

BOTANY NOTE BOOK

From July 28th 1937 to
June 28th 1938.

R

MRS. MARY JACKSON.

Among the old residents of Wallsend who died recently was Mrs. Mary Jackson, relict of Mr. John Jackson. She was 77 when she died at the home of her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Isabella Burdon, of Thomas-street, Wallsend, whose husband, Mr. Joseph Burdon, died suddenly a few months ago. Mrs. Jackson had been an invalid for many years.

For the private interment, Rev. R. J. Cashin officiated at the house, and in the Methodist cemetery, Wallsend. Mrs. Allsopp assisted in the service at the house. Four grandsons, Messrs. John, Walter, Raymond, and William Burdon, were the pall-bearers.

Mrs. Jackson was married twice. Two sons, Messrs. John Burdon (Wallsend), and William Burdon (Greta), and two daughters, Mesdames Polly Lumsden (Kurri Kurri), and Florence Morgan (Sydney), survive. There are 20 grandchildren, and 15 great-grandchildren.

PALESTINE AND THE WORLD

Sir.—I listened one day this week to an address by Rabbi Levy. He appeared very optimistic concerning Palestine's future and that of the Jewish race in Palestine. Next day I read in the "Newcastle Morning Herald"—"While Signor Mussolini and Mr. Chamberlain are talking of friendship Italy is fostering anti-British propaganda in the Near East," says the "Daily Herald." "Signor Mussolini desires to revive the ancient Roman province of Syria as an independent Arab State under Italian tutelage, comprising Palestine, modern Syria and Sinai. Jews would be absorbed or eliminated."

This danger is existent. Do the Jewish people as well as the masses in the world, not understand that if Mr. Chamberlain is allowed to recognise the conquest of Abyssinia, then the conquest of Spain, that the conquest of Palestine may be the next step?

The world stood by and let Japan invade Manchuria. With what result? Japan is further extending her territory in China with bloody warfare and still telling the masses, in fact shrieking from the housetops, that she has no aggressive designs.

Let every lover of peace recognise that the League of Nations is the place to handle the aggressor. Let us first of all get democratic representation there, and then form an international police force to handle the position.

The outlook for Jew or Gentile is not safe with Mr. Chamberlain following his present policy. Let us with one accord repudiate the recognition of the conquest of Abyssinia! Let us refuse belligerent rights to Franco! Then, and only then, will Palestine or any nationality be safe within the confines of either Empire or world League.

World war or peace to-day hangs in the balance. If people but recognised that one united effort to strengthen the League would swing the whole situation in favour of peace, surely they would work in that direction. Will the Jewish population of Newcastle take this stand and realise their beloved country is still in danger and bound up with the whole world problem of self determinism for every nationality existing in the world.

ISABEL LONGWORTH.

* * *

**BRIDESMAIDS IN
BEIGE SHADE**

Aug. 1937.
Wallsend Wedding

Miss Bessie Henderson was a very pretty bride at her marriage to Mr. Reg Baldwin, which was celebrated by Rev. F. Horne at the Metcalfe Street (Wallsend) Methodist Church last Saturday.

The bride, who is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. Henderson, of Wallsend, was given away by her father. She wore a dainty frock of off-white shimmer satin trimmed with stiffened lace, held at the waist with a girdle. A halo of stiffened tulle held a three-tiered veil in place, and she carried a bouquet of orchids, azaleas and sweet-peas.

Misses Eva Fenwick and Phyllis Fenwick were the bridesmaids. Their charming ankle length frocks of stiffened lace were in the new beige shade, and were underlined with green tulle. They wore halos of plaited green tulle and stiffened lace. Their bouquets were of daffodils, with green streamers.

The bridegroom, who is the son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin, was attended by Mr. James Hill as best man, and Mr. Gordon Henderson was groomsman.

Mr. and Mrs. Henderson entertained the guests at a reception and wedding breakfast at the Rawson Hotel, Wallsend. Mrs. Henderson wore a smart black French crepe frock and a shoulder posy of lily-of-the-valley.

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TIGHE'S HILL BRIDGES

Sir,—A few weeks hence the great freak in the world on the subject of bridges will be on view at Tighe's Hill, New South Wales. In this section of the Commonwealth two bridges will be parallel across Crosby-Creek. The old will continue to run over the old bridge. Vehicular and pedestrian traffic will be on the new bridge, with the result that vehicular traffic will have to cross the lines at each side of the bridge to the right side of the road. Vehicular traffic will have to cross the tram at two points within a few yards each other in the face of trams running to and from Newcastle. The proposal is certainly a death trap. Common marks made by the citizens of May and Tighe's Hill at the present time are—"Who will be held responsible when an accident takes place, and the death of some person or persons is the result? We know the responsible people will be charged with murder. Nevertheless it will be murder through neglect, incompetence of the official in charge of the Main Roads Board. However, should an accident happen with fatal results, shall we expect the person responsible to receive a life sentence to hard labour manslaughter."

There is time for the Prime Minister of Australia and the Premier of New South Wales to prevent this ridiculous state of affairs from being enacted.

W. LONGWORTH
Maitland-road, Mayfield 13/30

OCTOBER 13, 1937.

*"World Peace,"
Room 60, Station
House, Rawson Place*

WEDNESDAY, JULY 28, 1937.

Letters to Editor

The Editor uses his discretion to reject letters exceeding 600 words. He cannot enter into discussion with the writers in the event of rejection. Rejected letters are not returned.

Writers of letters must furnish their names and addresses, not necessarily for publication but for the information of the Editor.

COAL INDUSTRY

Sir,—The vaporous deductions of the person signing under the nom-de-plume of "Manager" would be a screaming farce if the position was not fraught with such serious consequences for the whole of Australia.

"Manager" would have us believe that the average miner's wage is from over £2 down to £1/7/9 per day. If miners as a whole are receiving the above rates of pay, which would hand out £10 or £12 per week, why does "Manager" not rush in and secure a good time? Or does he himself get £20 per week for lip service rendered in favour of the "coal barons" instead of producing coal? I know many in the Northern district, and they assure me that the figures given out by their officials, Messrs. Orr and Nelson, are correct in every detail. The following are some of the figures—British statistics showed that coal won per head were: Britain 331 tons per year, India 188 tons, Japan 250 tons, New South Wales 360 tons. On the basis of these figures, the New South Wales costs of production were the lowest. In Belgium it cost 4/11½ per ton, in Czechoslovakia 9/6, in France 11/1½, in the Netherlands 11/6, in Germany 9/11, in the Saar Basin 15/7½, in Poland 6/, in Canada 10/1½, in Japan 6/9, in New South Wales 4/1.

If "Manager" can prove the above figures to be wrong, why did he not do so in his "tirade" against the miners' officials? The New South Wales miners are the lowest paid in the world, and that is the position which they would always hold if "Manager" had the power to force it.

As one of the general public, I am paying 1/9 per bag for coal, for which the miners receive 4/1 per ton. Who is getting the "rake off"? Certainly not the miners. "Manager," in referring to soup kitchens, reveals the fact that miners' wages must have been in accordance with the conditions suggested, that of soup kitchens. Had they suggested putting up at the Hotel Australia this would have indicated that they receive good wages.

"Manager" says: "I venture to say that should a strike eventuate and the Government keeps its fingers out of the pie, the fight will be of short duration, and the federation smashed beyond repair." The statement is stupid. Anyone with a grain of common sense must realise that if there was a fight between the mine-owners and the mine workers, the fight would not last five minutes, and the mine workers

"Manager" ought to know that the duties of a Government are to see that a country is run in the best interests of the whole community, not to back the robber, and be against the robbed. If the miners pull together, and the A.C.T.U. do their duty, there can be only one result, a clean-cut win for the coal-getters.

W. LONGWORTH.

17 Maitland-road, Mayfield.
[It is fair that the public should know that our correspondent's statement that the New South Wales miners are the lowest paid in the world is hopelessly at variance with the facts.—Editor "N.M.H."]

FEDERAL LABOUR AND WAR

Sir,—The leader of the Federal Opposition (Mr. J. Curtin) said, "The only authority which could decide the platform and policy for Federal Labour candidates was the triennial Commonwealth Labour Conference." The great majority of people following the Labour ticket think that the Labour party is a democratic organisation. Surely the above report by Mr. Curtin will make everyone concerned realise the fact that the Labour party is not a democratic organisation, but an extremely reactionary one.

No body of men standing in the interests of the working class, possessing common sense, and professing to play the game square, would bind themselves to the decisions of a conference which meets only every third year, especially in these troublesome times when conditions are changing from day to day.

The Federal Labour Party must accept the war policy of the A.C.T.U. or admit that the war policy of the A.L.P. is in the interests of the Fascists. Mr. Curtin cannot have it both ways at the same time. He is with the A.C.T.U. or he is against it.

There is no time to waste. The A.C.T.U. and the trade-union movement must nominate their own Parliamentary candidates, pledged to a progressive policy—old age pensions of £2/10/ per week, £5 basic wage, 40 hours maximum week, stabilisation of prices, Government control of banks, public works to be financed by the Government, no interest. All able-bodied and mentally fit men and women must receive the basic wage, work or no work. There must be social insurance against sickness, and hospitals and medical attention financed by the Government. There must be no secret treaties. All foreign policies should be controlled by the whole Parliament majority rule, with a referendum if necessary.

If the trade-union movement does not desire to run candidates, the Douglas Credit party—the next best for the following reasons: The Labour politicians dominate the people. On the other hand, the Douglas Credit party officials consider it their duty, and the duty of all Governments, to concede the demands of the people. In other words, the Douglas Credit party considers that the will of the people must be obeyed.

W. LONGWORTH.

17 Maitland-road, Mayfield. 7/28/37

With freedom from disasters,
And, sad to tell, they now rebel
Against their good, kind Masters!

This diary is being written by Josiah Cocking.

Wed. Aug. 11th, 1937. I have written the following verses for "Common Cause", but have not yet sent them away:—

ADVICE TO MINERS.

Don't go on strike!
No masters like
To see a striker playing;
Remain at work from
dawn till dusk,
No matter what they're
re paying.

Why should a "hand"
like you demand
Immediate extension
Of rates of pay, a
shorter day,
Security and pension?

In days of yore your
fathers bore
Their Masters' yokes,
quite willing
To toil & die at home,
or his
Abroad to do their
killing.

But now, alas! the
working class old cus-
toms are forsaking;
They boldly daredemand
a share
Of wealth their work
is making.

They ask for health,
long life & wealth,

3.
You're given pubs & football clubs,
Bands, races, fights, pictures,
Good radio & cricket, so
Why pass ungrateful strictures ?

Display no rude ingratitude
To kind, mine-owning neighbours,
For you receive their gracious leave
To spend your lives in labours.

Don'tt be misled by any Red
Who advocates combining
Disbanded Mugs against the Eggs
Who own the coal you're mining.

Don't ever look at any book
Concerning economics,
But spend each dime on tales of crime,
Wild Western lies, & Comics !

Don't kick nor stab a lowly scab;
For what can be expected
Of men too low to care or know--
Too proud to be corrected ?

To "Common Cause", 2/10/57.

Last week we received the following letter (typed) from Art:-
"Public School, Kickabil, Balladoran, 28th.

Dear Folks, The machine on which this is being typed is a recent purchase of mine, the cost being £ 4, which in my ignorance I consider quite a low price for a machine such as this. Thereby hangs a tale. On Saturday last I had occasion to enter a second-hand dealer's shop in Gilgandra. Whilst glancing round the shop I noticed a dusty old typewriter in one corner. It was covered in dust, but seemed of pretty good design. Now, I had for some time considered making such an investment, so I was quite interested. However, I am not so impetuous nor so stupid as to wantonly throw away four cool quid notes; so I consulted a bloke who had had some 30 years experience with these contrivances. After testing it he advised me not to miss such a unique opportunity. I acted on his advice, & here it is.

The story of the motor-bike is not so pleasing, however. Lately I seem unable to go anywhere on schedule. Of course some consolation is obtained from the thought that I seldom have anywhere to go to where time really matters.

The chain has broken, the wheel has scraped, & several other wheel troubles, trivial, I know, but pretty annoying & sufficient to delay me. I have lately shown how clever I am by breaking my gear lever. I can still change gear ^{gear when necessary,} ~~out here~~ with the 'inch
(which isn't very often

or so left. I can make a temporary one in our blacksmith's shop. I would be obliged if you would inquire about a second-hand one in Newcastle or Sydney, for I can't find out the address of a spare-part joint.

Oh, by the way, I nearly forgot to thank you for the parts. I think the needle is too thick, but I'll see if it can be adapted. The kick-start parts were not immediately necessary, for I had successfully carried out temporary repairs. I'll install them to-morrow afternoon, probably.

I intended to send you some dough, but selfishness & the opportunity to get this typewriter prevented my doing so.

I continue to nurse the fire, bury my head in a book, & then slink off to bed during the week. Of late Dilgandra has been my week-end headquarters, but I will in all probability visit Dubbo next week-end. Thanks for your offer of the crystal set, but I would suggest that you leave it at home until the holidays. I'm just about sick of typing, so I will close. Arthur."

Saturday, Aug. 14th 1937. This evening Florence went to Maitland, as she is first on turn, to wait for a call to go out & nurse. Fred is making frames for fly-screens on doors & windows. Walter is trying to find a faulty part in his car. I have had a U shaped peice of iron made to put on the billy cart to hold one wheel. It was made by a blacksmith whose shop is near the Methodist church in Station street, Waratah. It cost 3/6. Yesterday & to-day I gathered, in all, 4 cartloads of manure. There was a collision quite close to me, in Maud street, between a motor car & a big 2 decker bus. No one was badly hurt.

Wed. Aug. 18th 1937. To-day we received the following letter from Florence:-

"C/o Mrs. Hedges, John Street, Rutherford, West Maitland, Monday night, 18th. Dear Everybody, As you see, I have not had to wait too long for the call--came here yesterday morning, & am nursing the old lady herself, who has heart trouble. I do not know how long I shall be here, for even though she has been much better to-day, her heart is pretty bad, the doctor says, & so it's hard to say yet; & a lot will depend on whether she is able to keep me long, even if the heart does stand up to it. I don't know how she is financially, but she is always telling me (so far) that she would like to keep me on for good, but I do not think, by the appearance of her home, that funds will allow it. Anyhow, I am very happy here, the whole crowd are very staunch Catholics, but they seem to have taken to me all right, but of course I don't know for how long.

This is the first time I have been to Rutherford-- didn't know where it was exactly-- & the place in itself certainly is not

4

interesting, but is just a few minute's run from West Maitland, so I shall take a run over there when I can get out. I suppose you were wondering just where I am. Well, I suppose just when I am feeling at home here & thinking I own the whole place, I shall leave; but in the meantime I am very happy. The old lady is very pleasant; she is 76 & is just like a gramophone -- talks all day if I let her; but she is bright, & it's nice to be looking after someone who is bright enough to want to talk. If there are any letters since I left will you please post them on? Will continue this serial in my next issue; & now I have to tuck the old lady in & try to get some rest myself. Good night! Love from Florence."

We also received the following letter card from Art this morning :-

"As usual, Saturday. At present in Dubbo Park. Dear Folks, This is to certify that I am still alive & kicking, & am not suffering from complete lapse of memory. Thanks very much for the wireless. I haven't any results from it yet, but it hasn't been tried with a long aerial or soldered connections. The bike (motor, of course) has proved the worry of my existence, although I must admit it saved me from going ratty from my "wild bush loneliness" as Charles Boland calls it, it is likely to drive me still rattier. Since I can't afford to sacrifice my good temper, I have decided to dispose of the B.S.A. & perhaps invest in a light car on terms during the holidays. I have just been conversing with the owner of a Baby Austin. He fairly "dotes in idolatry" on it. Joe's suggestion about the model T Ford is, I think, a pretty good one. A model A with a good engine & a crook looking body might suit me better. See you about the 29th. Arthur."

Wed. Aug. 25th, 1937. Last Saturday we received the following telegram from Jim Pettigrew:- "Liz Jane passed away this morning

It came about 11 a.m., & Mum & I got ready & Walter took us by car to the Newcastle railway station & bought our return tickets. The weather was cold & wet, but the temperature in the carriage was warmer. We arrived at Dapto about 7 p.m. & were met at the station by Bob White & the girls & were taken to Jim's place. My dear Sister was lying in her coffin with a smile on her face. She had evidently passed away painlessly & happily; for which I am glad. We found most of the Pettigrew family present, & they were very pleased because we came down. Grace & brother Jack arrived by train about an hour after us, but May did not come. Bill Pettigrew & his wife did not appear either, nor any of the Shaws & Pettigrews from Wallsend. Brother Bob was not notified because Jim did not know his address. I wrote to Bob yesterday & explained the reason why he was not

TUESDAY, AUGUST 24, 1937.

Sir—Mr. Bland gives me the impression that he has never at any time belonged to a trade-union. The person signing under the non-de-plume of "Unionist" is in a similar position to Mr. Bland. Both being non-unionists, they expose themselves as disruptionists.

All trade-unions have rules and regulations. It would be impossible to adopt any policy without a resolution being moved, seconded and carried in accordance with the policy outlined. How can any motion or resolution be substantive which has to be passed by a majority of an organisation? Is it reasonable to expect a majority to overthrow themselves?

I am not a member of the Communist party, but I claim to understand Communism. There is no secret about Communism. Messrs. Baldwin, Eden, Mussolini, Hitler, Lyons, Franco, Stevens, Lang, and Curtin, along with hundreds of men holding the reins of power, understand Communism, but, according to Mr. Bland, men in the trade-union movement are ignorant on this subject, and some Communists are educating them in a subtle manner.

Communism is defined as the doctrine of a community of property. A Communist is one who holds the doctrines of Communism. Readers will realise that according to dictionary definition, Communism has nothing to do with religion. It deals with property, i.e., economics. Hitler, Mussolini, Franco, and the militarist Government of Japan are religious, but these supposed lovers of God have murdered hundreds of thousands of men, women, and defenceless children who had faith, trust, and belief in an all-powerful God.

Messrs. Bland and "Unionist" are trying to cloud the issues. There are 700 different brands of religion, all claiming to be the only true religion. The average person will realise that religion is a personal matter, and plays no part in the production and distribution of the necessities of life.

W. LONGWORTH.
17 Maitland-road,
Mayfield.

5.
informed of Liz Jane's death; & I described the funeral. Grace & Mum, & Jack & I slept at Bob White's house. In the afternoon on Sunday many people came to Jim's place, where an indoor service was conducted by the reverend Mr. Mason-- a Methodist minister. His wife was also present. Among those present were Bob Woodward, former son-in-law; Bob White, son-in-law; Les Duley, son-in-law; George Richardson, son-in-law; Lila Richardson, daughter; Nelly White, daughter; Florrie Duley, daughter; Matt. Pettigrew, brother; his sons Charlie & Earnie Pettigrew, & Charlie's wife. The grandchildren were all present. The funeral was by motor car to the new portion of the Wollongong cemetery. At the grave the minister, Mr. Mason, spoke very sympathetically to, & appreciatively of, the Pettigrew family in general & Liz Jane in particular. As the rain had gone & the sun shone & tempered the cool Southerly wind, the service was conducted with comfort. There were several wreaths, & the coffin was one of the best. I left the scene in a very sorrowful mood, & I think that most of the relatives & friends were very sad & sympathetic. After we had returned to Dapto & had tea, Les Duley took Mum & me to the new coke ovens near Wollongong. Near the ovens there are many tents & shacks where the employees & the unemployed live. Mum & I slept at Bob White's house on Sunday night, but Jack & Grace went back to Sydney then. We left Dapto by the 7 am train. At Sydney we had to wait for the ten past two p.m. train for Newcastle, so we had a walk to Grace Bros. shop & Mum bought some chamois leather for Walt, Jack, & Jose to clean their cars; some picture books for the grandchildren, some handkerchiefs for our boys, some doyleys for Gladys, Ivy, & Florence; a hair-clipper for Jose; & several other things. I bought a book entitled "Twenty-Five Tested Wireless Circuits"; 96 pages, by F.J. Camm. (1/6). We had dinner in the little park adjoining the central railway station, & caught the 2.10 p.m. train for Newcastle. We got home about 7 o'clock & found everything all right. Last evening Jack & Gladys & the children stayed with us till about 10 o'clock.

Wed. continued.

We received the following letter from Florence:-

C/o Mrs. Hedges, John Street, Rutherford, Tuesday 3rd Aug.
Dear People, Well, I am still on the job & it seems likely that I shall be here for a little while yet. It's hard to say just how long my old patient will be ill, but I doubt if she will live more than a week or two, although some days she looks pretty bright & I think then that she may get well in time; but that remains to be seen. In the meantime it's not too bad, except that I am tired of the job. I went out for exactly one hour this afternoon & when I came home she was in tears because I had left her; so it seems as though I have got to have a lot of patience.

Thanks very much for the letters: you know, Minnie, you are getting pretty good at writing. I suppose you are looking forward to Mike coming home at the week-end. I hope when he has a chance he takes a run up to see me, because I certainly not be able to visit home.

Well, cheerio! One of the visitors is going to post this & is going to catch the train. Write & tell me all the news. Good night! Love from Florence.

Mum answered that last night after Jack & Gladys had gone.

Tues., Aug. 31st, 1937. Last Saturday Arthur returned from Kickabil by train, as the weather was too wet to ride a bicycle. He will be at home a fortnight, during which he will probably repair his bike & try to sell it & get another one. On Sunday I went to Islington Park & met Mr. Stanton & Bill Longworth. I lent Stanton the 7th volume of the "Modern Science" series; & I lent Longworth the little pamphlet that I compiled for Ken Jensen, against the Boy-Scout movement. There were only 8 men at the park--no politicians & no meeting. Major Smyth, who is in charge of the Mayfield Sarmy corps, is very ill.

Last week we received the following letter from brother Bob:

"August 25th, Lismore Street, Abermain. Dear Joe, Your letter to hand to day, & the main contents was not a surprise to me, knowing as I did that Liz-Jane was so ill for such a long time, consequently her death was not unexpected by me. I notice also that you were somewhat in a fix in regard to time, therefore you could not notify me in time; & Jim, in all probability, had so much on his hands, & not knowing my postal address, he also can be excused in not letting me know. However, as I expect to be forgiven for my own forgetfulness & past sins, & all things that I should have done but left undone, I can forgive others.

Jim, poor fellow-- his main troubles have now started. He will be compelled to engage a housekeeper-- he, as a

matter of fact, will have to keep two wives instead of one. He will be robbed hand over fist. I know to my sorrow, as I have had the dreadful experience. I shall write him a letter to express my sorrow for the loss of Liz-Jane.

I was somewhat surprised to know of your admiration of the Minister who presided at the funeral, & that he met with your approval, knowing as I do that your love for Ministers is not very deep. I trust now that you will be convinced that there are some real good, earnest, God-fearing men in the Church. I have met some myself who do their best for those who mourn for the loss of some friend.

Now, about this Sankey Music Book. When I was up at the Benevolent Home I gave you a Sankey Hymn Book. I thought, when I asked you for one, that the one I gave you was a spare one, & that, maybe, it was not in use at your home-- hence my reason for asking you to send it up to me; but, as usual, when I ask you to go a mile with me you make up your mind to go two. It's always the same with you-- when I ask you for a peice of bread you run & kill the fatted calf!

Jim & Ethel were up to see me a few days ago. He doesn't know when he can come up again, as he is now being placed on the staff: it means every day's work in the year, full pay for sickness, & 14 days holidays each year.

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

We are all quite well here. We find it ever so much better living up here: it's healthier, 100 per cent. Gladys has just brought in from our fowl yard 8 eggs. We 4 or 5 (& sometimes 8) every day. It's a wonderful help & a rich blessing to our family larder. I see we are to have our pension increased to a pound a week again. It should not have been cut down.

I don't know when I shall be coming down to see you again. I will wait until the long days come again.

My new glasses are all right: I can read all day if I wish to do so. No head-aches now. I am delighted with the glasses; they are the best that I have ever had."

Tues. continued.

Yesterday the electricians laid a wire from the house to the garage to give Walt a light at night to repair his car or cycle. The cost of the job was three pounds, which was paid. Gladys & son Jack brought John, Dell, & Alma over last night, & Gladys & the children are here to day. Yesterday I planted a whole packet of Lima beans around the fence in the garden. The little apple-tree is now in flower. This is a lovely warm day.

Wed. Sep. 1st 1937. This morning we received the following letter from Nellie White:--

" 211 Main Road, Dapto, Saturday. Dear Auntie Jennie, I am writing to thank you for your lovely present; it arrived this morning, right on my birthday, & it helped to fill

8.

the empty place. There is no birthday gift to day from Mum to me. How we miss her ! I think this has been the longest week in my life. When we go home to see Dad it nearly kills us. Poor old Dad is so sad & lonely, but he says Mum still sits with him in front of the fire . He says he is going to keep the home going for a while, anyhow, & I think he will be better there for a while. Lila is coming home this week, & I suppose she will be there now. Dad had a letter from Grace & one from Uncle Bill Pettigrew. Pearl gave me a nice black hand-bag, & Bob gave me the slippers I told you he would get. Bob told me to enclose these notices for Uncle: he asked Bob to send them. People here have been calling all the week. I am dreading to hear the door-bell ring. Of course it's nice of them to come, but it is so hard to go over it all again.

The miners' lodge gave Dad a cheque for fifteen pounds; it came in very handy. I go home to Dad every night for an hour. He had the wireless on last night. Jim has stayed home with him all the week.

The rug we thought Grace had left here belonged to Mary's boy (Andy), so it is just as well you did not take it. I suppose you were very tired when you arrived home; I hope you found everything all right. Thanks again, Auntie, for the gift. I have put the lace set on my maple dressing table, & it is the nicest set I have had. We are getting lovely weather now; it is a real Spring day today. Bob & Pearl join me in sending our fond love to you both; also our Cousins. I remain your loving niece, Nellie.

The clippings enclosed are :-" PATTIGREW. The remains of the late Mrs. Elizabeth Jane Pettigrew were interred in the Methodist cemetery, Wollongong, on Sunday, 22nd August, 1937. A.E. Simpson, funeral director.

"MR. JAMES PATTIGREW and FAMILY, of Dapto, desire to sincerely thank Dr. McKinnon for his unceasing attention & kindness to his beloved wife & their mother during her long illness."

"MR. JAMES PATTIGREW & FAMILY, of Dapto, desire to express their sincere thanks to all kind relatives & friends for their assistance, floral tributes, & kind expressions of sympathy in the loss of his dear wife & their mother."

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PATTIGREW.—The Remains of the late Mrs. ELIZABETH JANE PATTIGREW were interred in the Methodist Cemetery, Wollongong, on SUNDAY, 22nd August, 1937.
A. E. SIMPSON,
Funeral Director.

PHILP.—The Relatives and Friends of the late ANDREW PHILP are advised that his remains were laid to rest in the South Head Cemetery SUNDAY (22nd inst.).
LABOR MOTOR FUNERALS, LIMITED,
24 Enmore-road,
Phones, L2777 (2 lines), Newtown.

9
Fri. Sep. 3rd, 1937. Yesterday morning Charlie went by train to Sydney to buy for Ivy a birthday gift for Jose, whose birthday is to-day. Charlie bought a second-hand concertina, slightly out of order, for 3 pounds; also a sixpenny chart for making a crystal set. The concertina has four rows of keys on each side. Charlie is busy at the concertina, & worked at it until late last night. To-day Mum & I gave Charlie 13/- to buy a screen, to avoid glaring lights, to put on his motor-car. Art is busy about his motor bike, but he has a bad cold. Last evening Mum went to the Samy Harvest festival at Mayfield. The weather to day is stormy with a strong, cold Westerly blowing.

We received this letter from Florence to-day:-

"C/o Mrs. Hedges, John Street, Rutherford, 1st Sep.

At long last, a letter!, I suppose you are thinking; but seeing that I rang on Friday night I thought perhaps I had better wait until I could give you some news, although the news is not very pleasant, & it certainly is unexpected.

The Matron of the Club (Oxlee) was buried to-day. I have just returned from the service held at the club prior to the funeral. I could not afford the time to go to the funeral too (my old patient is getting so much worse now that I can't leave her for long) but as Sister Butler sent me word by telegram to-day I was duty bound to make the effort to present myself.

Doctor Soling told me about it yesterday. He was talking to her at the time she had the stroke, which to him seemed pretty slight, but it must have struck a pretty vital spot, as she died 2 hours afterwards.

Well, so much for all that. Now, how are things getting on at home? To-day is Noel's birthday: I wish I was there to give him something & watch him grab. Are his cruel parents still drugging him at night?

It's raining here to-day, but yesterday was very hot-- hot enough for a swim; but the only water in sight is a dirty old water hole in the saleyards paddock, which is over in front of the house.

My old patient seems to be failing fast; she won't eat now, & as soon as her eyes are open it's one continual moan; but I am getting more rest at nights now (only get up about twice) as she is having morphia at night, & it gives us both a rest.

Rutherford is a quiet place; the train line is right in front of here, & Telarah station just about a minute's walk; but as the trains are only twice a day, that does not brighten things up much.

I suppose you went to the fair last night. Art told me it was on. Well, it's time I closed down; there is really nothing exciting happening here.

Love from Florence.

P.S. Thanks for sending the letter on."

COAL INDUSTRY

Sir - The sub-leader in the "Newcastle Morning Herald" of August 27, stated "that the average selling price of coal in 1936 was 16/8 per-ton, compared with 16/- in 1935 and 15/11 in 1934." I gather from the above figures that cheapening of coal by the mechanisation of production does not benefit the general householder.

The threatened strike by the coal-miners fortunately did not take effect, but the miners who have the good fortune to be allowed to produce coal will at least have an existence for their labour expended. That point being settled we must now turn our attention to the retail price of coal to the general public. After all wages and management expenses have been paid, what will be the cost per ton to stack coal on the pithead for sale? Will the price be universal, or will the costs be heavier at some mines than at others?

W. LONGWORTH.
Maitland-road, Mayfield. 2/9/37.

10
Wed. Sep. 8th, 1937. Last Sunday I went to Islington Park & had a chat with Mr. Stanton & lent him the 8th volume of the "Modern Science" series. I afterwards went to Mrs. Longworth's house & lent Bill the first book of the same series. Mrs. Longworth lent me a letter written by Harry Holland to her in 1930 from New Zealand, on the action of Massey in sending an armed force to Fiji to intimidate the poor exploited Indians who were trying to make their conditions better. Yesterday I copied that letter & sent the copy to Mrs. Annie Holland for incorporation in Harry's life. Mrs. Longworth also lent me 3 copies of the "Communist Review". In the issue of that paper dated August, 1937 there is an article entitled "Fifty Years of Socialism In Australia", by J.N. Rawlings, in which the following extract from "The Northern People" of Jan. 25th, 1897.:- "Fetteration or Federation. The long-deluded workers are beginning to realise that the only federation that is capable of benefitting them at present is an inter-colonial, & finally an international, federation of industrial & political unions, for the purpose of destroying Capitalism & militarism, & instituting a condition of society in which they shall get the full reward of their labor & secure the freedom & justice which the invaders at present deny them." Josiah Cocking, Wallsend."

Last Sunday afternoon Arthur took Mum & me to Rutherford, where we had an interview with Florence Ellen, at the home of her patient, Mrs. Hedges, who is very ill with heart trouble. From there Art took us in the car to Beresford & across to Mimmi & Wallsend. In Devon street, Wallsend, we saw the old house on the corner, where Mum & I first met each other; but the old cottage is looking very old & decayed now. The fence only has the posts left, & our once well-kept garden & orchard now consist of one or 2 neglected trees & weeds & grass. Such is life! "Change & decay in all around I see". Arthur has decided to buy Walter's motor bicycle & ride it back to Kickabil. To-day he has gone to inspect the underground workings of the John Darling colliery.

Mr. Murphy, our next door neighbour, has given us a load of sand, which I wheeled in yesterday & caught a cold by doing so in the cold wind. Clays was here all day yesterday with John, Dell, & Alma. Jack came in the evening. He is working in the B.H.P. laboratory for a little while. He gave us 5 fruit trees, which I have put into our garden.

Mon. Sep. 13th 1937. This morning I received the following letter:-
"Greenfield Terrace, Portreath, nr Redruth, Cornwall, Aug. 1st, 1937. Dear Mr. Cocking, Many thanks for your letter & the papers; they're good, but I'm afraid ours we got are not

11.
worth sending. We trust you & all the family are enjoying the very best of health by this time. We are all fine, I am grateful to say, & the weather is glorious, & Portreath is packed with visitors, all having a good time. A party of over 200 are here to-day from Newquay. I suppose your winters are very mild. We had a very rough wet one last year--not but very little ~~s-~~ frost & snow. We have a nice lot of fruit trees, & belong to have a nice lot of fruit, ; this year we have had but very few.

I suppose you have got used to your new house by now. We enjoyed reading the verses you composed, Mr. Cocking; they're very good & all true. Poor workers! how they are misled (into) war.

We hate the very sound, but it's all that we hear now--war. The men at the foundries working overtime making plenty of money. It's all very sad to destroy what God has made; & I am sure that the world is very beautiful now...

I haven't much news to tell you, but we all join in sending you kindest regards. Trusting this will find you & your family enjoying the best. We remain your true friends, H.B.&E. Webster.

Tues. Sep. 14th, 1937. Last Friday Arthur left home on the motor-bicycle that he is buying from Walter, intending to ride to Kiekabil by way of Sydney, Lithgow, Wellington, & Jubbo. On Friday evening he telephoned from Lithgow that he had arrived there safely, but that snow was falling & the weather was very cold. On Saturday night he telephoned from Wellington, & said that he was all right & that the bike was in good order. We have not heard from him since then.

Yesterday Dan Thompson's wife was buried. Joe went to the funeral. Mrs. Thompson had been ill a long time with heart trouble. To-day Charlie is repairing Arthur's motor-bicycle, which he has left at home to be repaired & sold.

This morning I transplanted 104 beet root plants.

Son Jack has been notified that he will have to go to Kenbla on the 4th of next month. At present he is officiating in the place of the foreman, who is off work through illness.

The weather is nice & warm to-day.

Last Sunday I left my pamphlet, "I Call It Murder", & the small pamphlet on boy scouts, at Longworth's house for Mrs. Longworth to read. I also returned the August number of the "Communist Review", & Harry Holland's letter that he wrote to Mrs. Longworth.

I have written the following verses:-

SISTER'S SMILE.

My Sister lies in Death's embrace--
In Sorrow's dark defile--
But on her dear beloved face
She wears a peaceful smile.

For, though she dreaded as a foe
 Her uninvited guest,
 He brought her not eternal woe
 But life, & joy, & rest !

As her reluctant spirit rose
 She was surprised to find
 A welcome & a kiss from those
 Who once left her behind.

Her daughters & her parents came
 To banish her alarms
 And prove that love remains the same,
 And fold her in their arms.

Her baby, Pearl, now fully grown,
 Set all regrets at rest
 And clasped her Mother (scarcely Known)
 To her delighted breast.

She long had seen her Mother's tears,
 And waited for this day
 To banish all her needless fears
 And kiss her tears away.

Elizabeth, the youthful bride,
 Long mourned in hopeless pain,
 Flew gladly to her Mother's side
 And cheered her heart again.

Though Sister left us with regret
 For Heaven's peaceful shore,
 With ecstacy divine she met
 Those loved-ones gone before.

Each glad re-union, fond embrace,
 And sweet ecstatic thrill
 Have left upon my Sister's face
 The smile that lingers still.

God grant that when I too shall go
 Across the Great Divide
 My spirit shall be welcomed so
 Upon the other side !

To H. Webster, 10.9.37. To P.O. 27/3/38.

A long while ago-- I forget when-- I sent the following letter to the "Wireless Weekly". Fred recently found a portion of the letter in an old "Wireless Weekly", but I had not noticed it in that paper, & thought it had not been printed.

"To the Editor, "Wireless Weekly." Sir, As there may be many of your young readers who find some difficulty in soldering wires & small articles together, I would like to assist them by informing them, through your paper, that wires may be easily & quickly soldered together by simply dipping them into solder melted in an old table-spoon.

My method is to procure an empty treacle or golden syrup tin which has a shelf around the inside at the top; then get an old brass or iron table-spoon & rivet or tie 2 peices of flat, $\frac{1}{4}$ inch wood on the end of the handle, one above & one below, to prevent burning the fingers. Fill the spoon with small bits of solder & place the spoon-handle in the mouth of the tin, with the end under the shelf of it. Place a lighted spirit-lamp under the spoon, & in a few minutes the solder will melt. In the meantime thoroughly clean, with file or knife, the ends of wires to be soldered. With clean, dry fingers twist them together & plunge the joint into powdered resin (rosin), or rub a lump of it on the joint. Bend the wires slightly into a U shape, & when the solder has melted plunge the rosined joint in to . Let it remain in the solder about 5 seconds. If the solder does not stick it may be too hot, so take the lamp away & let the solder cool-a-little in the spoon cool a little before plunging the wire in again. The tin may be prevented from capsizing by almost filling it with water, earth, or any heavy substance. Terminal hooks & eyes may be soldered to wires in the same way. Hoping that this plan may help some amateur, I am, Sir, Yours Wireless Fan."

Thur .Sep. 16th, 1937. This morning Mum went over to Jack's place to have a new working dress fitted on. While she was there the following letter came from Florence:-

"John St. Rutherford, Tues. 14th Sep.

Dear Mother, How is the world treating you now? You certainly seemed pretty blue when you last wrote, but I hope you are feeling a little more cheerful by this time. However, you might cheer yourself a little when you know that I may soon be home to worry you again, although just at present no definite arrangements have been made, as the patient, although she wants to be transferred to the home of either her son or daughter, doctor will not consent to her going just yet as she is too weak. She is always complaining about the expense, but her children do not want me to go for this week at least.

Dr. says they can move her at their own risk, but they will not go against his orders. So in the meantime I keep my job; but I will not be really sorry when it is over, because the old lady cries nearly all day, & most of the times when she is awake during the night; so the job is not very cheerful, but it's like everything else-- it has its compensations.

I am housekeeper here, as I told you. The son just told me today that we must be starving, the bills are so small, but the

old lady would probably expect them to be half the size if she were paying them. Anyhow, I am learning to "live on nothing" almost; & when you go for your holiday you will not be afraid of me running your house on the rocks; so this experience may come in very handy. The girl who works here just passed through & said, "Send my love to your Mother, & don't you slip me up, because if ever I see her I'll ask her if you did!" Well, my dear, you will soon be having another birthday--21 again on the 17th, & I hope you have a happy day; but in the meantime cheer up-- I still love you a whole lot! Mustn't forget Dad & the boys: of course they before just how much I love them; but just in case I forgot to tell you I thought I had better tell you to-day. So long! All my love. Florence."

Sun. Sep. 19th, 1937. Last Friday was the anniversary of Mum's birthday, as she was born, at some place unknown to us, on the 17th of September, 1874. Jose & Ivy gave her a china service consisting of plates & other things; Florence gave her a peice of stuff to make a dress; I gave her some flower-plants & flower seeds. On Friday afternoon I went to Newcastle & paid Mr. Jones, the Gardiners' Lodge secretary, 4/4, which paid up dues until the end of this year. He told me that the amalgamation of the lodge with the Oddfellows was not concluded yet. I bought a second-hand radio valve, number 609, at the General Electric shop for 5/-, & a 1 megohm gridleak at the electric shop next door to David Jones' in Pacific street, for 1/3. I bought a pamphlet for 3d, & a booklet for 9d at the bookshop near the general hospital. Both are on health subjects. To-day the sun is shining brightly, but a strong, gusty Westerly wind is spoiling the day. I have finished reading the first volume of the work entitled "The Elementary Principles of Wireless Telegraphy, by R. D. Bangay. I have sent to the publishers "The Wireless Press, 12 & 13 Henrietta Street, Strand, W.C., London, to get the second volume. Jose & Ivy left Noel with Mum last night while they went to a Sarny concert or something in Newcastle. Walt has had his car at Wallace's garage several days to get the clutch repaired, but he finally had to help about the job last-- yesterday afternoon & evening.

Thur. Sep. 23rd, 1937. To-day my pension was reduced from 37/3 to 30/-9 per fortnight, but Mum has not yet received a pension so I went to Newcastle this afternoon & interviewed an official who is in Mr. Streeter's place while he is having his holidays. I was told that we will hear something about Mum's pension about next Monday. I bought a shilling's worth of solder at the Bargain Arcade, a book entitled "How To Make a Wireless Set" at Blackeby's shop, for 1/-, & 2 ounces of hydrochloric acid at Stevenson's, Mayfield West, for 6d. Jack, Gladys, & the children came soon after I got home, & they

brought a small copy of Alma's photo for Mum. They are going to Sandgate cemetery this afternoon.

Last Tuesday Florence arrived back home from Rutherford, as Mrs. Hedges, her patient, was taken by her son-in-law to his home at Dudley. The old lady is much better, but still far from being well.

Yesterday we received the following letter & four pound notes from Arthur:-

"Usual address, Saturday. Dear Folks, My motor-bike trip went without a hitch, except that the bike required coaxing before it would start, after I stopped at Wheaton's. The magneto points were not closing properly. This was soon remedied, however. The generator, too, is not charging the battery. Perhaps, however, this is because the battery is fully charged as it is.

I suppose I have to describe my trip, so here goes-----

The weather as far as Swansea was quite O.K., but I struck several rain squalls before I reached Paramatta in time for an early dinner. Scenically, this was the best part of the ride, for the whole country side was arrayed with bush flowers. By the time I had finished my first hundred miles the wind was blowing at gale force, & I was head on to it right from Paramatta to Molong. As I began to ascend the mountains I realised that I shouldn't have packed my overcoat in the port. The gale seemed to have reached the acme of its fury as I entered Katoomba about 3-30 p.m. All the residents appeared to be wandering round with their heads far down into their overcoats as though their necks were non-existent, & in general typifying that line of song, "Ain't it grand to be bloomin' well dead?"

"The bracing mountain air of Spring, a favourite catch-cry of tourist literature, wasn't much appreciated by the populace. I sought out a fish & chips shop. Having had some chips, & as it were, warmed up to zero, I decided to push on, bouyed up by the hope of seeing the snow which was at that moment falling in Lithgow. I almost gave up the struggle, for to me it was a struggle of no mean order, at Mount Victoria. I pulled up there to have a yarn with the local policeman & to endeavour to thaw a little.

On descending the valley around Lithgow I thought the dirty old town a haven of refuge. The snow had by now ceased falling, the sleet was sweeping along in much more intermittent bursts, & the pall of smoke which enshrouded the town had a suggestion of warmth & home-ness about it.

I accordingly turned from the main road, passed by the huge munition factory, traversed a number of squalid suburbs which reminded me of squalid Penny Town or Smeadmore, & was soon comfortably installed in the hotel Lansdowne.

It being Friday night (late shopping night there) I wandered round the town, with which I was not impressed. The shopping centre compares unfavourably with that of Gilgandra, a town of its size. I was slouching along in my oilskin & with my cap pulled well down over my eyes & ears. I was just going to cross

the road when a grating harsh voice called "Hey!". I turned round, & with what I hoped was a dignity incongruous with my appearance, asked the cop (for the sound came from the local sergeant) was he addressing me. Of course he was. What was my name? "Cocking." What was my first name? I felt like telling him to mind his own business, but I told him. Where did I live? That had me stumped. I thought for a moment & then told Mr. Stickybeak it was Kickabil. This hesitancy apparently made him a bit suspicious, & my answers to his queries as to the location of the place didn't help matters either. I'm sure he doesn't know where it is yet. That started another barrage of questions. "What was I doing there?" "But Lithgow wasn't on the main Western Road!" I was fully aware of that, & told him so. The long & short of it was, he decided not to run me in, for which I was heartily glad, for a night in jail would have been terribly cold.

The next day was pretty cold & blowy, but it wasn't enough to worry me much. I spent that night in Wellington. The crops here are not looking so well, but the longed-for rain is likely to-day or tomorrow. Please find enclosed £4. I hope you got the views of Jenclan & Lithgow O.K. Yours Arthur."

There was no stamp put on that letter by Art, so we had to pay fourpence for it.

This afternoon I received the following letter from Mrs. Annie Holland :-

" 29 Wattle Street, Punchbowl, N.S.W. Sep. 21, 1937.

Dear Mr. Cocking, I was very pleased to get your letter last week re-addressed from Adelaide. Thank you very much for your good thought in sending Harry's letter to your friend. I have sent both letters on to Roy. I think the book is nearly complete. Roy said some time ago that they were trying to have it ready by October 8, the anniversary of Harry's death. When the book is ready you will receive a copy in memory of your association with him during those years of struggle in Newcastle & Sydney. Your contributions in the way of poetry & other writings were always appreciated when Harry edited the Socialist papers.

I'm awfully sorry that I let out of my care several old copies of the "Socialist" that is referred to in the July number of the "Communist Review". I lent them to a friend & they lost trace of them. In one issue there was an article of yours. I think it was headed "Purple & Rags". It was when Harry & Tom Batho were battling to keep that little monthly alive that Harry had his first experience in Darlinghurst jail. We then had 3 little boys Fred, Allan, & Roy. Leila was born 3 months after his release. When she was 3 weeks old I joined Harry. There were two little cottages side by side in Merewether that Bathos & we lived in. I've often had a wish to just look at those 2 old cottages, but I can't remember the name of the st., & if there was a number on the house. I remember the coal trucks were emptied on the line in front of the houses, of course some distance away, & Mrs. Batho & I

would take a sugar bag each & gather coal off the line, or where the coal fell. We also gathered wood from the bush. Mr. Batho in his book said that they lived on bread & hope; I think that it was oftener hope. But with it all there was something lofty about the struggle. Mrs. Batho & I often joked over our menu. Jam in those days was cheaper than it is to-day; & if we could get sufficient bread, which was then only two-pence halfpenny a tin pound loaf, & a tin of jam for 4d they could survive with an occasional better meal. I always then looked on the bright side, & understood that the Socialist Movement was like every other movement; one had to make sacrifices & suffer inconveniences & discomfort in the building up where there was little money to work on. But all my married life I had such confidence in whatever Harry set out to do that our hardships could always be met with courage, & they were many from 1892 until 1911, when Harry-- a sick & crippled man-- sailed for New Zealand at the invitation of the Waihi, N.Z. Socialists, to lecture for them. The idea was to give him a chance of getting treatment at the hot springs. When I look back on his life, & think of all his suffering for the Cause that was sacred to him, I can't keep back the tears. I wrote to Mrs. Devanny to the address you gave me, but although it is a week ago since I wrote I've not received a reply. I am sure he would get my letter. Fred might have the August number of the "Review". He gets it regularly. He also gets "Moscow News" & files them. Fred is a true follower of his dear old Dad: he hates to hear of anyone suffering as a result of unemployment. He himself has had that experience during the last five years, but he is now in constant work in Adelaide. Aggie's husband-- you will also be pleased to hear-- has been working on the South Australian railway for the last 18 months. On the 30th of this month Fred & I will leave for New Zealand to be present at the unveiling of Harry's memorial on October 9th. Roy will travel from Wellington to Auckland to meet us. We are going by the "Orangi". Fred would have lost more time from work if we travelled by the boat to Wellington on Sept. 25. I see the Labor Party in Australia is making another attempt to get into office. It is hard to say how they will fare, there is so much personal bitterness shown between the little groups for them to make good, I think. I also think that they would cause less bitterness if they gave the Communists credit for endeavouring to advance their ideals. One only has to go back on the history of the Labor Party members in N.S.W. alone & count all those that ratted from their one-time principles. I remember when W.M. Hughes was a member of the Labor Party in its earliest days. He lectured for the newly formed Socialist Group: Harry took the chair for him. I can't remember all his utterances at that lecture, but I remember him saying it was only the ignorant that opposed Socialism. Take Holman, who was bootless when he arrived in Grenfell to deliver his first polit-

1918
ical address; a few supporters threw in & bought him a pair of boots, & a man named Anderson a suit of clothes. I remember one letter he wrote to Harry before he got Harry to take the "Greenfell Vidette". It was before he got into parliament; he was having such a hard time on the "Vidette", he wrote & said, his shelves were lined with jam tins. He, too, evidently made bread & jam his chief meal. Holman personally was one of the kindest-hearted men one could meet, but I have been told since by old supporters that he got very hard & forget these old friends that worked hard for his success.

When Holman visited New Zealand during the time he was Premier of New South Wales he was given a civic reception in the Wellington Town Hall, & although Harry had many times while editing the "International Socialist Review", came after him for doing things that were not in the interest of the workers-- for instance, advising the tramway men, just when they were on the verge of winning the strike, to "go back & work, like good boys", & then fell over themselves rushing back just because Holman, the Labor Premier, advised them-- speaking in the Hall he said, "Here you have Harry Holland, a man Australia could ill afford to lose, a man that, if he chose, could have been in the highest ranks of the Labor Party Cabinet". He said more, but I can't just remember it, during the Wellington North election, on the election cards put out with Harry's photo.

Holman's tribute to Harry was used. Holman said also that Mr. Holland never gave a thought for himself. I think I have written enough this time about the good old days in the Socialist Movement. Trusting that you are all keeping well, & with kindest regards to all, Yours sincerely, A. Holland."

Sun. Sep. 26th, 1937. Last Friday Mum received a letter from the Pensions Department telling her that her pension has been granted & that she will receive the first payment next pension day. Yesterday Ken Jensen gave us about 50 lettuce plants, which I put into the garden. I gave him 5 zinc rods, some porous pots, containing jars, & a carbon, to make an electric battery. This is a lovely, clear, warm morning, & I am sitting in the sunshine typing this. Yesterday Fred finished putting the plane over the flyproof doors he made, & he was painting them last night. Yesterday Jose took us up to the top of the hill behind our house to see a block of ground that Mr. J. Young, foreman of the B.H.P. blast furnaces, wishes to sell for £ 200. From the block a panoramic view of almost all the Newcastle district & the Hunter River can be seen. I think Jose will buy the land. He has been off work about a week with influenza, but is getting better.

Tues. Sep. 28th 1937. Jose went to work yesterday & felt fairly well. He had some trouble with a neglected armature, but put it right. Last Sunday afternoon I went to Islington park & found Mr. Stanton, Bill & Mrs. Longworth, Charley the

Spanish Anarchist there. Mrs Longworth had some copies of the "World Peace" which she was trying to sell. I received the 7th & the 8th volume of "Modern Science" from Mr Stanton, & let him the 9th one. I got my little pamphlet on the Boy Scouts from Bill Longworth, but Mrs. Longworth has not finished reading "I Call It Murder." This is a lovely warm day, & I have been typing out my old diary for 1893. I made 3 seed-boxes for Fred this morning. The workers of Australia seem to be disgusted at the callous murders by the Japs of Chinese workers & their wives & children. Some of the Australian unions are talking of boycotting the Japs & refusing to load scrap iron & other things for Japan. It is time that the workers of the whole world outlawed warfare entirely & absolutely refused to make or handle any war material. The so-called League of Nations is doing little or nothing to stop the brutal massacres of thousands of defenceless men, women, & children. What is needed is an International Union of Workers that will make war impossible. Britain, as usual, is "standing by with a careless eye" & seeing Japan "gobble the lot"! We sent a motion of protest from the park on Sunday against the brutality of the Japs in China, & it is in to-day's "Morning Herald." Jack is taking Gladys & the children to Port Kembla to-day to see about a house to live in. He is having his expenses paid, & will not return for a couple of days.

Fri. Oct 1st, 1937. Last Wednesday Mum went to the Mayfield post office & received = £ 4-10-3 pension arrears. She arranged for me to take her pension after she gets the second payment next Thursday. Florence was answering a call on the telephone at home last Wednesday morning, when she suddenly fell in a faint & bumped the back of her head very hard. The doctor called yesterday & said Florence had a slight concussion, & must remain in bed a few days. Jose charged & returned the battery. He is getting better. Yesterday I dug up the earth in Mum's fernery & pit put new, sifted earth into it.

There is increasing talk of boycotting the commodities of Japan for its brutal, callous murder of thousands of innocent people in China. War seems at least to be losing its "glory".

"Common Cause" dated Oct. 2, contains my verses "Don'ts For Workers." Rainy thunderstorm las evening; cloudy to day.

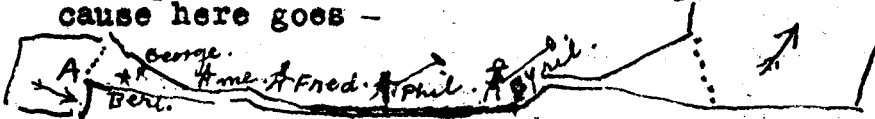
Yesterday we received the following letter from Arthur:-

"Kickabil, Sunday, 25th Sept. 1937.

Dear Folks, "Give me the country life down on the farm", for I think I am partly suited by both name & nature, to be a cocky farmer. Yesterday was for me a period of about 23 hours activity. You see it was this way. I happened to be at Wheaton's on Friday evening. One of the boys jokingly suggested that, as they were beginning dipping before dawn the next morning they would give me a job (no pay, of course). They were one man short, so I agreed to go on condition that one of them lent me a pair of trousers & a shirt ...

The next morning (yesterday) I left home about 4 o'clock; ried for about 20 minutes to get the bike to start with second grade petrol, & arrived at Wheaton's just in time to see their truck going. I whistled & overtook them. Although I was willing to forego breakfast they insisted on going back while I had some. We went about 4 miles along a stump-strewn track (it was, of course merely to the place next door) & arrived at the dip at about 5-30 a.m.

Perhaps you don't know what a dip is like. I hope you don't, because here goes -



The dip is in plan. The figures are in elevation. Dotted lines are gates; lines are fences. Note the cowboy hat on Cyril. He's a pretty good imitation of Tom Mix, except that Tom shaves a bit oftener than once a month.

The sheep are penned up at A, forced in groups up to me whose job it is to keep them in the right direction & despatch them to Fred, & in defiance of protests from some of the "old tarts" especially. Fred throws them into the dip, which is about 18 inches wide & about 5 feet deep, more than half filled with what I think is a weak solution of arsenic trisulphide. Whilst swimming along the dip they are ducked, & incidentally, poor swimmers are helped, by the poles which Phil & Cyril carry. We put them through at ten a minute when they were running, but of course a lot of time is spent penning up, etc.

I wish I had the time & artistic ability to show the appearance of each. It would be as expressive as 10,000 words. You should have seen the look of what was almost "pained suspense" on my dial as a recalcitrant old ewe (who doubtless remembered what it was like last time) struggled with me to see who was boss. I didn't know that a sheep could be so strong or so stubborn. With breaks for pumpingets etc. amounting to more than an hour, we put through about 2,300 by half past ten or a quarter to 11. I had got my second wind by then, so I was fresh when we finished. I worked on the motor-bike till late in the afternoon & then went to Gilgandra. By the way, the bik's going bonzer, ex except for the electrical system & a petrol leak.

I talk about it later in this manuscript. (At the present rate it will be more like a text-book than a letter).

And Gilgandra was worth seeing, too. Perhaps you have read of the back to Gilgandra week. The whole town was bedecked with coloured lights, flags, & ribbons. Since my light refuses to function, I waited until the moon rose before I left for home. This was a bit after 1 a.m.. It took me 1½ hours to do 25 miles. A souvenir booklet, setting forth the early history of the district, has been prepared. I'll send you a copy of it soon. I will also send some quondong seeds (which I don't think will grow on the coast) at an early date. I'm sorry I had to send last Sunday's letter without a stamp, but I just couldn't get

21.

get one anywhere in Dubbo. I would like to hear whether Chip is coming up here or not. The bike is still at his disposal in Baladoran, if he is. If he isn't I'll send it back home. The tickets are available for 2 months from the date of purchase, which, in this case, was the 27th of August. I fancy that 2 months means 8 weeks. Last letter should have contained some reference to the fact that I had been crook. Don't be alarmed, I'm perfectly O.K. now. I don't know what was wrong, but eating was an irksome duty & I had no desire to do anything but sleep. I went into Gilgandra & saw the doctor, who prescribed some medicine that tastes like nothing on earth. My appetite has returned & I am not nearly so drowsy. I didn't miss any work.

To-day is pretty hot for this season, & the blowflies, who seem to be ubiquitous, are setting up a perpetual drone. Many old hands wear fly-corks in the Summer.

Oh, about the motor-bike. The cut-out doesn't. A small screw has fallen from the headlamp switch, & that trigger arrangement fell to pieces, losing the roller.

There has been an outbreak of flu here. About half the school has been affected. Apart from that there seems to be sickness everywhere. This doesn't worry me, however, for I haven't had even the faint suggestion of a cold. Practically no rain has fallen here since the first week of the holidays, so the crops are growing very thin & parched. Grasshoppers are coming in from the North-West, but, despite the fact that each farmer is compelled to take action to combat them, they are likely to be round in millions during the Summer.

I have nothing further with which to bore you, except that the wireless won't work yet. Yours Arthur."

Sat. Oct. 2nd, 1937. This morning I bought a copy of the "National Geographic Magazine for Feb. 1923 1923, for St. Florence is well agin & is to get up this morning.

There was a rainy thunderstorm last night. This morning I am sending copies of "What is An Empire", & "Advice To Workers", to "Common Cause".

"KEEP CALM"
Mon. Oct. 4 1937.
Mr. Lyons's Appeal
JAPANESE BOYCOTT ISSUE
 BRISBANE, Sunday.
 The Prime Minister (Mr. J. A. Lyons) to-night referred to the continued agitation for a boycott of Japanese goods. He appealed to Australians to keep calm in a delicate situation.

Tuesday, Oct. 5th, 1937. To-day I received a printed souvenir of the unveiling of Harry Holland's memorial, from New Zealand. I suppose Mrs. Holland sent it. Fred now has the back fly-door on its hinges. Lyons is making election speeches over the air almost every night. Watkins is to be opposed by a Douglas Credit man, but I do not think he can oust the dummy Watkins.

Wed. Oct. 6th, 1937. This morning I wrote the following verses below the printed clipping above:-

KEEP CALM!

While the Japanese, defying
Laws of God & Man, are trying
Like a pack of wolves, to ravage
And destroy their neighbours' land
Where their falling bombs are crashing
And infernal shells are smashing
Homes of mothers with dear babies,
Keep your temper in command !

Don't get heated nor excited,
For the "Flow'ry Land is blighted
By a swarm of human locusts
Which the British statesmen bless:
Feel no sympathy nor pity,
Though the Japs destroy each city
And sink fleets of peaceful fishers,
But ~~and~~ feel pleased at their success !

They destroy in imitation
Of each empire-building nation
That invaded, lied, & slaughtered

KEEP CALM!

"The Prime Minister (Mr. J. A. Lyons) to-night referred to the continued agitation for a boycott of Japanese goods. He appealed to Australians to keep calm in a delicate situation."—Daily paper, 4/10/'37.

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Laws of God and man, are trying,
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And destroy their neighbors' land,
Where their falling bombs are crashing
And infernal shells are smashing
Homes of mothers with dear babies—
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For the "Flow'ry Land" is blighted
By a swarm of human locusts
Which the British statesmen bless;
Feel no sympathy nor pity,
Though the Japs destroy each city,
And sink fleets of peaceful fishers,
But feel pleased at their success!

They destroy, in imitation
Of each empire-building nation
That invaded, lied and slaughtered,
Through the long-forgotten years,
But has never been contented
With the empire it cemented

With the blood of murdered workers
And the salt of widows' tears.

Bees must fly abroad for honey;
So, sink principles for money
And restrain your indignation,
Though your heart with wrath is
full;
For, while Japs are vile invaders
They are lucrative as traders;
Therefore, shake their hands, though
bloody,
Lest they cease to buy our wool!

Let us sell them ore and iron
From each city we environ,
And encourage them in murders
With the lead from Broken Hill;
For the iron we are selling
Will be utilised for shelling,
And the lead will slaughter babies
We're assisting them to kill!

So display no mild compassion
For the Chinese; it's the fashion
Of the Fascist empire-builders
Thus to foster pride and trade;
Though a million babies perish,
Let us keep quite calm and cherish
This brown serpent that may sting us
When its empire has been made.
—"Taraxacum."

Let us sell them ore & iron
 From each city we environ,
 And encourage them in murders
 With the lead from Broken Hill;
 For the iron we are selling
 Will be utilised for shelling
 And will slaughter helpless children
 We're assisting them to kill !

To "L.C." 6/10/37. "W. Weekly" 6/10/37. "World Peace" 6/10/37.

Thur. Oct. 7th, 1937. This morning Mum & I went together & got our pensions of 30/9 each. In future I shall be able to get both pensions & save Mum the trouble. I went on to Hatherley's paper shop in Tighe's Hill & got the September issue of the "Communist Review". The August number that was ordered has not arrived yet. Then I went on by tram to Newcastle & got 6 copies of last week's "Common Cause", which contains my verses "Don'ts For Workers". At the back of the Newcastle Trades Hall I entered the office of the Communists & bought 3 pamphlets-- "Why We Will Stop Count Von Luckner", by Lloyd Ross, M.A., Ll B., D. Litt. (3d). 32 pages. "An Appeal To Catholics", 16 pages, by L.L. Sharkey. (2s.); & "Seventh World Congress of the Communist International", 88 pages by George Dimitrov. (6d). I had a long talk with 3 Communists who were strangers to me, on the principles & tactics of Communists. From there I went to a book shop near Union street & bought 2 more pamphlets-- "Who Owns Australia", (survey of Australia series, number one,) by J.N. Rawling, B.A. (3d) 32 pages.; & "Australian Imperialism", by L.C. Redd, B.A. (3d). 26 pages. There was a thunderstorm with hail & rain this afternoon.

We have received this letter from Arthur:-

"6-10-37. As I have stacks of this paper (official school paper & no pad paper at school I'm writing as a professional gentleman should. At the moment I am the overworked teacher of 6 kids. You see, 2 of my kids have croup, & another 6 are suspended because of being diptheria contacts. It's a shame to take the money, really. Speaking of dough, kindly find enclosed three pounds.

You must pardon me if I seem a little bit sorry for you, but I can't help it. I have just had one of the best & most care-free week ends I have ever spent. Owing to the 8 hour holiday on Monday freeing the members from work, Petersham Salvation Army band visited Orange. So did I. I wished, as I was passing through the picturesque orchard country, around Molong & Orange, that some (or all) of you could have seen it. The weather was delightful; the motor bike ran wonderfully. Accomodation, however, was rather hard to get, for, after trying about 6 pubs, I was obliged to sleep in a corridor. Sleeping out at 3000 feet would be far too cold.

I should have told you in the last letter, about our attempted contribution towards the Back to Gilgandra competitive procession.

24.

24.

Several of the local lads resurrected a 1914 model Ford. The Wheatens came to me for some chalk & some ideas concerning a Dad & Dave Fire Brigade. To cut a long story short, we got a pump, a long pole, several kerosene tins, etc., & improvised a ladder from saplings. The boys, portraying Dad, (with a very artificial corporation), Erb, Dave, Ted Ramsay, & a couple of other kicks, had upturned buckets, basins, etc., with dog-chains for chin-straps, & as helmets. I was official decorator, & even if I do say it myself, it was a perfect wreck of a turnout. The unfortunate climax, however, was that one of the lads took an apoplectic fit; so they didn't even see the procession. Our Inspector is in hospital with another (the umteenth) nervous breakdown. I am sorry to hear of Flo's & Joe's illness, but I hope they are O.K. by this. Yours in haste (here's the postman), Arthur."

Sun. Oct. 10th 1937. Yesterday Young Douglas Cocking, Jim's boy, came with Margery & brought a letter that was sent from Abermain by Bobby Cocking to tell Jim that his Father (Brether Bob) is in the Kurri hospital with a bad heart. So I intend to go up & see Bob to day if Jose can take me there. Jack, Gladys, & the 3 children were here last night. Jack does not know exactly when he has to shift to Port Kembla, but he has a house ready to move into there, for which the rent is 35/- per week; but the Company will pay him 30/- weekly as board-money, for 9 weeks. Walt's car has been giving him some trouble through a nut working loose but it is now right again.

Mon. Oct. 11th 1937. Yesterday afternoon Jose took Ivy & the children & Mum & me to the Kurri hospital, where we found brother Bob in bed. He looked very thin & old, & had his moustache shaved off, which made him look very much different. The doctor has said that Bob's heart is erratic, & that he should not smoke. Mum gave Bob some cake, & I gave him some papers & 5/-. Jim, Bobby, Gladys, brother Jack, & May were there & visited Bob too. He has pains shooting from his neck to his shoulder & breast. On the way home we rode in a violent thunder storm & rain.

This afternoon I typed a long letter to Arthur. Florence was called & went to nurse an old lady who has measles. Fred is adding a little to the width of the footpath near the garage.

Fri. Oct. 15th, 1937. Florence came home last night for a little while, but Mum was out & I was asleep, so we did not see her. Yesterday I sent a copy of "What is Class-consciousness?" to "Common Cause"; also a request for spare copies of issues containing my verses.

Son Jack called yesterday for a bicycle seat, but we had none. He is almost sure to sell his house; for all that is wanted is a valuator's assurance that the house is worth Jack's price.

This morning I have written the following verses:-

EMPIRE MIGRATION.

"Brigadier Culshaw, of the Salvation Army, said that General Booth last year had authorised an Empire-wide survey by experts, with a view to ascertaining the chances of resuming migration. It was discovered that, without exception, the Dominions were most desirous of resumption." -- Daily paper, 14/10/37.

I wonder what happened to Eva
And Culshaw, the agent of Booth !
It's certainly hard to believe a
Bold statement he made is the truth.

Have these holy persons been walking
With thieves who shear people like sheep ?
Or has the old lady been talking
Of migrants, aloud, in her sleep ?

She sounded, he said, each Dominion
Re dumping the poor, but I beg
To offer my humble opinion
That someone's been "pulling her leg" !

Where brokers do "bearing" & "bulling"
With shares that advance or decline,
Some Jingo has, haply, been pulling
His too, or he's tugging at mine !

No matter with whom they've consorted,
We workers have dreamed, heard, or read,
When formerly slaves were deported
THE ARMY GOT TEN BOB A HEAD!

Was that dear Evangeline's motive
For making her "expert survey" --
To pocket Fat's offering, votive,
For making his paupers her prey ?

Is that her commercial religion--
To gain at the workers' expense
By plucking the poor like a pigeon
And throwing them over our fence ?

Is Eva the tool of despoilers,
Who pauperise people at "Home"
And pay her for dumping the toilers
On paupers at Melbourne, or Rome ?

If this is dear Eva's intention,
Regardless of pity or shame,
This adamant fact let me mention--
We workless will frustrate her game.

If paupers are crowded, like rabbits,
In cellars at London or Kew
It's due to the plundering habits
Of Eva's imperialist crew.

Migration is not the solution
Of problems arising from stealth,
BUT JUSTICE & FULL RESTITUTION
OF FREEDOM, & ACRES, & WEALTH !

To "C.C." & "Workers Weekly", 15/10/37. To Websters, 9/12/37.

Monday, Oct. 18th 1937. Yesterday morning I rode by train to West Maitland, & from there to North Kurri by bus, fare 1/-, & from there I walked to the Kurri hospital, which is on a hill to the South West. At 3 o'clock I went in & saw Brother Bob, who is a bit better. Bobby & Gladys & Dorothy came in later, & we all stayed at the bedside until 4 p.m., when I caught the bus for Kurri & from there walked down to the North Kurri railway station, which is about a mile away to the Northward. I rode back by train to Waratah, & walked home. The weather was cold & windy. Jose is thinking of taking me for a round trip to Kickabil next Saturday, by car, & expects to be away for a fortnight. The weather is cloudy & cold again today.

Fri. Oct. 23rd, 1937. Yesterday I went to Newcastle & got some copies of "Common Cause" of the 16th & 23rd inst, as they contain my verses, "Keep Calm", and "What Is An Empire?". I bought a magnetic compass at 331 Hunter street, & a pair of boots, 2 hamper straps, 2 pairs of pyjamas, & 2 pairs of socks at the Co-op. store. I planted a lot of lettuce plants before I went to Newcastle. Florence is still nursing her measles patient. On the way home from Newcastle I bought a copy of a pamphlet by Sharkey entitled, "Twenty Years of Soviet Victories". (1½d). I called at Longworth's dentistry room & got my book & pamphlet, "I Call It Murder".

I have received a blue questionnaire from the Pensions Dept. & Mum has one. The questions are the same as those copied in my diary of Nov. 5th, 1936. Taking that as a guide, my answers to the numbered questions are as follow:-

1. Josiah Cocking, 331 Maitland Rd., Mayfield West.
2. Mayfield West.
3. 555996. (Mum's is 729437.)³. (Pension numbers.)
4. 30/9.
5. Married.
6. Yes. 7. No. 8. Nothing. 9. No. 10. No. 11. No. 12. No.

- 193 13. Co-op society dividends, \$ 21-16-0; Int. on 43 shares, 43/-
 14. No. 15. Yes. 16. Only one owned; 17. No. 18. No. 19. No.
 20. No. (For Mum, Yes, by the Temp. & Gen. Policy number 7,187,580
 \$ 28-16-0 payable on 17th Sept. 1939.)
 21. No. 22. Forty three shares in Newcastle Co-op, society.
 \$ 10-10-0 lent to my son. (For Mum, "No shares. Ten pounds
 ten shillings lent to son.")
 23. Yes, \$ 31-7-5½ in the Commonwealth bank. \$ 5-14-0 in hand.
 (For Mum, "£ 31-7-5½ in Commonwealth bank. \$ 7-0-0 in hand")
 24. No.

Sat. Oct. 23rd, 1937. I went to the Co-op. store yesterday to find out what interest & dividend had been paid to me during the last year. The dividends amounted to \$ 21-16-0; & the interest on my 43 shares was £ 43/-.

This morning I arose early & put in a packet of French bean seeds. This is voting day for the senators & members of the House of Representatives. Fred & Charlie are thinking of buying or building a boat. We expect Florence to leave her job next Monday. Cloudy weather.

Tues. Nov. 2nd, 1937. Last Saturday night Jose & I returned from our trip. We started off on Monday, the 30th of Oct. at about 15 past 7 a.m. & reached Matland at 4 past 8 a.m. We drove to the hospital at Kurri & had an interview with Bob who was likely to be sent home soon. I gave him some handkerchiefs & 4/-, as it was his birthday on the 25th. We arrived at Cessnock at 20 past 10 after visiting Bobby's wife, Gladys, at Rismore street Abermain. I gave her a big bundle of music-sheets. She played 3 tunes on the piano & showed us the garden & orchard. Jose took a photograph of Gladys' house while she & I stood in front. He used the little camera, but I think the negative is not a good one. We dined near a farm-house about 10 miles south of Musswellbrook. We reached Musswellbrook at 2 p.m. & bought 2 films & a bottle of vaculoid pills & 2 gals of petrol. Rock Cutting Gully was reached at 3-20 p.m., & Wingen at 3-30 p.m. As the radiator was boiling we cooled off under a tree. The sun was hot. We reached Blandford & Page's River at 4-10 p.m., & Murrumbidgee at 4-27 p.m. & bought some bread. We reached Ardglen at 5 p.m. & saw a large navvies' camp & the men at work making improvements to the road. Willow Tree was reached at 5-15 p.m., & we drove on for another hour & camped for the night not far from Spring Creek.

On Tuesday at 8-20 a.m. we started off again & soon passed Spring Creek, which seemed to be a tributary of the Hunter River. We were right among the mountain tops, & the road had many turns. We passed Quirindi Creek at 28 minutes to 9 a.m., & Wiles' Gully at 12 to 9. At 5 past 10 a.m. Jose snapped Tamworth with the small camera. We drove up to the top of the mountain on the nor-eastern

side of Tamworth; & from a look-out Nose took a panoramic view of Tamworth with the big camera., at 30 to 11 a.m. I posted a letter to Mum at half past 11 a.m. After leaving Tamworth we stopped for dinner at 13-50 p.m. We started again at 2-20 for Gunnedah. Passed Somerton school at 2-23 p.m., & Cars ol at 3 to 3. There are a store & post office there. At 3-7 we passed Frogmore Park, & at 16 past 3 we passed the Mooki River, where a hot wind was blowing. We saw many sheep & wheat crops. The ground looked very dry. The land between Tamworth

& Gunnedah is comparatively flat & clayey. We arrived at Gunnedah at 45 past 3 p.m. & bought 3 gallons of petrol. Passed Mary Mount at 17 to 5 p.m. The village of Mullally was reached at 12 past 5. We passed Cox's Creek at 5-20, & camped for the night at 6 p.m.

On Wed. 27th we left camp at 22 minutes to 8 a.m. There was slight rain, & we had 28 miles to go to Coonabarabran. Borah Creek was passed at 10 past 8. There is a post office near this place.

Passed over Yarrumbah Creek at 8-25 a.m. The bush about there resembles the mallee country of South Australia. Arrived at Coonabarabran at 9-35, & passed Jack Hall's Creek at 10-20 a.m.

Belar Creek was seen at 10-32, & Greenbah Creek at 7 to 11. We passed Cowdry Creek at 3 past 11. Jose took a snap at Wallumburrawang Creek, where there is a waterfall, at about 20 past 11, & we left there at 25 to 12 a.m., & reached Windralba Creek at 20 to 12. At 7 to 12 we stopped at Uargon Creek for dinner, & started off again at 25 to one. The weather was calm & sunny. Passed Mullens Creek at 12-45 p.m., & the town of Bidden at 2 past 1. There are a church & a school there. There are trees (mostly pines) on both sides of the road there. We passed Hodgkins Creek at ten past one & Bulga Creek at 1-15 p.m., & Sandy Creek at 21 past 1. There was no water in Five Mile Creek when we saw it at 27 past 1.

We entered Gilgandra at 1-40 p.m. & saw the Castlereagh River.

This town is remarkable for the great number of windmills.

Bought "The Western Times" & left at 2-10 p.m. Passed Marthaguy Ck. at 2-13 p.m.; Leech's Creek at (dry) at 2-15; & turned off the main road to the Westward for Kickabil at 2-30 p.m. We stopped on the road & washed & brushed before we reached the Kickabil school at 3-30 p.m. Arthur came out & met us. He was conducting the Primary Final examination of the pupils, & Miss Wheaton & another woman were with him, as required by regulations, during the examinations. Art introduced us to the ladies. We took a photo of the school from Wheaton's paddock, & one close up. We visited Mr. Wheaton at his house & he told me that Andrew Ferguson, of Wallaroo Mines, taught him at school. He also taught me. Mr. Wheaton told me that Andrew Ferguson had had a good billet at the University, Adelaide; but gave it up & made a lot of money in business, but lost it in the great Depression, & is now keeping a poultry farm at Rooty Hill.

We camped near the school; & next morning (Thursday) we packed up & took 2 snaps of the school-children with the small camera. at 10 to 10 a.m. We gave Art our fruit, & left at 10 a.m. We passed Mumungerie at 10-45, Coalbraggie Bridge at 8 to 11, & Terramungamine at 11-15 a.m., Erramine school at 11-30. Passed the railway at 1-31 11-31, & Talbragar River at 11-35. The river was dry. Bathenbar has reached at 22 to 12 a.m. We then crossed the railway again. Ganeura & Chalosh ? at 1-20, We arrived at Dubbo at 18 to 2 & I posted a letter to M_m. We snapped Dubbo from the top of a hill at half past 12 in bright sunshine. At Bulwood Creek we stopped for dinner at 7 to 2 p.m. we left for Wellington. We arrived at Wongarba, at 2-2 p.m., at Gearie at 2m 2-15, & at Mary Vale 24 minutes to 3. We saw the Macquarie River at 12 to 3.

At Wellington I called on Mr. Chinnoek, & Jose snapped him & me outside of the front of his shop. Mr. Chinnoek gave me the address of a man who delves into old Australian history. I intend to write to him re Mum's Father to see if he can tell us anything ~~the~~ *him*. The address is:- Mr. W.S. Smith, Veterinary surgeon, Bodangra, N.S.W. We reached the Bell River, where some men were mending the road, at 4-20 p.m. There is a school there. At 5-15 we reached Native Dog Creek, after passing Blathery Creek & Two Mile Creek at 4-25 & 7 to 5 p.m. respectively. We camped for the night at Native Dog Ck near a bridge & a little house.

Next morning we were up early (Fri. Oct. 29th) & started for Molong at 7-35. Passed the Bell River again (Serpentine) & gave a boy a newspaper at 5 to 8. At 3 to 8 a.m. we passed the Molong Ck. & the Larras Creek, where there is a school. Copper Hill was passed at 7 past 8. Snapped Molong at 8-30 in bright sunshine. We reached Reedy Creek at 25 past 8 a.m., & Nardillion Ponds Creek at 26 minutes to ten. There are orchards there. Ploughman's Creek was passed at 24 to 10, & we arrived at Orange at 25 to 10 a.m. We left the car by the road & went into a lovely garden where we saw many beautiful & rare trees & flowers. We left Orange at 26 to 11 & crossed Gosling Creek & Frederick Valley Creek at 3 to 11 a.m. We stopped at Lucknow goldmines at 11-15 & Jose snapped them. We passed Byng at 35 past 11, & Brock's Creek at 12-15. The rocks seem to be limestone there. We reached Dunkeld & Evans Plains Creek at 12-30 p.m. Dined there & left at 7 to 2 p.m. We arrived at Bathurst at 2 p.m. & filled up with water & petrol & left at 2,45 p.m.. Passed the Macquarie river & reached Raglands Station at 3-45 p.m. 2 past 3 p.m. At 25 to 4 we reached Yetholme; at 3,45 Tarana was passed, & Meadow Flats school, Cox's river at 17 past 4 p.m. Going swiftly down hill we reached Wallaerawang at 28 past 4. Marangaroo Creek & school were passed at 29 past 4, & Bowenfels at 32 past 4. A few minutes later we were in Lithgow, & we rode through the main street & back through Hermitage Flat & crossed the line at Bowenfels station at 5 p.m. & went to our last camp under Hassan's Walls at 8 past 5.

Next morning (Sat.) we left camp at 5 to 8 & passed the Left River at 24 past 8, & reached Hartley at 5 past 8. We paid a woman a shilling to show us the old court house & prison there, & she showed us the cell where some notorious bushrangers had cut their names into the sawn slabs that lined the cell. Some of the initials, names, & dates were engraved in 1841 & 1842. At 17 to 9 a.m. we left there, & at 12 to 9 we arrived at Culva. Mitchell's Ridge was passed at 4 minutes past 9, & Mount Victoria at 9.30. We were at Mount Boyce at 23 to 10. That place is 3570 feet above sea level. We reached Blackheath at 12 to 10, & Medlow Baths at 5 to ten. There we saw a tree that was marked by the explorers Lawson, Wentworth, & Blaxland. At 12 past ten we left & reached Katookpa shortly afterwards. We left the car at Echo Point & had a walk around & drove down to near the Leura Fall where Jose snapped the falling water at 12 past 11 a.m. We passed Leura at 40 past 11, & Wentworth at 13 to 12. Bulluburr was left behind at 5 to 12, & Hazelbrock at noon. We passed Woodford at 5 past 12, & Linden 5 minutes later. The height there is 1245 feet above sea level. We went past Faulconbridge at 12-15, & past Springwood at 20 past 12. Beverly was left behind 2 minutes later, & Valley Heights at 23 past 12. Blaxland (768 feet) was passed at 29 past noon, & Glenbrook 40 past 12. We passed Knapsack at 16 minutes to 1 p.m. We dined near Lennox bridge, & left there at 35 past 1. The Nepean river, where the championship boat races are rowed, was reached at 20 minutes to 2., & Penrith 2 minutes later. We stopped at Saint Mary's at 8 to 2 & bought a gallon of petrol & inquired about Andrew Ferguson, & started off for Rooty Hill at 3 to 2 p.m. We passed Green Forest at 4 past 2, & crossed Rope's Creek at 5 past 2. We inquired at a post office for Ferguson, & found that we would have to go back some distance to his house. I went to the house but found that there was no one at home. We left the house at 13 to 3 & passed Quaker's Hill & Doonside at 7 to 3. Blacktown was reached at 3 p.m., & Seven Hills 6 minutes later. We passed 4 or 5 strawberry sellers about there & bought some strawberries. At 15 past 3 we reached Pendle Hill, which is 3 miles from Parramatta, & 5 minutes later we were in Parramatta. A five-minute run brought us to 20 minutes run brought us to Carlingford. At 8 to 4 we stopped at the Kineska private hospital for water & an overhaul of the engine, & left there at half past 4 p.m. Five minutes later we were at Hornsby, where we filled up with petrol, & Jose had a talk with a garage man about the condenser. We reached Berowra at 7 past 5. Gowan at 11 past 5. Brecklyn 25 past 5. There we had to wait about 20 minutes for the ferry. Mooni Creek was crossed at 27 past 6, & we got to Wyong at half past seven. I did not take the times of arrival from there, but we reached home about 9 p.m.

During our trip the weather was fine; only a couple of light showers fell during the whole time.

While we were away the following letter came from Arthur:-

"School of Art's Library, Gilgandra, Pelling day. Dear Folks.

I am in Gilgandra, more by force of circumstances than choice. The "Triumph" spoiled its reputation by breaking the piston to smithereens. My first theory was that some oil stoppage had occurred, but this proved erroneous. A garage man here thinks it was because the gudgeon pin was far too loose. I have been a fortnight trying to get a new piston from Sydney. I was very fortunate in a way, for I was only 3 miles out of town when it occurred, but it's very annoying just the same. I have sent a couple of my suits to be cleaned lately.

School work is going on as usual, but my Primary Final candidates haven't much chance of getting through. The course in nearly every subject & for nearly every class has been covered, so it won't be long before I can take things easily. By the way, I would be greatly obliged if Dad would look through my books & dig out those on econ-omics, so that Cliff Cook can pick them up some week-end.

I had an interesting bit of deep tank diving during the week. A nasty sort of smell had been coming from one of the school tanks. As general factotum of the joint, Muggins had, of course, to investigate matters. I was leaning over the aperture on top when plop went my fountain pen. A couple of days later the Wheaton boys came down & kept while I slid into the tank & retrieved the pen.

Yours fried to a chip, Arthur.

P.S. Please find enclosed five pounds."

I also found the following letter at home when we returned:-

"Greenfield Terrace, Portreath nr Redruth, Cornwall, 19th Sept 1937. Dear Mr. Cocking, Many thanks for your kind letter, also paper & S. Mail. Yes, we enjoy reading them very much; yes, there is good reading in them. Well, we trust you & all your family are keeping well, as it now leaves us all.

We have had a beautiful & plenty of visitors, in fact the place been packed; every one that had rooms to let were full up: never so many here before. We been very busy with our own people coming & going. Myra, my youngest girl, have been here. She is at Falno-uth with her Uncle; & Kathleen has a month's holiday & gone to Birmingham for the first fortnight; then she is coming home to give me a change. I need it, too, as I been very busy.

Dear Mr. Cocking, I will get my photo taken & send on to you. I had it done, but don't like it; so will try again. I came out looking very sad, so they advised me not to send it to you. I think we both must be taken together, as Pa's is not good of him, as you would say if you could see him. He is still keeping fine. Yes, he must be strong to get over his heart trouble. He always felt he was getting better & was going to live. He sends his kindest regards to you, & many thanks to you. The postage is all right on the papers, thank you.

I never hear from the Chinnocks: they never answered my last letter. I used to have very nice ones from Mrs. Chinnocks: poor little woman, she was very nice. We are just coming into our Winter: it's quite cold at nights. We get so much rain here. I like the frosty air best-- it's more healthy. Yes, war is in the air, worst luck;

it's looking very black just now, & every thing going up 3d & 4d on everything. Too bad for poor people with small incomes; but the rich don't mind how the poor fare as long as they have theirs. No, we don't bother about royalty: they don't bother themselves about the likes of us. They get too much of everything to think us want more than bread & water. We all join in sending you our kindest regards. Your ever sincere friends, H.B. & E. Webster."

When Jose & I were at camp, about 6 miles past Willow Tree, I wrote the following letter to Mum:-

"Tues. Oct. 26th 1937. Dear Mum, Boys, & Florence, This is just a little note to tell you that we have reached a spot about 6 miles past Willow Tree. We found Bob at the Kurri hospital almost well enough to come out. He thought that the hospital is "a poor place for tucker". We called at Bobby's house in Lismore street & found Gladys all alone. She gave us a couple of tunes on the piano & showed us the lovely orchard & garden. The boys had climbed the big mulberry tree & taken all the mulberries. We did not stay long there. We went on to Cessnock & went on to Branxton & Rothbury & on to the main road. Our only troubles so far are a little water in the petrol & some defect in the radiator which makes the water boil very quickly & makes it needful to keep filling the tank frequently. Jose is now looking for the defects while I write this. We both slept well last night & are pretty well. I liked the look of little Willow Tree, situated amongst the tops of the mountains where the Hunter river has its source. We looked for a spot from which Willow Tree could be photographed, but could not find one. The weather this morning is calm, clear & lovely. As soon as Jos has fixed the car we shall start again for Tamworth. You may show this to Ivy, & it will suffice until Jose writes directly to her later on. We are enjoying the trip so far, & if this lovely weather continues & the car behaves itself properly, we shall be well satisfied. Hoping that you are all well, Jose & Dad."

On the following Thursday I wrote this letter :-

"Kickabil School, Thur. Oct. 28th, 1937. 7 a.m. Dear Mum, Florence & Boys, We arrived here yesterday about half past 3 in the afternoon, & Art recognised the car & came out smiling to meet us. He looks well indeed. At the time he & 2 ladies were conducting an examination. He took us into the school & introduced us to Miss Wheaton & the other lady who were required by school law to be present during the examination. The few children who sat for exam. were just leaving as we entered the school. We photographed the school building, which is lighted by 3 large windows on one side & 2 on the other. Then we went by car over to see Mr. Wheaton, whose house is nearly a mile from the school in a Nor-easterly direction. We did not go into his house, but

but he showed us his prize horse, his harvester machine, & his shearing shed. As we had not much time to spare before sunset we did not stay at Wheaton's long. In conversing with him I found that he & I had been taught by the same school-teacher--Andrew Ferguson, who now lives at Rooty Hill, N.S.W. We camped near the school, & Art had supper with us & stayed until after 8 p.m. talking with us. As his motor-bike is being repaired he is using the push bike. He was delighted to see us. After we have photographed the children at about 9-30 this morning we intend to start off for the return part of our trip. Nothing has gone amiss with us so far, & the only thing wrong with the car is that the radiator soon boils & loses a lot by evaporation, so that we have to make many stops, where we find clean water, to refill the tank. We are both better in health than when we started, & as the weather here is warm & dry we don't expect to have any trouble with bad roads. We have inquired at various post offices on the way for any telegram that you might have sent, but as there was none we conclude that all is going well at home. We may write again before we return; indeed I am almost sure that Jose will send the children something from the next stopping place, which will probably be Dubbo. Jose is eating breakfast while I write this; & as we must get ready for the children, & I have yet to get my breakfast, I must let these few lines suffice for the present. Oh yes, Mum, I did put on the necktie before meeting the 2 ladies. And this morning I have a silk shirt; so we shall not disgrace the boy in the eyes of the kids. We hope you are all well & happy. Yours with love to all, Jose & Dad.

Wed. Nov. 3rd, 1937. This afternoon Florence left for Maitland as she is next on turn for a call. The beans that I planted on Sat. the 23rd of Oct. are up. Rain has fallen here almost ever since we came home from the trip. Poor old Bill Dove is dead & buried. When I came to Wallsend first from Wallaroo Mines Bill's house was the first I entered, & I had to stay there until my swollen jaw was right. I remained there about a fortnight, & Mrs. Dove was very kind to me during that time.

Thur. Nov. 4th 1937. Pension day. I took the questionnaire of the Pensions Dept. to the postmaster at Mayfield, & he kept mine, but as Mum had not signed hers I had to return it to her. I took Mum's teeth to Mrs. Longworth to get them repaired, & bought "Soviets To-Day" (4d) at Hatherell's paper shop. "World Peace" contains my verses, "Keep Calm." in this month's issue. Rainy weather.

Sat. Nov. 6th 1937. Son Jack, Gladys, young John, Dell & Alma were here yesterday afternoon with Mrs Bob & her daughter May. They all afterwards went in Jack's car to Raymond Terrace. This morning Jack, Gladys, & the children were to start by car for Kembla. Their furniture went down there yesterday. This morning Florence has come home ill with measles. She did not get a case to nurse while she has been waiting at Maitland.

34.
Yesterday I bought a pound of hyposulphate of soda (6d), & this morning I bought a packet of glossy Nepera gaslight postcards at Stephenson's chemists shop. (1/6). Rain again this morning. I posted a letter to Mrs. Webster.

Tues. Nov. 9th 1937. Florence is still in bed with measles & her neck is very sore, but she is getting better. This afternoon we received the following letter from Art :-

"Usual address, Saturday. Dear Folks, I'm sorry my scrawl this week has to be in red ink, but black ink is a little scarce at Woodlea at the moment. It has rained practically every day this week but less than half an inch has fallen. The local farmers are greatly perturbed because they can't finish their harvesting.

The papers of both my primary final candidates have been marked. Neither of them passed, but they did considerably better than I expected. One would have got through if she had answered one more sum correctly. In the intelligence test one obtained 43, & the other 30 out of 75.

Perhaps I didn't tell you I applied for a small school within 20 miles of Dubbo, Wellington, Orange, Bathurst, or Mudgee, & have received an intimation that the Inspector has sent the application on to headquarters. Just at the moment I am waiting for the iron to heat, so that I can press my clothes & get to Dubbo. This week-end

I am staying with some people called Hill. Harry Hill is the bank secretary, general rouseabout, or something, Wellington.

Last week-end was spent in Dubbo, but the weather was unpleasant, & I got wet through on my way home.

The push bike has been sent & should now be at Waratah consigned to C. Cocking. It's a bit disconcerting to think that Wal won't take a more for the bike, but if he's determined on this point would you please put 3 pounds of the last issue, & the 3 pounds enclosed, in consolidated revenue? Reg probably wouldn't accept anything for the light I pinched from the push bike, but I'll buy & install a new one when I come home. By the way, Breaking-up Day is on the 17th of December, I think.

Oh, Wal, will you please post the bike registration up to me?

The front number-plate is damaged. Don't be mistaken, I haven't been trying to transform myself into mincemeat--the bike fell over.

The head-light was badly dented, too, but I have fixed that up.

Life at Boctabil is pretty dull, although I've had an interesting time stocking, hay-pitching, driving 6 horse waggons, etc.etc.

I should be eligible for a farmer's job by Christmas time, but I don't think I'll want one.

Mr. Wheaton would like to know whether Dad called on Andrew Fergus or not. If Dad did he'd be very pleased to receive a letter telling him all about it. Yours Arthur."

Wed. Nov. 10th 1937. This morning I received the following letter from Brother Bob :- "Lismore Street, Abermain, Nov. 9th

In answer to yours of this morning I am pleased to say I am home again, but I am not just exactly all right; but I think a few days will put me right again. You perhaps don't know that muscular rheumatism is a hard thing to cure. However, they & all concerned drove out the worst of it.

I am sorry to hear of Florence being ill. I see also that your boys are climbing up the ladder of fame, good luck to them!

As soon as my back gets strong again I will write you a long letter telling you all the news.

As you were anxious to know how I was I am writing by return post. I will write again early next week, so you need not answer this. The family are all well here at present. With love to all,

Brother Bob."

This morning I sowed nearly all of a packet of beans. Our wattle bush is covered with buds. Charlie is repairing a cot for someone. Last evening I printed a postcard of the Kickabbi school, but it was overexposed, & the ferrous oxalate developer was very slow in developing, so the print is not first class. This morning at 6 I photographed Maitland Road looking East, also the houses in Maud & Carrandotta streets, with Jim Cocking's camera. I also took a snap shot of our garden & the back of our house, looking South.

Fri. Nov. 19th, 1937. Yesterday we received the following teleg letter from Gladys (Jack's wife):-

"Wentworth Estate, Cowper Street, Port Kembla. Dear Ma, I am almost ashamed to scribble this note to you, as it has been that long. First of all, how is Grandpa, Flo, Ivy, & Jose & family, also all of the boys? I do hope you are all well. We are all O.K. Talk about being in a pickle!, I am just about fed up with it. The house isn't nearly finished; the painters are in & out of the house all day, doing this job & that, & talk about slow motion! --you can't beat them-- they're all a pack of snails, that's what I think of them.

The place will look all right when it is all painted outside & picked out. It's quite nice inside. 2 bedrooms upstairs, lounge, dining room, kitchenette, bath room, laundry, & pantry; also garage in the front, added on to the house, & the lobby, or glassed-in verandah, whatever you like to call it. Talk about cupboards!

--they're laid on; we even have 2 built-in wardrobes: they're a treat, I can tell you, for stowing away rubbish. John started school yesterday morning (Tuesday): he likes it very much. He was up & dressed at half past five this morning for school, so that's a good sign.

The garage has had the painters' tools, planks, cement, etc. in until last night; so Jack went off pop & told them, also the agent, he wasn't going to pay for a garage & leave his car outside any longer: so they half emptied it, & Jack did the rest; so he'll be able to use it now, I hope.

Talk about a fool of a place!--it's the coldest place on earth, I think, just like Winter. We're all done up in coats & jumpers.

trying to be comfortable. Of course I'll admit we're cold frogs. It's blowing all the time, & the wind is real cold. Haven't heard from Fitness about the Bowser street house yet. Living is very dear here. Meat is 3d & 2d a pound dearer. 1/2 rump steak; 7d corned brisket; 9d legs of mutton; 10d roast (rolled) & the groceries are all dearer. If any of you feel like coming down you're welcome at any time, but bring your overcoats, I say. Love & tons of luck to you all; also a big kiss from the children to you all. Your loving Son & Daughter Glad & Jack.

P.S. Had Flo, Les, Jim & the kids, also Bob Woodward, his wife & Vera, & her young man, on Sunday; ten altogether. Stayed till ten o'clock. They're all well.

I got up at 2 this morning & printed a few papers from the negatives that Jose & I took on our trip. Florence still has a swelling on the right side of her neck. She got a bottle of Bidomak, which cost 3/-, yesterday, & has begun to take it.

This afternoon I received the following from brother Bob:-

"Lismore Street, Abermain, Nov. 17th 1937.

Dear Joe, In answer to yours letter I am pleased to say that I am again on the road to recovery. Every one down at the hospital did their best for me. I might say also that the doctor here is one of the nicest & kindest men I ever came in contact with. After he investigates an illness he tells what is wrong: very few doctors don't do that. I would also say a word in praise of the night nurse: she is one of the kindest, sympathetic young women I have ever known. I shall always keep her in my memory for her kindness to me while at the hospital. I have come to the conclusion that there are some very nice, kind young women in this wicked world.

I am now trying a course of Krushen Salts. One man told me he was completely cured of rheumatics by using the salts; so I am giving it a trial, notwithstanding that I always did believe the old adage that what will cure one will not cure another. There is one undoubted fact that rheumatics is a stubborn enemy to conquer, as I know to my sorrow.

A butcher told me he cured himself by taking a spoonful of red heart rum every morning in a cup of warm water; but I shall not try it, as I hate the smell of it. Of course you will be pleased to know that we are all well here at present. Our garden is a masterpiece of beauty. Bob spends a lot of time in it, & it is a big help to us, I can assure you.

I wrote down to Jim Pettigrew before I went to hospital, & he sent me a very nice letter in return. I was extremely pleased to hear that your boys are so successful. I am hoping to hear, when you

hat Florence is well again. I was also pleased to know that you had an outing down the South coast. You seem to fall on your feet in almost everything; & I am always pleased to hear that you do. I had my first experience of lightning striking an object. A family, living across the green, about 3000 300 yards away, enjoyed the pleasure of a radio set until last Monday, when a flash of lightning struck their pole, & the report was as if a case of dynamite exploded. The concussion knocked some children down coming home school. Needless to tell you, it smashed up the radio to splinters but no one was hurt. Now, in conclusion, give my love to all the family & accept the same yourself. Brother Bob.
The days are now extremely hot up here."

Tuesday, Nov. 23rd, 1937. Yesterday an old man was driving a car near Peters' corner when a wooden wheel collapsed & the car ran into a fence & was smashed, but very fortunately the old man was not even scratched. To-day there was another accident near the same spot. Two young men were riding towards Maitland, on push-bicycles, when one tried to pass between 2 motor-cars going towards Newcastle, but one driver stopped, & one of the young men got a cut in his head. Florence attended to him; & Walter took him & his mate (who is a school-teacher) to the Newcastle general hospital. They soon returned & rode off on the way to Moree, as the cut was not too big.

Wed. Nov. 24th, 1937. Jess is taking a great interest in the Tarro Council election, which is to be on the 4th of December, & is assisting a young man named Shaw in his candidature. I have been making the dark room more light-tight, so that it may be used during daytime. The peaches on our little tree are getting big & red. I have pulled out the remnants of the broad beans, as they were about exhausted.

Thur. Nov. 25th, 1937. Mum went to a chiropodist in Newcastle this morning & had her foot attended to. She was advised to get a support for her instep, as her foot is too flat through too much standing. Florence went to her later, & bought some Christmas presents for Ivy's children. Mum bought a botany book for me for 1/6, in which to copy my old 1894 diary. Florence is now rid of the measles, & the swelling in her neck has almost subsided. Charlie has cut a bow-piece for Fred's projected boat out of a Y-U shaped bit of ti-tree.

The Japanese murderers are reported to be victorious in China, & now talk of dominating the whole of that country. It seems that whatever is wrong & rotten flourishes, while most good things perish. The so-called League of Nations has again proved its uselessness; & the capitalist governments stand by & see innocent women & children callously slaughtered. The Monarchists of France have plotted to destroy the French Government, but their brutal plot has been discovered.

Sat. Nov. 27th, 1937. Last night, at half past midnight, Florence started by train from Waratah for Baan Baa, to nurse a child named Austin. She was expected to reach there at 9 this morning. Yesterday I dug up the ground between our front fence & the foot-path in the street, so that geraniums may be planted there.

Tu. Nov. 30th, 1937. Fred has planted geraniums outside of our front fence. Yesterday afternoon I concreted the floor of the dark room, just inside of the door, to make it light-tight. Mum went to the Mayfield Sarmy's anniversary services on Sunday & last night. Daphne & Keith recited well. We received the following letter from Arthur yesterday:-

In the Bush, Saturday. Dear Folks, I'm sorry I've been so tardy in replying to your last letter, but there have been unexpected delays. My eyes have been somewhat crook again, & I seem to have just missed the mail each time. I postponed things, partly in the hope of reporting the recovery of my little leather port & contents. It happened in this wise:- I was in Gilgandra the other week-end, & went to the pictures, leaving my bike, port, & overalls in a garage. Returning to the garage at about a quarter to 12, I removed my things, strapped the port on the back, & went down the street for no more than a couple of minutes. I went back to the bike, noticed the port still intact (I think) & rode away. On reaching the last gate I slid over the back of the seat & supported the backrest between my legs, & am practically sure the port was still on then. Since it was getting on for 1-30 I didn't worry about the port, but went straight to bed, leaving everything against the fence. Now, I had in the case about 5/- worth of groceries for Mrs Edwards, so I took very little notice when it was missing on the bike at about 10 next mornint. She had obviously taken it, I thought. However, I was going visiting, & I needed the new shirt, sox, & tie therein, so I asked Mrs. Edwards where it was. She didn't know, so I asked the men working round the place: they knew nothing of it. I couldn't see how I could have dropped it, so I strapped in the same manner as it had been for about a thousand miles of riding, but I went backck to Gilgandra, carefully watching the road on the way. I reported the matter to the police & advertised in the local paper, but I've heard nothing of it. Hence I am about 30 bob worse off than I was, & with only a newspaper bill & a 11th advertisement bill to show for it.

However, I'm not broke yet. Please find enclosed 2 pounds. Furthermore, will you please obtain a set of suit-patterns from the Adelaide Tailoring Co., & send those which you think are O.K. up to me?. I may be able to get the tailor to get a suit up to the trying on stage by the time I arrive home for the holidays. He could finish them by Christmas or New Year's Day, probably. He has my measure.

I was gratified to hear there were 100 % successes of the Primary Final candidates at Maryvale. I probably had very little to do with it. The magneto on the bike has been refusing duty. I have

taken it all to peices & put it together again. It is now sp-
arking well. It seems that the trouble was the lack of a key on
the timing-cog. I find it almost impossible to keep a check on
rattles on these roads. As soon as I fix one, two more appear.
I propose to spend to-day fixing rattles & saving money.
The fact that the mo-bike wasn't going didn't prevent my doing a
little touring last week-end. I borrowed a push-bike & got to
Fingerpost (6 miles West of Wellington) & back after only 115
miles riding. I stayed in Dubbo on Sunday night, left at a quar-
ter to four in the morning, got to Wheaton's at 20 to 8, had
breakfast, & got to school in plenty of time.
We have now had over an inch of rain during the last couple of wee-
ks, so things are looking green again. I am in the throes of ar-
ranging a school concert to be held on December 16th, at night .
By the way -- I have news for you. There is a member of the C.W.A.
(Country Women's Association) in our family. It was the usual
practice for the C.W.A. to give the kids a Christmas treat ab-
out the time of school break-up. The practice lapsed because of
bickering, mainly on the part of my predecessor's wife. I decid-
ed to present a concert, & the C.W.A. very generously offered to
give a party. Hence I attended a meeting of the C.W.A. to finalise
arrangements with them.
Just picture me --- about 20 women listening to what I had to tell
them. They're a pretty good body -- they'll be running the country
soon, so it's well to keep on the right side of them.
Last week I came home to Woodlea twice for tea, & 3 times to sl-
eep. When I go visiting now they usually give me tea, clean py-
jamas, bed, & breakfast. That's Western hospitality. One of the
nights was spent at Mick O'Connor's place. For Milady's benefit,
there is a young lady there, but my visit was purely professio-
nal. I had to go over (about 10 miles from our place) to dis-
cuss a Parents & Citizens' matter with Mick, our President, &
his daughter Molly, our Secretary. The latter is a musical sort
of bird, so we were singing around the piano until the small
hours; & again in the morning.
With the exception of next week-end I wont be going out until
break-up night, when our concert will be the event. It wont be
so hot, however, for I have neither the talent in either myself or
the kids, nor access to books containing suitable items.
About half of the library part of the concert has been made up
by me, but of course the locals don't know.
The wireless set has at last been despatched to Waratah.
So long. Arthur."

Tues. continued. This morning the following came from Florence :-
"C/o Mrs. S. Austin, Elfin, Boggabri, 28th, Sunday.
Dear Everybody, Well, I arrived here O.K. , & although it is
miles from anywhere I think it is a good change.
This is a lovely home; the people seem to have plenty of money.
You can imagine me arriving in my old dress, Mother; the lady
here often has 3 different dresses on in the one day, morning,

afternoon, & evening. It seems as though she hasn't much else to do. The little girl--the patient--is very spoilt, but her Mother is out this afternoon & we are getting on very well together. She has the same kind of throat that I had when I was training, & the doctor suspected diph, but the swabbing is negative, & I think it will clear up, & I shall only be here a week. I am feeling really well, although I find it's pretty warm: they think it's cool. This is just a short note to let you know I am all right. There is only one mail day here. Before I go, that is on Wednesday, I don't suppose it's much good answering. Hope everyone is well; & if things go all right I shall be back again at the week-end. Cheerio. Love from Florence."

Yesterday Charlie caught 4 jewfishes in the river, & to-day he caught about 40 small fishes while standing on a rock at Mereweth

Tues. continued. This afternoon we received this from Gladys ;_ "Wentworth Estate, Cowper Street, Port Kembla. Dear Ma, Your letter to hand safely. I was sorry to hear about Flo & Ivy being sick. I hope by the time you receive this note they will be up & well again. Adell & Alma both have colds, & I have a beaut in my throat. I lost my voice for a couple of days: I'm still a bit husky. To-day, as a matter of fact, I just feel anyhow; I seem to have a cold all over my body. We are still paying 35/- per week rent, & still likely to be for a long time, I think. We were out land-hunting yesterday afternoon & it nearly drove us mad. £ 140 & 160 per block, anything worth having, & not too choice at that. Some of them at Wollongong are £ 300 per block. You can get them at Steeltown, just up from the works, on a mountain-peak, for £ 50 & £ 60. I wouldn't put a pig there, it would die in a week. The wind would blow everything into the sea. No tops of mountains for me; we can hardly open our back windows here where we are, let alone up there with no school, neighbours, buses, shops, or anything else. We went down to Windang, where Bob Woodward lives, & went prawning with them one night: it was great fun. We caught a plateful & had them for supper. The children haven't seen Santa yet. He wasn't in Wollongong last Friday night; he may be next Friday. Alma says she wants a big doll & a tin of water; a doll's bath, she means. Adell wants a big doll & pram. John wants a pony, but we are trying to make him change his mind. There's a big motor-car at Marcus Clark's that he thinks isn't too bad: or he wants a bike; but I think the bike & pony are dangerous. Come down for a holiday if you feel inclined at any time, you are quite welcome. Love to all from Jack, the children, & myself. xxxx
xxxx."

Wed. Dec. 1st, 1937. Mum was ill last night with colicky pains. She slept most of this morning, & felt better when she awoke. This afternoon I photographed Maitland road, looking East, with the half plate camera. I developed before sundown with metol quinol, & got a good negative, but it is a trifle thin.

Sabbath Sun. Dec. 5th, 1937. Last evening Mum became ill again & her stomach rejected her food. She had pains again all through the night. Florence returned about 3 o'clock this morning, quite well. She had got a taxi from Waratah station. Her patient is well again. Florence asked doctor Bourke to call & see Mum this morning. Fred & Walt have gone to Newcastle this morning to see a boat that Fred is thinking of buying. There was a thunderstorm last evening, & the garden was well watered by the rain. A cold South wind is blowing this morning. Temp. is 66 degs. Last night I printed 3 more copies of Maitland Road, looking East. About 45 seconds exposure at 10 inches from the kerosene lamp gave good prints. Yesterday Fred laid some more guttering near the garage, but the rain stopped him from cementing it in.

COMMUNIST PARTY

Sir.—The letter signed Lillian M. Devall in the "Newcastle Morning Herald" dated November 28, calls for immediate attention by the rank and file of the Communist party. This is not the first time that the functionaries of the Newcastle section of the Communist party have acted detrimentally to the best interests of their organisation.

In June, 1935, the functionaries of the Communist party styled the correspondents of the "Newcastle Morning Herald" armchair philosophers. Mr. Miles, of the Communist party, was invited by Willie Street to explain his attitude to the armchair philosophers. I am sorry to say that Mr. Miles did not comply with the request. During that controversy, in reply to one signing "Barnaby Rudge," I made the following suggestions—"The person signing himself 'Hot Pie' was once an honoured member of the Communist party." There must be a reason for honourable members leaving the party. What is the reason? Get to the cause and remove it; prevention is better than cure.

In the course of discussion I pointed out to Mr. Miles and "Barnaby Rudge" that the rank and file of the party must control their officials. The above advice was tendered in June, 1935. To-day, November 27, 1937, I call on the rank and file of the Communist party to accept the advice of Lenin and Stalin, call all party members and sympathisers together to give judgment on Mrs. Devall's case, also other members of the community who claim that they have had a raw deal from party functionaries. Remember Phillip Snowden, Ramsay MacDonald, Messrs. Lang and Beasley, Hughes, Holman, and a host of other saviours.

The rank and file court must be the grand jury; otherwise there is no democracy. Where there is no democracy there is no justice.

Lenin said: "The assumption that revolutionists alone are able to accomplish a revolution single handed is one of the

gravest and most dangerous errors into which Communists are apt to fall." In the light of the above, how can Mr. Cram or any other functionary stand to the treatment which has been handed out to Mrs. Devall?

W. LONGWORTH,

17 Maitland-road,
Mayfield.

DAY, DECEMBER 1, 1937.

BIRTHRATE

Sir.—The former Federal Minister for Health (Mr. W. M. Hughes) claims that the falling birth-rate in Australia is more vital in a way than defence. The vast open spaces of this country could be populated by Australian-bred citizens if the right conditions were adopted. Let Mr. Hughes and the general public study the fact that the birth-rate in the Soviet Union is steadily rising. In January of this year, it showed a gain of 21.7 per cent., compared with a year ago. The biggest increase in the birth-rate among the Union Republics is shown by the Ukraine, where a 70 per cent. growth has been recorded.

According to reports received by the people's Commissariat of Finance of the U.S.S.R., the sum of 566,000,000 roubles had been transferred to the local authorities by April 1, 1937, for the payment of allowances to women with large families. It is estimated that 270,000 mothers are receiving these benefits. Three or four years ago, 30,000 to 40,000 children were born per month in the Ukraine. During the first quarter of 1936, 197,000 children were born, over 50 per cent. more than for the corresponding period of 1932-33. The first quarter of the present year showed an exceptional increase in the birth-rate; 322,254 children were born, about 70 per cent. more than during the same period last year.

At the same time the death-rate is falling considerably. The population of the Ukraine increased during the first quarter of 1937 by 219,903 persons, 108,061 persons more than the increase in the first quarter of 1936. Soviet Turkmenia: In 1910, there were only two hospitals, and 12 medical stations in the whole of the Transcaspien region. Mullahs and Sorcerers had a monopoly in "curing" the population. At present Turkmenia has 51 hospitals, 57 out-patients' clinics, 175 medical stations, 11 consultation centres for women and children, and a number of other special institutions which furnish free medical aid to the population.

In this republic there are 481 physicians, 215 doctors' assistants, 92 nurses and 709 medical nurses. In addition to 480 students attending a medical institute established in Ashkhabad, 1120 persons are studying in schools for doctor's assistants, obstetricians, pharmacists and dentists.

Witch doctors are gone. Soviet Yakutia now possesses several hundred medical workers, 72 hospitals with 1310 beds, and four dispensaries. Model hospitals have been built in the nomad districts. In the Aldantaiga seven hospitals and 17 clinics have been built for the workers of the goldfields. Before the revolution the Yakut people were chiefly treated by witch doctors. There was one doctor to each 25,000 inhabitants and each 350,000 square miles of territory. Under the old regime some nationalities inhabiting Yakutia died out. The Koryaks, for instance, were wiped out by smallpox in 1889. In 1872-73, smallpox destroyed half the population of the Kolyva region. According to data for 1915, 110 persons out of every 10,000 in Yakutia were blind.

All Governments must get down to solid facts, and they will discover that real wealth comprises much more than pounds, shillings and pence.

W. LONGWORTH.

17 Maitland-road,
Mayfield.

DECEMBER 3, 1937.

42.

Mon. Dec. 6th, 1937. This morning Mum is a little better. Doctor Ulick Bourke called yesterday & said that Mum's trouble is a severe attack of gastritis. He called again this morning & said that Mum can get up next Wednesday. Fred has bought a boat & an engine, & he & Charlie pulled it up the Hunter river to a place near the steelworks. This afternoon he is going down to paint the boat. Florence did the washing this morning, & I helped a little. The postman brought this letter from Mrs. Webster:-

"Greenfield Terrace, Portreath, nr Redruth, Cornwall, Nov. 1st, 1937. Dear Mr. Cocking, I am just going to answer your welcome letter, which we were so glad to receive to know you & all your family were well at the time of writing. Trust you are all keeping the same. Glad to say we are all well & are getting lovely weather, so mild & the sun to-day has been lovely. It's making the Winter all the Shorterr We get lots of cold rain in our Winter time, & not much snow nor ice.

I was at Falmouth last week for a few days spent with Kathleen; she thought the change would be good for me, & it was. She is a very kind & thoughtful girl; she is always planning for our happiness. Myra, my baby girl, now in her 3rd, is down there with her Uncle. I think I told you he was living there, & is very kind to them. Their daughter & 4 little girls are staying with them. They are off now very soon. The husband is in the army -- in the king's own regiment -- a nice fellow he is, too; but all his brothers & his Father are all soldiers, worse luck! Poor little kiddies, they will soon be off now; & such lovely little girls; it seems such a pity to take them out in that sickly country. My niece met him in Malta. She was assistant mistress in a military school. My brother was not agreeable at first, but when he met him it was all right.

I see, Mr. Cocking, you have lost your poor Sister: & we have had sorrow. Niece at Redruth has just lost her husband with cancer, poor chap; only ill a month, but in that month he suffered dreadfully. She is left with 3 girls -- it is a bad thing. He never knew it was cancer; & he thought after the operation he would be home again; but the doctor couldn't operate, as he was too full of cancer. We have such a lot of cancer at present.

The verses are so very nice you wrote about your dear Sister, but she is at rest, poor thing, & gone home to meet her loved ones. My teacher son is still going on all right. He has a nice little son 7 years old; he is teaching at St. Day still. That place has a warm place in my heart, the same as your's. My dear Mother's home, although I don't go there but very seldom. It's improved very much lately. They have a children's playground, given by Mr. Mills, & a lecture-hall; & they have some good times up there now.

Our young people are all talking about Christmas: well, it will soon be here again. We thank you for all the nice papers -- they are full of good news. I see you are expecting your daughter home. We are looking forward to Myra coming. She is nice

company for me. I tell Pa & Frankie I love their company, & I don't let myself grow old too old, & I get about with them. Pa never wants to go to town, but I love it; so when they're home I get about as much as I can.

We have just treated ourselves to a new wireless which is very good. The evenings are very long & very quiet in Winter time; so I thought we would start one. I am sorry we can't send you a copy of "The Cornubian", as they're not printed now. We miss it, as there was very nice news in them.

I will try to get some more new post-cards of St. Day & send out to you. I am also having my photo taken for you to see my old-fashioned face. Please excuse all mistakes & scribbles. Will write again soon. We remain yours sincerely E. & H. Webster.

P.S. Kindest regards to Mrs. Cocking & all your family from all of us. Write soon. God bless you all."

Wed. Dec. 8th, 1937. This morning I finished typing a 3 page letter in reply to that above, & included a copy of "Empire Migration". Yesterday I wrote to Gladys & Jack at Kembla, & posted for Mum her presents to Adell & young John. I bought a packet of metal-quinol developing tablets, (2/3), a pound of hypo., 6d, & a packet of "Kodura" post-cards, (1/9). Temp. is 98 deg. F. in the hut. Mum is not now in pain, but is very weak, & still in bed. Fred & Charlie have been painting the boat. This morning I planted nearly a whole packet of French beans.

With the letter to Mrs. Webster I am sending a post-card view of Maitland Road, looking East, & one of Chinnoek's shop at Willingto

Sat. Dec. 18th, 1937. Yesterday we received the following letter from Jack & Gladys:-

"Cowper Street, Port Kembla, Wednesday night, 15th. Dear Grandma. I hope by this time you are up & well again. We are all tip-top. Adell & Alma received their birthday presents & are in raptures over them; they both send you a big kiss for them. John wishes to thank you also for his nice shirt: he wore it on Sunday last, & told Nell & Bob White all about it. He likes it very much because it's a tuck-in shirt like his Dad wears.

Jack worked afternoon shift last week-end, so I had to entertain the Whites on my own. He also works Friday, Saturday, & Sunday & Monday night shift & day shift until Christmas Eve. He is working these shifts so that other men can get off for 3 days; & he & Mr. Brown, our neighbour, strike it lucky, they get the Christmas week-end off. We will be up to worry you all on Christmas day, all being well. Jack works day shift on Christmas Eve, & we have Saturday, Sunday, & Monday off. We are leaving here early on Christmas morning, so Jack informs me.

Tell Fred to have the boat in working order for John. If it's a nice day next Sunday we are going to Shell Harbour after dinner, & taking tea with us. Whites are coming out too in their car. We saw Uncle Jim Pettigrew & Florrie etc. on Monday; they are all well & wish to be remembered to you all. Love from us all

here, & hoping to see you all on Christmas morning.
Your loving Son & Daughter, Gladys & Jack.

Uncle Jim lives with Florrie, & Jim lives with Nellie. Uncle Jim broke up the home the week before last. xxxxxx from the children.

Sat. continued. Yesterday I planted a packet of Yorkshire Hero peas on the site of our projected workshop. Mum is almost back to normal again. She & Florence have bought presents for the children & things for the house. We are expecting Arthur to arrive this evening from Kickabil school. Fred took Jose out in his boat for a run on the river this afternoon. The books that I ordered from England have not arrived yet, but they are over-due.

Arthur arrived at home about 7 p.m. on his mo-bike. He returned by way of Wellington, & stayed at Bathurst on Friday night. He is quite well, but much sunburnt through wearing a straw hat. He is a little thinner than usual.

Wed. Dec. 22nd, 1937. This morning I am sending a "Rosella" card & a view of the back of our house, & the panoramic & the close view of "Kickabil school to the Websters.

Wed. Dec. 29th, 1937. This afternoon I got my pension of 30/9, & Mum's pension of 30/9, & ordered a corned ham & a big young rooster of the butcher near the post office. On Christmas Day I received a new "Voigtlander" camera, a box of half plates, a very large globular map of the world, a rotating calendar, an inkstand & pen, an elastic belt, & a copy of the book entitled "Forty Fathoms Deep", by Ion Idreiss, from Mum & Florence & the boys, & a handkerchief from aunt May--Jack's wife. I spent about £ 2-12-0 on presents. Jack, Gladys, John, Adell, & Alma visited us twice during the holidays. Jose & Ivy & the children had Christmas dinner with us. Mum also gave art a new camera

Thur. Dec. 30th, 1937. Last night Bill Harvey, art's companion, was married, & art took Jose's car over & participated in the wedding proceedings. The hot weather of the last few days has given place to a cool, rainy change.

As I have been invited to the wedding of Bram Lucas to Aveline Smith next Saturday in the Tighes Hill Army hall, I have bought a "Presbyterian Cookery Book" to present to Aveline & inside of the front cover I intend to paste the following verses:-

TO AVELINE.

Please don't imagine, nor suppose,
That I presume you're one of those
Unskilled (although good-looking)
Young wives whose minds are too obtuse
To know the proper way to use
Ingredients for cooking.
Ingredients for cooking.

My purpose is not to impart
 A knowledge of the needful art
 Of roasting, or of carving
 A Christmas goose, or joint of meat,
 Or making something good to eat
 When hungry Bram is starving !

That useful knowledge you possess;
 But books are handy, none-the-less,
 To aid the recollection
 Of right components for a cake,
 Or proper times to boil or bake,
 Or make a sweet confection.

So, take this book, & bear in mind
 That even saintly men must find
 The best of married blisses--
 The hope of future life above,
 A home below, with peace & love,
 And tasty meals, & kisses.

 As addendum, let me mention,
 If you wish to shun contention,
 And respect & fond affection
 Of your husband you would keep, Don't
 Don't indulge in angry railings
 At his real or fancied failings,
 But just whisper your objections
 In his ear-- when he's asleep !

Mon. Jan, 3rd, 1938. Last Saturday afternoon I went down to the
 Salvarmy hall at Tighe's Hill & saw Bram Lucas married to Aveline
 Smith. The hall was crowded. Jingo Taylor performed the ceremony.
 I gave Keith Smith a cookery book & a glass dish to give to Bram &
 Aveline. After the wedding the party rode away in a car to get
 photographed, & returned to the Primary hall, where a reception was
 to be held. I did not stay for the reception. Yesterday I went to
 the Tighe's Hill Sarmy hall & saw the baby son of Faith & Peter
 Lucas dedicated by Major Johnston, the local officer. I afterwards sa
 w the baby, whose full name is Francis Lewis Lucas. He is a lovely
 child, & was born on the 24th of November, 1937. Major Johnston an-
 nounced that his daughter had just broken her ankle or her leg by
 falling down some steps while she was out collecting with the Army
 band, & would be taken to the hospital. I met Bob Gibson & his wife
 & 2 little daughters; also Mr. & Mrs. Lucas, senior, Major & Mrs. Smy
 th, Mrs. Bannister, Mrs. Davies & her daughter Edna, Roy Taylor, (
 who has left the Sarmy), Mrs. Bannister, Jim Stansbury, Walter Bull
 Mrs. Butcher, & several others.
 After the dedicating was done, I went to Islington park & met Mr.
 Stanton Charley Pla, the Spaniard, & a few more. There was no
 public meeting.

To-day I received the following letter from Mrs Webster:-

"Greenfield Terrace, Portreath, nr Redruth, Cornwall, Nov. 25th 1937. Dear Mr. Cocking, I am sending you on, at last, one of my photos. I think it's good of me, but the others think I'm looking too sad. Well, perhaps I felt sad at the time; but anyway. I am pleased with it. Now this negative (enclosed) I found today of myself, taken at Falmouth, with Kathleen's little dog, last Summer. I have lost the only photo I had. Now I will put it in. I wonder if you could copy it off, as you did Kath's & Frankies some time ago.

Dear Mr. Cocking, we both thank you for papers & the "Mail" we received from you since I wrote your last letter. We trust you are enjoying all of you, the very best of health, & that you may all spend a very Happy Christmas. We shall be thinking of you: it's very near once more-- only one month to-day. We are getting remarkably fine weather--just like Spring. We have primroses out in the garden & other Spring flowers blooming.

Oh, & I must tell you, we have a very nice wireless set. We can have news from America, but not from Australia as we would like to have. It's very nice now the long evenings are here.

There is a great stir with the people, as our new king is coming to Camborne next Wednesday. I wish he could put his foot down & stop this war craze. The papers are full of war; bloodshed seems to be all some people think of. We do so hope there won't be any more wars. I not been able to get one view of St. Day. No one take them now Mr. Caddy is dead. They say they can't sell them; & it's greatly improved with the children's playgrounds & lecture-hall; & the town clock, which stand in the centre of the town, has been rebuilt. It stood on the top of the market house, & the market house fell in & the clock fell with it. Now there is a garden around the clock, & seats put there. It looks ever so nice, all done by the Hulls family. I wonder they don't make post cards of it. Anyway, I will try again some time, & if I get them I will send them out. Now we all join in sending you all our best wishes for Christmas & the new Year. As ever, your true friends, H. & E. Webster.

I shall be pleased to hear from you again. I don't know if I told you my husband is timekeeper when the boats are in, & he is very proud to be able to do, as he gets 9/- every boat. "Money for Christmas", he says.

This afternoon I wrote a 3 page letter in reply to that above.

Fri. Jan. 7th, 1938. This afternoon I posted to Mrs. Webster a letter, 4 copies of her little photo., & a copy of the photo of our back yard. Yesterday afternoon Florence was called to nurse an old man named Goble at the Iluka hospital. She may be there a week or more, but she comes home to sleep. Art went off on his motorcycle yesterday morning to Lapto. My right leg is

sore again as I knocked a bit of skin off the old scar. Ivy & the children are staying at the lake, & Jose is batching at home. On Wednesday Art received a cheque for £ 10-4-4 & a notification from the Department of Education that he has a rise in wages. He will now receive £ 5-2-2 per week. Poor old George Hughes, who lived in Ingall street, was buried yesterday. This week's "Common Cause" contains my verses, "Advice To Workers

Sat. Jan. 8th, 1938. A few days ago we received the following letter from Muriel Cone:-

"Craiglea", Woolooma, via Scone, 3rd January, 1938.

Dear Mrs. Cocking & Flo, You will think I am very lazy, writing to you both in one letter, but the fact of the matter is, there isn't sufficient news to make 2 letters interesting.

Thank you both very much for your lovely Christmas gifts & good wishes. I am looking forward to a holiday shortly, & both your gifts will be very useful. I felt I wanted to write straight after Christmas, but my time seemed so completely occupied, all of the family & most of the young nephews were home, 18 of us for tea on Christmas night. Maud & Hilton were the only ones who did not get home for some part of Christmas day. Mabel & Cyril came on Christmas eve & are to leave to-morrow. Edie & Ronald are here at present for a few days. To-morrow we are expecting a little girl from Sydney. The Methodist Church people have requested country people, through the papers, to take some of those little children for a holiday, so we decided we could manage to care for one. Two more are to come up this way, too; so we are bringing the 3 of them from Scone to-morrow.

We are having dreadfully hot weather--the hottest Christmas I can remember. Where are you working these days, Flo. ? I may see you all on the way from Sydney am hoping to call at Newcastle. I am expecting to go to Maud's about 26th January. Vivie & Ella will write to you, Flo.; they were very pleased with your presents, & Father said to thank you very much for your card & good wishes; it pleased him much to think you thought of him; & Clive also wishes to thank you. Remember me to Mr. Cocking & wish him a very happy New Year, & also to you both & all the other members of the family my best wishes for 1938. Again thanking you for your nice gifts, your kind thought was much appreciated.

With love, your sincere friend, Muriel C.

Walter has an A pass & a B & a C in his latest examination at the Tech. He has applied for a position as teacher there.

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

January 7th, 1938. Dear Joe, You will, I am sure, be surprised to hear that I am again in the hospital with my old enemy, the rheu. Well, the reason you never knew that I was here is because Bob & all his family took a holiday at the lake for 9 or 10 days. They are coming home to-day; so in consequence of there being no one at home your parcel is still down at the station. I am expecting Gladys up here to-day. I will tell her about the parcel, & she will only be too pleased to send Bob for it at once.

I should have written to you sooner if I had an envelope & stamp. The reason I got your letter is because a man here in hospital has a son who played tennis with Bobby. On Wednesday I asked him to call & see if there were any letters in our box for me. That being so, you can see why we never wrote to you before. I have been here for a fortnight, but I am much better. I don't know when the doctor will send me home again. I get out of bed 2 or 3 hours each day. I have tried nearly every known remedy for the rheu, all to no purpose. I was X rayed yesterday, & they found out that there is a little inflammation in my right side. I asked the doctor this morning what would take it out. He said it would take time; & not to worry. I got over Christmas all right -- I had plenty of everything. Also, Daddy Christmas gave me a tube of shaving cream & a mug; also a nice hanky. I will let you know all about the parcel when I write again. When you write address in care of the Matron. If you can manage let Jim know I am up here. Now, in conclusion, give my love to all the family, & accept the same for yourself from brother Bob. Don't have any anxiety about the parcel; they will get it all right as soon as they come home; & many thanks for sending it up to us. Well, the staff is very kind to me up here."

Sat, continued. I have written a letter in reply to that above.

Sat. 15th Jan. 1938. I have done little all this week except reading books & papers & resting my right leg, which is sore & inflamed again through losing a patch of skin off the old scar.

I finished reading "Forty Fathoms Deep", by Ion Idriess; & "The Call of England", by Morton. Last Thursday Art took me in Jose's car to doctor Bourke's consulting room at Hamilton. Dr. Bourke was away on holiday, & an old doctor was in his place. He told me to rest my leg & put plenty of calomine mixture on the sore spot after putting on a hot foment each morning. I got the calomine (which looks like powdered chalk & water) at Donald's. Miss Watson, the daughter of the late David Watson, was not in her secretary's room at the doctor's place, as she has appendicitis. I paid the girl who is in Miss Watson's place 22/-.

I have received the following letter, written by pencil, from brother Bob:-

Kurri Hospital, Jan. 11th. Dear Joe, Your letter to hand yesterday, & I was pleased to hear from you. First of all let me tell you that I only had one letter from you: Bobby may have got it before he went to the Lake. Now let me tell you a few facts. I was sick a few days before I went down to the hospital, & so ill I said to Bobby "I am going down to see the doctor"; so he said "What do you want to see him for?". Well, I went down, & the doctor said to me "You are very ill; I will send you back to the hospital". I have never, in all my life, come across 2 human beings so devoid of human sympathy as Bob & Gladys: they are Pagans. However, when I was coming away Bobby said, "We wont be able

to come up to see you for a while, as we are going away". I said, "Very well; it doesn't matter much if you don't come at all; I shall be cared for up there). It seems they have taken me at my word, as they, to their everlasting shame, have taken me to my word; & as I know them both now so well, I am not disappointed, nor do I worry, as I have long ago come to the conclusion that to be in their company is an affliction, & to live with them is a calamity.. Bob must have known I am in need of a shave & a clean shirt & hanky. However, the man who comes here to do the barbering was kind enough to book me up until I can pay him. When I am well enough to go home I shall come down & pay him.

I am coming on slowly, but mending. Everybody here is extremely good & kind to me: I am well cared for, notwithstanding no one comes to see me. I came away & left a couple of shillings at home. You see, by the time I got home from the doctor's the ambulance was at the door, & I had no time to get hardly anything. I will, some other time when I get home, write a long letter to you.

The doctor said this morning it will take time for me to get well again: the healing is a very slow process.

If Bob or Gladys comes up I will let you know: they have not been here so far."

I have sent a letter in answer to that: also a shirt, 2 handkerchiefs, writing paper, envelopes, & a stamped & addressed envelope. The parcel cost 8d postage.

Florence came home to see us on Thursday night. Her patient is much better, & she is quite well & likes the place.

Art is preparing to ride his bike to Sydney to-morrow, as he has to learn something about swimming & life-saving; & is to be in Sydney over a week.

To-day I am copying my old shorthand diary written in in 1894, or rather the pamphlet, "Hard Manual Labor", that I wrote then.

18

Tues. Jan. 26th, 1938. This morning I received 2 letters from brother Bob, the first being as follows:-

"Lismore Street, Abermain, Jan. 15th, 1938. Dear (Joe) Your letter & parcel to hand to-day. You will be pleased to hear that I am at home again. I came home yesterday from the hospital, & feeling a new man. The pains have left me, I hope for ever. Well, when I came home I asked Bobby & Gladys to explain their strange conduct towards me in not coming down to see me. Well, I will give you the reason. The fact is that on Robby's job it is run on a roster system; & apart from being idle 14 days for the Christmas season, then he had to wait 7 days before starting again: then he worked a week. That meant a month without a penny to bless themselves with. Consequently they were without any means for their bus fare to visit me at the hospital. That being so I could completely excuse them, as the bus fare is 1/2. I felt

sorry indeed for my misjudgement in the matter. Everything is going on now quiet & tranquil as usual, & no spite, malice, or ill-feeling of any kind.

Bobby & Gladys send their kind thanks for the parcel you sent up at Christmas. You can also accept my thanks for what I received as well. They at the hospital gave me a nice shaving-mug & a pot of shaving-cream; also a nice hanky, so I shared very well at Christmas. I was not in a position to give anybody a present. It was not because I wouldn't do so; it was because I couldn't. That being so, I have taken it for granted that you & all understand.

Your forethought in sending me a shirt & hanky was nice & kind of you. Well now you will be surprised when you receive them back again. The reason is because the shirt is 2 sizes too small for me. Well, as for the handkerchiefs, I have a dozen nearly new ones here at present. But let me explain :- Now, if I had been still in the hospital they would have been a blessing to me indeed; so don't be annoyed because they have come back again to you. While I am at it I can say without any doubt that I was well cared for at the hospital. They were very kind & attentive to me, for which I am truly thankful. Now, in conclusion, accept my thanks for your kindness to me at all times. As things here are now as usual, you need not hurry in answering this. If the parcel doesn't come with this it will come in a day or two.
From brother Bob."

The other letter is as follows:-

"Lismore Street, Abermain, Jan. 17th. Dear Joe, You will, in all probability, have received a letter from me yesterday in which I stated my intention to return the shirt on account of it being too small in the neck. Well, it turns out that, after all, it's only half an inch too small in the neck, which doesn't matter, as by wearing a long tie & leaving the top button open it's quite all right & causes no inconvenience to me whatsoever. That being so, I am going to keep it, & I am proud to own it. While it is a fact that I own 8 or 9 handkerchiefs, I am not going to send back the 2 which you sent up to me in the parcel with the shirt. Thirty-five miles is too far to send 2 hankys; & knowing as I do that you are not in any need of them, I am going to keep them. Now, in conclusion, accept my thanks for your kindness to me at all times. We're all well here; but it's awfully hot. Jim has not been up here for the last 2 months.
From Brother Bob."

Tues. continued. A little rain fell yesterday & last night; also this morning. Miss Nancy Wilkinson was here on Sunday, & went to the river with Charlie & Fred for a run in the boat. They returned at 9 p.m. Walt. went out to the lake on Sunday. My leg is a little better, but is still sore & tender.

Wed. Jan. 19th 1938. This morning Mum went to Newcastle & bought a raincoat as a birthday present for Walter; also a working (motor)

dress for herself. We received the following letter-card from Arthur:- " 19 Allen St., Glebe Point, Tuesday. Dear Folks, I am here safe & sound, wiser perhaps, but poorer, but not a whit sadder. The bike behaved perfectly until I reached Cowan, when the rear chain broke. Was there a man dismayed? Not much, for I am used to that sort of thing. Temporary repairs were effected by means of a peice of frncing wire which enabled me to go three or 4 miles further. At this juncture the connecting link, which I suppose was under a great strain, broke. So there I was, 7 miles from Hornsby, pushing the bike & port along the slippery road (I omitted to mention that by this time a light drizzle was falling). My usual good luck in misfortune held good, for I soon came upon Mount Kuringai station. Leaving the bike locked on the station platform, I proceeded to Sydney by train, slept at 31 Allen street, went to the swimming class, purchased a new chain (about a quid) returned to the bike & entered Sydney looking like a half-drowned rat. You see, an unexpected deluge drenched me before I could get shelter. Sp far my grading in backstroke, breast, & forearm swimming has been Bx, A, A. Arthur."

This note also arrived for Mum:-

" Beresford F. Daley, M.O.O.A., Consulting Optician & Optometrist. Prescription Specialist. Civic Block, 391 Hunter Street, Newcastle. Phone Newcastle 660.

Mrs. J. Cocking, Ingall St. Mayfield East. Dear Mrs. Cocking, I wish to advise you that your eyes were last tested on 17th January 1936, & it is not advisable to wear lenses for any indefinite length of time. Might I suggest that you call in at the next opportunity & I will count it a pleasure to check your glasses for you. Yours faithfully, Beresford F. Daley."

Rainy weather again.

Sat. Jan. 22nd, 1938. To-day we received the following letter- "Cowper Street, Port Kembla, Wed. Jan. 19th. Dear Grandma, I am almost ashamed to scribble this note to you, as we have let it go so long, but never mind. How are you all popping up? I hope you are all O.K. We are all splendid.

Did Artie arrive safely without any mishap? Tell him he forgot his towel here: I was going to post it up, but Art said he may come down some week-end before he goes back, & bring you with him; so be sure & come; you are welcome at any time. If he doesn't bring you down you & Grandfather come down by train at any time, as there is always a bed here for you.

What do you think! A few miracles happened last Monday. They started to deliver the mail in the morning only, a bit better

RESULTS OF

DIPLOMA COURSES.

1937 FINAL EXAMINATIONS.

The results of the 1937 final examinations for the Diploma Courses of the Technical Education Department are published below.

The letters A, B and C indicate the grade of pass in each subject. The letter P indicates a pass in early stages of subjects where the results are not graded. No information will be supplied by telephone.

LOCAL GOVERNMENT ENGINEERING.

DIPLOMA COURSE.

Engineering Drawing and Design.—Stage II.—Grade B: Ronald Escott.
Engineering Drawing and Design.—Stage IV. (steel construction)—Grade B: Stanley W. Cooper.
Engineering Drawing and Design.—Stage IV. (concrete construction)—Grade A: Stanley W. Cooper.
Engineering Drawing and Design.—Stage V.—Grade B: Sheldon W. Chadwick, Leo D. F. Geer.
Grade C: Alan McLintoch.
Bridge Construction and Road Structures.—Stage II.—Grade C: Sheldon W. Chadwick, Walter Cocking, Alan McLintoch.
Chemistry.—4B.—Grade C: Ronald Escott.
Mine Surveying.—Stage II.—Grade C: George E. Vass.
Electrical Engineering, X.—Grade B: Leo D. F. Geer.
Grade C: Stanley W. Cooper, Ronald Escott.
Surveying.—Stage I.—Grade B: Leo D. F. Geer.
Grade C: Eric R. I. Childs, Ronald Escott, George E. Vass.
Surveying.—Stage II.—Grade B: Leo D. F. Geer.
Grade C: Eric R. I. Childs, Ronald Escott, George E. Vass.
Sanitary Engineering.—Stage I.—Grade B: Sheldon W. Chadwick, Walter Cocking.
Grade C: Eric R. I. Childs, Leo D. F. Geer, George E. Vass.
Sanitary Engineering.—Stage II.—Grade A: Walter Cocking, Leo D. F. Geer.
Grade B: Sheldon W. Chadwick, Eric R. I. Childs, George E. Vass.

how tired out he feels. I'm a bit afraid he might get sick. He's in bed now; he's on from 20 past 11 to 20 past 7 in the morning, jolly night shift. Haven't got the house at Sunnyside fixed up yet; it's only 3 months since they got in rent free. Love to all, & tons of luck, from Glad, Jack, & grandchildren. XXXXX."

Florence has finished nursing old Mr. Goble, & is at home again. Her patient is now very much better. Much rain has fallen during the last week, & North Coast rivers have been flooded. My leg is slowly healing. My stomach has been out of order during the

52
than calling for it: & the buses started up our street to the Steel Works, Port Kembla, & WWOL-longong, & they are fixing up the road, ready to tar it nearly as good as George Street. And John has a billygoat, & has called it "Captain", after the goat his Dad used to

have when a boy at Goat Hill. It drives us mad, bleating all the time. It's been taken away from its mother & misses the milk; it doesn't like being weaned: it's 3 months old. We had Vera Woodward for the day yesterday, & I expect Ethel Woodward, her Mother, to-morrow. Poor Jack is almost dead from over-work: he's never had 1 shift off since we came back from Newcastle at Christmas. 14 days a fortnight & shift-work at that isn't very palatable, I can tell you. He worked 14 hours, 12, & 11 hrs. a shift for the first week that they started producing coke. They started on the sixth, so you can just imagine

few days, but it is almost right again. Jim & Ethel called in yesterday on the way back from seeing brother Bob, at Abermain. They said that Bob has not been very ill, even when at the hospital, & that the doctor told Bobby & Glage that Bob's health was pretty good for a man of his age. I have pulled up most of the tomato plants, as they are about done bearing. Keith is suffering with a bad throat, but the doctor does not think it is diphtheria. Mum is thinking of buying a new electric carpet-sweeper for £9 of Wilks, Newcastle.

Wed. Jan. 26th, 1938. Last night at 9-30 Art reached home by mo-bike from Sydney. He has had to undergo swimming & diving tests & exercises, which were not pleasant in the rain that fell at that time. Keith's throat is about right again. Winnie Drylie's Mother is reported to be slowly dying with a cancer at the general hospital, Newcastle. Poor woman! Yesterday I gathered & burnt a lot of garden rubbish, & made the garden clean. My stomach is almost right again, & my right shin is getting well.

Saturday Jan. 29th, 1938. To-day I planted butter beans & French beans on the old site for the shed. This evening Florence was called to nurse at the Mater hospital. Art is getting ready to go back to Kickabil. Walt, Charlie, & Fred have gone in the boat to get blackberries. This is a lovely, bright day.

Sun. Jan. 30th 1938. This morning at about 6 o'clock Art left on his mo-bike to return to Kickabil. He is going by way of Merriwa & Dubbo. The weather is calm, & the sky is cloudy, but not likely to rain.

Sun. Feb. 6th, 1938. This morning Walt took me in his car to 14 Gibb street, Adamstown, to interview old Mr. Merrick to find whether he knows anything about Mum's Father, Thomas Anderson. We found him at home; & while I talked with Mr. Merrick Walt rode back to the Pacey's house. Mr. Merrick does not know anything about Mum's Dad, but promised to write to a nephew who may know something. From there I walked to Selwyn street, Merewether, & introduced myself to Mr. R.A. Martin, who writes frequently to the Newcastle Herald. He lives in a small, dilapidated house in a neglected street. There is no fence around the block on which the old house stands. The home has a very poverty-stricken appearance, & so have Mrs. Martin & her small child. They invited me to have dinner, but I told them that I had to meet Walter at the tram terminus at 1 p.m. Mr. Martin showed me some "Pelica" books that he bought for 9d each at Ell's shop in Newcastle. I promised to lend him any books or papers that he needs, if I have them. I waited at the tram terminus, & while waiting I had an argument with some young men who are gamblers, & contended that Gambling is a low, contemptible game. Walt & Pacey arrived at 10 past 1, & we dropped him at Adamstown & rode home. This is an ideal day. My leg is now healed & the bandage is off.

Wed. Feb. 9th, 1938. Last evening Florence went to the Dungog Cottage Hospital; but we do not know what she has to do. To-day I planted radish seeds to provide Charley with radishes. Claude Wright & his wife, who was formerly Jean Carpenter, have left the Samy, & he is working at the Steelworks. They now have a baby girl.

Thur. Feb. 10th, 1938. Pension day. This morning I drew my usual pension of 30/9, & Mum's pension of the same sum. I went to Mrs. Oliver's book shop & got the "Communist Review" of this month, (6d).

This afternoon we received the following letter from Arthur:-
"Public School, Bootabil, Wednesday.

Dear Folks, I have twice missed the mail with a letter describing my trip & giving you a couple of quid. The aforesaid letter is still up in my clothes at Wheaton's. My circumstances this year are going to be somewhat different from what they have been. I have finished with motor-bikes for good.

The trusty (what a misnomer) Triumph is now in a goods van on its way to Waratah, consigned (TO PAY) to C. Cocking. I'd be greatly obliged if Chip would call for the bike (I know it's a crook job), take off the magneyo, & take it to the Newcastle Automobile Exchange. Inform them that the magneto was overhauled, & a written guarantee for 6 months given. (I hope I can find the guarantee). Would you then please sell the contraption before the registration expires? I'll send a couple of guards, the key to the tools, the dough, some new clutch plates, & a few spark plugs. If I can get £ 25 for the bike I'll be delighted. I have no minimum, for I wouldn't trust the bike again if I were paid to do so: (no, I'm not peeved).

I'm getting a new Speedwell racer with a back-pedal brake, thru Wheaton's, at 12½% discount. The motor-bike would make me ten years older per year, & I lost prestige because my clothes were always dirty. I'm now my own washerwoman.

Thanks: I know I'm a nuisance. Arthur."

Sun. Feb. 13th, 1938. Last night Florence telephoned from Dungog & said that she intended to come home next Tuesday. Brother Bob & young Dorothy visited us yesterday afternoon. Bobby & two others have won five pounds in the national lottery & as they intended to "celebrate" the event with alcohol, Bob got out of the way for the night. He looks very well, & only has a soreness in his right side. I gave him some old papers, & Gladys some old music-sheets. We also gave Bob our big grass-shears.

We have received the following note from Jack & Gladys:-

"Cowper Street, Port Kembla. Dear Ma, Your ever-welcome letter to hand safely. I was sorry to hear of Grandfather's bad leg, also being sick in himself. I hope he is quite his old self again; also the flu patients--I hope they are all o.k.

also. We are all tip-top, with the exception of Jack. He's been working with the flu & a very bad eye. He got some stuff from the chemist for the eye: it's still nasty; his flu is much better, though. Tell Wall to bring some of you down some weekend. We'd love to see you: we feel as if we live at Bourke. John's goat, "Captain", got away, but we found him on the third day. He's in the yard again. John loves him. There's not much news to tell you, only that John is getting quite fat, & the girls & myself are o.k. I will conclude with tons of love to you all from all here. Your loving daughter, Glad & grandchildren. xxxxxx."

Sun. continued. This morning I have finished writing these verses, which I began yesterday:-

AUSTRALIA. (Tune: Killarney.)

"Japanese Boycott. Mr. Curtin Criticises Efforts.
"Perth, Wednesday. The Leader of the Federal Labour Party (Mr. J. Curtin), in a speech last night, condemned the sectional action against Japan, by a boycott. Mr. Curtin declared that the responsibility for Australia's trade relationships with other countries was essentially a matter for the Federal Government."
--Daily Paper, 10/2/38.

Stand, Australia, calmly by
While the demons sally forth
In their murder-planes that fly
From the Hades of the North,
Dropping bombs on poor Cathay;
Blasting babies at the breast;
Slaughtering, by night & day,
Helpless Mothers, East & West.
Aid those devils of Japan
To accomplish all they plan--
Buy their trash, Australia!
Send them cash, Australia!

Sell the fierce invaders wool;
Furnish them with all they need
Till your hungry purse is full,
Though ten millions starve & bleed.
Put compassion coldly by;
Shame & pity never feel
While the Japs on you rely
For their murd'rous lead & steel;
Help the ruthless hounds of Hell;
Don't refuse to buy or sell--
Send them ore, Australia!
Aid them more, Australia!

Boycott not the Japanese;
 Share their guilt to foster trade
 Till, within the blood-stained seas,
 All their empire has been made.
 Disregard their victims' woe;
 Scorn each butchered baby's pang;
 Leave the boycott all to Joe
 And his honest, jaunting gang --
 Let them sell Australia!
 Then "Farewell," Australia!

To L.C.: "W.P. L. Review", 13/2/38. To Webster, 9/3/38.
 Printed in "Communist Review" of April, 1938.

Thur. Feb. 17th 1938. Florence returned from the Dungog Cottage Hospital last Tuesday. She was nursing in the hospital. Kevin Reid, auctioneer & house agent, died yesterday & will be buried to-day in the Catholic cemetery, Sandgate. The great procession in connection with the eucharistic congress was held yesterday in Newcastle.

Yesterday I put up 14 feet of six feet wide wire net for the passions to climb on. I have received an invitation from the Dr. Lloyd Ross & Mr. J.N. Rawling, the president & secretary of the Movement Against War & Fascism, to attend the 4th Australia Congress of that body on April 16th to 18th next. Arthur's motor-bicycle is not yet at the Waratah station.

This afternoon we received the following letters from Arthur -
 "Public School, Kickabil, 1st Feb. 1938.

Dear Felke, I hope I made it clear that I didn't intend ringing from Dubbo. Fate & the bike (the two words are nowadays just about synonymous) treated me pretty well. I arrived in Kickabil as fresh as a daisy & as dirty as a dog.

Awaking about 5 o'clock yesterday morning, I found, much to my chagrin, that it was raining cats & dogs. Knowing, or at least thinking, that nought was to be gained by postponing my departure, I tuned up the bike a little & left Mudgee about 7 a.m.

The road was not too bad, however, & I was not afraid of water getting into the magneto, for I called into a garage, & by a bit of discreet cadging obtained plenty of gasket cement free, gratis & for nothing. By the time I reached Wellington (about 9-30 a.m. the rain had eased off altogether. Major Johnson received me cordially, supplied me with breakfast, & insisted on my staying to dinner. The roads I followed were not concrete highways, but I've felt far worse. Somehow or other the tail-light dropped out holus-bolus & was lost, & the spring on the inlet valve broke. I'm nearly sure that there are a couple of valve-springs round the place: Pip will remember the size. If he doesn't think that you have one likely to fit, will you please obtain one for a 1929 3½ H.P. S.V. N.L. Triumph? Please find two pounds within. Thanks, Arthur."

The second letter is as follows:-

Public School, Kiekabil, Saturday night.

Dear Folks, The previous letter that I wrote is contained herewith. I am putting in the key to the tools of the Triumph, & its registration. The registration of the B.S.A. is in the right hand square drawer of my wardrobe. The guarantee on the magneto is probably in my best suit in Dubbo. I'll send it later. Will one of you please send all my charts & my book of Shakespeare's plays? I'd also like to receive as soon as it's convenient for you to send them:-

1. Arithmetic for 8th classes. 2. Reay or Middleton & Meldrum.
3. Algebra for 8th classes. Baker & Bourne, or M. & M.
3. "The White Company". 4. Stevenson's Essays"; & "Travels

With a Donkey", second-hand or, if new, with a 10% Teachers' discount. I'll send more dough later. The kerosene is nearly finished. Yours in haste, Arthur."

Tues. Feb 22nd, 1938. Last Friday I went to Newcastle & bought for Art an algebra book; a tutorial book; a copy of Conan Doyle's book - "The White Company."; & I ordered Stevenson's Essays" at the "Cost Corner" book shop. For myself I bought Paling's Annual", number 3.

Rain fell nearly all day yesterday. We received a parcel of bike parts from Art yesterday, also the following letter:-

"Public School, Kiekabil, Saturday. Dear Folks, Life moves on a little slower than usual, at the moment. I am spending my time working & studying, & saving money. Apart from my trip to Dubbo tother week-end (a fortnight ago) I have spent 6/3, of which 4/6 will probably be refunded.

The psychological atmosphere is as dry & dusty as the physical atmosphere. Quite a few of the people are away droving because there is not a vestige of green feed anywhere. Most of "our" sheep are on agistment somewhere near Coonamble.

By the way, I went droving last Saturday. The people around here are, not unnaturally, cranky because of the drought. Sheep are starving everywhere, & dry-feeding bills are soaring up around fourteen & fifteen quid per week. One of the "big" men of our district is reputed to be paying £ 70 a week.

Notwithstanding this we had a very pleasant Parents & Citizens' meeting last week. It was particularly pleasant from my point of view, for it kindly forked out £ 1 for running expenses (text books etc.) for the school, & empowered me to purchase a first aid kit. It was also decided that future meetings shall be held at the homes of the respective members, & that we have supper & games, community singing, or a musical evening afterwards.

Sounds pretty good, doesn't it? I seem to be stimulating a little bit of interest in the place. Later in the year it's probable we'll put on a P. & C. concert or some similar venture. I've been receiving full pay for half work lately. The average attendance has fluctuated about 8. Most of my absentees have now

recovered from scarlet fever, & will probably return during the next few weeks.

I don't think I told you very much about the motor-bike breakdown. In response to a phone call, George Wheaton met me at the Balladoran station at about 11 o'clock. Consequently I didn't have to walk much, although I lost half a day's work. Subsequently I wrote to the Inspector, informing him of the circumstances & suggesting that he either grant me leave of absence or make the necessary deduction in my pay. He wrote back, expressing the hope that I had not been injured, & concluded with the words, "we may call it a misfortune & leave it at that." Yesterday's cheque was as usual. Through Mr. Wheaton I am obtaining a new Healing racer at a 20% reduction, thus saving over £2 on the transaction.

Very soon, then, I'll be throwing my leg across the steed & riding to Dubbo every second week-end. Major Gibson, the new officer, received me cordially when I met him, & assured me that I might regard his home as mine during week ends. He's a very entertaining fellow, for he spent 14 years as a missionary in China.

In addition to that I had an offer of a bed, & 3 invitations to tea, on Sunday night. Mrs. Edwards is on holidays, but only from the washtub. She will wash pyjamas, singlets, socks, & underpants, but no shirts. The reasons given are (a) lack of water, (b) lack of inclination to iron my shirts.

I washed last Saturday & ironed 2 well enough to do me a week in the bush. I'd welcome some information about blueing, starching, damping, & ironing. Of course, when I get my bike, I will take 6 shirts a fortnight to Dubbo. Getting them washed & ironed will amount to about 4 bob.

I am sending some motor-bike things on this mail. By the way, you'd do me a great favour if you obtained those text-books for me as soon as possible. I hope you received the dough.

Last, Chip, will you please send the saxophone as soon as possible? The Department is clamouring for teachers who will receive free tuition in learning to play the flute & the formation of school bands. Something of this sort may facilitate my transfer to the city as soon as my country service is over. Thanks for what you have done & are doing. Arthur."

Thur. Feb. 24th, 1938. Yesterday, while drawing my pension at the Mayfield post office, I met brother Bob, who was getting his pension of £2. He told me that Bobby & Gladys had coaxed him to stay at Abermain with them as usual, although he was packing up to go to his son Lewis Jim's house, & that he had decided to return to Abermain that afternoon.

Last Tuesday Florence went to chemist Donald's house in Charles-town? to nurse old Mr. Goble whom she had nursed previously. The weather is warm & the sky beautifully clear to-day. The Newcastle Show is on, but I am not inclined to see it.

Fri. Feb. 25th, 1938. To-day we received the following note from Art:- "Govt. Tannery, Bootabil, Wed.
Dear Folks, The bike was not sent till last Thursday or Friday from Humunerie, owing to unforeseen delays. I didn't know until last night. I'm sorry the receipt of it has been such a nuisance to you. Don't worry about it till Saturday. Thanks for the books. I'll make arrangements about the dough later. Yours in haste, Arthur."

Wed. Mar. 2nd, 1938. Saturday last I went to Newcastle & took some views, with the Voigtlander camera, of the entrance to Newcastle harbour; but they were failures.
Last Sunday I went to the Mavfield Samy citadel & heard Col. Imrie speak, but was not much impressed by what he said. I met Mrs. & Major Smyth & their daughter Eva. Eva is probably now at the Teachers' College, Sydney, as she was to leave home last Monday.
On Sunday afternoon Jose took me in his car to the Tighes' Hill Samy hall, where we were told by the officer in charge that there was to be no afternoon meeting there. Jose then took me to the Islington Park, where I met Mrs. Isabel Longworth, who was seated beside Mr. Stanton & some others. I bought a copy of "World Peace" of her. A young man came later with what looked like a flag rolled around a stick, & he explained a new way to cure the evils of the world, which is to abolish rent & interest. He is a Greek who was born in Cyprus, but he speaks understandable English. He gave each of us a pamphlet & a leaflet that he had written to explain his economic panacea.
Last Monday we received the following letter from Jack & Gladys :-

" Cowper Street, Port Kembla. Dear Grandma, I'm pretty longwinded in writing to you, but never mind so long as you get it. The reason I haven't written is because Adell & Alma have had bad colds & sore throats; in fact Adell has had the croup-- the first attack she's had since she was born. Her Father was very worried over her; I think it was because Dulcie used to get the croup. Young John has a cold also: Jack & myself are all right, thank goodness!
Bob White, Les Duley, & young Jim Pettigrew got a fortnight's notice from work, they told us. Nelly was here last Sunday, & they told us: Bob looks a bit down in the dumps. Wongawilli coke ovens are closing down altogether. Uncle Jim didn't get his notice last week, so I don't know what he'll be doing.
The put off about 1000 men at Port Kembla last week also from the steelworks. Vera Woodward's boy is laid off: he works at the A.I.S. around the open hearth somewhere. Bob Woodward is shifting up to Warrawong this week. Their furniture came from Sydney yesterday; they had it stored. They are moving the few things from Windang today.

I'm very sorry to hear about Uncle Bob having to go from place to place for shelter. Wouldn't you think he'd get a shack & do for himself & be independant of the lot of them? This is about all,

with the exception that we'll be seeing you in 3 weeks time, 4 weeks ends from now, counting this one, so have the town band out to meet us. Jack has only had 2 days off this Christmas: he'll deserve them I reckon, don't you? Love from myself, Jack, & the children, to you all. Your loving son & daughter-in-law & grand children, Jack, Glad, John, Adell & Alma. I forgot: we have got our money for the house this week. xxxxxxxxxxxx.

Yesterday (Tues) Charlie caught a flathead six pounds weight & 6 inches wide, on a rodline from the bank of the Hunter, below the steelworks.

To-day's paper announces the death of Winnie Drylie's Mother, who had a cancer. Major Drylie is now a widower for the second time. Florence & Mum sent a wreath, but none of us attended the funeral. We received the following letter from Arthur yesterday:-

"School of Domestic Arts & Experience, Kickabil, 26/2/38. (Saturday). Dear Folks, If ever I get the sack from the teaching service, don't be alarmed if I become a washerwoman. Your advice on ironing, Mum, was invaluable. I've just finished ironing 4 shirts & pressing 2 pairs of trousers. Even if I do say it myself, the shirts look a honkus lot superior to Mrs. Edwards' attempts. Of course, after the bike arrives during the week, I'll take my shirts to the laundry in Dubbo. Your advice regarding patronising the train is wise but inapplicable. Although it's possible to get a train to Dubbo on Saturday afternoon, it is impossible to return by train till Tuesday morning. Out here it is impossible to get a return ticket under normal circumstances. The trip to the station is about the distance from our place to East Maitland. Having put on old clothes for the 15 or 16 mile ride, one might as well ride the other 30 odd. I don't find such distances irksome. On quite a few occasions I have ridden from Dubbo to school before (in fact to the exclusion of) breakfast on some pretty terrible mounts. On my new racer it will be almost a pleasure. It should help to keep me fit. I'm just about sick & tired of being out here, but I suppose that is the first step in getting used to it. I'd walk to Dubbo, if I had time, rather than stay in this socially somnolent hole. My prospects of finishing exams this year seem pretty bright. I have books, inclination (out of sheer enmity) & time to study. I'm taking physiology, I've just decided, so you can imagine me out here dissecting a sheep's brains, eyes, heart, & liver, & a rabbit's appendix for my practical book. The attendance is still hovering around seven. This afternoon I'm going on the back of Wheaton's truck, to Gilandra. I went last Saturday, but I had time to see nothing & nobody except the barber. It's just about time for the mailman to call, so I'd better get on with my darning. I wasn't injured when the bike broke down. Arthur."

Wed. continued. Yesterday Mum & I dug a trench by the fence in front of the garage & sowed some sweet pea seeds. Florence was at home for an hour, & Walt took her back in his car, although he had to leave a tennis court to do so. This has been a beautiful, clear, warm day. Mrs. Murphey's parents are visiting them here, & are staying a week or two.

Tues. Mar. 8th, 1938. Florence returned home last evening, as Mr. Goble died on Monday & was cremated yesterday. She is well, but sad. Yesterday I received the following letter from Mrs. Webster:-

"Greenfield Terrace, Portreath, nr Redruth, Cornwall, Feb. 1st, 1938. Mr. Cocking, dear friend, many thanks for books & papers we received safe; also your welcome letter & the nice views. You must have had a lovely motor holiday. I should love to see Australia; I have always heard it spoken of so much by my Father before he died, it seems as if I know it well: & then the nice views you have sent us from time to time make it seem like part of us. Well, we all spent a very nice Christmas. We had some of the girls' friends from Falmouth to spend the Boxing Day; & my Brother & wife & daughter, & 4 little girls belonging to my Brother's daughter. They have been staying there for 12 months now. Next month they are all going to Gibraltar. Their Father is a major in the king's own army; so they will be away 2 years--or may be more. Poor children, it seems a pity, as Falmouth suits them. Now to go no one knows where once they get away!

Charley is such a nice fellow: I asked him why he choiced the army? He said, "I had no choice; my Father, Brothers, Uncles--all were trained to kill." He doesn't like it, but he said there's nothing else. How sad! It's too dreadful to think of--all these poor dears killed like flies-- & there don't seem to be anyone trying to stop it. The preachers pray for peace, & all our big bugs say they want it, & it stops at that.

Poor little Mrs. Chinnock used to write me about the horrors of war; she said she dreaded it. You know I wrote to her daughter after her death, as she told me she would write me just as her Mother did, but she never answered my 2 letters; so I didn't write again.

I used to love to get a letter from her ~~daughter~~ Mother. I notice her son's shop--quite a nice store I should say. She spoke of it in one of her letters, & that he was getting on well.

I spose you have never come across any more Tabbs. My Father's 2 or 3 Brothers--3, I think-- went out there. One married butcher Horn's daughter from Redruth, & they put a large family--mostly girls-- out there.

Mother & Father lost their letters; so we couldn't find them out: we didn't know what part of Australia.

Well, Mr. Cocking, we are pleased to see by your nice long & interesting letter you were all well at the time of writing, & I hope you are all keeping the same. We are all well, glad to say. We have all had very bad colds, as it's our winter & since Christmas we have had very bad weather--torrents of rain & wind--

--no boats--can't come in nor go out--2 waiting to go, & two outside waiting to come in. We get so much ground sea, & the port is very small & narrow, surrounded by rocks; so they have to be very careful.

Last Friday night a large merchant boat became a wreck, & five poor fellows were drowned. The captain is in hospital with a broken leg. They had a dreadful time. St. Ives lifeboat got all the men on board, & when nearly in she was dashed against the rocks, & all thrown in the boiling sea & had to be rescued by the life-lines. Ah. it's been awful; the sea here has been mountains high.

Oh, we have a 5 valve set (Phillips') & can hear from America but not from Australia, & yet we did the other evening: it was relayed from Sydney-- some man telling us about farming out there, & different other subjects. It's a lovely set; we are well pleased with it.

I been to St. Day, but they never had a view of it in either of the shops. I was hoping to be able to get some, by my ! it is improved some. The Mills family, well they have done some grand work up there-- lecture-hall, children's playground fitted out with all sorts of lovely shelters & seats; & at Carrakit--about 1½ miles from St. Day, they have done the same. They're real good people. Your Mother & mine went to school with them. They have done well: they have a street of houses belonging to them. Mostly old-age pensioners live in them rent free; so their crown will shine when they get up there, surely. People like them are very few home here in Portreath; & a few have plenty if they had the heart to give it.

My family all wish to be very kindly remembered to you & all yours. Trust Mrs. Cocking has got over her trouble.

Oh, our set is worked by a battery. We haven't any electric-- it's too dear at present: only a few have it here at Portreath. It will become cheaper as time goes on & more have it, & then we will do our best to have it also: it's a lovely light--we have it in our 2 little chapels & in our church; & it's lovely to be able to find your figures.

Our lights were very poor--not much money down this part-- but we have plenty of fresh air & lovely scenery. Never hear of any fever, all healthy. The only thing, some people love to go to the ~~hospital~~ hospital. For any little ailment or stomach trouble, they're off, & not much ~~better~~ better after.

I believe in looking into the food & good suitable medicine, plenty of vegetables to keep fit. I feel like a school-girl at present. Well, the only thing with me has been veins, & I have got over that trouble by taking Elesto pills; they have made a new woman of me. And my husband--he is splendid in health. I do believe, Mr. Cocking, your prayers were answered. He thinks so too. He was telling a friend of his some time ago of his wonderful deliverance, & he said Mr. Cocking out in Australia told me he prayed for me to recover", & he says, "I be-

lieve his prayers have been answered, thank God." Poor fellow, he was bad at the time. Now, Mr. Cocking, we thank you for your nice papers, letters, & prayers; & may God bless you & yours & keep you safe. From your sincere friends, Harry & Emmie Webster."

Wed. 9th Mar. 1938. Florence is taking a rest after her nursing of Mr. Goble. His funeral was well attended. I have written a long letter in reply to Mrs. Webster, & have included a copy of Rye's "Merse Made Easy"; also a copy of "Australia". I promised to search for the Tabb family, who are related to Mrs. Webster.

Thur. 10th Mar. 1938. Last evening we had a visit or-- Lucy-- new Mrs. Mallam.; & we expect to have Miriam Cone here this week. This is a lovely sunny day, & the temperature is 98 deg. Fah. I got our pensions & bought a few verbena plants from Mrs. Hewlet. We received the following letter from Arthur :-

"Govt. Tannery, Bootabil, Wednesday. Dear Folks, I am now at Wheaton's, having been to town with the boys & the cook last night. I've been lucky enough to get out pretty frequently lately, now that I am free from the encumbrance of the motor-bike. Of course, most of the jaunts have been to Gil--& there is little to be seen at the end of the trip.

My new push bike arrived on Saturday last. It's a Healing racer with modifications, which brought the retail price up to about 12 pounds. Through Mr. Wheaton's agency I obtained it for £ 10. On receipt of the iron horse I was, of course, like a kid with a new toy. I jumped on it as soon as possible & rode off to Dubbe with a very nice following wind, but unfortunately in a sun temperature of about 110 degrees (it was 102 in the shade). The trip was a bit hot & dusty, but, having had a bath & a clean-up at the skipper's place, I felt as good as new. Dubbo sweated under two days of heat wave, with a searing west wind giving it a taste of what the plains out yonder were like.

Our open-air-was Sunday morning open-air was about a mile & a half from the town centre, so that blasting away at the big bass nearly all the way back to the hall was no joke. Whilst at the skipper's place I met Adjutant McCarthy, who is in charge of the new field units, a sort of analogue to the bush brothers. He had, he claims, heard of me from John Nicholson. McCarthy is a living refutation of the idea that the Army is composed of nit-wits. He is a Cambridge graduate, & is a very shrewd thinker & talker.

Thinking that the wind, which had changed round to the north again by Sunday afternoon, might be worse still early on Monday morning, I rode out after the meeting on Sunday night, arriving home about 2-30 a.m. Our new inspector is a lively peice of officiousness. his new ideas are going to mean much more work for us mugs in charge of bush schools. By the way-- Cliff Cook, lucky dog, has

64.
been appointed to South Grafton. Another five kids came yesterday, making the total thirteen.

I can't find that magneto guarantee anywhere. If you appear resolute enough the fellow in the Newcastle Automobile Exchange will probably fix it gratis. It was taken in just after Christmas. The armature was taken back, together with the magneto, & adjustments, amounting to 12(-, were made. I told the man at the time, "I'll keep on pestering you until I get satisfaction." Tell the bloke it was the job in which he broke a couple of screws, & had to chase me down the street with the earthing brush.

As the registration expires on the 26th will you please try to sell it before that date, Chip? By the way, I'm absolutely pining for the saxophone. Thanks. Arthur."

Monday, March, 14th, 1938. To-day Florence was called to nurse old Mrs. Deasy of "Rockview", Branxton, who has pneumonia. Walter took her to the Waratah station in his car.

Sun. Mar. 20th, 1938. Yesterday we received the following letter from Florence:-

"C/O J.E. Deasy, "Rockview", Branxton, 17/3/38. Dear Mether, I suppose you are wondering just where I am this time. Dr. Street met me at the station (after I rang from Cessnock), I was at a bit of a loss when I arrived, but I asked the stationmaster if I could use the phone. Dr. duly arrived & brought me out here in his car. "Here" is about 11 miles from Cessnock & about 9 from Branxton. I think it's a pretty isolated place. These people seem to be pretty well off: they own most of the property for miles, & they seem very mean. The old patient is 84, with pneumonia, & is getting along pretty well, but Dr. thinks that the heart won't stand the strain; so we just have to wait & see how things go. In the meantime I haven't seen Dr. He promised to ring, but didn't, but she is getting on pretty well, although she is a very frail old lady &, of course, very much weakened by her illness. I am feeling fine. It is real country here-- orchards & vineyards & not a neighbour in sight. It has been very cold, but to-day is quite hot, & the mosquitoes are unbearable almost. The nuns & priests are here every day, so I'll have to keep on the right side of the ledger. Everyone I have met is an R.C. except the maid; & of all the ladies I have met, & there is generally a crowd of visitors, last night was the first time I have met anyone called Mrs. (excepting, of course, Mrs. Deasy, the patient); so it's worse than East Maitland for old maids. Well, I must close down, the old lady is awake & I must talk to her now. So cheerio. Love from Florence. The phone number is Branxton 54."

Sun. continued. Yesterday On Friday night Jack, Gladys, & the children arrived by car from Port Kembla. We had gone to bed, but got up & talked with them till nearly midnight, when they left to go to see Gladys' Mother--Mrs. widow Bob-- & the family. On the way up from Kembla Jack bought a nearly new Willys sedan

car in Sydney, for which he has to pay £ 195. He was allowed £ 45 off for his old car. Yesterday Jack brought Gladys & the children & Mrs. Bob from Raymond Terrace. They stayed till evening, & then returned to R. Terrace.

We had Muriel Cone here overnight on the 11th, I think, & she promised to ask her sister Vivien to send me some of her poems, but they have not come yet. Muriel had been away from home more than a month, as she had visited her married sister at Cowra.

We also had a visit from Charlie Smith, who used to live near us at Wallsend until 1913. He is one of Streaker (Striker) Smith's sons. Charlie was adorned with his golden brand of Cain, as he went to the world war in 1914 with the other thickheads, & was lucky enough to return alive. He said that he owns a dairy farm of 140 acres at Horsesley Road, Korrumburra, South Gippsland, Victoria. He married a Yarrum girl, & they now have 4 girls & a boy. He stayed talking until midnight. He is staying with his sister at Tighe's Hill.

About a week ago I sent a letter to Will O'Grady, Pirie St. Adelaide, asking him to search the big general roll at the General Post Office to see if the name of Tabb is there. So far I have not received a reply. On Friday & yesterday I dug the grass out of the footpath in front of our house, & Fred & Walt planted some new grass from our lawn to make a lawn outside.

It is reported that 2 poor children were burnt to death in a house in Clara street, Mayfield, this morning. They tried to shelter under or near the bathtub, but their parents thought the children were playing outside.

Mon. Mar. 21st, 1938. Jack, Gladys, & the children called in this morning on their way back to Port Kembla. They are all well & happy.

This morning I received the following letter from P at O'Grady:-
"16 Franklin Street, Adelaide, S.A., March 17th '38.

Mr. Josiah Cocking. Dear Joe, Your letter written to son Will re finding addresses of the Tabb family, was handed to me today by Will, asking me, as a man of leisure, to see what I could do in the matter. I shall be very pleased to do what I can in the matter. I shall go along tomorrow to the G.P.O. & any other old place where directories are likely to hang out, & try my inexperienced hand at the amateur sleuth game.

I have already learned that there is a truck driver in this city of char-- this city of betting shops, named Tabe; but my informant is not absolutely certain of the spelling. So I shall make further inquiries.

Well, Joe & family, how are you all coming forth? I am quite well, thanks. I have been on the O.A. pension for more than four years now, & it will do me, boy. But this must suffice for the time, but we have all the rest of eternity before us; so au. Rev. Fraternally yours, P. O'Grady, 16 Franklin St. Adelaide, S.A.

P.S. You might be able to send any other necessary particulars such as, for instance, Christian names, sex, etc. Also last known

address, if any, or any other possibly helpful hints. P.O'G.'6

Mum went to Newcastle this afternoon to inquire about the vacuum cleaner that she ordered weeks ago; but the girl in the shop did not know anything about it, but promised to ring at 5-30 & let Mum know how matters stand. Rain last night.

Tues. Mar. 32nd, 1938. This afternoon we received this from Art:-

"Public School, Bootabil, Saturday. Dear Folks, My statement "I am now at Wheaton's " has no special significance. I did make overtures to them to be taken on as a boarder, some time ago, but the old boy considers that Mrs Wheaton has too much to do already. Furthermore, he contends, that the internal cancer is growing faster than the doctor estimated, so that he will be pretty nearly dead within a year. He gave this information with a smile on his face. He suffers a great deal of pain now & is only relieved on going to sleep listening to the wireless, or skiting to me. He regards me as a bright & engaging young fellow, mainly, entre nous, because I sit & listen to him skite by the hour. In the light of what he says, Don Athaldo is a mere weakling, Hubert Opperman a learner, & Einstein a mathematical mug compared with him 20 years ago. The strange feature of it all is that others who knew him well did not & do not recognise the superman in their midst. Knowing Mr. Wheaton, saved me about £ 2 in purchasing my bike. To get back to my story.

From our place, Woodlea, to Wheaton's is about 5 miles. This, they consider, is too far to ride on a push bike late at night, so that I slept at Wheaton's "Wealla". I have also, on a couple of occasions, slept at O'Connor's place.

There is no mystery about my giving up motor bikes. Not once (except in Sydney or Newcastle) have I ridden the motor bike & felt anything but ashamed of my appearance afterwards, & doubtful of arriving at my destination on time. The seizure of the magneto was the last straw of a load which began to pile up last May. I don't remember having spent a week without doing some job or getting some job done on the motor bike. Man should be master of the machine, not its slave. When I invest in a car, I don't care if I'm paying money out for years, but I'm going to have something which does not make me feel ashamed & give me a reputation for unreliability.

A £ 50 car on which, over a year, £ 100 is expended (in money or labour, for my labour is worth £ 1 a day) is dearer than a car costing £ 150, for the former wears out the person in addition to the car. I'm convinced that only a new motor bike, or nearly new car will stand western conditions.

In the fortnight I have had the push-bike I have ridden between 220 & 230 miles. If I had a car I'd expect it to average 50 miles a week. The other 50 or so a week I would continue to do by push bike. I expect the inspector some time during

the next few weeks. I now have 12 kids, & things aren't going too badly. I've received the saxophone O.K. Thanks. I think it's about time I sent you some dough: I'll do so next letter.
Yours Arthur.

Tues. continued. This afternoon I took 2 photographs of the Mayfield West unemployed camp, with the half plate "Instantograph" camera. This is a lovely warm day, & the clouds have all gone. Florence rang on the telephone & said that she expects to be away for another week, & that her patient is improving.

This evening I wrote a note to Mr. Ernest Havilland, 60 Strand London, W.C.2, asking him to send me a copy of his book entitled "How to Improve Weak and Failing Eyesight". His advertisement is in the "Wide World Magazine" this month.

Jose brought back my accumulator battery last night. I can now receive 3 stations on the old Fred Redhouse set.

Wed. 23rd Mar, 1938. This morning I wrote a note to old Mr. Wheaton, the farmer who lives near Kickabel School, explaining why I am sending "~~How-To-Cure-Cancer-In-Nature's~~ "The Cure Of Cancer By Nature's Way"; "Too Much Doctoring" - both by Reddie Mallett; & "Heal Thyself." The first 2 are lent; the last is given.

Sun. Mar. 27th, 1938. To-day I wrote a long letter to Pat O'Grad & included "Sister's Smile" & a postcard view of Maitland R Road, & a p.c. view of the back of our house at 331. Last thursday I banked £ 23 in the Mayfield branch of the Commonwealth Bank, Our deposit is now 85 pounds & a few shilling. Last evening Fred took Ivy & the kids & Mum & me with Jose, for a run on the river, in the motor-boat. Jose took us all in his car to the river & brought us home. Charlie & Fred have been out with the boat to-day & brought home some fishes.

Saturday April 2nd, 1938. Son Jack, Gladys, John, Alma & Adell visited us to-day, as Jack has 2 days off work. They are all well. Fred is temporarily out of work through the strike at Gysaght's works. Florence has been back from nursing old Mrs. Deasy, near Rothbury, for several days, as she is much better, tho not well.

Mon. Ap. 4th, 1938. To-day Mr. Wheaton returned the books I sent to him, & sent the following letter:-
"Wealla", Balladoran, 1/4/38. Dear Mr. Cocking, Thanks very much for going to three the trouble of sending these books. I read them very carefully, & I find that the diet advised in them has been roughly the diet I have followed (excepting the bread) for many years. We have fresh fruit all the year round. Fruit & vegetables are the most of my food, & have been for a very long time. It is certainly not diet that has caused the growth that I have. Some years ago I went to a local doctor to get a car-

buncle lanced. By the way, it was so severe that I had several days in hospital because of it. The doctor told me that I must eat less meat & more fruit & vegetables. He was rather flattened when I told him that for several months I had eaten scarcely any meat, & had been living mostly on fruit & vegetables. This was in March when there had been & always is a flush of fruit & vegetables.

I am satisfied that the anti-meat campaign is overdone. I like fruit & vegetables better than meat. I thank you heartily for your kind thoughts of me & the trouble you have taken to help me. Arthur was here this afternoon. He was looking very well, & is as jolly as ever. The drought is getting very much harder & an enormous amount of fodder is being used. Stock losses have already been heavy, & will be enormous when the rain does come.

Many of those who sent sheep away on agistment have to bring the stock back, the country which they rented having been eaten out, & now the stock have to be hand fed on the road home. It is much worse than 1902 at this time of the year. In that year all grass eating animals died that were not able to get to a feed trough.

One man allows half a dozen kangaroos to feed with his sheep, & these were the only ones to be left alive in the district. However, we are hoping for some rain. Cheerio to yourself & family
Yours faithfully W. Whwaton."

Men. continued. Mum Mum & Florence have gone to Newcastle, as Daphne will be 9 years old to-morrow, & I think they are getting a birthday present for her. Fred & Charlie have been job hunting at 3 places to day, but I don't think they have found one.

Yesterday I wrote the following verses :-

Anzac Prayers.

The Melbourne anzac day celebration council has resigned because of a move to eliminate prayers from the celebrations. Daily Papers, 31/3/38.

Yes! Let them pray to Mars, their god,
Although it's comically odd
That those who claim the PEACEFUL Lord
Still eulogise & highly prize
The sinful wielders of the sword!
But Thugs who foster War's foul crimes
Through lust of power, fame, or trade,
Must have their tools to gull the fools
And sanctify the blood-stained blade!

Those martial servants of the Church
Who left their Master in the lurch
And honour-rolled their dupes who slew
Their fellow-men on field & fen,

Must yearly their veneer renew.
No inconsistency they see
In preaching Christ, yet aping Mars
Ignoring still, "Thou shalt NOT kill",
And lauding killers to the stars.

So let those holy Jingoos weep
And "heroes" in remembrance keep;
They yearly earn their Judas pay
By making saints, with oral paints,
Of sinners who were paid to slay.
This pious farce let them perform;
Fat's War must wear a "sacred" mask,
And dupes who prod must think that God
Appoints them for this "holy" task !

The hellish trade of cutting throats,
On which each Jingo parson gloats,
Is yearly made an act sublime,
Though orphans' tears, through countless years,
Expose it as a fiendish crime,
When plundered wage-slaves are awake
They'll sweep War's wicked waste away,
And will refuse Fat's guns to use,
Regardless how his parsons pray !

I have made an alteration to the beginning, thus) -
" Major-General Sir C.B. White, to-day declined the invitation
of the returned soldiers' league to lead the anzac day march
in place of Gen. Sir Harry Chauvel, who resigned the leadership
because he objected to the deletion of the religious features
of the ceremony at the shrine."--Daily Papers, 2/4/38.

'Cute Harry knows that slaves will fight
More fiercely when they think it's right
To shoot & stab, in field & flood,
And suffer, lie, & even die
In streams of fratricidal blood.
Hence padres always are employed
When babies have to be destroyed
To add to Fat's ill-gotten gains
And win a warlike world's applause,
To tell the fools that Master sools
They murder in a HOLY cause !"

To "E.L." "W. Peace",
Comm. Review".
5/4/38.

Tues. 5th.

This morning Jack took Mum & Florence in his car to Port Kem-
bla. Before he left I took a photo of them near the car in the
back yard. Just after they left, a call came for Florence to my
nurse an urgent case.

70

Thur. An. 7th, 1938. To-day we received the following letter from Arthur:- "The Usual, Tuesday. Dear Folks, I suppose you have by this time come to the conclusion that I'm never going to reply to your letter. I've postponed writing on a couple of occasions because I've daily expected the dear old "spec", & I intended

to tell you of his visit. He is still coming.

I don't think I have previously mentioned it, but the new boss is putting the spurs in well & truly. He insists on preparation of notes which involves making a resume of every lesson given. Thus my home work is about six times as great as it was at Belmont. Of course I haven't as many books to mark, but I have to make up tests which, in a staffed school, the boss prepares. Monthly tests for about 8 classes is no joke.

For the past few weeks I've been working at school until at least dark every day, & put in a couple of Saturday morning shifts. Luckily that there are no diversions here, for I have not been to any entertainment once during the week (yes, I have once) since I've been here this year. That doesn't mean that I haven't been to town at all. The bike is doing good service. I feel somewhat like one of the babes in the bush, although the ending to my exploit was nothing like theirs.

The other Sunday night I was in Gilgandra, & decided to stay till about 9-30 p.m.. There was no moon. I foolishly decided to follow a track through private property which I had previously traversed several times, but only once at night, & that by bright moonlight. All went well until I was in the thickest part of the scrub, & where tracks went everywhere. My light refused to function! I knew I was near the right gate, but I couldn't locate it. I was only 10 or 11 miles from home, but I thought I might really lose myself if I wandered around. Accordingly, I camped, lighting a fire, & turning my clothes inside out to save them from injury. When day dawned I found the gate, went on my way, & arrived at home at 7,30 a.m. little the worse for my adventure. The next night saw me in bed at about 8 o'clock.

Perhaps you have noticed that the Railway Department has now declared that there's a drought on. We have known it for months. All the farmers are feeding sheep, many are carting water, more are nearly broke, & still more have thousands of sheep away on agistment, & all are at their wits ends to know how to do if the drought continues.

On Saturday last Ralph Edwards & his brother Darval had planned to go to Terridgerie to see how their stock was faring. I invited myself (in true Dadian style) to go with them. As they had ample room in their late model standard chev sedan they agreed to take me. We left Gilgandra at about 11 a.m., & following the dried-up Castlereagh, passed thru Gulargambone. This is a sleepy little village, in which John Pike of Westy (known to Chip) is assistant teacher. It's a prosperous town, I'm told, but it has a most cheerless aspect. All around it is dried up & sun-baked

sand-baked plain, while thru it runs (I can't think of the correct expression; of course it doesn't run, or flow either) that depression in the sand known by the mocking misnomer of the Castlereagh River. At the end of the first 60 miles we reached Coonamble, a veritable oasis in the desert. It is a pretty little town (about 2000 in it) with modern buildings (owing to a recent fire which nearly gutted the town, & with a wide avenue as a main street. The cafes are worthy of note. So are their prices. A small bottle of soft drink costs sixpence (contents only). Some of the shops, however, are pretty cheap.

I spent over a quid on pyjamas, shirt, underpants, & a pair of boxer strides for 9/11.

After lunching in Coonamble we proceeded due East across a sea of parched & shimmering plain. For the first ten miles there is no sign of vegetation, & nothing to relieve the eye except the ever-present mirages. About 15 miles out I saw the first bore-drain I have ever come across. I'm told they run water from bores up to fifty miles at times. There was practically no grass until we reached Teridgerree (or Teridjerie) which is about 30 miles due East of Coonamble.

We inspected the stock which seems to be existing on practically nothing, & then completed the other 15 miles to Baradine. Baradine is said to be a wild & woolly place. I saw little evidence of either. It convinced me that Gilgandra is not such a bad place after all. Leaving Baradine about sundown, we were going to proceed to Gwabegar (pronounced Wobeegah) in the heart of the Pillaga scrub. This trip did not eventuate.

On the return trip I met a fellow who was in College with Cliff Cook. Like me, he is sick of one-teacher work, & longs to get back to class teaching. We arrived home about 12.20 a.m., having covered about 200 miles, but without having climbed one hill, & without seeing a blade of green grass or a flowing stream.

About the bike: I'd be obliged if Chip would fix them up ready for sale, if he has time to do so. Getting the Triumph magneto seen to is an urgent job. The bedrock prices are, B.S.A. £ 12.10.0 Triumph, £ 22/10/0. If you can't get this after reasonable advertisement, please leave them (keeping the tyres inflated) until I return in about 4 or 5 weeks time (may be 6) I'll then see about a trade-in on a car.

I think I'm due for a rise in wages pretty soon. It's time I concluded this text book, but I've still more to say.

Mr. Wheaton thanks Dad most heartily for the books. I'm going to Wellington & Dubbo for Easter. £ 5 is sent per registered mail simultaneously with this. My washing is being well done. My eyes have been crook, but they're not bad now.

Your country bumpkin, Arthur.

P.S. An insurance policy is sent under separate cover. Mum knows what to do with it. Yours in haste, for work is calling.

Arthur.

Thur. continued. The money & policy arrived safely.

To-day I sent copies of "Anzac Prayers" to Common Cause, "World Peace", & the Communist Review. I also sent a postcard view of the Mayfield West unemployed camp to "Common Cause".

Fri. Ap. 8th, 1938. This afternoon we received the following letter from Mum:-

"Cowper Street, Wentworth estate. Dear Dad & Boys, Just a line to let you know we are all right, & got here safe. Look in the ice chest & take out what is in it. We are having a good time here, & don't know when we will be home. We have been to Dapto to-day, & also Kiama & saw Lila & family. Les duley took Florrie & me in the car. We did not go to Nelly's, we just saw her in the front of the house. If you want us home, Dad, particularly, write & let us know, if things are not going on alright. If the boys want any clean clothes they will find them in the washing, in the basket; they will have to wear them without ironing. If Ivy comes down ask her to fold the sheets & put them in the linen press. We had a lovely trip down here; the ride was just beautiful. Les & Florrie & Uncle Jim & family are coming out to see us to-morrow (Thursday) night, & Nellie & family are coming out on Friday night. If everything is all right we may be home on Monday night. Of course if we don't, don't think anything has happened, because we are made too welcome down here wherever we go. Well, I hope, Dad, you & the boys are all right; & be sure to get enough to eat. Now Dad I will close with love to all from Mum,

Mon. Ap. 11th, 1938. Last evening I went to hear & see evangelist Were's lecture & lantern show in a large tent near Victoria street, Mayfield. He spoke on astronomy, & showed many interesting & instructive slides of the sun, moon, nebulae, & stars, & refuted the nebular hypothesis that a spinning motion was the cause of the formation of all the stellar bodies. Mr. Were is well versed in astronomy, & is a plain, fluent speaker with no oratorical frills. Heavy rain while he spoke made it hard to hear him.

This morning I received the following letter from Mrs. Webster-

"Greenfield Terrace, Portreath, nr Redruth, Cornwall, March 7th 1938. My Dear Friends, Just going to answer your ever-welcome letter: & the photos-- thank you very much for copying them. I had one of them but missed it, & when I came across negative I thought I would send it on to you. I wanted the dear old dog. He is dead, & we do miss him. He came out lovely; my hat spoiled me altogether. Glad you like my other photos I sent. They all say I am looking so sad & weary for me, but, I spose, was just as I felt. My Katk says I am to have it taken again, & Pa Webster, then--if good-- she is having them enlarged. She is quite well & wish to be remembered to you. I am going to Falmouth to-morrow to stay a few days with her.

30/ MR. EDMUND TOBIN. 3/38.

Mr. Edmund Tobin, of 7 Plattstreet, Wallsend, a well-known all-round athlete in his earlier life, died recently in Wallsend District Hospital. He was 69.

Mrs. Tobin, who is the eldest daughter of the late Mr. J. Henderson and Mrs. J. Henderson, of Wallsend, a son (Edmund), and Mr. Tobin's father, Mr. Edmund Tobin, a nonagenarian, of Melbourne, survive.

It was as an Australian Rules footballer that Mr. Tobin came to Wallsend from Melbourne 49 years ago. Messrs. George and Robert Bower, of Wallsend, were members of a State representative team which went to Melbourne. They "spotted" Mr. Tobin, and induced him to return to Wallsend with them. In the days when the Australian game was popular in the district, and there was keen rivalry between two teams of Wallsend, Mr. Tobin was a prominent member of the Wallsend team which played many memorable games against Summer Hill. Later, Mr. Tobin turned his attention to cricket. A team of which he was a leading member was Plattsburg Albions. He had also been a keen member of the old Wallsend and Plattsburg Athletic Club.

Mr. Tobin was first a council worker at Wallsend, and later was employed in the old Wallsend and Elernore Vale collieries and on works under the supervision of Newcastle branch of the Public Works Department. For many years he was an officer of the old Wallsend and Plattsburg Regatta Club. He had also been associated with the work of local relief committees, and was secretary of the Wallsend branch of the Pensioners' Association at his death.

Old sporting associates were among those who attended the funeral. The interment was made in the Church of England portion of Wallsend Cemetery. Rev. S. V. Satchell conducted the services, with the assistance at the grave of Rev. J. W. Henderson, a nephew of Mr. Tobin, and a recently ordained Methodist clergyman. Messrs. G. Bower, S. Wells, A. Lewis, Warburton, and J. Francisco were the pall-bearers.

7 3.

I am looking forward to it very much, & the weather is lovely. We have had lovely hot sunshine now for nearly a fortnight. I am pleased to say we are all enjoying the best of health. You would never believe how well my hubby is after heart trouble all those years. He's been on the boat all day to-day. Of course it's not really working; he is standing on the deck--him one side & another man the other side of the boat-- & when the coal is being brought up by the crane they have to watch & give the signal it's coming, & then going down again. They get 9/- a boat. Of course, I suppose, it's a wee bit tiring standing in just one place so long, but I don't hear any complaints; my husband is wonderful for that: he never complains about the weather, work, clothes, nor food; that's one thing I have to be grateful for. But, of course, he is not a perfect man, he has some little faults I have to correct him with, & he me, but there! on the whole we're human.

Well, Mr. Cocking, I trust you & all your family are enjoying the best of wealth.

I don't know if I thanked you on my last letter for the nice views you sent, & the nice Christmas card. I'm sorry I can't get any views of Saint Day. They don't seem to take them now. There was a Mr. Caddy who used to take hundreds of post cards, but since his death no one has taken the trouble

30/3/38. I have 2 nice views of our Harbour I am sending you; they're very good, too--best I've seen, I think.

We are listening to our wireless. It's a valve, Phillips, & it's a good one, too. We wouldn't be without it now. We gave 13 pounds for it. We can hear from Australia at times. We had a man talking from there one evening, telling us about the sheep-farming, & other subjects.

Dear Mr. Cocking, what you say about the king & all the others in power--well, we hardly know what to say or think. It seems to us they must be dreadful deceitful & wicked. Here a few weeks ago, on our papers, it was said the queen was visiting the slums of London. Very kind of her, I am sure, to stoop so low. Never heard she gave them anything or promised to make their home brighter for them to live in by putting her shoulder to the wheel to get better wages. And the king the same was inspecting the machinery to kill. It's awful to think of. I do hope the people will all cry out for this false government to be kicked out. Traitors to their country & everybody. The distress

74.

in Cornwall is disgraceful, & it seems everywhere.
Now, dear friends, I must close, trusting you are all well.
From your sincere friends, H.B. & E. Webster.

P.S. Many thanks for papers. I would send you out any of ours but I think you said once not to, as you had just the same out there. God bless you all!"

Mon. 11th, continued. Charlie & Fred have gone to do a painting job at the Glebe or Merewether. We are expecting to have Mum & Florence home this evening. The rain has cleared off, & the weather is sunny & warm again.

Thur. Ap. 14th, 1938. Yesterday I received the following letter from Pat O'Grady:-

"22 Louis Street, Adelaide, S. Aus. Sunday Apr. 10 /38.
Mr. Jos. Cocking & wife. Dear Friends, Your letter of 27/3/38 came along in due time & it filled me with pleasurable sensations in my innards. And lest I forget, let me assure you that in not personally replying to your letter, Will meant no discourtesy; he passed that duty & the undertaking of the inquiries requested therein, on to Dad: "let Dad do it" sort of thing. Alright nothing has given me greater pleasure. I am afraid, Joe, that my poor efforts were almost, if not entirely, fruitless. I went along to the G.P.O., & having located the Directory, began to dig. There were no traces of the name of Tabb from the beginning to the end av un; but I found a round dozen of Tabe there; of which I enclose a list, with addresses, one of which is Mrs. J.R. Tabe, Daly St., Forbes. Now, I don't know of a Forbes in S. Aus., but surely it is not meant for the place of that name over there in your benighted State. But if it seems important, look it up.
I would also wish to assist in the search for Mrs. Cocking's Dad, but it is so long ago since he vamoosed that I am a little afraid that all efforts in that direction would be fruitless unless perhaps with the aid of a spiritualistic medium. And now having written that last sentence I am a wee bit apprehensive of having unwittingly seemed flippant, but please acquit me of any such intention.
I was very interested, Joe, in your account of the death of your dear departed sister Elizabeth, & especially in the beautiful poem, properly so-called, you penned in memory of her. The last was indeed an inspiration. And if you should ever wish for a copy of it, in the unlikely event of having lost yours, you may depend on being supplied from here. I am not likely to lose or mislay it. I don't know, Joe, if it is because of our long friendship, but I can tell you that the poem, "Sister's Smile", reached my heart. As you are too well aware, conventional or orthodox, religion always leaves me cold; but, somehow, your unorthodox conception of things celestial succeeds in warming me up--

temporarily, at any rate. Take this stanza:-

"As her reluctant spirit rose,
She was surprised to find
A welcome & a kiss from those
Who once left her behind."

And this one:-

"Her baby, Pearl, now fully grown,
Set all regrets at rest
And clasped her Mother (scarcely known)
To her delighted breast."

I would give much, Joe, to have it in me to write such stuff. It must be a great comfort to you, the absolute certainty of being met & "welcomed upon the other side" by those "who once left you behind." Well, my friends, I dunno, I "take the cash in hand & waive the rest; oh the brave music of a distant drum."

Now, my friends, I must leave room for that list of the Tabbe clan. I wish they were Tabbs. With love & kind regards to all your family & your two dear selves, I must remain fraternally yours,
P. O'Grady.

I find I have a little additional space, so may as well use it up per medium of a P.S.:-

Regarding your inquiries about a certain lady, let me say in all sincerity that there was neither pride nor anger for me to conquer. And let me say once for all that, though I am far from being perfect, I consider that I deserve a V.C. for having braved unnameable dangers, by staying with the children until the last of them married & went to more congenial homes of their own. Nuff Sed. P.O'G.

This is the list of Tabes in the Directory:-

Tabbe, A.B., clerk, Mannum. x

" A. E. labourer,

Alf. Tabbe, Mannum.

Tabbe, Alf. V. carpenter, 17 Oak Av., Unley. x

Tabbe, E. motor body builder, Nth St., Frewville.

Tabbe, G.H., Mannum.

Tabbe, H.J. contractor, Enfield.

Tabbe, L.F. Tarlee.

Tabbe, J., store assistant, Tarlee.

Tabbe, Mrs. J.R., Daly St., Forbes.

Tabbe, W.S., teacher, Caltowie.

Tabbe, Walter, J.P., blacksmith, Mannum. So there ye arre!

P.S.S. Oh yes, the 2 photos of your lovely home, especially the lovely garden, arrived safely. Thanks. P.O'G."

Thur. continued. To-day I bought 4 castors to put under the legs of the big table in the dining room. I also bought a 3/16ths drill, at Stevenson's shop. On the way home I got what I thought was some photographs belonging to Florence, at chemist Stevenson's, but as they proved to be the wrong ones, I took them back & got

the right ones, which are views taken at Shell Harbour & Nowra by Florence, with Jack's little 7/6 penny camera. One is a view of Florence sitting on a rock, & is a very pretty picture. To-day Florence has gone to work on the nursing staff of the Mater hospital, Waratah, for a month. If she suits, & likes the place, she will probably stay there a quarter. This afternoon I have written the following letter to Mr. A. B. Tabe, clerk, Mannum, S. Aus.

"Sir, My friend, Mrs. W. Webster, of Greenfield Terrace, Portreath, Cornwall, has asked me to try to find a family named Tabb, who left Cornwall many years ago, but whose present address is not known. So I wrote to Mr. P. O'Grady, of Adelaide, & asked him to look into the large directory at the general post office. He has now sent me a list of names spelt Tabe--not Tabb-- & as I think that the original spelling of the name Tabb might have been altered to Tabe, I am writing this to discover, if possible, whether you or your father belong to the family sought for.

Mrs. Webster has not given me much information on this matter, so I can not give you any particulars, except that Mr. Tabb--her

father--had 2 or 3 brothers who left Cornwall many years ago & went to Australia, & one of those uncles married the daughter of a Redruth butcher named Horn or Horne, & had a large family, mostly girls, in Australia; & that the uncles corresponded with Mrs. Webster's father until their addresses were lost, when the correspondence ceased, & they have not been heard of since.

I would be very grateful for a few words in reply as to whether you think that you belong to the family sought for, or not; or if you know of any person named Tabb in any other Australian State. Hoping that you can spare a few minutes to write in answer, I am, Sir, Yours sincerely, Josiah Cocking."

Sun. Ap. 24th, Yesterday I took the negative of Florence sitting on a rock on the bank of the Shoalhaven river at Nowra, to Miss Boddy to have a 10 by 12 inch colored enlargement made from it, which is to cost 15/6. I paid a deposit of 2/-; & am to get the enlargement next Saturday. Last Thursday (pension day) I went to Newcastle & interviewed the manager of Wilks' shop re the carpet-sweeper that Mum ordered months ago. He promised to have it ready by next Thursday, & if not, to release Mum from the agreement she signed to purchase the cleaner.

At Blackaby's bookshop I bought a little book entitled "Pitman's Commercial Reader", for sixpence. At K. Paling's I bought Paling's Annual: 38 Songs of Scotland"; for 1/6. This is number 6. Yesterday I gave Ken Jensen a pair of old ear-phones, a variable condenser, a terminal screw, 3 bits of ebonite, to make a crystal receiver. Ken gave me 2 small electric lamps.

The Communist Review for this month contains my song, "Australia", printed in italics, & without any mistake. During the last ten days I have taken half-plate photographs of the Hunter river & some of the unemployed camp at Mayfield West. They are good.

FOR SCOUTS

(By "Buntamai.")

CHIEF SCOUT'S MESSAGE

There are some signs to-day of an increasing lack among our people of that self-control which has been in the past the attribute of our nation. The number of murders and suicides, the craving for notoriety, the morbid or hysterical emotion that sends crowds to a tragic funeral or to the arrival of a film star, all are straws that point that way. Those are bad traits in a people which may, indeed, be bound to meet grave national crises in the near future, where self-restraint and united loyalty will be vitally essential.

It is up to us in the Scouts, therefore, to carry on on the lines we have set before ourselves, to educate the character of our oncoming generation so that it maintains and develops that personal self-control and sense of service to the community which marks the good citizen. We want to educate the lad in a practical way to make the best of his life. "Where contentment lives, Communism dies." I have used the word "educate" rather than "teach," by which I mean that we must inspire each individual boy to develop these qualities for himself rather than impose mere instruction upon him.

"It is scarcely necessary for me to go over the old ground of our principles; they have been the same ever since the movement started. But when it started it was on a very simple scheme, and with the growth of years many new interpretations and many new sidelines have been added to it, so that there is the risk of its becoming over-clothed with these and of the original ideal and method being lost sight of. The danger has crept in of the movement becoming too academical, demanding high standards of efficiency testings, and all that. We have to beware of this.

For Scouts I would urge the serious consideration of plans for developing our two main issues, namely, physical health and character. For physical health, not by physical drill, but rather through activities and games such as really appeal to the boys' enthusiasm; and also by practical suggestions of their own responsibility for their health, through proper diet, rest and exercise. For character, largely through the attraction of the camp and the patrol. In camp the Scoutmaster has his great opportunity for watching and getting to know the individual characteristics of each of his boys, and then applying the necessary direction to their development; while the boys themselves pick up the character-forming qualities incidental to life in camp, where discipline, resourcefulness, ingenuity, self-reliance, handcraft, wood-craft, boat-craft, team sense, nature lore, &c., can all be imbibed under the cheery and sympathetic direction of the understanding Scoutmaster.

The patrol is the character school for the individual. To the Patrol Leader it gives practice in responsibility and in the qualities of leadership. To the Scout it gives subordination of self to the interests of the whole, the elements of self-denial and self-control involved in the team spirit of cooperation and good comradeship.

We have hundreds of thousands of boys and girls, under our hands at the moment, and there are many hundreds of thousands more of them needing the training if we can only find leaders enough to deal with them, and can hold out sufficient attractions to bring them into our fold.

There is an immense field open to us, in which we can lead the way to greater developments. No need for us to get depressed over temporary setbacks or disappointments; these are bound to come from time to time. They are the salt that savours our progress; let us rise above them and look to the big import of what we are at. We have set ourselves a noble task which only needs a spot of courage and persistence to carry it through to success. Let us tackle it with all the joy of adventure in these dangerous times, to build up with the help of God a valuable breed of young citizens for the future safety, honour and welfare of the Empire.

DISTRICT MENDARI.—The first meeting of the Newcastle District Mendari will be held in the New Lambton Scout Hall, Fleet-street, on Tuesday, 26th April, at 7.30 p.m. All Scouters are asked to be present.

WAY SHIELD.—The 1938 Way Shield competition will be held over the weekend, April 30 and May 1 and 2, at the Glenrock training camp. Applications, which may be had from Newcastle headquarters, should be lodged on or before April 19.

PICTURES.—This week 70 English Scouting pictures are being exhibited in the art department of Scott's Ltd., illustrating all phases of Scouting work. The photographs are the property of Ilford Ltd., of London.

2ND NEWCASTLE.—At the monthly meeting of the 2nd Newcastle Group Committee held on Thursday night, Rev. Rabbi I. Morris occupied the chair. Plans were submitted by the honorary architect, Mr. A. Castleden, for the proposed new Scout Hall, and it is anticipated that a start will be made shortly. The next meeting will be held at the Synagogue Hall on Tuesday, May 3, at 7.30 p.m. Those interested are asked to attend.

FIXTURES.—April 13: Administrative and Finance Committee meeting at 1 p.m.; training camp meeting at 5 p.m. April 14: Executive Committee meeting at 7.30 p.m. April 26: District Mendari, 7.30 p.m., New Lambton Scout Hall. April 30: 2nd Newcastle card party at the "Savoy," Zara-street. April 30, May 1, 2: Way Shield competition.

& a small photograph of Florence at Nowra, on a rock beside the Shoalhaven River. I will also send a copy of the Communist Review for April, 1938, containing "Australia."

Monday, April 25th (anzac day.) 1938

I have posted a copy of "World Peace" & one of the Communist Review" for April to Pat O'Grady. Fred & Charlie did not work at their painting job for fear that they would offend the Jingoos. They went fishing at Merewether, & Fred slipped on the rocks & cut the left side of his face.

I LEARN TO SHOOT

Bishop Warns Young
Men 1938.

"JOIN RIFLE CLUBS"

Danger Threatens Australia,
Says Dr. Carroll

LISMORE, Sunday.

The Catholic Bishop of Lismore (Most Rev. J. Carroll, D.D.) told the members of the Hibernian Society to-day that he would be lacking in his duty as a bishop if he did not tell his young men to be ready for the days of turmoil that might come unexpectedly.

"I should like to see some of the members of the Hibernian Society become members of a rifle club and get to know something about a rifle," said Dr. Carroll. "It would be a great shame if our Catholic men were below the average in their knowledge of every method of defence.

"When the day does come it may come in Australia as in Spain, from within. It may come from without. However, as danger threatens Australia, there should be preparedness. I think it is good training for any man to be familiar with the mechanism of a gun."

Sun. Ap. 24th, continued.

This morning I wrote a letter to Pat O'Grady, & am sending him postcards of Jose's house, the view from the front of our house

PROMOTED TO GLORY

Her Faith Never Wavered

Mrs. Major Drylie, of New Lambton, goes Home

A BRAVE-HEARTED warrior of God, and a servant of all, has been lost to The Army, in the promotion to Glory, on March 1, of Mrs. Major Drylie, who had been living in retirement at New Lambton. Although in poor health for some time,



MRS. MAJOR DRYLIE

Mrs. Major Drylie cheerfully kept on with her self-appointed task for God in the Home League, where she had held the Commission of Treasurer ever since the League's inauguration at the Corps. To her sorrow, her beloved Home League work became impossible of fulfilment by her at the end of last year.

For ten weeks Mrs. Drylie was laid aside, but manifested a wonderful spirit. Her faith in God never once wavered; her trust was perfect. Mrs. Drylie's daughter came home and nursed her, and her passing was peaceful.

A funeral service, held in Newcastle Citadel, was conducted by Lieut.-Colonel Richards, assisted by Retired Officers. Major Swadling read the Scriptures, Major M. Dunn represented New Lambton Corps,

and Bandmaster Brown sang one of Mrs. Drylie's favourite songs. Mrs. Envoy Woodbury, who was a Cadet-Sergeant forty-five years ago, when Mrs. Major Drylie was Cadet Sarah Campbell, declared that the promoted warrior's first thought was always how she might help others. "During the long years of her faithful following of Christ," Mrs. Woodbury said, "she was so kind, so anxious for souls to be saved."

Many were the tributes given by comrades and friends. The Major, in his loss, thanked God for a devoted partner, a faithful wife, and a good loving mother.

At the graveside the Divisional Commander conducted the service; Major Snellgrove represented the Retired Officers, and Major M. Dunn offered prayer.

Born at Happy Valley, South Australia, Mrs. Major Drylie became a Soldier at Balaklava, in the same State, entering the Erin Street Training Garrison in 1892. Several Field appointments in South Australia followed, and thereafter the greater part of her time until marriage was spent in the Women's Social Department, and included Police Court work in Brisbane, the responsibilities of Matron at The Haven, Victoria, and at Homes in Launceston, Tasmania, at Newcastle, N.S.W., and at Broken Hill.

For over thirty-three years Mrs. Drylie nobly assisted her husband in Field work in Victoria, Queensland, and New South Wales. Major and Mrs. Drylie entered upon retirement from the charge of Mayfield Corps, becoming connected as Officer-Soldiers at the newly-opened New Lambton Corps. With Mrs. Commandant McClure, Mrs. Major Drylie had helped to lay the foundations of the Home League; her helpful words and kindly dealings with the womenfolk there have continually strengthened their faith in God. Some were influenced to accept the Saviour Whom she loved so well, and served so faithfully.

Wed. Apr. 27th 1933. Last night, "Molly Riley" visited us, & Charlie & Fred took her for a trip in the boat. She is now employed in an office at Cohar, & likes the place. We received the following letter from Art:

Kickabil, Saturday 25rd.
Dear Folks,
This week has been one which has been pretty hard. You see, having had a few days off, & it being a public holiday on Monday, next, with the "give us an inch & I'll take a mile" spirit, I haven't settled down too well. I had a very enjoyable trip to Mt. Manina Falls last Monday. Manina was a prominent landholder in

the Wellington district, so there are several places named after him, e.g. part of the main street in Manina Crescent. Bestowing his name on the falls is, in my opinion, almost sufficient to make the poor old chap turn in his grave. In normal circumstances the Macquarie at this place falls almost a foot. It doesn't fall at all now. However, I suppose that after I've been in the West another ten years I'll be fully resigned to

to the fact that looking for falls, that fall & rivers that flew is as vain a quest as seeking fairies in fairy cakes. "They just ain't", as one of O.J. Dennis' characters would say.

On the Thursday before Good Friday, (I know I've got my chronological order all mixed up) I commenced teaching about 9 a.m. & let the kids out at about 2-30 p.m. I work enough overtime to justify this infraction of regulations. I hopped on the bike & reached Balladoran in ample time to catch the 4-15 train to Dubbo, at which town I disembarked. I spent Thursday & Good Friday nights with Merv Ewers, a Dubbo banisman, whose sister is a school teacher. He was batching in the absence of his mother, so I had the job of cleaning up the place while he was at work on Saturday. I shared expenses & took him out to tea at the local Daboo.

Our meetings on Good Friday were led by Adjutant McCarthy, & were well attended. On Sunday I had my meals at the home of a Mrs. Paix, a sister of Mrs. Hill, with whom I have stayed previously. The tucker was sumptuous--turkey & chook.

On Monday morning, as we were going to Wellington by lorry, I proposed to buy some eats to take with me. "Not on your life", she said; so I had my meals with her & her 23 year old son. The day was uneventful, except that I was able to renew Wellingtonian acquaintances & meet some of the Army people from Forbes. There was a bitterly cold wind blowing, & those hare-brained young fellows who went for a swim (I was in the category) were considered to be first class idiots. The water, however, was quite pleasant. On returning to Wellington late in the afternoon I visited the Sullivans, where I was practically forced to have another tea.

We perpetrated what advertisements claimed to be a concert, at night. By this time the wind was particularly cold & a few intermittent showers were falling, & we had to return on an open lorry. Thereby hangs a tale which, if I had to give it a caption, would be entitled "The Reward Of Gallantry".

I had an overcoat, but some had rugs. Unfortunately I was sitting in such a position that I shared very little of one. The seats on the lorry had a tendency to sway. On rounding the first corner the girl sitting next to me put her head down & squealed. I thought it was nervousness, but it wasn't. Her leg had been jammed between two seats. With the true Cocking chivalry, in emulation of Walter Raleigh & all those blokes who have made England able to rule the waves, & all that rot, I offered to change her seats. After sorting out which legs belonged to who (no mean feat, considering the way we were jammed in,) the transfer was effected.

Was my luck in? I was between the 2 sisters who owned the rug; so I was as warm as toast all the way while the other poor souls were shivering. Having slept at Paix's on Monday night, I caught the 10 a.m. train to Balladoran, collected the bike,

bike. & rode home. The lady of the house has been away a bit lately, so I have become a confirmed hermit & omelette cooker. I don't enjoy the solitude much yet. I suppose being gregarious is part of the nature of the beast.

How is the sale of the bikes going? I have been approached lately by 2 blokes trying to sell cars. One, Charlie Weston, is an agent for Austins. He can get me, he claims, a demonstrator which is practically new about \$ 50 less than the new price. The other bloke represents Toorawannah people who are trading in a 1933 8 h p. Ford sedan said to have only done 12,000 miles, & as good as new. I haven't seen it, (not having been sufficiently interested) but I saw its twin brother & was quite impressed by it. They would take about \$ 135 terms (what a smack in the mouth, eh?). My attitude towards buying a car on time payment has altered somewhat. I have consulted a wages schedule which shows my wages going up to about \$ 7-10-0 in about 3 years' time.

should get a rise soon after I'm inspected, & also get a few quid back money, for my provisional classification will be made retrospective as from last October. At present I have about \$ 23, & have paid \$ 10 for a push bike. I should then have \$ 30 & be able to give you some by the end of the term. Thus, at my present rate of saving, I should accumulate about \$ 40 per term. At this rate I should be able to run a car & pay, say, \$ 1 per week at the same time.

I'll leave all this in abeyance till the holidays, which commence, I think, a fortnight next Thursday.

I receive the paper regularly, thanks. Will you please send any charts that remain? Arthur.

Thur. Ap. 28th 1933. Yesterday we were visited by Mrs. Orchard & her married daughter Doris, whose 2 years old son is a fine, ginger-headed boy. They stayed nearly all day.

I have sent post-card views of the Mayfield West camp of the unemployed to the "Communist Review" & a copy of the verses "What is a Nation?", but I altered the title to "Anzac Nonsense".

This morning I wrote the following verses:-

HOW TO BUILD AN EMPIRE.

To build an empire you must take
A ruthless army, & forsake
The laws of God & Jesus;
And, sneering at divine commands,
To covet not thy neighbour's lands,
Obey behests of Croesus.

"Thou shalt not steal", you must deride:
"Thou shalt not kill", you must decide
To flout with resolution;

And, trampling on all human right,
Must fill your victims' minds with fright
And dread of War's pollution.

No Christian pity must you feel
When shooting lead or stabbing steel
Through hearts of conscript workers.
Though millions writhe in seas of blood
And widows' tears may make a flood,
"Annex" the land for shirkers.

Then hoist aloft your blood-stained flag
And set your "holy" men to brag
Of empire & its glory,
And ask the God, whose laws you scorn,
To "bless the empire", night & morn,
Although your hands are gory.

When plundered rebels dare rebel
Repress again with shot & shell,
Without the least compunction;
Then, flouting all divine decrees,
Ask blessings, on your pious knees,
With hypocritic unction.

'Tis thus that empires have been built
By "noble heroes" who have spilt
The blood of countless millions;
But still there is no other way
To build an empire but to slay
For Thugs possessing billions.

To "La Cause," World Peace, & Communist Review, 28/4/38

Wed. May 4th, 1938. Last Monday I wrote the following verses &
"They Franchises". (A true story).

The date was Nineteen One, or Two;
The place the Mines called Wallaroo;
The scene a shaft-plat, shady;
The actors Cousin Jacks who sat
With one whose Irish name is Pat:
Let's call him, say, O'Grady.

Paul Kruger's War was at its height,
The Cornishmen were talking "fight"
And telling of surprises
(While deftly moulding plastic clay
Around their candles) and the way
To deal with "they Franchises".

Now, Pat had long & wisely read,
 So he had knowledge in his head
 Transcending stupid chatter,
 And knew that franchises denote
 The powers & the rights to vote
 On any public matter.

He listened to the noisy crew
 And wondered if they truly knew
 The proper definition
 Of "franchise" they so glibly used,
 While "stubborn Kruger" they abused,
 With frequent repetition.

So, turning to a Cousin Jan,
 Pat said, "Now, tell me, if you can,
 The full purport & meaning
 Of franchise, that I hear so much;
 For some declare it's such & such,
 And knowledge takes some gleaning".

The question had the Cousins awed:
 Said Jan, "Why, Pat, I tho't thesee knawed
 (He edged a little nearer)
 The maarin' av a worrd like that--
 (The chatter ceased around the plat.)
 I'll make the matter clearer".

"They Franchises is jist a raace
 Av wicked men who do disgrace
 Outlanders by their orders,
 For they do bar the right to vote
 From miners & from men av note
 Wethin the Transvaal borders,

That's why we'm foorced to go & fight,
 For thesee do knaw et edden right
 To grind Franchise's axes,
 Yet have no poortion, right, mur say
 In government, but foorced to pay
 Paul Kruger's onjust taxes!".

Pat listened carefully, the while
 Repressing hard the rising smile
 That struggled on his features,
 And wondered not that Pat could rob
 An ignorant, contented mob
 Of such deluded creatures.

Not one in that assembly moved
 To have Jan's statement disapproved

Or treated with dissension,
That "they Franchises is a race".
How Patrick kept a passive face
Defies my comprehension.

To P.O. 21/7/38.

To "Labour Cause" & "Communist Review" 1/5/38. "Mayfield Weekly" 11/5/38.

Yesterday Mr. Were, who is a Seventh Day Adventist preacher who conducts meetings in a large tent like a circus-tent, was here for several hours discussing spiritualism & religion with me. He lent me a book entitled "On The Throne Of Sin", 280 pages by Mr. Snow. I lent Mr. Were "The New Revelation" by Conan Doyle, & my good bible.

We have received the following letter from Jack & Gladys :-

"Port Kembla Wednesday 27th 1938.

Dear Grandma, I hope you will forgive me for being so lay-winded in answering your letter, but to tell the truth, I have to wait till I get a chance, there's such a lot to do for one pair of hands.

Agony, anyhow. How are you all ? I hope you are all o.k. We are all splendid, with the exception of being almost frozen; it's very cold & windy here just now. The last 5 days have been cruel, & we get the full force of the wind here. It was very mild when you were here, but now it's awful. Tell Flo she'd need 3 pillows instead of one just now. Fuleys called here the day we went to Nowra--we just missed them by about a quarter of an hour. They came over again on Easter Sunday night; also last Saturday & told us that Edna Duley was married. She got married the Saturday before Easter--2 days before you went home. They are living with Florrie.

Everyone at Dapto is well & wishes to be remembered to you all. We saw the house; it was awful fibro, & right down in the gully near Hilcoo, where the blacks live. The footpaths & road were about 5 ft. higher up in the front, & you would get all the mud & slush in your front door. It was built right on the ground. We didn't even look at it inside; we were disgusted with it. They said it was near the public school: it's about a mile away. Talk about liars-- that's all they are, I reckon.

We were looking at houses being built up at Narrawang, yesterday; we are going to see what they want for them. There is one with 3 bedrooms, I think, it will be nice when it is finished, but I suppose it will be too dear for us.

How are all at Carrardotta St.? I hope they are O.K. Have they sold their house yet ? Tell them to bring it down here.

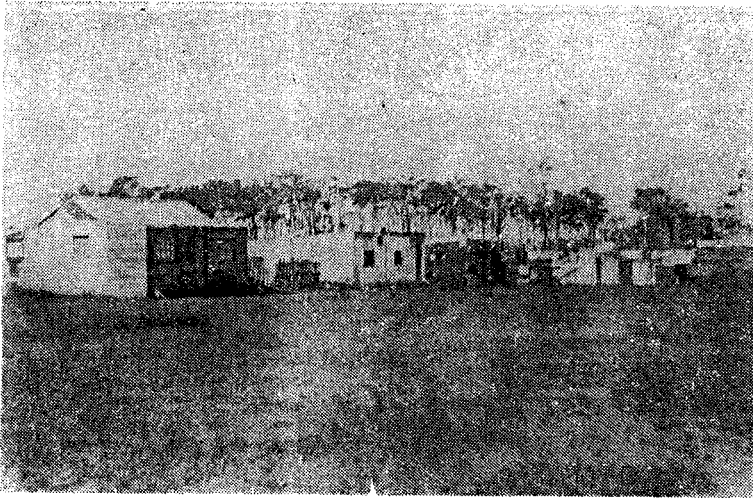
We went to the show on the Tuesday after Easter & had a good time. We left the girls over at Woodward's & took John with us.

Thanks very much for Jack's birthday present--it's just splendid. arrived. He thinks it's beautiful. He sends you a big kiss for it.

Love & tons of luck to you all. From Jack, Glad, & the grandchildren

XXXXXXXXXX.

Help To End This!



HOVELS OUR CLASS LIVE IN.

This is a view of a portion of the camp of the unemployed at Mayfield West, N.S.W., and is a sample of the "prosperity" that the poor enjoy under Stevens.

These hovels are constructed of anything that could be found, but the unfortunate owners keep them clean and tidy, inside and out, despite their poverty.

This camp is soon to be demolished and the campers shifted to another camp where they may revel in more of Stevens' prosperity.

—"Taraxacum."

it very instructive on the subject of Spiritualism. Yesterday I bought at the Communists' room (7) at the Trades Hall, the following pamphlets :- "Stevens And The Slums"; 12 pages by E.J. Docker. (2d.); "British Rule in India"; 24 pages by Karl Marx. (2d.); "Unite; Defeat Fascism, Defend Peace; Achieve Socialism"; 51 pages by R. Dixon.; "Defend Australia". 16 pages by R. Dixon. (3d.); & "Metal: the Workers' Case Against the B.H.P.". The price is marked at 3d., but it was given to me.

This week's issue of "Common Cause" contains my verses, "What Is Class-Consciousness?", so I got 4 extra copies at the Trades Hall. Last Thursday Mum got her new electric cleaner from Wilks for ten guineas, through the Co-op. Store. Mr. Buckley brought the cleaner & instructed Mum in the use of it. Ivy came down & helped to swweep & clean the whole house. Charlie & Fred are painting a house, & now they have to paint another house. I have sent 1/6 in stamps for the "Communist Review"

To-day I wrote the following verses to the tune of "I John Pee".

BILL BLOGGS. *Tune: John Peel.*

Have you met Bill Bloggs, of the "Common Cause",
Whose adventures meet with such loud applause?

84.

Sun. May 8th, 1938.

This is Mothers' Day; & Mum received a tin box of lollies & a bunch of white flowers from Jose, Ivy, & the children.

This afternoon Mum has gone out in Walter's car with Florence, who has to-day off work.

Last Thursday, I went to Newcastle & bought an old Thornton Pickard shutter for 4/6 at Israel's shop; also an old whole plate camera with 2 double dark slides, a lens, tripod, & 2 focussing cloths, & a leather-covered case, for 30/

The Thornton Pickard shutter is not workable, but it may be made so.

I also got a new best hat (19/6) at the Store.

I am reading "On The Throne Of Sin", & find

When induced to think or compelled to pause
By the pride & the greed of his Master.

Chorus;- For the ignorant man persistently craves,
In the Arbitrator Courts of employing knaves,
Crumbs of the loaf that the suppliant slaves
Have produced, by their toil, for the Masters.

Yes, I've met Bill Bloggs in the mills & mines;
In the factories; on the railway lines;
And on harvest fields where the hot sun shines,
Where he laboured & sweated for Master.

But his tangled thoughts are all knots & kinks,
So he works & sleeps, but he seldom thinks
Why, in servitude till in death he sinks,
He must labour in want for a Master.

When for cannon-fodder his Master calls
Bloggs enjoys the pastime of stopping balls
On a battle-field, till where each poor fool falls
In defending the wealth of his Master.

In a mental mist Bloggs forever gropes,
With his mind devoid of enlightened hopes,
For, from infancy he imbibed the dopes
Of the Press of his kindly Master.

But with clearer vision he yet may see
That if organised in One Union he
With his fellow-slaves would be set quite free
From the yokes of the indolent Masters.

May the Rebels never despair of Bloggs,
Though his head's as dense as the dullest Dog's
For they'll yet dispel all the mists & fogs
That are raised by the tools of his Masters.

Mon. ^{MAY} 9th, 1958. To day I received a reply from the
Winslow Company re the appliance for rupture.

Wed. May 11th, 1958. This is my seventy first birthday. I was
born at Kadina, South Australia, on the 11th of May, 1867.
Yesterday afternoon I had a long chat with Mr. Ware, the 7th Day
Adventist preacher, in his motor-car, dealing with the Bible
Bible. In the morning I transplanted 80 white onion plants.
We received the following letter from Arthur:-

Public School, Kickabil, Balladeran, Saturday. Dear Folks,
This is my last letter before the holidays, which commence on
Thursday next. Since to-morrow is Mothers' Day, I am send-

ing herewith something for Mum. I'm sorry that it won't arrive at the time it should, but I'm afraid I've adopted the bush-whackers' style of "What's a day or two between friends".

The push bike is still going well, & the engine is functioning as well as might be expected. I have left some of my fat on the Coenraabie road, but I'm in better nick now, from a physical standpoint, than I have ever been.

Last week-end I went to Dubbo & was again the guest of Mrs. Paix. She's a really motherly old dame, although her, and her common with all the old ladies (& some of the young 'uns) always addresses me as Mr. Cocking.

I was invited to stay at Major Gibson's place, but as Brigadier Bruery (I think Bruery of Tigh Hill) was staying there, & they were too well off, I preferred to go to Paix's. Bruery has respects & kind regards to all the crowd. From him I ordered an Army uniform, costing about £ 6/18/0, all told.

It's a bit of a smack in the mouth, but I don't regret having to cough up the money. In view of the kindness I have received at the hands of no less than 6 Army officers, & Army friends in Dubbo, Wellington, & Gilgandra, I feel an obligation to the institution. Although I say it myself, I think I know as much of the "inside" of the Army as any of you. I've seen officers in their homes, talked with them, in many cases of the perfidy of the heads, not quite a few of the higher officers, & summed up their mental attitudes. I'm convinced there is still a depth of sincerity in the Army, however much people may talk of the "good old days".

Nothing startling has occurred of late. I don't think the school will close down yet, although I'll probably have one pupil less after the holidays. The kids are progressing reasonably in most cases. I found a couple of them virtually unteachable. I'll give them an intelligence test after the holidays to see whether it's my fault or their misfortune.

I am still a frequent visitor at the Wheaton homestead, although Daisy Holswick, whom I think I have mentioned before, is shortly going to work there. As she is a member of the most malicious group of gossipers in Kickabil I won't feel as much at home there in future as I have done in the past.

I don't know why, but I still feel like a Philistine in the camp of the Israelites when I'm at Edwards'. This afternoon I will probably be getting a car ride to Gilgandra. There is seldom news in Kickabil, so, having written 3½ pages about nothing, I close. Good bye til next week end, Arthur.

Near Mum, I didn't see anything up this way that struck my fancy, & it will be far too late to get you something when I'm in Sydney. I'll give you some more money later for household use.

Arthur,

Wed. continued. There was a pound note enclosed with the letter.

Saturday, ~~April~~ 14th, 1938. Arthur arrived home early by train this morning, looking well. He left Balladran on Friday afternoon, & stayed in Sydney about 3 hours. This morning I went to Pogonowski's printing works near Burwood street, Newcastle, & looked through the bound file of the old "Wallsend-Plattsburg Sun" of the year 1893 to find a copy of my verses, "A Protest From Oblivion", but could not find them. Lovely weather.

May.

Sun. Ap. 15th, 1938. To-night I went down to Mr. Were's tent near Victoria street, Mayfield, & saw a moving picture of Prague, & heard Mr. Were speak on "The Struggle For Bread." He contended that the present universal unrest & poverty were predicted by the old prophets; that when the present armament race is over another depression will come, & the workers will revolt against the "rich men who will weep & howl for the misery that shall come upon them, according to Bible prophecy. I returned his book entitled "On The Throne Of Sin".

Mon. May 16th, 1938. This morning I went to Pogonowski's again & gave him a pamphlet entitled "Historical Records Of Newcastle" By Windross & Ralston. I looked through the old "Sun"s & found the following letter that I wrote to the "Sun":-

"CHAOS OR ORDER, WHICH ?" *Copied in diary for 1893.*

To the Editor of the Wallsend & Plattsburg Sun.

Sir, Will you kindly allow me, through your paper, to make a few remarks relative to the iniquitous system of balloting, or rather drawing lots for working places, employed by the miners at the Wallsend Colliery.

I do not allude to the manner in which the balloting is performed, but to the unjust system itself, which produces so much inequality amongst the miners. Probably a good many men think that, because the present lottery system gives to every man a chance of getting cavilled to any part of the pit, it is therefore perfectly fair to all.

A little consideration will show that the present toss-up system is decidedly unjust & inefficient to accomplish the purpose for it was adopted, which is to equalise labor & wages as much as possible by giving to every man a change of place every quarter. Instead of giving to every man a change, it merely gives to all a chance of one, & a change to some only, thus leaving others where they were before, & defeating its own object.

If it is right for the majority of the miners to have a quarterly change it is right for all to have changes. Miners frequently have the misfortune, or mismanagement rather, to be cavilled 5 or 6 quarters in succession to the Jubilee district, which is rightfully considered to be the worst part of the pit to work in, whilst other miners get back 5 or 6 successive times to the Little Tunnel, which is Heaven in comparison to Jubilee.

There is no justice in a system that produces such inequality amongst men who are supposed to be have equal rights.

A chance of a change is not what the miners require, but a certainty or a change. There is nothing certain about the present useless system but its uncertainty. The miners, instead of being ruled by reason, foolishly allow chance to rule them. Chance never yet gave perfect justice, & never will, because when analysed it is seen to be merely ignorance of what will happen. Knowledge can give perfect justice to all. A knowledge of the difference between the various working places is absolutely essential before a system of changing can be formulated which will deal justice to all. The miners know this, & yet they are allowing themselves to be robbed by a system the fundamental principle of which is ignorance.

What would people think of a man who, while ignorant of the art of navigation, would take charge of a ship manned by an equally ignorant crew & set sail for a foreign port? Men in that position have would have equal chances of reaching the desired port; they might have compasses, log-books, charts, sextants, nautical almanacs etc. but should a storm arise the ship would be driven on to the first reef that lay in its way. What use would the equal chances be to those men then? & what good would the nautical instruments be without the knowledge of how to use them?

The Jews consulted the Urim & the Thummim, & Christians endeavour, through the books of Daniel & Revelation, to obtain a knowledge of coming events. Men seek to know the future because knowledge is power, & to be forewarned is to be forearmed.

Now, Sir, as I have exposed the inefficiency & iniquity of the present system, it is only fair that I should formulate one which will give justice, equality & certainty. My system is as follows:-

Divide the colliery into 4 districts, each containing the same number of places. Name the 4 districts thus:-

Little Tunnel, Lambton Headings, Maggie, & Jubilee, respectively.

Divide the whole of the miners into 4 gangs or divisions, each containing an equal number of men. Number the divisions 1, 2, 3, & 4, respectively. Next, number the pairs of men in each division from one to as many as there are in each division, have a divisional number to distinguish them from men in the other divisions which would be numbered 2, 3, & 4, respectively. The pairs of men in each division would be numbered from 1 to 91 inclusive. The men in

No 1 would, of course, have No 1 for their divisional number, which would distinguish them from the men in the other divisions which would be numbered 2, 3, & 4, respectively for the same purpose. Let No 1 pair in No 1 division take the place marked 1 in the Little Tunnel district, & let the pairs in the other pairs in the same division take the places in numerical order up to 91 inclusive.

Let No 1 pair in number 2 division take the board or place 92 9 3 in the Lambton Headings district, & let the other pairs go to their places in numerical order up to 183 inclusive.

Let No 3 division go to the Maggie district & take the places numbered from 183 to 273 inclusive in numerical order.

Let No 4 division go to the Jubilee district & take the places numbered from 273 to 363 inclusive in numerical order.

Let No 2 division go to the Little Tunnel district & take the places numbered from 363 to 453 inclusive in numerical order.

Let No 4 division go to the Jubilee district & take the places numbered from 274 to 364 inclusive.

At the beginning of the second quarter let the divisions change places thus:- Let the No 1 division go to the Lambton Headings district; No 2 division to the Magpie district; & No 3 division to the Jubilee district; & No 4 division to the Little Tunnel district.

At the beginning of the third quarter let the No 1 division go to Magpie, No 2 to Jubilee; No 3 to Lambton Headings-Little Tunnel; & No 4 to Lambton Headings.

At the beginning of the fourth quarter let No 1 division go to Jubilee; No 2 to Little Tunnel; No 3 to Lambton Headings; & No 4 to Magpie.

At the end of the first year the divisions will have been in every district in the colliery, & will be ready to repeat the process. No one will have been compelled to work in a hard place, nor allowed to monopolise an easy one, for more than a quarter at a time.

That, Sir, is my simple scheme of periodical changing, which will if adopted, give certainty instead of chance & substitute order for chaos. It would equalise labour & wages & give practical recognition to the principles of the equality of man. I am, etc. Jo King. Wallsend, April 3rd, 1891."

On the 18th of April, 1891 the following letter appeared :-

"To the Editor of the "Wallsend - Plattsburg Sun".

Sir, A letter appeared in your paper of the 11th drawing the attention of the Wallsend miners to the present system of balloting. The object of the writer is to remove the present inequality of work that exists in the Wallsend mine. There can be no doubt that the intention of Jo King is to improve, if possible, the conditions of the miners, but the system of balloting that he wishes to adopt is open to serious objection.

His proposal is to divide the colliery into 4 districts, & that the same pair of men shall not work in any portion of the same district 2 quarters in succession, & by this means he contends that the labor & wages of the men would be equalised.

I am inclined to believe, while it may equalise the work, it will not remove the injustice.

Now, Sir, it is generally conceded that 8 hours is a fair day's work. If persons work in the Jubilee district (which, by the way, appears to be the Purgatory of the Wallsend mine) if they cannot earn a fair wage in 8 hours, then according to every sense of justice they have a right to compensation. I am well aware that it cannot be done under the general agreement, but at the same time I deny the justice of the general agreement to miners of the district. As everyone knows it was forced upon the men at the close of a severe struggle.

Now, Sir, to illustrate: previous to the last miners' strike of 1888 there existed in the adjoining colliery (the Co-operative) a certain section of the mine which the miners

deemed to be deficient. For this deficiency a certain amount of compensation was granted, & the result was that in this part of the colliery men could make just as much money with the same amount of labor as in any other part of the pit. In such a case a man would be indifferent as to where he was cavelled. Yours truly, A Miner."

In reply to "A Miner's" letter I wrote as follows :- 25/5/91.
"The System of Balloting: to be or Not to Be. Copied in 1893 diary
To the Editor of the "WallSEND -Plattsburg Sun".

Sir, I am glad to find that my letter of the third inst. has aroused the interest of the WallSEND miners & has evoked a reply from one of them, to whose letter I will, with your permission, endeavour to reply. A Miner says, "There can be no doubt that the intentions of Jo King is to improve, if possible, the conditions of the miners, but the system which he wishes to adopt is open to serious objection". If A Miner had carefully read my letter he would have noticed that I did not therein advocate the adoption of any system of balloting but that it was an attack on the present system of balloting.

The "serious objection" to my proposed system appears to be that "while it will equalise the work it will not remove the injustice". The injustice to which A Miner alludes is not that of the present system of drawing lots, but to the injustice of the general agreement; therefore, as I did not contend that my scheme would remove the ~~that~~ injustice of the general agreement, his objection is null & void. I still maintain that if the miners would adopt my plan it would abolish the injustice of making some men work 8 hours per day for a period of 15 or 18 months while other men are enjoying good places for a like period, & it would equalise labour & wages. The proposed system would have the effect of making miners more contented, & would materially lessen the grumbling which is now so much indulged in.

It would also be of great benefit to men who might wish to take novices on the coal, for by calculating where they would be at any given time they could take on novices at the most favourable terms so that they could have 2 or 3 quarters in easy places before going to the hard ones.

"A Miner" further says, "If persons working in the Jubilee district cannot earn a fair wage in 8 hours, then, according to every sense of justice they have a right to compensation."

I think so too; but, as "A Miner" admits, it cannot be done under the terms of the general agreement. And if persons working in any part of the pit can make fair wages by working like horses for 8 solid hours, do they not deserve compensation for the extra work performed in order to make as much as other men do who work only 5 or 6 hours per day? If the miners cannot get compensation for places in which they have to work 8 hours to get as much money as other miners get in 5 or 6, then that is the more reason why they should exchange places.

If the colliery proprietors will not give justice to the miners it is no reason why they should not give justice to each other.

The miners have the power to effect the reform I suggest, as they need not consult anyone but themselves in the matter.

If "A Miner", or anyone else objects to my proposed method of exchanging, let him explicitly state his objections so that I may reply to him if possible. I am not so egotistic as to imagine that my scheme is the best that can be produced, but it certainly is a bad one if it is not more practicable, equitable, & reasonable than the one at present in operation. My motive for exposing the injustice of the present system & devising another to supercede it was to equalise labour & wages, but if any person can accomplish that object by a simpler & better plan, let him make it known, & I will give it my utmost advocacy. Jo King, Wallsend, April 28th, 1891."

In the issue of the "Wallsend-Plattsburg Sun" dated 13/5/1893 I found the following report :-

"SOCIALIST LEAGUE. A meeting was held recently in Howell's hotel for the purpose of forming a branch of the Australian Socialist League. Mr. John Estell was voted to the chair & called on Mr. D. Watkins, who explained to the meeting the reason for having brought them together: it was to form a branch of the League, of which the objects of which, he said, were very much misunderstood in the town. But as Socialism was beginning to take root in the district, & several branches were already in existence, & as Wallsend was a very large centre they ought to have some such society in their midst.

He moved, "That a branch of the Australian Socialist League be now formed". Carried. The next business was the election of officers, which resulted as follows:-

President, John Estell; secretary, Hugh de Largie; treasurer, John Bailey Robinson; delegate, David Watkins; Committee, Messrs John Hill, Josiah Cocking, Robert Brown, & Malcolm Davidson.

The next meeting will be in the Mechanics' Institute on Thursday evening next, at 7 o'clock, when all workers who desire to become members can do so by giving in their names."

In the issue of May 20th, 1893 I found the following report:-

"SOCIALIST LEAGUE. The usual fortnightly meeting of the Wallsend Branch of the Australian Socialist League was held in the lecture room of the Mechanics' Institute on Thursday evening, 18th inst. Mr. D. Watkins in the chair. The minutes of the previous meeting were read & confirmed. A communication was dealt with from the District Secretary re Constitution of the League. A sub-committee was appointed to draw up rules for the guidance of the local branch & Messrs Henry Tyldesley & George Hardy & the officers to form the sub-committee. The secretary was instructed to communicate with Mrs. Rose Sommerville, the well known Socialist of Sydney, & to arrange with her for a lecture to be delivered on the reserve at some suitable date. The night of the meeting was changed to the Wednesday after the pay in future. A debate will take place

at the next meeting: subject, "Is Party Government Desirable in the Best Interests of the Country?". The roll of the members is still increasing, 5 new members having joined at the close of the meeting.

Mr. William Robert Winspear & Peter Bowling had a wordy war in the columns of the "Wallsend Plattsburg Sun", beginning about 16/5/96. To assist Peter, who denounced Private Enterprise, I wrote the following verses to that paper, & they were printed in its issue of 11/7/96.

"A PROTEST FROM OBLIVION.

Misthur Editur, the growlin'
Of that villain, Peter Bowling
That I rade in ivery issue of the "Wallsend-Plattsburg Sun"
Has compilled me to detarmin
That I'll shute the little varmin
If I only can get near him wid me double-barreled gun.

And me brother, Daniel Kelly,
Swears he'll bate him to a jelly,
And he'll smash his jaw to smithereens & blacken both his
For this thraitor to his country (eyes,
Has the impident effruntry
To scandalise the Kelly Gang & private enterproise !

In the sthuggle fur existence
He who makes the least resistance
Should ondoubtedly be conquered by the cunning & the strong,
But the Shtate protects the smallest
From the strongest & the tallest,
And robs min loike me of freedom, which I think is very
(wrong.

Peter Bowlin' says its' it's theivin'
Whin a man is jist receivin'
The wage of private enterprise in breakin' banks by night,
But, begob, I'll niver fear whin
Mister William Trebor Spearwin can-dimonstrate-that-Nature-
Can dimonstrate that Nature says that every crime is right.

Shure, he's handy wid his pen, Sir,
And he's read what Herbert Spenser
Has written of the crimes that are committed by the Shtate
Wid its Socialistic forces;
And his teachin's I endorses,
For 'twas by Shtate interference that we met our awful fate.
Edward Kelly".

Wed May 16th 1938. Yesterday we received the following letter from Mrs. Webster:-

"Greenfield Terrace, Portreath, nr Redruth, April 6th, 1938.
Dear Mr. Cocking, Just a few lines, trusting you are all keeping well. We are all enjoying the best of health, we are thankful to say, & the weather is perfect. The sea is like a pool to-day. We had a lot of ground sea a few weeks ago: it kept our coal boats from coming in & going out, so our men have not been so busy. But there! we are blessed in this little village. There are no really poor people here; the men go on the farms & on the dole, so they're blessed: & all have gardens & ducks & fowls; but Redruth & Cambourne districts are very bad off, poor things. Well, Mr. Cocking, we thank you for the papers-- we enjoy them. I am sending you Falmouth quay & one or two others I thought you would like to have. My husband & family join in sending kindest regards to you & Mrs. Cocking & family. Will write more next time-- want to catch this post.

Yours sincerely, E. Webster.
With the letter there were 4 post-card views of "Rough Sea, Land's End"; "Pendennis Head & Castle, Falmouth"; "Prince of Wales Pier, Falmouth; & "Saint Mawes".

Wed. continued. Last evening son Jack, Gladys, John, Dell, & Alma visited us, & after supper they went on to Raymond Terrace. They are all looking well.

Yesterday I received the following letter from Pat O'Grady :-

"Joe & Mrs. Cocking, 22 Louis St., Adelaide, S.A.,
12/5/38. My dear friends, Your very kind letter to hand. I am always glad to "hear" from you; & I also find in your letters that "sympathetic touch" that you say you value in my letters. Well, friends, & you especially Joe, will perhaps understand that little touch when I remind you that you were the first real live Socialist I had met. Through my reading, scanty as it had been up to the time I had met you, I had imbibed the essence of the philosophy, & yearned for comradeship & association with a Socialist, or many of them. And you came along & filled the great want as, I believe, no one else could have done. And at the risk of incurring the charge of being egotistical, let me also say I find in you a kindred spirit in an intellectual sense. I am aware that it looks conceited in me, & also invites the taunt of "leg-pulling", only that I am aware of who it is that these words are addressed to. In addition to retaining that sympathetic touch I would emphasize it by insisting that, although there are many workers who are leagues ahead of either of us in intellect, still there very many -- far too many -- who do not wish to reach even our standard. For myself I feel very lonely because I find so very few who are in thorough sympathy with me in thought. I think those few words may to some extent explain our mutual difficulties. I hope, Joe, you had a reply from Mr. Tabe, but I hardly think a satisfactory one. Tabe is not a very very common name, you know,

94

& I thought they might have added an e to make it less uncommon. Your verses in "World Peace" seem to me very creditably done; but, frankly Joe, I am not afflicted with the gift of peesy. I prefer, as far as I personally am concerned, to blunder on in prosy ole prose.

I did once, but only once, try my prentice hand at doggerel (that spelt right?) & I thought for a few verses that I was doing fairly, but the trouble seemed to be that I could not tell where to stop-- to come to a suitable place to end-- to land, as 'twere. I will include it in the next bundle of papers I mail you.

And just here seems the right place to say that this very evening as ever was, I posted to you a half dozen of South Australia's A.L.P. paper, "The Workers' Weekly Herald". You will notice the peices I wrote under the pen-name of "Dad", & "Rusticus". I was just beginning to find my land-legs under the "Dad" pen-name when the blundering fool of a printer, whether designedly or accidentally I cannot say, threw a spanner into the cogs & caused poor "Dad" to vanish into thin air.

The editor was more vexed than "Dad" was, & although he agreed that the poor old chap was murdered, begged me to resurrect him & continue under a new moniker. But I did not enjoy myself under this reincarnation & got sick of it, & faded away as gracefully as possible. Anyhow, it meant little more than practice for me, as very few people ever seemed to read either my stuff or that of anyone else in that paper.

I enjoyed myself much more with my efforts in "The Pensioners' Journal" under the pen-name of "Himself". But I found it almost impossible to continue owing to the way my stuff was sometimes handled either by the editor or the printer or both. But it may be that in my old age I am become impossible. But take a screw at that peice in the "Herald" under the caption, "At The Fire". There it was, "At The Fire" by "Dad", & continued on smoothly to the end, & then "P. O'Grady", 79 West Terrace, at the bottom. It was all so damphoolish.

You do not say, my friend, whether you are still "at the handle" or are taking it easy in the early evening of your life. I am not very sure what I let you know in my last letter-- not much I am afraid-- but let me say now that since December 1933 I have not done a stroke of work for anybody but for myself; & I am sure that I shall never cease to marvel, if I reach Methuselah's (I hope my spelling is not too atrocious) age, how I could have been such a mug as not to have woke up before. My goodness! And we believed what our masters said about our being happier than they! Please excuse me not caring to write any more this time, Joe. It always saddens me when I think of those 58 years of toil that I did for others, & never woke up. Oh h-- but never mind now. I am enjoying life now as I never thought it could be enjoyed, was in fact never meant to be enjoyed "by the likes of us". Yes, the old age pension will do me better than hard yacker for others. Good night, dear friends. With sincere affection,
P. O'Grady. 23 Louis St., Adelaide, S. Aus.

75
95.
Wed. continued. This evening I wrote a letter to Mr. Alf. V. Tabe, carpenter, 17 Oak Avenue, Unley, S. Aus., re the Tabb family. I received the old Age pensioners' "Journal" of Feb 11th 1937. to-day

Thur. May 17th 1938. Pension day: rainy. This morning I received the following note:-

"Mrs. E. Wakefield, Room 60, Station House, Rawson Place, Sydney

Dear Friend, Your subscription to "World Peace" is now due, having expired with the May issue. I feel sure you are not aware of this & that you will want to renew same.

We have also had printed a splendid little pamphlet re the question of whether Von Luckners should be allowed to land in Australia. They are 3d each, & if you would like me to send you some please let me know. Yours truly, Elsie Wakefield. Manager."

Arthur is having an examination by the education department to-day; but as he forgot to bring some books from Kickabil, & Mrs. Edwards has not sent them in time, he is not likely to pass in the exam. Art has advertised his 2 motor bicycles to sell them, as he is anxious to buy a motor-car.

HOW TO BE HAPPY.

12/1 (By "Himself"). 1937.

"Oh, Boy! I do wish I were rich so that I might be happy." "Happy? Nan", I answered. "Come along with me, and I will make you happy." So I set about making her happy, and without the aid of material wealth or filthy lucre, though not in the age-long way that boys have been making girls, and incidentally themselves, happy since the world was very young, but by a new process that was discovered in Adelaide only a year or two (or perhaps three or four) ago.

In response to my proposal Nancy linked her arm in mine in the time-honoured way, and I took her along, just as were, to the—tut, tut, no, not to the Altar, but to the Hanson Street Hall, where Bro. Frank Saunders (Hon. Sec. of South Adelaide Branch) had her initiated into the mysteries of the order of pensioners, and she has been happy ever since, and looks as if she will be happy for all time.

Brother pensioners, each one of you! Go thou and do likewise. But, be very sure that it is the original and genuine "Old Age and Invalid Pensioners of S.A. Inc.", for I would warn you that there are one or two poor anaemic concerns in this city furiously struggling to eke out a precarious existence on the strength

of the reputation of our own organization. But, if South Adelaide Branch is, as to distance, too remote from your home, there are other and reputable branches in practically every suburb. They all meet fortnightly. South Adelaide's Branch meets at 2 p.m. at Hanson Street Hall on every Monday following pension day. There is always a splendid cup of tea mid-way through the meeting, which resolves itself into a real happy family re-union. This creates a homey sort of atmosphere, which probably accounts for the usual very fine attendance.

Rumour has it, by the way, that there are scores of boy and girl flappers in South Adelaide district, ranging in age between fifty and sixty, who are practically urging their mammas to falsify their ages to enable them to receive the pension right now, and so qualify for membership in our grand Association.

Tell me, someone, can you blame them?

+ Frantically a not Practically

1912 — 1937

(By 'Himself').

When you've reach the age of sixty,
(If a mere man, sixty-five),
And you feel as if you've done your little
bit;

Though you're feeling good and frisky,
And are very much alive,
Don't forget that you've a right to still
keep fit.

But when everything looks blue,
With your mind all in a whirl,
And you seem the plaything of unkind
old fate,

Remember this, old comrade,
Whether ageing boy or girl,
That Fortune may be waiting at your
gate.

And if you're feeling lonely,
And sick and sore at heart,
And in fancy you look back upon the
years

When youth and vigour were become
your chief delight,
Pray look not upon the present as just
a vale of tears.

But as a lovely garden, and your right.
A right you've justly earned
By the care that you've bestowed
Upon this land of your adoption, or
your birth;

Hold up your head, old comrade,
And teach the shameless arrogant
That they dare not try to push you off
this earth.

So, now you've reached the age of sixty,
(If a mere man, sixty-five),
And you're feeling rather fearful?
No, not you!

Go along to Central Mission (upstairs,
No. 3),
And seek instruction there, my friends,
As to how to get your due.

Your due is the full pension
Granted years ago by men,
And not by some automatons that we
know.

So join up, my hearties all, and then
On us our just rights they'll bestow;
Oh! our just rights they'll bestow.

By Pat O'Shady.

March 18th 1937

IF DREAMS COME TRUE—WHAT THEN?

(By Himself).

From a profound though peaceful sleep I awoke suddenly, or anyhow, I thought that I was awake, with all my senses and faculties keenly alert. I seemed to have been made aware of having been awakened by someone or by something for some special purpose. But a vague memory of a stray scrap of information I had gleaned from my reading in days long past impelled me to seize an electric torch, from which I squirted a stream of light on to a time-piece, which showed the time to be within a few seconds of midnight. Ha! Time almost for its appearance. I waited those few seconds, and then a sense of uncanny certitude bade me turn my gaze window-wards, as expectantly as if a low whistle had invited. As I

gazed a shadowy, tenuous figure in human shape appeared and wafted itself through the glazing of, not the open, but the closed window, and very silently approached my bed-side. As our eyes met I noticed that those of my nocturnal visiting shape contained signs of a sad something that it desired to communicate to me, something in the nature of an urgent message or a solemn warning it seemed to betoken.

But why this eerie silence? Ah! I remembered now! My dear old mother used often to tell us kiddies that a spirit from the beyond was not permitted to speak with those in the flesh until invited to do so; and as I was never in the least afraid of returned souls I gave it a cordial invitation to say its say, which it proceeded to do in this wise:

Kind sir, I thank you for the invitation to speak, which was very necessary.

Know, then, that you have been honoured by being selected as the recipient and repository of an important message from departed pensioner comrades, including myself, who devoutly hope that

to others of our comrades still in the flesh. This is the message:

"On reaching the Celestial Gates after my so-called demise a kind of instinct impelled me towards an opening of imposing dimensions through which could be discerned a flight of dazzling diamond-studded, golden steps, towards which, in my characteristic casual way I proceeded with the laudable intention of making the grand ascent. But I found I had reckoned without my (future) host, the venerable Saint Peter, no less, who, placing a restraining hand on my shoulder, asked in a gentle voice the nature of my business.

"Business?" quoth I. 'Why, I am just come home. It is a tradition on earth that Adelaide pensioners, one of whom I had the great honour to be while still there, that Adelaide pensioners, because of their good reputations and ditto conduct (a report of which surely precedes them before their arrival), need no other passport to these regions. Surely you know.'

"But, my friend', I received as an-

96. Continued on page 125

2848

WATCHMAN, WHAT OF THE NIGHT ?

By "Himself".

The thanks of all pensioners are due to C.F.V. for the timely reminder, under the above heading in the April issue of the "Journal" that the price of liberty is eternal vigilance. Like C.F.V., many others of us have had misgivings as to the possibility of pensioners having to suffer a reduction in their already shamefully low standard of living by their premature absorption in the, up to now, rather nebulous, to say the least, National Insurance proposition, in which may be included the, also premature, repeal of the present "Old Age and Invalid Pensions Act".

Now, a government antipathetic towards the pensions system (and we have known such) might easily, under circumstances such as a foolish confidence on our part in its alleged good intentions towards us, make use of such an opportunity as would undo in one stroke all the good bequeathed to us by the splendid statesmen of a generation ago. That is one of many reasons why we should heed the advice of our mentor: "The price of liberty is eternal vigilance."

Our difficulties are increased by the paucity of information concerning the probable intentions of the sponsors of the proposed measure. Occasionally a visit is paid by a Federal Member of Parliament, on invitation, to an anniversary social, or other gathering, of a branch of our Association, and makes a valiant effort to enlighten those pre-

that owing to the evident concern of ministers for the affairs of other countries and peoples, rather than for those of the people of their own country, which is said to necessitate those frequent junketings to various places overseas, those whose duty it should be have neglected the procuring of the necessary data upon which the poor man could have secured the information expected from him, and so, like poor old Omar Khayyam, we have merely "heard great argument about it and about, but evermore come out by the same door as in we went".

The danger, as I see it, is that the whole question of what is generically termed "relief"—rations, widow and child welfare, etc.—and, most important to us, the present pensions system (the bird in hand, so to speak), may be placed in the melting-pot and a legislative abortion be the final result. That should be inconceivable; but remember the pensions and superannuation cuts, and other iniquities given birth to by the panic legislation of a few years ago which had its culmination in the ever-to-be-remembered Premiers' Plan!

What we really need to particularly stress is this: Government and Parliament must be told in no uncertain terms that we pensioners, who are now past work and wages, must not be included in any scheme of National Insurance, which provides for compulsory contributions out of current wages: we know that governments are quite capable of classifying pensions as wages, and of confiscating a portion as contributions to the National Insurance Fund.

However, much of the foregoing is really as much the concern of those who are not yet, but will one day be, eligible for the pension. And much as we may be puzzled because of the apathy of potential pensioners, of those who are

ing age, we are still more puzzled at the ineptitude of those who are in a better position than they are to watch over their interests, and who, in many cases, are paid for that very purpose. There are surely in the clientele of those men many who are worth while, and who are worthy of assistance in a struggle for a fair deal and an adequate future pension; also to make early preparations to ensure that the proposed National Insurance scheme when implemented will not have the degrading effect of pauperising the rank and file of that most useful section of the community.

One thing seems certain: unless present and future pensioners become thoroughly organised and proceed to co-ordinate the activities of their separate organisations in the matter of fostering their common interests, those interests will suffer.

June 7th, 1937

Pat O'Grady.

STILL HOPING!
(By "Himself.")

Contributors to the pages of this Journal, it cannot be too often or too strongly emphasised, do not make the claim that they are giving vent to opinions that are necessarily shared by other contributors; by the Editor, or by the Board of Management; but, just the same, if such a claim were made it would be, as a general rule, a valid one, for the reason that we all know, approximately, just what the literary staff and also what the average intelligent pensioner would want to be advanced as a means of gaining, and when gained, of preserving their just rights. And we gain this knowledge by moving about among the pensioners, and by judicious probing, finding out their points of view.

It is generally recognised that there

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are in any movement for the betterment of the conditions of its members, certain fundamentals, the observance of which, obviously, must be shared by all who take an active and intelligent interest in directing its activities. Who, for instance, would have the temerity to suggest that even among the rank and file of pensioners there can be found a man or woman of normal mentality who would sincerely advocate the abrogation of the Prime Minister's solemn promise: that on the achievement of the straightening out of the muddled financial position, he would completely restore the pensions' rate to its former level, viz., to £2 per fortnight. And, remember, whoever else it is that is responsible for that colossal muddle, it most certainly is not the pensioners, though to their shame be it said, we had to bear a shamefully unfair share of the sacrifice that was necessary to set matters right. The conditions governing the Prime Minister's promise—and they were laid down by himself—having now been adequately fulfilled, we confidently look forward to that promise being honored. Very well then, I fancy I hear someone exclaim, why all this scepticism and suspicion; the promise was made also by the Treasurer, Mr. Casey, that provision would be made for restoration in the next budget; then why not wait for that budget to materialize and then see? Which looks alright on the face of it, but, friends! There are others who are hostile to both Government and pensioners alike when a few of their paltry shekels are menaced, and upon whom it would be wise to keep a wary eye.

Those whose constant boast it is that they alone have a stake (steak) in the country that is worth fighting to preserve, are sparing no effort to enhance the value to them of the unfair advantage they possess, and also to see to it that the pensioners shall not obtain any

increase in our poor standard at what they are pleased to regard as their expense. And "The Journal," our watch dog, must be on the alert night and day in the interests of each one of us; yes, even in the interests of those benighted comrades who are so short-sighted as not to see that the expenditure of a penny a month for its upkeep would be a paying proposition.

And, anyhow, who will dare to say that of those piles of hoarded wealth now in possession of those, to us invisible, but nevertheless substantial adversaries, was not very extensively contributed to by each and every one of us who are now forced to clamour for justice. No doubt you all remember, as I do, with what high hopes each of us set off for the outback, as was our wont in those old days, to do some hoarding for ourselves, on a limited and modest scale, 'tis true—shamefully true. Let's see, how did it go?

"Good bye, mother and dad, I'll probably not see you again for a year or two, but when I do return my first act will be to purchase this plot of land for which you have been paying old Skin-Flint such a high rental for so many years, and my second, to build thereon a cottage that will be a real home for you, mother."

But these would be vain promises, that would be fated never to be fulfilled. Pathetic, is it not, to think now how that mirage of hope had the power to lure us on to—this!

I think it was Pope (the Poet, not the Pontiff) who gave the world this pregnant couplet:—

"Hope springs eternal in the human breast;

"Man never is, but always to, be blest."

And I am just a wee bit afraid that the Prime Minister's promise is to some, at least of our poor bullied and brow-beaten old comrades, but just another

instance of "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick." But cheer up lads and lassies, even Mr. Lyons' hopes may have been burnished up during his present joyful sojourn in the land of never say die, and in the company of the super-optimists over there.

June 7th, 1937

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF A PIONEER.

(By "Himself.")

Whilst basking in the blessed sunshine on one of the lawns at my sumptuous residence one day recently, and engaged in the rather pleasant and profitable pastime of reading "The Journal," I was caught in the act by an unannounced visitor. Being a friend he proceeded to make himself quite at home, as friends will, by taking the paper from my hand without so much as "by your leave" and, casually scanning its contents, expressed surprise that in this 1937th year of the Christian era it should be considered necessary to publish such an organ in the interests of those to whom, it should be agreed, the whole community is so deeply indebted. He showed distinct signs of shock when I explained that we were compelled to be continuously on the alert. What of the machinations of a very militant section in the community who are almost visibly drifting towards that interesting biological phenomenon known as reversion to type; in other words who were rapidly becoming throwbacks—throwing back to that state of barbarism from which, it is obvious, they had emanated and, for a time, had made tentative advances towards civilization.

He is of the opinion that for such a valuable anthropological gesture as this move is, our paper should receive a substantial annual grant from a grateful Na-

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opinion that every pensioner, in this State at least, should be a subscriber to "The Journal," and expressed disgust when told that not every member of our Association, not to mention non-members, is yet willing to become a subscriber; that a remnant still exists of that now almost extinct type called boneheads, and who still shows traces of "Conscription"-resisting tendencies.

On leaving me he tendered what I consider very serviceable advice: That a couple of columns, at least, of each issue of "The Journal" should be devoted to reminding the members of the public that they should be proud to see to it that we pensioners are treated as an integral part of the community; treated as human beings having a right to live their lives as such to an honorable end. He suggested that there must be many pensioners whose pioneering experiences, as well as being interesting reading, should be useful as reminders to a thoughtless generation to do the right thing by us. So say I; hence this contribution:—

I first saw the light in a little township not fifty miles from Adelaide, in the Mt. Lofty Ranges. My education, such as it is, was acquired in a desultory and haphazard manner, as it would be apt to be in small country townships in those early days.

I have but very hazy recollections of what my first days at school were like; but about the least hazy of them seems to be connected with the style in which I was dressed. I must have been about seven years of age, and I remember that, like all my fellow students of the same age, and even older, I sported instead of the nickers of a later day, a frock, differing little, if anything, from those worn by the little girls. We also were the proud possessors of what almost amounted to hob-nailed boots! Proud because those boots, except in the mat-

those worn by our dads. Now, the average small boy of this more sophisticated day will be apt to conjure up visions of what is now termed "a rag" as a prelude to my acceptance in to school-boy society on that first day; but they would be mistaken: we were all similarly attired, and therefore not were conspicuous.

As education was neither free (not even nominally free) nor compulsory in that day, my parents must have thought they had done a fair thing by me by the time I had reached the age of twelve, for at that age I was taken from school and put to work at the local brewery, then producing four hogsheads at a brew, later increased to six hogsheads.

I received for a start the munificent wage of two and six pence per week and my keep. I lived at the proprietor's private residence, and during the forenoons acted as boy about the house, the fowl and pig yard and the stables. My duties included the care of seven brewery horses. In the afternoons various tasks at the brewery farther along the street, principally bottle-washing, kept me busy till 5 p.m., then back to the stables and my equine charges.

I remained in this my first employment, giving more or less faithful service for a remunerative return that amounted to no more than my bare keep, for five years. I should state here that after the first year it was arranged that I should go back home for my bed and board, when I received an extra five shillings per week, as equivalent I presume! I also received microscopic rises in wages yearly until I had reached the age of 17, at which time I was raking in the princely sum in wages of fifteen shillings per week and keep myself! Then it suddenly dawned on me that possibly I could do better if I moved on a mile or two. I moved some twenty miles to another township. And now commenced my real

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of experience. Now I had had a taste of hard "yacker." Instead of bottle-washing I was introduced to a great spalling hammer in quarries, railway cuttings, etc., and, again, to a handy-sized brick-hod and the concrete mixing board (no mixing machines then). But I thought it was alright—I was young and hefty, and received the great incentive of a man's wages. And just then, through listening to various adventures of my older mates, I developed a compelling wanderlust, and made a bee-line for Yorke Peninsula's mallee lands, where, I gathered, good money was to be made at Mullenizing—piece-work. Here I did quite well for nearly a year, but that wanderlust still persisted. I saw in the papers that the Nairne to Murray Bridge section of the Adelaide-Melbourne railway construction job was in full blast and off I went. Between that job and the Mt. Barker-Strathalbyn line, I put in another year. Still the itch to see and to know what lay over, or up, yonder, I again rolled my swag for a four hundred mile trek to the Hergott-Strangways Springs railway job, just started. And as it is now mid-winter of the year 1885, I am hardly likely to be driven from there by the excessive heat of that region before the appearance of the next issue of "The Journal," when I hope to conclude this sketch from the life of a peripatetic pioneer, there I shall remain for the time being.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF A PIONEER.

9/7 1937. ✓

(Continued from last issue.)

By "Himself".

Arrived at Hergott (now Marree) rather tired after a two days' train journey from the city, we were grateful for a rough shake-down in a wood-iron shed at the railway yards for the night. Next

morning we started, per boot, for our final destination, Pole Creek, which we reached in ample time to pitch our camp; a four-horse wagon carrying our personal belongings and camping gear. Here were marked out, in one chain lots, our work for the present. We were told to form ourselves into parties of two, each party to take a chain between them. The work consisted of what is technically known as side-ditching—excavating ditches at the side of the proposed formation, and wheeling the dirt on to the line, thus completing the formation. A decent young chap called Billy I had chummed in with on the way up, and I formed a party and we made a start.

Ganger Pat White set us all to work, and went off to his principal gang about two miles away without informing us as to wages. He paid the next visit to the gang three days later, checked the number of chains each party had completed, and left us for another long spell. Now, Billy and I being much more experienced navvies than the rest, came to the conclusion that that lack of supervision over us spelt piecework, and we accelerated somewhat; the others reckoned we were mug-wumps, arguing that the bos would not put us on piecework without acquainting us of the fact. And piecework it was. Billy and I made fair wages from the start.

After that particular piece of formation was completed we were all drafted into other gangs along the line at day-wages; to the ballast-pit, the galloping-out, plate-laying, concrete-mixing—in fact, all and everything connected with railway construction.

It was June, 1885, when we arrived on the job, and I remained the rest of that winter; all the next summer, the following winter, right through and up to November of the second summer. The normal "shade" temperature in summer was

where they ever found a shade in which to place the thermometer was something that had us navvies puzzled. The hottest day during my stay was 121 degrees! And there and then I decided that my continuance in that region was not absolutely necessary to the proper rounding-off of my young manhood. Not at navvying, at any rate. So I quit.

Being nicely cashed up, I considered I was now entitled to a week's holiday, so, on my way south again, I broke the journey at Port Augusta. Here was being constructed by the Government a new wharf, which necessitated a considerable amount of dredging for deepening purposes. The mud and silt brought up by the dredger was deposited into large square pontoons somewhat about two feet in depth. When these pontoons were filled they were towed to wherever their contents were needed for filling behind the wharf wall, and there emptied by shovelling the stuff over side. This is called mud-punching. I was offered a job at that work and, postponing my projected holiday, I accepted. I told a few local lads of my intention, and one and all they advised me to give it a miss. They told me that the only men who could stand that heavy work were the hardy Scandinavian ex-sailor-men. Well I said (to myself), I am a hardy Australian navvy; one of that breed that refuses to acknowledge any

other breed as superior to us in stamina. And I reported for work next morning. The boss informed me that conditions were—four men to a pontoon; the pontoon to be emptied, in an hour, otherwise he would have to throw up the contract. The wages were one shilling per hour, all of which conditions I accepted. My three mates, and all four in the other pontoon, were either Swedes or Norwegians, I the only Australian. Having just left the ballast-pit and the concrete-

mixing board on the Great Northern line, I thought I knew work of the grueling kind, but my word! Those big Swedes showed me something new in physical endurance! In those silly old days we all bowed to the fetish of "elbow grease", as if any work achieved by any other method was utterly unworthy of regard. We know better now. Synthetic elbow grease is the popular (and profitable) fetish to-day. Those Swedes, besides being hard and hefty were good mates, and all-round fine fellows as well. I lasted till the job cut out, and then returned to the Yorke Peninsula mallee, and took a contract for mullenizing one hundred acres of scrub. This was how I took my postponed holiday; and compared to mud-punching it was gloriously restful and soothing. On the completion of that contract I found my way to the copper mines adjacent to Kadina, where I put in fifteen years in the stopes and winzes at Wallaroo Mines, some eighteen hundred to two thousand feet below the surface. But as the country afforded but few opportunities for youth advancement, and my youngsters looking for chances their father had not had, I moved to the city.

After two or three years at hod-carrying I chanced upon my dear old first love—a job in a brewery, and we remained true to each other to the end. I remained in that brewery for twenty years, assisting in the production of good, clean, Nathan ale for the slaking of the thirsts of other weary toilers in need of something stimulating while undergoing their period of travail.

Now, my family of six sturdy young Australians being all married and doing fairly well, I decided at seventy years of age, to quite work and retire on the old age pension. I considered, and still do, that I had earned it, and that the

erved during my fifty-eight years' hard toil and, presumably, being held in reserve for me by the Federal Government, would be sufficient for my needs for the remainder of my days.

To recapitulate: I started work in a little country brewery at the age of twelve. My last twenty years of toil were also performed in a brewery in the city. My working life consisted of fifty-eight years of the hardest and roughest of manual work, a detailed enumeration of the various jobs of which considerations of space forbid. The longest period of unemployment in my career was five weeks—on two separate occasions. In that long period of useful, productive work was included twenty-five years in breweries, in spite of which (perhaps because of which) I am still hale and hearty. Further, since my twenty-first birthday I have never been a total abstainer, and never in my life have I lost an hour's work or a shilling in wages through drink.

And now, please, understand that I am not setting all this down in any spirit of boastfulness. Thousands of others, many of them pensioners, have done as much and more. There is nothing extraordinary in it, excepting perhaps, as I have often been told, the amount of asinine stupidity embodied in it. True,

as has also been frequently admitted, though grudgingly, guts too was an important factor in its accomplishment. My sole purpose has been just to show the people, by way of illustration, that pensioners are not the wasters that some take pleasure in asserting.

TRUE FELLOWSHIP.

1/10 By "Himself". 1937.

He was the most civilised and the most human-like specimen of the feline species I had ever encountered. He came to us some eight or ten years previously looking woefully out of condition and out of favour. The missis, sex-conscious to the finger-tips as she is, thinking, with characteristic feminine logic, that such a dejected, woe-begone and neglected looking object must surely belong to the put-upon sex, promptly adopted "her". She would be just what she (the missis) needed as a companion for herself in my absence while at work, and perhaps, at other places too, but which were diplomatically left unspecified.

She decided that it would not be necessary to give her a formal name, so she always addressed him as "darling", and just as well, too, because after a week or two of generous feeding it displayed distinct masculine proclivities of various kinds such as, for instance, slipping away guiltily to places known only to himself when night fell. And when we met him next morning at breakfast showing several freshly-made scratches about his innocent-looking face, one would have thought that butter would not have melted in his mouth. Yes, he was very human—and very male.

He and I soon became the best of pals; and he showed an intelligence so much superior to the average of his kind that I decided to Christen him and introduce him to an admiring world as "Falstaff".

We would (he and I) sit together regularly o' winter nights by the fire, and while I smoked and discoursed, more or less learnedly on the, to us, most important topics of the hour, he would

and, with forepaws neatly tucked beneath his breast, would listen attentively, the while purring contentedly, as good listeners should.

Old Sir John had very little to say for himself (sensible pussy!). But he could converse interestingly if occasion demanded.

Apart from his purring and an occasional amatory serenading advance on some gloriously moonlit night, Falstaff's language was a soundless one. It consisted principally of gestures—shrugs, smiles, and yawns being plentifully employed. He also possessed the rare faculty of projecting his precious thoughts directly on to the human mind, when properly attuned to his own mind, in such a degree as make our own poor human linguistic efforts seem crude and comparatively ineffectual. He appeared to derive much amusement from what he deservedly called by "mouth noises". But let me here give the reader a sample of his mode of speech—his technique:

One evening, when we were deeply immersed in one or another of our pet philosophical subjects, a terrible hullabaloo arose from next door's back-yard, which so grated on the nerves of the missus that she came rushing into the forum and begged that I at once proceed to disperse those "fighting" cats.

I stole a glance at Falstaff, being anxious to note his reactions to such a monstrous misinterpretation of such plainly obvious pacific domesticity! And I discovered him steadily and purposefully regarding me with those wise and eloquent eyes of his, as if he was intent upon drawing from me my own opinion of the why-ness of human ignorance in the matter of those beautiful love notes in the entrancing music of our brothers and sisters of the feline race.

And by way of answer I made it as plain as I could that, in the interests of domestic peace, I would rather not make any comments on the incident under review. Evidently he understood, and agreed with my view on the matter, for he again turned to the glowing coals in the grate; but before completing the move he first projected towards me a knowing look and smile, and, lowering his left upper eye-lid on to his furry cheek-bone, he produced a prolonged wink. And that more than human behaviour clearly meant: "Let it pass, brother; you and I understand, having been at one time young ourselves. Let it pass!"

I enquired of Falstaff just about this time how he viewed the prospect of his coming old age. At which he again consulted the coals in the fire, as if in the certainty of there finding the answer to my question. He made answer in his own efficient way: "Oh, I am not at all perturbed; I have the utmost confidence in the missus and in you, brother. I know I shall be well cared for as usual."

"Well," said I, "your confidence is not misplaced. You have been a good and faithful friend to us, and we shall not wantonly abandon you in your declining years. And", I continued, "strictly between you and me, I heard the missus say the other day that she has hopes that very soon now she will be in a position to restore to you that shilling's worth of Murray cod per week that she honestly thinks she was compelled to deprive you of during those terrible lean years just passed. She declares that she is just dying to look you squarely in the face again, but that she will be unable to do so until she has made a complete restoration of that deplorable and regrettable cut."

I continued: "Besides, I now make to

you a solemn promise that, not in any circumstances, will there ever be installed in our house, as there are in the dwellings and warehouses of the wealthy, any of those mechanical mousers—those newfangled contraptions that, so to speak, take the mice from the mouths of honest cats, and from the mouths of their wives and innocent little kittens."

At such evidently welcome news his eyes sparkled his deep gratitude. He even left his cosy position on the chair and slowly moved round me, pressing his body caressingly against my legs, the while purring more beatifically than ever.

And the pathetic truth dawned upon me: Could we but thoroughly understand each other, how closely interwoven is the sympathy between the so-called brute creation and the human!

Then feeling a wee bit ashamed of such unwonted sentimentalism I tried to laugh it off with: "How like a human a cat can act!"

But what my dear old mother (who believed in fairies) would have said is: "That's not a right cat!"

AT THE FIRE.
By "THE DAD."
"Curious, dad, is it not, how a fire has the power to fascinate the average person and cause him to rush pell-mell to the spot just because others are doing so; I wonder what the explanation is?"
"Well, Algy," there are many possible explanations. It may be only the instinctive urge towards anything of a spectacular nature; and it may be, as you have just said, just because these others are doing so. You see, my son, the hu-

to be with his kind. But, primarily, I should say, it is because of a 'vestigial instinct,' a remnant or vestige of an impulse, latent within us somewhere, which in the days when the world was younger and more unsophisticated, caused men to hurry to the assistance of a neighbor in time of distress or danger. In these more days regarding the hereafter and learned to despise those generous impulses as something of which to be ashamed, something that is 'not done.' In the 'good old days' those generous impulses, that feeling of mutual helpfulness and brotherly love, merely indicated the depth and intensity of the religious teaching of the time. Since those days many and great changes have taken place. At that period of the world's history life was simple. Now life is complex. Then the wants of the people were few and simple, and all, or nearly all, had enough and to spare. Now, by a wise dispensation of providence, so that those possessed of initiative and ability might secure the rewards of those virtues, the many are, rightly, in a condition of servitude and dependence on our class who possess those twin virtues of initiative and ability. The intricacies of the workings of our complex modern society, sometimes called social evolution, have brought about a gradual, almost imperceptible change in religious thought. Many of us regret exceedingly the need for the change, but the need was there and urgent, and our class, ever watchful of its own interests, early recognised the trend of events and used its natural and acquired accomplishments to conserve those interests. You see, Algy, being aware that nothing remains static, that the great law of change is among the most persistent of all natural laws, we early saw to it that the inevitable change in our emotional outlook consequent on those economic changes already rapidly taking shape, was directed, as an all-wise Providence surely intended, towards the cultural and material advantage of the better class. Hence the stemming of the tide of that hateful propaganda which presaged the 'second Coming'

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103

OUR SLUMS AND THE DWELLERS THEREIN.

3/7/1936.

By "RUSTICUS"

WHAT a tremendous effect historical events are apt to have on one's ordinarily prosaic view-point. In the usual matter of fact, work-a-day affairs of life, how easy it is for one to pass unnoticed some of the most objectionable phases of life in one's ardent pursuit of the elusive something that one may desire for the moment. Take, for instance, the city slum. Oh, yes, you are quite in error, sir. We have our slums as have the people of other cities. These slums have been with us as long as I can remember, and many of us have been passing them, even passing through them, in our quest for whatever it is that we want without noticing them all that time. Some of us, through stress of circumstances, have even had to live in one occasionally, and have philosophically made the best of it. Then, suddenly, comes along an event with historical associations, such as, for instance, a centenary year. Such an event is happening in this year of grace in our own State, so the papers say. And if the right paper says so, there is nothing more to be said on the matter. But we ordinary folk can see little or no difference between this year and the ninety-nine that have preceded it since the great intrusion.

Some of our people, however, claim that they can see a difference, or, at any rate, see things differently, now that the centenary is being celebrated. It needed a centenary year to wake them up to the fact that slums are unsightly and undesirable, especially when located between the chief sea-port and the city alongside the railway line along which visitors are conveyed. The slums within the city boundaries, however, are birds of a different plumage; Our visitors will not be conveyed through those quarters when being shown around.

In connection with the Bowden slums, which it is impossible to dodge, one of the "Advertiser's" correspondents, in his desire to be in the running for the prize for the best centenary gesture, suggests that a mile or two of hoarding be erected along both sides of the Port line in the vicinity of Bowden. His idea had nothing to do with slum abolition, but merely to hide them! How typical of petty bourgeois mentality! And to show the genuineness of his particular brand of civic pride, he

even mentioned the possibility of greatly reducing the cost of said hoarding, or even converting the idea into a profitable undertaking as an advertising medium. Our friend, the "Advertiser" correspondent, has need to exercise a little care lest he find his name on the coming list of Birthday Honors this month.

But in regard to the slums of the city proper, it would be rather enlightening to the genuine seeker after truth to take a stroll through some of them, and have a quiet talk with some of the dwellers therein, as I did one afternoon recently. I pretended (God forgive me!) to be interested in city property as a field for investment, and would the lady oblige by allowing me to look through? I will not throw undeserved slurs on my class by describing what I saw. Nor could I greatly blame the tenants for the needless unkempt and untidy appearance of their all too shabby "homes." I found it more profitable as a source of information to listen to the various tenants' versions of the causes of the impending crash of this wonderful social and economic structure of ours.

In one four-roomed cottage home were present, beside dad and mum, four children of school-going age, and I was told that there were besides, a grown-up son and an almost grown-up daughter. The son had but recently left home in search of work in the country. The daughter, the mother explained, preferred to remain in her room while any chance visitors were present. Like thousands of her class, this poor child had not earned a penny since leaving school some three years previously. Being poorly dressed, she had, perforce, to remain indoors during daylight hours; as it not being convenient at all times for her mother to accompany her, she often had to take what air and out-door exercise she needed in the evenings unaccompanied. Who, then, can be blamed if, on occasion, an accidental meeting took place between her and one or another of her schoolboy friends, now, like herself, almost grown up physically, but, unlike her, much too sophisticated for his age. Such a meeting took place; they became interested in each other; they became intimate—engaged. The inevitable happened as the inevitable happens

in all walks of life. But the walk of life poor Hilda had been forced to take was not, like that of some others, strewn with the good things of this world; so the means of rehabilitation and of restoration of a state of respectability were beyond her or her parents' reach.

But what matters; she is only a slum girl, "the daughter of a shiftless, ne'er-do-well, who probably would refuse a job if offered one." So let the unco guid and the fortunate look on the other side as they pass along. There is congenial work for them to do, not in getting rid of, but in hiding, all traces of such poverty in this, our centenary year.

"And they do well to hide their Hell,

For in it things are done

That Son of God nor son of Man

Ever should look upon.

For they starve the little frightened child

Till it weeps both night and day:

And they scourge the weak, and flog the fool,

And gibe the old and grey.

And some grow mad, and all grow bad,

And none a word may say."

—(From "The Ballad of Reading Gaol").

ECONOMIC RECOVERY: GENUINE OR SPURIOUS?

31/7/1936

By "RUSTICUS." *Himmel*

An English Statesman of a past age, (I cannot recall his name for the moment, and have not the time to look it up), is credited with having said that it is possible to tax the shirt off the average man's back without his having been aware of the fact, providing that only the indirect method of attack is resorted to. I can well believe that there is at least a germ of truth in the statement. A visit to any one of the many betting halls in this city of churches on any race day will prove to any honest enquirer that a goodly proportion of its patrons are in serious danger of becoming living examples of the literal truth of that statement. And as an example of the indirect method of attack, commend me to Butler's Betting Tax. Why not one in twenty of those who patronise the betting shops are aware that they are thus contributing to the revenue; they imagine that the bookmakers pay the tax. This infamous revenue raising device, to the surprise of most of us, and I feel sure, of the Premier himself, has at least temporarily stopped the drift towards the State's insolvency and has been the main factor in bringing about a couple of handy little surpluses since its introduction. How was this miracle-working piece of legislation brought into being? As simple and painless as being rolled from top to bottom of Tapley's Hill in a barrel.

Mr. Butler, through despair because of the failure of the Premier's Plan, conceived the idea of trying for a surplus according to a plan of his own, which may be aptly called "The Premier's Plan". This new plan of our very own Premier, is proving very much more effective, though not a whit less brutal and callous, than that perpetrated by the joint efforts of the combined premiers of the Commonwealth.

And it was conceived in this way. When the State's finances had about reached the point where disaster seemed imminent (unless a change of government took place), certain legislators interviewed some of the "heads" of a certain law-breaking gang who had for many years been more or less successfully defying the authorities by carrying on a lucrative traffic in illegal betting. Fines proved not at all a deterrent to the depredations of this gang, and

it was not until "gaol without the option" was threatened that a conference between the past and present gangsters was possible. The old gang, knowing that the gaol sentence could not be passed on to their victims as were the fines, at once capitulated. A bill was introduced and finally passed, which almost overnight converted the hunted and harried, disreputable gang into quite respectable business men, willing to share the loot with the Government.

But rumour has it that there has occurred a rift in the "loot"; that the now-respectable bookmaking fraternity are complaining of unfair division of the spoils, and of breach of faith on the part of the government. However, up to now, I believe, no complaints have leaked through from the principal victims of this latest Premier's Plan.

On my occasional visits to the city from my humble rural habitation, I often take a momentary glance at these legalised gambling hells—these monuments to our Premier's wise statesmanship—although I disclaim all desire to gain credit for participating in the good work of assisting in bringing about budgetary equilibrium, as our poor Lost Lionel was wont to phrase it, but just to satisfy my curiosity and to "see how the world wags." And I can assure any student of human nature that

here is a profitable field for observation. One here is enabled to note the effect on the emotions of the punter of the success or non-success of his, or her, investment. Watch yonder poor woman who, probably without her husband's knowledge, puts her last shilling on her fancy in the Muggs Mile. Watch how she reacts to the stimulus of victory, or of failure. Or watch her reactions to the varying stimuli as the wireless announcer tells of the varying chances of her last effort to make available to her that loaf for her children's dinner on the morrow. If this is the best that Parliament can do for the people, then to hell with Parliament! Anarchy can be no worse!

In conversation the other day with a small business man in this city, I learned from him that the effort to make things meet was becoming increasingly difficult. He complained bitterly that probably twenty-five

percent of the ready money available for spending went to the bookies and the Betting Tax.

Speaking with another gentleman the same day, I sought his opinion on the betting craze. He was a well to do business man, and his answer was that just now there was absolutely no other way than the Betting Tax to raise the necessary revenue; that the business community absolutely refused to allow the government to saddle them with further taxation; and that the "racing craze" served a dual purpose: it was revenue producing, and it acted as a sedative, thus preventing the workers from worrying and fretting because of their wrongs.

Are we down-hearted?

Well, yes, a little. You see, we have no friends outside our own ranks, nor are we likely to get any. It seems really unsafe for those who have anything to lose to do anything really helpful in the way of changing the system. Well-meaning gestures like Kindness Week avail but little. They merely serve as another sedative to lull the present pain.

Pat Gandy

REVOLUTIONS

— THEIR CAUSE AND CURE.

By "RUSTICUS." *Hin*

IT has ever been the claim of those in affluent circumstances that an unflinching criterion of fitness to rule is the possession of an abundance of material wealth, the more abundant the wealth the fitter is the possessor to rule; that those so circumstanced are the Divinely appointed guides, philosophers and friends of those who have been placed in a lower stratum of society (from whence is never stated). If it did not smack somewhat of irreverence, I would be inclined to submit that, in the light of the mess that the whole world is in just now, Heaven be no longer entrusted with the selection of its rulers. Further, I would also be inclined to submit that a special tribunal—any old tribunal, say, the League of Nations—be entrusted with the duty of seeing to it that constitutionally elected governments be protected from defeated, and thereby disgruntled, minorities.

It was in the month of January, 1905, in an address to the students of the University of California, U.S.A., and at the invitation of its President, that the late Jack London gave utterance to the oft-repeated words: "The revolution is here, now. Stop it, who can!"

Those words should not be taken to mean that Mr. London was an advocate of bloody revolution, such, for instance, as that being waged in the shape of a civil war to-day by the Spanish "nobles" and their mercenaries, white and black. As most people now know, a revolution, as a means or effecting a desired change in system of government, may be either violent or peaceful. We Australians, in common with all other Britishers, indeed, of all other Anglo-Saxons, are uncompromisingly opposed to violence when a change is desired and sought; we believe with Jack London that "the social revolution is to be fought with ballots, not bullets."

But if and when a peacefully defeated and dissatisfied minority takes up arms and revolts against a constitutionally elected majority, there is but one honorable course for that government to pursue: to put down the revolution as speedily and bloodlessly as possible.

The hot-blooded Spanish peoples, in Europe and in the South American republics, on the other hand have frequently had recourse to violent methods, too often, let it be admitted, by oppressed workers in their foolish desperation. And they were roundly and rightly abused by the press of the world without stint, including that of our Australian would-be aristocrats. But why their tolerance to the present upheaval in Spain? Can it be that a revolution is only evil when perpetrated by one's political opponents—by radicals—but good and praiseworthy when indulged in by one's own—the better class?

It has long been a tradition and has been industriously promulgated for political party purposes in a certain quarter, that all revolutions are the work of bloody-minded "have-nots" from amongst the lower strata of society and never—no, never—that of the higher, nobler-minded "haves" who occupy the more exalted positions higher up. Well, the position in Spain to-day seems to give the lie to the propagandists. It now looks as if the Spanish "noble" is in line to out-do his prototype of the historic French Revolution in fiendish savagery. And, by the way, neither the French Revolution nor the present Spanish revolution was of proletarian origin, but were and are the work of those "gentler" ones higher up the social scale.

But there surely must be a deeper cause of such savagery on both sides than mere love of power; than the will to rule for its own sake. The earnest among Labor leaders have invariably advised that it is not the individual that we should condemn; that it is the system that is the cause of all the trouble. Organise and agitate, they advised, to end the system and a nearer approximation

to brotherhood will be the result.

Yes, that may be all very fine and large—it may be advanced by the rabble, but how can one expect those who are satisfied with the present system that gives them full and plenty and a continuance of the leisure and luxury that they have enjoyed at the expense of their cruelly exploited slaves right down the centuries, to agree to its abolition. The answer is that a people have a legal as well as a moral right to change a system whenever they may deem it advisable to do so so long as only constitutional means are employed. And the present laws say that a decision of a majority of that people must prevail. Besides, a just social and economic system would mean a sufficiency for all. But it would seem that it is the fear that the new "Left" Government in Spain may so alter the system that hitherto allowed those nobles to batten on their less fortunate fellows that has caused them to "see red." Yes, scratch an aristocrat on his most tender spot—his ancestral pride—and lo! there stands revealed, not a pure Castilian but a primitive savage.

And now, my masters, in apportioning social blame, pray be a little more truthful and consistent. We of the working-class are sports enough to carry willingly our share of blame, but not yours in addition.

In any case, if you wish a continuance of unrest with a possible universal revolution, let the present rotten system continue.

25/9/1936.

BANDITRY, ANCIENT AND MODERN

25/9/1936. By "RUSTICUS."

ONCE more has the whirligig of time brought along in its train the usual rumours of a desire on the part of a minority-elected Government to spring upon an unprepared people a surprise general election. They seem to always recognize the danger to their own interests of trusting the people. "Get them off their balance by shock tactics," was ever their slogan. But surely we will not for all time be fit subjects to such like tactics. Shall we not some day come together as sensible people and prepare to act in our own and each other's interests?

The deplorable divergences of many whose interests when viewed dispassionately are found to be held in common are matters that surely deserve a few moments consideration.

er and the small business man, the farmer and the orchardist. In what relation do these stand to each other in an economic sense? We have frequently heard the "advanced" thinkers in the ranks of the workers declare that in no circumstances can there be anything in common between them. There may have been a modicum of truth in that statement in the days before the financial Capitalists had become aware of the potential power inherent in their now rapidly expanding system. The senseless antagonisms that all too frequently manifested themselves between the wage-workers and those other workers in businesses and on the land also lent color to that mischievous edict of those would be princes of Labor, but it would be a hazardous proceeding to stop now to attempt to apportion blame or praise to any one of those sections mentioned above; far better that we get on forthwith with the business of consolidating our forces in readiness for the strenuous battles ahead.

It should be plainly seen by all who are not wilfully blind that all sections of workers, wage and free alike, are slowly, though none the less surely, converging to a point in the sea of exploitation where one boat only must be their hope if they are ever to reach a haven of safety.

Judging by the rapidity of the progress made recently in the transition from comparative economic security to downright poverty as represented by the dole, it cannot be very long before something drastic will have to be resorted to; and I am thinking it will need to be something

more effective than a new political party.

Why is it that, notwithstanding all the preachments and teachments of Christianity and all the other religious and ethical systems, we still give most honor to those who have become most proficient in the art of civilized banditry and, conversely, all the dishonor, ignomy and shame on those patient clods who meekly consent to be the hewers of wood and drawers of water for those arrogant bandits!

My friends! Those poor clods, although through no fault of their own, are helpless; and we others whose help and sympathy would mean so much to them have not the moral courage to even indicate where we stand. Why not be honest with our-

selves? By our halleying we are surely weaving a shroud for our own economic obsequies in the not very far distant future.

But exploitation of the simple and the honest was profitably practised by the rogue, the misanthropist and the cynic long centuries before Christianity came into being: it is still a survival of those "good old times" when the arrogant strong ones depended for their profits on

"The plan, the good old plan,
Of let him take who hath the chance
And let him keep who can."

Still, in these modern days of culture and refinement—these days of the culmination of all the arts of civilization—one might be excused for believing that the average person would pause before allowing himself to be used as a pawn in the games of individual security and beggar my neighbor. How those predatory purists must grin the gleeful grin when still another faction fight takes place in the ranks of what should be the People's Political Party! And how we of the People's Political Party should at all times keep an eye peeled for the detection of the mercenary deserters from Labor. Those whose shameful trade is, it seems, to lead astray those weaklings who are so easily persuaded that Labor could have done something, but never did anything for them. It is a lie!

Labor never yet was given a decent chance to do anything big for the workers. Almost invariably, Labor is sent to the rightabout after only one term of three years in office, and usually with the majority in only one—the lower—house. That three years was always rightly spent in preparations for a complete victory in the next election for both houses instead of wasting time in passing bills in the lower house, only to have them rejected in the upper house, and in attending to parish pump matters. Having elected a majority in the lower house and enabled them to form a government, why in the name of sanity can we not trust those men, and give them a decent chance to function by re-electing them for another term? It is worth a trial anyhow.

OBITUARY

MR. W. E. BRENNAN

11/10/1937

Funeral of Former Miners' Secretary

The funeral of Mr. W. E. Brennan, ex-M.L.A., for 20 years Secretary of the Col-

liery Employees' Federation, took place on Saturday afternoon from the home of his daughter, in Waratah. The interment was made in the Methodist portion of the Sandgate cemetery, in the presence of many of those who had been associated with him in the industrial life of the Northern district.

Mr. Brennan was 72. He was born at Wallsend, and on leaving school began work in the mines of that centre, then producing from the Wallsend and Cooperative collieries. The early managers under whom Mr. Brennan was employed were the late Mr. James Fletcher, afterwards a Minister for Mines, and Mr. J. Y. Nillson.

Taking a keen interest in the affairs of the industry, Mr. Brennan filled successively many positions of trust within his own area, and was finally elected Federation Secretary for the district. The organisation was then known as the Colliery Employees' Federation, the name being changed to that of the Northern District Branch of the Coal and Shale Workers' Federation later. Mr. Brennan carried on the duties until early in 1927, when he resigned owing to ill-health, being succeeded by Mr. David McNeill, now living in retirement.

Mr. Brennan also devoted a great deal of time to affairs outside the Miners' Federation. He was a delegate and official of the Newcastle Trades Hall Council in the years before the present building in Union-street was erected, having as a colleague the late Mr. Daniel Rees, M.L.C., on the board. Always an enthusiastic supporter of the Labour party, Mr. Brennan was afterwards privileged to serve first in the Legislative Council, and next in the Legislative Assembly, as the representative for Hamilton. On his retirement from public life three years ago, he moved to Sydney, and had since spent practically all his time there.

ARRESTED DURING COAL STRIKE.

During the great coal strike of 25 years ago, Mr. Brennan, then Secretary of the Miners' Federation, was arrested with other prominent officials, including the then President (Mr. Peter Bowling), Messrs. A. Lewis, D. Rees, B. Rees, A. Burns, and D. Hutton. All suffered terms of imprisonment for having participated in the strike. Mr. Brennan, who was in poor health, invariably spoke well of the treatment that he received from the officials of the prison to which the authorities ordered him to be sent. Released before his sentence had expired, Mr. Brennan remarked to one of the attendants: "I do not wish to be your guest again, but I hope some day you will be mine." After a holiday, he was soon back in his office at the miners' rooms, where he continued for many years a popular official, never sparing himself in the service of others.

MR. CHARLTON'S TRIBUTE.

Feeling reference to this was made by the former Leader of the Federal Labour Party (Mr. M. Charlton), and the present

Deputy Leader of the party in the State Parliament (Mr. J. M. Baddeley, M.L.A.), at the funeral on Saturday.

"The passing of Mr. Brennan," said Mr. Charlton, "removes from the industrial and political sphere one who had devoted his life to the effort to improve the conditions of his fellow men. He was very conscientious and dependable in all

his undertakings, and had the appreciation and support of the industrial bodies throughout his life. I had been acquainted with him for a very long period, going back to the days of my contest for the Northumberland electorate. At that time there was practically no Labour organisation within the area, with the exception of West Wallsend. Mr. Brennan acted as my secretary, and I remember with gratitude the manner in which he applied himself to assist in bringing about my success on that occasion."

A similar tribute was paid by Mr. Baddeley, who was District President and General President of the Miners' Federation prior to entering Parliament, and a fellow-official of Mr. Brennan. "My long association with him," said Mr. Baddeley, "gave me an opportunity of judging and appreciating his many fine qualities. He was ever loyal to his comrades, and always endeavoured to do the right thing. He will be remembered as one who did his utmost for the miners' organisation during many strenuous years—as one whose name has been indelibly impressed on the minds of those who were closely connected with him in his work as an official and as a personal friend."

The pall-bearers were four sons-in-law, with whom, as the chief mourners, were the widow, Mr. Edward William Brennan (son), and the four daughters, Mesdames R. Pomfrett (Cook's Hill), E. Stevenson (Waratah), R. Mayo (Maitland), and W. Taylor (West Maitland), Mr. John Brennan (brother), Mesdames M. Minch and A. McDonald, and Miss E. Brennan (sisters).

Among others who attended were Messrs. R. Cameron and F. H. Hawkins, Ms.L.A., A. Lewis, D. McNeill, I. Hoare, L. J. Halliday, and lodge officials (representing the Miners' Federation), Ald. G. W. Jenner (Hamilton Council), Mr. J. D. Reid (Messrs. Reid and Reid), Mr. T. A. Braye (Messrs. Braye, Cragg and Cohen), Mr. W. J. Cleaves (Messrs. Sparke and Helmore), the Superintendent Newcastle District Ambulance (Mr. E. L. McKay), Messrs. K. D. McDonald (Newcastle), F. Spinks (Printing Industry Employees' Union), E. Charlesworth (Federated Ironworkers' Association), G. Bass (Trades Hall Council), L. Wells (Electrical Trades Union), J. O'Toole (Federated Boilermakers' Society), D. Walker (Meat Industry Union), and C. A. Bass (Baking Trades).

UNIONS' SYMPATHY.

Reference to the death of Mr. Brennan was made by the President of the Newcastle Trades Hall Council (Mr. A. Outeridge) at the opening of the conference of unions yesterday. Recalling the part taken by Mr. Brennan, the Chairman moved that an expression of sympathy be conveyed to the family.

This was seconded by the Secretary (Mr. G. Bass) and was carried.

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DESMOND
LORD DUNSANY
TA FORBES
MAN FINCK
GATTY
NOR GLYN
S GOLDING
TCRINSON
DR INNES-KER
MI JACOB
RBUTHNOT LANE
S LAVER
EVESON-GOWER
M. LION
H McLEOD
AM MILLS
AS MOULT
HOYNE
Y NEAME
Y NICHOLS
O'BRIEN
OLDFIELD
SS ORCZY
PANKHURST
PERTWEE
RACKHAM
A RUCK
SALISBURY
LORD SEMPILL
RITE STEEN
STRAUS
S TOWNSEND
SLEY VACHELL
VANDRUGH
WHEATLEY
HAY WILLIAMS
WINTERTON

MEMBERS.

Received 25/5/38 *The Book Club*
121 Charing Cross Road,
London, W.C.2
Telephone: Gerard 5660.

April, 1938.

If you are already a member of The Book Club please pass this letter to a friend. If you are not a member we feel certain that it will be of great interest to you.

J. Cocking Esq.,
41, Ingall Street,
Mayfield,
New South Wales,
AUSTRALIA.

Dear Sir or Madam,

As you will see from the enclosed prospectus, The Book Club undertakes to supply members with one outstanding recently-published book each month. The Club is supported by well-known men and women in many different walks of life and you may have the utmost confidence that the books chosen will be ones that you will be proud to possess.

An arrangement with the various publishing houses enables members to purchase special editions of these books, printed on good quality paper with attractive stiff binding and dignified coloured jacket, for ONLY 2/6, although the price to the general public is 7/6, 8/6, 10/6 or 12/6.

The Book Club will bring these new, vital, enjoyable books to you, keeping you abreast of the best fiction and non-fiction published, helping you to build up a library of really worth-while books.

We feel sure you will agree that a venture such as this is worthy of your support, and we look forward to receiving your enrolment in due course.

Yours faithfully,
THE BOOK CLUB,
Christina Foyle,
Secretary



MR. W. E. BRENNAN.

Mon. May 23rd, 1938.
Yesterday afternoon I sent a letter & a small photograph of Florence sitting by the Shoalhaven River at Nowra, to brother Bob. Jose took Art & me to Tighe's Hill, where some special was speaking, & then took me to Islington Park, where the wharf labourers were holding a meeting to protest against Lyons in trying to compel them to load ships with war material for Japan. Mr. & Mrs. Longworth were there, & she sold a lot of copies of "World Peace" to the audience. There was a good attendance, & the speakers spoke well--especially Mr. McLaga of Carrington. Mrs. Longworth introduced me to an old lady named Mcir, who sometimes broadcasts talks on education from 2 F.C. station. On the way home I went to the 7th Day Adventists' tent & heard pastor Were speak on prophecy. He contended that Christ will soon return, for the increase of knowledge & inventions shewed that this is the time of the end. He showed a moving picture

of a part of New Zealand; also the building & launching of a great ocean steamer. I took the magic lantern to let Were see whether it is any good or not, but he did not try it then; so I left it with him. He lent me a book entitled "God's Two Worlds." by McCready Price. It is an attack upon the theory of evolution. Arthur left here, to return to Kickabil, this afternoon. Rain

Tue. May 25th, 1938. This morning I have finished writing a 3 page typed letter to Pat O'Grady. I put 2 copies of the camp of the unemployed at Hayfield West into the envelope.

I have written to Mrs. Elsie Wakefield, informing her that as I can get "World Peace" from Mrs. Longworth now, she need not send it by post from Sydney.

Thur. May 26th, 1938. Yesterday I received the following letter from brother Bob:-
"Lismore St., Abermain, May 25th, Dear Joe, Your overkind letter to hand with many thanks, for reviving your memory & your spontaneous thoughts that such a person by my name was & is still alive. I can excuse you, as I would in all probability be just the same as you are myself if I was living in a big mansion where peace & tranquility reign supreme & wants for the small things of life are unknown. I don't know if you have ever read Mark Twain's "A Yankee At the Court of King Arthur". That tale is a true idea of what one can do if he thinks he is elevated somewhat above

others. However, I have a consoling spirit in me, & knowing as I do that he who is down need fear no fall I don't yearn nor grieve for anything that I want & haven't got. I am very much obliged to you for the nice parcel of reading matter, which I got at the station to-day.

I now enjoy a lot of my wasted hours in reading; for which I am thankful to you for sending it up. Abermain has a public library, but I am sorry to say that the books are nearly all novels. The few good works that are there I have read, & I don't go down now to get any Yakkee trash, which it is only a waste of time to read.

You will be pleased to know that we keep what you send up clean & pass them on to a family of young women, who pass them on to another party; so you kill 2 birds with one stone, as the parties are always glad to get them. So you do good to others as well as myself.

That mysterious & almost forgotten music-book called Bankey's has come to hand. I knew you had it in the house somewhere. However, if Jose is using it I can wait for a while until he has done with it. The fact of the matter is it is impossible to buy one here. The conditions are they don't know the yet there is a shop here that will get one for me, but the conditions are they don't know the cost of one. That being so they can charge just what they please. There is a have in it somewhere for their benefit. So you can better understand why I am so anxious to have a copy. We have a piano here also when the school is over on Sunday afternoons, & we have a practice on the church organ. Some of the teachers are fairly good at solos & duets. I, of course, put my weight in as well. The organist is very kind & obliging to us & assists us all she can.

I want you, when you are in Newcastle, to visit any of the music shops & find out if they have a solo called "There is room in my heart for thee." If they have, find out the price & the name of the shop, & I will send & get a copy. I have heard it sung over the wireless from a Brisbane station, & it is a most beautiful solo. I am quite sure I can sing it, as I have not forgotten the air of it. If I can get it it will be something new up here.

Young Dorothy won the second prize, at the Kurri Kurri eisteddfod, a fortnight ago, for a pianoforte solo for children under 10. She's quite pleased about it.

I noticed in your letter a hint that Florence is on the track of being coupled up. . . I am very sorry to hear that Jim is not to well, & I do so hope that he will soon be well again. I was pleased to hear that Jack came so far & visited you. I noticed too that Josey has at last seen the error of his way in building such a lovely home in such a smoke & grit-ridden place as he did. I congratulate him for trying to get away from there.

I was also pleased to know that Arthur is so well liked by the

109

parents of the children that he has the great & honourable duty to teach. I am pleased to have the photo of Florence; also the promise of a coloured one.

Re my ears; I have seen the doctor as advised. He told me the same story as Dr. J. B. Nash, the leading doctor at Wallsend. He told me, "You will never have your hearing put right if you persist in putting your fingers in your ears & cleaning out the accumulated wax which is absolutely to you in gaining your hearing."

So that's that, in a nutshell. While I don't like to have my ears dirty I must follow out the advice, dirt or no dirt. I am going to give a trial for a few weeks, in the hope of some relief. We are getting some lovely rain, & our garden is looking A.1. Bob works very hard in it in his spare time, & he gets good returns for his labour.

In conclusion, I am pleased to say we are all fairly well, with the usual exception of the 2 boys. They have had, & always will have, skinned knees, stone-bruises, & the back-side of their pants out; which seems absolutely necessary in child rearing.

Bob & Gladys are quite well. As for myself; I still suffer with my rheumatism, which science has not yet found out a cure after searching for more than 100 years.

A man told me he could cure me in six weeks. He said to get a flask of "Red Heart" rum & take a teaspoonful in half a cup of hot water, with a pinch of ground ginger, each morning when I get out of bed, & in 6 weeks I would be cured.

However, I will have a go at my ears first, above all things else. Give my love to all the family circle & accept the same for yourself. From Bob, with love to all.

P.S. I am quite sure you will grant my request & inquire for that solo when you are in town."

Thur. ^{MAY} 26th continued. I have written the following verses:-

WHAT IS FASCISM ?.

The latest, foulest Fascist plan
To rob & crush each working man
Beneath the heels of shirkers
Who reverence not Man nor God,
But fine & jail, & shoot & prod
E All freedom-loving workers.

The Fascist Thugs of modern times
Commit the most atrocious crimes
Without the least compunction,
And, having blasted ~~the~~ victims hence,
They thank an "aiding Providence"
With sanctimonious unctious !

No care have they for right nor shame;
 They play the empire-~~game~~ *building game*
 With cruelty prodigious;
 And, bombing babies in their cots,
 Those doubly diabolic cots
 Pretend to be religious !

~~Since Abner took the Promised Land
 Invaders say God lends a hand
 In "winning" peaceful cities
 By poison-gas & blood-red sword;
 Thus Fascist swine defeat the Lord~~

Since Abner took the Promised Land
 Invaders say God lends a hand
 To "win" a peaceful city
 By poison-gas & sharpened steel;
 Hence Fascist hell-hounds never feel
 The slightest shame nor pity.

Whilst Fascist s' hands with blood are wet
 The multi-murderers are met
 With greetings most fraternal
 By Bug who boast of Freedom's Flag",
 Yet fraternise with Thugs who brag
 Of infames infernal !

All honest men, for very shame,
 Should stop the empire-building game
 By scornfully refusing
 To longer play the part of fools
 Who make & handle murder-tools
 That Fascist fiends are using.

~~Refuse to aid in any way
 Those swinish murderers who slay
 From 'planes above the steeples,
 Because each Fascist fiercely hates~~

help
 Refuse to aid, in mine or mill,
 Those swinish murderers who kill
 From 'planes above the steeples,
 Because each Fascist feircely hates
 The modern, Socialistic States
 Erected by the peoples.

Refuse to countenance or aid
 The murder of a man or maid;
 But tell your sons & daughters
 That working men should now combine

Around the Earth, from Poles to Line,
To stop the Fascists' slaughters.
To "L.C."; "Com. Review"; & "W. Peace." 1/6/38.

Fri. May 37th, 1938. This mornint Jim Cocking, Ethel, & Alf's little girl called in on their way to Abermain to see brother Bob. Jim is well again. This forenoon I received the following note & an exercise book containing 13 poems from Vivienne Cone-

"Craiglea", Woolooma, Scone, 25th May 1938.

Dear Mr. Cocking, I am sending you my poetry book. As I haven't had time to write the poetry out I would like you to return it when you have finished with it, please.
Kind regards to all. Yours sincerely Vivienne L. Cone."

Fri. continued. To-day I finished reading "God's Two Worlds", 186 pages by McCready Price. (5/3). I also planted some French beans as the raun has ceased. Last Sunday Mr. Were returned "The New Revelation", by Conan Doyle.

Saturday, May 28th, 1938. To-day I have written the following verses:-

EMPIRE DAY.

"Empire Day was celebrated in the usual fashion yesterday by Union Jack waving schoolchildren." -- Daily Paper. 25/5/38.

EMPIRE DAY.

"Empire Day was celebrated in the usual fashion yesterday by Union Jack-waving children."—Daily paper, 25/5/38.

Yes, let them wag the criss-crossed flag,
And tell them jingo stories
Of Nelson, Blake, bold "Bobs" and
Drake,
Of battles and their "glories."

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

Describe the trips of slaughter-ships
That crossed the hot equator,
And conquered lands on foreign
strands,
To make the empire greater.

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

Let children know that empires grow
When cannons flash and thunder,

And brutal bands "annex" the lands
Of those they kill and plunder.

Don't mention tramps, nor pauper-
camps
Devoid of bread and butter,
Nor paltry doles in shacks and holes
Beneath the flags that flutter.

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

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

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

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

—"Taraxacum."

Don't mention tramps, nor pauper-camps
Devoid of bread & butter,
Nor paltry doles in shacks & holes
Beneath the flags that flutter.

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

You thus may blind the youthful mini,
And make some workers willing
To take a gun & madly run
To do their Masters' killing.

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

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

Printed in C.C.

12/6/38

To "Cause", "Communist Review", & "World Peace", 1/6/38.

Tues. May 31st, 1938. Charlie & Fred are sharpening carpenters' tools to start on a job. Yesterday I received the following letter from A. V. Tabe:-

"17 Oak Avenue, Unley. 25/5/38. Josiah Cocking, Dear Sir, Re your letter of the 18th inst. I beg to inform you that our name is TABB. I do not know any person by the name of Tabb, nor have even heard the name. Hoping you are successful in your quest, I remain yours sincerely A. V. Tabe."

We also received this from Jack & Gladys:-

"Cowper St. Port Kembla, Thursday. Dear Ma, We arrived home safely last Friday after having a nice time up there. How are you all? We are all well excepting Adell; she has a sore throat: she's had it a couple of days.

We haven't heard about the other house yet: it looks as if we won't be getting it. It's teeming rain here; I'm sick of it: everything is full of mud... Did Art get away all right? and did he get a car to suit him? I hope he got fixed up all right.

We've seen the Whites & Jim since we came back; they are all well. We haven't seen the others yet. How is Flo? is he still at the still at the Mater? Jack is in bed; he is working night shift this week, & afternoon shift next week. He worked a quick shift on

Sunday. As there is no news to tell you about I will draw to a close. With tons of love from us all, Yours truly Glad.

Thanks for the carpet-sweeper--it's real good. xxxxxx from child

113.
This morning I posted a letter to Vivienne Cone, containing my verses, "The Workers". I have to scrutinise her poetry & point out errors & blemishes. The "Geographic Magazine" arrived from America to-day. This is an ideal day--sunny & calm.

Wed. June 1st, 1938. This morning I typed out "What is Fascism?" & enclosed it in 3 envelopes, with "Empire Day", & "They Franchises", to "Common Cause", "World Peace", & the "Communist Review". This morning Mum went to Newcastle & bought a new leather bag for a birthday present for Arthur. The price was 17/6. She got the letters A. C. put in gilt on the bag. The lettering cost 1/6. I took the bag over to Waratah station to send to Balladoran for Art. The freight was 1/-. Another lovely day.

Thur. June 2nd, 1938. To day I drew our pensions (£ 3-1-6) & got a money order for 5/5 to send to Iliffe & Sons for a book on wireless servicing, by Cocking. The order cost 7/-. I also sent 2/- in stamps to the "Communist Review".
Rainy & cold weather.

Fri. June 3rd, 1938. This morning we received the following letter, & £ 6-0-0, from Arthur:-
"Public School, Kinkabil, Saturday. Dear folks, As you can see I have now resumed my bushwacker existence. The train trip up was reasonably pleasant, although I landed here with a pretty stiff cold.
I arrived in Sydney at about 6 p.m., had tea at a Dago's restaurant & went to the new Sydney picture theatre, the name of which I forget. Arriving at the station platform about 9-20, I was soon comfortably ensconced in the corner of a box carriage marked "Brewarrina Line Only", As the seat on which I was sitting was empty except for myself, I had visions of having a good bed all the way. These were soon shattered, however, for a voluble young teacher Pommy teacher of the Dabbo school entered just as we were leaving the platform. This chap kept us "entertained" by "witty" anecdotes (all of which reflected great credit on him) for the next hour or so. We switched out the lights & composed ourselves for slumber. Being a pretty good sleeper, I managed this fairly well despite the fact that the toe of my bedfellow was firmly planted in my rib &, although it could be coaxed out of its position, invariably returned thereto. He had previously regretted the fact that he couldn't sleep in trains (the only thing he couldn't do, I gathered) but he was now snoring softly, monotonously, music-ally & soothingly to the note E flat on my bass.
All three of us (there was a girl on the other side) would wake up occasionally such as at Mount Victoria, or Bathurst & give the Railway Commissioner (in absentia, of course) plenty of hints on improving the train service. I don't suppose he'll take much notice of us.

I bought some drinks, the other bloke bought some chocolates etc., the girl bought nothing, & we shared all round. The bloke was very apologetic about the waywardness of his foot, & offered to sleep on the floor. I decided to do this, so, placing one of the seat cushions down, & putting a foot-warmer covered with paper at each end, "I lay me down with a will", using the top footwarmer as a pillow. My Jacobian pillow cooled rapidly during the night's trip over the mountains, so that eventually I had my head on cold iron--hence my cold, if of course one overlooks the baneful effects of the old school tie.

We were up bright & early & discussed the nature of the country around Brewarrina, & all those ills that teachers are heir to, until we reached good old Wellington.

Here the party was increased by the arrival of a raspy-voiced girl of about 25 who greeted my Pommy friend & myself like long lost brothers, & told us all about the new picture show in Wellington, & Harry Taylor's stud farm for racehorses.

I arrived at school at 11-30, but, as no pupils had arrived by 12-30, I left & went to Wheaton's for dinner. Here I was greeted warmly & invited to go bushranging round the orange & lemon trees whenever I felt inclined. Daisy, the new girl, can't cook like Reta Anderson or Grace Wheaton could.

Arriving "home" at about 4-45 p.m., I found Eric Edwards just about to leave for Gilgandra to see Wirth's circus. Despite the fact that I hadn't been to bed the night before, I thought this was too good a chance to miss. We went to town by Ford lorry & returned in Edwards' car.

The circus was bonser, to be extremely mild. Owing to the wet weather (we have had over an inch,) my attendance this week has been pretty crook. One girl has left, so the enrolment will only be 11, dangerously close to the minimum number, 10. Will you please hasten Paskin's calling about the motor-bike if you can do so conveniently?

Please find enclosed £ 6. Arthur."

Sat. June 4th, 1938. This morning I went down to the post office & got money orders for £ 22-14-6 for Walter, to send to the director of the Government Tourist Bureau, as he & John Rose are going to Kosciuszko shortly. Yesterday I began my review of Vivienne Cene's poetry.

Sat. June 11th, 1938. Yesterday I went to Newcastle & bought a book entitled "Making & Repairing Radio Sets", by W. Oliver, 1/6. I also bought 3 postcard views at 2d. each, of Stockton, Newcastle Beach, & Nobbys & entrance to Newcastle Harbour. Also a "little blue book", number 25, a "Ryming Dictionary"; 6d. & a little blue book, number 514, "Hints On Poetry Writing Poetry". I gave Reg. Pogonoski Dave Watkins' nomination paper that I wrote out when he was nominated as a candidate for selection by the Wallsend Labour Electoral League. I have received a receipt for 2/ from the "Communist Review".

110.

We have received the following letter from Arthur:-

"Usual address, Tuesday 7th, Dear Folks, The port arrived O.K. ; thanks. I'll stop the cows pinching it when I take this one out, unless they're pretty scientific regues hereabouts. Attendances at school have been pretty low lately owing to the fact that a young brother & sister of five of my kids have been & are critically ill with double pneumonia, I am feeling pretty "bushwhackerish" (a new adjective, I know) just at present, for I haven't been to town since the day after the holidays. On Saturday I helped George Wheaton load bags of superphosphate on & off a lorry. I also drove Mrs. Wheaton down to the hall & helped to sweep it out. On Sunday morning we had church at the old hall. It was a dreary sort of a service with tuneless hymns & a pointless sermon by the Methodist parson from Gilgandra. After church, the parson, his wife, & myself went up to Wheaton's for dinner. Apart from that I have been nowhere, & seen nobody. Oh, yes, I have, I saw Charlie Wheaton & asked him make inquiries concerning a baby Austin demonstrator. It's a pity Charlie Wheaton is the Austin agent, for otherwise I could have availed myself of a 10% discount by trading through the Amalgamated Distributors. However, I think I'll wangle 10% out of Charlie. Next week-end I purpose riding the push bike to Dubbo, where I suppose I will stay until Monday. Thanks again for the case, & for what some of you are doing towards disposing of the motor-bike. Yours Arthur."

Sat. continued. I posted the book of poetry to Vivienne Cons, & registered it. Postage & registration cost 5d. I have just finished writing the following verses:-

What is Conscription ?

- Conscription is a thieves' device
To force the slaves they can't entice
4. To volunteer to battle
In Summer's drought, or Winter's flood,
And shed their fellow-workers' blood
As though they were but cattle.
- Conscription is a 'blasting blight
Destroying peoples' inborn right
3. To freely live with others
Within a peaceful Commonwealth,
Enjoying liberty & health
And treating men as brothers.
5. Conscriptionists will all impose
Their military yoke on those
Who are easily deluded.

And do not clearly understand
That wealthy drones possess the land
From which slaves are excluded.

6. Why should the dispossessed submit
To wealthy parasites who sit
In palaces, at leisure,
And with a dominating breath
Send honest men to sudden death
To save their Masters' treasure ?

7. Should peaceful people still be fools
To thus become the abject tools
Of murderous destroyers,
And let these few impostors say
"You SHALL be trained & marched to slay
To save your kind employers" ?

8. Should honest people not combine
To rid themselves of martial swine
Who root in blood, & revel
In luxuries & pampered ease,
And perpetrate the crimes that please
Their deity--the Devil ?

To "Common Cause", "World Peace" & "Communist Review" (1/1/38)

Sunday, June 13th 1938. This morning I added the following verses
to those above:-

1. Conscription is a robbers' curse
Imposed by Masters who coerce,
By crafty legislation,
Their disunited "hands" to drill
And learn the latest way to kill
The babies of a nation.

2. Too dastardly to go themselves,
Impostors force each slave who delves
To face the cannons' thunder,
While, safe beneath each ample dome,
The cunning thieves remain at home
To profiteer & plunder.

This morning I have typed the verses in the order in which they
are numbered, to send them to the papers.

Fri. June 17th 1938. Yesterday niece Grace Ceeking visited us.
She took 3 envelopes containing "Conscription" to hand to the
editors of "Common Cause", "Communist Review", & "World Peace",
& is to ask them to give me a private address to send my contri-
butions to. She returned last night. Her address is:-
"Matron, The Fold, 27 George Street, Marrickville."

This morning I received the following brief letter from Vivienne Cene:-

"Craighlea", Welocma, Scene, 15th June 1938.
Dear Mr. Cocking. Thank you for returning my book, & also for your kind advice. I knew there was plenty of room for improvement in my poetry, but, as most of it was written when I was a child at school, I never thought of correcting it, but just treasured it as a little remembrance of my school days. Again thanking you,
Yours sincerely Vivienne L. Cene."

Yesterday I bought a packet of beans & sowed most of them. This morning I finished the sowing. Walter has everything ready to go to Kosciuszce this evening with John Rose. My verses, "Empire Day", are in to-day's issue of "Common Cause".

Sun. June 19th, 1938. This morning I finished reading "The Phantom Of Evolution", by G.M. Price. This book was let to me by evangelist L. Were. Yesterday afternoon Florence took Daphne Maitland to see Mrs Brownley. I received the following letter from brother Bob:- June 17th, Lismore Street, Abermain.
Dear Joe, your letter to hand on the 17th, also the Sankey's Hymn Book, which I was pleased to receive. Yes, I knew quite well you had it in your bookshelf all along.
Your mention of Bessie White stirred up forgotten memories in me, & I can say with every confidence that you wait a long time to hear any voices female voices to beat some of the girls that sang in the Methodist choir. There is a young woman who sits in the same seat as I do down at our church. She always sits near me; & for sweetness she is far above anything that I have ever heard. She sweetens & tones my voice up as well. I told her several times that I was thinking of changing my seat as I thought I would put her out of tune. Well, strange to say, she was thinking she would put me out of tune.
However, we still sit together, & we always keep our end up in the singing, which we so much enjoy.
Re your suggestions of having wax or no wax in my ears, you may be right, or may be wrong. I have not washed them for a month, but I can't say that they are any better or worse. I have decided to clean them out again to see if the effect will be good or bad; then I will let you know. Anyhow, rain or shine, as soon as the new additions are completed down at the Kurri hospital they are engaging on their staff an ear, nose, & eye specialist. That being so, I can have free treatment as I am a subscriber, under a new rule, by paying three pence a week. I have my card & I pay every pension day to the secretary of the old age pension fund.
You need not entertain any doubt, as far as I am concerned, about

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using rum & ginger for my rheumatism, as the smell of rum alone makes me feel sick. I have long ago come to the one & only conclusion that it is impossible to cure rheumatism. Science has not yet found a cure, & never will.

Re my sight, thanks to you, my glasses are all that can be desired. Re Pat O'Grady's salts cure-- I tried it 5 years-- it's a sham & a mockery. Pat could not have had rheu.; he only suffered from growing pains.

I was pleased to hear that all your family are well. I am pleased to say that we are all well also; excepting, of course our 2 boys. It seems to me that skinned knees, cut fingers, & the backside of their pants all out, is a long, long family rule. However, we patch them up all right until fresh repairs are needed, which is often.

In conclusion, give my love to your family & accept the same for yourself. From brother Bob.

Jim & Ethel were up here to see us about 3 weeks ago: Jim's eyes & lips are quite well again. Dorothy won a small silver cup down at the Kurri eisteddfod a fortnight ago. She is coming along real good."

Fri. June 24th 24th, 1938. Yesterday we received the following letter from Arthur:-

"Gilgandra (at present), Sunday, 20 June, 1938. Dear Folks, As the Wheaton boys were going to town, I made the most of my opportunity & accompanied them. I have just been thoroughly bored by a Church of Christ sermon, & now sit shivering, swathed in an overcoat & a couple of scarves, writing this epistle. Lately the weather has been particularly cold, & sheep losses very heavy. Last week-end I spent as the guest, partly of Harry Hill, & partly at Mrs. Paix' place. I went to Wellington on Sunday afternoon, returning on Sunday night & again on Monday morning, returning the following night. Clarry Paix has a girl friend in Wellington-- hence the trips.

Rising at 3-45 on Tuesday morning, I walked a couple of miles to Dubbo station, where I boarded a goods train which arrived at Balladoran at about half past seven. In regard to the motor-bike, I am of the opinion that it is worth at least £ 17-10-0. If, however, only £ 15 can be obtained, then it must go at that figure. I would be glad if you would advertise it with £ 17-10-0 as bedrock. If nothing comes of it, then please sell it to Pas-kin for £ 15. Thank you all for what you have done & are doing in this connection. Nothing important has occurred, except, of course, that the Primary Final Examination has been abolished. The sunset has beaten me, hence I close. Please excuse this horrible pencil scrawl. Yours Arthur."

To-day--Friday-- we received the letter following, from Walter:-

course that His second coming is primarily to right the wrongs of the common people wrongs perpetrated, the preacher alleged, by a class for our material betterment.

See, dad, but surely these brave men are of the old school of religion thought rather than of the new which, as you so clearly point out, has brought about such a decided improvement in the affairs of our class. But, dad, why is not this religion openly taught in the churches? Surely in those churches were our class worship, and seeing the material benefits accruing to us therefrom, such teaching would be warmly welcomed."

"Well, Algy, you see, being the intelligent class already in possession of knowledge of its beneficent nature, we have no need of such teaching, while those useful servants of ours, the preachers of the Word, knowing the advantage of having matter on their daily bread, will see it that too much emphasis is not laid on the significance of the message. Can you not see the danger of your continued ascendancy having such truths prematurely broadcast in the midst of a still too virile rabble? That rabble must at all costs be encouraged to believe in a state not place, of bliss in the hereafter, some kind of compensation for their hard lot, compared with ours, in this life. Be patient, my son, yet while; the time for wholesale broadcasting has not yet arrived."

"Dad, dear, I am feeling somewhat perturbed since having but now heard for the first time of this new development. Up to almost now I have received very different instructions regarding the hereafter and religion generally. Your conception of Christianity seems totally different from that which I was taught from the Book which I was told was the basis of our faith. Your new teaching seems to say that Christ is a myth, whilst I was always taught that he was vividly real, a humble working man of divine origin, and that while on earth He labored almost wholly and solely to bring about the emancipation of the common people, here as well as hereafter. True, as the son of one not of the common people I thought the teaching somewhat incongruous. Anyhow it seems that it was all wrong, and I should say that if we no longer are believers in Christ's teachings it were better and more honest that we openly repudiate it. Why not, if we must continue to exploit and, in plain language, rob those in whom we have a stranglehold, tell our victims that we neither believe nor fear either their God or their evil. Let us try, for once, to be decent and honest."

P. O'GRADY,
79 West Tce., Adelaide.

119. THE MAIL BAG.

STELLAR AND OTHER PHENOMENA.

By "RUSTICUS"

All Laborites should watch with interest the result of the struggles for political power between the workers and their political opponents now taking place in both Spain and France. Victory for the workers' parties in both countries seems assured. Whether it is to be a complete triumph for the working class remains to be seen. The paucity of information, concerning the struggle, released by the capitalist daily papers—which have a monopoly over the cables—however, gives cause for rejoicing. When one learns how to read between the lines of those precious productions, and how to assess the value of same, one need never be at a loss. For instance, the failure, neglect or downright refusal of those paper to publish results has a wonderful negative value. But the truth will surely filter through in time, so we must have patience.

We workers should never fear to read even the bitterest anti-Labor articles in the Tory press; they contain much food for working-class thought. Their value lies, however, not in their being read in the way the writers of them intend that they shall be read by the working class, but by reading between the lines and with tongue in cheek as the writers intend they will be read by Labor's opponents.

Just recently has been appearing in the Tory press accounts of the appearance in the eastern skies of a new star, or perhaps it would be truer to say, an old star, but in a different cluster or constellation. This new star, in the person of Mr. Tom Walsh, who was secretary of the Seamen's Union a decade or so ago, is just now receiving a deal of attention from the Tory scribes of this city. One of the species, in welcoming Mr. Walsh, likens him to Paul of Tarsus, stating that each of these two historical characters "appear to have been arrested by a Divine Power which had altered his career of aggression into one of peace." Which causes one to conclude that said Divine Power could not have been over-anxious for the welfare of humanity in general, otherwise It would have condescended, while It was about it, to alter the careers of a few of those others who appear to possess not only greater aggression than that of Mr. Walsh, or even of Paul, but also the will to use it, and without cavil from the "relig-

gious.

But personally I know very little of Mr. Tom Walsh—good, bad, or indifferent; little, in fact, except that he happens to be the husband of the gifted nee Adela Parkhurst. It may be that he is capable of salvaging the partly-submerged and rather badly battered union of his erstwhile associates, and of restoring it to a condition of security and a place of honor among contemporary unions. But it is also possible that with the aid of his brilliant wife he may bring the seamen and their union to a condition bordering on servitude, reminiscent of the unions that endeavored to function during the early years of last century. This, I hasten to add, is not set down in any antagonistic spirit, but merely as a warning to the seamen concerned, and if he doesn't mind, to Mr. Walsh himself. At any rate Mr. Walsh is credited with a desire to bring about a fusion of the classes—an amicable understanding between employer and employee. Ever heard this one?

There was a young lady of Riga,
Went out for a ride on a tiger;
They came back from their ride
With the lady inside,
And a smile on the face of the tiger.

I am afraid Mr. Walsh's projected—or alleged projected—League of Classes is doomed to an even more ignominious failure than that of the ill-fated League of Nations which was heralded with such a blare of trumpets. The League of Nations functioned perfectly until two or three of its component units discovered that it ran counter to their own plans. Create a League of Classes and it may function perfectly for a while, and then capital will eventually desecrate in the distance a desirable Abyssinia or perhaps a succulent China; or it may be that Labor, seeing the preoccupation of capital, will proceed to re-arm and

to re-occupy a proscribed Rhineland. Where, then, will Mr. Walsh's League of Classes be?

This kind of tinkering will not do. And it would seem that nothing will do short of a substantial Labor victory at the next Federal elections. Then legitimate unionism will have a chance to function, and through effective, peaceful government industry, primary and secondary, will also function as it should.

In the meantime we can only watch and hope that the seamen themselves, who must be presumed to know who are best suited to be their officers, will see to it that nothing untoward will again befall them or their union.

By Pat O'Grady.

"Hotel Kosciusco, New South Wales. Wed. 22nd, 6-38.

Dear Folks, We arrived O.K. & everything is going to schedule, except the snow-- it is not going at all. We were rather crowded on the way to Cocma, & slept very little. This town gave us an extremely cold reception about 7-15 a.m., & after breakfast at the Prince of Wales Hotel we left for Kosci about 9-30. Arrived at hotel about noon. Very little snow. Good room; sunny day.

Buses took us 5 miles to Piper's Gap, afternoon, when snow was fairly good, though a little hard. Quite disgusted with afternoon progress on skis. Could now stop & turn with fair accuracy.

Blizzard conditions soon forgotten in strenuous exercise, & falls innumerable. A good day. Slept well, hot water bottles being invaluable. Meals & service excellent, hot & cold showers being very popular, with as little cold as will satisfy the conscience.

Owing to good snow fall it was deemed sufficient to dispense with buses & proceed practice on golf fairway on Monday. This was by far the most exhausting day. Very hot; & remarkable the number of times we climbed & descended fairly steep slopes; the descents commencing vertically & almost invariably finishing in the horizontal position, this being so natural & by far the easiest.

Still the knowledge that so many muscles existed is in itself some consolation-- we would never have found them otherwise.

Yesterday we went to "the Plains of Heaven" for a picnic. These, so attractive on paper, & about 3 miles distant, were, in common with most virtues, reached after much hard work, & rewarded us lit for our efforts. Poor snow conditions rendered a long trek over the plains of no avail, yet on returning to vicinity of road we were able to find some good slopes on which falls were the order of the day. The ability to do "Snow Ploughs", snow-plough turns, "stem turns" etc. came to & departed from us, so that we were & still are, quite undecided as to whether we are making good or bad progress. This day has been spent at "Smugglers' Holes"-- an apt name for an area traversed by a trickling water course largely frozen. Another trying, hot day, yet temperature variations do not encourage one to discard too many clothes. Night life here is fairly tame, & we are not averse to early hours. Undecided as to future movements. Wal."

Sun. June 26th, 1938. Last evening Jose brought down the radio set that Mr. Rosemond gave to him, to see whether it would work better with our aerial than with his short one. After trying it he said that there did not seem to be much difference in the playing.

Mum & Florence went to pictures, in the afternoon, at the Strand in Newcastle. I have partly read "Will the Old Book Stand?". I read it before, when Bob was at the Benevolent Home, Waratah. This is a nice sunny morning, but the wind is chilly.

I have finished writing the following verses this morning:-

Wanted, iron, whole or scraps—
 Million tons or so—

Public Notice.

Wanted, iron, whole or scraps—
 Million tons or so—
 Send it quickly to the Japs
 Up at Tokio.

They are waging war again
 Over China's marge—
 Bold Mikado wants to reign
 O'er the world at large!

Help to realise his dream
 Of a world-wide State;
 Help to swell the gory stream
 That his bombs create.

Aid the murder-planes that fly
 Over workers' domes,
 Where the mangled babies cry
 'Neath their ruined homes.

Let wrong triumph in the East—
 Right be overthrown—
 Build an empire for the beast
 Like you built your own.

Trample on the rights of man;
 Furnish gun and blade
 Lest Bob's brothers of Japan
 May refuse to trade.

Have no pity, pride, nor shame,
 Though your honor rots;
 Aid them in their ghouliah game,
 Bombing tiny tots.

Sell your manhood for a mess,
 Esau-like of old;
 Make your tarnished honor less
 For their blood-stained gold

Help those brutes to blast and burn;
 Send them bars and bells:
 Presently they may return
 In the shape of shells!

Though you know it's suicide
 Aiding as you do,
 Make their empire strong and wide,
 Then they'll murder you.

~~16/9/1939~~ —"Capsicum."

If it were not for our ability to form
 habits, goodness would have no cumu-
 lative force. We should be eternally
 beginning, stumbling, fumbling. But
 because we can, by effort, get our-
 selves "into the rut of doing right,"
 we can go on in self-improvement.

—Frank Crane.

Have no pity, pride, nor shame;
 Send them pans & pots;
 Aid them in their ghouliah game
 Bombing tiny tots!

Sell your manhood for a mess,
 Esau-like of old;
 Make your tarnished honour less
 For their blood-stained gold.

Help those brutes to blast & burn;
 Send them broken bells:
 Bye anbye they will return
 In the shape of shells!

Though you know it's suicide
 Aiding as you do,
 Make their empire strong & wide,
 THEN THEY'LL MURDER YOU!

To "C.B." & "N.W.H." 24/8/39. Printed in "Common Cause", 16/9/1939.

The following verses were written by Arthur at Kickabil for a children's concert. They were written in Nov. 1937.

The Little Lady's Lament.

I'm just as good as good can be,
My work is second to none,
Yet, from the time my day begins,
To get my jobs done I'd need to be twins:
And it isn't much fun
When they're always picking on me.

On Tuesday, at our forge, you see,
My Dad had a job to do;
And, 'cause he thinks I never need play,
He called me in, too, to help I daresay,
Him to fix a horse-shoe:
Yes, he's always picking on me.

"Now, closely watch my head", said he,
Be sure you're ready to smack;
And when the iron is hot & bright,
Then hit it with might--
Well, I gave such a whack--
Oh, it must have been wrong I can see,

Yes, Dad's still in bed with a lump on his head,
And he talks about stars he can see,
Though some words that he said
Aren't in books that I've read;
I think he's still picking on me!" A. J. Cocking.

Tues. June, 28th, 1938. We received the following letter from Art yesterday:-

"24/6/38. To the Old Folks. I am in my Roofabil den gazing at the empty benches before, & listening to the howl of the tempest outside. (Of course I glance at the paper occasionally & try to think of what I am writing). It is a wet day; for which the farmers are truly thankful, but it's a teachers' drought, for I haven't one solitary pupil to teach. And to think I get paid a quid for doing what I would normally have to do at home. It isn't all beer & skittles, however, for I was drenched in reaching here. Moreover, I'll probably spend all day to-morrow making up monthly tests.

The school stove has now arrove (new past participle of verb "to arrive") & has already been duly installed by yours truly. Thereby hangs a tale. It hasn't any point in it, but I must fill up a letter somehow; mustn't I?

Last Tuesday the postmaster of Balladoran arrived in his car & informed us that the mailman was ill. I received my mail & was told that if I had any replies to make I had better do so pretty quick & lively. I bustled round & typed a letter in record time,

123
123
complaining that it was past time the school stove had arrived, giving a history of our correspondence over the matter, & pointing out that while the Department was vacillating over the question the poor ~~innof~~ inoffensive kids were freezing. I painted such a poignant picture of the poor young scholars sitting there til they had almost acquired St. Vitus' dance by shivering, that it would, I thought, make any man give the cream of his "milk of human kindness". The letter finished, the mailman arrived. Just as I handed him the letter he said "There's a stove waiting for you at Balladoran."

So I tore up my letter.

I have lately received a letter from the Newcastle School of Arts, hotly demanding the return of some of their books which have been out since some time in April. I'd take it as a favour if one of you would return them. I omitted to see the library people last holidays. In regard to the bike, I have come to the conclusion that a quid in the bust is worth 2 in the air. Will you please advertise it next week for £ 17/10/0, take it or leave it? If they decide to leave it, & someone offers you £ 15 cash, will you please let him have it? You could then keep £ 5 as household revenue, & send me the rest. I'm convinced that the bike is worth more than fifteen pounds, but price is a function of demand, & the demand is apparently not so hot.

Are my letters still being opened? I may have to send this in His Majesty's envelope, & without a stamp, for I haven't a any of the envelopes you so kindly provide, at school, nor do I ever take any money to work.

Oh, Chip, my humblest apologies; I have had your tutor all along along. It is returned herewith.

The mailman is still off duty, so I wont have time to go home before the return mail. See you in about 9 weeks time. Arthur."

Tues. continued. Yesterday we also received this letter from Mrs. Webster:-

"Greenfield Terrace, Portreath, nr Redruth, Cornwall, 25th May, 1938. Dear Mr Cocking, Just received your welcome letter. Many thanks for your information about the Tabbs. As you say, I dare say they have put the Tabbe : some persons have done the same hore home here--put a letter or two different for some reason; well, at anyrate I expect they're the same. Of course there would be my uncle Jim's children & their children. He must be dead years, & his wife, She was a butcher's daughter living at Falmouth Road, called Ham. There were two or three brothers butchers. The Ham family were old Redruth people, & my uncle & his wife. She was Eliza Ham before marriage. Were butchers on their own, & sat in Redruth market until they went to Australia. Of course I never knew them, but my eldest brother & sister knew them & can remember them going away. Then my father had two more brothers went to Australia--one named David & the other George. They wrote for a time, then stopped; but their families must be out there somewhere. I should say uncle Jim & aunt Eliza had seven or 8 children when

they went, I have heard my mother & father say. My father was the youngest of 18 children; very different from the number now. The women here make some fuss of a baby being born: they must go to the nursing home. Some go a month before time; & I don't see they're one bit better, nor so well off as the large-family mothers & fathers.

Dear Mr. Cocking, if you should come across a Tabb ash him if he, or she, ever heard of uncle Michael-- my father. It seems all the family used to come & look up to him & mother for help & advice, so I have heard. When I see my brother & sister I will get more news about them.

So pleased to hear Mrs. Cocking & your daughter enjoyed their holiday so nicely, & that you were all quite well at the time of writing. We are all well & trying to make the very best we can out of life. We have lovely weather, & visitors keep coming to our sweet little village. It's very peaceful & homely; don't hear any quarrelling nor drunkenness--much better than some parts of Redruth.

I am expecting my 2 girls home to-day, Kath & Myra. Myra will be 20 on Friday, the 27th. She is tall & very fair. Kath is like her father-- short. M is more like me, they say. At any rate, they're 2 nice, kind girls; & Frank, who is our youngest son, is just as good. But Fred has married a wife who rules him; & he has so much love (or he thinks it's love) for her that he abides by what she says; & she doesn't like Portreath-- in fact she once told me she hates it; so we don't see her but very seldom, as Fred has to stay away too because of her--poor foolish man! They have one dear little boy just turned 7 years. She is rather good-looking & she is rather attractive with others: so, poor boy, I pity him, as you can't catch those persons very easily. No children-- one is quite enough-- & he was such a lovely young fellow; never gave me an unkind word, but he's not very happy now. She & her sister were the means of parting a dear little woman from her husband. Fred nearly went mad. Of course she cleared herself: the sister lives with the man, & his poor little wife is with her family. He has to maintain them, foolish man. Now we hear he's nearly got rid of his money, & he is a grandfather. So you see that's why I don't say much about Fred, poor boy.

Frank & the girls no sweethearts as yet, they keep out of it. Well, we must thank you for the nice papers & reviews. Fancy the poor people living in huts like that; how cruel! Well, I don't know what it's all coming to just the same; & what a tribe we have ruling us-- I say they're not fit to rule cats. Now see what a tangle we're pulled into. Natural Government, I should say. Your verses are very suitable towards them. I do hope they will not go to war: we don't want any more bloodshed. I wouldn't fight if I were a man. Our Frank says he won't-- he'd rather die first.

Well, Mr. Cocking, next Monday week will be our Whit Sunday-- Monday I am looking forward to seeing Gwenna & Pit. If fine I will try to get some views of it & send out; & some information about St. Day & the Mills family: they're real good people. It's the feast 3 weeks after

Whitsun; so I shall try to go, all being well. My husband & all send you & Mrs. Cocking & all your

Continued on page 127.

of Churches do you hail from?

'Oh, while still down there I resided at the famous S.E. Corner of that illustrious city. You know, in the vicinity of the Hanson Street Hall. Do you get me?'

'Oh, yes, I quite understand; but if you don't mind we will dispense with your levity. Those others waiting their turn yonder may think that I am showing you special favour—which indeed I am afraid I am. They too are crow—are South Australians; perhaps you know them?'

"It is just possible that I do", I answered. 'Were they pensioners, among other things, down below?'

"No, my son", he sadly answered. 'When on earth they were Federal Members of Parliament, and of the kind that perpetrated the Premiers' Plan, besides other political monstrosities. Can you by any chance recognise any of them?'

"Not on your immortality, Pete, old son. Nor would I care to admit it if I could. And would you mind, as a favour to me, before finally disposing of my case, whether for good or ill, to see to the qualifications of those other—um—gentlemen. You see, I would much rather not be herded with such cattle, even if it be to pastures to which those golden stairs lead. I would prefer to foregather with more heroic, daring sinners, who at least have it in their favour that they refrained from pilfering the meagre pennies of pensioners at the behest of their plutocratic masters. They at least had the courage to tackle fellows their own size.'

"My dear old friend", said our protector, 'be calm and satisfied. You will not be herded with those creatures. And before I proceed to direct that they be shown to their future abode, below, kindly oblige me by smiting each of them good and hard while I discreetly turn my back. Right.'

I made a tremendous, a joyful leap towards the ex-parliamentarians, but suddenly they were not! And as suddenly I found myself asprawl on the floor by my own bedside.

But how I had become metamorphosed from the selected receiver of a supernatural message to the messenger himself and the vis-a-vis of the Keeper of the Pearly Gates I am unable to elucidate for you. The best that I can do is to refer you to the weaver of the fabric of which dreams are manufactured.

125. ✓
April 22nd, 1937

WHAT THEY SAY OF US, AND WHY!

(By "Himself"). P. O'Grady. ✓

They say that because of our thriftlessness and neglect to put something by for a rainy day during the working period of our lives we should be thrown to the wolves when old age and sickness overtake us. They content themselves with the bald statement that this should be done, unmindful of the fact that during our working years while producing a scanty living for ourselves and families, circumstances decreed that we must also produce a bountiful living for the rest of the community, plus a by no means scanty crop of lusty young toilers for future exploitation by go-getting employers after we have passed on.

Those go-getters who so glibly hand out that perennial piece of gratuitous advice concerning provision for a rainy day must surely be devotees of the "new morality" cult we have just recently been hearing about. They usually urge for themselves the claim that they but preach a doctrine that they themselves have practised all through their business lives. As for us, in the case of many employers we have known, we have no doubt whatever as to the truth of their boast. But I take this opportunity of pointing out the characteristic unfairness of the comparison. We readily admit, and deplore the fact, that they did put very much by for a possible, though highly improbable, rainy day for themselves; but from whose earnings were those instalments taken? Remember, we are just now considering earnings, not wages, which are two quite distinct entities, as the following true story will show:—

Bill Smith, having at last secured a constant job, bethought himself that he could not do better than marry, so he put the all important question to his best girl friend, and being a Scot, she answered by asking another question: "How much do you earn per week?" "Six quid", promptly answered Bill. "Good enough", said Maggie. And so they were married, and everything went along as it should till the first weekly pay-day, when Bill handed over to his Maggie two pounds. "What's this",

you say; and this after having told me, before we married, that your wages were six pounds!" "Not so," truthfully answered Bill. "I said that I earned six pounds a week, and that is quite true, but unfortunately for us my boss considers that the law allows him to extract from those earnings two-thirds (four pounds) as his profits, while we must be content with one-third (two pounds) as my share, called Wages."

It is quite true that Bill's, and everyone else's boss is acting within the law in thus inequitably so dividing up workers' earnings. The Arbitration law says so. But as this is not an industrial paper, I am not going into the matter of the fairness or unfairness of industrial laws excepting as they affect many pensioners retrospectively, as the operation of the law of wages undoubtedly does.

What I do wish to stress, however, is the unfairness of the criticism we are subjected to because we failed to perform the miracle of "putting by a bit for a rainy day" under impossible conditions. So, fellow pensioners, when you are asked why you have thus neglected to make that necessary provision for the future, you may truthfully give as answer that all through your wage-earning period your boss had the first grab at your earnings, out of which he plentifully rewarded himself with two-thirds thereof, while he reluctantly doled out to you a measly one-third as wages.

And if any wax inerudulous and exclaim: "Oh, nonsense! If that were true, why are employers of labour not more wealthy?" just ask them to carefully read the following, which is an excerpt from a little book by C. E. M. Joad entitled "Diogenes. Or the Future of Leisure", one of the "To-day and Tomorrow" series published by Keegan Paul, London, and may be seen any day at our Public Library.

"Now the business man's conception of the good life is bound up with the spending of money. Having acquired things all his life by the simple expedient of paying for them, he believes that happiness may be obtained by the same method. And so having made his pile and retired to enjoy it, his first step is to spend vast sums on himself and his female appendages.

"There is a street in New York where men are reckoned poor on £10,000 a

176.
friends) ... There are 4,000 families in this street who are estimated to disburse (spend) between them about £56,000,000 a year. Of this amount £2,500 a day is spent on flowers, £40,000 on women's clothes (excluding furs), £3,250,000 a year on millinery, £800,000 a year on beauty shops, £1,000,000 on theatres and entertainments, £3,000,000 on wines and spirits, and £3,000,000 on travel.

"When the satisfaction derived from the brute expenditure of wealth begins to pall, the American rich take to the practice of religion or of immorality. The former is, on the whole, preferred by the old, the latter by the young."

So you will see, my fellow pensioner spendthrifts, the reason, also the alleged necessity for the immense discrepancy between a man's, or woman's, earnings and his or her wages. Can we longer wonder why willing tools are so easily procured, and marshalled into publicity squads for the purpose of, amongst other things, discouraging (not to put too fine a point upon it) the perpetuation of the pensions system in order to reduce and keep taxation at a minimum.

And can we longer listen to childish "arguments" such as "conscripting" members of the Association into paying one paltry penny per month so that we may continue to make it possible to have our grand little "Journal" published monthly? Shall we allow a handful of notorious disrupters to persuade us to boycott and sabotage our own paper? I think not. And I am of the opinion that the said disruptionists will soon begin to see how silly they must look.

OBITUARY.

We regret to have to report the following deaths: Mr. J. Bowden, Kadina; Mr. H. Rehn, LeFevre; Mr. A. C. Colquhoun, Thebarton; Mr. J. C. Fletcher, Glenelg; Mr. R. Gollin, Mt. Gambier; Mr. A. Johnson, Port Adelaide; Mr. W. Knight, LeFevre; Mrs. E. Keipert, Solomontown; Mr. G. A. Northcott, City Central; Mr. Rowe, North Adelaide; Mr. E. Snow, Port Adelaide; Mr. E. Slade, Port Adelaide; Miss E. Taylor, Colonel Light Gardens; Mr. E. Tracey, Port Adelaide; Mr. D. N. Ward, Goodwood.

On behalf of the Association the Board of Management extends their sincere sympathy to the relatives and friends of the deceased members of the

127
house 127.
family our kindest regards. As ever, your sincere friends
Harry & Fannie Webster Write soo; we like your letters very
much." Answered 29/6/38.

Young Mr. Harvey, 7th Day Adventist, has been to see me this aft-
ernoon. He stayed about an hour & gave me 2 copies of the "Signs
of the Times". We also received the following letter from Jack
& Gladys:-

"Cowper Street, Port Kembla. Dear Ma, I suppose you think it's
time you heard from us, but it's been that cold & windy here you
couldn't make up your mind to write it. It's been a little bet-
ter yesterday & to-day; so I thought I'd write to my sister May,
my mother, & yourself. I'll admit that I don't like letter-writin
though, so you'll have to excuse me for not answering sooner.
John wants me to tell you he's getting fatter; he's real pleased
about it. He eats all the vegetables now; he's a real good boy.
We are still house & land hunting. We saw a block of land in
Kembla last week: we thought it would be £ 80 or £ 100, but it
was £ 250, so they can keep it, Jack says. The land sharks are
still bad down here.

Jim Pettigrew is still out of work, & Bob White sold his car.
that's about the only thing that's new to tell you about.
How are you all? I hope you are all well; also Jose, Ivy, & the
family. We are all just getting over the cold. Jack doesn't seem
to be getting better so fast: he's had a cold ever since he's been
here. I think it doesn't agree with him at all. He still hates Port
Kembla, only a little worse, I think.

How is Flo? is she still at the Mater hospital? Jack is work-
ing on a quick shift (Sunday); he's off next Friday, Saturday, &
Sunday. I don't know if we are going up or not: we might stay at
home this time. I suppose Wally has had his holidays & is back ho-
me again by this. I will conclude with best of love from us all,
& a big kiss from the children, Jack & myself. xx xxxxxxxxx Glad."

Public Notice.

Wanted, iron, whole or scraps—
Million tons or so—
Send it quickly to the Japs
Up at Tokio.

They are waging war again
Over China's marge—
Bold Mikado wants to reign
O'er the world at large!

Help to realise his dream
Of a world-wide State;
Help to swell the gory stream
That his bombs create.

Aid the murder-planes that fly
Over workers' domes,
Where the mangled babies cry
'Neath their ruined homes.

Let wrong triumph in the East—
Right be overthrown—
Build an empire for the beast
Like you built your own.

Trample on the rights of man;
Furnish gun and blade
Lest Bob's brothers of Japan
May refuse to trade.

Have no pity, pride, nor shame,
Though your honor rots;
Aid them in their ghoulish game,
Bombing tiny tots.

Sell your manhood for a mess,
Esau-like of old;
Make your tarnished honor less
For their blood-stained gold

Help those brutes to blast and burn;
Send them bars and bells:
Presently they may return
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Then they'll murder you.

16/9/1939. —"Capsicum."

If it were not for our ability to form habits, goodness would have no cumulative force. We should be eternally beginning, stumbling, fumbling. But because we can, by effort, get ourselves "into the rut of doing right," we can go on in self-improvement.
—Frank Crane.

In "Common Cause", 16/9/1939.

INDEX.

Invitation, 56. Imrie, 59. Isabel Longworth, 59. Iliffe, 113.
 Indignation meeting, 107. I Call It Murder, 11. 26.
 Jackson, 1. John Cocking at Kempia, 19. 33. Jap war, 37. Jack, 24.
 59. 60. James Cocking, 53. 111. Jo King, 87. John Rose, 114.
 Jack Hall's Creek, 27. Jean Carpenter, 54.
 Ken Jensen, 67. Keep Calm, 22. 26. 33. Keith Cocking, 53.
 Kathleen Webster, 124. Kevin Reid, 5 6. Kurri, 27. Kickabil, 27.
 Les Duley, 59. Letters from M. Cone, 47. 63. 65. 117. Arthur, 2. 4.
 15. 51. 54. 56. 57. 59. 60. 66. 70. 78. 85. 115. 118. 122. Bob, 7. 48. 49.
 50. 107. Gladys, 51. 54. 59. Websters, 10. 31. 42. 46. 127. 61. 72. 123.
 Gladys, 35. 83. I. Longworth, 41. Holland, 16. Walt, 120.
 Letters to "Wallend Sun", 87. "Wireless Weekly", 12. Mum, 32. 42.
 Nelly White, 7. 10. Florence, 59. Haviland, 67. A. V. Tabe, 112. 95.
 Letters from W. Longworth, 1. 2. 5. Leg bad, 48. 52. 53.
 Leech's Creek, 27. Lucknow, 29. Laura Falls, 29. Lennox Bridge, 29
 Lett River, 30. Learn to shoot, 77. Lithgow, 29. Linden, 30.
 Mrs. Thompson, 11. Mum, 13. 18. 37. 41. 43. Mrs. Drylie, 53. 78. 64.
 Morse Made Easy, 63. Money sent, 15. 87. May Bob, 33. Mrs. Bob, 33.
 Marriage of Bill Harvey, 44. Muriel Cone, 47. Merrick, 53.
 Marriage of Dot Pedley, 129. Martin, 53. Money banked, 67.
 Mallett, 67. Major Gibson, 68. McCarthy, 63. Molly Riley, 78.
 Mothers' Day, 84. Metal, 84. Mrs. Moir, 107. Mrs. Chinnock,
 Myra Webster, 124. Motor boat, 67. Margery Cocking, 24.
 Musselbrock, 27. Mary Mount, 27. Mocki River, 28. Mullaly, 28.
 Mullin's Creek, 28. Marthaguy Creek, 28. Macquarie River, 29.
 Maloney Creek, 29. Meadow Flats, 29. Marangaroo Creek, 29.
 Mitchell's Ridge, 30. Mt. Victoria, 30. Mt. Boyce, 30.
 Medlow Baths, 30. Mary Vale, 30. Moonl Creek, 30.
 Noel Cocking, 14. Nan Wilkinson, 50. Narima Falls, 78.
 Nelly White, 53. Nicholson, 63. Nepean River, 30.
 Native Dog Ck., 27.
 On the Throne of Sin, 63. Our Slums, 103. Obituary, 106. 126.
 Orange, 29.
 Photos sent, 107. Poems by V. Cone, 115. Painting, 84. Pettigrew 4
 18. Pension, 14. 23. Polling day, 30. Photographing, 35. 41.
 Public Notice, 121. Policy, 71. Pitman's Commercial Reader, 76.
 Pacey, 53. Pat O'Grady, 65. Paling's Annual, 57. 78.
 Photo of Mayfield West, 67. Page's River, 27. Ploughman's Ck, 29
 Penrith, 30. Pendle Hills, 30. Parramatta, 30.

INDEX.

INDEX.

- Advice to miners, 1. Arthur's return, 6. Departure, 11.
 Accidents, 18, 37, 45. Advice to workers, 21. 47. Anniversary, 38
 Anzac day, 77. Arthur, 19. 23. 20. 24. 34. 38. 54. Alma, 4. Adell, 59.
 Anzac Prayers- 68. 72. "Australia", 53. 63. 76. Arthur, 44.
 95. 87. 115. "Australia Imperialism", 23. Anzac Nonsense, 80.
 A Plea for Unity, 96. A Protest From Oblivion,
 At the Fire, 102. Brother Bob, 4. 34. 36. 23. 58. 53. Boat, 37.
 41. 44. 50. 67. Birthday, 14. Boy scouts, 77. Bram Lucas, 45.
 British rule in India, 84. Bill Eloggs, 84. Bad leg, 50.
 Birthday presents, 81. Banditry, 105. Bessie Henderson, 151.
 Birthday, 85. Biological sketch, 98. Pocke returned, 67.
 Blackberries, 53. Bowenfels, 30. Borah Creek, 27.
 Charles E. Cocking, 8. 40. 44. 60. 74. Christmas presents, 44.
 Concertina, 9. Cookery Book, 44. Carpet cleaner, 53. Captain, 41
 45. 55. Chaos or Order, 87. Claud Wright, 54. Cancer cure, 67.
 Cliff Cook, 63. Chimneys, 61. Children burnt, 65.
 Coalbraggie Creek, 30. Coonabarabran, 27. Carlingford, 30.
 Deaths, 4. 11. 53. Rulois Cocking, 59. Douglas Cocking, 24.
 Drylie, 60. ~~Deasy~~ Deasy, 64. Doris Orchard, 80.
 Dorothy Cocking, 118. ~~Deasy~~ Deasy, 67. Daphne Co-
 cking's birthday, 68. Don'ts for Workers, 19. 38. 55. 60

 Electricians, 7. Elementary Principles of Wireless Telegraphy,
 14. Empire Migration, 35. 43. Ethel Cocking, 53. Eucharistic
 Congress, 56. Edwards, 58. Eva Smyth, 59. Enlargement, 76.
 Eliza Ham, 123. Evangelist Were, 72. Elsie Wakefield, 95. 107.
 Empire day, 111. Economic recovery, 105. Electric cleaner, 84.
 111.

 Florence F. Cocking, 3. 6. 9. 13. 21. 26. 33. 36. 41. 35. 37. 24. 56.
 64. 77. Fred Webster, 124. Frank Webster, 124. Fly screens, 3.
 Fred Cocking, 3. 74. Fishing, 60. Falmouth, 61. Fred Redhouse,
 67. First pension, 19.

 Gibson, 58. Goble, 58. 63. 52. "God's 2 Worlds, 107. G. Wheaton, 114.
 Gwennap pit, 124. Gulargambone, 70. Greenbah Creek, 28. Gansura,
 28. Gunnedah, 28. Gilgandra, 28. Gearie, 28. Gosling Creek, 28.
 Glenbrook, 29. Green Forest, 29. Grace Cocking, 116.

 Hedges, 3. Hollist, 11. How to make a wireless set, 14. Harvey, 117.
 Horn, 61. Healing racer, 63. How to Build an Empire, 80. Hallam, 63.
 Hovels our class live in, 84. Hints on writing poetry, 114.
 How to be happy, 95. Hodgkin's Creek, 28. Hassan's Walls, 29.
 Hornsby, 29.

INDEX.

- Questionaire, 26.33. Quirendi, 27. Quakers' Hill, 30.
 Rock Cutting Gully, 27.
 Reply to my letter, 87. Reply to Miner's letter, 90.
 Round trip, 27. Results of diploma courses, 53. Return of
 Art, 53. Ralph Edwards, 70. Reta Anderson, 114. Reedy Ck., 29.
 Rhyming Dictionary, 114. Raglands station, 30. Rope's Ck., 30.
 Speedwell, 54. Show, 58. Smyth, 59. "Sister's Smile", 11.74.
 Sister, 4.8. Souvenir of H. Holland, 21. Shell Harbour, 76.
 Stevens & the Slums, 84. Stellar phenomena, 49. Serpentine 29.
 Springwood, 30. Saint Mary's, 30. Seven Hills, 30.
 Socialist league, 91. Still hoping, 97. Spring Creek, 27.
 Sandy Creek, 28. Somerton, 27.
 Tarro election, 37. "To Aveline", 45. Tabb, 63.75.61.65.114.113.
 "The Little Lady's Lament", 122. Too Much Doctoring,
 Ted Tobin, 72. Thomas Anderson, 53. Terridgerie, 70.
 "They Franchises", 81. The New Revelation, 83.
 True fellowship, 101. Thornton Pickard shutter, 84.
 Tamworth, 28. Tarana, 29. Two Mile Creek, 29. Talbrager R., 29.
 Unemployed camp, 67.76. Uargon Creek, 28. V. of C. Smith, 65.
 Valley Heights, 30. Visit of Mum to Kembla, 69. V. to Dapto, 4.
 Vacuum cleaner, 66.
 Will O'Grady, Wingen, 27. Willow Tree, 27.
 Wallumburrawang, 28. Windralba Creek, 28.
 Wellington, 11.29. Wallaerawang, 30. Wentworth, 30.
 Yetholme 30. Yarrum,
 F White, 59. "What is Class-Consciousness?", 24. Wheaton, 85.
 25. 55.57. W. O'Grady, 65. Wealla, 66. Winslow, 85.
 Who Owns Australia, 23. Walter's trip to Kosciusco, 117.
 What they say of us, 126. What is Conscription?, 115.
 Will the Old Book Stand, 120. Walt's money order, 114.
 What is Fascism, 109. Wallend Sun, 87. World Peace, 33.
 Watchman, what of the night?, 97. What is an Empire, 21.28.
 Walter, 3.15.57. Willys sedan, 64.
 Yarram, 65.

MARRIAGE AT SALVATION ARMY CITADEL

At the Salvation Army Citadel, King Street, Newcastle, a very pretty wedding was celebrated when Dorothea Pedley, daughter of Mrs. Pedley, of 23 Murray Square, Mayfield, was married by Adjutant F. Hamer, to Clifford, second son of Mr. and Mrs. R. R. Grice, of Barenya Street, Mayfield.

The Citadel was decorated by Mrs. Adjutant Hamer and Mesdames W. and G. Butler Nixon. The bridal party stood in a bower built of tall columns with festoons and baskets of pink and white carnation and ferns. The bride, who was given away by Deputy Bandmaster C. McClure, entered the Citadel as "The Wedding March" was played by the Citadel Band, of which the bridegroom is the cornet soloist. She wore the Army regulation navy blue uniform with three cords of white silk with tassels, crossed and secured on the left shoulder with a spray of orange blossom. She also wore a coronet of orange blossom and carried a bouquet of white carnations.

The bride was attended by Miss Kathleen Bromwich who also wore the navy uniform of Salvationists, with two cords of pink silk with tassels, crossed on the left shoulder and secured by small spray of forget-me-nots with pink ribbon. She wore a halo of pink leaves, and carried a bouquet of pink carnations and sweet peas.

The best man was Bandsman Hilton Grice, brother of the bridegroom.

During the ceremony a benediction was sung by the members of the Citadel Band male voice party. Bandmaster W. B. Nixon sang "Because" during the signing of the register.

Mrs. Pedley and Mrs. Grice senr. were becomingly dressed in frocks of navy blue printed silk with hats to match. The bride and bridegroom left for the Lake where a honeymoon is being spent. The bride's travelling dress was a bottle green ensemble with matching hat.

A reception was held in the Young People's Hall, which was decorated with baskets of Iceland poppies and gum tips.

* * *

127.



Sat. Oct. 30. 1937.

Mrs. C. Grice (Miss Dorothea Pedley) and her bridesmaid, Miss Kathleen Bromwich. Photo from Lyndall Studios.

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MRS. R. BALDWIN,
formerly Miss Bessie Henderson, of
Wallsend. The wedding took place
at Metcalfe-street Methodist Church.
—Rayberne.

Baldwin--Henderson

Misses Eva Fenwick and Phyllis Baldwin were bridesmaids at the wedding of Bessie, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. Henderson, of Wallsend, and Mr. R. Baldwin, youngest son of the late Mr. and Mrs. H. Baldwin, of Wallsend. The ceremony, which was accompanied by organ music played by Mr. R. Hoine, was solemnised by Rev. J. F. Cashin. The bride's uncle, Mr. M. Henderson, sang.

The bride, who entered the altar with her father, wore a smartly cut gown of off-white bridal satin trimmed with stiffened lace and orange blossom at the neckline. A fringed girdle made a pretty finish at the waistline. A two-tiered finger tip length veil was held with a plaited halo. The lovely bridal bouquet was formed of orchid, azalea and sweet-pea.

Ankle length redingote gowns of stiffened beige lace over green taffeta and matching halos were worn by the bridesmaids. Their bouquets of daffodil were tied with green ribbons. Mr. James Hill was best man and Mr. Gordon Henderson was groomsman.

The reception was held at the Rawson Hall, Wallsend. Mrs. Henderson, wearing a black French crepe ensemble with matching accessories and a shoulder spray of lily of the valley, received the guests.

Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin have made their home at Wallsend.

Coming Events



MRS. GORDON HENDERSON,
who was Miss Eva Fenwick before her
marriage at Saints' Church, Wallsend.
—Rayberne.

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131