, too, must surely die!

Tough they turn with scorn and curses
From the subject of these verses,
And dismiss the painful matter
With a gesture of disgust:
Still death comes when least expected,
Unannounced and undetected,
All their earthly hopes to shatter
'Ere their bodies turn to dust!

There the verdant carpet covers
Young and old--the loved and lovers:
There the lonely husband parted
From the priceless, loving wife;
There sad orphans left their mothers,
And fond sisters lost their brothers;
There lone widows, broken-hearted,
Lost the sunshine of their lives!

But I thank the God above us
That our dear departed love us,
And are waiting at the portal
Of His city in the sky,
Where, despite of sceptics' scorning,
We shall meet them in the morning
Of celestial life, immortal,
When our spirits upward fly!

-DAD.

12/22.

It was lucky too. For weeks I have had to get out in the night & attend to her. It was better than coming out & going into another house. Dear old soul! I was the only one with her when she passed away. She died without a struggle, like a baby going to sleep. We had her buried on Thursday afternoon at Illogan, about 3 miles from here. The funeral expenses amounted to nearly 8 pounds-- the we were as careful as possible. She had a lovely box; & the bearers were friends of my husband, & gave their services free, so that made it a little lighter for us. We could have had her buried by the parish, but, dear old soul! she hated that; so we did not bother them. The undertaker is taking the 3 pounds from the insurance company; but I had a bother about it as she put herself in 3 years ago as seventy, whereas she must have been much older; so they were not willing to let me have the death certificate to get it, or the money either as yet, but I think we will all right. I trust we shall, as we have made ourselves answerable for the money; & we are only working people. Now, Mr. Cocking, I should be glad if you & your good brothers when you are able, to help us with it, if only a little at a time. It's all we can do for her now. Poor ol dear! I miss her, I can't tell you, for she was just like a mother to me; &

she & my Mother & your Mother were schoolgirls together; so that made me feel more about her. My dear Mothe has been dead nearly 7 years now. I received your kind letter & the paper. My husband thanks you for it; he has been going to write to you but he is not a very good writer, & not enjoying very good health. He is working very hard, & the wages are cut shamefully but it's the men's own fault. They had their union, but nearly all of them, let themselves run out. My husband is just the only one that's paying into it; &, of course, the bosses don't like it; but he says he shan't give it up for anyone, so of course that doesn't suit. Men are fools home here. They let masters cut their wages or do just what they like by them. My husband tells them he does not mind as long as the bosses don't get theirs cut; but he does mind all the same, for houserent & rates & everything is still very high. I think it is very sad to see things all around in such a bad condition; people nearly starving all around us. God never intended the rich to treat us in this way. I trust you are all enjoying good health & that we shall hear from you again soon. I will send a bill of funeral expenses so you can see everything is carried out straight, if you wish me to do so. Kindest love from your sincere friends E. & H. Webster.

I trust you will have a happy Christmas: it will soon be here. How the time flies! Myra Naomia sends kisses to "her little boy", as she calls him. xxxxx. I have written to your uncle in California. He & his wife have been ill in bed 3 months, they told us on their letter."
(Answered Jan. 4, 1923.)

Tues. Jan. 2, 1923. On Sunday I attended all of the Army meetings & spoke at most of them. Brig. Charley Knapp was with us all day, & at night he spoke on 666, the sign number of the Beast. He announced that adjt. Marsh & Comdt. Hilder are to be sent to West Maitland. A man named Johnston is coming with his wife to take charge of Tighe's Hill corps. Jose had a slight accident yesterday while bringing the motor bike home from Fowler's place in Waratah. When he was starting it the bike ran away from him & he fell & badly scratched his left knee. He afterwards followed Mum, Florrie, Charlie, Fred, Walter, & Art to the lake. Jack & I were the only ones at home. Eben Worley came in for a chat. I took the kitchen mantle-piece down & put it up more securely.

Copy of a letter from Bradford:-
"The B.H.P Co., Newcastle, N.S.W. 3rd Jan. 1923. Mr. Josiah Cocking, 10 Henson Ave., Mayfield East. Dear Sir, Apprentice's Indentures. Referring to your letter of October last, I advise you that it will be quite in order for your son's indentures to be transferred to Mr. R.C. Wilson, & I will be glad if you will kindly forward me a copy of his indenture

of Apprenticeship so that transfer may be noted thereon.
Yours truly L. Bradford, acting manager."

Wed. Jan. 3, 1923. Yesterday I went to the "Terrikiba" post office at the eastern end of Crebert street, & inquired about the non delivery of the "One Big Union Herald" from Melbourne. I was told to see the postmaster at Waratah about it. I went to the Tighe's Hill post office & asked whether our letters were distributed from that office. I was told that they were not, but that Waratah is the distributing office. I walked to Waratah & asked the postmaster about the papers. He filled a blue form & said he would send it to Melbourne, & that I would get a letter from there about it. I walked from there to Mrs Price's house in Hamilton & got "The Light Of India" from Mrs Price to return it to comdt. Hilder. I sold Mrs. Price a copy of "Socialism: What Is It?" (1/6.) From there I walked to the Tighe's Hill hall to a meeting. Yesterday's "Newcastle Sun" contains my verses, "The Gambler", & gave me the second prize for it.

Thur. Jan. 4th, 1923. I finished writing a letter to the Websters to-day with a postcard view of Glebe miners. I also wrote a letter to Jim Pettigrew. I received the "One Big Union Herald" for Nov. 1, 1922, Dec. 1, 1922, & Jan. 1, 1923. The November issue contains "Silent Liars", and that of Jan. 1 contains "The Christian Soldier."

Copy of letter from "Newcastle Sun":-

"127 Scott st., Newcastle. Jan. 4th, 1923. Mr. Josiah Cocking, 10 Henson Avenue, Mayfield East. Dear Sir, Enclosed herewith please find postal notes to the value of 5/- being the amount awarded for the second prize in our 53rd Postcard Poem Competition which was won by you. Accept my congratulations on your success. Kindly sign & return the enclosed voucher at your very earliest convenience. Yours faithfully Frederick Slater, Managing Editor."

Copy of a letter from Sol. Woodbury:-

"Bundarra Road, Inverell, 6th Jan. 1923. Dear Brother Cocking After a long time I am making an attempt to answer your letter. I suppose I will make a poor attempt, but first let me wish you all a happy & prosperous new year, which I have no doubt you can all do with. I was pleased to note you had got a little work; & I can quite understand how the boys felt when they were put into hard toil with no chance to bring their muscles up to it, & in the burning sun. About the time I received your letter I had started hay-making, & being away from it for years I was in a similar

position to the boys. Oh! did not my arms ache! & I was too tired to sleep; but I was soon all right, in fact I was reckoned the best man in the field. Does not say much for the others, does it? Well, I notice you are still going strong on the Socialist question. It would be all right if we had it as you have it in your mind; but Man is such a selfish being. He no sooner commences to prosper than the greed of wealth takes possession of him; & the only thing that will alter it is the blood that was shed for the remission of sins. But I believe when Christ sets up his kingdom, there is then--& not till then-- will government be satisfactory. However, I am not going to argue.

I hope you have a good time with the new officers. We are having the Newcastle officers; I hope they do well. We had a rather remarkable accident here on Boxing Day. A family that attended the Army regularly for many years & never got converted. About a week before Christmas the father & son came out; a few nights after, the mother & daughter; then on Christmas Eve a mother, daughter, a young woman. On Boxing Day there was a big Band of Hope picnic. This particular family was sitting under a tree, when the tree, without warning, fell, killing a little boy, & I am afraid fatally injured the father & badly injured the daughter, who was only converted at Christmas Eve. Mrs. Woodbury went to see them in the hospital the next day. As soon as he saw her he called out, "Oh! Mrs. Woodbury, I am beautifully saved." How near he came to missing his ticket! Well, I had better close. Remember Mrs. Woodbury & me to Mrs. Cocking & all the family. We are having a very poor season with the bees. No honey much this year. However, we have much to be thankful for. Twenty-two has been the driest year for 43 years, except 1902. You may guess things have been bad. We have had a fine rain now, & the country looks lovely. But wheat crops failed; which means ruination to many farmers. God bless you all! Press on! The Father himself loveth you. The Saviour prays that ye may be one in him with the Father. From your loving brother in Christ, Solomon Woodbury." (Answered Jan. 11, 1923).

Copy of a letter from Mrs. Townsend:-

"The Meadows, Berkhamstead, Herts., England. Dec. 1st, 1922. Dear Mr. & Mrs. Cocking, I was very pleased to get your letter. It was very good of you to write to me & send me a paper that will be very welcome when I get it. I was sorry to hear you had scalded your foot; it must indeed have been very painful. You will perhaps have heard that I am marrying again & coming back early in the new year, but of course we must wait our turn. He is an ex-service man, so we can get out again for £5., which will be all right. He is a very steady man. I knew him a long time before I came to

Australia. I feel that it will be no disrespect to poor old Bert's memory. The children will never be allowed to forget him, & it will be the best thing I can do for them. I thank you very much for your kind offer. If there were a few more in this country like you it would be better than it is to day. I have found everyone for himself here. I have done no thing but regret that I came home, & shall be very glad when I am back again. We are having a very cold spell now. I feel the cold dreadful, but, strange to say, the children don't seem to feel it at all. I have made them some nice warm clothes, but it is so wet & muddy here, they can't get out a great deal. Betsy is always talking about coming back again. I think she wants to come. She is always comparing the things here to the things in Australia, & Australia is always on top. She is, as you say, a real Australian. She says we are Aussies, & Grandma is a Pommy, much to Grandma's annoyance. I tell her that Grandma would have thought more of her if she had never seen her. I have never done anything since I have been at home. There is not much I can do. My mother lives miles from anywhere. She has given up her poultry farm as it did not pay her--the food was too dear. I am having a good holiday & rest, ready to set to when we get back to Aussie. We think of getting a bit of land & starting a small farm. He has a bit of money, but shall look round to see how things are when we get there. I have sometimes regretted that I did not take Mr. Bob's offer, but I did not know him, & the children were so small. I thought they would be a nuisance to him. I should not have minded if they had been a bit older, but I am glad he has someone who will suit him all right. I have not the least doubt it would have been a very comfortable home. Things are in a bad state in England. It looks like being a hard winter for some here, & a very poor Christmas. I am taking Betsy up to see the shops in London next week. She has never seen anything like them before. She wants to know if Father Christmas comes in this England, & how he gets here-- if he comes in a boat like we did. Her tongue is never still. I tell Grandma she will miss her tongue when we are gone back again. I have never heard from Mrs. Morgan since we have been home, but she is a terrible woman. I daresay she is always going to write & never doing it; still she is a very good-hearted woman. You will not get this letter for Christmas, but all the same I wish you & Mrs. Cocking & family a very happy Christmas & a bright & prosperous new year, & thank you & Mrs. Cocking for your kind letter & offer to me. I shall never forget your kindness to me in my time of great need. I feel sure that if I had been here I should not have had the help I did in Aussie. I must now close with my best regards to yourself & Mrs. Cocking. I remain yours affect
A. Sheppard."

(Answered).

Fri. Jan. 5th, 1923. To-day I copied "Loud Applause", & "Want-

ed--A Poet.", for commandant Hilder.

Mon. Jan. 8, 1923. Last Friday night I walked to Hamilton to an open air meeting of the Army. That was the last Friday night at Hamilton for Hilder & Marsh, & both women spoke very earnestly to the people concerning their salvation. I spoke also on "Chloroform". On Sat. I walked to Waratan to a meeting led by adjutant Cross. It was his last meeting there as he is going to Albury. Jose, another lad, 6 lassie soldiers, & myself were present. We had a very attentive audience, but none came out for conversion. Yesterday I attended all of the Army meetings, but only at spoke at 2 of them. Commandant Hilder gave me "The Parasite", a book about the drink evil in Britain, by Arthur Mee. She also gave me a copy of Cruden's Bible Concordance, & a Commentary on the New Testament. Our Charlie & Frank Ford were sworn in as soldiers, under the flag, on Sunday night, in the Tighe's Hill Army hall, by comdt. Hilder. Jack went to lake Macquarie on Sunday, on his "Indian" motor bicycle, & had a fall through skidding in some dust. He was not hurt, nor the bike. He broke a chain when he was near home. He is night shift this week in the B.H.P. telephone exchange. I went to the soap works to-day for work, but no one was wanted. There was a crowd there when I arrived, & all were deceived by an advertisement. A postal note for 5/- came to-day from the "Sun" office. It was the third second prize I have won in the Postcard Poems Competition.

Tues. Jan. 9, 1923. I have written the following verses with the object of having them sung at the farewell meeting of Comdt. Hilder & adjt. Marsh:-

FAREWELL TO COMDT. HILDER & ADJT. MARSH.
(Tune-- "Good Old Jeff".)

We welcomed you a year ago within our dingy Hall,
When Mayfield comrades left us so extremely weak & small;
We prayed that God your work would bless amongst the people
And crown your labors with success in this (here, unsettled sphere.

Chorus:-

But now, alas! that you must pass
To other fields to dwell
We bid you both a loving, loth,
And most sincere farewell!

The gospel seeds you've widely sown by night as well as (day;
And may you hear that they have grown
When you are far away!
And may the fruit be much & choice

That's garnered with the grain,
To make your thankful hearts rejoice
That you sowed not in vain!

"Should old acquaintance be forgot?"
We gladly answer "No!",
And Tighe's Hill corps will surely not
Forget you when you go!
We all esteem the sterling worth
Of leaders whom we love;
And if we meet no more on earth
We'll meet in Heav'n above!"

Wed. Jan. 10, 1923. Last night I bought 9d worth of cakes & took them to the Tighe's Hill Army hall where there was a farewell meeting for adjt. Marsh & comdt. Hilder. Eben Worley, Jim Smith, Mrs. Stead, Wally Bull, & Mr. Carpenter spoke. Mr. Tom Stead & envoy George Millar said how sorry they were that our lady officers were leaving. I also spoke & read my farewell verses, & Wally Bull sang them to the tune of "Good Old Jeff", which Hilda Yates played on the organ.

This morning I wrote the following letter :-

"To the Right Worshipful the Mayor of Newcastle.
When I was on a visit to Kiama & saw the celebrated blowhole there, the thought struck me that that natural curiosity could be easily & cheaply imitated by the art of man. As I believe that your Worship & the members of the City Council are actuated by a desire to improve on the natural beauties of the beach, & thus attract tourists & others to Newcastle, I respectfully suggest that an exact measurement of the Kiama blowhole be made, & photographs taken of the interior & exterior of the whole aperture in the rock, & that an exact replica of it be made by excavating secretly at a suitable spot on the Newcastle beach. Secrecy could be obtained by enclosing the proposed excavation with a high paling or galvanised iron fence. The excavated rock, etc. could be carted away at night, & would be valuable for road making. The advantage of keeping the work a secret until completed is that it would be a great & welcome surprise to the people & would attract many thousands of visitors from distant parts of the State. I would further suggest that you put this proposal before your Council & have it discussed in camera, with all pressmen & visitors absolutely excluded. I make no charge for this suggestion, but if it is adopted I leave it to your Worship to reward me as you think fit. However, the desire for gain is not my motive in making this suggestion, though I am out of work & have a large family. My desire is to see one more attraction added to Newcastle, & I feel sure that there are no insuperable engineering or financial difficulties in the way of the accomplishment of this plan. The only possible difficulty

that I can see is that the stone at Newcastle may be softer than that at Kiama, & the shaft & tunnel would perhaps require reinforced concrete to prevent erosion by the flow of the sea water. But if the shaft were sunk in ironstone no concrete would be needed. I wish you to regard this letter as being strictly private & confidential; & if you would like to have a personal interview with me on this matter I am yours to command if you will kindly state the time & place. Trusting that you will give this suggestion your earnest consideration, I am Yours Respectfully, Josiah Cocking."

Copy of a letter from Sister:-

"Station St., Dapto, 8-1-23. Dear Joe & Jinnie, I was pleased to receive a letter from you & to hear that you are all well. I am sorry to hear of poor aunt Grace's death, but of course you are aware, Joe, that to me she was only an aunt in name, for while she lived she never recognised me. I read one of her letters at one time, & she sent her love & respects to Mother's sons, but my name was not mentioned. You must be pleased to know that you did all you could for her while she lived, which is just what I did for my dear old Father. I gave him a good home & plenty of everything while he lived, & although I had his ~~parmission~~ pension the last few years, yet you know yourself that was only a drop in the ocean. I gave him a decent burial, & I intend to make his grave recognisable. My child's grave was looked after, & I can always find it, but my Dad is lying in a grave unknown, uncared-for, & when last I visited it I could not find it for weeds. I suppose you have heard of the wonderful luck, which came to us after a lifetime of struggle & often want. I have done with it just what you would have advised, for you know from personal experience if you had not been careful & economical you could not have stood the cruel struggle of the past year. Also you have the help of several sons, where we have no help from anyone. Three months ago I had to take Florrie to Sydney to be operated on by a specialist for her nose, & now she has a goitre formed in her throat. The doctor here is trying to dissolve it by medicine, but he doubts if he can succeed, & it will probably mean a serious operation in the Sydney hospital. She is naturally greatly worried about it, & her health is suffering by it. I have been almost a cripple rheumatism, or really neuritis, brought on by shock to the system. Now, to make matters worse than all, Dad has been laid off work for 3 weeks. He hurt his knee in the mine, & when he visited the doctor he told him he would have to take things very steady, for he has every symptom of Bright's disease. I have noticed him failing from his usual strength for some time. I had to take 3 trips to Sydney with Florrie, which cost me nearly £ 25.

So you see, Joe, that although the prosperity you speak of has come to us, it came at a time when I don't know how we could have done without it. I often think of you down there, & wish I could help you, but in reference to the good people who helped our Aunt, I am afraid they will have to apply to our poor Mother's wealthy brothers. I am pleased to hear of Will Cocking's good luck, & I trust their child will be spared to prove a blessing to them. You must not trouble to send a War Cry, Joe, for although I used to read it we are not without spiritual education, although we live in Dapto. I am afraid, Joe, you think that Dapto is a regular little outlandish place where God's word is never preached, & everybody who lives in it are heathens, but I am pleased to tell you that since I have not been able to get about the ministers from both churches visit me, & Florrie attends her church regularly. Of course I admit the S.A. has no corps here, but although they do good work in their own way, we can serve God as well at home as in the church or army. You need have no fear, Joe, that either prosperity or Dapto will ever make me forget my Maker, or to read his word, for Heaven holds too many of my treasures to make me forget to live a life enabling me to meet them. Now, Joe, I know you will not approve of this letter, & you will think I am selfish & forgetful of my Mother & her sister; but just imagine what our old age will be when Dad cannot work for me, & our children married & away, & you will understand how I thank God for sending me something to prevent Dad & me from sharing the same fate as our poor old Aunt. The mine here is working well so far, but we do not know how soon it will be closed down, again through the cinder seam. They are not taking on any miners, & are making no improvements, which speaks ill for the future. I will now conclude with love from all at home, & remain as ever your loving Sister, E.J. Pettigrew."

Thur. Jan. 11, 1923. Yesterday afternoon I went to the Army quarters in Bryant street, Tighe's Hill & assisted bro. Perkins to shift the sewing machine, boxes, etc. of comdt. Hilder & adjt. Marsh. We carted them to the Hamilton goods shed. There were 9 articles, which weighed altogether six hundredweight and 22 pounds. The freight was 4/- to West Maitland station. When I returned comdt. Hilder gave me a Morocco bound Testament with gilt edges, which cost 3/3. They are leaving to-day. I have written the following verses for the "Newcastle Sun's Postcard Poem Competition :-
INTERPLANETARY COMMUNION.

I doubt not that the planets swarm
With creatures much like men,
With minds alert and bodies warm,
Though yet beyond our ken.

Some night we'll send Marconigrams
To many distant stars,
And understand the diagrams
We've photographed on Mars.

And when we send the ether-waves
To planets in the sky,
To tell them how the Earth behaves,
They'll hasten to reply.

All planets in creation's range,
Within and out of sight,
Their welcome signals shall exchange
With wonder and delight.

The denizens of Jupiter
Shall speak with those who dwell
On Neptune, and with Earth confer,
And ignorance dispel.

But what will all those neighbors say,
And will not they abhor
The Earth-ites when they find we slay
Vast multitudes in war?

Will they esteem us when they know
And clearly understand
That just a few on Earth, below,
Monopolise the land?

Will they consider it is wise,
Expedient, or fair
That land, from which all things arise,
Should not be free as air?

Ere scientists communicate
With other worlds afar,
Let's alter our insensate state
And change from what we are!

Let's banish war, and want, and crime
That now, alas! prevail,
And climb to sinless heights, sublime.
Ere distant orbs we hail!
Dad. (Printed 6-3-1923.)

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And climb to sinless heights, sublime.
Ere distant orbs we hail!

6/3 1923. -DAD.

Copy of a letter from
Mrs. Fraser:-
"204 Cook's Hill, 10th
Jan. 1923. Dear Mr.
Cocking, No doubt you will
be wondering what has
happened to us. I must
explain, first, that we
have moved to the above
address. I have not for-
gotten you, Mr. Cocking;
we have been unsettled,
& that is the reason you
have not heard from us.

Jim has been out of work since the Wed. before Christmas, and I have been worried, but he expects to get a start soon. I hope you have secured work. Jim intended going over to see you. If you are in town call & see us. We have a very small house, but still we are much better on our own. I was not too happy at Donnelly's; the old lady gets very cranky at times; you would not think that, now, would you? I simply had to leave there, as I was not contented and my health was not improving. We will be pleased to see you if you will come to our house at any time. We spent a very busy Christmas cleaning the place: it was left in a bad state. With best wishes from Jim & myself, and trusting all are well at home, Your sincere friend, M. Fraser."

Copy of a letter from the Newcastle Sun:-

"Scott St., Newcastle, Jan. 11th, 1923. Mr. J. Cocking, 10 Henson Avenue, Mayfield East. Dear Sir, Enclosed herewith please find postal notes to the value of 5/-, being the amount awarded for the second prize in our 54th postcard poem Competition which was won by you. Accept my congratulations on your success. Kindly sign & return the enclosed voucher at your very earliest convenience. Yours faithfully Frederick Slater, Managing Editor."

Fri. Jan. 12, 1923. Yesterday I wrote a letter to Sol. Woodbury. On the way to the Mayfield Citadel I posted the letter & one to the Newcastle Sun. The Mayfield band met & played at the Mayfield officers' quarters & played one tune. The new Mayfield officers (Captain & Mrs. Hook) went in front of the band, & we all marched back to the citadel, where Wally Burgess led the welcome meeting. Mrs. Witten, brother Jack, envoy Tom Stead, & Frank Burgess also welcomed the new officers. Staf-capt. Richards also spoke. Mrs. Hook expressed her pleasure at being present; & Capt. Hook concluded with an earnest appeal for volunteers. Yesterday we received a Christmas card from Henry Edmund Holland, M.P., Wellington, N.Z. bearing the following poem:-

THIS IS THE YEAR.

Forget all the Buried and welcome the Born !
Those that are coming are real !
Plough for the Beautiful Dream of the Corn--
Build the Ideal !

Changeless the Past, but the Future is ours--
Open for us to Endow,
Fruit of our purpose, fruit of our powers--
Work for it now!

All we desire is for us to create--

Here in our hands, here ! ~~xxxxxx~~ 147.
This is the Hour that is never too late,
This is the Year !

Charlotte Perkins Gilman.
Season's greetings from H.E. & A. Holland. 1922-23."

I wrote a 4 page letter to Harry Holland to-day, & sent 2 post cards. I have finished reading the little pamphlet entitled "Safe Through The Blood". I prepared a Sunday school lesson to-day on Genesis 4th chapter, & 5th chap., 1 to 7th verses.

Sat. Jan. 13, 1923. Last night I walked to Hamilton & took part in an open-air meeting led by Richards. A fairly large audience listened, attracted, probably, by Richards' concertina. On the way home George Miller & I stood & listened to the speakers & singers at a meeting of the "Brethren". A man in the audience asked Where did Cain get his wife? Soon a large crowd stood around to hear an answer, but none was given. I returned the book, "The Lord From Heaven" to Charles Rawlings, & walked back to the railway bridge at Tighe's Hill with Millar. Jose was chipping steel to-day & got a scab in his right eye, but Jack took the steel out at night. I posted my letter to Harry Holland last night.

Copy of a letter from Sister. No date.

"Dear Joe, I am sending a letter I wrote to you on Christmas day, & Lila has just found it in the drawer. I really thought it had been posted. I have been waiting for an answer to it. I don't know what you must think of me. (Don't write your opinion.) Since writing baby has quite recovered & is just splendid. Nelly was married last Saturday week. It was a quiet wedding, Joe, how could it be otherwise? The spirit of our dear lost one seemed to be in the room with us. I wonder does she see us, if so she will know how we miss her. Florrie has gone out to her grave with flowers, also to dear old Grandad's. What an eventful year this has been to us, & what sorrow it has brought. Bob White is working in the pit with Dad, & getting on well. Do you ever see May or Jack? Nelly is sending them a piece of wedding cake, also yourselves. Write as soon as you can, Joe, & don't forget to post it. I remain your loving Sister, Elisabeth Jane Pettigrew."

Mon. Jan. 15, 1923. There was no knee-drill meeting at Tighe's Hill yesterday. Hilda Yates & I waited outside the hall but no one else came. I attended all of the meetings through the day & at night. At the Park meeting I recited a portion of Bret Harte's poem, "To A Pliocene Skull". Richards led the meetings. At night a young man was converted. Jack is afternoon shift this week. "Common Cause" contains "The Gambler" in this week's issue.

Copy of a letter from W. Tweedie:-

"The Newcastle City Council, Town Clerk's Office, 15th Jan. 1923.
Mr. J. Cocking, 10 Henson Avenue, Mayfield. Dear Sir, I am directed by his worship the Mayor (Ald. Cornish) to acknowledge receipt of your letter of the 10th inst. & to request that you will call on the city engineer, Mr. Shine, who is in a position to discuss the question of the suitability or advisability of the scheme outlined in your letter. The Mayor fully appreciates your courtesy in the matter, but is of the opinion that the scheme would receive the consideration it warrants to a greater extent by referring it to the city engineer than by bringing it before the council direct. Yours truly
W. Tweedie, Deputy Town Clerk."

Tues. Jan. 16, 1923. I went to the Army hall yesterday & put a notice on the notice-board about the Band Festival on Jan. 31st at Newcastle. I went to the Lodge secretary's house & paid Mrs Cadogan 16 shillings. They have shifted from 1 Wickham street to a house near the Wickham school. I went to the Co-op. store & asked the secretary about withdrawing ten pounds of our share capital to help to pay off our debt. He asked me to write a note to that effect & give it to the Committee. At Ginge's book shop I paid 2/6 for a well bound copy of "Self Help", by Samuel Smiles. At the "Sun" office I handed in the receipt for the fourth 5/- prize that I won in the postcard poem competition. At Smedmore I discovered the house where Harry toll used to live. I read "Self Help" all the way home. At night I attended the soldiers' meeting at the hall, but there were only Granny Ford, Eben Worley, George Millar, Mrs. Price, & me there. Millar led. He read a telegram from Knapp which said that the new officers would arrive at 15 to 1, & he would bring them to the Tighe's Hill army quarters, where we could take charge of them. We had a good little meeting. Our Charlie was idle yesterday, but he started to work for Rube Wilson to-day, in the afternoon, on Ford's house.

Wed. Jan. 17, 1923. This morning I walked to the steelworks & saw over 100 men there at the gate. I asked Joe Gillard, the chief employment officer, if he was putting men on. He said that the position is that he is putting on those who were on full time last December. I walked to Tighe's Hill, caught the tram, & rode to the round-top bank. I interviewed the Store secretary again about withdrawing ten pounds. He asked a girl in the next room to write an application re the withdrawal of the money. From there I walked to the Council Chambers but could not find Mr. Shine. After a walk on the beach I returned to the council chambers but could not see Shine. I went to the Labor Bureau in Scott street & got a registration card again. It is numbered 6987. I walked home through Smedmore.

tonight I went to an army meeting in Woodstock st., Mayfield at which 24 soldiers were present. Captain Hook & Alf Johnson spoke well; also Frank Burgess & brother Jack. A little rain fell. Last Tuesday the "Sun" printed "Loud Applause", but it was almost last & did not win a prize.

Thur Jan. 18, 1923. This morning I wrote the following verses for the postcard competition:-

ANTICIPATIONS.

Newcastle: Ho, San Francisco !"
San. Fran.: "Yes, Hello !" Is that friend Sydney calling?"
Newcastle: "No, Newcastle, New South Wales.
We wish to greet you, Uncle Sam !"
S.F. "Thanks. Let me say how pleased I am
To know Newcastle hails !
I greet you as my dearest friend--
The foremost one of all to send
A message thus to me. ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~
It licks creation, this, I guess,
To talk to you by wireless
Across the deep blue sea.

Old Neptune now must quit the field,
And throne & 3-pronged sceptre yield
Without a royal fuss;
No more he'll rule the seven seas,
Since we to you can speak with ease,
And you can talk to us !
This beats the cable all to bits !
That old divider -- Distance -- flits !
And Time is now no more .
This makes us neighbours, very near,
For both can speak, & plainly hear
The words from shore to shore !'

And shortly we'll be taking trips
Across the deep on flying ships
That shame the albatross !
A sennight amply shall suffice
To cross the wide Pacific twice
With small expense or loss.
But I am ~~xxxxxx~~ still unsatisfied:
Inventions shall be multiplied,
And I now prophesy
That ere a decade shall have flown,
Through Art and Science stronger grown,
Your forms we shall descry !
When we communicate we'll see--
However distant they may be--
The faces of our friends.

The separators--
Time and Space--
Shall trouble not
the human race,
Whose progress
never ends !
Excuse me ere we
say farewell,--
I've stacks of
slap-up things
to sell--
Newcastle:
"I hope not wooden
hams !"
S.F. Ha ! ha ! Old
joke ! I'm genuine;
So if to trade you
do incline
Remember Uncle Sam !'
Dad.
(printe 27-3-1923.)

27/3 ANTICIPATIONS 1923.

Newcastle: "Ho, San Francisco!"
 San Fran.: "Yes, Hello!"
 Is that friend Sydney calling?"
 Newcastle: "No, Newcastle, New South
 Wales."

We wish to greet you, Uncle Sam!

S.F.: "Thanks. Let me say how pleased
 I am
 To know Newcastle hails!
 I greet you as my dearest friend—
 The foremost of all to send
 A message thus to me.
 It ticks creation, this, I guess,
 To talk to you by wireless
 Across the deep blue sea.

Old Neptune now must quit the field,
 And throne and three-pronged sceptre
 yield
 Without a royal fuss;
 No more he'll rule the seven seas,
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 And you can talk to us!
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 Through Art and Science stronger
 grown,
 Your forms we shall descry!
 When we communicate we'll see—
 However distant they may be—
 The faces of our friends:

The separators—Time and Space—
 Shall trouble not the human race,
 Whose progress never ends!
 Excuse me ere we say "farewell!"—
 I've stacks of slap-up things to sell—
 Newcastle: "I hope not wooden hams!"
 S.F.: "Ha! ha! Old joke! I'm genuine;
 So if to trade you do incline
 Remember Uncle Sam!"

—DAD.

Fri. Jan. 19, 1923. Last night I went
 to the army officers' quarters & mar-
 ched from there to the army hall with
 the band, the new officers-- commandan
 & Mrs. Johnson-- being in the front.
 Several members spoke words of wel-
 come, which were responded to by the
 officers. Both are very good speakers.
 Captain & Mrs. Hook also attended, &
 the captain spoke. Comdt. Johnson
 spoke of building the broken wall of
 Jerusalem, & said we are all builders.
 No converts. To-day I wrote the fol-
 lowing verses for the "Sun" :-
 THE KOOKABURRAS.

What makes the kookaburras grin
 Upon the gum trees, high ?
 Their laughter almost seems a sin
 While human beings sigh !
 Do they possess an endless stock
 Of humour to discuss ?
 Or do those merry creatures mock
 At human follies thus:-

1st Bird: Hoo, ha ! I saw a drunk to-
 He held "Grit" in his hand, (day,
 And as he passed I heard him say
 "I don't (hic) un'erstand !"
 Eleven millions spent on beer,
 "Grit" shays, an' bottled stout.
 It sheems to me (hic) 'stremely queer
 Why people talk o' drought !"

Second Bird: Hoo, hoo ! ha, ha ! I saw the shack
 He calls his "country seat";
 The roof & walls with smoke were black,
 And baked by Summer's heat.
 I saw six half-starved kids within
 His great ancestral hall;
 Their soleless boots let daylight in;
 His wife wore none at all !

She held a paper near her nose,
 Hoo, ha ! I had to laugh !
 3rd Bird: "The Lyre Birdie", I suppose ?
 2nd Bird: It was-- "The Advograph".
 I listened near some ironbarEs
 That overhung the shed,

And giggled at her loud remarks
 On cable lies she read.

"New civil war." "Dry versus Wet."
 "The people drinking scent;
 Ten tipplers dead; profound regret."
 "Much crime and discontent."
 Said she, "Them Yankees shan't come here
 If I can keep them out !
 With Nature's laws they interfere
 And always cause a drought !

Them dopey Yank Pro' bition crowds
 Drain lakes an' rivers dry
 And stop the rain-drops in the clouds
 From falling from the sky !
 Each, Auntie-Liquor crank,
 With beetles in his dome,
 Would kill the self-respect of Frank
 And wreck our happy home !

All the Birds: Hoo, hoo! ha ! ha ! A splendid hit !
 2nd Bird: You fellows would have died!
 She made me take a laughing fit
 And laugh until I cried.

Dad.

(Printed in "Newcastle Sun", 6-2-1923.)

Copy of the undertaker's bill for aunt Grace's funeral.
 "Private address: Bridge Road, Illogan. Bridge, Illogan.
 November 17, 1922. Mr. H.B. Webster, Portreath, Dr. to W.H.
 Rosevear, builder, undertaker, &c.,
 Nov. 2x 16 Funeral expenses of E £ S D.
 the late Grace perkyns, Portreath.
 polished pine coffin, brass fittings 6 0 0
 inside linings 11 0
 Church yard expenses 7 6
 False cover

£ 6 18 6.

Copy of note from T. Audley:-
 "The Workers' International Industrial Union. Jan. 20, 1923.
 J. Cocking, 10 Henson Avenue, Mayfield East. Dear Fellow Worker
 Re non-delivery of pape r to your address. Well, from now on it
 should reach you regularly. We have received notice of your
 complaint from postal people. I suppose they will notify you
 of the result. So I hope you will get it regularly. Yours
 fraternally, T. Audley."

Copy of Jack's bicycle licence:-
 "Rider's Licence, No. 43604. Name Mr. John Cocking, of 10 Hen-
 son Ave. Mayfield East. Description: Age 20. height 5ft.7 ins.

Yes, set your heavy slabs & props
To make secure your rotten tops,
And hole your back-ends yonder;
With smoke & dust impair your health
Creating boundless surplus wealth
For bloated Bugs to squander.

Why not enjoy all wealth yourselves?
Why pamper useless spendthrift elves?
Your might their strength surpasses!
Why work in water, gas, & grime,
And spend your labor, health, & time
To feed the "Upper Classes"?

Some day you slaves will gain the sense
To kick their social system hence
In your enlightened passion;
And when that blissful time arrives
You'll give rich head-gear to your wives--
Not butterflies of Fashion!"
(Printed in "One Big Union Herald", 1-5-23.)

Fri. Feb. 2, 1923. Last Tues. I helped with the washing & wrote "To Miners." & posted it to Common Cause on the way to the soldiers' meeting. Tom Stead, Eben Worley, comdt. Johnson, a few women, & I were present. On Wed. I tried to repair my old concertina; & in the evening Jose, Florrie, Charlie, & I went to the Musical festival in the Oddfellows' Hall, Newcastle. The 10th item on the program was altered to a cornet solo by Jim Smith, the Tighe's Hill bandmaster. The large hall was nearly full

, there being about 400 people present. Knapp led with the assistance of Richards. At 10-30 p.m. commandant Maclure of the Salvation Army was badly hurt by his motor bike & sidecar colliding with young Goninan's motor car on the high level bridge at Broadmeadow. Mrs. Maclure & 2 children were also injured, but no one in the car was hurt. I spent yesterday in trying to put the concertina right, but failed. Last evening I again went to Mr. Bennett's house, "Falmouth", & read & talked until 10 p.m. I read the 24th, 25th, chapters of a book in the Bible. We had some prayer & I came home. Mr. Bennett's heart is very bad, & he has to use brandy sometimes to keep it going. Mrs. Bennett is a soldier in the Tighe's Hill corps. The daily paper says that the steelworks is going to start again, as the company has made arrangements with the colliery proprietors to have coal at a cheap rate.

Sat. Feb. 3, 1923. I went to the employment office at the steelworks & asked Joe Gillard about registering for work.

To Common Cause

27-1-23,

He could not give me any information. In the evening I went to the Co-op. store & got a transger note for 10 pounds, & paid £ 3-13-6 1/2 besides to pay off our account. This withdrawal of ten pounds from our share capital has reduced it to £ 15-8-3. I walked to Hamilton & took part in an army meeting led by Johnson. Ensign Steer read the Bible. I gave comdt. Johnston (who is a very big & tall man) a copy of the following verses, & he & Wally Bull tried to sing them, but through not knowing the tune properly they broke down.

A FEW SHORT YEARS FROM NOW.
(Tune:-- "The Wearing Of The Green.")

The life of Man is but a span! Time quickly flies away;
The great & strong can not for long Enjoy the light of day!
Soon I must go like others, tho' I know not when nor how,
But where shall I be bye and bye-- a few short years from now?

When I have gone & travel on Across the land unknown,
Will it be night, or shall the light Of Heaven's sun be shown?
Shall I behold the streets of gold Within the pearly gate,
Or shall I hear, in guilty fear, "Too late! Too late! Too late!"

Shall I repent a lifetime spent In sin against the Lord,
And my neglect & disrespect of all his words afford,
Or shall I love him more above, And dwell in bliss with God,
When men shall lay my lifeless clay Beneath the grassy sod?

Dandelion.
(Printed 2-1-32.)

A few short years from now

THE life of man is but a span—
Time quickly flies away;
The great and strong can not
for long
Enjoy the light of day!
Soon I must go like others, tho'
I know not when or how,
But where shall I be, by-and-by—
A few short years from now?

When I have gone and travel on
Across the land unknown,
Will it be night, or shall the light
Of Heaven's sun be shown?
Shall I behold the streets of gold
Within the pearly gate,
Or shall I hear, in guilty fear,
"Too late! Too late! Too late!"

Shall I repent a lifetime spent
In sin against the Lord,
And my neglect and disrespect
Of all His words afford,
Or shall I love Him more above,
And dwell in bliss with God,
When men shall lay my lifeless clay
Beneath the grassy sod?
—Dandelion

Jan. 2, 1932.

Mon. Feb. 5, 1923.
Jose & I went to the Waratah open-air meeting, led by capt. Hook, on Sat. night. Alf Johnson sang "A Few Short Years From Now". Yesterday I was at all of the Army meetings, & spoke 3 times. At the night meeting Mr. Henniker, a back-

slider, was converted. A week ago Fred received a watch from the Eldon Aspirin Co., Sydney, for selling 24 aspirin tablets. Last night at Mayfield 2 women were converted. To-day I am sending Common Cause & the War Cry to the Websters, & the "Advocate" to Mrs. Townsend.

Tues. Feb. 6, 1923. This morning I went to the steelworks & waited until 9-30 a.m., when several of us who belonged to Teal's gang were put on to work again. I went with Tom Pink,

me that Peter had great opportunities & threw them away. I often see E.J. Bowling's verse in the "Common Cause". By the way, I was aware that Bob Ross edited Common Cause. Norman Freeberg was the first editor; & I understood that the present editor-- S.A. Rosa-- of Sydney Domain, & (later) "Truth" fame succeeded Freeberg without anyone in between. Arthur Rae is sub editor. I hear from Tom Batho occasionally, & was sorry when he wrote that Jim Moroney had dropped out of things generally, & that the "People"--later the "Revolutionary Socialist" had flickered out. I note your verses--which Common Cause & the "Workers' Weekly" refused publication. I have long since come to the conclusion that a Labor or Socialist paper does not help the propaganda of the working class when it makes attacks on religion a part of its policy. I feel that our real work is to educate the workers in economics & politics. At the same time you must admit you were rapping the editor fairly sharply over his journalistic knuckles when you sent him that poem. As to the cost of printing in Australia, I haven't the least idea. I know it is mighty high here. I have been waiting for 2 years to get my own verses into print.-- they would make a booklet of between 50 and 100 pages., but I can't afford the cost. I have put out a number of pamphlets-- at my own risk-- & am still in debt for some of them, notwithstanding that they have sold widely. My opinion is that you would get the work done more cheaply at a local office than by one of the bigger concerns. The Australian Worker", I should think, would be the best office to get into communication with. Allan-- my second boy-- is in business in Sydney-- along with a partner, but their work is expensive. I have never asked them to do anything of my own. I should not hesitate if Allan were by himself-- but partners don't always take kindly to cheap work for relatives. I have the M.S. of "Ireland's Famines & Rebellions"-- which I have been waiting 6 or 7 years in the hope of getting it printed. It will run into 250 or 300 pages. But the cost frightens me. My experience is that there isn't much hope of making anything out of these publications-- or even of making them pay their own cost of production. With kindest regards to Mrs. Cocking & family & yourself from all of us. Yours fraternally
H. E. Holland.

P.S. I hope you will be able to read this scrawl. I have been writing all day, & this is the last of a pile of letters. I have had to scribble in a hurry."

Mon. Jan. 29, 1923. Yesterday I attended all of the Army meetings & spoke at 2 of them. The meetings were led by Ensign Steer, a young woman who has just come to take charge of the young people in the Eastern Division. She spoke well at night, but there was no visible result. The War Cry printed "The Gambler" this week. To-day I rode to the bank corner & walked to the Co-op. store & left our share book there. I got our bill & some spriggs, protectors & soles & heels for Jose. At the Water Board's office I paid 15/6 off the sewerage bill. I went to the Newcastle Council Chambers & waited an hour to see Shine, the engineer. He came in a car,

385 I asked him about the blowhole suggestion. He said he could do nothing with it as the council would not give him enough money to do what he wanted to do. I asked him if he liked the suggestion to make a blowhole, & he said he did not think much of it, as they did not want such a thing on the coast. He seemed to be in a hurry to get away, & would not discuss the matter further. So there the subject lies for the present. I walked home via Smedmore. After tea I did a part of a Sunday school lesson for the primary children for next Sunday. I have written the following verses:-

TO MINERS .

"A hat of gold lace with diamonds set in the brim, & made recently in Paris, has been insured for £ 17,240 ."--"Newcastle Herald", 29-1-23.

Oh! what a vision of a hat!
Produced, of course, for Mrs. Fat
To match her priceless dresses!
Compare it with the head-gear, mean,
That's worn for years by Mrs. Lean
Above her humble tresses!

Toil on, ye slaves, in gassy seams,
Create the wealth that buys such "dreams"--
That cost a stack of shekels--
Those hats composed of golden lace
To beautify each fatty face
Where powder hides the freckles!

And while you're toiling don't forget
The lady's "lid" whose brim is set
With sparkling stones, unnumbered,
Like stars along the Milky Way,
To make a parasite feel gay
While you're with care encumbered.

And it's insured (how nice it sounds!)
For nearly 18 thousand pounds!
Your wives wear nothing finer.
Such priceless hats no workers wear;
So you may therefore safely swear
'Twas not bought by a miner .

Toil on in danger, dust, & gas;
You're slaving for a pampered class
Of drones who eat your honey,
And while you're making pillars crash
They buy such costly hats for cash
And waste their stolen money.

158.

UNITED BAND

—AND—

SONGSTER FESTIVAL

Oddfellows' Hall, Auckland Street,
NEWCASTLE.

Wednesday, 31st January, 1923.

Chairman: BRIGADIER CHARLES KNAPP (Divisional Commander).

PROGRAMME.

OPENING SONG—No. 175 (Tune, "Jerusalem").

PRAYER.

1. MARCH—"Mighty to Save" Newcastle Citadel Band.
2. SONG—"Hail Redeemer" Mayfield Songsters.
3. SELECTION—"Faith and Victory" Lambton Band.
4. MALE VOICE CHOIR—"His Praise be Our Song"
Tighe's Hill, Mayfield and Newcastle.
5. MARCH—"New Zealand" Mayfield Band.
6. SONG—"Saving From Sin" Newcastle Songsters.
7. MARCH—"Resolution" Tighe's Hill Band.
8. PART SONG—"True! True!! True!!!" Wallsend Party.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

9. MARCH—"Across the Sea" Lambton Band.
 10. QUARTETTE—Instrumental Mayfield.
 11. SONG—"Star of God's Love" Lambton Songsters.
 12. SELECTION—"Cleansing Current" Mayfield Band.
 13. SONG—"Boundless Ocean" Tighe's Hill Songsters.
 14. SELECTION—"International Strains" Newcastle Band.
- BIBLE READING.—53rd Chapter, Isaiah.
15. SONG—"Abide With Me" Mayfield and Newcastle Songsters.

APPEAL TO ACCEPT CHRIST.

WHO'S WHO?

Bandmaster, Mayfield	Arthur Burgess.
" Newcastle	Richard Ford.
" Lambton	W. Buttery.
" Tighe's Hill	J. Smith.
Songster Leader, Mayfield	Frank Burgess.
" Newcastle	Joshua Bunker.
" Lambton	C.S.M. Gilbert.
" Tighe's Hill	W. Bull.
" Wallsend	C.S.M. Harges.

Printed & Published by Messrs. J. & C. Cannington, Ltd., Print, Kin. St., Newcastle.

Wed. Feb. 7, 1923. I worked again to-day, & the weather was not too hot. I worked with Tom Pink, Joe, the Italian, Joe Wheeler who is a grandson of old Bridget Wheeler who kept a poison shop on the southern bank of the Hunter near Hexham, 20 years ago. He is a returned soldier. We were making a trench for a 6 inch water pipe, near the open hearth furnaces. Jack returned to-day. He

Charlie Perry, & others to unload a tripper near the coal bridge. We worked until dinner time, when Tom Pink & I were sent to clear the ore-bridge line to enable the carpenter to change a block on which the rail rests. The sun shone down with pitiless heat from a clear sky, & a hot Westerly wind full of smoke blew from the burning West. I could hardly endure the heat, & had to go into the shade of the bins often. We finished the job by 3 p.m. & returned to where we started. We levelled sand for the rest of the day. All of us were very glad when the work-day ended. To-day's "Sun" contains "The Kookaburras", but it was last. Son Jack & Frank Roberts started on the motor-bike for Gloucester this morning. Hundreds of men were put on at the steelworks to-day. Kinley, the boss of the electricians, sent for Jose, but he is not inclined to go back.

& Frank Roberts rode to Limeburners' Creek-- 30 miles away-- & the bike stopped. They went to the home of a bushman who owns a Harley Davidson motor cycle, & he gave them a meal & a shelter for the night. He tried to mend the defective bike but could not. They left it there for him to repair if he can, & this morning they started to walk home, but were given a lift in a motor car.

Copy of a typed letter from Harry Holland:-

"Westport, New Zealand, Jan. 27, 1923. Dear Joe, Your letter of the 12th ultimo, together with cards, came safely to hand. We both want sincerely to thank yourself & Mrs. Cocking for your kindly messages & good wishes. It is good to know that in the matter of health you are so well favored, but we were sorry to hear that you had been unemployed. Just now we have our youngest boy, Cedric, in the hospital with a mild attack of diphtheria: he is getting along all right, & will be home shortly. I agree with your view of Reardon's propaganda. The more one studies existing conditions the more it is borne in upon one's mind that what is really wrong is lack of knowledge on the part of the mass of the workers, & a consequent dependence upon "Leaders". The anti-religious propaganda doesn't help the labor movement in any way. Soon after my arrival in this country I realised how an anti-religious campaign was splitting up the ranks instead of consolidating them, & I came to the conclusion that the duty of the labor movement is to interfere with no man's religious belief; but on the contrary to provide utmost freedom of conscience. I am confident that if we can get the working men to understand their own economic position, the rest will follow. As to the faults of the labor members, they are mostly the faults of the rank & file. The members are apathetic because the workers are apathetic. The labor movement will never get members who will, in the mass, rise very much higher than the intellectual level of the mass of the workers. This fact, however, does not relieve the individual M.P. of responsibility. In my opinion every member of Parliament should be an active propagandist. We expect every one of our 17 members to do his share of work outside of Parliament-- & I have no fear whatever that they will (not) do it. They are nearly all men with a record in the Socialist movement. We are meeting in a couple of weeks time. I leave here on Friday night, so as to be present at the meeting of the parliamentary Labor Party the day before the house meets. There will be some good debates, & several determined fights by the Labor Party. The session will only last a few weeks at the outside.-- to determine whether or not the Massey Government is to continue in office. I am satisfied that sufficient of the Liberals will go over to give Mr. Massey his required majority. I am glad to note that you still write verse. I do a little

that way myself when I get time. The enclosed was written when I was electioneering in December. (SUNSET ON THE WEST COAST.) I have sufficient items by me now to make a fair sized volume, but can't afford to print them. I have been getting the "Common Cause" from time to time, but would like to see it strike a higher journalistic level. I think the "Glasgow Forward" is the best of all the working class papers printed in the English language. Enclosed is an analysis of the voting in 37 of the 40 seats we contested, in comparison with the vote for the same seats in 1919. Kindest regards to yourself, Mrs. Cocking, & family from all of yours fraternally H.E. Holland. Mrs. Holland is going across this year, & will visit Newcastle, when she will call on Mrs. Cocking."

(Copied for Holland's Life.)

Sat. Feb. 10, 1923. To-day I went with Joe Hekkart to the number 1 blower engine house & finished cleaning up the condenser pit. From there we went to a man named Kerr, near the machine shop, & helped him to finish loading a box truck with ashes. From there we went to the Herb Adams' gang, near the 18 inch mill boilers, & helped to fill away some ashes into side-tipping trucks. Yesterday Joe & I were sent to dig a trench, for the pipe-fitters, from the railway to the coal bridge. We finished the job & went to the number 1 blower engine house & partly cleared away the rubbish from the condenser pit. On thursday we 2 were with Tom Pink and Joe Wheeler digging a trench for a big water pipe from the blower house to the open hearth. In the afternoon Joe & I went to the pipe shop & began to dig a trench from the shop to the line. Son Jack has been told that he has to start work again next tuesday.

Mon. Feb. 12, 1923. Yesterday I attended all of the army meetings. I had to lead the knee-drill meeting, but only the commandant & I were present, but we proceeded just as if there were the usual number present. I spoke on the influence of environment on the progress of Christianity. I spoke at all of the meetings but the last. A young man was converted at the indoor meeting at night. To-day I worked for the pipe-fitters, digging a drain for a pipe through the rail mill. I was in the shade, so I had a good day. Brother Bob has started again at the steelworks. The open hearth made some steel to-day.

Thur. Feb. 15, 1923. We are still digging a trench for the pipe fitters, & have dug through the rail mill & down to the power-house boilers. Sam Burns, who lives at the Junction, & Ted Hurst were with me on tuesday & wednesday. Tilly Cocking was operated on at the Newcastle hospital yesterday afternoon for appendicitis. She is now doing well. Captain Hook was here this evening. I got my pay docket to-day for a week & 6 hours work; the amount is £

Sunset on the West Coast

When the summer day was dying
Twixt the lowlands and the mountains,
And the westering sun was hanging
Gold above the opal waters,
And the far sea flowing landward
Filled the void with wierdest moaning:

In a car swept by the sun-glow
On the reaches of the South road,
Awed I sat and out to westward
Saw the wide transfiguration
Of the spread of sunset Heavens—
Saw the white clouds interwoven
With the amaranth and crystal
And the iridescent splendour
Of the colours of God's making—
Wonder-lights of His creation
Flaming o'er a dying day.

Lower sank the gold orb nightward,
Higher rose the vision splendid—
Like unto a poet's dreaming
Of a world with fields elysian—
With the white clouds of the west sky

Flushing pink and red of roses,
Flashing lights of chalcedony,
Amethyst, and blue of violets,
The masses of the dark clouds
Bordered with the richest purple;
And there flowed a stream all golden
Through the high banks of the cloud-lands,
Like a flood of molten lava
From some ancient great volcano,
Doomed to plunge into unfathomed
Depths of Time's eternal sea.

Down behind the western waters
Sank the monarch of the day-time,
And the wonders opalescent—
With their rainbow scintillations,
With their rose-pink and vermillion
And their wealth of golden flaming—
Swiftly faded from the skyscape,
Swiftly vanished when the twilight
Brought the gloaming and the grey
skies,
Brought the Night with ghostly shadows
To the grave-yard of the Day.

—H. E. HOLLAND.

Harry Holland.

boarding with Mrs Morrison, next door, fell & cut his forehead,

£4-7-4. Son Jack started again at the steelworks laboratory last tuesday. His eyes are troubling him to-day. He gets a dimness of vision without any apparent reason. Jose consulted doctor Gardiner again the stomach trouble, & had a remnant of tooth pulled by dentist Hutchinson. I am reading "Handicapped", by Lyall.

Sat. Feb. 17, 1923. To-day & yesterday Sim Burns, Ted Hart, & I were digging a trench for a 6 inch pipe-line. My pay yesterday was £4-6-8. Jose is doing a job for Will Cocking this afternoon. His Mum is making jam of 5 pounds of figs that Joe Wheeler gave me this morning. Charlie is making a dragon kite.

Mon. Feb. 19, 1923. To-day I worked with Ted Hurst & Sim Burns digging a trench for the pipe-fitters -- Chris Lilley, & Lloyd Carthew, who was reared in Moonta, South Australia, & whose mother is a cousin of Ben Opie of Kadina. I have finished reading "Handicapped".

~~Copy of a letter to the editor of the Newcastle Herald, dated Feb. 23, 1923.~~
Fri. Feb. 23, 1923. To-day I worked near the eastern end of the open hearth digging a trench for big iron pipes, with Ted Hurst & Sim Burns. The day has been hot, & I am tired. Jose's pay to-day for a week is £4-3--0. All the week we have been digging a trench for the pipe line. On wednesday Mum & Florrie went to the Lyric & saw "Argus", the boy who answers all questions regarding the past, present, & future, but could not ask him about Mum's father. Yesterday she sent 3/- by postal note, & some questions to Argus. Charlie's wage is 25/- per week.

Mon. Feb. 26, 1923. On Sat. we worked at the pipe-trench again. Yesterday I went to all of the meetings except the first. At 2-30 a man named Walter Smith, who was

& another boarder, a tram conductor, came & asked for Mum to go & see Smith. She went in with Jose & found him in the passage where he had fallen. Mum & Mrs Wallace tried to revive him, but he died within a quarter of an hour. Jose went & got nurse Lloyd to come, & he rang up the doctors but could not get any to come. Nurse Lloyd got doctor May Harris to come. Jose also rang up the Hornsby police station, as Smith has a farmer & ~~rather six~~ sister at Hornsby. This sad & sudden event is another reminder that we should all be ready for death. Bill Owen was at the army meeting last night. Edna Lindsay went to the penitent's form at the meeting. To-day Ted Hurst, Sim Burns & I filled with sand the trench that we dug, & partly filled a hole with broken bricks & stones. Rain fell last night. Florrie got a letter from Olive Worley to-day, from Wentworth Falls, where she is staying with her uncle Bill Worley. Yesterday I wrote a copy of "A Few Short Years From Now", to send to comdt. Hilder.

Wed. Feb. 28, 1923. Poor Walter Smith was buried yesterday, & only 7 people were at his funeral. His father is ill now, & is with the Morrises. Jose worked a double shift yesterday. I dug trenches for Arthur Cannew, the pipefitter, to-day, near the laboratory. Mrs Morrison visited us this evening. She & her husband quarrel with each other very often. Jose is repairing a magneto for "Industrial" Mitchell's son.

Sat. Mar. 3, 1923. On thursday & friday I was with the pipe-fitters, digging a trench for 6inch pipes from the lab. to some place past the coal storage yard. Tom Pink was with me on friday. My pay on friday was £ 7-17-6. I had to wait until all the others were paid before I got mine. A lot of us were ordered to come to work at midnight last night. We went, & were sent to a big heap of open hearth slag, which we had to level off into a swamp. Some rain fell before midnight, but it cleared off by dawn, & to-day is quite sunny. Son Jack received a letter to-day from the bushman with whom he left his motor bike. The writer said he had nearly fixed the bike, all but the clutch; & that he would ride the bike down when it was done. Jose's pay yesterday was £ 4-3-0. Charlie's was one pound for the week, but five shillings have yet to come. Jack got £ 5-11-0 for the fortnight. Our combined pays amounted to £ 18-6-0. Jose got a new pair of pants from tailor Bailey yesterday for 50/-. I have finished reading "Self Help", by Samuel Smiles.

Mon. Mar. 5, 1923. I went to work at midnight on Sat. & Sun, & was sent to the same place as on friday night. The Mayfield Harvest Festival is on to-night, & Florrie is to help at the lolly stall.

Wed. Mar. 7, 1923. Last night a gang of us went to the munition shed & unloaded a partly-filled truck of bricks. Syd Sharp was our boss. That occupied us until nearly 3-30 a.m., when we took our shovels & did a bit of levelling near the new pig mill. After breakfast we began to unload another truck of bricks, but did not finish as an engine came & took them away. We finished the shift at levelling. Fine weather & lovely moonlight. To-day I wrote a short letter in reply to one from Bert Cadogan, the secretary of the "Rosebud" Free Gardeners' Lodge, asking me to tell him the day & date of my birth, & of Mum's, for a Government Return. My birthday was Saturday, May 11, 1867. & Mum's was Thursday, Sep. 17th, 1874. Yesterday the "Newcastle Sun" contained my verses-- "Interplanetary Communion".

Sat. Mar. 10, 1923. On thursday & friday nights I worked at the bricks. Last night a gang of us loaded bricks at the back of the ram road at the old coke-ovens. After 3 a.m. we went to a truck near the munition shed & loaded it with old decayed sleeper which kept us busy until stop work time. Fine weather. Walter got 9d for caddying to-day. Yesterday I received the following letter from Emmie Webster:-

"Greenfield Row, Portreath, nr Redruth, Jan. 30th 1923.
My dear Mr. Cocking, Your kind letter & the order for 5/- reached us a few days ago, addressed to your dear old Aunt, who has passed on to a better land for which I have no fear. Dear old Granny! we miss her more than I can tell you, as she was a very quiet old person & has left a good home. She was of a very reserved disposition-- did not make many friends. I have known her all my life, as Mother & her were always friends. Well, Mr. Cocking, I have never seen you, but I feel that I know you well; I hear you spoken of so often. She used to think the world of you, & you were a good son, kinder than many sons are. She worried to think you were out of work, but she never went short. Thank God my husband is in work still, although the money isn't large: we get comforts, but none to pleasure on; so, dear old soul, she never wanted. She passed away without a struggle.

Now I have had a greater trouble. My sister-in-law's husband died suddenly last tuesday. He went out in his little carriage with the boy, & in less than an hour he was brought home dead, so it frightened me dreadfully. He's been here with us living since aunty died. He was a dear old Christian, & was blind. He lost his sight when he was 16, in the mines. He was 78--a good old age. His wife was only 48 when he married her about 3 years ago. I think he grieved. I have had 3 funerals in ~~this house~~ less than 6 months.

Well, dear friends, I trust this will find you all well. Things home here are pretty much the same-- not much work as yet; it's just all paper talk. My husband says he is sick reading about what's going to be done. I wrote to Mr. Rowe in California, &

they wrote back to know about the funeral expenses; so I sent them the undertaker's bill, as they said if I let them know they would do their best to help to cover it; so I am waiting to hear from them now at any time. What you have sent will be also put for the same purpose; so don't you distress yourself, dear friend, as I feel sure Mr. Rowe will do his best-- or their children. They are in good circumstances, so they say. A little from each will make it better. We had to have her taken nearly 3 miles-- there is no burial ground here. My husband joins me in sending kindest regards to you all. I remain your loving friend
Emmie Webster."

Sun. Mar. 11, 1923. Last night I was with the gang spreading ashes at the eastern end of the coal storage floor. From there we went to the munition shed & unloaded bricks. After crib I was sent to the coke-breeze elevator & helped to shovel back coke breeze from the pile, with Stan Atfield, who lives at Cardiff. Fine weather. Too sleepy to write.

Thur. Mar. 15, 1923. Last night I went with others of our gang to the coal storage yard & finished emptying a tripper of ashes. From there 4 of us were sent to the railway between the machine shop & the old steel foundry, where we unloaded some pig iron & old sleepers, & scrap wood. Fine weather. On Tuesday we partly unloaded a tripper of coke smalls near the eastern end of the rail mill, near the lab, by shovelling out of the top. Pat Harrold & George Gillen were in our party, and big, lazy, ginger Bill Potts. On Monday night I was loading bricks at the open hearth stockyard, & unloading limestone there. Syd Sharp is our boss. I am on the 4 to 12 p.m. shift this week.

Fri, Mar. 16, 1923. 12-55 a.m. (Night.) I have just left work. To night I have been at the coal storage all the shift, where Pat Harrold, Bill Johnston, Stuart, & some others unloaded a tripper of ashes. Some of the men were taken away, & Pat, Bill, Stuart, & I levelled ashes until about 5 minutes to midnight. I waited & got my docket for to-morrow's pay, which is £ 10-3-6. This includes overtime. Lovely weather.

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 modern nations ?

Or will he 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 helpless-babies-sleeping
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 Walker reconcile,
By means of unctuous craft & guile,
The patent contradiction
Between the "Peace" that Christ would teach,
And "war" that martial parsons preach
With simulant conviction?

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

If "Peace" is wrong, foul 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 urging others.

INDEX.

West
Marrichville

Jack 64. Johnson 150. 157.80.135.40.152.77. Johnston 137. 164.
Jose 135.137.141.161.152. 156.158.162.11.64.101.102.119.113.1
118.89.25.31.33.45.128. "James Gilmour & His Boys" 152.
Jeffery 37.77. Jose 39. Jenner 37. "Jingo Parsons" 66.48.50.
Jim Cocking 119. Jessie Taylor 38. "Jesus" 86. Jose 77.78.79.
80. 81.86. Jackson 80. 89.

Knapp 45. 25.95.102.119.148.151.120. Kiama 142. Knapp 78.79.80.
Knight 102. Kilgour 37. Kerr & Co. 153.160. Kinley 158.

Letter from aunt Grace 27.94.66.81.82.123.106.4.
Letter from N. Freeberg 34.99.100. From Sister 147.64. 3.90.84.
From Sister 143.113. From Mabel Harry 34. From Tweedie 148.
From Webster 163.5.38.136. From Baker 125.120. Fm Audley 151.105
Fm Slater 125.133.147. Fm Holland 159. 7. 153.
L from Grace Cocking 125. Licence 151. From Morris 7. 131.
Lovell 37. Labor Bureau 148.40.

L fm Townsend 116.139.1.74. Limburners' Creek 159. Lloyd 162.
Lindsay 162. "Loud Applause 149. Laughlin 39. "Life Of Catherine
Booth" 75. Let fm Mrs. Townsend 57. Lewis 36. L fm Rixon 52.
Life of C. Booth 67. Let fm Dr. Ricel. From Moroney 2. From
Sister 3. From Knapp 70. From Fraser 93.145.

Let to Grace C118. From Fraser 123. L to Woodbury 124.
"Loud Applause" 107.140. Lake M. 141. L to Mayor 142.
To Webb 148.138. Lindsay 133. L from "Sun" 138.
From Bradford 137. From Woodbury 138.146. Sister 142. 86.
From Slater 146. To Holland 147. Lang, Wood, & Co. 113.
From Rixon 106. Liverpool 104. L fm Tuck 129. Fm Groves 100.
To Freeberg 84. "Life Of C. Booth" 80. Loan 80. Lindsay 86.87.
Lew Sam 132. "Li Hung Chang's Scrap Book" 99. Lettuce 99.

Melbourne 93. Marsh 83. 101.77.104. 134. 137.142.141.144.
76.13. Murphy 98. Millar 101.132.85.104.118.76.147.148.152.
66.72. "Many Infallible proofs" 128.107. McIntire 129.130.
"More Victims Of the priests" 131. Money sent 132. Money
withdrawn 86. Mumps 77.125. Mum 78.86.137.31.33.37.161.
May C 78. Mullins 79.121. Motor bicycle 85. Macdonald 86.
Moody's life 108. Methodists 112. McIlroy 125. Mills 118.
Mum 121. "Misanthropes" 123. Magic lantern 59. Mabel Harry
59.67. Morris 29. McGirr 33. Murray 33. Mayfield cops 11.
Martin 12.72. Mathieson 37. Musical Festival 156. Morrision 161.
Magneto 162.72. Moroney 2. Marsh 64.70.

Nelson 90. "No Union Like One" 62. Neale 70.130. Newtown 72.
Newcastle Argus" 61. "New Year's Noises" 10 A. 134.
New corps 11. Nelmes 18.

"One Big Union Herald" 61. Orell 39. Orchard 99.153.
Oxenham 31. "One Mighty Union" 52.70. Out of work 40.
"One Thousand Tales" 107. Omar Khaayam 115.

F
H
O
C
H
M
H
M
S
E
I
W
I
T
F
S
O.
U
N
F
R
P
S
I
F
T
P
T
S
I
T

INDEX.

plant the Acorn 108. "picturesque Atlas 112. Pettigrew 14. 138.
 Prize 22. 25. 129. 133. 138. 141. 146. 124. Paid off 39.
 Porous pot 70. 28. 47. 49. Phonograph 70. "Patriotism" 70. 58.
 59. 90. Pettigrew 31. 47. 78. 131. 151. Photos 152. 74. 86.
 Pricel 108. 132. 138. Pink 157. 158. 160. 124. Perry 158. 130. 124.
 preamble 92. port Stephens 134. Pink 162. 150. Pipe-fitters 162.
 postcards 59. Picture palace 98. perkins 4. 131. Papers sent 11.
 Powder-monkey 79. "popular Christianity 79. Poisoned finger 89.
 Rowe 4. 75. Robinson 11. 104. 134. 28. 112. 85. Rubber pad 71.
 Rawlings 128. 107. 81. 147. Robson 130. Richards 95. 102. 147. 196.
 118. 123. 80. Roberts 158. 159. Relief 77. 18. Raymond 28.
 Raymond Terrace 31. "Roger's Reasons" 31. 86. Riley 77.
 Registration cards 66. "Reds in Congress" 24. Sinclair 47.
 99. 106. 43. 25. 28. 86. "Share Alike" 49. "Socialism: What Is It?"
 81. 70. 138. 132. Sutherland 77. Stead 77. 142. 99. Sheldon 77.
 Sheargold 78. Stead 87. Smith 78. 86. 133. 142. 129. Streaker Smith
 119. 156. "Sandgate 132. 152. S. Denial 126. Soper 2. Shaw 92.
 95. Storey 28. Stead 104. Sullings 28. Shares 157. Songsters
 158. "Sunset" 161. S. Sharp 164. "Self Help" 162. 148. Stuart 164.
 "Safe Through the Blood" 147. Steel in eye 147. Shine 148. 156.
 Speer's Point 153. Steer 154. 157. School 64. Stockton 64.
 "Songs of Freedom" 70. Safety Mitchell 10. Skelton 57. Scott 37.
 Sister 61. "Silent Liars" 138. 111. "Sandgate 135. Soap works 141.
 Shackleton 104. "Sam: the Story of a Little While" 110.
 "The 8th C.U. Meeting" 21. 24. "To Mothers" 18. Tech. coll. 12.
 Trip to Sydney 8. "Travel" 12. Throsby Ck. 18. 31. Tuck 132. 127.
 "The Lord From Heaven" 147. "The Gambler" 147. 154. 131. 135.
 "The Kookaburras" 150. 158. Townsend 1152. 101. 119. Toll 148.
 "To Miners 155. Teal 157. "The Everitt Massacre" 66. Tuck 121.
 "To Billy Mug" (3) 119. "The Reason Why" 124. "They Say" 66.
 "To Social Parasites" 15. "The Red Favorite" 70. Terrikiba 138.
 "The Lord from Heaven" 133. "The Parasite" 141. Testament 144.
 "This Is The Year" 146. "The Light of India" 138. "They Say" 55.
 "The C.U. Meeting" 37. "The Red Favorite" 56. "Then and Now" 39.
 "The Principles of Christian Brethren" 81. "The Profit" 87.
 "The Lord Is Coming Again" 81. "Things As They Are" 81.
 "The Old Story" 81. 82. "The perils of Bolshevism" 85.
 "To Billy Mug" (1) 96. "The Double Four" 99. Townsend 31. 32.
 "The Contented Slave" 36. "The Night & the Morning" 71.
 "The Child's Book of Wonders" 25. "Two Pages from Rom Hist. 129.
 "The Christian Soldier" 138. Teaching 134. Teal's gang 113.
 "The Gospel & its Ministry" 134. "The Steam Engine 110.
 The "Self-Denial Fund 112. "To Billy Mug" (2) 103.
 "The Christian Jingo" 105. The Solomon System 109.
 "The Christian Soldier. "The Daughter of the Chieftain" 110.
 aylor 38. The Little Boy Religions 110. Tyrell 115. "The New-
 astle Division" 46. "The Old Story" 71. "The People" 49.

INDEX.

INDEX.

124. A Prophecy 21. 25. Athiest 18. Arthur 64. 77. 92. 101. 102.
 119. 125. 127. 134. Annetts 147. 45. 77. Anzac day 49. 31.
 Accordeon 78. Aunt Grace 38. A Proposal 62. At the gate
 11. 12. Anstey 34. Amram Lewis 32. A Soul's Pilgrimage
 25. "A Young Man's Difficulties With His Bible" 31.
 "An Invitation" 59. 60. 72. "A Sally Bloke's Opinion 41.
 120. 127. 129. 121. A. Lame Excuse 73. Accident 86. 137. "Another
 "ar 88. 101. Apprenticeship 98. "Air, Sea, And Sky" 101.
 A Little Boy Who Beat 4 Men 108. A Rector's Surprise
 109. A Father's Advice 109. A Rara Avis 115. 119.
 At Last 124. 127. "Adventures In Africa 134. Anticipa-
 tions 149. "A Few Short Years From Now" 157. Adams 160.
 Argus 161. Atfield 164.
 vice 109. A Proposal. 69
 Birthdays 151. 152. 153. 163. Berkhamstead 1. Burgess 85
 77. 12. 25. 132. 149. 151. Books read 24. Brooks 11. Brother
 Bob 12. 15. 72. 102. Baddely 37. Bayliss 25. Bull 33. 142.
 91. 152. Bridgewater Treatise 31. Booth 48. 49. 130. 79. 119.
 "Baby's Soliloquy 61. 62. Bennet 72. 156. Black & White
 73. Bertha Robinson 38. Bourke 40. 81. 101. 121. Bobby C.
 42. 47. 102. Bobby 43. Butcher 99. Bureau 78.
 Boots 80. Bexley Boys 101. 100. Bookstall 101.
 Bedford 90. 112. Brethren 95. Broken "arthenware 99.
 Bookstall 112. A Father's Advice
 Baker 112. Barton Todd 118. Baldwin 119. Bowling 125.
 Band 148. Bill for funeral 151. Blowhole 155.
 Bailey 162. Burial of Smith 162. Bushman's letter 162.
 Burns 160. 166. Barnaby Rudge 133. Beryl C. born 134.
 Blowhole 142. Brethren 81.
 Crook 133. 101. Charley 133. 134. 141. 137. 156. 148. 151.
 161. 162. 128. 131. 115. 98. 80. 87. 85. 47. Cadogan 148. 163.
 81. Charley 11. 33. 39. Cemetery 152. Concertina 152.
 Cocking, Til, 60. Carpenter 127. 112. 93. 77. 134. 142.
 Consolation 127. Calder 127. 101. Cross 129. Connell 112
 77. 123. Cross 81. Cowling 121. Cui Bono 124. Cross 124. 141.
 Cottrill 107. 97. Contract 113. Charlton 90. 93.
 Christadelphianism Briefly Tested 81. Conversions 85.
 Christmas 133. 134. 146. Concor
 dance 141. Common Cause 21. 36. Curran 22. Cannon 39.
 Cocking, Bobby, 12. Jimmy 12. Concert 37. Cocking, Til &
 Pearl, 25. Cambridge 28. 29. "Consistency" 29. 32.
 Connell 33. 37. Cromarty 37. "Capitalism" 38. 42.
 Chief Men Among the Brethren 81. Carpenter 85.
 Charlton 87.

INDEX.

Drury, Mark, & F. 129. Davis 118. "Don't Arbitrate" 104. 97.
 "Darkest England" 104. Donnelly 90. Dentist Hutchinson 97.
 Doris Orchard 99. Death of Smith 161. Durham 72.
 "Deluded Slaves" 66. 53. 66. "Definitions Of Socialism" 66. 42.
 47. Duncan 77. "Dark Days" 66. 86. Devil's chest 77. Drill 77.
 Death of Keith Austin 86. Donnelly 87.
 Edwards 78. Eukalele 81. Eckersley 70. Employed 18. 20. 21.
 22. 24. Ensign Marsh 64. Emery wheel 64. Eben Worley 48.
 134. Elections 133. Eclipse of sun 102. Enright 132.
 Fraser 90. 93. 102. 132. 123. 87. Father Christmas 133. Ford 143.
 133. 137. 141. Fraser 78. 80. 81. 85. 86. Ford 73. 76. Florence 137.
 43. 128. 129. 121. 124. 107. 156. 161. 162. 25. 31. 45. 97. 119. 130.
 "Farewell to Hilder & Marsh 141. Fowler 137. Farewell 142.
 Fowler 101. Fleming 99. Fred 119. 67. 131. 157. 28. Frew 71.
 Freeberg 21. 81. 128. 34. 37. Frank Veale 71. Ferns 38. 37.
 Fernley 24. Footpath 70. Ferguson 113. Fitzgerald 118.
 Fowler 153. 127. Fegan 37. Francis 37. "Fie Wallsend" 128.
 Field 130. Football 78. 81. Funeral 89.
 Groves 77. 80. 71. 74. Gardening 45. Galvanometer 80. 81.
 Gift 144. German 80. Gardeners Lodge 81. Grace Cocking 86. 87.
 129. 30. 33. 95. General Booth 90. Goodwin 128. 124.
 Gillivray 130. Gillard 10. 156. 113. Gow 38. Gibson 11.
 Gardiner 37. 161. Gilligan 37. Gow 39. Gillen 164. Groves 9
 101. 90. Gen. Booth 96.
 Hilder 90. 94. 101. 40. 112. 77. 78. 85. 134. 137. 138. 142. 76. 13
 16. 39. 70. 141. 144. "Hypnotism" 24. 28. "Hail the One Big
 Union" 64. Hunter 95. "Hunted & Harried" 101. Harvest festi
 val 162. Harrold 164. Holland 147. 146. 73. 74. Hook 149.
 150. 160. Henderson 151. 130. Henniker 157. Hekkart 160.
 Herb Adams 160. ~~xxxxxx~~ Hurst 160. 161. 162. Harris 162.
 Hutchinson 161. 81. Handicapped 161. Hill 11. Hoare 37.
 Hilda Yates 39. Huntley 40. "His Greatest Discovery" 110.
 Hughes 115. Holt 112. Hardes 113. Healey 115. 130.
 Hoare 123. Huddleston 124. Hernia 77. 80. Hall 61.
 "How To Study the Scriptures" 134. Hazel Worley 48.
 163.
 Indenture 137. "Interplanetary Communion" 144. Iverson, 9
 94. "I Wouldn't Hurt a Worm" 79. "I Wonder" 82. 25. 29. 34. 2.
 Income tax 85. Income 125. Indian bicycle 118. Ipswich 11
 In Good Company 109. Irene Lindsay 152. Influenza 101.
 Iron boat 119. Invitation 119. Ignorance 18. Industrial 118.
 24. Industrial Mitchell 162.
 Jack 147. 149. 158. 160. 161. 11. 102. 119. 104. 113. 118. 123. 128.
 "Battle Division" 46. 137. 141. 135. 38. 42. 43. 46. 58. 128.

tudla
d b
ex

United Laborers Union 32.39. Unemployed 5.10.11.12.
 Ukalele 39. "Unto This Last" 73. Unemployment 4.13.14. 16.
 18.
 Vera Woodward 91. Violet Sheldon 101. Venetian blind 48.
 Vaisey 133. Veale 58.59. Vial 36. Veale 71. 70. Vines 70.
 Vera Shoemith 3. Verses printed 16.20. Visit to show 24.

 White 147. Worley 148.153.156.70.132.112.113.76.137.142.
 48. Wedding 3. William James Cocking 3. "Wanted" 23. 140.
 "When I Am Queen" 32. "War's Vile Game" 63.70. Wickham 70.
 Waratah Chambers 65. Woodbury 66.70.33.3.73.134.152.
 Wilson 145.127.128.137.101.89. Welcome 150. Watch 157.
 Wheeler 158. 160. Wallace 162. "What Is Prohibition?"
 28. Wedding 70. "What Is Craft-Unionism?" 28. Walt 31.
 Witten 129.130. "With One Voice" 130. Walter's prize 132.
 Woodbury 104. Wimshurst machine 112. Websters 4. Watson
 36. "What Is Christianity?" 26. Whatmore 12. Wheeler 37.
 "What Socialism Is Not" 43. Worley 48. Working ~~60~~ Men" 60.
 Wingham 59. Woodbury 91.93.102. Watkins 93.101. Websters 94.
 "Wanted--A Poet" 95.102. Witton 99. Whatmore 102.
 "With 1 Voice" 102. Walter 119. War Crys 77. Woodbury 78.
 81.82. 85. Will Cocking 80. Water Board 81.
 Worley farewelled 81. Wickhams 81. Weidner 85.
 Webster 82. Warragul 85. Witton 125. Williams 118.
 Watson 118. Warren 124. Watkins 125.

 Yates 142. Yearly fund 10. Young 34. Yates 39.40.147.

