From 22 November 1958 to 18 June 1960
This is the beginning of my G2 Diary. I have just finished writing the following verses for The Temperance Advocate.

This letter came yesterday from
WALTER--
"157 Surrey Road, Blackburn
19th Nov. 58.

Dear Folks,

Dad certainly wasted no time with the last lot of beans seeds, put up, but I was surprised to learn that even at the time of the last letter they were already growing.-- I suppose they are a fair height now. I have been too pre-occupied with the building of my new garage to pay attention to the garden (or even to write you a letter, I'm afraid!).

So I haven't yet got a single tomato plant or bean seed in the ground.

However, I now have the garage nearly finished, so to night I have turned over one of the garden plots ready for planting.

Mary is busy preparing for Jeanne's party on Saturday, exactly a month early, but as the 2nd of this month falls on a Saturday, and as her birthday is too close to Christmas Mary has on several occasions suggested that the party be in


dear Sir, this strike, at Christmas time,
of selfish men, wilful a crime
of selfish labour- shirkers;
so, kindly give me space to scold
the villains who will now with now withhold
the beer of thirsty workers.

Oh, naught men, how dare you strike?
You know how publicans dislike
your union's act, which throttles
their customary Christmas sale
of death producing wine and ale
for lack of empty bottles.

should not your union be ashamed
and ev'ry striking member blamed
for his debased behaviour?
unless your bottles have sufficed
we'll not be drunk when praising christ,
the peaceful, sober Saviour.

you must admit that while you shirk
your labours you throw out of work
some busy coffin-makers
with overworked, poor saddened slaves
who dig a host of early graves
for poisoned liquor-takers.

so why this callous crime commit
of keeping people well and fit
while motoring or flying?
you're keeping passengers alive
when, sound in body, they arrive,
instead of maimed and dying.

Don't let this summer's sun decline
without a flood of beer and wine;
Don't smoke your pipes to dottles;
though publicans all know quite well
that all the filthy road to hell
is strewn with emptied bottles.

Mary is busy preparing for Jeanne's party on Saturday, exactly a month early, but as the 2nd of this month falls on a Saturday, and as her birthday is too close to Christmas Mary has on several occasions suggested that the party be in
November. We are all very well, we are in the process of getting things a bit shopshape after all the mess of bricks & concrete the wre-cking of the old garage. Dianne has had her Cousin Peter here for a week, & they both thoroughly enjoy the other's company.

Dianne is doing well & school & she had her first test to-day, which will influence the class to which she is to go next year. She tells the time so well now that we are giving her a real watch for her birthday, which I received an invitation to Keith's wedding, which I have had to decline because of our intended visit to Perth, but we would have liked to be there & joined in. Dianne & I gave Mary a dressing gown, slippers, a purse for her birthday yesterday, but it was otherwise a quiet day with no festivities. Lance & Lorna Chessel have invited us over to tea on Sunday night—they live some five miles from here—Ashbuoton. Perhaps you could tell us something of the arrangements for Keith's wedding, as we would like to give some early thought to.

XXX as to where & when we will take our next holidays. Which reminds me I will have six month's leave due next year after twenty years' service though, of course, we won't take it just yet. Does not the time fly? Mary is well and sends her love to you all. Her Mother is, unfortunately, still not well, though, & continues to use crutches. This seems to be all for now—next time I hope to report the result of my efforts on the X-rayogram 

Yours W.A."

Mon, Nov. 24 1958. Last Saturday Jose took Mum & me to the Mayfield school, where we voted for candidates for seats in the federal senate & the House of Representatives. The result of the elections is that Menzies will have a majority & will still be Prime Minister. Last Saturday I received a clipping from the Melbourne Age containing the following words: DANDY. The poem on the front page of a somewhat intense periodical which reaches us monthly was eye-catching. In its twelve brief lines it packed enough gloom to serve us until the next issue, with references to "bitter tears through hopeless years," to "shamed babes who languish" and to "dying dupes around me." All this, we found, was the work of a poet who signs himself—Dandelion.

At the bottom of the clipping these words were written in ink; "I suppose Stuart Sayers would agree that every line expresses a sad fact, the word "glorious" excepted." A. S. Hooke, Blackburn, Vic." The name of the critic is Stuart Sayers. He referred to two verses of "Oft In The Silly Fight," which were published in the last issue of The Peacemaker.
Tues. Nov. 25 1958. To day I finished typing a letter to Walter, and I typed The Soldier's Lament for him & A.G. Hooke who sent a clipping of the Melbourne Age to me. It contains XXX criticism of 2 verses of that poem & it was posted to me by A.G. Hooke of Blackburn. I intend to enclose aten shillings note as a birthday present to Doanne Cocking.

To-day I gave Mum seventy pounds which I had saved out of our pension.

BIRTHDAYS. Arthur James Cocking, born January 16 1912.
Walter Perkyns Cocking born Tuesday, January 16 1912.
Janet Cocking, born March 13 1952.
William John Cocking, born April 27 1903.
Josiah Cocking, born May 11 1867.
William Purdy, born May 20 1902.
Keith Josiah Cocking, born May 23 1931.

Florence Ellen Cocking, born July 9 1907.
Robert Purdy, born July 4 1941.
Frederick George Cocking, born July 27 1909.
Noel Anderson Cocking, born September 1 1931.
Josiah Thomas Cocking, born September 3 1899.
Mary Jane Anderson, born September 17 1874.
Mark Gaynor, born September 17 1953.
Charles Ernest Cocking, born September 18 1905.
Selina Murphy, born October 17 1911.
Doreen May Cocking, born October 21 1943.
Joy Lorraine Purdy, born October 25 1946.
Adell Cocking, born December 8 1932.
Judith Cocking, born December 12 1945.
Pay Cocking, born December 5 1948.

ADDRESSES.
Phillip Witheridge, 15 Charles Street, Marrickville, Sydney, N.S.W.
Mrs. M. Schultz, 65 Kimberly street, West Leederville, Perth, W.A.
Walter P. Cocking, 157 Surrey Road, Blackburn, Melbourne, Victoria.
Editor, the War Cry, 140 Elizabeth Street, Sydney, N.S.W.
Editor, Women's Mirror, 252 George street, Sydney, N.S.W.
Director Social Services, Australia House, 52 Carriington Street, Sydney.
John Desmond Cocking, 619 Anzac Parade, Maroubra, Sydney, N.S.W.
Charles E. Cocking, Co Mrs. C. Stork, R.M.B., 302 Glen Oak, via Maitland 2N.
Mrs. Eliza Morris, 132 William Street, Earlwood, N.S.W.
Editor, Peace News, 4 Blackstock Road, London N4 M.E.
Manager, Rock Newsaper Co, P.O. Box 17, Glebe, Sydney.
Josiah T. Cocking, Bull Street, Mayfield West.
Mrs. Emily Webster, 15 Greenfield Terrace, Portreath, Cornwall, England.
Editor, Common Cause, 188 George Street, Sydney, N.S.W.
The Salvation Army, 20 Dora Street, Mayfield West.
To a worker who will awaken
To a sense of his condition as a slave
And become your humble brother
It is when his job is taken
And he's stranded where "his" country's banners wave.

He'll perceive that his condition
Is an absolute dependence
On employers; that his job is insecure,
That his high, or low, position,
Be it work or superintendence,
Is a billet that's not certain to endure.

He may wear a spotless collar
And look down on slaves who labour
With an eye of cold and dignified disdain;
But, when he's without a dollar
And must borrow of his neighbour
He'll dismiss such haughty nonsense from his brain.

Being "sacked" becomes a blessing
To a slave who is deluded.
If there's one time more than others
When a worker will awaken
To a sense of his condition as a slave
And become your humble brother
It is when his job is taken
And he's stranded where "his" country's banner wave.

He perceives that his condition
Is an absolute dependence
On employers; that his job is insecure;
That his high, or low position,
Be it boil or superintendence,
Is a billet that's not certain to endure.

He may wear a shirtless collar
And look down on slaves who labour
With an eye of cold and dignified disdain,
But when he's without a dollar
And must borrow of his neighbour
He'll dismiss such haughty nonsense from his brain.

Being "sacked" becomes a blessing
To a slave who is deluded
By the thought that he's superior or free
When his poverty is pressing
And he finds he is included
"With the landless, toolless slaves like you and me."

When he fully realizes
That, in spite of his persistence,
There is not a job to beg or to command,
Then this fact hurts and sur prises
That the means of his subsistence
All belong to those who own the tools and land.

Then his fondness for the present
Social System will diminish.
For he'll find the base of Communism's true
And its objects good and pleasant,
And he'll surely, at the finish,
Join the Movement that is good for me and you.
Kev. Dec. 5, 1958. Keith Cocking came this morning & pulled some eyelashes from my right, bottom eyelid gave him my microscope and three books dealing with microscopy and small objects. He is to marry Shirley Osland to-morrow, & they are going to Brisbane & back on a fortnight's trip. Next Friday Keith will know whether he has passed in his exams & has become a doctor or not. Mum gave Shirley two pounds as a wedding present. This letter arrived yesterday from Mr. A.A. Hooke of "Wendinong," Canterbury Road, Blackburn South (opp Holland Road). A.A. Hooke Valuer & Estate agent. R.E.S.I. Income Tax returns prepared, 40 Years Experience. Telephone W X 269 8. 30th November 1958.

Dear Mr. Cocking, Your son kindly called this morning, at your request, to thank me for sending to the editor of peace-maker a short paragraph that I noticed in the Age which evidently referred to your verses in the peacemaker. I thought with pleasure, as I know Dr. Collocott would be interested. I thought your verses were good, and your son tells me you have been writing on the important subject of peace for forty years. So have I, and I am enclosing a few samples. You & I can, I am sure, realise that work for peace is bearing more fruit than was the case forty years ago, & that is an encouraging fact. Today my wife and I have been at a committee meeting, which is making arrangements for an Australian and New Zealand conference on peace, to be held about October 1959, and we have already invited Paul Robeson to come as principal speaker. Best wishes, in which my wife joins, & we were glad of this opportunity to get in touch with you. Yours sincerely A.A. Hooke.

Joy and Florence came yesterday. She has not done what I want her to do before Christmas. We are expecting Arthur, Phyllis and 2 of their girls to come to-day, as they are to attend Keith & Shirley's wedding to-morrow.
THE CHAPLAIN’S VERDICT

After his experience of the 1914 “War to end all War.”

Waste of muscle, waste of brain,
Waste of patience, waste of pain;
Waste of manhood, waste of health;
Waste of beauty, waste of wealth;
Waste of blood, and waste of tears.
Waste of youth’s most precious years;
Waste of ways the saints have trod,
Waste of glory, waste of God. — WAR.

G. A. Studdert-Kennedy, 1919

What would he say now?

In 1957 the slogan is

PEACE THROUGH STRENGTH

As armaments increase in efficiency, Security decreases. This competition, if continued, can only result in the tragedy of World War 3. Most people in all countries would prefer, and welcome, PEACE THROUGH DISARMAMENT.

Collectively we have the power to successfully insist on it. Women can be the inspirational force.

Women of all lands unite!
You can save the world from war;
Cancel every bomber’s flight;
Calm the fear, and heal the sore.

Once we prayed for victory;
Let us be misled no more.
Disillusioned, we may see Violence replaced by Law.

Influence unique and strong;
Inspiration to be true;
You can energise the throng;
You have powers no despot knew.

Blackburn, Vic. A. A. Hooke
Christ or atomic bombs!

Goodwill or fear!

Speed now evolving thought;

Fate draweth near.

Look in an infant's eyes;

Laugh with a child;

Then you touch Paradise;

Life undefiled.

Child eyes beam confidence

Straight into yours,

Pleading unconsciously

Every child's cause.

"You have experience,

Can see before;

Let not the little ones

Drift into war."

Blackburn, Vic.

Australia.

A. A. Hooke

Wednesday, June 24, 1959.
A PEACE SONG

Peace through disarmament, this is our slogan;
Peace through disarmament, this is our plea.
We, the responsible workaday people
War can outlaw, if determined we be.

We can achieve it,
We can achieve it;
We can have peace
If determined we be.

No more we'll listen to false propaganda;
So like ourselves are the folk over sea.
Fear leads to hatred, and hatred to slander;
All men are children of one family tree.

(Chorus)

Blackburn South
Victoria.
A. A. Hooke.
CLEAN BOMBS?

Sing a song of safety;
America and Co.
Four and twenty clean bombs
Standing in a row.

When the contest opens
Their harmless bombs they fling;
What a lot of misery
To other lands they wing.

Four and twenty thinkers;
Their influence seemed nil;
But their numbers slowly grew
Through the years, until ----

Sanct determined multitudes
Now can sound the call;
"Clean bombs are dirty bombs;
We must ban them all."

Blackburn South.                  A. A. Hooke.
“Wars will cease
when
men refuse to fight.”

I know not by what master minds are moved
Brave pawns who march wherever they are sent,
Nor how by Christian leaders is approved
Each New appeal to war’s arbitration.
But this I know: in graves today there lie
Inspired by platitude of voice and pen,
Who in great trust went out to fight and die,
Uncounted hosts of gallant cheated men.
What then of marble, cenotaph or shrine
If some new lie should cheat your child and mine?

VICTOR COURTNEY
West Australian Poet

It need not happen again.
Public determination has banned many evils,
and now could outlaw war.

From oft repeated weeds evolved the rose;
The oft recurring day of winter leads to spring;
Rich seeds of Hope the hand of Evolution sows;
The symbol is a spiral, not a ring.

A. A. Hooke
Blackburn, Vic., Australia
RECRUITS! 'SHUN!'

How many babies will you blow to bits
For our way of life?
How many mothers and grandmothers blitz
For our way of life?
Hurry to answer the generals' call;
Pitch the Beatitudes over the wall;
On to a multitude cast death's pall
For our way of life?

Throttle and stifle the men who think
Of a better way.
'Jets' drop salvation. Beware drops of ink
And the words they say.
Freedom and justice and kindness and Truth
Can be promoted by slaughtering youth;
Who but a fool would deny that — forsooth!
So join up today.

Should our vile enemies prattle and prate
Of their way of life;
Claim they love freedom, assess theirs as great
As our way of life;
When all our arguments have been outclassed,
We will reply with a hydrogen blast;
Though such an incident may be the last
In our day of life.

Blackburn, Vic., Australia A. A. Hooke
PRIVATE ENTERPRISE

"The output of the Puri oil well in Papua had been officially estimated at 1,300 barrels a day."—Daily Paper.

When this announcement meets the eyes Of friends of Private Enterprise Like scrap-iron Bob, they’ll love it; Awake, their sun of hope will gleam And when asleep they’ll sweetly dream Of boundless loot they covet.

That oil does not belong to Whites Who love to live as parasites Upon the Native toilers; Who, some fine day, will be awake And will combine and rightly take Their wealth from White despoilers.

When workers of the world are wise They’ll banish Private Enterprise Because it is improper For companies to grab and hold A nation’s mines of coal or gold, Uranium or copper.

The whole of wealth the soil contains In lodes and reefs and seams and veins, And lakes of oil thereunder— Should all belong to those who toil, But not become the legal spoil Of companies that plunder.

No gang of cute, share-holding knaves Should make the workers landless slaves. Dependent for a living On drones who own the source of wealth By brutal force or legal stealth, Yet grudge the wage they’re giving.

When plundered workers are combined All social parasites will find An altered situation; No more they’ll live on those they cheat, But justly earn the food they eat, Or die or self-starvation.

Dandelion.

COMMON CAUSE

Saturday, November 22, 1958
Tues. Dec. 9 1958. Yesterday I wrote a letter to Mr. A.A. Hooke, dealing with his verses and the Peacemaker. Our friend is painting Charlie's bedroom. Keith and Shirley are away by car on a trip to Brisbane. Jim Cocking has something wrong with one of his legs and is sick at the stomach. I wish I knew whether he has passed his medical exam or not next Saturday.

Charlie came home last Sun & Wednesday returned on Mon. He was too busy to stay at home. Keith & Shirley returned from Brisbane & went to Sydney, where Keith had to register as a medical doctor. He is to begin work at the Newcastle hospital. They will live at Shirley's parents' home for a while.

This morning this letter came from Daisy Terry:

"Dear Mrs. Cocking,

Just a little note to say hello for Christmas to all at aitland Road. Do hope you are well.

Better than for some time but get very tired. Is it lovely that Keith has got through at last—a lovely wedding gift! to him and his wife—?

He fought hard, and Ivy & Joe will be with him. I won't be home till February. Love from DAISY Terry."

The Newcastle Sun, Monday, Dec. 8, 1958
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MEDICAL RESULTS

The University of Sydney yesterday released the pass list for the final year in the Faculty of Medicine. The successful students are:


Barnes, F. H. M.; Baume, P. E.; Baumgarten, A.; Benjamins, D.; Bent, J. A.; Biddulph, R. A. J.; Bridgman, P. G.; Burgess, J. A.; Burgess, J. W.; Buxton, M. W.

Cameron, B. G.; Carlton, M. A.; Childs, Winifred; Cheng, J. Y. R.; Chang, C. C.; Cocking, K. J.; Covin, Helen B.; Cook, W. B.; Cooke, A. R.; Coster, Yvonne E.; Coupland, G. A. E.; Coupland, W. W.; Crato, R. C.; Cronan, J. F.; Crow, F. B.

Dalton, V. C.; Dight, R.; Dowsett, J. Duffy, Q. W.

Eby, Angela J.; Evans, R. A.

Fathful, D. K.; Feeney, E. A.; de L. Field, O. B.; Fink, N. F. R.; Fiddian, P. F.; Fiddler, Sylvia; Flyn, G. J.; Ford, Selma J.; Freeman, E.

Goh, A.; Goh, G. O.; Gerber, N. J.; Gibson, J. S.; Glitter, Esther M.; Glitter, A.; Godfrey, H. P.; Goh, L. W.; Goulston, K. J.; Green, B.


Ma, K. Y.; McCarthy, W. B.; McCrindle, J. B.; McClure, K. J.; McGregor, M. D.; McGuire, P. N.; McIlwraith, C.; Macken, J. E.; Macken, J. D.; Mackinnon, M. C.; Macdonald, R. M.; McLeod, G.; McManus, J. T.; McLeod, D. M.; Monat, P. T.; Maree, Z.; Mihelcic, I.; Misran, R. B.; Moran, C. C.; Moone, Margaret L.; Morris, J. G.; Morris, P. L.; Moudlin, W. R.; Mowbray, C.; Munster, A. M.; Murray, J. C.; Murphy, B. M.; Naidenah, B.; Nemeth, W.; Ng, P. T. W.

O'Brien, Lorraine; O'Connell, S.; Osborne, W. L.; Osborne, W. L.;


Rain, Eva B.; Redwin, Valerie M.; Rees, B. B.; Rigney, J. G. Roberts, H. J.; Robison, G. J.; Ronal, Ann K.; Ross, Susan M.; Rowe, P. B.


The following letter is from Lynsa TaKe, secretary of the Old Age & Invalid Pensioners' Association of Australia, 'Mayfield Branch.'

Lynsa TaKe, 24 Smart Street, Waratah.

6 Jan. 1959. Dear Mr. & Mrs. Coxing, We received your letter this morning. You are both paid up till the end of last year, 1958; so if you want to pay first quarter each 4/-, 2 quarters 6/- each; 3 quarters 10/7; each for the year 1959, six shillings each till the end of 1959.

To wish you both a Happy New Year.

Yours in anticipation.

Yours sincerely,

L. TaKe, Hon. Sec.

For the 32 shillings needed to pay Mrs. TaKe, as he is painting a

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LY TELEGRAPH DECEMBER 12

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4527
Jan. 8, 1959. This letter came from Walter:

"157 Surrey Road 28th Dec. 58. Dear Folks; I am now able to send the pictures which were not ready at the time of my last letter. Those of Mum and Dad, though Xerox, as transparencies, were rather over-exposed for good enlargements. The one of Dianne (taken just before she was six) here in the home, is the best of those taken but makes her look a trifle older than she is. You will notice that she is wearing her real watch, of which she is very proud. I am also sending you 20 pictures of the most recent film— all of them with a family content, including two taken in the flat of Mary's brother Eric ("Bud") and his wife Dorothy. I would like you to return the 11 pictures with crosses on them, but you can retain the 9 others. If you want to have any copies made of the 11 to be returned there is no great hurry, except that I would like to be able to take them to Perth with me on 24th Jan. Of course, if they are later they could be posted directly to the Shultze home at 65 Kimberley Street, West Enderville, W.A. Mary's Mother is extremely ill and was taken to the Royal Perth Hospital on Christmas Eve. Her brother rang again on Friday night, and because of the seriousness of the news I put both Mary and Dianne on yesterday's plane to Perth with Mary's brother Eric accompanying them. It was not a pleasant mission, but I hope it has a more pleasant conclusion. This means that I will be batch ing until I join them in the west. I hope that all at home are well and that you all enjoy a happy and successful New Year. P.S. Mary rang me at about 9 o'clock to night to say that her Mother has improved, but she is not very coherent. However, they fear that she will not recover. WAL."

Fri. Jan. 16, 1959. Last Wed. I received a letter from Mrs. Emily Webster, but it is mislaid. I answered it yesterday. This week's Common Cause contains my verses, OUT OF WORK. Today doctor Love called as usual and gave him and me our injections. Yesterday Fred paid four pounds 2 shillings for a pair of new valves for his TV set. I am now going to write COSMIC COLUMBUS for the Common Cause.

COSMIC COLUMBUS.

"America's No. 1 test, moonwise soon pilot, who will soon risk his life to become the world's first space space man, is making final plans for his journey into the unknown." Daily paper.
When the first Earth-man has landed
On the distant planet Mars,
Or on Jupiter or Venus,
Or another of the stars,
Will he tell the gentle beings,
With an air of martial pride,
How Earth's rulers are preparing
To commit mass-homicide.

Will he tell adoring mothers
(Who mass-murder must abhor)
That we waste unending billions
To prepare for global war?
Will the males of yours believe him
When he tells the shameful truth
That we train and arm for slaughter
Earth's conscripted, helpless youth?

When he says Earth's seas are teeming
"With abundant stores of fish
and its soil produces ample
To replenish ev'ry dish,
But that men of many nations
Die of hunger ev'ry day
Through a stupid Social System,
"What will our new neighbours say?"

If he tells those peaceful beings
That, on land, on seas, in air,
we keep armies, fleets and bombers
To destroy beyond repair
To preserve the ruling power
Of vile private Enterprise,
"What will Mars-men think of humans?"
"Will they say that we are wise?"

When he says this blood-stained planet
Is controlled by just a few
Who have microscopic conscience
And all honest toil eschew ——
That we tolerate the loafers
Whose existence is Earth's bane ——
Will not those enlightened Marsmen
All declare that we're insane?!
OUT OF WORK

If there's one time more than others When a worker will awaken To a sense of his condition as a slave And become your humble brother It is when his work is taken And he's stranded where "His" Country's bonners' wave.

He perceives that his condition Is an absolute dependance On employers; that his job is insecure That his high, or low, position Be it toll or superintendence, Is a billet that's not certain to endure.

He may wear a spotless collar And look down on slaves who labor With an eye of cold and dignified disdain; But when he's without a dollar And must borrow of his neighbor He'll dismiss such hauty nonsense from his brain.

Being "sacked" becomes a blessing To a slave who is deluded By the thought that he's superior or free. When his poverty is pressing And he finds he is included With the landless, toil-less slaves like you and me.

When he fully realizes That, in spite of his persistence, There is not a job to beg or to command. Then this fact hurts and surprises That the means of his subsistence All belong to those who own the tools and land.

Then his fondness for the present Social System will diminish, For he'll find the base of Communism's true And its objects good and pleasant And he'll surely, at the finish, Join the Movement that is good for me and you.

—DANDELION

Saturday, January 17, 1959

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THE "CAUSE"

Tuesday, Jan. 27, 1959.

His letter came somewhat, but it was misplaced. It Greenfield Terrace, Fortnight, Redruth Cornwall 5th Nov. 1958, Mr. Cock

I had a letter from you quite some time back, and I haven't been able to answer it. It's still a bit like the old letter that I was writing to you. I was glad to know that you are still going to move about. I am able to move about downstairs, but cannot do much to help. The doctor, who looks after me, is very unwell and has been in hospital. She is still under the doctor's care, although better than she was. I am still fairly strong. We had a very poor summer, and the autumn has been very wet. We had about a fortnight of misty weather. Rain has been continual fog. This week there have been continual fogs. This week we have been in hospital. We are interested in your work.

Don't be afraid we can do nothing about it, for a great many old houses have fallen down, and in some cases new ones have been built in their places. New houses are always being built, but they never seem to catch up on the housing problem. I know this letter will not reach you in time for Christmas, but we all send our best wishes to you. A great many people around here have TV sets, but we have none yet. We have the wireless to turn on when we want it. With best wishes, yours sincerely E. Webster.
This letter is from Walter.

157 Surrey Road, Blackburn, 22nd Jan. 1959

Dear Folks,

I am writing this to you, hoping that it might reach you by the week-end.

As you probably remember, I am leaving for Perth on Saturday. I am due to leave there again on the 21st of February. I will, of course, try to write to you from over there to give you the latest news. Mary was not very informative in her last letter concerning her mother, but I understand that the position does not change much from day to day. It appears that a major problem is to know where to have her mother accommodated when she leaves the hospital, as she must this week. Apparently she is a permanent bed-patient & needs almost full time nursing attention, which they feel, they cannot give her at home. However, I will be over there on Tuesday & will try to help if a solution has not been found by then.

I thank you, Dad, for returning the pictures although we were very welcome to keep them until the holiday makers came home & saw them. I will now take them & your letters over to Perth where Mary already has the rest of the pictures. I was pleased to hear that Keith had started in the Newcastle hospital, and I hope it is the start of an enjoyable & successful career for him & for Shirley. I am sure that all of you must be proud and pleased that the long trial of training is over. I have made a lot more progress on my new garage, but it isn't finished yet. I have to pour a lot of the concrete floor yet, put some more roofing-sheets on, put up the guttering, and paint it. However, the back of the job is broken and it can be securely looked up.

I have also been very busy in the office the last two weeks--both the Chief Mechanical Engineer and the Assistant Chief have been away, so I have been trying to do as much of their work as I could, as well as my own. However, neither this nor my own cooking appears to have done me much harm.

Your's WAL.

Wed. Jan. 28 1959. This undated letter is from Bobby COOKING.

62 Lismore Street, Abermain. Dear Uncle Joe & Aunt Jennie,

Your very welcome letter this morning & we were pleased to hear from you. I spent one day in hospital at Kurri. I told the doctor I could be in bed at home just as well as in hospital, seeing I have no bones broken. My lower back bones & my tail bone is very sore. When I hit the rail when I jumped off the transport which was, as I told the boss, going faster than sound, . Three men are still in hospital very sick with broken bones & ribs. Yes, Uncle Joe, I am of the same opinion as you about the mines; I don't like them.
one bit. I have been in the mines here since 1929 & will retire in five years' time. As it would not pay me to get out now & get other work as I would have to work until I was 65, & the way I feel now I wouldn't go that long. There's no one knows any better than me about coalmining & the dangers connected with it, but there you are again, who would employ a man 55 years of age? So I am destined to finish my time in the pit.

Our daughter Dorothy is back home again after doing 2 years teaching in England & six months in Germany Lugaino, a school on the Georges River, out of Sydney, starting next Tuesday. She is at present living at Artamon on the North Shore line in Sydney. Gladys has recently come home from hospital after a nasty operation which was touch & go with her. I have had a lot of visitors, besides Jim & Ethel came here yesterday, & Douglas Friday. I had not seen Jim for over 8 years. I very rarely go to Newcastle. In the future we will pay you a visit.

I will close now, Uncle Joe, again thanking you for inquiring concerning myself. Best wishes to you both.

Yours BOB & GLADYS.
FAT'S BUTCHERY.

Two hundred tons of war material were landed for the Federal Government. "It is proposed to recommend the training of 16000 young men who reach 18 years of age every year. "The total military expenditure this year is estimated at three millions two hundred and fifty thousand pounds." — Billy Hughes.

Two hundred tons of food for guns;
Behold them, son and daughter;
The tools of trade whereby is made
Fat's fratricidal slaughter.

Behold the shells wherein there dwells
Infemal force for killing
Deduced slaves whom cunning knaves
Conscript when they're unwilling.

The workers' hands in other lands
Have mad this hellish lumber,
That working men, in field and fen,
May die in countless number.

The gang that rules the working fools
The gang that owns and orders
Tell working men, with voice and pen,
Their foes are over the borders.

Those thieves declare we should prepare
To fight and die in ditches
To save the land which they command
And own in ease and riches.

0 slaves awaken, rise and take
The land on which you're living;
Construct no more vile tools for war
And cease your senseless giving

Of cherished sons as prey for guns
And stop the wicked slaughters
Of foreign slaves for crafty knaves
Who rob your wives and daughters.

Tell Billy Hughes that you refuse
To murder foreign brothers
To save the case of ruling trash
In wils land or on others.
The crimson flood of workers' blood
the plundered nations sever.
Let warfare cease; let's live in peace
With all the world for ever. Oct/9th 1920.

DON'T ARBITRATE. ForLeRbother. 9-1920

Amongst the greatest tools on Earth
Whose unpaid labour, soon and late,
Keeps parasites of ample girth,
Are slaves who rush to arbitrate.

My words are forceful, I admit,
But I believe that they are true, and if your heads the cap
And, if your heads the cap will fit,
Then they apply, my friends, to you.

You grovel for a living wage,
In Master's courts, and nothing more,
For which you thankfully engage
To labour as you've done before.

To be wage-slaves you're quite content
So long as you've enough to live
Although your weary lives are spent
For drones who eat the food you give.

Yes, you feed THEM, they don't feed you
As they have taught you all their lives;
You feed and clothe, by work you do,
Your idle Master and their wives.

Your labour, when applied to land,
Creates a million forms of wealth;
So surely you can understand
That idle masters live by stealth.

"Call no man Master" Jesus said—-
The Man the masters crucified—-
But ever since His spirit fled
His wise injunction you've defied.
TO DAY JOSER. 772 & Noel took Mum & me to
Newcastle & Mum welt to Gi 6 & Beeman & got fitted for a
air of spectacles, which will cost 8 pounds. I WENT To Johnson
They gave me a big pack of typing-paper, carbon paper &
a typewriter ribbon. Jose took care of Mum, & Noel took me
around in the car while we waited for Mum to be served at
Gibb & Beeman's.

Following is a letter from Walter;
"23-3-59. Well, after another three & a half weeks of
hitching back home again. Zoe had an operation on the tendons in her neck, in Perth, & was not well enough to:
Melbourne yet, so, so Mary cancelled her train ticket & brought her Mother back with her on the plane. They arrived in Sunday moring & they all arrived well but were very tired.
Mary & Dianne were very pleased to be home again after an absence of 3 months & they were surprised to see the numerous jobs which I have been able to do in their absence. Mary's Mother, of course, was able to see a lot of improvements since her last visit, & she seems to have settled in comfort-ably. Her stay is indefinite, but it is unfortunate that the winter weather is now coming. Mary's Dad is coming over soon & perhaps her brother will come over for his holi-
days, about August. Thank you, Dad for your newsy letter about the big clock, Fred's job of painting the house, Joy & Robert's doings, Flo's headache cure, Joe, Ivy & Noel's trip, also the fact that Joe is now on the telephone.
You ask specially about Mary's Mother's health. She has improve enormously but is still on crutches & still continues to suffer with a hernia & an ulcer. YESTERDAY SHE HAD A DAY? BUT WE THINK, having had tomatoes, today she is almost her old self again, & we are hoping that she will increase in strength as time goes by. Dianne has resumed school & all 3 of us are well; I am sending some photos taken in Perth (3 of them), which all show something of the place also Mary's parents. You can return them when convenient. Mary's brother between her & Don, and Betty is his wife; they have 7 children. "Your WAL"
Dear Josiah Cocking,

Edgar Ross has told me that you had written to me but that the letter was returned — perhaps I made a mistake in giving you my address (Flat 1, 13 Dickson Street, Waverley), or perhaps it was because we have had a new postman out our way and he seems to get confused.

Anyway, I would be pleased if you write again (or send the old letter if you still have it); you could send it to me at the Miners' Federation.

I'm still hoping to meet you some time that I'm up your way.

Yours fraternally,

Fox.
Friday, May 15th. This morning Jose took Mum and Fred to Gib and Beeman's to get Mum's new spectacles. Doctor Laws came yesterday as he missed us the Friday before. Jim Cocking's wife Ethel is in the Mater hospital with cancer of the stomach. Ivy and Florence have visited her.

Tues. May 12th 1959. Yesterday was my birthday, the 92nd. Jose gave me a good new emery wheel; Florence gave me a big bagful of lollies; Arthur gave me a lot of sweets; Walter must have sent me by plane, from Melbourne something too big for postace. Arthur, Phyllis, Doreen, Fay and Mum went to Brisbane. Fry will stay and Fay came by car and the girls will stay at Taree while Art and Phyllis go to Brisbane. Mr. Adnum and his son are putting new water-pipipes in for us and will finish to-day. Jim's wife Ethel is in the Mater hospital where she has been for a week. She is very ill.

Mon. May 18th 1959. The following letter and 2 new shirts and two pounds came from Walter.

"Blackburn, 8-5-59. Dear Folks, We all fully enjoyed Dad's and were pleased to get all the news from home. We hope you are all well and that the flu hasn't worried any of you; we had a touch of it a couple of weeks ago, but are all well now. Mary's Dad, (known to all and sundry as "Pop"

arrives by train last Saturday morning for an indefinite stay and his first week here has been in beautiful sunny days although the nights have been cold. He will be a great help to me in finishing the various jobs around the place, but particularly on the back verandah, which is the next and last big job. I have just finished making a new workbox of a novel European design (I got the design from Zoe's eldest) and this should make the job easier. I hope that Robert, or Bob is happier in his job of selling machinery, assuming this to be his latest venture. It is a pity that Bill's job is so arduous; you would think that insurance would be an easier, more pleasant sort of job for him.

Mary's Mother has had a few bad weeks suffering a lot of pain from berulcer, but I am glad to say that she has been rather better this week and joined us for tea one night. We were fairly pleased with the Perth pictures; I am glad you enjoyed them. I assume you know which is Mrs. Shulov (there is no "t" in the name) because she was in the picture 0
picture of her alone. For purposes of Dad's record I must
tell him that Mary has one elder sister, Zoe who lives in
MELBOURNE?ONE ELDER BROTHER? Eric who has been in Mel-
bourne, but this week has gone to Sydney on a new job
with some carting firm, and two younger brothers.
The youngest in the family is Dominic who works at Metter
in Perth as a sheet-metal worker and between him and Mary
is Bill who assists on a farm at Byford some 30 miles out
of Perth. That makes a family of five, and I hope this
will keep Dad happy.
We will be interested to learn how Art and John are get-
ing on in their new homes also how Keith and Shirley
are faring; Mary, Dianne and I are well and Di has resumed her
local schooling and horse-riding. What a surprising
thing that Noel has finished his apprenticeship—It seems
no time since he started over at the works with Joe.
Congratulations! It is good to know that Mum's
health has improved and that she is well enough to give
cheek to her husband— that's the spirit to keep going.
Of course on that basis Mary should live to be 100! When my ship comes in I must look at the possibilities of
having some verses published, Dad. In the meantime we must content ourselves with. In the meantime we must content
ourselves with sending the small gift your 82nd birthday on Monday. With your activity we all hope and believe that you will never grow old. Mary especially; and with luck we may see you at the end of the year.

Mrs Shulze also sends her kind regards and hopes you will have a happy birthday. " Yours WALL.
Tues. June 2 1959. This morning early I posted twenty-six shillings to the TRIBUNE, and later I posted ten shillings to THE TEMP-ERANCE ADVOCATE to find how much I owed them.

UNCLE SAM'S PROBLEM

("The United States armed forces ... appealed to the nation's inventors to come up with devices that would enable soldiers to jump over mountains and live off the land."—News Items.)

Now, you peaceful, wise inventors,
Will you use each active brain,
To destroy our mind-tormentor—
How to multiply the slain?
You are friends of peace and culture,
And to save men's lives you see;
We have minds just like a vu-lure
And delight to make men die.

We already have intentions
For committing homicide.
In the atmosphere's extensions
Or on oceans wild and wide;
We can kill beneath the waters
Or we'll vault across the ranges
Of the frozen polar main.
But we cannot jump, for slaughter,
O'er a lofty mountain-chain.

Use your vast extensive powers
(Being soldiers we have none)
Let us jump the mountain-towers
That more murders may be done.
Though each farm with corn-cobs
And thistles, and when food is at hand
Show us how to live on thistles
And subsist upon the land.
Since the pre-historic ages
We've been watch-dogs for the Few
Who have paid us little wages
When rebellious slaves we slew.
But we heed dear Master's bidding
In the noble game of ridding
Earth of red slaves who rebel.
Let them labor hard and faster
And no more attempt to rise
To rebel against dear Master
And his Private Enterprise,
Or we'll vault across the ranges
With celerity and ease
To prohibit social changes
And make Red rebellions cease.

We're the world's worst peace-deserters,
Also friends of Want and Death,
And, as tools of Iges and Herters,
May yet dominate the Earth.
So employ the skill within you
And there's ample food at hand
To invent a plan quite new
That this planet may continue
To be ruled and robbed by Few!

—DANDELION

Dear Len, I got a lot for sending page of "Common Cause" to me containing short poem, say who is Dandelion? What a mighty worker's poet he or she is.

I have been planning you for sending me the latest full issue of "Common Cause" each week. All nicely done up in oil paper wrapper. But now I'm not sure. well, well...

Sub. Donations Sub.

Received from

March 1960

Subscription to
With Thanks

Business Manager
What will the Marsians think?

When the first Earth-man has landed,
On the distant planet Mars,
Or on Jupiter, or Venus,
Or another of the stars,
Will he tell its gentle beings,
With an air of martial pride,
How Earth's rulers are preparing
To commit mass-homicide?
Will he tell adoring mothers
(Who mass-murder must abhor)
That we waste unending billions
To prepare for global war?
Will the males of Mars believe
When he tells the shameful truth
That we train and arm for slaughter
Earth's conscripted, helpless youth?
When he says Earth's seas are teeming
With abundant stores of fish,
And its soil produces ample
To replenish ev'ry dish,
But that men of many nations
Die of hunger ev'ry day,
Through a stupid Social System,
What will our new neighbours say?
If he tells those peaceful beings
That, on land, on sea, in air,
We keep armies, fleets and bombers
To destroy beyond repair;
To preserve the ruling power
Of vile private enterprise,
What will Marsmen think of humans?
Will they say that we are wise?
When he says this blood-stained planet
Is controlled by just a few,
Who have microscopic conscience
And all honest soil eschew—
That we tolerate the loafers
Whose existence is Earth's bane—
Will not those enlightened Marsmen
All declare that we're insane?
—DANDELION
(From Common Cause, Australian Miners' Union paper.)
"Peoples Voice" New Zealand.

COMPLIMENTS OF
"COMMON CAUSE",

E. Ross.
20/5/59.
Dear Mr. Scocking,

Thanks for your comment on my book "Friendly Vietnam" in your SEATO poem. I don't know yet whether we'll publish it; this will have to be discussed with Edgar Ross, who is in Queensland for a few days, but we will mention the book and where it can be obtained in our "Here and There" column; it is true that it hasn't had much publicity.

I'm only too pleased of course to send you a copy of "Gumleaves and Bamboo" and would appreciate any comments however critical.

I haven't yet discussed your "Khrushchev's Bomb" with Edgar Ross, being a poet I hesitate to ask a fellow-poet to make alterations, but I have the feeling it would be more powerful if shorter; verses 1, 2, and 3 are strong and would stand alone. Could you reverse the two halves of verse 5 and end on the lines: "The whole world lies in your right hand! It's still true, fellow workers"? Perhaps that's asking too much, but I feel the occasion needs something short and positive right through (even the "cringe and cover" worries me a bit.)

These criticisms are not necessarily correct, but I have the feeling you could strengthen the poem by pruning and perhaps rewriting, though not perhaps quite along the lines I have suggested.

I have asked several people to tell me which poems in "Gumleaves and Bamboo" they like best and which least; as I am trying to get a better understanding of what sort of poetry people like. (Results so far have shown a tremendous variety in taste; one man's meat is another man's poison!) I'd be pleased if in good time you care to send a few comments on those lines - don't hesitate to be critical!

Thanks again for your friendly comments on Friendly Vietnam!

Yours fraternally,

Len Fox
COSMICAL COLUMBUS

"America's No. 1 test pilot, who will soon risk his life to become the world's first space man, is making final plans for his journey into the unknown."—Daily paper.

When the first Earth-man has landed On the distant planet Mars, Or on Jupiter, or Venus, Or another of the "stars," Will he tell its gentle beings, With an air of martial pride, How Earth's rulers are preparing To commit mass-homicide?

Will he tell adoring mothers (Who mass-murder must abhor) That we waste unending billions To prepare for global war? Will the males of Mars believe him When he tells the shameful truth That we train and arm for slaughter Earth's conscripted, helpless youth?

When he says Earth's seas are teeming With abundant stores of fish, And its soil produces ample To replenish ev'ry dish, But that men of many nations Die of hunger ev'ry day, Through a stupid Social System, What will our new neighbors say?

If he tells those peaceful beings That, on land, on sea, in air, We keep armies, fleets and bombers To destroy beyond repair; To preserve the ruling power Of vile private enterprise, What will Marsmen think of humans? Will they say that we are wise?

When he says this blood-stained planet Is controlled by just a few, Who have microscopic conscience And all honest till ashew— That we tolerate the loafers Whose existence is Earth's bane— Will not these enlightened Marsmen All declare that we're insane?

—DANDELION.

THE PROBLEM SOLVED.

Tune: "When The Mists Have Rolled Away."

When the workers all awaken To the needless folly-of-life And the needed steps are taken To abolish want and strife— They will pay their legislators Who ignore much want and death; And are needless war-creators; Just the pitance they are worth. —CHORUS—

They'll be paid the wage they earn, Not the sums for which they yearn— Not the multiples of thousands Which some now so boldly steal From the pensioners and payers Of a plundered commonweal.

Other workers of a nation, Whether ignorant or wise, Oft resort to arbitration To obtain a wages-rise. But some M.P.'s think they're better Than a plundered slave who delves, So they annex each moral fetter And, to money, help themselves.

Are they all devoid of pity? And of conscientious shame? Will each village, town and city Let them carry on their game Of depriving aged jobbers Of the pension-rise they seek While these "honourable" robbers Grab their sixty pounds per week?

There's an easy, cheap solution To this problem, which is real. Simply change the Constitution And then those who steal— Simply cease to vote for leeches Who are owned by dear, kind Rob, For the Decalogue still teaches That it's very wrong to rob.
Dear Folks,

Yesterday we received the following letter from WAL:

"57 Surrev Road, Blackburn Sundv 1-3-59/ Dear Folks, A you se eI am home again, havi ng arrived back yester day. I didn't receive any letter from you in the west, nor was ther e any here on my retur n, so I surmised that you had not written.

You will be surprised to hear that Mary's Mother has shown an almost miraculous improvement since she was brought home from the hospital some 6 weeks ago & was looked after by Mary and her sister Zoe. I must confess that I did not share the optimism expressed in Dal's letter, nor i

in fact did anyone expect a recovery, but she is getting stronger every day and is now able to feed and wash herself and get about on her crutches (the h igh has not yet healed). Mary and Dianne are still in Perth and they plan to come back by train in three weeks time, leaving Zoe and her Mother to come back to Melbou rne by train. Mary's Father and perhaps her brother Dom might also come over, and the two of them will then spend a holiday with us here in Blackburn until her Mother's strength is fully restored. Notwithstanding Mrs. Shultze's sickness we have had an enjoyable time, together in the west, having met many old friends and been swimming almost every day. Dianne is going to school over there, so we have been taking her down to the beach after school each afternoon. I also did some work for the Department in the office over there, which will give me three and a half days leave over the Christmas holidays. We are all well suntanned and healthier than ever, but I must now settle down to do some solid work again. Yours WAL.

P.S. I will send you some picture I took in the west when they become available. WAL."
31. Wed. May 4 1959. Charlie came home two days ago and made the grandfather's clock strike again. He found that the part which governs the striking mechanism was not in working order. The clock is now working perfectly. Charlie is still at home and rain is falling again. I have sown two packets of onion seeds—white and brown, and transplanted forty self-sown cabbage plants. Robert Purdy started to work at the Commonwealth steel works a week ago. His job is to write down the total tonnage of steel things made each day. He found the work very hard at first, but is now getting used to it. He comes to see us every morning and dinner time.

I sent the following verses to Common Cause, but they have not yet been printed.

THE PROBLEM SOLVED.
Tune: "When the Mists Have Rolled Away."

When the workers all awaken
To the needless ills of life
And the needed steps are taken
To abolish want and strife
They will pay their legislators
Who ignore much want and dearth
And are needless war-creators,
Just theittance they are worth.

CHORUS:—
They'll be paid the wage they earn,
Not the sums for which they earn—
Not the multiple of thousands
Which they now so boldly steal
From the pensioners and paupers
Of a plundered Commonweal.

Other workers of a nation,
Whether ignorant or wise,
Oft resort to arbitration
To obtain a wares rise,
But some M.P.s think they're better
Than a plundered slave who delves,
So they snap each moral fetter
And, to money, help themselves.

Are they all devoid of pity
And of conscientious shame?
Will each village, town and city
Let them carry on their game
Of deriving aged jobbers
Of the pension—Risen they seek

While those "honourable" robbers
Grab their sixty pounds per week?

There's an easy, cheap solution
To this problem, which is real,
Simply change the Constitution
And imprison those who steal—
Simply cease to vote for leeches
Who are friends of dear, kind Bob.

For the Decalogue still teaches
That it's very wrong to rob.

(SENT to Common Cause 5-2-59.)
What is life, the old enigma,
Animating seed and stigma,
Animally moving monsters in the waters
Of the rivers, lakes and seas,
Organizing germ and virus
Vitalizing germs that tire us
Rest
Propagating plants with flowers
And delicious fruits that please?

Is life but a form of matter
Whose effluent atoms scatter
Like ascending drops of water
On the near approach of heat?
Or is life a transmutation
Of some forces of creation
Which has substance as its seat?

Is life liquid, dense, or airy?
Like the substance of a fairy?
Or a mystic combination
Of electric force and light
When we know the welcome answer
And the hidden cause of cancer
Then the news will thrill the nations
With exuberant delight.

Since the prehistoric ages
Life has puzzled wisest sages;
Modern scientists are trying,
With the microscope and knife,
To delightedly discover
What each mystified truth-lover
Longs to know about the nature
And the origin of life.

Man's existence will be pleasant
And more lengthy than at present
When life's problem is unravelling
By unceasing search and thought; it may even be eternal
It may even be eternal
And transcendentally supernatural
When we know its composition
And the means by which it is brought.

"At least 100 million other planets in the universe have conditions capable of supporting organic life as it is
ST Monday I sent a copy of these verses to Common Cause.

"The United States armed forces... appealed to the nation's inventors to come up with devices that would enable soldiers to jump over mountains and live off the land". News item. 25-5-59.

Now, you peaceful, wise inventors,
Will you use each active brain
To destroy our mind-tormentor--
How to multiply the slain?

YOU ARE FRIENDS OF PEACE AND CULTURE
And to saves men's lives you vie;
We have minds just like a vulture
And delight to make men die.

We already have inventions
For committing homicide
IN THE ATMOSPHERE's extensions
Or on oceans wild and wide;
We can kill beneath the waters
Of the frozen polar main,
But we cannot jump, for slaughter,
O'er a lofty mountain chain.

Use your vast inventive powers
(Being soldiers we have none)
Let us jump those mountain-towers
That more murders may be done.
Though each farm with corn-cobs bristles
And there's ample food at hand
Show us how to live on thistles
And subsist upon the land.

Since the pre-historic ages
We've been watch-dogs for the Few
Who have paid us little wages
When rebellious slaces we slew,
But we heed dear Master's bidding
And are proud that we excel
In the noble game of ridding
Earth of red slaves who rebel.

Let them labour hard and faster
And no more attempt to rise
TO REBEL AGAINST DEAR Master
And his Private Enterprise,
Or we'll vault across the ranges
With celerity and ease
To prohibit social changes
And make red rebellions cease.

We're the world's worst peace-deserterers,
Also friends of Want and Dearth,
And, as tools of Ikes and Herters,
May yet dominate the Earth;
So employ the skill within you
To invent a plan quite new
That this planet may continue
To be ruled and robbed by Few!

I also sent the following verses to Common Cause at the same time.-RETURNED WITH THANKS.

Is there a bard with mind so high
That he will never moan and sigh,
Or whose fierce anger has not burned
On finding doggerel returned,
Or never to himself has said
Within each doggerel a stilled skull
Their faces once or now be dead;

4548
"Mr. Khrushchev said in a speech in Albania that Capitalism was doomed... Communism would replace it, despite "mad men" in the Imperialist camp who threatened the world with atomic and hydrogen bombs, he said."News item 2/6/59.

The time will come, with joyful songs,
When Earth will rid itself of wrongs
That plagued it through long ages.
We Reds will make the workers wise
To banish Private Enterprise
By slow and easy stages.
They now begin to understand
That private ownership of land,
The source of wealth-production,
Deprives them of the chance to be
Contented, happy, well and free,
And causes their destruction.
Awakened workers will combine
To own each factory and mine
From Amsterdam to Needham,
Then all they've fashioned, found or grown
Will then be theirs to give or own
With unrestricted freedom.
They then will exercise their right
To live in peace and never fight
And die in War's disasters
Protecting stores of boundless wealth
Obtained by cunning, legal stealth
By labour-shunning masters.
Their social system now is doomed;
For generations it has boomed,
"my poetry is most sublime;
So its rejection is a crime;
To write for such men is a bore,
I will write for him no mor!"

If such a poet does exist
Is name should head the honours list
Of worthy men we like to meet
Whose placid minds can bear defeat.

Their intellects are low and dull
RETURNED WITH THANKS.

Is there a bard with mind so high
That he will never moan and sigh,
Or whose fierce anger has not burned
On finding doggerel returned
Or never, to himself, has said
"Such editors should all be dead.

Their intellects are low and dull
Within each doubly-thickened skull
My poetry is most sublime,
So, to return it is a crime.
To write to such men is a bore,
So I shall write for them no more.

If such a person does exist
His name should head the honour-list
OF NOBLE MEN WE SELDOM MEET
WHOSE placid minds can bear defeat.

(See also "We read the Newspapers")
shall be no more war.

... War-Makers at the Bar...

When a warrior's soul, with a myriad more,
Is tried on the great judgment Day,
For starving sweet babies and shedding men's gore,
Will he then defiantly say:
I've flouted Commandments engraved on the stones
By Moses, engraving God's will
For I've been pleasing men's flesh from their bones,
In spite of His — "Thou shalt not kill!"

I have marched with the armies that went to invade,
With pleasure I could not conceal,
And stolen for merchants, to foster their trade.
Regardless of "Thou shalt not steal!"
I've made mothers, widows by murderous darts,
For I have delighted to shoe
My children bare into the hearts
Of neighbours Christ told me to love.

I have flown in the air, like a ravenous snaw,
Devoid of compassion or shame;
And slaughtered opponents and hurled them below,
Enveloped in blood and in flame.
No pity have I for the orphaned bairn
Or fathers who furnished them bread,
Nor care for the widows in poverty left
To mourn for their husbands now dead

I despise the command which the poet of God
Once gave in a garden at night
To valiant Peter — "Put up the sword!"
For cowards alone shift a flight.
I honour a man who will fight to the death.
For zeal and empire and kings
Or, another man, thousand with a lion's breath.
That plaudits of victors may ring.

May 12, 1873.

—Dantejion
4th June, 1959.

Mr. J. Cooking,
331 Maitland Road,
MAYFIELD WEST, NEWCASTLE, N.S.W.

Dear Mr. Cooking:

With reference to your subscription to "The Rock", we wish to advise that you are financial to December 59, when a renewal notice will be sent to you.

Yours faithfully,
ROCK NEWSPAPER CO.

[Signature]

(A. J. James)
Accountant.
Dear Josiah Cocking,

We like "Uncle Sam's Troubles" and hope to use it next week; perhaps we will use the other poem also later on.

Greetings!

Len Fox
Dear Mr. Cocking,

Thank you for the 10/- note. I shall pass it on to Mr. Hodge who looks after the business side of Peacemaker.

Apart from the sub I was pleased to hear from you. It happened that I had been thinking about you, and wondering how you were getting on. Well, I hope, and that retirement is giving you the opportunity for doing the things you like and developing the tastes that interest you.

Do you know of any ways to increase the circulation of the Peacemaker? One way, of course, would be to have a better editor, and that, I hope, will come in due course; but however good the paper was it would still need to be sold. I can make excuses to myself for not combining the duties of editor with those of sales promotion agent, but perhaps the excuses are not valid, and I may be wanting others to do what I don't do myself. Most people any way are hard at work in their daily jobs, and it is wonderful that they devote the time and energy they do to voluntary effort of one sort and another.

Meanwhile, I was glad to get your note, and shall send your sub to Mr. Hodge. Best wishes,

Yours sincerely,

Edgar Collette
BHP APPRENTICES' "GRADUATION NIGHT"

Awards For 37 Apprentices

Manager of the BHP Steel Works in Newcastle (Mr. G. Bishop) last night presented 37 apprentices with their indentures at a graduation ceremony on the plant.

The Manager of the BHP Steel Works (Mr. G. H. Bishop, right), talks with Dennis Blunden, Josef Brucki and Gordon Marsh at the graduation ceremony for apprentices on the plant last night. Thirty-seven apprentices were presented with their indentures at the ceremony, which was attended by about 100 of their relations and friends.

About 100 relatives and friends of the apprentices attended the ceremony which was held in the Administrative building.

A staff training officer at the BHP in Melbourne (Mr. L. W. Rogers) addressed the group before the presentation.

Among the apprentices were the successful candidates in the recent "Apprentice of the Year" competition conducted in Newcastle. They are Messrs. Neville Sawyer, William Morgan and John O'Shea. Films were shown after the ceremony and supper was served.

The apprentices who received their indentures last night were Messrs. Kevin Baker, Dennis Blunden, Graham Butt, Kenneth Brown, Malcolm Campbell, Noel Cocking, Frederick Collins, Stewart Cook, Rodney Corling, Barry Cotter, Ronald Davies, Lawrence Dodd, John Doran, John Dumbley, Graham Dunlop, Terence Fletcher, Freddi Gee, John Har...
Mr. Ca was satisfied with the baby's condition and released the fire department. He was primitive but not dangerous. Mr. Tsakalis was charged with the fire, which was caused by a fire alarm set off by a baby's birthday party.

DECEMBER 12, 1958

Mrs. Alex, Elizabeth's birthday. Today I sent a letter to Mr. Alex. Ostler, the Editor of the "Pe ole's Voice," General Labourers' Hall, Auckland, New Zealand.

Yesterday we were visited by Bobby Cocking, 17th street, Abersam, and his son Allan.

Saturday, June 27, 1959

"Bought" He said to this, the baby his name and the housekeeper who has never been seen. The baby's hair is examined for clues.

RETURNED WITH THANKS

Is there a hard path? Oh, yes. The road is never smooth and the way is never easy. Whose flaming anger has not been quenched? And to himself, always and forever..."

DANDELION.
This is a letter from WALTER.
"Blackburn 18th June '59.
Dear folks,

We were very sorry indeed to hear of the passing of Ethel, but it was nice to hear that she was not worried or in pain, and was her usual cheerful self.

With you, I wonder how Jim will fare and hope that he settles down somewhere without too much difficulty, and I hope that the loss of Ethel's companion will not depress Mum and Dad too much. We are pleased to know that Flo is of such a help to her neighbours and that she is somewhat better off now with Rob working. There is something about her that seems to spend a fortune around that place, and I am sure that all the family is grateful to her.

We have been wondering how the internal toilet has been arranged and whether any further move is afoot to put in a shower recess. I have been extremely busy—with Mary's peptosehing—wreathing the low sun-room as an extension.
BOTTLED SUNSHINE.
"Californian physicists call it "a piece of sun in a bottle". Warships at sea which now have to use blinker lights in "radio silence" areas would be able to exchange vital communications regardless of weather or fog".

Tune;—When the mists have rolled away.

When the long, cold war has ended
Twixt the Lily-Whites and Reds
And the scientists and soldiers
Have arisen from their beds
To use active brains and bullets
To make naughty Commmos run
They will use their new invention
Called a bit of bottled sun.

CHORUS;—But the time will yet arrive
When the poor will cease to strive
And, in battle, die like cattle
To protect the hoarded loot
Of their Masters who have cunningness
to make poor blockheads shoot.

We are growing scientific,
And the universe we range;
So our knowledge is increasing
Of new forces vast and strange,
But no act could be absurder
Than to use our mental store
Still to perpetrate mass-slaughter—
Whose time-honored name is War.

Second chorus;—
All the world would thus be shown
How our lunacy has grown,
And the war-lords will be happy
And their generals quite gay
Since they've learned to murder quicker
In a scientific way.

Soon the war-mad Western rulers
May again agree to try
By their military forces
Of the land, the sea and sky,
To again enslave and plunder
To the uttermost degree,
The progressive Eastern nations
That are happy, wise and free.

Repeat first chorus.
If the Christian Church had spoken,
In the years long passed away,
To enforce Commandments broken,
Slaves might have long since ceased to slay,
But its piety is zero,
So it weilds no chast'ning rod,
But applauds one, as a "hero",
Who defies the living God.

Men will cease to slay for Croesus,
In the open or by stealth,
But adopt the plan of Jesus
In a world-wide Commonwealth;
Forts and guns will be demolished,
 Atom bombs will have no place,
 But be utterly abolished

Tuesday June 23 1959.

Yesterday Daphne Gaynor gave birth to a baby girl named Robin. Daphne is in the Mater hospital and is quite well. We have received this letter from WALTER & MARY;
CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41.

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to the back verandah. It is now framed up and I hope to pitch thereon Mary Dianne and I are well; and Mary and I went to see "My Fair Lady" on Friday night. Dianne is doing very well at school, and since her return from Perth has been going to the Methodist Sunday School instead of the Church of England school, which she went to previously. Things are as busy as ever at the office, with quite a lot of work on Colombo Plan supplies to Pakistan, Borneo and other countries. Many thanks to Joe for the Review, and we hope that he and Ivy, also all the rest of the Cocking families (and the Purdys) are well. Thanks also to Dad for his trouble in writing very welcome and interesting letters. We had 3 girl visitors from Perth last Monday (Queen's birthday) and took them for a run up through Warburton to Donna Bungal to see the snow. A dishful did not disappear out on our sunroom until the next afternoon. Mary sends her special regards. Yours WAL.

Tues. June 30 1959. This morning I posted a copy of "BOTTLED Sunshine" to the editor of "People's Voice", but the last two verses are different from the copy sent to Common Cause. The new verses are:-

"If the Christian Church had spoken in the year's long passed away To enforce Commandments broken, Slaves had long since ceased But its piety is zero and it weilds no chast'ning rod And applauds one, as a "hero" who defies the living God. Its a living contradiction most ridiculous and quaint When it wears a butcher's apron with the halo of a saint."

Mon. July 6 1959. This morning I received a letter from the Editor of People's Voice. I have written a reply and will post it this morning.
More than 5,100 people were freely helped by Newcastle City Mission in the past year, the Superintendent (Mr. J. McCallum) said at the 19th annual tea and business meeting last night. News item.

Fife thousand needy souls or more
Were cast upon Want's chilly shore
In prosperous Horsetrailyer;
They could not write M F (more pay)
Behind their names, as robbers may,
So life had been a failure.

It was not gambling nor strong drink
That made these worthy people sink
To such a low condition,
But loss of husbands, wives and health
Through, out this misruled Commonwealth
Placed them in that MINIMUM position.

But what did wea,thy More Pays care?
Did P I Bkb ans 'Co declare
They'd give their kind assistance?
Did Robbert and his graballs rise
And send a gift unique for size?
No, but for non-existence!

Malaya was their special care
Where Communistie rebelle dare
To burst the bonds of Greedom:
No ruling robber will forgive
A plundered slave who longs to live
In wealth and perfect freedom.

So armoured gangs are sent away
To hunt and capture, maim and slay,
Although it costs us millions
To perpetrate the callous crime
Which, almost certainly, in time
Will cost us many Billions.
Now Bob is off to Singapore
TO THROW AWAY SOME THOUSANDS MORE
Of poor taxpayers' Money;
And though his game of Roam and Waste
TO THINK STILL HAS A BITTER TASTE?
To him its sweet as honey.

The ruling class, by homicide,
Attempt to stop the rising tide
Of Communism growing,
But in despite of war and dearth
That blissful tide, around the Earth
Maysoon be overflowing.

Fri. July 23 1959. Our Fred is putting new guttering
around the roof of our house. To day I sent the following
verses to the Common Cause; Tribune; and to The People's Voice.

WHAT IS COMMUNISM?
A social state, supremely grand,
In which the workers own the land
And its abundant treasures--
The copper, silver, tin and gold
And minerals with worth untold
Too vast for mind to measure.

A social system based on Right,
Not hoggish greed and brutal might
Like most still in existence;
Its built to give men all they earn
By hand or brain, and let them learn
Of mutual assistance.

Its an ideal social plan
In which a slave becomes a MAN
Who uses mental power,
In company with fellow-men,
Who use the hammer, pick, or pen
themselves with wealth to power.

state in which all live and learn
to enjoy the wealth they earn
through wise, concerted movements;
Where all internal battles cease
And all enjoy fraternal peace
While seeking mind-improvements.

A state in which no useless drones
Waste useless lives on costly thrones

AMIDST LOOTED EMPRESSES

While poor, enslaved civilians
Must spend their lives in ill-paid toil
While bugs who own the tools and soil
A mass uncounted trillions.

To Common Sense; Tribune, S.

FRED HAS NEARLY FINISHED PUTTING THE
new guttering around our house, and making the downpipes.
This morning we received this letter from WALTER; 157 Surrey
Road, "Blackburn 27th July 1959. Dear Folks, We were very pleased
the good news of little Robin's arrival and extend our congratulations
apbne & Kelvin. There is no doubt that a girl is a wonderful help
panion to her mother. There is no doubt that Mary's Mother is r
onding to Mary's care & the many X-rays which were taken of her
hospital have shown no gall-stones & no large stomach ulcers
small one would not show on the X ray). Unfortunately however
had a fall at the hospital last Thursday & has a very painful
used spine which will make her uncomfortable for a week or two.
x you, Dad, for going to all that trouble in sending that extract
all-stones. Mrs. Shulze appreciated the kind thought on her behalf
I was interested to learn of all the alteration around the house --- the new toilet must be a great asset, and will considerably reduce the risk of accident in going down the back steps.

I have nearly finished the roof over the new sunroom, with the help of Mary's Dad, but the job is fairly slow, cutting into the existing roof and fitting all the tiles on the new hip, etc. The contractors are due to start fitting the masonry veneer in the next 3 or 4 weeks, & the job is due to be finished by the end of September. It is estimated that this will add about £1000 to the value of the place, & it will be much warmer in winter & cooler in summer.

I had a very enjoyable game of golf --- my first for 12 months, with a crowd from the office last Saturday, & I am looking forward to more relaxation after I get the work finished around the house, next year. There is very little news to tell you. Mary and Dianne are well, and we might possibly have a holiday in the Gosford district in the new year. We doubt that Mary's parents will come with us --- in fact they talk sometimes of going home --- but we enjoy them here and hope they will stay here & eventually holiday with us. We hope that you are all well and not suffering from the winter too much. Yours WAL.

Thur. Aug. 13 1959. This morning I received this letter from the Editor of "People's Voice".


Dear Sir, We are sorry that you have had such worry over your subscription to the "People's Voice". We are sending the paper to you tegularly every Tuesday from here and are assured by the post office that it is forwarded overseas with all our other overseas subscribers. However, it is true that surface mail does take a time, and of course papers may be held for a week or so until a ship is available. We think that this might be the explanation for some of the delay. But do let us know how you are getting on in this way.
in this matter, and if there is no improvement we will be glad to take it up again. You could take out an airmail subscription which would cost you sixpence per issue for second-class airmail. With best wishes yours fraternally,

Here written an answer & suggested that we publish a dictionary definition of Communism.

Fri. 11/9/1959. Today I posted a copy of FOOLISH MAN to Leopold's VOICE. It is copied from the diary of F. From Fri. 11/9/1959. Last week I lent Arthur my telescope for as long as he lives at Dee Why. I gave Joseph ten volumes of Smith's history of science.

FRI Sep. 11th 1959. Last week I lent Arthur my telescope.

Freedom

"A section of the diesel-electric engine drivers who have refused to man engines...were ordered back to work by Mr. Austin, Federal Arbitration Commissioner."—Daily paper.

"Freedom could be lost forever unless free nations stood together, Mr. Menzies said."—Daily paper, same day.

Bob says we're free! Of course we're free, And have been so for ages, Because we've always liked to be As free as birds in cages.

We're free to live without the soil And tools of wealth-creation, And free to ask for leave to toil At any mine or station.

We're free to toil from morn till eve, In quarries or in ditches, And are contented to receive A scrap of Master's riches.

We're free to live in shabby shacks, Without room for expansions, With parasites upon our backs Who own extensive mansions.

We're free to roam the world at large And taste joys sweet as honey, With wives and children in our charge— That's if we have the money.

We have full freedom to remain At home, like cash-bound miners, While owners roam the world by train Or costly ocean liners.

We all have liberty to stay And grind our masters' axes, With privilege to promptly pay Excessive rates and taxes.

We're free to give our cherished sons (Who may not own a shilling) To perpetrate, with bombs and guns, The "noble" crime of killing.

Not free to start, not free to stop, Without receiving orders, But free to toil, until we drop, For skin-flint money-handlers.

What more should any wage-slave ask, Of Bugs who seldom heed 'em, But leave to do each ill-paid task And bask in such sweet freedom?

So let us arm, on sea and farm, For Robert feels quite certain That we may find ourselves behind Some Slave-State's "iron curtain."

—DANDELION.

COMMON CAUSE

Saturday, September 19, 1959
SEATO SAVAGERY.

Who sent the seato tools to strike
Malayan rebels, ; was it Ike ?
Or sweet, angelic Menzies ?
That action was a cfuel crime
Which smeared the name with gory slime,
The fruit of martial frenzies.

Red rebels do not rise for fun,
Nor do they face a deadly gun
To lose their lives for pleasure;
They most reluctantly arise,
Compelled by Private Enterprise
Whose loot no man can measure.

Our Eastern brothers must rebel
To clamber from the social hell
Of servitude infernal
To Liberty's world-wise domain
Where workers live for love, not gain,
And friendship is supernal.

If you are doubtful have a look
At wise Len Frx's truthful book
On PLUNDERED EASTERN NATIONS.
He wrote, as though with pen aflame,
Of how their rulers played the game
Of brutal exploitation.

Yes, read Lefs"Friendly Vietnam", And learn how France and Uncle Sam Have "aided" plundered workers Throughout a century, at least, And ravaged, like a savage beast, To fatten idle shirkers.

Now, not alone in Vietnam Has dominating Uncle Sam
Turned order into chaos,
For now his ruling, robbing greed
Has done the very same indeed
In red, rebellious Laos.

Bob's seato broom of homicide
Has failed to turn the mighty tide
Of Socialism growing.
Despite hot streams of rebel blood
Great Communism's sunlit flood
Is surely onward flowing.

Sat. Sep. 10th 1059. This morning I sent a copy of Seato Savagery to common Cause with 6 stamps for 6 copies of Freedom, which was printed in this week's issue of that paper. Yesterday Fred paid twelve pounds for a petrol-driven lawnmower. Mum's birthday was on the 17th, and she got a birthday card from Daphne, one from Jose, and a new dress from Ivy. Walter and Mary sent a card and a new woolen ulster and the following letter;

"157 Surrey Road, 1NX Blackburn, 14th Sep. 59. Dear Folks;
My humble apologies for keeping you waiting so long for a letter, but at least I can now set your mind at rest by assuring you that we all are and have been well. As you will probably guess, my preoccupation has been with the job of house-building. Anyhow, I am pleased to be able to tell you that the masonry under and around the house has been finished and the sunroom is to the stage of needing windows and in addition, of course, to the painting. Everybody is delighted with the veneer and many people have admired it and come in to make inquiries. I will send you photos before and after, when the film is finished in the camera. Now that September is here again our thoughts naturally go to Mum, and we would like to send our very special greetings
for this, her 85th birthday. It seems such a short time since she was 80, and we remember well her lively sense of humour when we were up there then. We hope you had a very happy birthday, Mum, and that you will be able to enjoy many more. Mary's Mother is improving every day and now walks about the house quite freely without the use of her crutches. BOTH SHE AND HER DAD TALK OF going home, in which we try to discourage them. It is possible that they might feel that they have worn their welcome out— which they certainly have not— but Mary suspects that now that her Mother is getting better she might well be homesick for her own home, which, of course, is understandable. We feel now, as we have for many years, a debt of gratitude to Ffëd, Joe, and Ivy for all they have been able to do in looking after Mum and Dad, and are so pleased that both of them are able to enjoy the care and the comfort which they so deserve. Many thanks again. There is not much news from here. Apart from the building. We like to take the old people out for a drive each weekend, and of course, now that the weather is improving, we hope to be able to get out more. By next year all the hard work should be finished and we will be able to relax. To-morrow the claim by the professional engineers will be heard in the arbitration court. The claim is for about a fifty percent increase, so that even if this only partially succeeds we may be able to invest in a new car--or if Doanne had her way, a T.V. set. We are planning to have a holiday near Gosford about March next, in which case we will, of course, be spending some time with you. We hope that Mum will be able to find good use of the cardigan which we have sent-- as usual it was something of a problem to know what to send to the wealthy lady of 331.

A few lines to say Happy Birthday to Mum, and how sorry we are that we can't be with you. I've been busy these last
months having my Mum and Dad here. It looks like losing them as they are talking of going home this month. I do hope you have a very happy day on Thursday, Mum. I also hope you and Dad are well. Love from Mary."

3 gathering in Adelaide are Rev. L. C. Parke, M.A. and Mr. W. A. P. Phillips, Sec., History Department, University of Adelaide. New Zealand—Mr. L. Reid, Box 936, Auckland, N.Z.

BOTTLED SUNSHINE

"Californian physicists call it a "piece of sun in a bottle." Warships at sea which now have to use blinker lights in "radio silence" areas would be able to exchange vital communications regardless of weather or fog:"

Tune: "When the mists have rolled away."

When the long cold war has ended 'twixt the Lily-Whites and Reds, And the scientists and soldiers have risen from their beds,
To use active brains and bullets to make naughty Commies run,
They will use their new invention called a bit of bottled sun.

We are growing scientific, and the universe we range,
So our knowledge is increasing of new forces vast and strange;
But no act could be absurder than to use our mental store
Still to perpetrate mass-murder — whose time-honoured name is War.

All the world should thus be shown how our lunacy has grown,
And the war-lords will be happy and their generals quite gay
Since they've learned to slaughter quicker in a scientific way.

If the Christian Church had spoken, in the years long passed away,
To enforce Commandments broken, slaves had long since ceased to slay.

Men will cease to slay for Croesus, in the open or by stealth,
But adopt the plan of Jesus in a world-wide Commonwealth.

Dandelion.
KHRUSHCHEV'S BOMB.

"The Soviet premier...yesterday proposed general and complete disarmament within fouryears."

Will modern wonders never cease?  
Will this wise plan for world-wide peace  
Be quickly, gladly taken  
By rulers of this war-mad world?  
Will military flags be furled  
And warfare be forsaken?.

Will bold John Bull with joy be filled  
And Uncle Sam with rapture thrilled  
And Nasser feel quite nervous?  
Or all warmongers blush for shame  
If Murder gets its proper name  
Instead of Active Service?

There is no need, in all the earth,  
For insane war which causes dearth  
And death of poor civilians,  
But its engendered by the Few,  
Who honest labour never knew,  
To guard their stolen millions.

But why should poor robbed workers wait  
For potentates to put things straight?  
We workers have the power  
If we would sensibly combine,  
From frozen poles to torrid line,  
And cease to cringe and cower.

Hear Ella Wilcox, great and grand,  
"THE WHOLE WORLD LIES IN YOUR RIGHT HAND!"  
Its still true, fellow-toilers;  
We have the power and the right  
To cease to be compelled to fight  
And kill for our dwoilers.

Dear ssato Bob already raves  
Against red Russian and its "slaves",  
But, like a drum, he's hollow!  
Soon brave John Bull and Uncle Sam  
And Nasser, Egypt's great I AM,  
Are almost sure to follow.

The ruling Few can not afford  
To lose their vast, ill-gotten hoard  
And live by honest labour.
They practice to grab all they can
And rob their fellow-man
By, using gun and sabre.

24/9/1959. To day I sent 2/2 in atamp for Len and
for a copy of his booklet, "Guileaves and
Bamboo, Common Cause and People's Voice."

KHRUSHCHEV'S BOMB to Common Cause and to People's Voice.

Mum's birthday was on the 17th, and she received presents fro
Walter, Jose, Daphne and me. Jose's present is a dress, and Wal
uter's is a cardigan. Mine is a box of chocolates.

Florence and Bill have bought a new frigerator for £ LIL-LO-C
£ 111-11-10 from Mackie. They returned our ice chest.

THE PENSIONERS' DEFENCE.

Now the Lib'rals are divided
And their Hitler has decided
Has refused to give due justice
To poor pensioners who pine
For an overdue extension
Of their pauperising pension
On which feeble men and women
Still in poverty decline.

It is neither fair nor funy
To be robbed of needed money
By a grasping politician
Who's not worth what he redeives;
So we pensioners are showing
That our indignation's growing
And we say some politicians
Are a gang of grabbing thieves.

Though we are not clever doctors,
Wise, collegiate high proctors,
Nor alive encyclopedias
With laurels on our brows,
But are what a dinkum Aussie,

As "fair dinkum silly cows".........

Yet we do possess the gumption
To refute the false assumption
That a pension is but charity
That is wholly undeserved
We have fought, in forts and ditches,
To protect our masters' riches,
But from many risks and dangers
We have never shrunk nor swerved.

We have toiled on wharves and stations
And in other occupations
Where we fed and clothed our masters
By our unremitting toil;

We have suffered grievous losses
For our rich, slave-driving bosses
When we laboured for a pittance
Far below his sun-lit soil.

So we now demand extension
Of our microscopic pension
TO RENEW OUR WORN APPAREL
And replenish empty shelves,
And we warn some politicians
Who fill overpaid positions
That it's starving, plundered workers
Who rebel and help themselves.

Printed in C.Cause Oct. 31-1959.

Sat. Oct. 10 1959. Last Friday Mum and I received our pension rise of 7/6 per week; so we now get £9/10/0 a fortnight each.

Fri. Oct. 3 1959. Last Monday and Tuesday I sowed about 200 pumpkin seeds where I had sowed nearly as many about three weeks ago, but only a few grew.

Yesterday's Common Cause contains my verses, "Pensioners' Defence". This morning I sent stamps for 6 copies of Common Cause. Fred has now left the painting job and goes by car, arranging the different painting jobs.

Tues. Nov. 10 1959. To day I answered Walter's letter that was written on an aeroplane. Common Cause sent me a second bundle of six C.Causes containing Pensioners' Defence."
PENSIONERS' DEFENCE

Now the Liberals are divided
And their Hider has decided
To refuse to give due recompense
To poor pensioners who
For an overdue extension
Of their pauperising pension
On which feeble men and women
Still in poverty decline.

It is neither fair nor funny
To be robbed of needed money
By a grasping politician
Who's not worth what he receives;
So we pensioners are showing
That our indignation is growing
And we say some politicians
Are a gang of grabbing thieves.

Though we are not clever doctors,
Wise, collegiate high proctors,
Nor alive encyclopaedias,
With laurels on our brows,
But are what a dinkum Aussie
Might describe, in manner saucy
And Australian vernacular,
As "fair dinkum silly cows."

But we do possess the gumption,
To refute the false assumption,
That a pension is but charity,
That's wholly undeserved.
We have fought in swamps and ditches,
To protect our country's riches,
But from many risks and dangers
We have never shrunk nor swerved.

We have worked on wharves and stations,
And in other occupations,
Where we fed and clothed our mates,
By our unremitting toil,
We have suffered grievous losses
For our rich, slave-driving bosses
When we labored, for a pittance,
Far below his sunlit soil.

But we now demand extension
Of our microscopic pension
To renew our worn apparel
And replenish empty shelves,
And warn some politicians
That it's starving, plundered workers
Who rebel and help themselves!

DANDELION.

Saturday, October 31, 1959.

THE PENSIONERS DEFENCE

"It is neither fair nor funny
To be robbed of well-earned money
Which we paid as double taxes
For two pensions—not just one—;
But the Means Test is a swindle
Worked to make our pittance dwindle
To the paltry old-age pension,
For, of course, we get none.

"Though we are not clever doctors,
Wise, collegiate high proctors,
Nor alive encyclopaedias,
With laurels on our brows,
But are what a dinkum Aussie
Might describe, in manner saucy
And Australian vernacular,
As 'fair dinkum silly cows.'

"Yet we do possess the gumption,
To refute the false assumption,
That a pension is but charity,
That's wholly undeserved.
We have fought in swamps and ditches,
To protect our country's riches,
But from many risks and dangers,
We have never shrunk nor swerved.

"So we now demand extension,
Of our microscopic pension,
To renew our worn apparel,
And replenish empty shelves.

DANDELION. Nov. 1959.

Printed in "RED TAPE" Nov., 1959
For Your Father Christmas Outfit

Fri. Nov. 27 1959. This morning I posted copies of "SLEEP ON" to Common Cause and "People's Voice.
I have also copied "Put UP THE SWORD" to send to the "PEACEMAKER."
WARMakers AT THE BAR.

Warrior's soul, with a myriad more,
Tried on the Great Judgment Day
With starving sweet children and shedding men's gore,
And he then defiantly say
"I have flouted Commandments engraved on the stones
By Moses, expressing God's will,
For I have been cleaving men's flesh from their bones
Despite of God's "Thou shalt not kill"

I have travelled with armies, despatched to invade,
With pleasure I could not conceal,
And stolen for merchants, to foster their trade,
Regardless of "Thou shalt not steal".
Poor mothers I've widowed, by murderous dart,
For I have delighted to shove
My pitiless bayonet into the hearts
Of neighbours Christ told me to love.

I have cloven the air, like a ravenous crow,
Devoid of compassion or shame,
And slaughtered opponents and hurled them below
Enveloped in torturing flame.
No pity have I for the poor orphans bereft
Of fathers who furnished their bread,
Nor sorrow for destitute widows now left
Lamenting for husbands now dead.

I despise the command which the pacifist Lord
Enforced, in a garden at night,
On valiant Peter, to "Put up the sword";
For cowards alone shirk a fight.
I honour a man who will battle till death
For master and empire and king,
Or smother ten thousand, by poison-gas breath,
That plaudits of victors may ring.

Or will Conscience awaken a sense of his guilt
Of slaying mature men and young?

Will pity and shame, for the blood he has spilt,
Compel him to bridle his tongue?
Or banish his pride of his medals and fame
He derived from his rifle and sword?
WILL he downcast his eyes through a feeling of shame
For scorning the laws of the Lord?
Wi;1 he listen, in fear, with his terrified mates
whose faces are shrouded in gloom,
Expecting to hear their immutable fates
Like a shattering, thunderous boom,
NOW DEPART, ALL YE CURSED, FOR EVER TO DWELL
WITH SATAN TILL TIME SHALL EXPIRE:
YOUR ACTIONS WELL MERIT THE TORTURES OF HELL
IN ENDLESS, UNQUENCHABLE FIRE!

See Matthew, chapter 25 and verse 41.

TO PEACEMAKER /10/ 59.

Mon. Nov. 9 1959. This letter came from
WALTER. Airborne , Monday 2nd November.
"I am writing this in the aircraft on my way
to Perth. We are at 20,000 feet, running through
clouds, so it is a bit lumpy for writing. There is reputed
to be an eighty mile per hour head wind, so that instead of
arriving in Perth that 6 P M the captain expects that we will have
to land at Kalgoorlie for more fuel, and that we will be 2 hours late. We have not crossed the eastern shore line
of the Bight, and apart from the likely delay these vis-
counts are very comfortable. I'm sorry I must write in pencil, but as you will see above, my pen ran out of ink im-
mediately I started. I left Melbourne this morning at 7-45
and have spent the time until 2 P M looking at an aircraft fuelling at Salsbury. I AM GOING TO Perth to discuss problems of boiler-fuelling and to interview an applicant for a job in our office, and I plan to return
home on Friday. We will very well at home and D is
and I are missing very quickly. She is a real little actress
and often has us laughing at her songs, dances and pantomimes.
She now rides well enough to really enjoy her lessons,
and Mary is planning to have her taught swimming soon.
YOU WILL BE SURPRISED TO KNOW THAT Mary's Mum and Dad re-
turned to Perth on the 27th of September, which makes me
realise and apologise for not having written for a long
time. The old lady was very house-sick and anxious to be-
come mistress of a household again after her long spell in hospital. We told her she would quickly wish to be back
in Melbourne again, and her recent letters indicate that
she is already feeling that way. She misses the comp-
anionship and the bright company of Dianne with whom she
shared the second bedroom. The new sunroom is almost
finished... but has to be painted inside yet. Over
the last few weeks I have been busy clearing up the back
yard which was left very untidy, as a result of building
first the garage and then the sunroom. There is a lot to
to be done yet. Mary is busy at it in my absence...
but we expect to be finished with most of it by the end of the year. Then we can relax. We hope some of you can pay the summer holidays, and we would be very pleased to see you. The weather is very clear outside now, and the clouds do not look as though they were torn by the high wind, so perhaps we shall not be as late as we feared. I will be staying with Mary's Mother, and am taking hydrangea cuttings, tea-towels, pillow-slip, etc., over to her. On the return journey Mary wants me to bring back some cuttings of various pot plants and shrubs which her Mother has growing. I haven't Dad's last letter with me, but I don't remember any particular point which required an answer. One aspect of the letter, which I remember well, and was very pleased about, was that Mum's heart had improved since she stopped taking that medicine. I hope that you are all well. Keith, Noel, Robert and all the other young hopefuls are progressing well. We are looking forward to our holiday and the chance to see you all again. I had better address this with a pen in Perth—possibly at the GPO—and then it can start the journey back, possibly on the same aircraft. P.S. The head wind was not 80 miles, it was 100! We have now left Kalgoorlie and expect to arrive at Perth at 8-15. Yours WAL." — At the gate. A prophecy. A rara avis. At last. Anticipations. A socialist's prayer. Anzac day. An open letter. Another war. An another war. A modern's Canute. At the gate. A shirker's life. Anzac day. An expectation.

Fri. Nov. 20 1959. These are the titles of the printed verses that I have written:

A modern Canute.
A shirker's life.
Alcohol & petrol will not mix.

At the gate.
A prophecy.
A fact to consider.
A most common sin.
A word to the wise.
A word of advice.
Advice to an immigrant.
An appeal.

Are you prepared?

A Christian's hope.
A true story of the war.
A soldier's lament. Advice to miners.

Another war.
A square word.
A millionaire's pension.
Anzac celebration.
A collier's life.
Anaesthetics.
A new year madrigal.

Be extrême:.............
Be extreme.
Baby's soliloquy.
Boy-conscripts.
Joy-scouts.
Blind leadees.
Bottled sunshine.
Be extreme.

Carrying guns for the gang.
Capitalism.
Consistency.
Craft-unions.
Contract governors.
Cut out the booze.
Christmas bells.
Celestial wireless.
Crying out for fun.

Confessions of a joy-killer.
Capitalism.
Consistency.
Craft-unions.

Crying out for fun.

Confessions of a joy-killer.
Capitalism.
Consistency.
Craft-unions.

Crying out for fun.

Confessions of a joy-killer.
Capitalism.
Consistency.
Craft-unions.

Crying out for fun.

Confessions of a joy-killer.
Capitalism.
Consistency.
Craft-unions.

Crying out for fun.
Foolish man. 
Fat and lean. 
Freedom. 
Fie! Wallsend. 
Foolish man. 
Flowers. 
Faith and knowledge. 
Forty four hours. 

Go to the war, toiler. 
German rule. 

HAiL ThE ONE BiG u NION. 
Hopeless slaves. 
Has Hammond gammoned ?. 
How not to be saved. 
How would one go now ?. 
Haile Selassie. 
Halffed's soliloquy. 
Hoskins' little hero. 
Basten the O.B.U. 
Hopeless slaves. 

I wonder. 
Intuition. 
I wonder. 
Interplanetary communion. 
Important notice. 
Is it well with your soul ?. 
If Booze died. 
I wonder do the planets drink ?. 
In eternity. 
It's a long way to peace & freedom. 
Important notice. 
Intuition. 

Jingo parsons. 
Joseph's joyriders. 
Jack and Jill. 
Joey, take me back again. 
Just before election, brother. 
Join one big union. 

Keep calm. 
Just before election, brother. 

Keep calm. 
Look alive. 
Little Jack Horner. 
Letter to Billy Bagg. 
Lead the wail. 
Let old craft-union be 

My Mother. 
Mad Mussolini. 
Mary's little lamb. 
My wife. 
Margery Daw. 
Martial heroes. 
Mac's soliloquy. 

New year noises. 
New year's nonsense. 
Now I know. 
Notice to Jeremiah Brown. 
New battleships. 
Never say a word against (the drink. 

New battleships. 
One mighty union. 
Out of work. 
One big union. 
On Sunday desecration. 
One big union hope of (workers. 
Our duty. 
Oy! father o'bard. 
Patriots. 
Public notice. 
Pie crust promises. 
Pensioners. 
Pig-iron Bob. 
Private enterprise. 
Pie in the sky. 
Pensioners defence. 
Poor old Bill. 
Pommies. 

Strong words.
Six hours. To communists.

& Share & share alike. The coronation.

Sleep on & take your rest. The awakening of Simple Sam.

Among words.

Soliloquy of Jim Mc Gowan. The labor party's Confession.

Soliloquy of reluctant labor members. The political meeting.

Sleep on, my friend, sleep on. The 1st C.U. meeting.

Silent liars.

Sandgate.

Squanderers.

Safety first.

Secret treaties.

Sober Italians.

Socialist's speeching.

Slavery again.

Soliloquy of Handy Andy.

Suffer little children to.... The christian soldier.

Socialism. bye and bye. To, To Billy Mug. (2).

Six hours.

Send round the hat.

Stupid man.

Squanderers.

Solomon's legacy.

Sunday: desecration. The soldier's lament.

Simple Simon.

Safety first suggestions.

Say no.

Slaves to Mars.

The great mystery of life.

To Billy Mug. (1).

The latest atrocity.

The Jews.

The infernal sack.

The soshalixtik kove.

The contented slave.

To social parasites.

To mothers.

Travel.

They say.

The O.B.U.

Tut Apk Amen's protest.

The pest of the bush.

The pest of the bush.

To Communists.

The coronation.

Ten million pounds reward.

Ten milyun quid reward.

To social parasites.

The contented slave.

The red favorite.

The old story.

The profit.

To Billy Mug. (2).

To Billy Mug. (3).

To miners.

The great event.

To a November lily.

The stupid Hesianshees.

To swarriers.

The Bible our guide.

To readers of novels.

The liquor.

The tramp's appeal.

To smokers.

The crows.

There was an old lady.

To efolutionists.

The wondrous works of God.

To the self-righteous.

The caged bird's soliloquy.

Tighes Hill bridge.

The swashbuckler's jeremiad.
The great unknown.
The time has come.
The struggle continues.
The 4th craft-union meeting.
The revelation of saint John.
The 2nd craft-union meeting.
The 3rd C.U. meeting.
The 4th, 5th and 6th C.U. meeting.
The warmonger's lament.
The howling of the jingo.
Throw out the vile gangs.
Too poor to bury her dead.
The daylight-saving bill.
The poet's dream.
The black plague.
The earth and it's fulness.

To be free.
The harvest.
The lost cork.
To whom it may concern.
The downward way.
The puzzle of existence.
To women.
Then and now.

Useful work & useless toil.

Why not the O.B.U. ?.
What is the ideal state ?.
What is socialism ?.
What is capitalism ?.
What is industrial unionism ?.
What is Christianity ?.
When I am queen.
What is the ideal state ?.
What is parliament ?.
What is a pottery ?.
What is militarism ?.
What will Mrs. Grundy say ?.
War-trophies in schools.
What is capitalism ?.
What is craft-unionism ?.
What is industrial unionism ?.
What is churchianity ?.
Why ?.
What is patriotism ?.
What did they get for the job ?.
Why don't they (gion ?

Your turn next.

VERSES NOT PRINTED.

Another pub. Advice to mine.
Another war.
A modern prophecy.
Australian aspirations.
An ejection song.

Australia.
Anzac prayers.
A modern miracle.
Are you contented ?.
A prophecy.
A word to the wise.
After Longfellow.
A modern bridge of sighs.
Annihilation.
Anzac orations.
A message from hell.
A plea for pity.
A correction.
As others sees.
A new era.
A socialist's lament.
A doubting Thomas answered.
A married man.
An innocent prisoner.
Blessing of cars.
Buried alive.
Bullet-stoppers wanted.

BOBBY.
Brother Bob.
Bung's hymn of victory.

Christmas warning.
Church dances.
Consolation.
Celestial sorrow.
Cain's capers.
Circumstances alter case.
Verses not printed.

Don't strike.
Don't arbitrate.
Dandelion roars again.

Dont arbitrate.
Dont send me presde.
Do you know ?

Green May.
Saphne.

A contrast.
A contrast.
Empire migation.
Bill Bloggs.

Fat's butchery.
Fat protest.
Fat and Lean.
Farewell to commandant Hilder.
Fat's protest.
Farewell.
Glory.

Good bye till I see you again.
Empire-builders.
God's purpose.

How to rob & fool a nation.
Hospitals and asenals.
Honour rolls.

Fri. Dec. 4 1955.
Th's morning I finished the pamphlet entitled "PARTY OF THE WORKING CLASS", by L Aarons. I posted a copy of "Secret Treasures" to Common Cause and one to "People's Voice" this evening.
Mrs Murphy has just brought Mum a white House; I paid 28 shillings for it.

Tues. 8th Dec. 1959. This morning I posted a copy of "I Wonder Do the Planets Drink to the Australian Temperance Advocate. The verses are in diary H, page 178.

I Wonder Do the Planets Drink?
I wonder if the distant stars
Have vile hotels with public bars
Where alcohol is swallowed
Until the victims' senses fail;
And do the usages prevail
That on the Earth are followed?

Does Mercury, so close to Sol,
Destroy its men with alcohol,
And make the children shiver
For want of shelter, clothes and food
To keep a parasitic brood
That brews the beery river?

Does Venus, which so brightly shines,
Degradate its citizens with wine,
Rum, whisky, beer and porter;
Or blast their characters and lives
and make existence shorter?

Is Earth the only orb where drink
Makes countless thousands drop and sink
Till forced to beg or borrow,
Or, helplessly, in hovels lie
Where, hopeless and diseased, they die
In sin and shame and sorrow?

I wonder if the planet Mars
Immures its maids in private bars
Behind a door or curtain
Dispensing drinks to sots, within,
Whose drunkenness and secret sin
Makes condemnation certain?

I wonder if each Asteroid
Of common sense is so devoid
That there, sans shame or pity,
It licences the base to sell
The poison that makes home a hell
In village, town and city?

Is Jupiter, with many moons,
The home of shanties and saloons
Where fools are made absurder
By wasting time and wealth and life
IN drinking stuff that causes strife,
Insanity and murder?

Is belted Saturn, like the Earth,
A planet where disease and death
Are fostered by distillers
While legislators, bad and bold,
Pass statutes that allow, for gold,
Their licences to killers?

Uranus may, for aught I ken,
Be peopled by rapacious men
Whom Law allows to plunder,
Like hungry, mercenary swine,
And trample on the Laws, divine
God spoke in tones of thunder.

Is Neptune, which in distance blinks,
Disgraced by alcoholic drinks
That make the wedded sever;
And do Neptunians also stand
While alcohol destroys the land--
In idleness for ever?
Or have those planets men of sense
Who spared no labour nor expense.
If once in her condition,
To cleanse their world of social slime
And countless forms of sin and crime
By having PROHIBITION?

I have copied those verses from my old diary H, page 178
& posted them to the Australian Temperance Advocate.

Christmas Eve, 1959. This letter came from WALTER.
"157 Surrey Road, BLACKBURN, 21.12. 1959. Dear Folks,
It seems a long time since I wrote the last letter to you
in the plane, but I have been very busy. The visit to Bert
went according to plan, and the chap I interviewed will be
attending with me here in Melbourne next month. Mrs Schulze
was moderately well when I was there. ( stayed with them for
the few yrs ) but she has been worse since. My return;
we are very much hoping that she will improve again soon.
We were very pleased to learn of Fred's new job which he un-
undoubtedly deserves, and it is very nice to know that he
can now relax from the paint brush. Apparently Bert is still
painting. It seems that things continue in their normal way
at 331, and I suppose that Mum is quite a TV fan. by now.
It is a pity you see nothing of Keith and Shirley. I'm
sure you would enjoy their visits, and we hope they are doing
well. So Joy is taller than Flo. It seems hard to believe
when we look back a few years when she was a little girl.
We are unlikely to get away for our holiday in January as
we had thought, but it is possible that we might February.
This will let Dianne get settled in school. She is to start
second grade

in the new year, and it will let me settle
the new man into the job. In addition I must do some work
on the car before we leave, besides a bit more work around
the house. The sun-room is finished. And we have almost finis
finished the painting of the new room's walls besides the
original veranda from which it extends. I hope to send you
a picture of it in the near future. Both Mary and Dianne
are well, and Dianne, in addition to her riding lessons, has
now had 8 swimming lessons at the city baths and is
doing very well. Last night we took her to an open-air
Carols by Candlelight, organized by the Baptist church,
although she goes to the Methodist Sunday school at North El
North Blackburn. She has preferred Sunday school to day school

but I don't think she has been very keen on
school-teacher. She is very fond of the text which she will have in her class next year. As usual, she probably put more interest and effort into her work this year, and seems to be able to read her library books as quickly as an adult. As usual we have had a terrible problem trying to think of something for you for Christmas and have been obliged to send Dad some cash, which is enclosed. On the other hand, Mum always seems to have plenty of money (just like Mary always has more than me) so we have sent some sweets, etc., which we thought she might find pleasure in having available over the holiday period. Mary is busy opposite me filling in Christmas cards, with which I cannot help her; and it remains only for me to wish all of you a very happy Christmas and a bright and happy 1960. Mary and Dianne join me in this. We hope to see you soon. Yours WAL."

A NEW YEAR RESOLUTION.

Dear fellow-slave, may I suggest
That your old thoughts are not the best
Concerning your condition?
From infancy you have been taught
That peace and freedom have been brought
By steel and ammunition.

XXX XXXXXX XXXXXX
To save the lands (which we don't own)
And plant each gory flag that's flown
With pride and derision

They tell us that we are as free
As soaring birds o'er land and sea,
And we believed the fiction;
We failed to use our sluggish brains,
So our dear Master's lie remains
Without bold contradiction.

So I suggest that you should take
A little time to sit and make
A New Year Resolution
To clear your long-deluded mind
OF fallacies of ev'ry kind
And Master's mind-pollution.

Insread of reading lying tales
Of Deadwood Dick on hills and dales
Read Marxian economics;
Don't waste your time and scanty cash
On Master's patriotic trash
And idiotic comics.

Then you'll awaken quite and see
THAT MASTER IS THE ONE WHO'S FREE
With hoards of wealth to snuggle
While you must spend, on sea or soil,
A life of bondage, want and toil
And unremitting struggle.

Now, though you toil in mill or mine,
Resolve that you will soon combine
With slaves of ev'ry nation
To banish bondage, war and waste,
And sweet delights of Freedom taste
Through world confederation.

Fri. Jan, 1 1960. 30/12/1959.
This is the first line printed by the new ribbon, which
WAS put on this morning.

Thur. Jan. 7 1960. We have just received the following
letter from Mrs. LYnda TONKS, 24 Smart Street, Waratah.

"Dear Mr. Cocking, Just arrived home to say after 3 weeks
holiday, so I am sorry to keep you waiting for a reply.
If you send £ 1-12-0 EXXX, F. Cards and postage I will
return them paid up for 1960. Wishing you all a Happy
New Year, Yours in anticipation, sincerely yours

In reply I am posting £ 1-12-6 in notees and stamps to mor-
row. Flore and Bill were here to day. Bill is not well.
Arthur, Phyllis and the four girls were well XX
were here with us on two days. They were all well.

Fri.

THUR. Jan, 8, 1960. To day I posted "TOM'S HOPE" to
Phyllis Cocking, and Dr. Deakin's certificate to A.M. Kindley
sides for the Gardeners' lodge.
Sat. Jan. 9 1960. To day I sowed a packet of dwarf French beans, and transplanted about 20 pumpkin plants. Bill Purdy and Florence were here last night. Bill is much better, so the stomach ulcer must be healing. Gordon Cocking, one of Bert's sons, has passed his exam at the University as an engineer. Gordon has been studying engeneering for four years.

**PIECE-LOVING RULERS.**

Most rulers of the world love peace—
A piece of land which will increase
Their territory stolen
By means of conscripts forced to slay
Weak neighbours, near or far away,
By which each empire's swollen.

John Bull's piece-loving, martial mind
Has sent armed robbers far to find
The land, of some weak nation,
Which could be added to his hoard
By skillful use of gleaming sword
And ruthless occupation.

John loved this piece of Austral soil
Which Cook soon added to the spoil
Which ceased to be a freeland;
And John's piece-loving, greedy eyes
Adored another distant prize
And named the piece New Zealand.

And uncle Sam has shown his love
For pieces in the zone above
And under the equator;
The whole of Southern Vietnam
Is ruled and robbed by Uncle Sam,
The millionaire's Dictator.

Sam dearly loves to poke his nose
in matters most affecting those
Who live on distant islands;
He loves the piece they ill can spare
To empire-builders who still dare
To steal and call them MY LANDS".

So give three cheers for dear John-Bull
And Uncle Sam, Their hands are full
Heart are full.
So give three cheers for dear John Bull
And Uncle Sam; their hearts are full
Of love for little pieces
Of land where they can rule and rob
The harshly-dominated mob
Whose spifrow never ceases.

Jan. 11 1960. This morning I received our Pensioners' Association cards from Lynda Tonke. We have paid in advance for this year. I have just posted a copy of "PIECE-LOVING RULERS" to the People's Voice.

Copy of a letter from Len Fox.
"Australian Coal and shale Employees Federation, 4/12/59.
Dear Josiah Cocking, Thanks for your pke.m, Sleep On, My Friend, Sleep on." We probably won't have space in our one remaining issue this year, but hope to use it early in the new year. It's rather a nice poem!
There are two lines where there is a suggestion that you may have omitted words when typing out
"Do not listen to his stanzas! Dream of Deadwoow Dick Kansas," Probably "of" has been omitted after "Dick"
And I had the impression that you might have omitted some words in the line
"Then he started up "Ah! that's good, it smells like home."
I'd like to take this opportunity of wishing you all the Season's best greetings and hoping that we receive another swag of poems from you in 1960. Yours sincerely
LEN FOX."

Fri. Jan. 15 1960. Our Jack's son, John Desmond Cocking, has died in a Sydney hospital of kidney trouble. I have sent a letter today to his widow, Wilma, and another to Jack. Florence, Bill, Jose, Ivy, Keith and Shirley are going to the funeral.

Copy of a letter from doctor Edgar Collocott.
"14 Donald Avenue, Epping, N.S.W. 13-1-60. Dear Friend,
It is not too late to wish and your wife a very happy new year with, I hope, better health for your wife a very happy new year with, I hope, better health and encouragement in all the things that your heart is set on.
Thank you for your poems and letters, kk. So far I have not used your poems in Peace Maker. You put me in somewhat of a quandary. One poem condemns soldiers morally &
co-mem ns them to bell, the other calls working men dupes and fools. Those things may be true, but, after all..."
after all are we the judges? Don't you think it is a bit extreme for us to arrogate to ourselves so much moral authority? It is necessary for us to be honest and fearless about what we believe, but is that quite the same thing as consigning to hell those who do not agree with us? IS IT POSSIBLE TO SQUARE THE DOCTRINE OF A XXX endless torture for those of whom we don't approve with the notion of a sensible, not to say loving God? Is it what a man or woman of ordinary intelligence or humanity would do to his children? There were soldiers of whom, Jesus spoke approvingly. By overlooking this we really strengthen the arguments of those who this personal of Jesus to bolster the argument that the trade of the soldier and the practice of war are good and supported by Him.

Then the ten Commandments with their "Thou shalt not" are embedded in books full of battles and glorifying the most horrible atrocities, e.g., the slaying of women and children, and even unborn children so long as they are they are practised against national enemies. The condemnation of war needs, and has, much stronger.

On the personal side, too, two of the most earnest and successful of those working for peace in Sydney today are young men who served in the R a a F in the recent war. -- one of them winning the DFC. There are no doubt, many others, but these are most readily to mind. I have never asked them how they feel about their war service, but probably they felt at the time that it was the only effective way they could try to overcome Hitler. Would it be right for me to tell them that they were dupes and fools? and that they have earned everlasting torment in hell?

Now I believe, as you probably do, that war, in the world of to-day, is an outcome of our system of private capitalism; but we shall fail completely if we merely if we go to our fellow workmen and tell them that they are fools and dupes bound for hell.

They will write us off and not listen to us. I may be wrong in that opinion, but that is what I think. To come to your letters. Why rail at the church instead of doing everything possible to arouse a great following for clergymen who do denounce war? I know several who were in the whole left to face difficulties in their churches and committees with scarcely a word of support from those who are ready to condemn the church for not preventing war. Why did the critics not throng their churches so that their protest became so backed by public opinion that it was more effective? That is a theme on which I could enlarge.
You ask what clergymen or Christian exposed & denounced Clive for sfaeling India etc. In its largest sense of relations with India none was more outspoken than John Wesley, who also, with the Quakers did much to create the atmosphere that resulted in the British of slavery. Amongst laymen Macaulay was, so far as I know, a church member and he said plenty about the treatment of India. To come to recent and inconspicuous people I got into newspaper controversy so many years ago about taking lands that don't belong to us. An article I wrote on colourism was refused by a secular Review, but printed by a church magazine—The Missionary Review. More than 35 years ago a Methodist magazine in London printed an article I wrote raising the whole question of colonies. The article published by the Missionary Review specifically mentioned Rhodes's activities in Africa. The President general of the Methodist church of Australia has spoken out about war and international policy. So has Rev. Alan Walker. Clergymen were prominent in arranging the recent conference in Melbourne, and group of churchmen formed one of its conferences. This is not to claim that the church could not do more—or that universities, trade-union, political parties, business-groups and everybody else couldn't do more, but is to suggest that wholehearted support of clergymen who try to do something would be more useful than continually throwing stones at the church. To come to the fact of writing, whether prose or verse, we minor writers are apt to be too modest. We throw off our stuff as if we didn't expect people to read it anyway. However minor we may be we shouldn't expect that people will be interested in what we say and want to read it. That means that we must imitate the major writers in their pride of craftsmanship, and, like them, be willing to work and work and work at it. Writing so that people will want to read is a most difficult and laborious job, involving amongst other things a lot of cutting out. I don't know any easy way. If I did I would use it. We try to persuade people whom do not want to think as we do. I know how east it is to fail. YOU AND I are both getting on in years, but we have to keep on doing our best as long as we are able. With best wishes and kind regards Edgar Collocott.

The Presbyterian minister of Adamstown, is a man who would interest you. He is widely-travelled, writes a good deal, one of the best informed acute commentators on international affairs I know.
Sleep on, my friend, sleep on!

When the poetaster rages in the socialist pages
Of the paper you have borrowed from the communist next door
And your lethargy is shaken by the words 'Arise! Awaken!'
Just politely pitch it flying and lie down again and snore.

Why should working men, in numbers, be awakened from their slumbers
By those blatant agitators using strident voice or pen?
Just continue drowsing, dreaming that the continent is teeming
With contented hosts of women and free, independent men
In prosperity and plenty; each with ample wealth for twenty;
And each mother gladly welcoming each innocent that's born!
That sweet harmony and laughter's under their domestic rafters
Where benignant Cornucopia upsets her fruitful horn:
That each worker sings and whistles while the lovely landscape bristles
With the tassels of the flowers and the waving corn and maize;
That Humanity and Freedom have no plutocrats to bleed 'em,
And kind Fortune's sweetly smiling while she blesses tranquil days.

But enjoy celestial visions (they are all that you possess),
Don't believe the rousing writer or the communistic skiter
That your visions aren't substantial. You BELIEVE THE DAILY PRESS!
For what educated mammal would his intellect entrammel
With the statements that are published in a "Communist Review"
That a hot class-war is raging, in which workers are engaging,
And are fighting for sweet liberty against the owning few?
Yet you just promptly end discussion by a well-directed snore!
That the only foes of workers are upon a foreign shore.
When the socialists are railing at the parasites for jailing
Honest working men for striking just produce a sleepy laugh!
Close again your eyes in slumber; let no fact your mind encumber
To disturb your dreams of freedom or refuse the "Telegraph".

When a poet's eyes are rolling over men like leg-ironed Bowling,
And he's rhyming rhythmic numbers touching subjects such as that,
Do not listen to his stanzas! Dream of "Deadwood Dick of Kansas"!
And of pugilists and horses and the match at Bingo Flat!
Try to emulate the coster (thus the yarn) from Paternoster,
Who once fainted in the country-air where he had chanced to roam,
And his feeble heart was failing till he smelt—putrid grayling,
Then he started up explaining, "Ah, that's good; it smells like home."

So, when socialists are speaking to the workers, and are seeking
To enlighten them on matters that they ought to understand,
Do be careful not to listen lest your fainting eyeballs glisten,
But continue sweetly dreaming that the workers own the land.

Yes, be careful, don't awaken when old Gabriel's horn is taken
And he's blowing blasts of thunder to arouse the dead and gone;
Don't disturb the grass and clover on your grave, but, rolling over,
Softly murmur "It's a socialist that's speaking," AND SLEEP ON!

—DANDELION.

Saturday, January 16, 1960.
Fri. Jan. 22 1960. Doctor Deakin called afternoon & gave Mum and me our injections, just before he came a son of Tom Tamblyn, of Wallaroo Mines, South Australia, came in with his married daughter. She went away for an hour, but Mr. Tamblyn stayed more than one hour talking of people we knew in Wallaroo Mines and Kadina. He now lives at Port Augusta, S.Aus. The editor of Common Cause sent me 6 copies of that paper containing my verses, New Year Resolutions, without being asked to do so.

Mon. Jan 28 1960. Last week I was visited by Terry Tamblyn, a son of captain Tom Tamblyn of Wallaroo Mines, South Austral. Terry was accompanied by his married daughter. His father, Tom Tamblyn, gave me employment as a carpenter at Wallaroo Mines in the year 1897 or 98. Terry now lives at Port Augusta, South Australia.

Yankee Grab.
"Traces of oil have been found in a bore at Terrigal. Exploratory tests for oil and gas were begun last month by a private undertaking, John Strevens Enterprises. Mr. Strevens, a leading oil technologist, said that boring had revealed positive information as to the petroliferous nature of the rock increasing as the bore deepened. A geological survey would be carried out by Professor S.J. Pirson of Petroleum Engineering at the University of Texas." Daily paper.

Is not that announcement thrilling? It is of the Yankees drilling in Australian sand and soil. Where the Jackass laughs and perches for a hidden lake of oil.

When this continent was stolen from the Blacks' Hill's pride was swollen for it made his empire big. But, though John possessed a college, he had not sufficient knowledge of the way for oil to dig.

Nineteen decades in succession passed with Bull still in possession of this land of want and toil; Now Bob's Libs who love Yankee Now Bob's Libs who love Yankee Now Bob's Libs who love Yankee.
And would give him cake and swanky,  
Gives him leave to take our oil.

We should own that liquid treasure—  
Not the Yanks—to use with pleasure  
While a single drop remains,  
But let our wealth be taken  
Just because we don't awaken  
And employ our sluggish brains.

Yes, indeed; Bob's Lib'ral party,  
Careless, indolent and hearty,  
Let's let Yanks do what they will  
To deprive Australian mothers,  
Fathers, sisters, sons and brothers  
Of the wealth that's hidden still.

They've already let Yanks settle  
And monopolizes our metal  
Of the almost priceless kind,  
Yet we apathetic toilers  
Don't restrain those Yankee spoilers,  
For we seem deaf, dumb and blind.

Copy of allter from Walter.  
Dear Folks, This is just a short note, as we have to be seeing you fairly soon. As I told Mum on my way to Brisbane, last week, we expect to be in Newcastle about the end of February. We are due to leave Melbourne on our holidays on the 13th Feb., and we will spend about a fortnight in a caravan park near the Entrance, before coming on to Newcastle, for about a week. It seems a pity that this house will be vacant for a month when Joe and Ivy, Jack and Glad, Flo and Bill, Art and Phyllis, Keith and Shirley, etc. could possibly enjoy a holiday here, but apparently nobody has the time nor the incentive or both to want to come to Melbourne. Anyhow, they are welcome if they would like to come. Another thing I would like to mention is that I can buy almost anything at a discount here. Some things, such as tools, sporting goods, electrical goods, men's clothing, car parts, etc. I can get at wholesale or trade rates. If any of you would like me to get anything for you and bring it up in the car when I come (a washing machine or refrigerator, would be a bit big) you are very welcome, but of course I would need to have your instructions very quickly. Not all things are at trade prices—some are at only about ten percent."

4592
We are all well, as we hope you are — and we are looking forward to seeing you — perhaps it might be possible for Chip to be at home also, as we have not seen him since Dianne was a baby. Now I must run to catch the post. Yours WAL.

THE DRINKING FASHION.

There is not the slightest reason,
In a hot or chilly season,
Why a male or female person
Who possesses brains to think
And has reason and compassion,
Should adopt the stupid fashion
Of imbibing toxic liquor
Which makes countless thousands sick.

Though a drink that's alcoholic
May appear to lead to frolic
It will often cause disasters
On the highways of a State;
It impairs a driver's vision
And delays a wise decision
To perform a needed action
To avoid a awful fate.

This foul fashion leads to murder;
And no game could be absurder
Than the one of drinking poison
Which produces fell disease;
It's a fashion fools will follow
While their skulls are thick and hollow,
And all busy undertakers
It does much enrich and please.

When the nations all awaken
Brewers' casks will be forsaken;
Seats of learning will be crowded
By a wisdom-loving throng;
From November to October
Men and women will be sober
And will banish drinking customs
Which are costly, mad and wrong.

Then Earth-life will be more pleasant
And more lengthy than at present
And all highways will be safer
As by car or plane we speed;
Then we'll cease to shoot or smother.
Any distant coloured brother
When we're sober and fraternal
And re-civilized indeed.

So, let's help the Temp'rance Movement
To produce this vast improvement
By abstaining from the liquor
Which is Earth's infernal bane;
Let us cease our stupid drinking
And indulge in sober thinking,
Therby making Earth a heaven
For the sober and the same!!

Fri. Feb. 5 106) Frex is painting our house white.
Copy of a letter from the editor of "RED 'TAPE"'.
"PUBLIC SERVICE ASSOCIATION. N.S.W. RH. Sutherland general
secretary. School of Arts Building, 275 c Pitt Street,
Sydney. 4th February, 1960. Telephones : M A 1913
B 056--2573. In reply quote No G H. RD.

Mr. J. Cocking, 331 Maitland Road, Mayfield west, NEWCASTLE.

DEar Mr. Cocking, I wish to yhank you for your compositions
entitled "Yankee Grab" and"New Year Resolutions"
I can appreciate your feelings in these matters and also
the time and effort which have gone into their writing, but
I feel that the thoughts which you have expressed would cause
misgivings to a number of our members if printed in
RED TAPE I therefore regret that I am unable to have them
published.Yours faithfully( A n unreadable scrawl)

Fred has a large window, some bags of cement, and some
pillars ready for the new shed that he intends to build
be him our shed.

Thur. Feb. 18 196). Cecjl Robinson visited us last
tuesday and stayed a couple of hours. Fred and Jose put the
asbestos on the walls(outside) of the new shed yesterday.
Last week's Common Cause contains my verses ," Piece-
Loving R lers". I have received 6 extra copies of it from
the editor.
Most rulers of the world love piece—
A piece of land which will increase
Their territory stolen
By means of conscripts forced to slay
Weak neighbors, near or far away,
By which each empire's swollen.

John Bull's piece-loving, martial
mind
Has sent armed robbers far to find
The land, of some weak nation,
Which could be added to his hoard
By skilful use of gleaming sword
And ruthless occupation.

John loved this peace of Austral soil
Which Cook soon added to the spoil
Which ceased to be a free land;
And John's piece-loving, greedy eyes
Adored another distant prize
And named the piece New Zealand.

And Uncle Sam has shown his love
For pieces in the zone above
And under the equator;
The whole of Southern Vietnam
Is ruled and robbed by Uncle Sam,
The millionaires' Dictator.

Sam dearly loves to poke his nose
In matters most affecting those
Who live on distant islands;
He loves the piece they ill can spare
To empire-builders who still dare
To steal and call them "My Lands".

So give three cheers for dear John
Bull
And Uncle Sam; their hearts are full
Of love for little pieces
Of land where they can rule and rob
The harshly-dominated mob
Whose sorrow never ceases.

—DANDELION.
THE DRINKING FASHION.

There is not the slightest reason,
   In a hot or chilly season,
   Why a male or female person
who possesses brains to think
   And has reason and compassion
Should adopt the stupid fashion
   Of imbibing toxic liquid
which makes countless thousands sink.

Though a drink that's alcoholic
   May appear to lead to frolic
It will often cause disasters
   On the highways of a State;
It impairs a driver's vision
   And delays a wise decision
To perform a needed action
   To a void an awful fate.

This foul fashion leads to murder;
   And no game could be absurder
Than the one of drinking poison
   Which produces much disease;
It's a fashion fools will follow
   If their skulls are thick and hollow,
And some busy undertakers
   It does much enrich and please.

When the nations all awaken
   Brewers' casks will be forsaken;
Halls of learning will be crowded
   By a wisdom-loving throng;
From November to October
   Men and women will be sober
And will ban the drinking custom
   Which is costly, mad and wrong.

Then Earth-life will be more pleasant
   And more lengthy than at present
as all highways will be safer
   When by car or plane we speed;
Then we'll cease to shoot or smother
   Any distant coloured brother
When we're sober and fraternal
   And are civilized indeed.
Royal childhood

KING EDWARD VII and Queen Alexandra with their sons, the Duke of Clarence (right) and George, about 1870. In the early 1890s the Duke was engaged to Princess May of Teck, but he died of flu shortly before the marriage, and Princess May married George in 1893. They reigned as King George V and Queen Mary.
KING GEORGE V and Queen Mary in 1906 when they were Prince and Princess of Wales. The children are, from left, the Princess Royal, Prince John, nursed by his mother (he died in 1919 aged 13), the Duke of Gloucester (seated), the Duke of Kent (standing), the Duke of Windsor, and (right) King George VI.
So, let's help the Temperance Movement
To produce this vast improvement
By abstaining from the liquor
Which is Earth's infernal bane;
Let us cease our stupid drinking
And indulge in sober thinking,
Thereby making Earth a heaven
For the sober and the sane.

Sat. Feb. 20 L.O. 1950. I have just finished typing the verses above, and intend to send them to Common Cause and the Temperance Advocate. Our son Arthur and his 2 daughters, Fay and Janet came to us by car from D Y last night to stay 2 days. Art and Fred are putting the roof on the new shed. The door and window are already in position. Doctor Laver called yesterday after his trip to Figi with his wife.

Mon. Feb. 22--1950. ARTHUR AND THE GIRLS ARE BACK TO DEE Why last evening. This morning Fred is making a step of concrete and bricks for the new shed. I posted a copy of "The Drinking Fashion" to Common Cause this morning.

Wed. Mar. 9th 1950. Mary, Walter and Dianne were with us nearly a fortnight and left us last Monday to go to Mary's brother's house in Sydney, where they will stay a week and then go on to Canberra, where they will stay another week before returning home to Blackburn. Wal has to start work again when his second stay is finished. I gave Dianne my old Smith typewriter, and I gave Wal some copies of "The Geographic Magazine." Fred has started to work at his usual job, but the new shed is not quite finished.

Today I posted a copy of "The Drinking Fashion" to the New Castle Morning Herald.
Five generations:

QUEEN VICTORIA. A family group around the old Queen (at table) taken in the garden of Osborne House in the late 1890s. King George V, then Duke of York, is standing holding his son Albert (George VI). Queen Mary is seated third from left nursing their daughter, the Princess Royal, with eldest son, Edward (Duke of Windsor), in sailor suit beside her. Others in the group include the Queen of Spain, and Connaught and Battenberg kinfolk.
KING GEORGE VI and Queen Elizabeth with their daughters, Elizabeth and Margaret. The picture was taken in 1937, when the little Princesses were being brought up with a tolerance and expressed affection that was quite new in the Royal family.

QUEEN ELIZABETH II and Prince Philip with Prince Charles and Princess Anne. The sunny mood of the picture, taken in 1951, reflects the relaxed and happy atmosphere of the children's upbringing. They are neither coddled nor isolated.
FIRST DEGREES ANNOUNCED

The University of N.S.W. has announced the award of first degrees in the Faculties of Arts, Commerce, Engineering, Science and Technology for students of Newcastle University College.

The degrees will be conferred at a ceremony at the College at 2.15 p.m. on April 8. Information about the ceremony will be given to graduates by letter.

Higher degree awards will be announced next Friday.

FACULTY OF ARTS
Honours Class I: Economics—Grady, J. J.
Honours Class I: Latin—Kelly, R. A.
Honours Class II, Division I—History: Atherton, J. R.
Honours Class II, Division I—Economics: Young, A. W.
Honours Class II, Division II—French: Bullerwell, Judith C.
Pass: Batholomew, G.; Bowe, Annette M.; Brown, Marian E.; Callen, Mary; Cleck, Marie E.; Cluthbert, A. W.; Farrell, Kathleen P.; Grady, Mabel P.; Humphreys, J. Janice L.; Jones, Glennie; Kreamer, Yvonne; McNab, L. L.; Markham, Maureen; Markham, R. H.; O'Shea, P. G.; Whey, R. W.; Pears, Gertrude; Pears, T. P.; Prince, H. J.; Rabbit, M. J.; Rice, Helen J.; Robertson, Robin L.; Sykes, Eileen J.; Thompson, J. J.

FACULTY OF COMMERCE
ACCOUNTANCY
Pass: Oliver, B.
ECONOMICS

FACULTY OF ENGINEERING
CIVIL ENGINEERING
Honours Class II: Bunton, R. B.
Pass: Cocking, G. M.; Kennedy, A. J.; Webb, T. J.; Wood, R. G.

MECHANICAL ENGINEERING
Honours Class II: Crabtree, J. P.; Milten, B. E.; Savina, L. H.; Snodden, J.; Spitzkowsky, C. W.
Pass: Buchanan, J. A.; Clarke, R. M.; Cole, R. E.; Moore, H. G.; Proufoot, D. B.; Stewart, D. B.

FACULTY OF SCIENCE
APPLIED CHEMISTRY
Honours Class I and University Medal: Swinkels, D.A.
Honours Class II: Cudmore, J. F.
Pass: Alston, P. A.; Hay, W. J.; Scott, T. C.; Simpson, J. R.

SCIENCE
Honours Class I: Bell, K. H.; Hawkins, C. J.
Honours Class II: Schofield, G.; Young, A.

FACULTY OF TECHNOLOGY
CHEMICAL ENGINEERING
Honours Class III: Crawford, J.
Pass: Firkin, G. R.; Rogers, J. R.; Sams, J.

METALLURGY
Pass: Boyd, R.; Davis, L.; Hunt, R. L.; Layt, J. E.; Miller, C. E.; Rowe, B. L.

Board Defers Scheme For Water Supply Erosion At
Mar. 17 1960. Last Monday our Fred's second-hand Hillman Minx car was brought from Maitl, and by its owner. Fred has paid 25 pounds on it, and has to pay 800 more. To day I shifted the boring machine and its stand from the old shed to new one. Sorbys sent some bags of cement and some bolts & glue to day for the new shed.


"Dear Folks, We are now safely back home and into the old routine again, and we would like to thank you for having looked after us so well during our stay. We stayed with Art & Phylkis at Dee Why after leaving you, and we also went to Jack's place one night, but our stay in Sydney was hurried, & we didn't do nearly as much things as we would have liked. We spent about a full day at the zoo, & we had an enjoyable tour round Manly 7 around the eastern suburbs to Watson's Bay & Bondi. Our stay in Canberra was also too short to do the many things we would have liked, but we called to see several old friends & saw the new swimming-pool. We also showed Dianne through the hostel where she was born. Both in Sydney & Canberra we took several pictures which I hope to let you see later on, in addition, of course, to those taken in Newcastle, which we are likely to receive back from Kodaks this week. Alma is coming to spend a holiday with us this week-end, & we will probably meet her at the aerodrome.

She will ring, probably within the next couple of days, to let us know when she is arriving. We were very favourably impressed by Art's house, which enjoys a beautiful view & ample space: also Jack's house which is of a very high standard & beautifully appointed. We took a picture of each of them, Dianne has had a lot of practice on the typewriter, but I am afraid she hasn't yet written the letter to Dad which he asked for. Nor have I yet had time to give the machine the "birthday" which I intended, nor make a case to carry it in. We came home to a garden fairly full of blooms & to our lawns cut by our neighbours, so that things looked quite nice. Now I must do all the jobs of painting which I left unfinished when we went on holiday. We will be pleased to learn how Sad's leg is progressing, also how Bill & Flo are keeping now. We will also be interested to learn the latest news concerning Fred's car. Probably the choice has been made or will be made in favour of a Holden, but some of the others, such as the Morris Oxford seem to be getting a lot of support now. My own car had a bad miss on the way home, and I had plugs checked, then a new condensor at Mittagong, & finally a new coil at Mittagong, after which it ran very well indeed. The average mileage for our trip of 2100 miles was 29 point 8 per gallon, and at times averages of about 30 miles per gallon. When the motor was not missing, particularly on BP fuel. I burnt a lot of oil, how
however, averaging only about .65 miles per pint.
Mary drove, for over 100 miles coming here and did very well too; but she is still not inclined to take a car out in Melbourne. Mary sends her love to you all, and Dianne has Grandma, Grandad and Uncle Fred very fresh in her mind and very fresh in her affection. Last Saturday we went to her Sunday School picnic, which we all enjoyed. Yours

Thur. Apr. 28 1960. On Anzac Day Mum fell in the kitchen and partly broke her right thigh. Now she is in the Newcastle Hospital & has been operated on to-day. She now is in a satisfactory condition mentally and physically. Florence & Ivy have been doing our housework. Fred is painting at Stockton.

Mon. May 2 1960. Today I wrote a note to the Tribune inquiring whether they had received the thirty shillings that I had sent the Tribune. Jose and Ivy have just gone to the hospital to see Mum. Yesterday Jose and Bill Purdy went to Morpeth by car, to ask Charley to come home and paint our house, on a farm, pulling corn. He promised to come home next week. Mrs. Isabel Longworth is a patient in the same ward as Mum, at the hospital.

Wed. May 11 1960. As I, Josiah Cocking, was born at kadina, South Australia, on the 11th of May, 1867 this is my 90th birthday. Jack and Gladys sent me a pyjama coat & trousers, and sent Mum a sleeping coat. Charley came home & intends to paint our house. Mum is progressing well at the hospital.

Wed. May 18th 1960. This afternoon I wrote a note to Wal & Mary to assure them that Mum is getting on well. Last Monday Mrs. Witheridge, Fay, Judith and Janet came here from Sydney to stay until to-morrow, so that they can visit Mum; and Art, Fay and Janet sleep here. After a long drought we have rain again today.

Fri. June 3 1960. Today I am sending a copy of my verses, "IKE'S SEATO", to Common Cause. Mrs. Murphy and Ivy came in today and helped me. The weather is cold and rainy.
Fri. May 20 1960. This morning I have written to Common Cause for six copies of "Yankee Grab" which is in to-day's issue.

Sat. May 21 1960. To day I finished writing CAUGHT IN THE ACT.

"Mr. Krushchev's attitude at the summit over the spy-plane was absurd and it could not be the whole truth of the matter, Mr. Menzies said at a press conference to -day."- Daily paper.

Ike sent a plane to spy again
Across Red Russia's border
To spy a spot, as like as not,
Where things were not in order.

A peaceful town much lower down,
Or some resplendent city
Where bombs could drop and kill the pop-
ulation, misus pity.

But soon there came a blast of flame,
Ike's war-plans was inspected
And quite destroyed: Ike was annoyed;
His treason was detected.

Dear Bob and Ike are much alike
In "peaceful" thoughts and actions;
They seldom cease to prate of peace,
But war gives satisfaction.

When Krushchev knew Ike's game he flew
Into a raging passion
And called Ike names that sting and shame
Because they're out of fashion.

Pal Bob, surprised, much sympathised
With Ike thus caught red-handed:
Now Bob's hot word is,"It's absurd
That Ike should be thus branded.

Of course that spy was sent to try
To ban the summit meeting:
He did succeed, but still there's need
For one, as time is fleeting.

It's time Bob woke and calmly spoke
Of masters' wars as MURDER.
intend to send these verses to Common Cause next Monday.

RED JAPANESE.
"The Japanese Premier (Mr. Kishi) stood firm today against an unprecedented Press and Opposition campaign demanding his resignation." Daily paper.

The Communists of poor Japan
Have boldly acted on a plan
To storm the forts of freedom
By giving Kishi and his pack
Of rulers the eternal sack
And gaining longed-for freedom.

But let us hope that they will fail
And all be sent to Kishi's jail
In servitude and sorrow
For trying to adopt a plan
To liberate each working man
From slavery and sorrow.

For how would Mac and Bob and Ike
And dear deGuerre and Franco like
To hear of liberation
From servitude of high degree
Of any plundered Japanese,
Or slaves of any nation?

Why should poor working-folk arise
To banish Private Enterprise
Which keeps them low and needy,
Why not be shorn, like stupid sheep
And live in poverty to keep
Drones who are rich and greedy?

Let ev'ry worker be content
To let his weary life be spent
In unrequited labour;
Why should he agitate and strike
To live in wealth and freedom like
His communist neighbour?
So let us hope that Kish will win
And Reds be punished for the sin
Of causing social trouble
By boldly daring to demand
The ownership of tools and land
And wealth far more than double.

Wed. May 25 1960. I have just posted the verses above
to Common Cause. Yesterday I posted a title to the joke
contest printed in the Sunday Mirror. My answer was
"Will "Love and Cherish" survive or perish?"
Florence came in to-day, and Mrs. Murphy came this morn-
ing, I received a letter to-day from Walter. With it was
a letter from him to Mum. Rain again to-day.

Thur. May 26 1960. This is a copy of a letter from Wal.
152 Surrey Road, Blackburn 23-5-60. .......................... ..........................
"Dear Folk", we are very grateful for Dad's short, but
timely letters which keep us right up to date concerning
Mum's movements. What a good thing it is that she is
being so well cared for and is not unduly worried about
being away from home. It must, of course, be lonely
for Dad, but time will soon pass and Dad, in the mean
time, will have enjoyed making new friends and having
new interests. I'm afraid I can't remember the William
Lyne home, or even the old Benevolent Home, so
perhaps you could give us some idea of the locality.
If there are costs to be met in connection with Mum's
treatment we like to help at least in help in meeting
them if you would be good enough to let us know.
We are happy to know that Mum's bed-jacket arrived in
time for Mothers' Day, and that Dad's clothing arrived
on his birthday. What a pity that Dad has not been
able to get really warm, as this will delay his reco-
dvery from his cold. Don't hesitate to use that
heater in the bed, Dad,-- it's no more dangerous than a
torch battery! Also put plenty of clothes on and have
plenty of good, sustaining food. We have been using
plenty of Bio-Citrin to ward off and cure colds, and
these might be effective for you too. It is interesting
to hear how well things have been organised at home
with Flo, Ivy and Mrs. Murphy helping in the housework;
Charlie at home to paint and generally look after the
place, and an additional car available occasionally,
and then in the daytime, and that, so far, Fred does
not take his car out alone. What a fortunate thing it
is that Dad's mind is so active and fully
occupied so that he can be self-sufficient & not unduly depressed during Mum's absence. We are sorry we missed Chip during our last visit, but look forward to seeing him when we are again able to come up there. Things are about the same here. We have been very cold, but not miserable. I am enclosing a short note to Mum which I would like to be taken in on your next visit. Perhaps you would let me know her correct address, particularly after she is moved, also please let me know of anything she might need or appreciate. WAL.

This is a copy of Walter's letter to Mum. *Blackburn*, Monday 23rd May. Dear Mum, We have been very pleased to get frequent notes from Dad telling us how you are getting on, and it has been nice to know of the progress you are making, and the kind attention you are getting. I suppose you could put up with a lot of that sort of thing, with no housework etc., and not even having to wash yourself. Of course Dad will be missing you around the house, but then you have a lot of visitors, and I am sure you will make a lot of friends among the patients and the nurses. Then again, when you are moved to a comfortable home you will find new friends and have a wider interest. We hope your bed-jacket fits you well, and we would be pleased to send you another one if you would like it. Love from Wal, Mary and Dianne.*

Sat. May 28 1960. Today I wrote the following verses to Mum. *DAD'S LETTER.*

Dearest Mum, I write this letter,
For I'm glad you're getting better
Through the skill and kind attention
Of the nurses, day and night;
So please tell the clever nurses
That they merit praise, not curses,
And deserve kind, loving husbands
Who will make their lives quite bright.

Though your mis-hap made us sever,
Dearest LOVE, it's not for ever;
We may soon be re-united
In our clean, substantial home
Which is kept quite bright and tidy
From each Saturday to Friday;
From its basement to its dome.
LOVE? I hope you'll stop your fretting
For your husband, who is getting
Very well and pale and hearty
And enjoys three meals a day
And is careful that he's keeping
Warm and cozy while he's sleeping;
And reads news, in daily papers,
Of the nations far away:
So I wish you to be cheerful,
Not depressed and often tearful,
Make your spirits cease from sinking
When you miss your Cousin Jack;
Let your icy sorrows soften,
For, of you, Dear, I think often:
And, through nurses' skill and doctors'
You may fairly soon be back.

Once again I'm busy writing
Of the Communists now fighting,
Not with guns, but with loud voices
In a manner very wise
To induce each politician
To improve the vile condition
Of vast multitudes of workers
Robbed by Private Enterprise.

But perhaps my Commo verses
Would not interest the nurses,
Nor the doctors, nor the patients
Who are lying ill in bed;
So I think that I had better
Not include some in this letter,
But just send them to the papers
And conclude with LOVE instead.

So I end with fond AFFECTION,
But my thoughts, in your direction,
Still quite frequently are flying
To the place where you were sad.
I conclude this fond epistle
Hoping soon to hear your whistle
Which you used on rare occasions.
YOURS AFFECTIONATELY DAD.
IKE'S SEATO.

Foul SEATO plays its brutal game
With gleaming steel and lead and flame
And peals of martial thunder,
On ev'ry land beneath the sky
When plundered workers rise and try
To burst their bonds asunder.

Australians should be well ashamed
To see this plundered country named
As one of Ike's foul Seato planned
To dominate each stricken land
And Communism veto.

And fair New Zealand should refuse
To let its Labour Gov'ment use
Its Maoris and be willing
To help the Yankee Swato crew
Which murdered many for the FEW
To do its rebel-killing.

No honest lerson can defend
A government which dares to send
Ike's seato gang to slaughter
Poor people who attempt to rise
To banish Private Enterprise
Which rke's wife, son and daughter.

A Labour Party that is game
And wide awake must want the same
As any crimson rebel
That's liberty to now create
The perfect Socialistic State
Described by Marx and Bebel.

A State in which mankind will be
From exploitation wholly free
And wars no more will sever,
As strife has done since life began;
Then each will love his fellow-man
And live in peace forever.

Wed. June 1 1960. I intend to send the above verses to Common Cause to morrow.
Tuesday, May 31, 1960

To day I am sending these questions to the Sunday Mirror:

"When, where, why and by whom was the name of the earthquake stricken country changed from Chili to Chile?"


To-day Jose and Walter brought Mum home by car from the Lyne Home. She stayed until this evening & Jose took her back to the Home. Mrs Langley, Mrs Patrick, Mr Murphy, Daphne & Kelvin, Florence, Bill, Joy were here this afternoon. Mum was much better than when she went into hospital, both in body & mind.

I have written a NATIONAL for Common Cause, and intend to post it in the morning.

YANKEE GRAB

"Traces of oil have been found in a bore at Terrigal. Exploratory tests for oil and gas were begun last month by a private undertaking, John Stevens Enterprises. Mr. Stevens, a leading oil technologist, said that boring had revealed positive information as to the petrolierous nature of the rock increasing as the bore deepened.

Chemical surveys be carried out supervised by Professor S. J. Pirson of Petroleum Engineering at the University of Texas." Daily paper.

Is not that announcement thrilling? It is of the Yankee drilling. In Australian sand and soil.

Where the jackass laughs and perches They make scientific searches For a hidden lake of oil.

When this continent was stolen From the Blacks Bull's pride was swollen For it made his empire big. But, though John possessed a college, He had not sufficient knowledge Of the way for oil to dig.

Nineteen decades in succession Passed with Bull still in possession Of this land of want and toil; Now Bob's Libs, who love a Yankee And would give him cake and swanky, Give him leave to take our oil.

We should own that liquid treasure, Not the Yanks, to use with pleasure While a single drop remains. But let our wealth be taken Just because we don't awaken And employ our sluggish brains.

Yes, indeed, Bob's Liberal party, Careless, indolent and hearty, Lets the Yanks do what they will To deprive Australian mothers, Fathers, sisters, sons and brothers Of the wealth that's hidden still.

They've already let Yanks settle And monopolise our metal Of the almost priceless kind. Yet we apathetic tollers Don't restrain those Yankee spoilers For we seem deaf, dumb and blind.

— Dandelon

Saturday, May 21, 1960.
CAUGHT IN THE ACT

"Mr. Khrushchev's attitude at the summit over the spy-plane was absurd and it could not be the whole truth of the matter. . . . Mr. Menzies said at a press conference today."—Daily Paper.

Ike sent a plane to fly again Across Red Russia's border To spy a spot where Reds had not Maintained a watchful order—

Some peaceful town, much lower down, Or some resplendent city Where bombs could drop and kill the pop- ulation, minus pity.

But soon there came a blast of flame; Ike's war-plane, unexpected, Was soon destroyed, Ike was annoyed; His treason was detected.

Dear Bob and Ike are much alike In "peaceful thought and action"; They seldom err to praise of peace, But war gives satisfaction.

When Khrushchev knew Ike's game he flew Into a raging passion And called Ike names; each sting and shame;

It is quite out of fashion.

Pal Bob, surprised, quite sympathised With Ike, thus caught red-handed, So his hot word is, "It's absurd That Ike should thus be randed."

But what, today, would Menzies say If men of Khrushchev's kidney A spy had sent with the intent Of atom-bombing Sydney?

Of course Ike's spy would also try To ban the summit meeting, And did success, but still there's need For one, as time is fleeting.

It's time Bob woke and sanely spoke Of man's wars as MURDER; His latest word is quite absurd And could not be abuder.

—DANDELION.

Saturday, May 28, 1960

COMMON CAUSE
A FEW QUESTIONS.

Why don't Australian workers rise
To make this land their Paradise
By wise, united action?
If they would active brains employ
They would be able to enjoy
A life of satisfaction.

Why aren't the workers all awake?
Why don't they all combine and take
The land on which they're living?
Why don't they wisely, all combine,
From Marble Bar to Narrumine,
To own the wealth they're giving?

They're giving boundless stores of wealth
To drones who live by legal stealth,
('Like docile, stupid asses')
So to those who own the tools and land
Are thus enabled to command
The plundered working classes

Why don't Australians use their brains
To free themselves till nought remains
Of poverty and sadness?
If they were wide awake and wise
They'd banish Private Enterprise
And live a life of gladness.

When masters say that you are free,
Then use your mental eyes and see
They're guarding stolen treasures:
If you are free why must you strike
To gain the freedom you would like
And fill your life with pleasure?

There is no need to madly run
And use a bayonet and gun
Against your rich oppressors:
Elect a Government IMPACT of red-
Hot, honest Socialists instead
Of 'Lab and Lib transgressors!'

Thur. June 9 1960. I have just posted A Few Q
Questions to Common Cause. Florence came to-day
and stayed until 7 p.m.

This morning I posted a letter to Walter and to Common Cause.

DOCTORS' WARNING.

"An Australia-wide campaign to warn the public against the dangers of smoking is being sought by the National Health Medical Research Council Daily paper.

Let us hope the doctors' warning will receive warm thanks, not scorning, from the smokers they would save:

If their wise advice is heeded

They'll be glad that they succeeded,

Though tobacconistes may rave.

When vile cigarettes they're lighting,

Careul as smokers are inviting,

In a manner rash and blind,

In the noxious smoke that pleases,

That great King of all diseases---

CANCER, foe of all mankind.

But, if warnings are neglected,

Countless deaths may be expected

Of the middle-aged and young

Who have stupidly invited

Cancer's vultures which alighted

On a smoky lip or tongue.

Clever doctors are not joking

When they gravely warn that smoking

Is a habit which may please,

But which multiplies the danger

Of a visit of a stranger---

Earth's incurable disease.

Though a man may be a preacher

Or a literary teacher,

If tobacco he will cherish

He may prematurely perish

As a suicidal fool.

So let's heed the doctors' warning,

Not indulge in stupid scorning

Of the wise advice they give;

If you have the slightest gumption

Dont imagine it's assumption:

DROP YOUR CIGARETTES & LIVE.

Today I wrote

NEW NATIONAL ANTHEM.

Will Ike decide to go
Flying to face the foe,
Or be afraid
Of being vilified,
Tortured, or crucified
For the well-certified
Tricks he has played?

Bob, save your fighting Ike
From Reds you both dislike,
(That’s if you can)
They are censorious,
Loudly stentorius
And most uproarious
Up in Japan.

Why do Reds wildly rave?
Did Kishi mis-behave
When he did sign
Ike’s pact to federate
With each United State
It was because Reds hate
TREATIES MZLIGN!

S. fly to wild Japan,
As quickly as you can,
Ike’s life to save;
Do not procrastinate.
Or you may be much too late
And, in an abject state,
Weep on his grave!

If Kishi’s "COME’s withdrawn
A cheerful day will dawn
Forfighting Ike;
He’ll be victorious,
Happy and glorious,
But Reds, laborios,
May harder strike.


Our walter came yesterday
from Blackburn. To day
he is going to see Mum at
the William Lyne Home.

Today I received six
Copies of the Common
Cause containing my
vex, "IKE’S SEATO”.


Today I posted a con;
DOCTORS’ WARNING
To the editor of
the Mayfield Messenger,
P O Box 121
HAMILTON.

The editor of RED TAPE
sent me the following
letter.

"Public Service Association
R.H. Sutherland, Gen. Sec
School of Arts Building,
27/5 c Pitt St., SYDNEY.

"%RD June 1960.

Mr. J. Cocking 331
Maitland Rd., Mayfield West, Newcastle.

Dear Mr. Cocking, I have
to thank you for the ite
of prose which youforwarded to me in connecti
with the dangers of cig-
arett e smoking

I regret that space will
not permit of the artic;
being printed in the
Association's journal
at this stage. Yours
R.H. Sutherland,
general secretary."
A FEW QUESTIONS

Why don't Australian workers rise, 
And make this land their Paradise 
BY wits, united action? 
If they would active brains employ 
They would be able to enjoy 
A life of satisfaction.

Why aren't the workers all awake? 
Why don't they all combine and take 
The land on which they're living 
From Marble Bar to Narromine 
To own the wealth they're giving?

They're giving boundless stores of wealth 
(Like e cile, stupid asses, ) 
To those who, owning tools and land, 
Are thus enabled to command 
The plundered working classes.

They're giving boundless stores of wealth 
To drones who live by legal theft, 
( Like docile, stupid asses ) 
So those who own the tools and land 
Are thus enabled to command 
The plundered working classes.

Why don't Australians use their brains 
To free themselves till nought remains 
Of poverty and sadness? 
If they were wide-awake and wise 
They'd banish Private Enterprise 
And live a life of gladness.

When masters say that you are free 
Then use your mental eyes and see 
That they guard stolen treasure: 
If you are free why must you strike 
To gain the freedom you would like, 
To fill your life with pleasure?

There is no need to madly run 
To use a bayonet and gun 
Against your rich oppressors; 
Elect a government that's RED-HOT Communists, instead 
Of Lib and Lab transgressors!
DOCTORS' WARNING.

"An Australia-wide campaign to warn the public against the dangers of smoking is being sought by the National Health and Medical Research Council. Daily paper.

Let us hope the doctors' warning will be met with thanks, not scorning, from the smokers they would save: If their wise advice is heeded, they'll be glad that they succeeded, though tobacconists may rave.

But, if warnings are neglected, countless deaths may be expected of the middle-aged and young who have stupidly invited cancer's vultures which alighted on a smoky lip and tongue.

When vile cigarettes they're lighting, careless smokers are inviting, in a manner rash and blind, in a noxious smoke that pleases, that great king of all diseases cancer, foe of all mankind.

Clever doctors are not joking when they gravely warn that smoking is a habit which may please, but which multiplies the danger of a visit from a stranger, earth's incurable disease.

Though a man may be a preacher, or a literary teacher, or the master of a school, if tobacco he will cherish he may prematurely perish as a suicidal fool.

So, let's heed the doctors' warning, not indulge in stupid scorning of the wise advice they give; if you have the slightest gumption don't imagine it's assumption; stop your cigarettes and live."
Dear Grandfather,

I am sorry I haven't written before. We arrived home safely.

We have Alma staying with us. We have been playing together.

We made some cutouts from paper. How are you getting on. Well.

goodbye for now. Give love to all.


Love from

Dianne.