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THE RETURNED SOLDIERS' CLUB

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Never in Westralia’s history of tailoring has anyone created such an impression as KINO in his prices and make of tailored suits.
Your own material made up for 75/- hand finish, fit and style guaranteed.
Returned soldiers in country districts can obtain their suits by sending a letter to KINO, who will procure same, and send them back the suit finished to their entire satisfaction; no extra charges.
Send for self-measurement form and tape.
We carry the latest stocks of pure indigo dye serges and all-wool tweeds.

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The Gallipoli Graves.

AN UNSATISFACTORY POSITION.

That the work of locating and exhuming the bodies of the men who fell fighting on Gallipoli is in a most unsatisfactory state is vouched for by two men who have recently returned from the Peninsula. In a joint statement made to the Melbourne "Herald," Captain Leonard Martin, a Victorian civil engineer, and Staff-Sergeant Frederick Redfearn, of Hobart, state that only half the number of dead bodies have been located, and that 4,000 are still missing. Despite this large number unaecounted for, the work of exhumation has virtually ceased, and only seven Australians, two New Zealanders, and a few Englishmen remain to carry on the gigantic task.

Capt. Martin and Staff-Sergeant Redfearn appeal for a renewed effort to locate the bodies. They are convinced that many can still be found if the search is continued. With the help of some Greeks, Lieut. Robert Wallace, who has since returned, located about 50 bodies at Lone Pine and Walker's Ridge in August last.

Bones are visible from south of Lone Pine along the ridge towards Chunuk Bair, and also in the trenches after every fall of rain. A complete skeleton was also seen in a ravine east of the Nek cemetery. Scattered remains are also visible as far as Mortar Ridge, which is opposite Quinn's Post. These include the body of Private W. Clark of the 11th Battalion, which was discovered on August 3rd, and was still unburied on August 30th. Although the official records show that about 23 Australians are buried at Shrapnel Terrace, only 10 have been exhumed.

The party saw bones ploughed out in the Susla Bay area, and east alongside the fields. Indeed, bones are to be found scattered throughout the whole of the fighting area.

Of course it is obvious that many of these bodies must be Turkish, but in view of the very large number of British dead not located, it is safe to say that many must also be British. Many that were examined showed Australian or British buttons and equipment.

To leave this work in its present unsatisfactory state is nothing short of criminal. We understand that representations are being made to the Federal Government to have the work continued, and we trust that the authorities will realise their duty in this important and solemn task.

Country Propaganda.

MR. BUTLER IN THE SOUTH-WEST.

After a week-end of busy propaganda work among the Sub-Branches of the South-West, Mr. J. R. Butler, D.C.M. (State Secretary) returned to Perth on December 5th.

Chatting to a representative of the "Listening Post" after his return, Mr. Butler said:-

I left Perth on Friday midday, and arrived back at 8 a.m. on Monday. During the intervening period I visited and attended successful meetings at Bridgetown, Brunswick Junction, Kirrump, Greenbushes, Balingup, and Wokalup.

I found that there is a great need for propaganda work of this description, as the benefits accruing from State Headquarters being kept in touch with country sub-branches are obvious. Unfortunately, previous State Secretaries have been unable to devote much time to this work, Perth duties having kept them pretty busy.

It is a difficult matter to get country members to attend meetings at this busy time of the year. Men who possess farms have principal and interest bills to meet. Nevertheless, at every centre we secured a good muster of men, and I am sure that my visit will have beneficial results.

At Greenbushes I attended the ceremony of laying the foundation stone of the Soldiers Memorial. At the conclusion, a most successful meeting of returned soldiers was held.

Balingup members rolled up to the tune of between fifty and sixty, but many men were naturally reluctant to leave their farms.

At Bridgetown the majority of our members are employed at the timber mills, and consequently our meeting was packed to overflowing. There is little doubt that my visit to this centre alone justified the trip.

Next week-end I hope to be well enough to visit Morinington, where, out of 600 workers, 300 must be returned soldiers.

In conclusion, I may say that those returned men who have secured farms under the repatriation scheme look to the League to get their first five years' interest capitalised. It is a hard job for them to get things running smoothly, and it is a very difficult matter for at least a number of years to regularly find the interest. If such a concession could be secured, there is little doubt that the League would have done something of great benefit to those returned men who are battling to improve their farms.

About the Imperial Camel Corps.

By "CAMELO."

Most of my time in the late picnic was spent riding camels over the Libyan and Sinai deserts, being a humble member of that unique and remarkable unit "The Imperial Camel Corps."

We were a cosmopolitan crowd, consisting of fair-skinned and helmeted English "Tommies," brown, grave-faced, turbaned Sikhs of the Hong Kong and Singapore battery, and care-free, irreverent, felt-hatted New Zealanders and Australians.

I would hardly care to keep a camel in my back yard as a pet, but, nevertheless, when I recall the many long trying treks whereon he has carried me, I take off my hat to the ugly, smelly creature. My beast often carried me for nine days without a drink, over dry sand, with the glass registering 120 in the shade, and carrying his own and my provisions.

Our battalion spent pennies which sum up finely the unique qualities of the I.C.C.:

Known from the "beer" in Shepherds' Bar.
To the "U" in unsurveyed;
Silent under a watching star,
Or by our dust betrayed,
Where Kharga blossoms 'mid western rock,
Or Sollum fronts on the shore,
By river bank or 'mid grazing flock,
The Imperial Camel Corps.

When the mounted troops on Rafa
dash,
Or lost in the drifting sand;
Successive waves of battle clash,
Or the lonely outposts stand;
Any and every job we know,
Used as a transport corps,
Shelled and bombed by friend and foe,
The Ikonas of the war.
A New Guinea Native Court.

By "Tropical," in "Aussie."

One of the joys of garrison life in German New Guinea was attending the native court. The court had no rules of procedure and a "full list" day, to one accustomed to the formalities of a white man's court of law, seemed to be a farcical performance badly rehearsed. Most of the cases, although of apparent tragic interest to the native litigants, in a superior court would be dismissed as frivolous and vexatious. The perspiring Kiap (magistrate), however, had to take the natives' view of the importance of the litigation, and each case, no matter how absurd to the white man, was carefully inquired into and a decision given forthwith.

My diary reviews the proceedings of one joyous day. The first cases dealt with were charges by planters against boys of giving "check," or loafing. These were dealt with summarily, and a police boy used a cane to execute the Kiap's sentence. Usually the number of strokes did not exceed five. If the punishment assigned exceeded this number, the "boy" was sent to calaboose to await a flogging (with a broad strap) which would be viewed by the Police-Master, a doctor and a crowd of native spectators. But usually, if the offence was a minor one, the punishment was immediate and the "boy" was allowed to go home with his master.

The next case was one where a native had married and had forgotten to pay for his wife. The owner of the woman, in accordance with her custom, was her brother—the parents did not count. The defendant admitted that he had not paid for his wife, and un gallantly put up the defence that his wife's brother, before the lady's marriage, had accused her of being no better than she ought to be. This was a serious matter. He had reduced the lady's commercial value in the eyes of the world, and defendant claimed in effect that in starting the scandal the brother had stopped himself from proceeding against him. There was fluent lying on both sides, but the Kiap gave judgment for the plaintiff. Although there was no counter-claim, justice demanded that the brother should pay for libelling his sister, whose husband was awarded an amount equaling half the plaintiff's claim.

Then followed an extremely involved action between two Chinamen and the inhabitants of a small native village. The lululai (chief), carrying the long stick of office given him by the Germans, attended by about forty natives, appeared for the village, and called his forty witnesses in succession. The Kiap from a welter of charges and counter-charges, got the gist of the matter. The Chinamen alleged that a dozen fowls had been stolen, and the natives retorted with a charge against the Orientals of having stolen a pig. Despite the fact that all the natives spoke "True on Top" (before God) the Kiap discovered that the pig had died from natural causes and had been placed in the Chinamen's garden, and the natives were penalised with the cost of the fowls. As a warning to some who had patently lied, they were given five strokes of the "police boy's" cane. A native is an ineffective liar. Cross-examined patiently, his false evidence always breaks down; for he cannot connect two apparently disconnected questions.

For example, if asked where he was at a certain time, and later when he left a certain place, he cannot see that question No. 2 has any bearing on No. 1. And the physical impossibility of his reaching the first place after being at the second at a fixed hour does not occur to him.

Divorce cases followed. Where missions are concerned they are handled gingerly. But when the husband, wife, and the co-respondent do not belong to a church the Native Court can give Reno a long start and a beating in rapid divorces. The co-respondent is invariably a "boy," who comes prepared to pay a fine, but puts up a magnificent fight to avoid the cruel penalty of having to "marry the girl." He promises to speak "true on top," and proceeds to lie with great vigour. The injured husband calls his witnesses, and if the Mary is fonder of the co-respondent than of her husband she adds her lies to the co-respondent's. It is seldom the husband's petition fails. A native does not care about admitting publicly his inability to keep his wife faithful to him, and his case for divorce is invariably well-founded.

The Kiap's summing up is a model of brevity. It runs something like this: "Oright! Finish talk! You (to co-respondent) throw'm away ten feller mark along this feller man (the injured husband). You (to the Mary) finish along this feller man (the husband) and belong this feller (the co-respondent). Talk finish!" The co-respondent hands over ten shillings to the husband, and is married to the Mary on the spot. For this purpose we usually used a German book on veterinary science. To the native a book added claret to the proceedings.
RETURNED SOLDIERS' LEAGUE.

ITS AIMS AND OBJECTS.

The objects of the League are:

(a) To perpetuate the close and kindly ties of friendship created by mutual service in the Great War and the recollections associated with that experience; to maintain a proper standard of dignity and honour among all returned sailors and soldiers, and to set an example of public spirit and noble-hearted endeavour.

(b) To preserve the memory and records of those who suffered and died for the nation—to erect monuments to their valour—to provide them with suitable burial places, and to establish in their honour an annual commemoration day.

(c) To provide for the sick, wounded and needy among those who have served, and their dependants, including pensions, medical attention, homes and suitable employment.

(d) To inculcate loyalty to Australia and the Empire, and secure patriotic service in the interests of both.

(e) To guard the good name and preserve the interests and standing of returned sailors and soldiers.

(f) To induce members as citizens to serve Australia with that spirit of self-sacrifice and loyalty with which as sailors and soldiers they served Australia and the Empire, and to maintain an Association non-sectarian and non-partisan in relation to party politics and industrial disputes.

(g) To establish, maintain, furnish, and equip clubs, clubrooms, information bureaux, libraries, literary, social, educational and benevolent institutions, for the benefit and advancement of members.

(h) To establish Branches and Sub-Branches throughout Australia.

(i) To acquire by all lawful means real and personal property, and to apply both capital and income thereof, and the proceeds of the sale or mortgage thereof, towards all or any of the objects herein specified.

(j) To mortgage, charge, lease, dispose of, exchange, and otherwise deal with any property of or held by the League in any manner authorised by law.

(k) To pay out of the Funds of the League all expenses of or incidental to the formation and management of the League, or carrying out any of its objects, including the payment of salaries to persons employed.

(l) To do all such other lawful acts and things as are incidental or conducive to the attainment of the above objects.

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SOMETHING NEW

Poppy Day Appeal.

The recent poppy day appeal made in aid of the orphan children in the devastated areas of Flanders was most successful financially, yielding a total amount collected of £260 9s. This figure was made up as follows:—Perth, £147 0s. 9d.; Boulton, £37 10s.; York, £3 11s.; Baker's Hill, £1; Katanning, £13 5s.; Fremantle, £20 1s.; Denmark, £2 7s. 6d.; Collie, £7 10s.; Kalgoorlie, £50 4s. 6d.; Albany, £18 19s. 6d.; collection, Wesley Church, £3 14s. 9d.; donation, Katanning Salvation Army, £1 1s.; Miss Quigley, 4s. Secretary D. F. Duncan and his band of earnest workers merit hearty thanks for their efforts. The costs of distribution were low—not, as is usual with such charitable objects, about 50 per cent—amounting to only £19 18s. 6d.; leaving a nett balance to be forwarded of £270 18s. 6d., a highly creditable result.

Most diggers were astounded to hear the firing of guns on the occasion of Queen Alexandra's Birthday, believing that this antiquated tomfoolery had been cut out long ago. Surely, Royalty can have a birthday without celebrating the event by kicking up an infernal row, and so unnerving our shell-shocked diggers. The Brass-hat who authorised this damnable waste of public money should be scragged forthwith.
Britain, America, France and Italy have each exhumed and honoured the body of an unknown dead soldier, and now Canada is about to follow suit. What about Australia?

The famous library of Louvain, wantonly destroyed by the Huns in 1914, is to be restored by America. American architects have designed the new building, and they have generously planned it in the Flemish style of the seventeenth century. It will be a lasting tie between the two nations, for in the ornamentation of the facade over the principal entrance will figure two escutcheons bearing respectively the arms of Belgium and U.S.A. Below the slate roof will run the motto "De­stroyed by Teuton savagery. Restored by American gift.

Employers of labour (and particularly returned soldier employers) who require hands, are asked to remember that there is an R.S.L. Employment Bureau anxious to find work for some hundreds of out of work diggers. A ring per 'phone stating the class of work available will bring prompt result.

The move taken by the R.S.L. Executive in encouraging and officially recognising the ladies' committees of the various sub-branches is a splendid one, and it should result in renewed enthusiasm and activity. Many of these ladies did sterling work for the soldiers during and since the war, and they will, we are sure, be very delighted to help so deserving an organisation as the R.S.L. Up at Belmont the local Red Cross Society is doing splendid work in furnishing concerts for maimed malaria soldiers. Lately, these ladies presented to the Kalamunda Convalescent Home a beautiful book-case made by trainees and filled with 100 well bound books. They also sent several other useful gifts, as well as electric appliances, to the Edward Millen Home, Victoria Park. Such work as this will receive the hearty gratitude of the patients and of all diggers generally.

At the last meeting of the State Executive, a financial statement for the last three months was submitted. It showed that the revenue totalled £386 16s., while the expenditure amounted to £294 7s. 11d. It was stated that a number of outstanding accounts would bring the receipts well above the expenditure. The statement, which was commented upon favourably, was received and adopted.

What a funny thing is the American brand of justice! Although originally moulded on British lines, it appears to differ slightly from that practised under British rule. Take the recent Arbuckle Case. At the outset, some body obligingly assured Arbuckle that if he were acquitted he would be assassinated. One witness was poisoned and another was indicted for perjury on the spot. Then somebody tried to square the jury, which eventually was unable to come to a decision. Talk about "God's own Country!"—"J.T."

 Shall we trade with Germany? It is now being proposed that we should resume trading but if we get the same results as in England, the trading won't benefit Aussie up to much. An English journal recounts the case of some ex-soldiers who invested all their spare cash in toy-making machinery, and for a time they provided lucrative employment for a few dozen of their coboors. When Fritz was permitted to trade with England, one of his first acts was to swamp the market with toys considerably cheaper than the British articles. Result—napoo the ex-soldier ventures. We haven't too many industries in Australia for us to risk their extinction, so it behoves us to be careful.

At the general-meeting of the Mt. Lawley-Nth. Perth Sub-Branch, the following Executive and Committee was elected for the ensuing year:—President: Mr. H. Colvin; Vice-Presidents: Messrs. A. N. McDonald and D. M. Benson; Hon. Treasurer: Mr. G. K. Ryder; Committee: Messrs. N. J. Heenan, L. D. McCarthy, A. Hope, E. H. Popham, C. Bader, P. Loffman and Brown. The appointment of a secretary was deferred.

The snooker tournament arranged at the Institute is meeting with great success, and it is hoped that by means of these tournaments the fine billiard-room at the Institute will be greatly popularised. Leaguers are also reminded that the dining-room is still going strong, and that the commodious reading-room is open to all members to spend a spare half hour.

The following notice of motion will be discussed at the first meeting of the executive after the New Year:—"With a view to making non-members realise the benefits that have accrued to them through the activities of the League, that one week in each calendar year be set aside as popularity week for the purpose of extensive propaganda work and enrolment of members."

(The editor cordially invites readers to contribute short interesting paragraphs under this heading).
**Sight—What is it Worth?**

Even a beggar in the streets would not take untold millions in exchange for his sight. Will you not, therefore, give a fraction of the value of that most priceless possession to assist those who for the rest of their lives are

**IN COMPLETE DARKNESS?**

**CONTRIBUTIONS SHOULD BE SENT TO**

REV. D. I. FREEDMAN, Chairman, The Call of the Blind,

ST. GEORGE'S TERRACE (next "West Australian"). PERTH

Donations of Cattle, Sheep, or Crops thankfully received

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**War Service Homes.**

**THE PRESENT POSITION EXPLAINED.**

We understand that the transfer of the War Service Homes Commission to the State Workers' Homes Board is just about complete, so building operations should be in full swing once more early in the new year, under new control.

The daily press announces that £100,000 has been allotted for operations in this State, but from this amount should be deducted £63,000 already spent. The new administration will not, therefore, have too many marbles to play with in trying to satisfy the couple of hundred applications waiting for satisfaction. By the way, was not this State's quota of the Diggers' Loan £600,000?

The assumption of activities by the State people will, we trust, put an end to the ineptitude and incompetence which has been an unhappy feature of the Commonwealth-controlled administration.

No scheme could have been launched under more favourable conditions, for almost unlimited money was made available to meet the big demand for houses.

Labour and materials were certainly at first a bit scanty, and to put a premium on both, the Melbourne heads set up a rival in the Commonwealth Bank to compete against the Commissioner for both necessities in the building trade. Of course the poor old digger will lament for 37 years about the foolishness of this policy.

The day labour system distinguished the first administration in this State, and costs ran well over the maximum allowed in almost every instance. Houses were, however, well and faithfully built, and despite the squat appearance and "pillbox" formation, they should provide a comfortable home for the digger with a restricted number of little "diggers."

The same cannot be said of the "dolls' houses" constructed by the second administration, noticeable around Subicue, South Perth and Victoria Park. Let us hope that the contract system favoured by the Workers' Homes Board will produce a better type of house at a more reasonable cost than some we know of recently sprung up in several suburban localities.

Many complaints need attention before the responsibility of the Commission in respect to past activities comes to an end. To attend to these and bring finality, an adjustment board is to be appointed. Let us hope that soldiers will have adequate representation and guarantees secured that no man has been called on to pay for errors of administration.

It has been stated by the Minister in the Federal House that 2,500,000 feet of timber has been purchased in West Australia for joinery purposes at a cost of £35,000, and not authorised by the Minister as provided for in the Act. The expenditure represented by this amount of money can be seen in the stacks of timber in Wellington street East, earning interest at 5 per cent. The same amount spent judiciously would have provided over 50 homes for diggers! Yet the Department was run by a business man!
He was happy, and small wonder. He had landed in Sydney that morning, and seen his folk and his friends for the first time after three years of exile in Egypt, Palestine, and such other territories as the misfortunes of war had enforced upon him. He had often dreamed of this day of home-coming, viewing it from half a hundred standpoints: and now it was an accomplished fact— he was home again, as much of him as would ever come home! He put it into those words himself, which is the reason my question took this form—

"Where did you leave the rest of you?"

"Oh, well," he looked at the place where his left leg had been, and paused perplexedly. then continued, "Now I come to think of it, that question isn't as easy to answer as it seems."

I suppose I looked unenlightened by this answer, for he grinned.

"I'd better explain," he said. "It began quite simply, at a place called Essain, which is in Palestine. We had been out scouting in the saddle all day; all the previous night, too, for that matter. Nothing much came of it, except the rounding up of a couple of 'Jacko' outposts. We were pretty sore and weary when we halted at Essain, to rest and water our horses; and it didn't tend to smooth our nerves much when a brace of 'Jacko's' Taubes came over, and dropped a few bombs. There was the devil of a scatter—for we were bunched, thick and heavy, round the water holes. Luckily, they didn't mean serious business that day; only let go three or four hand grenades to shake us up a bit. A couple of horses and I were the casualties. The horses snuffed it; as for me, a bit of iron just shaved across my foot, lifting the leather of my boot and half the nail off my big toe. So I s'pose you can say I left the first bit of my leg at Essain.

"I got a dressing put on the toe; the saddler made a rough job of my boot, and I never gave further thought to the knock for the next couple of days. Then it began to get sore and swollen, till, at last, I couldn't stand a boot on the foot. I showed it to the M.O.; of course, the damned thing had gone septic, like most cuts do over there. The M.O. had a look at it, and ordered hot fomentations, which didn't make much improvement. So he insisted on me to the Field Ambulance, to have the rest of the nail taken off. They did the job there quick and lively, putting a bit of local anaesthetic in to kid me I couldn't feel the loss. I know different! We were camped at a place called Marakeb, still in Palestine; so I reckon it's at Marakeb you'd find the second bit of my leg.

"After that, I had bad luck. The Brigade got orders to move before I was cured; and the Ambulance couldn't be bothered with me and my crook foot. I was insisted off again, evacuated to a clearing station. The place was full, choc-a-block with influenza heroes, and couldn't carry another patient. They looked at me, lying in the sand cart, marked my ticket 'next stop,' or words to that effect, and sent me on to the hospital train.

"Next place I pulled up at was a stationary hospital at El Arish, where I was put in a surgical ward. They let me off lightly, all things considered. The first day they probed the sore, and looked grave; second day they probed it twice, called the O.C. in consultation, and looked pleased; third day they cut off my toe, to save my foot. And that's how the third bit of my leg came to stay at El Arish.

"After that I never worried; I could see 'Australia' written in big, clear letters opposite my name. I just lay back, and left it to fate and the doctors. About this time, a scrap was to come off up near Gaza; and as one of the preliminaries, they cleared the hospitals to make room for the wounded, who were to come. They cleared me, too; and I finished up in the big general hospital, right back in Cairo. Well, to cut a long yarn shorter, something had gone wrong with the bone itself in my foot; and after a fair trial of all the lotions and ointments in the outfit, they put the X-rays on to it. The M.O. was quite decent about it. Next morning he put it to me plainly: it was just possible that the place where my toe had been might have healed more or less, in time; but it was more likely it wouldn't, because something, spelled with two z's an x and "oea," had set in. He recommended me, as man to man, to have the foot off, and make a clean, sweet job of it. He promised me I'd get the best kind of artificial foot backshore, and that I'd never regret the lost original. I can tell you, I went dead crook about it at first; but I looked so disappointed that I hadn't the heart to refuse. So the fourth bit of my leg stayed in Cairo.

"After that, of course, it was 'Australia' for me as soon, as they could get enough forms filled in and signed, to explain what I was, and why. The stump was healing well by the time I got on the hospital ship. And then I had the stiffest luck that ever a man had. I used to like my deck-chair in the corner of the deck near a whole bunch of stretchers, stacked on a couple of iron brackets let into the side of a deck-house. It was a sheltered spot. One day a bit of swell kept the old barge rolling, and I noticed the stretchers working loose. Suddenly the boat gave a big heave, and 'plunk,' the lashings broke and the whole heap—except one which swung over and dealt me a smack across the head—dropped fair across my crook leg. When I came to, I'd left the fifth bit of my leg on the ocean bed.

"You've had terrible luck," I sympathised. "I suppose you're thankful Sydney isn't twice as far from Palestine, or you'd have lost a few more joints before you got here."

"Never thought of that way," the battered hero responded. "But what a job my sorrowful relatives will have if they want to connect up my lost leg with my body after I die!"—"Larrie," in the "Kia Ora Coo-ee."

FOY & GIBSON'S

CHRISTMAS TOY FAIR

OUR TOY FESTIVAL IS NOW OPEN. It is a Fairyland for Children. Dolls, Toys, Games and Novelties are displayed in lavish profusion.

We are specially featuring Australian-made Toys. They are strongly made and include many useful as well as attractive novelties.

A large variety of Prizes and Presentation Books, Annuals, Xmas Cards and Calendars are just to hand. These are being offered at Xmas Toy Fair Prices.

Our numerous Departments are teeming with seasonable and useful presents at prices which are within the reach of all.

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R.S.L. CO-OPERATIVE SCHEME.

The following circular has lately been issued:

It has been decided to submit to the subscribers to the R.S.L. Co-operative Scheme, particulars of a proposition, in connection with the Trading Concern already established by the Perth Sub-Branch of the League, and in recommending this scheme to the subscribers it is desired to point out the very great success which has attended the efforts of the Branch up to the present date.

Operations were commenced with a capital of £625, and the last Balance Sheet showed an excess of Assets over Liabilities of £1347/18/4 after allowing for the repayment of the amount of £625 mentioned above. The Profit and Loss Account for the period from 6th June, 1920, to 31st July, 1921, shows a net profit of £2156/7/7, and this in spite of the fact that the margin of profit is infinitely smaller than that charged by any retail business in the State. It is to be noted moreover, that of this net profit of £2156/7/7, the sum of £1314/7/7 was made on the sale of articles purchased in the open market, that is to say, under the same conditions as the ordinary retailer.

So great has been the growth of business, that the Perth Sub-Branch has decided that it can no longer conveniently handle it, and has therefore decided to immediately form a Limited Company to take over the whole of the Assets and Liabilities of the Trading Department, and place the business on a proper footing. The Branch further realises that if the business is to continue to grow, further Capital will be necessary, and it has therefore decided on the following plan:

The proposed Company to have a Nominal Capital of £10,000 divided into 10,000 shares of £1 each, which are to be issued as follows:

1. 2500 fully paid up shares to Trustees for the Perth Sub-Branch.
2. 1000 fully paid up shares to Trustees for the Executive of the R.S.L.
3. 1500 fully paid up shares to Trustees for the other Sub-Branches of the R.S.L. in Western Australia.
4. 5000 5 per cent. first preference shares to be offered in the first instance for subscription to the holders of gratuity bonds who have already stated their willingness to support an R.S.L. Co-operative Scheme.

The great success of the business up to the present has undoubtedly been largely due to the ability and energy of Mr. J. R. Butler, D.C.M., and it is hoped, by arrangement with the Executive, that his services will still be available to superintend the working of the Company. It is intended at the earliest possible date to acquire a lease of suitable premises in the city as the headquarters of the Company.

The Company is now in formation, and a full prospectus will be issued in the course of a week or so. In the meantime, this preliminary notice is furnished, so that the subscribers may know what is being done, and when the prospectus is issued there will be no delay in going ahead with the formation of the Company.

C. H. LAMB
Trustees
A. H. PRIESTLEY
W. A. WOODHAM

Perth, 1st December, 1921.
Greetings.

To our readers—returned soldiers, sailors, and nurses, we tender cordial Yule time greetings. We trust that the coming year will bring health, happiness and prosperity for them all.

Ourselves.

After many months of careful preparation, we are pleased to at last introduce ourselves to our readers. We feel that there is a distinct and urgent need for a journal to clearly present before the public the returned soldier viewpoint, and it shall be the aim of "The Listening Post" to faithfully represent the men—and women—who did their bit for the Empire. It shall also be our purpose to secure for those who lost their loved ones those rights and privileges which a grateful country should freely and spontaneously give. Obviously, these great objects cannot be achieved without the loyal support and co-operation of all diggers, and we confidently expect to receive the help of all who desire to see "The Listening Post" an influential journal, worthy of the solemn and weighty task it has set itself to perform.

What we have we hold.

When the idea of launching "The Listening Post" was first mooted, there were many who urged that the necessity for an R.S.L. journal had long since passed. It was claimed that all the concessions possible had already been secured, and that there was no need for any further striving. It must be remembered, however, that it may be a difficult matter to retain what we have won. As time goes on, it is becoming increasingly difficult to assert the rights of returned soldiers. The recent gratuity bond exposures showed how some citizens were readily prepared to exploit returned soldiers. Then the action of the N.S.W. Cabinet in withdrawing preference to returned soldiers provides a good example of how the promises to diggers will be ignored.

Our Objects.

It shall therefore be the aim of "The Listening Post" to fight for the rights of returned soldiers. We shall not hesitate to throw the limelight of publicity on every matter of injustice, individual or collective, and we shall be no respecters of persons in the process. The objects of this journal are precisely the objects of the R.S.L., and so that there shall be no doubts as to our mission those objects may be found presented in full in another column.

The Gratuity Bond Scandal.

We offer our best thanks to the members of the Gratuity Bond Commission for the excellent results they have achieved. The exposures of trafficking in bonds must have come as a great shock to many. The manner in which hundreds of returned soldiers have been plundered will show how grateful are some of our business men to the soldiers who fought for them. Thanks to the Commission, those gentry have been made to disgorge, and the publicity they have received will, no doubt, make them hesitate before exploiting returned soldiers in the future. We also desire to pay tribute to the work of Mr. H. J. Sheehan, who represented the Treasury, and who was responsible for making not a few of the pseudo-philanthropists disgorge their ill-gotten gains.

The Washington Conference.

At the time of writing, the deliberations of the various representatives at the Washington Conference are proceeding satisfactorily, and according to an official report, an optimistic feeling prevails. After a taste of actual twentieth century warfare, all diggers will hope that some mutually satisfactory scheme will be devised for the limitation of armaments, so that in future, wars may be, if not impossible, at least almost so.

Preference to Soldiers.

We refer our readers to the article in another column in which we discuss the action of the N.S.W. Legislature in withdrawing official preference to returned soldiers. Surely this one action on the part of politicians should show the need for a strong soldiers' League, and it is to be hoped that every digger will do his utmost to get his returned soldier friends to join the League.

The Daily Press.

Most Sub-Branches ended their winter session with pleasant social functions, but evidently our local news-sheets did not consider such trivial events worthy of even passing notice. A few weeks ago, Mt. Lawley and Nth. Perth Sub-Branch held a most enjoyable smoke social, and although such prominent men as Colonels Tilney and Margolin, Lieut. 'Fat' McCarthy, V.C., and Messrs. H. E. Bolton and J. R. Butler, D.C.M., all made capital speeches, not a single line of report appeared in the daily press. Perhaps after the columns of drivel taken up in reporting the trial of a professional idiot named Arbuckle there was no space left. Now, if it had been a temperance tea fight, or an "At Home" by some gushing "sappiness" lioness, the affair would undoubtedly have been fully reported down to the colour of the tomatc's neck ribbon.
Mrs. 'Arrison’s Garrulity.

A CHARWOMAN’S CONFIDENCES.

No. 1.

On the Disarmament Conference.

As told to “Jay’s Head.”

“Can you deform me, Sir, whether all dis-armament talk as is goin’ on is real, or is it only another of them American inventions?” mumbled Mrs. ‘Arrison to me last Monday, when, having reached that stage of her morning’s work when her hands, swollen and boiled-lobster red, and her mouth containing more hairpins than her hair, she was about to retire to one of those dark, dingy, and mysterious-looking cupboards common to office-buildings, and from which charwomen seem able to produce, from an area of about a square yard, enough pails, brooms, mops, and general cleaning utensils to stock a fair-sized store.

Being rather busy, and having already experienced Mrs. ‘Arrison’s garrulous loquacity, I was not prepared to encourage her that morning. I, therefore, affected not to hear the question. Had I known Mrs. H. better, I should not have attempted anything so foolish. Not that she expected or wanted a reply—merely my attention, and to supply an occasional word to show I was “following.”

Removing some of the more awkwardly (not to say dangerously) placed hairpins from her mouth, Mrs. ‘Arrison repeated with a clearness that was almost grim, “H’I said is dis-armament business an American invention? H’I sees in the paper last week they calls it a ‘American Convention,’ but a serpise that’s a mis-
sprint, as they calls it, not they orter be more careful.”

Without giving me time to reply, Mrs. Harrison continued: “H’I serpise yer wondering at me exter-avingance, buyin’ noospapers! Well, I was a comin’ outer the ‘ouse I lodges at, the other morning, when a boy walks up an’ puts a paper in me ‘ands, an’ walks hoff, which was very kind of ’im, I must say, not like moster them young himps.”

Mrs. Harrison here paused, and sublimely indifferent to my presence, proceeded to put the recreant hairpins to the use for which they were originally intended, a framed picture providing a workable, ‘hazy, reflection, though her end was not achieved without considerable contortion.

I took the opportunity to assure Mrs. Harrison that “American Convention” was correct, and advised her to leave matters of statesmanship to those best fitted for carrying them out.

“Ho!” said Mrs. Harrison, “H’I knows ‘ow to byrre ninepence off a lady so as I can pay ‘er back sixpence as I rilready owes ‘er, an’ ‘ave a ‘bit’ fer me trouble. I’ve done it many a time, and if that’s not statesmanship wot is it? On’y they does it in millions.”

I ventured the interjection that this was “fancie, perhaps, but scarcely statesmanship,” which was ignored.

For Mrs. Harrison was already continuing. “H’it strikes me they don’t even know wot they’re talking about. ‘Scraping battleships!’ I’d like ter know wot battleships is for if hif it’s not fer ‘scraping’!”

“O’ course, it’s all very well for America, wot’s made all ‘er money outer the war, and doesn’t want nobody to be able ter pinch it off ‘er. No-one will be clever enough ter get it by statesmanship. That’s proved by the way she wants ter make certain right off that no-one—or not two neither—will be able ter take it by force. But ‘Live and let live,’ that’s my mater; which is a tawful way of sayin’ that hif America was to ‘ave a bit of trouble—“Enny’ow, I don’t see ’ow Britain can erford ter reduct ‘er navy. Not with India and Ireland on ‘er ‘ands!”

“And Mrs. Jorkins, ’er wot’s husbands’ ter by band’s in ther navy, comes hup ter me in the street on’y yesterday an’ ses, ‘Mrs. ‘Arrison—’”

“Mrs. Harrison,” I corrected.

“As I sed; Mrs. Jorkins ses ter me, Mrs. ‘Arrison—”


“Well, I likes that,” said my charwoman, fixing me with a glare, “if a Hae, a Ha, two Hs, a Hi, a Hs, a Eo, and a Hn, isn’t ‘Arrison, wot is it, I’d like ter know!”

And, quite indignant, the good woman left me in peace, closing the door rone too gently.

Visitor: “I would like to get you to teach me to sail a boat.”

Boatman: “Sail a boat! Why, it’s easy as swimmin’. Jest grasp the main sheet with one hand, an’ the tiller with the other, an’ if a squall strikes, ease up or bring ‘er to, an’ loose the halyards, but look out fer the gaff an’ boom, or the hull thing’ll be in the water, an’ ye’ll be upset; but if the wind is steady, y’r all right, onless y’r too slow in luffin’, ’cause then ye’ll be upset sure. Jump right in an’ try it; but, remember, whatever ye do, don’t gibe!”

—“Pearson’s Weekly” (Eng.).
Soldier Settlement.
DISCUSSION IN STATE PARLIAMENT.

During the debate on the Loan Estimates on November 10th, the Premier (Sir James Mitchell) quoted some interesting facts and figures in connection with soldier settlements in Western Australia. "The total expenditure on soldier settlement," announced the Premier, "was £2410808, covering 4106 settlers and representing £21,000 per settler." He did not think the House would cavil at that figure, because in these days of high protection the cost of machinery, etc., it required about twice as much to equip a farmer as in pre-war days. The soldiers would be found in almost every district in the State.

The Leader of the Opposition (Mr. P. Collier): Have any of them failed?

The Premier: Strangely few. Some of them were too sickly and some had not worked, but they were remarkably few. He doubted if any other 4000 men could be found who would give less trouble than the soldiers had. Of course, they had had special help and consideration.

The Leader of the Opposition: They have not yet reached the critical stage.

The Premier: Many of them have. There were cases which were astonishingly good, and there were instances occasionally where men had made a very big cheque in the first year.

Mr. Teesdale: They have been better settled than in any other State in the Commonwealth!

The Premier said it was natural that they should be settled well here. To-day, as a matter of fact, he supposed, from the point of view of its productive value and nearness to a market, our land was cheaper than similar land anywhere else in Australia, and he did not think it was bringing half the price of similar land in Victoria and South Australia. He would like to pay a tribute to the work of Mr. McLarty and his staff in connection with soldier settlement.

"I know an Australian who visited Ireland for the first time last summer. In Dublin one warm afternoon he put his handkerchief over his nose and said in a cheerful voice: "What the deuce is that?"

"That!" said his Irish guide. "Why that's the river Liffey. Didn't ye know man, that the smell of the Liffey was one of the sights of Dublin?"

THE LISTENING POST.

Free Advice for Readers.

We want all diggers to look upon "THE LISTENING POST" as their own particular property, and with this object in view we cordially invite readers to write to us for advice and help. We have made arrangements with a well-known public accountant, who will personally advise all readers in regard to taxation matters, etc. Letters asking for general information will be dealt with by the Editor.

We would also like to appeal to Sub-Branch Secretaries for monthly reports. This is an R.S.L. paper, and all diggers will be interested to learn of the activities of Sub-Branches, also to their own. Brief reports will therefore be most welcome. We also invite readers to submit articles and parts of interest to returned men. All MSS. should be addressed to the Editor, "Listening Post," 70 King-street, Perth, and should arrive not later than the 10th of the month to ensure insertion in the current issue.

Encouragement

FOR "THE LISTENING POST."

The following letter received by Mr. F. P. LeCras, Secretary Mt. Marshall Sub-Branch, is one that does us good to receive. We shall be very glad indeed to receive regular reports, and we trust that the example set by Mr. LeCras will be followed by other secretaries.

It is intended to publish this journal on the 20th of each month, and we would like contributors to forward copy as early as possible, but not later than the 10th instant.

(To the Editor "The Listening Post," Perth.)

Dear Sir,—I am in receipt of your favour of the 23rd inst., with regard to the publication of your paper, and we will be very pleased to receive your first issue.

Any help that I can give you, will be cheerfully rendered, and you will be sure of a report from here every month.

I am enclosing a small one now, which I would like you to insert if it is not too late.

Kindly let me know the day of the month on which you propose to publish your paper, and also the latest date on which you can receive reports. We only have one mail a week here, and I would like to be sure of getting it every occasion I write.

South Perth Sub-Branch
R.S.L.

ANNUAL MEETING.

The Annual Meeting of the South Perth Branch, R.S.L., was held in the Mechanics' Institute, with the President, Mr. Hillary, in the chair, and proved to be the most successful meeting ever held in that centre, there being about 80 men present.

The State President, Mr. Bolton, and State Secretary, Mr. Butler, were present by invitation, and very interesting lectures were given by them. Mr. Bolton stressed what the League had done for the returned soldiers in the past, and showed where it had always justified its existence, for had the League not taken up the case of the soldiers there is not the slightest doubt that returned men would have had a very bad time if they had merely depended on individual effort.

Mr. Butler then spoke on the signs of the times as to the future of the returned men, by giving instances of what is being done in other States. In New South Wales, during the War, an Act of Parliament was passed giving preference in employment to returned men. This Act was about to be rescinded. In Queensland the Land Settlement Scheme was being withdrawn at the end of the present month, and if returned soldiers did not support the League it would be a poor look out for them in the future.

However, he continued, having during the past few weeks attended many meetings of the Sub-Branches, he could see a good time coming for the organisation. The thing that had to be fought against was the apathy of the returned men, but from the attendance that night it looked as if South Perth Branch was going to lead the way in getting the men to take an interest in the League.

A cordial vote of thanks was moved by Mr. Bolton, and was carried by acclamation, the visitors being asked to come again.

The boys then settled down to have a good time, at a musical evening, and it was voted by these present to be one of the most enjoyable evenings they had spent for a long time.
Help for Returned Soldiers.

The following is a type of letter becoming all too common of late. It appeared in the "Daily News" of Dec. 8th:

(To the Editor.)

Sir,—I am a returned disabled soldier, living on £2 6s. per week war pension, and have a wife and child to support. I have not been able, through sickness, to do a day's work for over twelve months, and my wife has been very ill, and is at present expecting to be confined any day. I have no sheets or pillow cases or clothes for the child when born. I applied to the Fremantle Ugly Men for those necessary articles and was refused and told to try the Silver Chain, which I did, with the same result. If my case is not genuine enough, I should like to know whose would be. I am down and out through war-caused disability, and not a charity seeker. Work I would gladly do, but that is impossible for some time to come. Could you advise me of any other fund where I might receive these very necessary articles?—Yours, etc.

DISABLED SOLDIER.

Is there no fund in existence for the help of diggers in such a plight as this?

250 Prophecies for a Bob.

"RETURNED SOLDIERS UNKNOWN."

There's an old jossor going the rounds with a booklet containing "250 prophecies." The work is his own—and he looks it! So much so that we gave him a bob, which was all he asked for a quarter of a thousand glimpses into the future. It contains the usual procrastinations of deaths, epidemics, wars and strikes, compounded of the equally usual mixture of deduction and guesswork. The particular prophecy that excites this notice, however, is that "in 1923, returned soldiers will be unknown." Surely our prognosticating peripatetic does not expect us all to be dead by then? Some of us, despite missing bits of flesh and bone, are good for years. He must, therefore, be banking on the facts that in former times the glamour of being a "returned soldier" soon faded, and, there being no other reason for appearing as such, the desire to do so disappeared and the term and the individual alike were speedily forgotten. Of course, dealers in the occult can scarce be expected to take interest in such mundane affairs as those of the R.S.L., but we may inform our shilling prophet that there is something more than glamour that the present day returned soldier needs; and as he has organised himself into a great body,—the Returned Sailors' and Soldiers' Imperial League of Australia—he will probably be strong enough to secure those needs. No! We do not think the "Returned Soldiers" will be forgotten in 1923. Nor perhaps by 2023—and they may even earn a passing reference to their doings as returned soldiers, as apart from their doings as "diggers"—in the history of our great and glorious Commonwealth.

Here are some answers to the question: "Why do you call a ship she?"

If you ever tried to steer one you wouldn't ask.

Because it takes so long to get them ready to go anywhere.

They need almost as much dollying up and painting as any woman you ever saw.

A ship's gotta have its own way or it won't go.

Ships always come off the ways.

—"Answers" (Eng.)
R.S.L. STATE EXECUTIVE.

We think that every returned Soldier should be aware of what takes place at the meetings of the State Executive, and it is therefore our intention to publish the minutes of each Executive meeting.

Following are the minutes of the meeting of the Executive Council held at the Soldiers' Institute on the 6th December, 1921:

PRESENT.
Messrs. Bolton, Robson, Colebatch, Wilson, Jane, Unmack, Reid, Priestley, and Pope.

Apologies were received from Messrs. Sexty and Shand.

Minutes of the meeting held on the 22nd November were confirmed.

AERIAL FATALITY.

The Secretary was instructed to send a letter of condolence to theWestern Australian Airways, Limited, and to the relatives of Lieut. Fawcett and Wits, Broad, expressing the heartfelt sympathy of the League at their untimely end.

PUBLIC SERVICE ACT.

A letter was received from the Public Service Commissioner giving particulars of the amendments to the Public Service Act.

PATRIOTIC FUNDS.

A letter was received from the South Fremantle Branch asking that the motion in regard to Patriotic Funds be sent to Melbourne.

Moved Mr. Robson, seconded Mr. Priestley, that the motion contained in their letter of the 21st November be endorsed and forwarded to the Federal Executive.—Carried.

PAST PRESIDENT'S CERTIFICATE.

The Secretary submitted a draft of the proposed certificate, which was approved, and it was resolved that a design be submitted to the next meeting.

EMPLOYMENT.

A letter was received from the Maimed and Limbless Men's Association with regard to the matter of employment, and asking for certain information with reference to the employees at the Soldiers' Institute, and it was resolved that the required information be supplied.

C. MONKSFIELD.

The case of C. Monksfield was submitted by the South Fremantle Branch and the Secretary was instructed to make full inquiries and to do everything possible to finalise.

COMMONWEALTH PUBLIC SERVICE SUB-BRANCH.

A letter was received from the Secretary to the Prime Minister, Melbourne, with regard to matters placed before Mr. Hughes when he was visiting West Australia, and it was resolved that the information contained therein be supplied to the Commonwealth Public Service sub-section.

LOCO SHOPS SUB-SECTION.

A letter was received from the Secretary applying for permission to open a sub-branch.

Moved Mr. Wilson, seconded Mr. Priestley, that the necessary permission be granted.

AGRICULTURAL MACHINERY.

A letter was received from the Agricultural Bank with regard to a matter submitted by the Lands Committee to the recent State Conference, and it was resolved that the information contained therein be promulgated to the Sub-Branches, and Mr. McLarty be thanked for what he had done in the matter.

REPATRIATION HOSPITAL.

A letter was received from the Repatriation Department regarding the Recreation Room and leave privileges at the Perth Hospital, and the Secretary was instructed to send a copy of the letter to Mr. Lemon of the Base Hospital.

COLDSTREAMERS' ASSOCIATION.

A letter was received from His Excellency the Governor conveying greetings from the Coldstreamers' Association, of which he was President, and it was resolved that a letter be sent to His Excellency thanking him for the good wishes and asking him to convey greetings from this League to his Association.

FEDERAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Letters were received from the Federal Executive with regard to:
1. Employment Scheme.
2. Patriotic and Memorial Funds.
3. Certificate of Merit—Miss Mary Meares.
5. Ex Service Imperial settlers.
7. Annual Subscription.
8. Workers' Educational Association.
10. Delay in completion of War Service Homes.
11. War Service Homes Adjustment Board.

FINANCIAL CLIPS.

The Secretary was instructed to obtain information from Melbourne as to the cost of financial clips for 1922.

MINIATURE BADGES.

It was resolved that in future Miniature Badges be only issued to members financial to 31st December, 1922.

IMPERIAL SETTLERS.

A resolution from the Federal Executive with regard to extending welcome to imperial settlers was discussed, and it was resolved that the Fremantle and Albany Sub-Branches be advised of same, and further that the management Committee consider the best way of getting in touch with imperial settlers arriving in this State.

ANZAC MEDALLIONS.

A further consideration of this matter was postponed pending receipt of a sample medallion which was being sent over from Melbourne.

FINANCE.

Financial Statement for the three months ended 30th November was received and adopted.

PILOT'S REFRESHER COURSE.

The case of Mr. H. A. Blake, who had been granted leave without pay to attend the Pilot's Refresher Course, was considered and the matter was left in the hands of the Secretary to ascertain the position as provided by the Act.

WESTRALIAN INDUSTRIES LEAGUE.

A letter was received for the Westralian Industries League, and it was moved Mr. Robson, seconded Mr. Unmack, that this League lend its support to the movement.—Carried.

Mr. Robson was appointed as delegate to represent the League.

FEDERAL EXECUTIVE MEETING.

The report of Mr. C. H. Lamb on the Federal Executive Meeting held on the 2nd November, was read and received and further discussion held over pending Mr. Lamb's return to this State.

DELEGATE TO EXECUTIVE.

It was reported that Mr. T. Gibson, of Northam, had not attended any of the Executive Meetings, and it was resolved that the next in order be requested to take a seat on the Executive in his stead.

GROUP SETTLEMENT.

Moved. Mr. Reid, seconded Mr. Priestley, that the Premier be approached with regard to forming a group settlement for returned men.—Carried.

The President, Secretary and Mr. Reid were appointed as a deputation to interview the Premier regarding this matter.

The Chairman then declared the meeting closed.
Gratuity Bonds.

REPORT OF SELECT COMMITTEE.

The report of the Select Committee, consisting of Messrs. A. A. Wilson (chairman), J. S. Denton, W. Richardson, A. McCallum, and E. W. Corboy, which was appointed by the Legislative Assembly to inquire into transactions in war gratuity bonds, was presented to the House on December 14th by the chairman. It is as follows:

"(1) Your Committee has had twenty-three public sittings, including three at Kalgoorlie, and examined ninety-two witnesses. One hundred and thirty-five complaints in writing have been received, and some 500 soldiers will benefit to the extent of approximately £10,100 in bonds and cash, ranging in sums from £5 to £60, through the instrumentality of the Committee and the Federal Treasury. Owing to their private nature some cases—such as those involving domestic disagreements—were dealt with in camera, and, in most instances, satisfactorily settled. Many other transactions were adjusted privately between the parties concerned immediately after the appointment of the Committee. No doubt the investigations of the Committee have had a marked moral effect.

"(2) Much time has been devoted to the land transactions of the soldiers, and the evidence submitted proves beyond doubt that many soldiers were sold land at fictitiously high values and deliberately exploited, contrary to the conditions laid down by the Treasury. The vendors were required to adjust these transactions on the basis of the valuations made by sworn valuers appointed by the Committee or the Federal Treasury. Others paid large deposits and subsequently had the land forfeited for non-payment of the balance of the purchase money, which fell due within a very short period; for instance, Mr. James Chesters sold lot 30, location M1, five times to five different soldiers in six and a half weeks. These transactions, however, were voided by the Federal authorities, and the moneys paid returned to the soldiers. The Committee found that the conditions laid down by the Federal Government for the protection of the soldier enabled them to reach satisfactory settlements in many cases.

"(3) In dealing with the firm of Judge, Smith and Co. the Chairman withdrew his statement previously made in the House, but the subsequent evidence of Mr. E. H. A. Stirling left the Committee in no doubt as to the complicity of Mr. Poyntz Judge in the matter. It is significant that Mr. Judge in his evidence states that he only pays £3 10s. per week, plus rates and taxes, for a suite of five rooms, and was paid £15 for the partial use of one room for a period of little over five weeks by Mr. Stirling, a returned soldier then just out of hospital. Mr. Stirling says that the £15 which he gave Mr. Judge represented one-third of the commission charged the soldiers on the business done, this being mutually agreed upon between Mr. Judge and himself.

"(4) The straight out cash transactions presented many difficulties. The buyer and seller in every instance each made statutory declarations that the full face value, plus interest accrued to date, had been paid, and, further, that no rebate had been allowed by the bond owner. Several soldiers have sworn, and many written complaining that sums of money amounting up to 25 per cent. were deducted from the amount of the bond, but in only one or two cases were witnesses available to testify the actual amount of the cash received. In the case of Mr. T. Goodman, the father of a deceased soldier, his daughter emphatically states that she witnessed the actual handing over of the cash, and clearly and positively confirms her father's evidence that Mr. F. L. Spencer only paid £70 for the bond, the value of which was £97 5s. 10d.

"(5) The Chairman and members of the Committee wish to place on record their high appreciation of the valuable services rendered by Mr. H. J. Sheehan, of the Federal Treasury, Melbourne, and Mr. R. G. Friel, of the Sub-Treasury, Perth, who supplied minute details in the numerous cases investigated, and devoted considerable time and attention to assisting in the elucidation of the problems confronting the Committee.

"The Committee recommends:

"(1) That the Minister for Justice, through the officials of the Crown Law Department, should take immediate steps to investigate the transactions of Dr. Wright, James Chesters, John Jelly, the Mia Mia Pastoral Co., Ltd., and others, with a view to prosecution.

"(2) That the attention of the Public Service Commissioner be invited to Mr. F. L. Spencer's admissions that he cashed gratuity bonds in office hours, and kept large sums of private money in the official safe.

"(3) That the members of the Committee be appointed a Royal Commission without pay, to permit the examination of Louis Abrahams and others. The Committee is convinced that Louis Abrahams deliberately avoided examination at its hands by absenting himself from the State.

"The printing of the report was ordered, and its consideration was fixed for the next sitting.

THE LISTENING POST.

DECEMBER 20, 1921

The League has yet advanced another step in the right direction, by the opening up of this new Sub-branch, whose headquarters are at Bencubbin. The formation of a Sub-Branch in this district has been eagerly awaited for some time past, and before the new year commences it is anticipated that practically all the returned men in the Mt. Marshall district will be members. Although only a fortnight old, the Branch can boast of two members who live 75 miles out. Can any other Branch beat this?

A meeting is being held in the Bencubbin Hall on Christmas Eve, and all diggers are invited. An election of officers will take place, and a system for the future running of the Branch will be discussed. In the meantime local diggers should get in touch with Frank Le Cras, at Bencubbin, who will be pleased to put them on the right track, and be quite willing to collect their subscription.

Returned soldiers in the various homes are to be given a small present at Christmas from the Empire Fund. Mr. J. R. Butler has supplied the approximate number of the men in the homes to whom gifts will be presented, which are given below, together with the officers in charge:

Keane's Point, 16 men: Matron Dunn.
Kalamunda Home, 38 men: Supply Officer Hood.
Edward Millen Home, 10 men: Matron Ashton.
Wooroloo Sanitorium, 12 men: Secretary, T. B. Association.
Stromness Mental Home, 16 men: Officer in Charge.
Claremont Hospital for Insane, 16 men: c/o Mr. P. J. Barblett, Secretary.
Mr. Butler on Tour.

REPORT ON SOUTH-WEST TRIP.

After his very successful week-end trip to the Sou-West, Mr. Butler submitted the following report to the State President:—

Mr. President and Gentlemen:

On Friday noon I left Perth and went to Brunswick Junction, having sent an organiser ahead to make arrangements for meetings. We had a very successful meeting at Brunswick.

At Bunbury the Branch members are doing very good work, and at present they are working up a very big carnival. This is one of the most progressive Branches I have visited. From there I went to Greenbushes and attended and spoke at the laying of a memorial stone ceremony on behalf of the Returned Soldiers’ League. As soon as this was over, there was a very successful meeting of the Branch, at which about 50 men were present. They were very enthusiastic, and promised that for the future they would all act as organisers. This will be one of our strongholds in the future.

From there I returned to Balingup, where about 60 men who are on the land came to the meeting, although they were busy getting their crops in and digging potatoes. They know that if they have any grievances, the only way of getting satisfaction is through the Returned Soldiers’ League, for, as one of them said in passing a vote of thanks, most people are forgetting there was ever the War on, and if we do not stick together we will come a big G.” I find in this centre that although the men are doing pretty well, they complain of the interest they have to pay to the Department. If this could be held in abeyance for 5 years they are sure to come out on top.

On Sunday I proceeded to Bridgetown, and as the meeting had been well advertised, and it was a day of rest, I addressed about 70 men, who, after asking a lot of questions, were well satisfied with what the League was doing for the returned men. Seeing the men in their home town is one of the best ways to get in touch with the boys, and it will let them know that our League has their welfare at heart.

On my return from Bridgetown I met about 15 men at Kirrup, and, after the meeting, came through to Wokalup, where I left to return to Perth at 1 a.m., arriving back at the office to start work again on Monday.

The visit to the Branches was, in my opinion, very successful, and it will be the means of bringing the boys together. From what I could see and hear, the best time is during week-ends, and next week-end I intend to visit Waroona, Yarloop, Harvey, and, if possible, some of the mills.

The arrangement we are working under provides that any of the Executive who go to the country are to speak at Branches where they can, and this part of our programme is being carried out.

J. R. BUTLER,
State Secretary.

WHEN “ABDUL” WENT MAGNUNCE.

“Camel broken loose, Corporal, gone for the kick of his life towards the Wadi.”

The piquet pointed out his news, and stood waiting for orders. He had raced the whole length of the line to tell me.

“Which one is it?” I snapped out.

“Abdul,” was the reply; and I groaned in spirit. You see, “Abdul” was my own camel and I knew we were in for trouble.

The night was dark and our chances of roping in “Abdul” were about as good as those of a chap who tries to ring in a tale on our Q.M.

I ordered Tom to stay in the lines, then roused the other piquets, andiggied them off after “Abdul.” One, an ex-jockey, vaulted half-naked on to his camel behind the hump, and vanished in the darkness; the other saddled up, and followed him.

Presently I heard ructions amongst the bivvies, and then an angry roar from the O.C. No. I won’t repeat all his words, some readers have delicate ears. The following is an expurgated version:

“Corporal Tibbin, what do you mean by allowing a camel to run wild? The brute has wrecked my bivvy, and furthermore, he bit me!”

“I tried to pour oil, not on the O.C.'s wounded arm, but on his wounded arm proper. A camel to bite a Colonel! I trembled for myself, no less for ‘Abdul.’

Dismissed, I waited anxiously for more trouble. It came in the shape of old magnune “Abdul” himself. He charged like a whirlwind, and afterwards, the W.O., who had appeared on the scene at an inopportune moment, sat on the sand, a bit dazed. He gathered his wits and—I had discreetly retired.

“Abdul” hadn’t, though. He was having the time of his life, playing ring-a-rosy among the bivvies. The air was fairly thick with curses. The bivvies gave up their wrathful tenants, and men in pyjamas or flouting shirts, took up the hue and cry after “Abdul.” That animal—may his grave be defiled,—waltzed around, blew bubbles, and playfully kicked his nearest pursuer in the stomach. Then he went off at a tangent, and got into the mule lines. In two minutes “Ginger Nick,” the maddest mule that ever was foaled, broke loose; and joined the dramedy. They capered and kicked for a while, knocked down half the cookhouse, and hit out across the desert.

I nearly shed tears, and visions of a Court Martial menaced me.

“Hi! Corporal, here he comes,” Tom shouted from the darkness, and hope timidly raised her head. But it was premature. The piquets, who had gone after “Abdul,” were returning—without him.

We held a council of war, but no one had any ideas. Mohamed Ali came to the rescue.

“Gibbit gamel, Corporal,” he said. Me iggy, catch magnune.”

He got the fastest camel on the line, and streaked away, yelling and flogging his mount. We played a waiting game. Just as dawn was breaking, up rides Mohamed, leading old “Abdul,” who looked as if he had just returned from a week's leave in Cairo.

Mohamed, grinning like a Manx cat, related his night's adventure on the trail of “Abdul.” The brute had made for Shellal, and was captured near Tel-el-Fara. He kicked up telephone wires, played the Devil in a Lighthouse camp, and frightened H.H. out of a brace of Tommies, who were wandering back from the canteen, pretty full.

They thought he was the Bedouins' Old Nick, running amok. Mohamed would never have got him, but for “Abdul” putting his right hoof into a jerbill burrow. We fastened him on the line, gave him some tibbin, and led him to his own conscience.

After the piquet was relieved next day, my presence was requested at Orderly Room. But over the scene there modesty bids me throw a veil. —“TIBBIN,” in "Kia Ora Coo-ee.”

The Claremont-Cottesloe sub-Branch is arranging a river trip, and picnic at the Zoo, for Dec. 26, when late comrades' widows and children will be guests of the committee.


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THE GENERAL TRADING COMPANY :: Rex Chambers, Wellington St., PERTH
(near Royal Hotel and opposite Perth markets)

To the Bishop of Kalgoorlie.

"P. R." CRITICISES "ELSEY."

(Speaking at Boulder a service held to commemorate Armistice Day, the Bishop of Kalgoorlie (Dr. Elsey) appeared as apostle for Germany. A correspondent expresses disapproval by breaking into the following rhyme:

Would you kindly tell me, Edward, Edward, Bishop of Kalgoorlie,
Have you ever held a bayonet or a gun?
Well, I have my doubts about it—Am, indeed, inclined to scout it—Or you wouldn't be so friendly with the Hun.

Would you kindly tell me, Edward, Edward, Bishop of Kalgoorlie,
Have you ever seen the battlefields of France?
And I gather from your chiding
That you were perhaps in hiding
When our soldier boys began the Great Advance.

I am sorry for you, Edward, Edward, Bishop of Kalgoorlie,
And must think perhaps you did it for the best.

But I fancy that you stumbled,
And upon a beehive tumbled,
When you got that bit of sophism off your chest.

You are very noble, Edward, Edward, Bishop of Kalgoorlie,
Since you've never faced a maddened Prussian horde,
And its easy in your posy,
When you're safe in dear old Aussie,
For to pray before the Altar of the Lord.

Does it ever strike you, Edward, Edward, Bishop of Kalgoorlie,
That you didn't air your views till Peace was signed?
Had the German been the winner,
Well, to-day you'd have no dinner,
And to-morrow, well, you still might not have dined.

No, we can't forget them, Edward, Edward, Bishop of Kalgoorlie,
All the ladis whom we shall not see again.
For we think about them dying,
And the Belgian women lying
With the German bullets bedded in their brain.

Will you please forgive us, Edward, Edward, Bishop of Kalgoorlie,
If the views we hold are not the same as yours?
If you cannot understand us,
Well, we pray don't reprimand us,
And perhaps the Lord will listen to our cause.

Will you please remember, Edward, Edward, Bishop of Kalgoorlie,
I am speaking for the mothers and the wives
And the sisters sweet as well
Of the boys who proudly fell,
And who bought Australia's freedom with their lives.

Well, I'm very sorry, Edward, Edward, Bishop of Kalgoorlie,
That Lloyd George can't have the pleasure of your views;
You could send them on by letter,
And I'm sure he'd feel the better
When he'd gathered in the wonder of your news.

You can see you've blundered, Edward, Edward, Bishop of Kalgoorlie,
You can see our hate will never pass away.
And I think I'm safe in saying,
You can add a prayer when praying,
Thanking God you haven't seen the German 'Day.'

P.R., Boulder City.

(We may perhaps have come across better poetry, but never better sentiment.—Ed.)
There are six men in W.A. to whom the returned soldiers should feel great gratitude. Five are members of the Gratitude Bond Commission, and their names are Messrs A. A. Wilson (chairman), J. Denton, E. W. Corboy, A. McCullum and W. Richardson, M.'sL.A. The sixth is Mr. H. J. Sheehan, who represented the Treasury. All did splendid work.

Recognising the need for propaganda among the country sub-branches, the executive has been sending Mr. J. R. Butler, D.C.M. (State Secretary), to convince the country digger that he should support the League. The results of Mr. Butler's trips have been highly satisfactory.

A. N. McDonald, the new senior Vice-President of Mt. Lawley-Nth. Perth Sub-Branch, is some hustler, and he gets the results. The recent smoke social at the hilly suburb owed a good deal of its success to Mac, and as a mark of approval members put him at the top of the Vice-Presidential poll. Mac, who served in the war as a Yank officer, should be a tower of strength in his new possie.

Another "Mac" who is going to have a big say in Mt. Lawley-Nth. Perth matters is "Fat" MacCarthy, V.C., just elected to the Committee.

Jimmy Butler has been feeling off colour lately—a touch of his old complaint being the bother. All diggers will wish the genial Jim a speedy return to health.

Assistant State Secretary A. W. Penny is an accomplished pianist, and he is ever ready to give his services. A.W.P. is an obliging chap generally, a fact which the staff of this journal, in search of news, gratefully acknowledges.

Any diggers having a birthday, or getting engaged or married, is asked to send particulars along to the Editor of the Listening Post, so that the important event can be "duly and faithfully chronicled" in this column. Please don't be shy, and let us all have the dinkum oil.

Arthur Rogers, the Knight of the Razor at the Soldier's Institute, is a handy man to have about the place. During the indisposition of Perth Sub-Branch's chief officials, it was Arthur who carried on at the River Excursion on the 8th. Vocal items, the 44th Band, Perth Banjo Team and dancing at Point Walter all contributed to the success of the stunt.

Country diggers will probably complain that this issue is full of metropolitan matters. Well, we hope to rectify the trouble in the future, providing that country members support us by sending personal pars, reports and contributions. All will be thankfully received.

In order to provide an entertainment for those country diggers in town for Xmas holidays, and also for metropolitan men, a splendid concert has been arranged for December 21st.

The concert will be held in the Soldiers' Institute, and it will be provided by the Merrymakers, who are a well-known and talented combination. A splendid and enjoyable entertainment should be assured.

A cordial invitation is accorded to all diggers to attend with their lady friends. This provides a good opportunity to meet old friends and comrades, and all diggers are asked to make a note of the date.

A Chow who supplies the vegetables in the salubrious and highly aristocratic suburb of Mount Lawley was joyfully sporting a digger's hat. "Whafor you wear soldier's hat?" he was asked. "Oh, me velly good returned soldier," was the careless response.

Theo Taylor, Secretary of W.A. Airways, Ltd., graduated to his present job from being State Secretary of the R.S.L. Theo will certainly make good, for, besides being a particularly able organiser and manager, he possesses that elusive and highly desirable quality known as personality. His work as State Secretary was particularly meritorious.

George Bee, President of the South Fremantle Sub-Branch, R.S.L., is standing as a soldier candidate for a vacancy in the Fremantle Municipal Council. George is one of the few persons who, although particularly outspoken in his opinions and a fighter who gives hard knocks, manages to retain a marked popularity.

Stan Watt, of the Repat., was made returning officer at the annual elections of the Mt. Lawley Sub-Branch. An assistant returning officer was also required, and somebody nominated Colonel Tilney. Stan was delighted. "What a joke to reverse the positions," he gleefully remarked. "I'll have the Colonel under me for a change!"
The first of a series of river excursions arranged by the Mt. Lawley, North Perth, Sub-Branch was held on December 12th, when the Zephyr carried a cheerful contingent of members and their friends to Point Walter and Rocky Bay. Music throughout the trip was rendered by the 44th Battalion Band and Sheridan's Orchestra, the latter combination supplying the music for the dancing at Point Walter. A most enjoyable evening was spent by all, and thanks are due to Mr. E. R. Banks (Hon. Organiser) and Messrs. C. G. Ferguson and C. Bader (Joint Secretaries) for their thorough and effective work.

A friend of all, an enemy of none, a true gentleman—Colonel Tilney.

From Mr. G. W. Winton, Secretary of No. 2 State Mill Sub-Branch, Dwellingup, we have received an encouraging letter assuring us of the support and good wishes of Dwellingup comrades. We cordially thank Mr. Winton for his letter, and confidently expect to receive many contributions from his Sub-Branch members.

An R.S.L. Secretary, who has done wonderful work on behalf of the movement, is W. A. Ross, of Kalgoorlie. W.A.R. is one of the straightest-spoken diggers we have, for to him a spade is a spade, and not merely an agricultural implement.

Dr. C. H. Leedman, the popular Kellerberrin medicos, is one of the League's best friends and supporters, and diggers on the Eastern Goldfields line are loud in their praises of his kindly help. In the big argument the Doc. collected an M.C.

December 20th is the date of the river picnic arranged by the members of the 44th Band. It is to be hoped that the stunt will be successful, for this band is ever to the fore in helping every worthy object.

Percy Barblett, the unassuming Secretary at Subiaco, does a good deal of work without making a song about it. When not engaged in R.S.L. affairs, Percy can be found handling a tennis racquet with deadly effect.

The genial "Fat" McCarthy, V.C., has not yet evacuated the position in the front line at the War Service Homes Commission, although movement orders have been mooted for some time now. "Mac" is often heard to advantage soothing disgruntled diggers or explaining to "widders" how the Commission intended to place barb-wire entanglements around some of the "spec" houses to make sure the occupants would be in on rent day.

A Scare Headline.

The "Australian" of 9th December last publishes as its leader an article on the R.S.L. which is a peculiar admixture of self-praise and self-effacement, coupled with disclosure mingled with reticence. Whatever the object of the article may be, however, we have no hesitation in saying, straight out, that we quite endorse what we gather to be the "Australian's" opinion, namely, that an enquiry should be instituted to investigate certain rumours. We do object, however, to the manner in which the "Australian" has attempted to create consternation, and incidentally secure "copy," by publishing such a scare headline as "The R.S.L. in Grave Danger." In view of present developments and publicly announced propaganda for further strengthening the R.S.L. this scare-line can only give an impression totally contradictory to the oft-professed and loudly-proclaimed "friendly" policy of the "Australian" towards the R.S.L.

A man who married fourteen wives in three years proved to be a deserter from both the army and navy. A man who can accumulate fourteen wives in that time has no business monkeying with a war, anyhow. How would he know a war when he saw one?—"Los Angeles Times" (U.S.A.).

A well-known admiral—a stickler for uniform—stood opposite a very portly sailor whose medal ribbon was an inch or so too low down. Fixing the man with his eye, the admiral asked: "Did you get that medal for eating, my man?"

On the man replying "No, sir," the admiral rapped out: "Then why the deuce do you wear it on your stomach?"—"Tit-Bits" (Eng.).

"A Desert Liner."

The joys of camel riding are
A mystical delusion;
You do not need a second ride
To come to this conclusion.
Agility one must possess
To gain the seat ere rising,
Or headlong to the ground you'll go,
In manner most surprising.
Perched mountains high you bump along,
Your comfort growing less,
With vision of your next week's meals
Served on the kitchen dresser.
When you have gone a mile or two
You need a Beggs's and Soda
To fortify yourself against
The beast's obnoxious odour.
With savage glare it looks around,
As if it were in trouble.
Then bends its head back to your knees
And blows its "hubble-bubble."
Up hills and down, or on the flat,
That is, if it's been raining,
It slides and slips, then does the splits,
A sorry sight remaining.
It takes long drinks once in four days,
The reason's not surprising;
It's got the hump, and downs the lump
That in its throat keeps rising.
"Ship of the Desert"—humping loads—
As such it's recommended;
But as a beast to ride, I'm sure,
It never was intended.
—"Bush Hawk," Palestine.

"Jim," she said as he settled down for a comfortable smoke, "I've got a lot of things I want to talk to you about.

"Good," said her husband. "I'm glad to hear it. Usually you want to talk to me about a lot of things you haven't got."
—"Cincinnati Enquirer" (U.S.A.).

A nervous woman went to have her throat examined by a specialist, who, while adjusting the laryngoscope, remarked: "You'd be surprised to know how far down we can see with this instrument."

"Is that so, doctor?" faltered the patient. Then, after a pause, she said, "Before you begin, doctor, I ought to tell you that I really hadn't time to mend that hole in my stocking before I came here."
—"Houston Post" (U.S.A.).
Confessions of a Camelier.

Why did I join the Camel Corps? Don't know. Perhaps, like many another Billijim who took a hand in the scrapping at Anzacs, my brain was affected. Anyhow, after a spell in hospital, I rejoined my battalion at Tel-el-Kebir, in January, '16. Two days afterwards word glided around the camp that men were wanted for a Camel Corps, then in course of formation.

Visions of a long spell in Cairo while training to ride the “hoosters” loomed before me; and I wore the soles off two pairs of boots parading between my tent and the orderly room, in an endeavour to be selected. The C.O. didn't like losing his old hands, and, for a time, it looked as if I would continue to foot-slog over the soft sands of the one-time battlefield. However, perseverance won the day, and one sunny Saturday morning saw a train-load of us en route to Abyssinia—the first men for the now-famous Imperial Camel Corps.

I shall not dwell on those weeks of trying to tame and ride camels; the subject is too painful. Sufficient to say, that during every hour's riding exercise, we felt as if we stood between Abyssinia and the Australian Hospital, in fact, owing to the lovely temper many of the “hoosters” were gifted with, several of us did strike the latter institution; and long jagged scars on the hands and arms of many of our men are the results of those first days of learning to ride the “Ships of the Desert.”

There are all kinds of camels. Some never cause the slightest trouble; others, again, are mad, from the day of their birth, and their one ambition in life seems to be to chew an arm or leg off some unfortunate individual. They have a special liking for the flesh of an Australian. I know something about mad camels—my word, I do. There was one fine, upstanding brute that we received in exchange for a lazy Senussi camel. Never saw a worse-tempered animal in my life. He was generally tied to the lines day and night; and when he started the “dilly” act, there was something doing.

I was detailed one morning to take this camel, with others, to graze about three miles from our camp. Well, I managed to get all the animals to their destination—a wide field of young barley—and was taking things easy under a bush when I noticed that the “queen” camel was trying to lead the others towards the distant horizon. I started after the old chap on foot, leaving my rifle under the bush. When I got near enough, I started throwing stones at him hoping that this would persuade him to rejoin the other camels, which were grazing peacefully amongst the barley. He took the bombardment in good part at first, then suddenly threw himself on the ground, rolled, rose again and came at me with a rush. Now, when a camel comes this stunt, any sensible man will go for his life in the direction of his rifle; I didn't. You see, I had a lot to learn about their giddy ways in those days.

Well, I ran to the right and the left, and then made a bee line for the camels, which were grazing some distance away. This manoeuvre on my part probably saved my life: for I dodged in amongst the animals, and the camel who was pursuing me received a cold reception from the rest of the “hoosters.” Strange that camels have no time for a “magnun” comrade, and unmittingly oppose his overtures. Dodging amongst the other animals, the “magnun” lost sight of me, and I returned to the bush where I had left my rifle. Half an hour later the camel again approached towards the vicinity of the bush, but although he saw me, did not attempt to raise any trouble. Prior to the outbreak of war, I was often told that once a camel took a “set” on a man, it would eventually get home on him. This is quite true, as the following story will prove.

Next morning I was again detailed to the camels for grazing. This time I sought out a pasture ground—a barley field fringed by two long sand dunes. With memories of the previous day, I kept a wary eye on the “crazy” camel. This morning he was quite docile—so I thought—and munched the young grain without apparently noticing my presence. About mid-day, I sat down to rest in the middle of the barley field. I had scarcely made myself comfy before I heard the tramp, tramp of a camel; and, to my surprise, I saw my enemy of the previous day racing towards me. No matter which way I ran there was no shelter, so, as a last resort, I pressed a slip into the magazine of my rifle, and, taking careful aim, fired. The bullet caught the camel fairly in the centre of the forehead, and he fell heavily amongst the green crops. That afternoon, on my return to camp, I informed my C.O. of the “magnun” camel’s fate. He looked serious for a time, and talked about holding an inquiry; but as I never heard anything further about the affair I have a hazy idea that he was more delighted than I at the death of an animal which had put “the wind” up him as well as the rest of the company.

I take off my battered old felt hat to the camel every time. Remember the afternoon we moved from El Arish, on the proposed capture of the Turkish stronghold at Rafa. Well, the camels that moved out that day had not slept for 48 hours—noticed the men who rode them. We who were in that little mauvaise will never forget that body-wearying ride; how, tired out, we came to a halt at 1 a.m., and fell asleep beside our animals, only to be wakened half an hour later, and ordered to move on again. What followed is how ancient history: how the Camel Corps advanced toward the centre of the Turkish redoubt, supported on the one side by the Light Horse and New Zealand Mounted Rifles and on the other side by the Yeomanry regiment. That afternoon, when the Turks had surrendered and victory was our share of the day’s battle, we received orders to mount our camels again and return to El Arish. Alas, there were many empty saddles.

Some of the boys who had started from El Arish the previous evening had since crossed “the river,” and the mound over their grave was still fresh as we turned our backs on their last resting place. As we rode away that night, awaying sleepily in our saddles, the camels still plopped on towards El Arish. We reached the destination next afternoon.

At Sheik Nuran I was allotted a camel that nobody else would ride. He was half transport, half riding camel, and fearfully slow on the line of march. I reckon that animal had been badly used previous to coming our way, for he was afraid of my slightest move. Well, I never yet carried a rhino whip, and there and then set out to serve an extra special brand of kindness to this animal. He appreciated it, and, although slow, showed his gratitude in many ways—"Bill Bowyang," in the "Kia Ora Coo-ee."
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Soldiers’ Preference Withdrawn.

NEW SOUTH WALES THE FIRST TO FORGET ITS OBLIGATIONS TO RETURNED MEN.

The following report taken from the Daily Press of 29th Nov., 1921, will come as a shock to some of our easy-going diggers of Westralia—

“A Bill to amend the Soldiers’ Preference Act by limiting its duration to December 31st next was introduced in the Legislative Assembly to-day by the Minister for the Local Government (Mr. Cann). Mr. Cann said that the returns from the Labour Bureau showed that there was now little need for the Act, as far as the returned soldiers were concerned. They were practically back to normal. The Act doubtless had done good service for the returned men, although it had not been an unmixed blessing. Soldiers would admit that it often worked against them.

“The Leader of the Opposition (Sir George Fuller) said that the statement that things were back to normal as far as the returned men were concerned was strangely at variance with what one read almost every day. The whole attitude of the present Government had been to deny the returned soldiers the preference that was due to them, and not only the soldiers, but those loyalists who had stood by the soldiers when they were away fighting.

“The Leader of the Progressive Party (Mr. Wearne) said he never dreamed that the Government intended to bring the operations of the Act to a close so soon as next month. It was a monstrous proposal. “The first reading was agreed to.”

Briefly, it is aimed to limit the duration of the Soldiers’ Preference Act to the end of this month; thereafter, official preference to diggers is to cease, and all such privileges given to the men who did their bit are to be withdrawn!

The introduction of such a Bill—the mere suggestion of such a measure—so soon after the last man has been repatriated must surely be sufficient to convince the most credulous of us what little reliance we can place on the promises of the politicians, uttered in those black days when men were so urgently needed. We hope no digger was rash enough to believe all he was told when enlisting, or paid any heed to the rosy pictures drawn of the soft cushy jobs and times he would have after the war—of the “umpteen” quid a week he would get for doing nothing and all the land he would get and hands and machines to work it. None of us was fool enough to believe that. But what we do expect, and mean to have, is proper recognition of what is right to the returned man. And it is obvious that in attempting to pass this new amendment to deprive the returned man of his preferential rights, New S. Wales is setting a lead to the other States which will surely end in the reduction of pensions and general abrogation of the diggers’ just concessions.

It seems unbelievable that the politicians and public can have forgotten the sacrifices and sufferings of the A.I.F. men within a few months of the return of the soldiers. In other wars the erstwhile “heroes” have been forgotten, it is true, but only after the passing of at least a generation—and this was “the greatest of all wars,” and our men “the greatest of all soldiers.”

However, it is well that we have, this early, a presage of what is to come, while there is yet the opportunity to demonstrate to the “easy-goes” the need for a strong and influential league to champion the cause of the digger, and we exhort every returned soldier who is proud of his war achievements, to join the ranks of those in the R.S.L., and so give practical and moral support to the Executive which, alone, is out to fight for the rights of the digger. If we don’t as yet need the league, signs are not wanting that we shall soon have need and very great need of it.

Those of us who were fortunate—or unfortunate—enough to be discharged with an AI health certificate have yet to learn that nature must take her toll for those nights of damp and exposure, periodical drenchings, and sustained nerve tension, and in the years to come may be glad of the support that we aim to have constantly at hand in the form of the Returned Soldiers’ League.

A tactful and courteous officer is Bob Guthrie, of the staff of the Base Hospital.
Billie Hughes’s “Generosity.”

A GIFT TO RUSSIA
FROM AUSTRALIA’S DEPLETED TREASURY.

In the House of Representatives recently, the Prime Minister announced that Cabinet had decided to expend £50,000 in alleviating the distress in Russia.

“The Listening Post” desires to make a solemn protest against public monies being used for such a purpose.

We make this protest, not because we do not sympathise with the sad plight of the people of Russia, but because we believe that charity—true charity—should begin at home.

If things in Australia were bright and trade prosperous; if unemployment did not exist; if the Treasury were overflowing, we should be the very first to advocate immediate help.

But as a matter of fact, matters in Australia are deplorably bad. Money is scarce. A visit to the R.S.L. employment bureau discloses the fact that many returned soldiers are out of work. Through lack of public funds, Government departments are compelled to retrench.

Usually, the Christmas season is a time of activity—of overtime and consequently more pay. Not so this year. Traders, instead of being feverishly busy, are putting their hands on half-time.

The building trade, which absorbs so many returned soldiers, is practically at a standstill. Not a bit of work has been done on a single War Service Home since last March. We are told there is no money to build houses and provide work for returned soldiers.

Yet there is money—the tune of £50,000—to alleviate distress in a far-off foreign country.

We want to know whether our politicians have taken leave of their senses.

As a matter of fact, if they were statesmen instead of pettifogging politicians, they would realise the serious consequences that may accrue from sending a continual stream of money out of the country.

During the past few months, we have had relays of self-styled “emissaries” stumping the Commonwealth in aid of this or that foreign charity. Many of them have been successful in raising some thousands of pounds, and they have eventually departed accompanied by heavy purses and wearing self-satisfied smiles.

A cynic once remarked that “Australia raises money by foreign loans, to contribute to foreign charities.” There may be a great deal of truth in this remark. Certain it is that many thousands are yearly sent to foreign shores by well-meaning but misguided Australians.

Meanwhile, our own industries languish through lack of capital. Money is urgently needed locally to start new industries and consequently provide more employment.

Our local charities are compelled to curtail their activities because they cannot raise the money to carry on. That noble institution, the Children’s Hospital, is in a parlous position because it has no money, and the Government cannot help it.

Free University education in Western Australia is now a thing of the past. The University Senate has reluctantly decided they must either charge fees or close their doors. The reason is because people prefer to send fabulous sums to Russia, the Ukraine, China, or Timbuctoo, rather than support our deserving local institutions.

And now the Federal Government, instead of showing the need for conserving our cash and applying it for use in the Commonwealth, has actually decided to send a huge sum to Russia.

When we ask whether the building of War Service Homes is to be resumed, we are told there is no money. When we ask if unemployed civil servants are to be re-engaged, we are given the same answer.

Once more we protest against the allocation of such a sum to reduce misery elsewhere. Let us first alleviate the distress in our midst and then we can turn our attention to other people’s troubles.

Z.Z.

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Mt. Lawley-North Perth Sub-Branch.

ANNUAL MEETING AND SMOKE SOCIAL.

Mount Lawley-North Perth Sub-Branch celebrated the end of the financial year on Nov. 21st, when a most enjoyable evening was spent. Mr. Neville Heenan (retiring President) occupied the chair, and the proceedings were merry and pleasurable throughout.

After the formal toast of “The King,” Mr. D. M. Benson proposed “The R.S.L. and the State Executive.” He sketched the work accomplished by the League, and eulogised the efforts of the State President and State Secretary. The toast was drunk with musical honours. Mr. H. E. Bolton (State President) in a rousing speech, stressed the need for a continuation of support for the R.S.L. Mr. J. R. Butler, D.C.M. (State Secretary) also spoke in reply, and made a racy and characteristic speech.

Replying to the toast of “The Visitors” (moved by Mr. E. Zeffertl), Lieut. Col. C. L. Margolin, D.S.O. and Lieut. L. McCarthy, V.C., both made capital speeches. “Fat” McCarthy particularly was in good form and recounted many humorous incidents of the war. His speech was greatly appreciated and applauded. Other toasts included “Absent Comrades,” proposed by Col. L. E. Tiley; “Mt. Lawley-Nth. Perth R.S.L.,” proposed by Hon. J. Cornell, M.L.C., and responded to by Mr. H. Colvin; “Kindred Branches,” proposed by Mr. E. S. Watt, and responded to by Messrs. Harrold and P. Bartlett (Subiaco R.S.L.) and a representative of the Civil Servants’ Sub-Branch.

Musical items were freely interspersed throughout the evening, those contributing to the programme being Messrs. S. Bennett, J. Tolchard, P. Foweracre, Atkins, Hill, A. Fisher, Millard, and W. A. Penny (accompanist). Much credit is due to the entertainment committee, Messrs. F. Macdonald, D. M. Benson, H. Colvin, and C. G. Ferguson, who were responsible for the great success attained.

The Victorian R.S.L. has written requesting copies of the pamphlet issued by Mr. J. R. Butler, setting forth reasons why returned soldiers should join the R.S.L. The arguments are to be passed on to Melbourne diggers.
An Aussie in Wooden Shoes.

THE SERIOUSLY HUMOROUS
EXPERIENCES OF A PRISONER
OF WAR IN GERMANY.

(By J. H. Dawkins, in "Aussie.")

BEATRIZED BY A FROG.

He was a dinkum Aussie. There
was no mistaking the fact. What
though his head-dress was a paper-
filber of German sandbag? What though
the red-braided tunic he wore had once
been part of the dress of a Belgian
fireman, and his baggy blue breeches
had once adorned the lower limbs of
a French soldat d'infanterie? What
though around his feet there clung a
pair of wooden clogs, which wouldn't
have clung had not the intervening
space between clog and feet been
packed tightly with pieces of dirty
rag, the ragged edges of which hung
over the sides and swept the ground?

But in spite of his multicolored and
variegated "get-up," composed as it
was of wood-cloth and paper, there
was no mistaking him for the Dinkum
Digger that he was as soon as he
commenced to speak. And this is the
tale he had to tell:

"'Twas the tanks that brought us
the great big regimental gutcher at
Bullykort. They was advancin' level
with us all the time an' drorin' the
fire onter us. Tanks ain't no use in
amongst infantry exceptin' as targets
for the enemy. I s'pose the 'eads that
was runnin' the stunt know that now
they've lost that much of a Division
that the rest don't matter. Oh, no,
we didn't get choppin' up— not as
you'd notice it! Fritz rounded about
eleven hundred of us after cuttin' in
on our flanks, an' if there's any got
out of it alive barrin' wot's been cap-
tured, I'll go — !. There wasn't a car-
tridge nor a Mills bomb left in the
mob, an' Fritz just mixed it up with us
an' drove us back behind his own lines
in two an' threes an' half-dozen.

"He herded us together that night in
a village away back, an' slammed us in
a big church to sleep. We met all our
old pals there, that is them that hadn't
gone under. 'Struth, there were some
sorrowful meetin's. In the morning
they called out all the wounded that
couldn't walk no further, an' they
marched us donkeys' miles to a town
where they put us on a train and sent
us to Lille. We was shut up there
for three weeks in an old fort, livin' on
a slice o' bread a day an' some pig-
wash soup. There was no plates or
spoons or anything, so we just had to
hug the soup out of our tin hats the
best way we could. An' the chats!
Blime they'd eat yer alive, dinkum!

"From Lille they sent some of us to
Marquion to work on an 'ammo' dump.
Couple of our fellows got away from there
and got clear across the lines. Me an' another bloke made a bid for
it a couple of days afterwards, but
we was stiff. Fritz got us again. It
happened like this:

"We got away in the day time from
the dump where we was workin' an' got
up near their reserve lines with
out bein' seen. We reckoned on waitin'
there till it got dark enough to try our
luck at crossin' the trenches. We was
settled down nice an' comfortable in
a good deep shell-ole when up comes
a big Fritz out of a trench that was
a bit in front of us. He couldn't see
us from where he was, an' we would
have been goodo only for a blanky
frog that hopped up near the Fritz.
Fritz tried to put his foot on the frog
an' squash it, but that cow of a bull-
frog refused to be squashed. Every
time the Fritz tried to put his foot
down on the frog the frog 'opped away.
But the worst of it was it kept 'oppin'
in our direction until 'e 'opped inter
our shell-ole. O' course the Fritz
spotted us, an' 'e let a roar out of him
that brought about a dozen of his pals
up at the double. That was the end
of our game. 'Struth! didn't them
Fritzies put us through it with their
rifle butts.

"But I've 'ad my revenge on them
cows o' frogs, for I've eat millions of
'em since!"

On the Value of Books.

Mayor Moore, of Philadelphia, be-
ing congratulated on the success of his
administration, laughed and observed:

"Good workmen are always modest
about their work. A woman once said,
gushingly to Mark Twain:

"'I guess, being such a grand writer
as you are, you're awfully fond of
books, aren't you?'

"'Well, that depends,' drawled the
humorist. 'If a book has a leather
cover it has a magnificent value as a
razor strop. A brief, concise work,
such as the French write, is very use-
ful to put under the short leg of a
wobbly table. Large, old-fashioned
books with clasps can't be beat as
missiles to hurl at dogs and cats. A
large book, like a geography, is nearly
as good as a piece of tin to nail over
a broken window pane.'"—"Louisville
Courier-Journal" (U.S.A.).

Kangaroo-tail soup is on sale
in London. But we gathered from our
cricket experts that the Kangaroos had
no "tail"! — "London Opinion" (Engl).
Nor-West Mail Tragedy.

PILOT AND MECHANIC KILLED

COMMONWEALTH GOVERNMENT ACCUSED OF NEGLECT.

A profound sensation was created throughout the State when it was learnt that the inauguration of the Nor-West mail service had been attended with a fearful and fatal tragedy. The contract for carrying the mails had been secured by Major Brearley, managing director of W.A. Airways, Ltd., and on Sunday, December 4th, the three Bristol planes left Perth on the first trip to Derby. The three pilots, all of them well experienced and intrepid flying men, were Major Brearley and Lientenants L. E. Taplin and R. W. Fawcett. In addition to 2,500 letters, newspapers, and other mail matter, they carried three passengers, one of whom was Mr. Harold Boas (late Jewish Y.M.C.A. representative at the front). The weather was glorious, and many spectators assembled to cheer the start of the memorable expedition.

The planes reached Geraldton in safety, and from there a start was made on the long 270-mile journey to Carnarvon. When near Murchison House, 73 miles north of Northampton, Lieut. Taplin landed through engine trouble, and Major Brearley safely brought his plane to earth about a mile and a half away. Lieut. Fawcett flew close overhead to ascertain the cause of the trouble. Flying low over the country at a height of about 50 feet, Fawcett's plane was seen to suddenly nose dive and crash to earth. The machine was completely smashed, and both pilot and mechanic were killed.

Lieut. Robert Norman Fawcett was only 23 years old. He was a native of Kapunda, South Australia, and his parents reside in that State. The mechanic was E. W. Broad, also a young man, and his relatives are said to reside at Maddington. Both the deceased were single men. They were buried in the Murchison House Cemetery, which is adjacent to the scene of the accident.

We understand that a full investigation is to be held, and pending the result of such an enquiry, we have no desire to comment on the fearful tragedy. It will, however, be interesting to observe what excuse the Federal officials will make in reply to Major Brearley's bitter complaint (made prior to the accident) that suitable landing places had not been established on route as provided in the contract. The late arrival in W.A. of Lieut.-Colonel Brinsmade, Controller of Civil Aviation, also seems excusable in view of the ample notice he was given of the starting date.

W.A. Airways, Ltd., announce that, in spite of the disastrous start of the venture, they are quite prepared to fulfil their contract.

We take this opportunity of tendering to the bereaved relatives our sincere condolences, in which we are sure all returned men join.

Welcoming British Settlers.

Although one of the objects of the R.S.I. is to help and represent the British settlers, no definite scheme has yet been put into operation for welcoming the new arrivals on behalf of the League, and for explaining to them the League aims and objects.

However, action is now being taken to devise some method of introducing settlers to the R.S.I. At the instance of the Federal Executive, the matter was considered at the last State Executive meeting, when it was decided to communicate on the matter with Fremantle and Albany Sub-Branches. The management committee has also taken the matter in hand, and it is hoped that before very long some workable scheme will be in operation.

There is little doubt that this action of welcoming British comrades is long overdue. To those British ex-Service men who intend to make Western Australia their future home, the League can be of manifold assistance, and they should be encouraged to use the machinery of the League when required. Circulars should be handed to every ex-Service man arriving in Australia, explaining the aims and objects of the League and the way in which the League can be of assistance in settling and satisfying the new arrivals, and so helping them to become decent and valuable citizens.

The Judge: "You are now privileged to challenge any member of the jury now being empanelled."

Hogan: "Well, yer honor, A'll foogle the shmall 'eller wid wan eye in the corner there."

"Ladies' Home Journal" (U.S.A.)

The wisest man who ever lived had a thousand wives, and because he was wise he got away with it. Nowadays, if you have two at the same time you go to gaol. And if they don't send after you, you go voluntarily.

Solomon had a great eye for curves, and batted 1000 in the Matrimonial League. He used to celebrate four wedding anniversaries every week; on Monday a silver anniversary for Maggie, on Wednesday a wooden wedding for Gertie, and so forth and so on. In fact the "and so forths" filled the best part of Sol's life, but whenever he had a spare day he would go out and get married as a sort of outing.

When we consider trying to run three stenographers, or two telephone operators, or one wife, we remove our hat every time we think of Solomon, but we are sceptical as to whether the historian didn't make a mistake or something when he measured up an even thousand for him. He might have had a thousand of something—maybe it was flax—but the average man can't conceive of getting a thousand pieces of advice every time he leaves the house. It seems like a typographical error, or maybe the historian put it in to make it more exciting.

For fear of getting too deep into the inquisitive speculation we will accede to Sol all his wisdom and let it go at that, for although we've spoken of those 1000 lawful wives, we've said nothing about his 400 lady friends; we don't believe in gossip! And there was Sheba!—"Judge" (U.S.A.).

Admiral Sims said at a dinner party in New York:

"Youth is always an extremist. Take, for instance, the battleship question. We middle-aged sailors are just now asking ourselves exactly how much the submarine has impaired the value of the battleship, but youth has got the question settled for good and all."

"What is the value of the battleship to-day?" I said to a naval cadet at a luncheon.

"No damned value at all," he answered.

"Then he thought a moment and added:"

"Of course, she's got a very nice deck for dancing."—"Detroit Free Press" (U.S.A.).
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