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WHEN DEALING WITH OUR ADVERTISERS PLEASE SAY "I SAW YOUR ADVT. IN THE LISTENING POST."
SEAPLANE v. SUBMARINE.

By "Wings."

This article was written some time ago by our contributor "Wings," an ex-member of the R.A.F. In view of the discussions at the Washington Conference, the subject is of special interest at present.

Is the submarine obsolete? Verily, a difficult question to answer and one around which much controversy has raged. I venture the opinion that in the next war the submarine, if not altogether useless, will be a comparatively negligible factor provided the combatants have supplied themselves with sufficient squadrons of the submarines' most dreaded enemies in the late war—aircraft—and more particularly seaplanes and flying boats. It was only in the latter stages of the war that the naval arm of the Royal Air Force definitely influenced the operations of German submarines, and finally, with the aid of destroyers, trawlers, and motor boats, crippled our enemies' last card. Consider for one moment the relative positions of the antagonists in combat and their respective opportunities of administering the coup-de-grace.

The seaplane soaring along at a speed of approximately 80 miles per hour at a height of 1,000 feet (the usual anti-submarine patrol height), comparatively small and armed with probably two 230 lb. bombs. The submarine, if submerged and visible, is helpless. If she is on the surface a puny anti-aircraft gun is brought to bear on a swiftly moving target. The submarine herself is capable of a surface speed of only 18 knots. More often than not she dives on sighting aircraft, an operation which, however, requires thirty seconds to carry out, and such delay has often proved fatal. She may, however, get away altogether, secure in the murky depths of the ocean. In a straight-out combat, however, the flying machine has a distinct advantage, and will have until heavy anti-aircraft guns can be fitted on submarines. Regarding the submerging capabilities of a submarine, cases have been reported of German vessels spending 28 to 36 hours submerged, and diving up to a depth of 50 fathoms without injury. Attacks on surface craft were made at a depth of from 3 to 4 fathoms; usual cruising depth is 8 to 10 fathoms.

Now for the seaplane. In the early stages of the war a great deal of necessary scouting work for the Fleet was carried out by a few antiquated land machines which as often as not abruptly terminated their careers by developing engine trouble and ignominiously flopping on to the water and sinking, with frequently fatal results to pilot and observer. Later, "Sopwith" and "Baby" seaplanes made their appearance—small single-seater high-speed machines armed with a 100 lb. bomb and a Vickers machine gun. Later the famous "Short" seaplane appeared, and accomplished fine work until the termination of the war. The small "Blimp" airship also gave the enemy submarine commanders an anxious time, but owing to their easily being destroyed are to be discomfited in future warfare. The "Short" seaplane was fitted with a 310 h.p. "Sunbeam" engine, and could remain out at sea for five hours. She carried two 230 lb. bombs and a Lewis machine gun for the use of the observer. Wireless transmitting and receiving gear was installed, having ranges of approximately 100 and 80 miles respectively. The bomb sights were fixed on the "floor" and by sliding back two panels an uninterrupted view of the target directly beneath the machine could be obtained. Then a rapid final adjusting of the sights, a strong pull on the lever, and the messenger of death hurtled down—verily a bolt from the blue. The tremendous disturbance caused by the explosion obscured for a moment all results. If one was fortunate all that remained should have been a few pieces of wreckage and some hundreds of dead fish. The two bombs were always dropped successively, for, should the first fail to hit, the second might do so, or at least cause serious damage.

The large "Porte" twin-engined flying boats were fitted with two Rolls-Royce engines of 400 h.p. each. Four bombs of 200 lb. weight were carried—two under each wing tip. The crew consisted of pilot, observer, wireless operator and engineer. A non-stop flight of 800 miles could be made at an average speed of 100 miles per hour. Five Lewis machine guns were carried. In addition the front gun was handled by the observer. The other four (two on each side) were divided between operator and engineer, who could move from one side to another as required. The order 'to action stations' was given as a rule by the pilot, not verbally of course, but by means of electric signal lamps.

Surface craft gave admirable assistance to our machines in the location of submarines. By means of the hydrophone, an instrument for detecting sound, a submarine could be heard several miles away. A wireless or visual message would then be sent to the accompanying aircraft, giving approximate position of suspicious submarine, and a combined and organised "hunt" would take place. For the information of surface craft, aircraft dropped calcium flares on the sea at the spot where a submarine had been sighted and had dived, and a voluminous discharge of depth charges from the destroyer or submarine "chaser" might ensure the removal of any doubts as to her fate.

At the period of the signing of the Armistice experiments were being carried out as to the practicability of flying boats themselves carrying hydrophones, the instrument to be suspended during flight from a long wire reaching to within a few feet of the surface and thus picking up sound waves which would be transmitted to the operator in the machine.

By means of directional wireless the position of any vessel can be found two minutes after she has used her instruments. The highly pitched telefunken note used by German vessels enabled our land receiving sets in Britain to inform responsible authorities that an enemy submarine was in a certain position, and away would dart seaplanes and chasers to that probably unfortunate vessel which made the grave mistake of using her wireless. Aircraft themselves are now being fitted with directional wireless, thus simplifying matters by doing away with the loss of time involved by a ship or land station having to give information in the first place.

Some idea has been given of the forces at work against underwater craft in modern warfare. The nation that can command the air over the sea can prevent the enemy from employing their underwater flotillas with any material effect. The writer has seen service in the Adriatic sea with the late Royal Naval Air Service and witnessed the gradual defeat of Austria's Adriatic Air forces and the corresponding crippling of her submarine operations against British and Italian merchant ships.

Great Britain's existence depends on the tonnage of ships which bring her food. The safety of these ships in a time of war depends upon the forces employed for their protection. Upon the effectiveness or extensiveness of these forces of protection depend our supremacy or otherwise of the air over the sea. Therefore let us scrap our navy, let us reduce our Army estimates, but keep our command of the Air.

WHEN DEALING WITH OUR ADVERTISERS PLEASE SAY "I SAW YOUR ADV. IN THE LISTENING POST."
A BUDGET FROM KALGOORLIE.

W. A. ROSS GIVES INTERESTING ACCOUNT OF R.S.L. ON THE GOLDFIELDS.

Kalgoorlie Branch offers congratulations on your efforts to produce a clean and loyal paper in support of the League. Press representation for the R.S.L. is essential for propaganda purposes, and we trust that members will realise that for their own sakes, they should go out of their way to support the "Listening Post." Returned soldiers in business should be delighted to advertisers, and readers should patronise advertisers. Secretaries of sub-branches should send their reports and so keep their activities prominent before their comrades, while Diggers generally should write for the paper and so help the editor and staff. We sincerely wish the venture every good wish for the future.

The election for the presidency of this sub-branch resulted in W. K. Gittson being chosen as successor to H. Axford. The latter gentleman was a fighting president, and although we have every confidence in W. K. G., Harry Axford will be hard to replace. Like hundreds of other ex-A.I.F. men, Harry Axford is making good on an unimproved station 65 miles out from the nearest point of civilisation. He has located good water and is pioneering new country to the benefit of the State.

In W. K. Gittson we have a good worker. He was a private in the A.I.F. and is also a thorough gentleman in civilian life.

This coming year we expect an increased membership. Through unemployment, many members have shaken the dust of the goldfields from their feet, but as some of the mines are reopening, more life should be apparent. For six to eight months many mines have been closed, principally because of the high cost of machinery, explosives, cyanide, etc., but with a fair wind showing, an amicable settlement between employers and employees, 1,922 should see another 2,000 men in regular employment throughout the goldfields.

Six of our members are in hospital, two being dangerously ill. We buried an old comrade and staunch fighter on Xmas Day, Domini Longe. A good muster of Diggers turned out to pay their last respects, and our dead comrade was buried under the folds of the old flag, the Union Jack.

The confining of miniature badges to financial R.S.L. members is a good move. The man who doesn’t reckon that the League is worth 2d. a week is not a man of anything more than a charity chasing impostor. Yet he is the first to hop in when there's a buckshee issue of anything secured by the R.S.L.

Good move to have all monies collected throughout the war placed under League trustees. This scheme is long overdue, although possibly it won't be popular with the army of glorified self-booters and organisers who pose as public benefactors. These gentry dearly love the limelight, and they like to be connected with charity stunts, although they themselves never contribute a penny. Now that the control of funds will be vested in the body that represents the soldier and loyalist, the R.S.L., it is hoped that more business-like and satisfactory methods of distribution will be adopted.

Through its distress funds, the R.S.L. has collected £4,000 on the goldfields alone. This money has been distributed for the benefit of our helpless dependants. This alone should surely justify the existence of the League, and yet we have people in our ranks who are trying to break the only organisation that has won so much for Diggers and their dependants, irrespective of whether they belong to the League or not.

Those ex-Soldier scoffers who are too "superior" to join the R.S.L. and so lend a hand in the fight should be heartily ashamed of themselves. Every worker who doesn't join a union is branded as hostile—as a blackleg. This should be the policy of the League. Returned men must be shown that their obvious duty is to join the League, and there is little doubt that the "LISTENING POST" can do great work in this direction.

In December this sub-branch found jobs for 30 unemployed soldiers. It is constantly fighting the battles of women and children dependants; it keeps in touch with all Government departments—pensions, repat., land, railway, employment, etc. In short, it strives to carry out the solemn task of protecting the men, and the dependants of the men, who fought for the Empire.

Once more, Mr. Editor, I wish success to the "LISTENING POST."

W. A. ROSS.

"Wings."—I remember at Algiers, a local resident gave a dance in honour of all allied naval and military men in the town. It was some swell affair, and one particular naval cadet was greatly enjoying the company of his particularly attractive partner. His only complaint was that the French host had omitted to provide sitting-out accommodation. The naval man wasn't to be deterred by a little thing like that, so he escorted his charming partner into the lift, and anchored halfway up.

WHEN DEALING WITH OUR ADVERTISERS PLEASE SAY "I SAW YOUR ADVT. IN THE LISTENING POST."
"Dig"—An article in a week-end paper kicks off thus wise:—Most of the stuff about the Great War will be written (1) by those who were there; (2) by those who were never there; (3) by those yet to be born, who wouldn't be anywhere but for the war marriage that will create them; (4) by others who simply write fiction regardless of fact. The writer modestly refrains from explaining to which particular category he belongs, but we can draw our own conclusions.

Fred. Knapp, Secretary, Boyup Brook Sub-Branch.—Boyup Brook has decided on a hospital as a Soldiers' Memorial in the Upper Blackwood district. A hospital is urgently needed, and the local Roads Board recently decided that the project was too ambitious and costly. However, the diggers revived the idea and it looks as if the scheme is not impossible after all. A strong committee is hard at work and it won't be long before residents will have occasion to bless returned soldiers for putting their collective shoulder to the wheel. As a kick off to the fund, the local dramatic society intends devoting the proceeds of their next performance. There'll be big things doing on Anzac Day, for the Sub-Branch has mapped out an ambitious programme to raise funds for the Memorial. During the day, medals will be presented to various soldiers, and this ceremony alone will attract a big crowd. A ball in the Boyup Brook hall will eventuate in the evening. These features for Anzac Day should leave a lasting impression that good soldiers have returned to the district as good citizens. The final Sub-Branch meeting for 1921 was held on New Year's Eve at our usual "Listening Post." 

J. R. Butler, State Secretary.—At the last meeting of the Executive of the League, the first issue of your journal, the "Listening Post," was placed before the meeting, and I was instructed to convey to you the appreciation of the Executive at the excellence of the issue, and to offer congratulations to the editor on his efforts.

"Violets"—Reference to the article on Billy Hughes' generosity, I'm inclined to admire B.H. because I reckon if every politician had as much go and guts as old Billy, Australia would be better off. If we wish to help starving people in other countries, we should pay their passages to Australia, and they can then help to develop the country and help themselves. I think they should eventually make good citizens, for after their terrible experiences in other countries, they would all the more appreciate the freedom of living, and the health conditions, in Australia.

"J.D."—It is up to the R.S.L. Executive to see that the present cry for economy does not fall too heavily on Returned Soldiers in Government departments. In the Postal Department alone, there are approximately 1,000 returned men, but it appears that many of them must shortly be dismissed. The temporary section of the employees will probably be the first to go, and returned men form a very large proportion, which brings us to an important point. When men returned from the war, many were repatriated by being given temporary jobs under the Government. Now, through no fault of their own, hundreds of them are being dismissed. This isn't repatriation. It's merely an attempt on the part of the Repat. to shuffle out of promises made to find every digger a job. Of course, they didn't promise a permanent job—but that doesn't make the present rotten position any the brighter for the sacked digger.

"Scribe"—The article published by a week-end journal announcing "The R.S.L. in Grave Danger," received the commendation of one reader of that journal. Signing himself "Original," he patted the paper on the back for making vague charges against the R.S.L. This writer doesn't know the chap's reason for adopting the pen-name "Original," unless it was because of the originality of his peculiar ideas.

"Z.Z."—Most of the Perth papers were very decent in welcoming the first issue of the "Listening Post." Even the "Australian" extended the welcoming hand of comradeship for which this journal desires to show deep appreciation. But one paper, the "West Australian," maintained a dignified silence, and did not deem our first issue worthy of even passing notice. We had expected better of our principal daily, and it is to be regretted that while space in plenty has been found for Eastern divorce and murder cases, the advent of a digger journal was passed over in silence. Truly there will be quite a number of returned soldiers ready to give hearty support to the agitation for a new morning paper.

"Z.Z."—One of the reasons why there's been so many stoppages of road mending work is because of the shortage of road metal. If the heads will gather up the metal strewn about the roads at Melbourne-road crossing, Harvest-terrace and dozens of other places about the metropolis, they should have enough material to pave all the crook roads in W.A. Also, many unfortunate cyclists who are continually getting punctures through riding over the said metal would feel a darned sight happier.
Z.Z.—The R.S.L. Employment Bureau is to be given a further two months' run, which is good news, considering the past results achieved. In September, 112 employers notified the Bureau that they wanted men, and the Bureau filled 67 of the vacancies. Having thus got into its stride, the job-filling department of the R.S.L. found work for 138 men in October out of 164 vacancies. In November the figures were even better, for 183 workless diggers were found jobs out of 169 vacancies. The average pans out at 5 jobs filled per day. W. M. Malcolm and C. G. Ferguson are the bright young men responsible for this creditable result.

O.T.—Somebody wrote to the daily press recently protesting against free tram tickets being given to all members of the Maimed and Limbless Mens' Association, some of whom, he complained, only suffered the loss of a couple of fingers. I don't know anything about it; my reason for this par is because he signed himself "Stumpy." Now, I'm willing to bet my gratuitous bond to a gooseberry that the chap isn't a stump at all.

According to the official account of the operations around Damascus, the 3rd Brigade Machine Gun Squadron, and the 10th Light Horse Regiment were given the credit for being the first British troops to enter the city. Our contributor "Camel" boldly refuted the assertion, and he gives a graphic account of the stunt:

A few miles out from Damascus on the Beirut road is the Abana Gorge, the floor of which is barely 100 yards across. It is about two miles in length, and is crowded with a river, a railway, and a road. It is a sight fit for the gods, the growth being abundant, while the falling stream from springs in the mountain side assist in making a very pretty picture.

On the afternoon of the 30th September, 1918, the 14th Light Horse, finding the Turkish resistance too stiff on the plain west of Damascus, climbed the hills, and much to their astonishment, found themselves overlooking the Abana Gorge, which was crowded with retreating Turks and Germans, with their impediments.

Machine guns and rifles were soon brought to play on the unfortunate enemy, and in a short time the column was in a chaotic condition. The pass was soon blocked with lumber and wounded, and dead men (400 of the enemy being killed) horses, mules and camels. A party from the regiment then galloped down to the mouth of the pass, and before dark succeeded in capturing nearly 4,000 prisoners. Now I come to my point. The 3rd Brigade M.G. Squadron and the 10th Light Horse Regiment wrongly share the credit of causing this debacle. I say emphatically, that neither of these units arrived on the scene until 5, when all the damage had been done, and most of the prisoners had been captured.

The 10th Regiment were undoubtedly the first troops to enter the heart of the city, but a party of four from the 14th Regiment and two from the French Colonial Regiment, were practically in Damascus the afternoon prior to the day the 10th Light Horse, under Lt.-Col. Olden, captured the city. In fact two members of the party were killed and a third badly wounded, not half a mile from the bridge adjoining the barracks.

Z.Z.—Claremont-Cottesloe Sub-Branch organised a novel competition recently, when a "continental smoking contest" was held. The stunt was to decide who could make the longest smoke out of a cigar, and a trophy was presented to the winner by Sharp Bros., Ltd., who also provided the smokes. Now we're waiting for some bright branch secretary to approach the breweries for a trophy.

Collie Sub-Branch entertained the kiddies of fallen comrades to Xmas cheer, and the hearts of thirty orphans were made glad as a result of the splendid efforts of Coalopolis diggers.

A public meeting in Melbourne during the week unanimously carried a motion requesting the Commonwealth Government to appoint a Royal Commission consisting of a High Court Judge to inquire into the circumstances attending the appointment of recently-retired War Service Homes Commissioner Col. Walker; the administration of Walker and his relations with the Minister and Governor of the Commonwealth Bank (Sir Denison Miller); the circumstances in which the last named intervened to secure for the bank its share of the work of providing War Service Homes, and the effects of his intervention; the purchase of sawmills in Victoria and contracts with R. L. Driver; the purchase of sawmills in Queensland, charges against the Minister, and other questions arising out of the Caldwell transactions; the joint contract with E. A. and D. Green; the purchase of ore from the bribe of £10,000 said to have been paid to two men in Melbourne by the Queensland Timber Co.; and any other questions which in the judgment of the Royal Commission may involve the competency of the Minister or give rise to suspicion of corrupt practices. There will be some joy if ever that Royal Commission is brought about. But will it be launched?

E.V.A.—As a digger under the S.S.S., I wish you every luck in your endeavours to get capitalised the interest for the first five years. It is a great struggle to get going properly, and for the first few years every penny counts. If the authorities are dinkum in wanting to give the Digger on the land a fair go, they will see whether this concession cannot be made.

(The Editor cordially invites readers to contribute short, interesting paragraphs under this heading.)
"Z.Z."—Many firms proudly display the announcement "ex-A.I.F." but few can boast of being such a digger firm as the Imperial Printing Co., Ltd. This is a co-operative concern, composed solely of returned soldiers, and every employee gets, besides good wages, a cut in the profits. The units represented are the Light Horse, Artillery, Flying Corps, Camel Corps and Infantry. Even the message boy is a cadet. Can anyone point to a more representative membership?

"Wings"—Macgregor White has painted a splendid portrait of Lieut. Hugo Throssell, Westralia's first V.C., and I understand that unless the portrait can be sold in W.A., it will be sent out of the State, there to find a possible purchaser. Surely this picture of a Westralian hero belongs to Westralia? What is Northam Sub-Branch going to do about it?

Feb. 6th is the date for the Annual General Meeting of the Fremantle sub-branch, when the election of officers for the year will take place. The last monthly statement shows that this branch's finances are in a highly satisfactory condition. All accounts have been paid to the end of the year and a substantial balance is passed for the new year.

"Howitzer":—I met Joan of Arc's sister in Armentiers. There were farmhouses adjacent to our support trenches, and many of them refused to quit, as the shooting rarely hurt them. One night, however, Fritz railed us and plastered the back area with shells. I was in a support trench during the bombardment, when I saw a woman running through the hellish barrage. I wondered if I was right in the head. Then a pretty French girl of 19 or so dropped at my side in the trench, and in broken English begged for a rifle to fill the Hun with lead. She stayed with us till next morning, and her joy was great when she found the fire had left some of the old house standing. The curious part was that though her old mother had been killed early in the shelling she hadn't mentioned it to us—in her agony only a desire to hit back had a place in her mind.—"Bulletin."

Providing the 20 men can be made interested in the project, the R.S.L. Employment Bureau is arranging a group settlement scheme. Applications may be made to and all information can be obtained from the Employment Bureau at the Perth Soldiers' Institute. Sustenance at the rate of 10/- per day is to be provided.

It is pleasing to learn that the Fremantle sub-branch after a hard struggle has succeeded in clearing the Army and Navy Institute from debt, and has put it on a sound financial basis. This reflects great credit on Secretary A. E. Pady. An average of 60 men per day take advantage of the well-run convenience.

There is one Australian whom Princess Mary quite probably remembers—G. P. Dwyer, the bandshaking king. He holds the human hand in the iron grip of one who clasps a golf-club. He had been showing the Princess and her mother over the collection of Digger-photographs which he had been put in charge of in London. As the moment came for departure the Royal couple came forward with smiling faces and right hands extended. In the exultation of the moment Dwyer wrung the hand of each with extraordinary enthusiasm.

"It was not till twenty-four hours later that I realised what I had done," he said afterwards. "I was saying good-bye to a Digger and I shook him by the hand. My handshake practically broke the Digger up. I must have given the Queen and her daughter just as rough a spin—and yet neither batted an eyelid."

In our little village even the Diggers' Avenue has foreign trees; Australian trees are still regarded as "ugly." How can a young Australian become patriotic when his national symbols are treated with contempt? A hard recently came to a churchyard that was trying in vain to grow pines, while some native trees were doing very well outside. He pinned the following epigram to the Church door:

Good people, by the Grace of God, Your pines have failed through salt and sod.
So why not, for the love of Allah, Try now the hardy Yackandalla!

A few months ago an Australian doctor, with a fine war record, was in Chicago with his wife on a holiday. At the hotel he noticed his gold war badge being carefully scrutinised by a man who looked like a detective, and shortly afterwards he was arrested on a charge of wearing unlawfully a medal purporting to show that he had been a member of the American overseas forces. This, in the U.S., means the patrol waggon and about two years' hard labour. He told his story and pointed out that the badge actually bore the words, "Australan Military Forces," and received the calm reply that it had on it the letters "A.I.F." which were near enough to "A. E. F." to be a good imitation. The matter was not improved by some historical information supplied by the angry doctor as to the exact dates on which the respective forces first went abroad, and he was locked up for the night, his wife's offer of bail being refused. In the morning the judge gravely decided that no offence had been committed by the accused, since it was his country's Government that had issued the badge, and so it possessed the force of being an official emblem. He was discharged without a word of apology.

The sign on the Repat-purchased shop of a Digger who arrived in England at the end of 1918, and did not see any service, has apparently annoyed some other Digger who regards himself as a dinkum. The storekeeper's sign, "Late A.I.F." the other day bore an additional legend: "Yes, Blanky Late."—"Sixenate."

FREMANTLE Diggers' Big ... Project.

An ambitious project being considered conjointly by most of the sub-branches in the Fremantle area is the establishment of a returned soldier hostel at Fremantle.

The Premier is to be approached with the request that a lease be granted of the recreation room and the southern wing of the Base Hospital, and if successful, it is the intention of the committee to remodel the premises.

An amount of £1,700 which was raised some time ago at the Wondwoood Carnival for the purpose of building an institute at the port may be the means of financing this stunt. This project is a particularly ambitious and commendable one, and it is hoped that all hands at the Port will co-operate in complete harmony in order to consummate this splendid and praiseworthy object.

This paper is written and printed entirely by Returned Soldiers at their printing works, 70 King Street, Perth. Send your orders for printing to that address.
"Cripples and Incurables."

CALLOUS TREATMENT OF A CONSUMPTIVE.

If we can accept the policy of some of the pensions authorities as gospel, the A. I. F. was composed of epileptics, consumptives, lunatics, neurasthenics, cripples and congenital derelicts. Still this movable hospital, amongst other things, broke the Hindenburg Line. In a late issue of Smith's Weekly, W. B. Dalley exposes yet another instance of the callous and brutal treatment of a consumptive ex-soldier, on the part of the notorious "Cyanide" gang:

If ever a man spoke with his tongue in his cheek, Mr. Rodgers was in that position when he introduced his precious Bill, which is—allegedly—to ameliorate the conditions of the victims of Cyanide. The measure is the most unblushing piece of bluff that has yet been put over on the Digger.

"The Government," sanimistiously remarked the Minister in introducing it, "has determined that no consideration of pounds, shillings and pence shall come between this country and its duty to the men whose health has broken down as a result of war service."

A remark such as that makes the Bill worth analysing.

The first fact which becomes evident upon an examination of it is this: The Hughes Government by some species of hypnotism or another has actually induced Parliament to do the work of the Cyanide Gang. The new Bill cuts out two brand-new clases of pensioners. "A pension will not be granted," says Mr. Rodgers, "unless the soldier served in camp in Australia for at least six months or embarked for active service with the Forces overseas." Meanwhile Section 2 provides that no pension shall be payable unless a claim for it is lodged within six months from the passage of the section.

Pruning Goes On.

This means that the man who fell a victim to cerebro-spinal in Liverpool Camp or who was kicked by a horse becomes disentitled to compensation for the injuries sustained if such injuries were sustained within six months of enlistment. The provision referred to in Section 2 is equally iniquitous. A man who is apparently well to-day may have the seeds of one of many maladies in his system. Twelve months hence the seeds may fructify. But the man will have passed the statutory six months and will therefore be cut out of his pension.

For the rest the position is exactly "as you were." The notorious State Repatriation Board of New South Wales is still on deck—it produces ten appeals as against one from any other State. Barrett, Teece, and Semmens will carry on as heretofore. They are still authorised to gauge the degree to which war service has contributed to the disability of any given pensioner. As an illustration of their methods of assessment we cite the usual concrete case—the case of a man who, according to them, has suffered no disability whatever.

"Did Him No Harm".

The soldier referred to is a married man with five little children, and his pension has been cut right out on the ground that the war did him no harm. Here are two doctors' certificates setting forth his present condition:

"Copy of Certificate of R.M.A. No. R/784, Trooper, given at Moss Vale, Monday, 29/2/21:—

"Asthma, Neuritis and Periostitis of left O.S. Calves—cough and breathlessness at night. Pains in head and body—constant pain in left heel which prevents him from standing or walking about much.

On Examination:—"Left heel swollen and tender to the touch. The result of a mule-kick in Egypt."

Few Bronchitis and Rales to be heard over both sides of chest. Tremor of hands and exaggerated knee jerks—with neurotic pains in head and arms, and in my opinion is due to or aggravated by War Service."

(Sgd.) J. M. Alcorn,
Moss Vale.

And here follows the report of a Macquarie-street man on the same case:

189 Macquarie-street,
Sydney.

"This is to certify that R.M.A. is suffering from Bronchial Asthma, and is permanently and totally incapacitated from earning a livelihood. It is necessary for him to live in the country."

(Sgd.) J. M. Slattery,
M.B., Sydney.

1/11 '20.

"Staggering!"

In addition to cancelling R.M.A.'s pension, Cyanide has refused him even the poor privilege of medical attention, and the National Association for the Prevention and Cure of Consumption has had to undertake his care. The ground given for the refusal is the truly staggering one that "war service has not adversely affected this man."—in other words, that he is the same man as he was on enlistment.

John Masefield said that the Australian Army was an army of young giants—the flower of the world's manhood. For the purposes of Cyanide's main argument, it was an army of epileptics, consumptives, lunatics, neurasthenics, cripples and congenital derelicts. The mighty battles of Armageddon were fought and won by an agglomeration of almost helpless and wholly incurable invalids who suffered from "coughs and breathlessness at night," who were unable to "stand or walk about much," and who were only able to survive at all by living "in the country" air.

"How dare you talk to me like that!" demanded the burly giant, with anger written on every feature of his bull-dog face.

"How dare I? I like that!" answered the anaemic-looking little man. "If you think I'm afraid to tell you my candid opinion of your business methods you've made a great mistake, you hulking loafer!"

The bully, now thoroughly enraged, clenched his fists as if he would like to smash his tormentor with one blow. His face was mottled with fury and his breath came in gasps.

The brave little man did not flinch, however, but stood his ground with wonderful fortitude. "A great hefty brute like you ought to be shut up in the interests of public safety," he continued with a mocking smile.

The burly giant, stung beyond endurance by this taunt, could restrain himself no longer. Throwing out his chest, he raised his right hand, then —— hung up the receiver and rang off.

—Oce1 Norris.
CAMERONS
(Under New Management).

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MIGHT MISS.

THE PRIMARY CONSIDERATION.

The Ypres sector in the spring offensive of 1917 was noted for intensity of shellfire and for mud.

Like Pozieres for shellfire and Fliers for mud, I have heard it described.

Bill and Jim were signallers. Their particular job was to keep the telephone lines in repair.

These lines were laid over the ground as far as possible from the duckboard tracks and corduroy roads—the idea being that the further away they were the less likelihood of them being cut.

The man who thought it out was an officer, so the idea must have been sound.

Nevertheless Bill and his mate were not enamoured of it. They found that the wires were broken just as frequently, and that instead of having a nice duckboard track to walk on they had to plough through a sea of mud to mend them. Likewise they found that the moments were just as frequent when they had to stretch themselves flat to escape the viciously buzzing steel hornets that flew from the H.E. shells.

On the morning of their sixth day in the line—October 9—the 5th and 6th Brigades and the 6th Tommies went over the bags, and advanced on the Passchendaele Ridge.

For various reasons, which I will not mention here, the attack was only a partial success, and the Hun with all his artillery intact sent over a great collection of hard stuff. Of course, every telephone line in the sector was cut in many places. Bill and Jim were kept at their post trying to repair the damage and keep communication open.

They must surely have been spending loan money that morning the way he opened up new works for someone else to finish.

Bill and his mate worked patiently for a long while, but at last the reaction came.

For six days they had endured the mud, the shells, and the lack of sleep and a decent feed, if not cheerfully, at least stoically.

But towards the end of that sixth day Jim broke down.

They were huddled together in a shell-hole half full of water, getting what protection they could from the rain of shells of all calibres that fell around. Jim, in an hysterical outburst, began to curse.

He cursed the war, and those who made it. He cursed everything and everyone connected with it. He cursed himself for being fool enough to be there. He finished up by wishing that the Almighty would strike him dead that minute.

Bill, looking at him in a frightened manner then, and said:

"Don’t say that, Jim, for heaven’s sake! don’t say that!"

"Aw, hell!" Jim jerked back at him.

"What’s the matter with you? Hellupplace to get religious in, this is!"

"Oh! It ain’t that," said Bill, "but he might miss you and hit me!"—E. Greville.

CLAREMONT-COTTSLOE SUB-BRANCH, R.S. and S.I.A.

Members of the above branch are notified that subscriptions for the year 1922 are now due.

Financial membership, among other privileges, entitles members to a regular monthly copy of the official organ of the League, “The Listening Post.”

Subscriptions may be paid at the sub-branch meeting and Rest Room, Gaygeri-street, opposite the Claremont Railway Station, on Monday evenings from 7.15 p.m., or at 524 Hay-street, Perth, during business hours.

Mr. Len Hough, draper, of Napoleon-street, Cottesloe, will also receive subscriptions.

NOTICE.

Should this advertisement be crossed with blue pencil, kindly take it as a notification that the books show you unfinancial, and communicate with the Hon. Secretary at once.

E. B. SMALLAGE,
No. 1 Green’s Buildings,
Claremont,
or 524 Hay-street, Perth.

[Advt.]

“C.W.”—Is there any hope of getting Butler down our way (Denmark), or are we too far in the mulga?
THE LISTENING POST.

Result of drawing for Rising Sun Emblem raffled by Maylands-Bayswater Sub-Branch:

Winner:
No. 2204,
Mr. J. A. SMITH,
43 Waugh Street,
North Perth.

CAMERONS.

Amongst our new subscribers we are pleased to note the name of Camerons Estate and Business Agency, of Furnival Chambers, 48 St. George's Terrace, recently acquired by Messrs. Procter and Alston, of Perth. This is a returned soldier firm, and is already making itself felt in the West, having gained an enviable popularity by astute and modern methods which, in this line, are an innovation.

Also Mr. Procter, late of the Income Tax Compiler, is specialising in an accountancy branch. At a nominal fee a proper set of books will be kept on a modern system, a certified balance sheet prepared, and income tax returns compiled and lodged on or before the due dates.

As a result of repeated enquiries from the industrial centres by farmers whose business is transacted by this firm it has been decided to open an Employment Department, which will meet on entirely new lines the demands for labour by farm and station owners, orchardists, etc., and city men. Mr. Alston, who will be in charge of this branch, is well known and popular from Wyndham to the Leeuwin, and has the added advantage of having been through all branches of farm and station life, thereby being in the position to select the most desirable employees. The fees will be the lowest in the West, and all being equal preference will be given to returned soldiers, to whom in needy cases fees will not be charged.—Advt.

"Agar":—Squalling kids, yelping dogs, howling cats and drunken arguments all contribute to the daily hubbub which pervades the district where my friend has his War Service Home. He has got quite used to it, now, but I asked him if he didn't find the place a bit rowdy at first. "Wall," was his reply, "to tell you the truth, the only time it's quiet here is when the trams go past and drown the noise."

W. Harburn (Boulder):—Your report a trifle late but squeezed it in. Many thanks.
Sport and Sportsmen

Gropers' hats off to Earl of Seafield. This horse has sufficient speed and stamina to win a Melbourne Cup.

B. Morley has no occasion to be envious of the visiting jockeys. If this lad's head remains its normal size he will finish up ranking with Bullock, Lewis and Co.

Tom Tiggie is a conscientious trainer. We wish him and his connections every success over East. But why take Barlow-Werie, has he enough toe to pace it with those over East. But suppose Tom knows best.

Every true sportsman must have been pleased to see Paddy Ward win a double. Congratulations, Paddy!

George Hoskins is throwing a ton of good cash away by not putting a good boy upon Delmsive Hope.

Doctor Officer, Charles Norton, and jockey Leonard have had a royal time of late.

Ramillies and Malt Dust--handsome is as handsome does.

Johnny Duggan's apprentice, Norman Burrows, rode a splendid race on Malloch in the Tattersall's Club Cup, but the gelding could not pace it with Quarare at the business end. This lad is going to be one of our best boys.

Jim Downing had bad luck at Tattersall's meeting to be beaten with Golden Knight. Had he kept a straight course he would have just done the trick.

Ayr Love is good enough for first class company. The way she smothered her opponents last Saturday is good enough to say that she can win again.

All those in the know have been waiting for the supposed good thing, Ayr Bomb, but it must have been a shortened fuse. Ran third two weeks back and paid a thundering dividend.

Surasion! What a champion this black could be.

Prince Flippant? Keep this chap in view for 1922 Cup and Derby.

Shark's Bay was the unluckiest horse of the carnival. This big grey would race better on the outside of his field.

Lock Flint did it right last Saturday. This chap won three on end some time back and may again repeat the performance.

P. A. Connolly has had anything but good luck with his string of Pommies.

Fair Intervener went amiss just as she struck form. Brilliant Sunshine made a big bid for the Cup, but to win this race from end to end is a very tall order. Nevertheless, I don't think he could pace it with Earl of Seafield at the end of two miles.

St. Vincent had bad luck to strike Salveo in a galloping mood, as he beat all but this erratic squib in the Maiden Plate.

St. Vincent is a likely looking sort and will no doubt compensate the master of Dunearn in the near future.

Propagation may come good, but why feed Electric Star?

Neville Percival, who was the most successful jockey at the annual carnival, is contemplating a trip East. With he and Bobby Morley, W. A. should be well represented as far as horsemanship is concerned.

Bobbie is one of the coolest lads riding in Australia to-day. Jockeys are very few and far between who can ride such a waiting race as he did on 'Earl of Seafield in the Cup. We wish them both every success.

Jack Flannagan has gone back East. He is a keen sportsman and one who does not bet in fivers. It may be some time before we have another punter to bet in hundreds during running. He had bad luck to run two seconds with Merry Bob, but somehow I think he did not show a loss over the trip, as there was a power of cash taken out of the ring over Pistolare and Sigher. We hope to again have the pleasure of his company in the near future.

THE TROTS.

1921 Cup a Huge Success.

Lomona takes the big prize.

Dave Michael drives a splendid race.

Kola Girl, the Queen of the trotting turf. She is chock full of grit and is always splendidly handled by her owner-rider—Tom Foy.

The Trotting Derby was a farce.

Lady Dudley, Equator, and a few more are good three-year-olds.

State bred horses did well throughout the Carnival.

Miss Dudley, a bobby-dazzler. What a pity Dave Clayton had not the handling of Willow's Fancy: in his care she would have turned out a champion.

Proud Willow some class.

Jack Willis returned disappear to Simpson, who disposed of part interest to Woodworth, and Handicapper Downey considers the change of stables interfered with his pace to the extent of 15 yards. Her connections put in on her, but left it there.

Red Rock had a run of bad luck during the carnival, but made amends for owner driver Galbraith. Would like to see this latter have a good innings.

Willie-Wilkie won far easier than many may think.

Alok has run very poorly for some time past, but Walton got there with him last week-end. This made Leo's second win for the night.

Fair Boy, a machine on the track, but you can hardly expect any horse to race as Riddett asked this chestnut to do. A little more stable and less track may be advisable.

Dalton has a good one in Violet Direct. Bunny has been at this business all his life and will no doubt show this mare to far better advantage than hitherto.

Miss Dudley holds the record for local breeds. She is certainly some class and appears to be improving with age. Don't think she has shown her very best yet. Wonder if Johnson knows how much he has won with this little champion.

Tinkle Bells is another of the never say die class and a good encouragement to local breeders.

The State Handicap produces some very choice stock at times. Fancy Cyclone will do a lot better.

Billie Gaynor, who's luck has not been of the best for a long time past, has purchased from Tommy Foy the Ribbonwood Jnr. Floradora gelding Al- tone.

During the recent carnival D. D. Michael was the most successful reinsman, his record being five firsts and three seconds.

The Mayor of Midland Junction, G. Hiscox, headed the list of winnings with £350.

Willow-Wood—the local sire, was re.
presented by three winners during Cup meetings, namely, Willow Faney, Proud Willow and Princess Willow.

Six local bred horses won during the carnival.

Thomas was put out for twelve months over Miss Alto, for inconsistent running. She was eased up several times during the race and won as she liked and then trotted something like 23, but she is an erratic customer and likely to get any man into trouble and would be far better off between the shafts of a cart.

A.F. Ponton and his gelding Sandspeed were disqualified for two years for the same offence but unlike C. Thomas, he rode the gelding all the way and won by a street. On this occasion Sandspeed kept his feet the whole two miles and Ponton kept him at his top. The committee did not appreciate the performance, they wanted justice. A hurried enquiry on the part of Messrs Scull, Inken and Brown rewarded the public for its pains, and awarded two years. Ponton, who did not see eye to eye with the Stewards, lodged an appeal, but this is where the committee hit their heads against a wall of solid re-infused concrete. Pending the appeal they re-considered the case and put him out for five years—a most unheard of and impossible decision. One would think that previous experience had taught them a lesson—meaning Dalton’s case.

The public wanted justice done by them and they got it. Two years holiday for Ponton and Sandspeed, but have Ponton and Sandspeed got justice? No, a thousand times no! Some time back “Mr. Price” and his grand Derby candidate “The Count,” were both disqualified for twelve months, also for inconsistent running. If my memory serves me right he improved 9 seconds.

He started on three occasions; the first time his connections backed him, but he stopped on the mark.

Roseby has been de-registered.

There is a persistent rumour in Trotting circles that the connections of this mare have been warned off trotting courses for life, but so far the general public, who keep the sport going, have been kept in the dark as to the correctness of this rumour which should be immediately confirmed or contradicted by the Association.

THE LISTENING POST.

A HERO OF THE AIR.

By Mary Marlow in “Aussie.”

Undoubtedly he was a brave man. He stepped lightly through the fourth window and balanced himself in mid-air on the narrow, stone window-ledge.

“Excuse me, miss,” he said politely as he swung himself into the saddle of the window-sash, “I ope the smell of paint don’t give you a turn?”

“Oh, no, not at all,” Rosemary hastened to reassure him as she fluttered the top sheet into position over a fourth floor boarder’s bed. Then suddenly her throat tightened and she gathered the ends of the sheet to her heart; all the breath in her body left her.

“Oh aren’t you brave to sit there like that?” she said involuntarily. The drop to the courtyard beneath was shocking.

“Aye be,” said Charley philosophically, but he puckered up his mouth in pleased self-consciousness. He had the balance but not the tricks of a tight-rope walker. His clothes—paint splashed ordinarily white, were etched with the dust and the travail of his trade. He wore a shapeless linen hat on the extreme back of his head and a mat of dusty curls in front.

Charley hauled up a large plank that was resting on the floor of the room; he shot it skilfully across the open rectangle to the window opposite where, from the safety of the inside passage, his foreman was waiting to receive it. The entire side of the four-storied hotel was in process of re-decoration.

Charley climbed up onto the plank and proceeded to paint the undercoat of a fire-escape while he sketched into the permanence of his memory the picture of Rosemary with the sheets aflutter.

Rosemary finished making the bed moved on to the next room and did likewise. Charley could see her on her rounds for a couple of hours that morning. Occasionally she flung him a word from an open window, but she always declared that she couldn’t stay and yarn to him, for it made her feel giddy” just to see him standing above utter destruction like that. Charley jeered at her fears and danced a cake walk on the plank. Rosemary made a little gurgly noise in her throat and moved away. She never could walk on the edge of the cliffs herself. Yes, undoubtedly he was a brave man.

At seven o’clock next morning the painters began to chirp cheerily about the area. Rosemary, fresh as the morning, drew Charley aside and asked him a vital question.

“Could you drink a cup a’ tea?” she inquired shily.

“I don’t mind if I do.” He squeezed her fingers as he took it from her and gallantly added: “I’ve bin climbin’ up to eaven, but I didn’t know as ‘ow there was an angel waitin’ for me on the top floor.”

“Garn!” said Rosemary, cooly.

“Honest! I think an awful lot o’ you, Rosie, Gawd’s truth, I do.”

“I’m in luck, ain’t I? ‘Cos why I? inquired the girl, fearing the debonair mid air man was “kidstakin’ her.”

“Course you mean it?” she said scornfully. She was afraid she had been betrayed into seeing her own tender feelings towards Charley.

“Course I do, Cos why I? Cos when I lay on me back in orspittile for nine blinkin’ months, after getting me leg smashed up at Posseyears, I learnt a bit about domestic service. There’s some wimmin as is born to make a man comfortable and some as isn’t. And, thinkin’ it over I don’t know as ‘ow you wouldn’t do to walk the plank with me for life. I’ve climbed up all them four stories by degrees with me paint brush, and I bin ‘avin a fly look at all you girls at work.”

“Well, what’s that got to do with it?” inquired the girl to force the issue. Charley seemed to veer from the point.

“Nine months in orspittle on me back, Rosie, don’t forget; makes a bloke think a bit; makes him know a bit about beds at least. There’s a neat little tart on the second floor, but she wouldn’t do me for a lifer. You’ve got me, Rosie. You can ‘ave me for keeps if you’ll say the word, and I’ll treat you decent. Gawd’s truth, I will. ‘Cos why? ‘Cos you’re the only one as turns the mattress.”

“Z.Z.”—Into a crowded North Perth tram the other day there stepped a young lady of the smart set, accompanied by her mother. Two Diggers were seated together, and one offered his seat to the elder lady, which she accepted. The other Digger made no move, whereupon the strap-hanging sashiness said, in an audible whisper, “Mother, doesn’t a gentleman give up his seat to a lady?” “Well, miss,” said the seated Digger, “I happen to be lame. And as a matter of fact, I have often given up my seat to a ‘lad’y.”

WHEN DEALING WITH OUR ADVERTISERS PLEASE SAY “I SAW YOUR ADVT. IN THE LISTENING POST.”
DODGING DESMOND.

The Cyclists Got Away Well.

"A man on a push bike is never what y’ might call out o’ work," my companion of the tracks observed. Whenever I see one of ’em, it reminds me of the sports meeting at Desmond’s pub between Barringun and ‘Unergford.

“In them days the sharers hadn’t got motor cars to fly round in. Most all of ’em used push bikes, an’ Matilda rode on the back of the saddle all over the country. After we cut out Brindinyabba we went to Desmond’s to put in a few days afore movin’ on an’ just after we got there it started to rain like—well, like it does there sometimes. I kep’ on f’r about a week an’ all round was a great big lake. We couldn’t shift. All the cheques was done in, an’ most ’I the chaps was on the slate f’r pretty big bills. It was a fortnight till the ground dried enough to wheel the machines.

“One ‘v the chaps got a brain wave. He said we orer ‘ave some racin,’ an’ we fixed up a regular meetin.’ Desmond got the mulga telegraph goin’, an’ there was a great turn-up fr’m near an’ fur. There was some ‘orse racin’, but as the start was in the mulga, an’ the finish in the scrub, that did not attract much int-rust. There was foot runnin’ and ‘igh jumpin’, but the big thing of the day was "The Shearers’ Bicycle ‘Andicap.’

The course was two miles along the ‘Unergford road, an’ back to the pub. Conditions: Ev’ry rider was to ‘ave ‘is full-kit up, an’ the first man in was to be the winner.

“It was a fine sight when they went to the post. Desmond was starter.

WHEN DEALING WITH OUR ADVERTISERS PLEASE SAY "I SAW YOUR ADVT. IN THE LISTENING POST."
More of "Billie Hughes's" Generosity.

HUNDREDS OF POUNDS FOR WAR PENSIONERS.

A REMARKABLE AND DANGEROUS POLICY.

During the past few years, many war pensioners have been receiving communications from the Pensions Department in which a remarkable proposition is made.

Briefly, a large sum of money is offered, in one case over six hundred pounds, if the digger will accept same as a final payment in lieu of the usual fortnightly pension. The department is making the offer only to those diggers whose war disabilities entitle them to pensions for many years or perhaps for life. After payment of this money, the department absolves itself from all further liability and responsibility.

There may be a few points in favour of this remarkable policy. Some Diggers may hit upon a judicious and profitable investment that will return them far more than their few pounds weekly pension. But the disadvantages so greatly outweigh the advantages that we must urge that prompt action should be taken to settle this silly scheme.

From the standpoint of the authorities, it is hard to understand the object of the policy. The large amount of money needed to pay all claims cannot be easily obtained by the Commonwealth Government, else why have the operations of the War Service Home's Board been so drastically curtailed?

The danger of handing a war worn and disabled digger some hundreds of pounds, and then leaving him to the mercy of company promoters, land jobbers, business vendors and gentry of the same kidney, must be apparent to the biggest mug alive. The ink is hardly dry on the report concerning the smelly Gratitude Bond business. That refreshingly concise document proves that the soldiers' self-sacrificing service to King and Commonwealth didn't deter get-rich-quick merchants from robbing the digger. And we have no doubt that even more diabolical and shady practices would be put over the diggers when they have solid cash to splash up.

When our "philanthropic" friends had obligingly negotiated the gratuity bond, they had to wait some years before they got the money. True, they made sure that they were well repaid for the waiting, but only those with capital were able to form the joyful throng of "bond negotiators."

Imagine how that throng would numerically increase if it became known that Diggers had hundreds in hard cash to invest. The "business brokers" and their pals would buzz around like bees about a honey pot, and it isn't difficult to guess how the poor diggers would fare. The money would soon be transferred to some one else's pocket, and their war disabilities precluding them from earning a living, their plight would be truly pitiable. Needless to add, it is exceedingly doubtful whether the patriots who once spouted about patriotism and duty would do much to relieve them.

We don't want to say much about those weak-minded diggers (mostly through the bashings they got at the hands of Fritz) who would foolishly fritter their cash away at Trots and races. We don't think there are many diggers of that type, although unfortunately there are some, and they must also be taken into consideration.

Frankly, the more we think of the scheme, the less we like it. Unlimited opportunities are given to rogues to robb the digger, and we have seen in the past how such opportunities are grasped by the unscrupulous.

If the authorities intend to go on with this distribution, then at least steps should be taken to ensure that diggers invest the money in genuine businesses. It would be a good idea to let the R.S.L. form a committee to enquire into each business proposition submitted, and the deal should not be clinched until the committee had satisfied itself that the proposition was likely to provide the digger with a decent living.

At all events some more business-like way of distributing this money to Diggers must take the place of the present dangerous and slipshod method. The digger in receipt of a pension must not be left to the tender mercies of sharks and rogues.

This is a matter which merits immediate action on the part of the R.S.L. Executive, and it is hoped that the subject will be discussed right away at the next Executive meeting.

"What have you backed?" I asked the man beside me.

"King of the Forest," he replied.

It was at Randwick. We watched the race with glorious expectation. I too, had backed the King. And I thrilled exultantly as I saw him gradually overtake his opponents one by one until he looked a "certainty."

I had the glasses glued to my eyes.

"Come on, you beauty. Come on!" I shouted with all the strength of my lungs.

Excitely I handed my new-found companion the glasses. "Here," I said, "take a look at him."

And then amid a roar of enthusiasm the thoroughbred upon which we had staked our money flew by the post—"the winner." I turned to my friend to collect.

"Come on——" I started. And then something made me look harder.

He was a Digger. He was stone blind.

"Wings."—Looking through some papers salvaged from the good old war days, I came across the following, written by some bright spark at Blackboy Hill:

A Soldier's Life.

6.30 a.m.—Reveille. Christians awake.
6.45 a.m.—Roll Call. Art Thou Weary?
7.0 a.m.—Breakfast. Meekly wait and murmur not.
8.15 a.m.—C.O.'s Parade. When he cometh.
8.45 a.m.—Manoeuvres. Fight the good fight.
11.45 a.m.—Swedish Drill. Here we suffer grief and pain.
1.0 p.m.—Dinner. Come ye thankful people, come.
2.15 p.m.—Rifle Drill. Go labour on.
3.15 p.m.—Instruction by Officer. Tell me the old, old story.
4.30 p.m.—Dismiss. Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow.
5.0 p.m.—Tea. What means this eager, anxious throng.
6.0 p.m.—Free for Night. O Lord, how happy shall we be.
9.0 p.m.—Last Post. All are safely gathered in.
10.0 p.m.—Lights Out. Peace, perfect peace.
ANNUAL MEETING OF PERTH BRANCH.

About sixty members attended the annual meeting of the Perth branch of the Returned Soldiers' League at the Soldiers' Institute last Monday, when the President (Mr. W. A. Woodham) occupied the chair.

Mr. J. R. Butler, who recently resigned the secretarialship to become State Secretary of the League, but carried on until that night, stated that the river-trips initiated by Mr. Duncan, who was secretary from October 8 to November 26 last, resulted in a debit balance of £100. In connection with the trading department, as a deposit on the tweed contract a guarantee of £500 had to be put up, and as the branch had only £757 to its credit and some money had to be kept to meet the current expenses, he drew £575 from the branch and placed a personal cheque for the other £25, and with that amount they started the trading concern. After carrying on for some time the branch was floated into a company. The money loaned had been paid back, and they had 2,500 fully paid up 8 per cent. preference shares of £1 each in the company. When he became secretary they had £20 in the bank and the liabilities were £119, but after three years, the bank balance was £800.

The branch had turned the trading department into a limited liability company, and in the very near future it would be in full swing. On the 2,500 fully paid up shares, the branch would receive interest periodically. Mr. Duncan carried out the organising for the Poppy Day appeal in the Metropolitan area, and the amount collected, £147 16s., was sent to the orphans of France.

The balance-sheet of the Perth branch, which was adopted, showed a credit balance of £21 3s. 11d., plus a loan of £625 which had been repaid. On the clothing trading account there was a profit of £607 for the half-year.

The election of officers resulted as follows: Secretary, Mr. H. G. McPherson; President, Mr. C. Longmore; vice-presidents, Messrs. A. H. Priestley and W. H. Malcolm; committee, Messrs. E. S. Whiteley, A. Rogers, W. Harvey, F. Parker, A. N. Jones, W. N. Reid, W. A. Woodham, C. Smith, D. N. Sparks, and H. J. Parker; treasurer, Mr. A. Rogers.

A member complained that he had been dismissed from his employment at the Government Printing Office while others who were not returned soldiers were kept on. The meeting decided to inquire into the reason for such treatment.

Another member expressed the opinion that when patients at the Base Hospital, Fremantle, were transferred to the wing recently erected at the Perth Hospital for the accommodation of returned soldiers they would not be treated by returned nurses, and that this would cause trouble. It was urged that a committee should be appointed to visit the hospital, but others deprecated any action until there was something to complain about. The matter was referred to the executive.

SOLDIERS' PENSIONS.

Impressive Figures.

Melbourne, Jan. 16.

"Had it been possible to have pensions and medical treatment under the administration of one department from the inception of repatriation activities, a greater degree of success would have resulted with undoubted economy and with much more satisfaction to the men because of greater accuracy of assessment." This opinion is contained in the annual report of the Repatriation Commission for the financial year which reviews the progress which has been made in the treatment of badly wounded soldiers.

Although the two branches were not under one control in the early stages of repatriation it was urgently necessary. It was in response to the demands of the great body of soldiers that the amalgamation of the two administrations was effected under a new Act. According to the report this has proved of great benefit not only to the soldiers and their dependants but also to the administration of the department. War pensions for the year ended June 30 last numbered 25,503; 3,398 claims were rejected, 138,750 pensions reviewed, 25,253 pensions cancelled or discontinued, 8,679 appeals dealt with and 2,925 pensioners died. The number of pensions in force at the end of the year was 222,437 and the actual pension liability at the time was £6,915,444.

The amended scale of pension rates which came into force with the proclamation of the new Act resulted in an increase in the rate payable in more than 124,000 pensions, increased to £8 for a fortnight, amounted to £355 classified as follows:—Blinded soldiers, 76; tuberculosis case, 347 and permanently incapacitated from other causes 172. The Commission reports with regret that there were seven cases of fraud among officials—three in New South Wales, two in Victoria, and one each in Queensland and Western Australia.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

In order to ensure early delivery of Correspondence to the "Listening Post," all letters should be addressed to the Imperial Printing Co., Ltd., 70 King Street, and NOT Care of the State Secretary, R.S.I., Government Gardens.

GOOD BUSINESS.

To the Editor, The "Listening Post."

Dear Sir,—In reference to the first issue of your paper, we have pleasure in bringing before your notice the remarkable success of our advertisement therein.

Several enquiries from different parts of the State have been received with regard to our completely furnished home for £100, and orders booked for three homes, besides smaller orders. Also, we are in communication with the Narrogin retailer who wrote in for your opinion of this £100 special offer. A member of your staff personally examined the three rooms which we have fully set out at our showrooms, and in view of his favourable report we feel confident of this order.

Needless to say, we are highly pleased, and can assure you of our further support.

Having been with the 16th Battalion, and employing a number of returned men, you can readily see that the "Listening Post" is of special interest. Wishing you every success, yours faithfully.

Jan. 16, 1922.

MAPLE'S.

B.—An officer at Tel-el-Kebir had bought a stretcher for use in the camp, but when marching orders were given to join the Battalion at Serapeum, he told his dingbat to sell it.

Dingbat got busy and sold the stretcher all right. But when the train moved out he said:

"What'll I do with your stretcher, sir?"

"Hang it all," demanded the officer, "didn't you sell it?"

"You bet," said Shylock, "four times! And I told each of 'em they'd find it in your tent. I reckon I'm on a 50-50 basis with this here 400 piasters!"
R.S.L. CO-OPERATIVE SCHEME.

A.W.P.:- When the War Gratuity Bonds were first issued to the soldiers, the Returned Soldiers' League sought a means whereby a portion of their bonds might be invested to the best interests of the individual soldier and to the benefit of the whole of the Returned Soldiers. With this end in view the returned “Digger” was invited to subscribe part of his War Gratuity Bond to a Co-operative Company that would be a means of supplying the commodities of life, not only to himself, but to the widows and dependants of those who had lost their life in the war. The response to this appeal was most gratifying, and although it has taken some considerable time to evolve a scheme which would give the best satisfaction to all concerned, it is thought that the proposal the R.S.L. is now putting forward will meet with universal approbation.

It has become a well-known fact that the Perth Sub-branch of the League has for some two years past been conducting a very successful trading department, and through this means has been enabled to supply thousands of soldiers and their dependents those necessaries which otherwise they would have been unable to obtain. In spite of the very low charges, the volume of business has been such as to induce the management to extend its operations considerably, and a meeting of subscribers to the Co-operative Scheme was held at the Soldiers' Institute on the 12th January, when it was resolved that the subscribers should devote the amount individually allotted for the purchase of 8 per cent. fully paid preference shares in the R.S.L. Co-operative Trading Co., Ltd.

As a result of this resolution shares to the various amounts subscribed will be issued, and from past results there is no doubt that the new company will do a great deal to reduce the living costs of all its subscribers and the returned soldiers generally.

The prospect will shortly be issued, and it will be made sufficiently evident from past results that the returned soldier can not only hold his own, but can confer benefits on his comrades that would not have obtained but for their collective efforts. Competition is always welcome, and in this effort of the R.S.L. to work for their comrades as they did at the front, no one can do otherwise but wish them every success.

THE LISTENING POST.

STUDENT, SOLDIER, MERCHANT

The Amazing rise of S. M. Bruce.

Eastern papers proclaim that a new force has been discovered in Federal politics. A Captain S. M. Bruce, the new Federal Treasurer, has been soldier and merchant, and great things are expected from his control of the Commonwealth Finance.

Surprisingly few politicians have graduated from Universities. Few of them have been successful business men. Mr. Bruce boasts of both a University and a business training. In war and peace he has taken everything in his stride. His father was J. M. Bruce, of Paterson, Laing and Bruce, and early in life he joined his father's firm. He entered the Federal Parliament in 1901, and ever since he has represented Flinders.

In the House, he spoke seldom, but always to the point. Members have always treated his remarks with respect, for he never spoke unless he had something worth while to say, and it was seen that he always studied his subject. The debate on the Anglo-Persian Oil Agreement had languished twenty-four hours when Bruce got on his feet. In a few minutes he had surveyed the position, made certain criticisms, and offered some suggestions. Next day the Government adopted them all.

At the outbreak of the war, he enlisted and saw service on Gallipoli with the Royal Fusiliers. With five bosom friends he went through that fearful campaign, and he was the only man of the six who did not leave his bones on the Peninsula. In France, he won the M.C. for extracting two officers and 40 men from a difficult position.

A few months ago, he was homeward bound from Étreppe, when he was invited to represent Australia at the Geneva Conference. A speech on disarmament captured Arthur Jas. Balfour and impressed all the old world statesmen.

As chairman of Paterson, Laing and Bruce he earnestly set himself the task of solving the previous disputes that beset industrial life. The machinery of a profit sharing scheme was set in motion, and Bruce was content to risk his banking account to ensure the contentment and comfort of his employees.

This is the man who is now the second Minister in the Commonwealth. No wonder great things are expected of him. After the calamitous Jokook, it is a relief to see a business man at the Treasury desk. Level-headed eloquent and business-like, he should do much to straighten the mess in Australia's cash box. At any rate, his friends tip S. M. Bruce to be a winner.

Barbers:- The C.O. had warned his men to have nothing to do with the gay ladies of Le Havre, and when he saw Private William James Bloggs a few days later in company with two Ma'am-zelles, he had solemnly assured him that the first time he was A.W.L. he would present him with 14 days' C.B. Now, as Private Bloggs had intended that very night to be A.W.L., he became very annoyed, and hoped for a chance to get even with the C.O. Just after three weeks later the devil, who looks after his own, gave Bill Bloggs his chance. He had been wandering about the town with a few mates when, behind an old wall, he heard a voice which sounded familiar.

He whispered his suspicions to his coppers, and in a moment he was mounted on the back of the biggest Digger of the party. As he peeped over the wall he saw two figures below, very close together and in earnest conversation.

"And what ees your name, mon cheri?" asked a sweet voice. The unmistakable tones of the C.O. replies.

"Oh, you can call me Tootles." Bill Bloggs climbed down from his human perch.

"Well, Gorblime!" was all his mates could get out of him for a few moments. Then he explained what he had seen. A few days later the company was formed up to receive one of the Captain's frequent lectures on Morality and the Honour of the Battalion. At the conclusion of a fine speech he said:

"It grieves me to know that under my command are men who so far forget themselves and their duty to their dear ones at home as to consort with female companions who can do them no good—no good at all. I ask you, as men, what name are we to give these fellows?"

Bill, from his position far down the line, roared out:

"Call 'em Tootles, you damned old hypocrite!"

Roar after roar of laughter shook the whole company, for Bloggs had taken good care to spread the story of what he had seen behind the old wall.

That was the last moral lecture the Company ever had from their C.O.

"Aussie."
BOULDER R.S.L.

The annual meeting of the Boulder Sub-branch of the R.S.L. was held at the Soldiers' Rest on Tuesday night, January 3, the president, Mr. C. Massey, being in the chair.

In his annual report the president stated, inter alia:—

"I have the honour to submit my report of the proceedings of the year 1921, and must congratulate the branch on the work accomplished during that period.

"Executive.—Your present executive came into office on March 29, 1921, and during the nine months may fairly claim to have made an honest effort to put the affairs of the sub-branch on a solid and sound foundation. The executive met on approximately 22 occasions.

"Membership.—The membership as compared with this time last year shows a falling off, but during the last two months of the year nine have made themselves good. The making good of old members and the securing of new ones is a feature of the work which the new executive will have to take into serious consideration. The number of endowed members now stands at seven, as compared with nine twelve months ago. This number, with energetic canvassing, should be greatly increased.

"Rest Rooms.—The rooms are now solely under our control, the Red Cross having kindly placed them at our disposal. During our term of office they have been greatly improved, something like $125 having been spent to make the place more attractive to our members. I doubt very much whether there is a branch in the whole of the State who are so favourably placed as we are, with property and conveniences all our own in the centre of the town. In connection with the alterations to the Rest Rooms the committee recognised the services of Mr. E. W. V. Gribble in acting as honorary architect by making him an endowment member and passing the usual vote of thanks. The property now consists of a spacious social hall, billiard room, card room, secretary's office, caretaker's room, Red Cross office, bath room, and a window fitted for the display of goods for sale.

"Finances.—I am pleased to be able to state that our finances are in a very healthy state notwithstanding that we have spent quite a lot of money to cater for the comfort and convenience of our members. Our principal source of revenue was the street fair (held in April), which netted £230; the children's ball (held on September 23), £54; and house donated by Mr. Harvey, £28.

"Social.—In May last we tendered a complimentary social to our Boulder Anzac Day committee. On September 24 we had the pleasure of entertaining 'Digger' Hughes at a smoke social. We also gave a complimentary social to the lady helpers of our annual children's ball. All of these functions were successful socially and in every other respect, and reflected great credit on those who had the handling of them. Five other socials were held during the term.

"Deaths.—Four members of the branch have passed away—Mr. C. H. Beer, Mr. Marshall (first secretary of the branch), Mr. Buck and Mr. Smith.

"Effort.—The work performed by the branch during the year has been of a very high order. We have endeavoured to carry out to the best of our ability the following injunctions: (1) To perpetuate the close and kindly friendship created by mutual service during the war. This has been done by making our club premises a suitable place in which old comrades may fraternise; (2) to preserve the memory and records of those who fell (we have done this by erecting an honour board at present exists to the interests of returned soldiers generally in this State. A lecture given in the Boulder Town Hall under the auspices of the branch, by Miss Lily Butler, C.P.E., nettled £15. which sum was donated to the local benevolent society. Our branch also ran the Get-Rich-Quick Stall for the Boulder Band Carnival, the band benefiting to the extent of £15.

"Gifts.—The branch has to thank Mr. Greenwood and Mr. Zowe for two handsome pictures, which now grace the walls of the social room.

"The Future—In conclusion I cannot conclude my report without alluding to what the future has in store for us. There is no hinting the fact that if we are to survive and continue to be a power for good, our lost membership must be regained. Some greater attraction than at present exists must be devised to draw the returned boys to our social rooms and to popularise the league.

"In concluding this report, I thank one and all for their generous consideration during my year of office. Perhaps I ought not to mention names, but there is one of the committee who has been my right-hand supporter, and that is Mr. Roy Millen, and I desire to thank him specially.

"My occupancy of the chair as your president has been a great pleasure to me. I have done my best to maintain it with dignity and attention to duty, and I trust I have given satisfaction."

The president's report, in conjunction with that of the secretary (Mr. R. Millen) was received and adopted.

The election of officers for the ensuing year resulted:—President, Mr. R. Millen; secretary, Mr. Harburn; vice-presidents, Messrs. T. A. R. Johnstone and L. G. Butcher; auditor, Mr. Cumbrac Stewart; treasurer, Mr. E. Oaklands; executive committee, Messrs. C. Massey, R. A. Johnstone, T. Horns, H. Thomas, A. Rutherford, A. C. Muir, and J. Bannister; representative on Central Distress Fund, Mr. G. Millen; representatives to the local distress fund, Messrs. Millen and Harburn, the latter also being appointed secretary to the fund.
PERSONALITIES

in which the doings of certain celebrities—and others—are duly and faithfully chronicled.

“Z.Z.”—Peculiar that the initials of Bill Ross, Kalgoorlie’s live secretary, are W.A.R. They aren’t a bit out of place, either. Bill wages war on red tape, on all who would deny Diggers their rights, and particularly on all enemies of the R.S.L.

His pals are glad to see that Ernie Hull, the popular Digger butcher of Inglewood, is about again after his recent severe bout of sickness.

“C.W.”—The last day of 1921 was the last day of single life for Ernie Bayley, who was married to Miss Bertha Smith at the Denmark Anglican Church. Ernie’s brother, Frank (also ex-A.I.F.), acted as best man, to everyone’s satisfaction. As this is a busy time of the year for Denmark folk, Mr. and Mrs. Bayley’s honeymoon had to be curtailed.

“C.W.”—A popular Digger wedding was celebrated at Denmark on December 21st, when Harry North, chairman of the local roads board and secretary of the A. and H.-Society, promised to love, honour and cherish Miss Maisie Purnell, late of Scarborough, England. The honeymoon was spent at Denmark, Harry being too busy hay-making to bother about holidays, which will come later. The young couple are hereby wished prosperity and happiness in their life trip in double harness.

Hearty congrats to Councillor Jimmy Wilson, president of Fremantle Sub-Branch, who has just been successful in the extraordinary municipal election at the Port. Jimmy has put in a deal of work for returned men, and he is now going to do his bit in public life.

Good luck to him.

A rattling good show was provided at the Soldiers’ Institute on December 21st, when “The Merry-makers” amused a hall full of diggers and their lady friends. The talented company is composed of Misses G. Halliday, Rene Fell, Gladys Hosking, and Flo Paton, and Messrs. Ned Taylor, W. Talbot, R. Hearty, W. Cobb and S. Field. W. H. Robson, on behalf of the organisers, told the company what a good show they had given.

Miss Mary Meares, who was presented with the League’s certificate of merit on December 21st, well deserves the honor. Few workers have shown such unselfish devotion to soldier activities, and few of her friends will begrudge Mary Meares her certificate. Jimmy Cornell, M.L.C., made the presentation, stating that Mary was the fifth person in W.A. to be given a certificate, and that anyone who is picked out for the honor well deserves it. Miss Meares shyly got W. H. Robson to express her thanks, and to explain that she was a worker rather than a talker, a fact which everyone will acknowledge.

“Z.Z.”—Myer Horwitz, ex 11th Battalion, is back in Perth after a couple of years sweltering in Broome fishing for pearl and shell (mostly shell). Myer had rotten luck, for the bottom fell out of the market just after he started operations, and he reckons that the shell industry has gone to an even hotter place than Broome. M.H. gives a fine account of the Broome riots, when the returned soldiers, under Capt. Bardwell (51st Battalion) did such good work. Most of his friends, and they are legion, will be delighted to see dear old Myer back among them again.

WHEN DEALING WITH OUR ADVERTISERS PLEASE SAY “I SAW YOUR ADVT. IN THE LISTENING POST.”
“Camelol” — “What do you know” is nowadays the usual salutation offered to Tom Clark, the genial railway inspector who served with the Railway Corps in the late fireworks. Quite natural, too, for Tom had a phenomenal run of luck at the gallops. Many are the Bookies who regret his good judgment and subsequent collection. His son Jack, the star footballer, also assists the good cause by giving Dad all the good things at the Suby Gallops.

Harold Harper, a fine young Digger-pastoralist who served for the duration with the 10th Light Horse and came back a major, has gone to join his mates who sleep in Palestine and the Peninsula. A storm whirled away a small sailing craft in which he was shipping wool to Onslow from his Westralian station; the bales were washed ashore, but nothing was found of Harper and his companion. He was the only son of Nat Harper, who runs the Esplanade, Perth's swaggester pub. managed the White Feather Main Reef mine at Kanowna, and was M.L.A. for Pingelly, beating ex-Premier “Nutty” James.

“Camelol” — The life of the Repat Dept. is Major Crolly. Any digger in search of a little excitement is hereby advised to call at the house on the Esplanade, and there pour forth abuse on Jim's cranium. The result of the experiment will surprise the visitor, for the reply will hold him spell-bound, and he will make his exit in the knowledge that he has drawn swords with a master wit. Tis said that the Major’s yarns are greatly sought after by graduates for Sunday School honours.

“Camelol” — Captain Reg. Hemmingway, late of the famous eleventh, is back ladling overdrifts and generally managing the bank at Goomalling, after a couple of months in a Perth hospital. Reg. sacrificed one of his legs for the big cause.

“Camelol” — An unassuming good fellow and a live wire of high voltage is Secretary Will Sweet, of the East Fre...
MAN'S INHUMANITY TO MAN.

HOW POLITICIANS KEEP PROMISES.

"On behalf of the Government and the people of the Commonwealth I assure you, and every Australian soldier in the field, that the Commonwealth is full of pride and admiration of their endurance and sacrifice. The Australian soldiers are entitled to, and shall receive, not only the thanks of a grateful people, but that treatment which their great service deserves."—Mr. Hughes' proclamation to Sir John Monash after the Armistice.

This pledge was made by Mr. Hughes to every member of the A.I.F. In a recent issue of "Smith's Weekly," a paper which is earning the gratitude of all returned soldiers by its able championship, W. B. Dalley shows the true value of a politician's promise.

Robert Ernst is an ex-soldier. He lies helpless and crippled in Graythwaite Red Cross Hostel, North Sydney. Sir Herbert Maitland says that nothing further can be done for him surgically, and that he can never hope to walk more than a few yards.

In January, 1916, Ernst answered the call to come to the help of the Empire. He passed successfully all the arduous tests and tasks that fell to the lot of an infantry private. In camp he marched in full pack; ran, dug trenches, stabbed bags filled with straw, threw smoke bombs, and then asked for more.

In France he passed through the usual gruelling in the notorious "bullring" at Etaples, and finally reached the line. Here he was gassed twice without leaving the line. Passed through the never-to-be-forgotten winter of 1916-7. Until the end of February, 1917, he continued to perform the terrible tasks that befall the foot digger in the line. He was one of the battalion ammunition carriers on the Somme.

At the end of February, a five-nine suddenly arrived and blew him down a sap. He was picked up, evacuated, boarded at Harefield, by General Ryan and Sir Henry Maudsley, and classified C3, the cause being "spine trouble caused by active service." If Ernst was adjudged C3 by the famous "Gutze King," General Ryan, then Ernst was, without doubt, in a bad way.

In October, 1920, he lost the use of his legs. Sir Herbert Maitland operated and put four metal plates in the spine. He can now neither walk or stand, and has spent his war gratuity trying to put himself right. He hasn't a penny left.

The powers that be refuse to grant this man one farthing by way of pension or other allowance. It has been discovered that Ernst was kicked in the back some years before the war, and consequently it is alleged that his disability is traceable to a pre-war cause.

"The Australian soldiers are entitled to, and shall receive, not only the thanks of a grateful people, but that treatment which their great services deserve." So spoke Mr. Hughes. The man whose experiences are described above is a practical demonstration of the value of a politician's promise.

And now, let Diggers say there is no need for the Returned Soldiers' League! Who else is to fight the battles for the Ernst's in Australia?

CLAREMONT SUB-BRANCH AT PLAY.

Splendid Picnic Held for Members, and for Wives and Kiddies of Fallen Comrades.

G. D. Shaw:—An early start; a fine river trip; a pleasant day; plenty of fun and sports with the Zoo as a setting, all made a complete success of the picnic held by the Claremont Sub-branch of the League on Boxing Day. The launches Henley and Dauntless were engaged for the day, and called at Mosmans, Keene's Pt., Claremont, thence to South Perth. On arrival at South Perth it was discovered that the ice cream had gone astray, and Secretary Smallpage was detailed as a scouting expedition to trace it. The deserter, together with a case of oranges, was brought into camp at 11 a.m., much to the delight of the kiddies. Light luncheon was provided for the guests of the day, the Widows and Children of late comrades, after which a comprehensive programme was carried out, for which (through the generosity of the following donors) there was an abundance of prizes.
RETURNED SOLDIERS
in the Railway Workshops.

H. L. Kirke.—Over 300 returned soldiers are employed at Midland Junction Workshops, and last year a sub-section was formed, Mr. H. L. Kirke being president, and Mr. C. J. Cooke being secretary. A large amount of work was performed by the sub-section in the interest of returned men in the service, one much appreciated reform being that any man called before a Medical Board may go up on Saturday, providing that his name is on the secretary’s list, avoiding any lost time. Pension rights have in one or two cases been adjusted, and in one case a full pension was granted owing to the strong case put up by the secretary. During the year subscription lists realised over £120 for the benefit of distressed comrades, these lists being liberally supported by the whole of the employees. It has been realised that some better organisation was required to cope with the large amount of work, and that some provision should be made for finance. A meeting was therefore called early in December, and it was decided to approach the State Executive and obtain permission to form a sub-branch. Permission having been granted, delegates were appointed from each department and a meeting held at the Railway Institute, Perth. From reports received at that meeting, it is anticipated that the branch will come into existence this month with a membership of about 200. Any returned man employed by the Railway Commissioner, either in the Loco Shops or the Ways and Works Shops, is eligible for membership. Subscriptions will be collected by pence card every pay day, it being easier for a man to pay a few pence on pay day than to dub up the whole year’s sub. in one hit. In the past it has been the policy to take up any case if the man was a returned soldier. Having a branch now right where the members are employed, and having such an easy subscription arrangement, there remains no excuse for any one to stay outside the League, and in future no benefits will be conferred on any man who is not a member of some branch of the League. No one is being asked to leave any branch they may belong to, and as long as they are financial in their branch they can be members of this branch, and have their say except in financial matters. A meeting will be held in the Mill at lunch hour on Monday, January 16th, to elect the officers.

“Ahoy”:—On one of my ships the Master-at-Arms sent round the messes to enquire what time the men would like the band to play on Saturdays—quarters-clean-guns, 5-6, 7-8, etc. One mess replied that they’d like the band not to play at all till it had had six months’ practice.

More Howlers.

“Wings”.—Here are a few extracts from letters said to have been sent to headquarters by soldiers’ wives:—

One lady wrote bitterly complaining that she had

“Not received no pay since my husband was confined to a constipation camp in Germany.”

Our sympathy goes out to both the husband and the wife.

The young wife who complained that she had

“Not received no reply since my husband went nowhere”

will elicit general sympathy.

Government Departments are always being invited to hurry up, but the lady who invited Whitehall to

“Please get some push and get on as it is now three months and whiskers on”

had at least the merit of original expression.

A certain degree of irritation at times creeps into these letters, as evidenced in the following:

“Dear Sir.—I am unable to address you by your name. Your signature looks like Barny, which by your letter I should think it most appropriate.”

Nasty, to say the least of it.

But one of the gems of the collection—funny to us, but covering who knows what unhappiness—is:

“If I didn’t get my husband’s money soon, I shall be compelled to go out and lead an immortal life.”
“Violets”:—I’ll throw my hat into the ring and say that Federation is the worst thing that ever happened to West Australia. This is a baby State among grown-ups, and with the best of intentions perhaps, the East does not understand us. We need freedom from Federation—the freedom that will empower us to stop the fat manufacturer in Sydney and Melbourne dumping his wares into Westralia and thus strangling our local industries. We would be much better off as a separate unit in the British Commonwealth, when perhaps the W.A. Industries League would have a chance.

“O.T.”:—During the recent Xmas season, a small Perth firm had cards printed, bearing the words: “Agent and Coy. send hearty wishes for the Xmas season. They thank you for past favours, and trust to receive a continuance of same during the coming year.” One card was sent to their bank manager—!

“J.D.”:—In the movie picture, “Know Thy Child,” a law is passed whereby the birth of a child constitutes a common law marriage. If the father of the child is already married, he is liable to prosecution for bigamy! This suggests a delightfully new idea for those Aussie politicians who are always looking for some freak legislation, on which they can make a name for themselves. Whether the name they get is a savoury one or not, doesn’t matter.

“B.O.B.”:—One evening a Customs official on duty at the wharves was approached by a Chinaman who said that the next night he intended bringing out some opium. A bribe was offered if the official would let him pass. The next night as he came along the wharf the officer stopped him. He was thoroughly searched in vain. “I thought you were bringing out opium tonight?” snapped the official angrily. “No,” grinned the Chow, “I fetch opium las’ night!”—“Smith’s Weekly.”

“Violets” preaches a policy which won’t be popular:—The “Listening Post” article on the subject of Soldier Settlement suggests the digger settlers have involved themselves in an average debt of £1,000, and the Premier seems to be proud of it. The white races are involving themselves in too much debt, and are retarding their progress thereby. The reason for our unemployed is because the clearing and opening up of land, building roads and railways is a stupendous burden. Other countries have developed and become prosperous because they have utilized cheap labour, and why shouldn’t we do the same in this glorious bit of the world, Australia? Say, for instance, that we indentured a few thousand niggers (men and women, but all laborers) for twelve months, and put them to work on clearing heavily timbered country, building roads and railways, preparing an irrigation system, etc., etc. Incidentally, our unemployed would be found jobs in supervising them. The concerted work of this army of niggers would be immense. Enough land would be cleared and drained, dams sunk and roads made to settle thousands of settlers on “ready-made farms,” from which results could be expected right away, and our production would be tremendously increased. Contrast this picture with the present position of settlers, who have to graft for ten to twelve years against great odds before any return can be expected. The cost of holdings would also be much less than £1,000. Then new business avenues would be opened, factories would be started and employment provided for thousands of citizens. After twelve months, the niggers could be sent back and (if deemed necessary) a fresh lot brought. We might even retain a number here to open up sugar, tea, cotton, and tobacco plantations in the North. Evidently this work cannot be done by whites, or at least it has not been done. Of course, it would be necessary to religiously keep the niggers in their places, and white men will have to remember not to bring themselves down to the black-man’s level. All these difficulties, however, could be thought out and guarded against by
**OUR FIRST ISSUE.**

The fine reception accorded to our first issue has been a source of great gratification to all those responsible for the venture. Letters by the dozens have arrived, assuring us that we have struck the right note, and sending sincere felicitations. Country comrades on holiday in Perth have dropped in to congratulate us, while friends have given the writer a hearty (and sometimes over-vigorous) slap on the back.

To all well-wishers we tender our grateful thanks. The task of compiling a first issue is always a difficult one, but now that we can rely on contributions from so many friends, our job should be considerably lightened in the future.

To attempt an individual reply to each good wish expressed would need the services of a large staff, and much as we would like to do so, such a course is impossible. We, therefore, trust that all friends will accept this intimation of our grateful thanks.

Obviously, if the “L.P.” is to be a truly representative Digger paper, the viewpoint of every shade of opinion must be presented. We, therefore, invite all Diggers to make use of our columns. Short, snappy pars are the goods wanted, and the language used should aim to combine brevity with clarity. Dinkum soldier expressions, provided that they aren’t right over the odds, are going to be popular. There isn’t going to be anything stodgy or conventional about the “Listening Post.” Unfortunately, we aren’t yet in a position to pay for pars, but we don’t think that will deter a reader if he’s got something worth while to say.

Once more, let us stress the fact that we are out to fight for the men who did their bit, and if at any time we are wanting in our duty, our readers won’t need any invitation to rub it in to us.

**THE EDITOR.**

**TO SUB-BRANCH SECRETARIES.**

We desire to express our grateful thanks to sub-branch secretaries for sending nominal notes of their financial members, thus ensuring that everyone on their books will regularly receive a copy of the “Listening Post.” We trust that these lists will be kept up to date, and that we shall be notified of changes in addresses, new members, etc. We are still waiting for a few lists, and we hope that those secretaries who haven’t already done so will send their list along.

**EDITORIAL NOTE.**

As advertisements are the life and blood of this Journal and as advertisers will only continue their advertisements upon being satisfied that they are getting value for their money, returned soldiers are requested to extend their patronage to those firms using the pages of this paper for publicity purposes.

“Moo-Coo” pats the Listening Post on the back:—Your article on the Russian famine was quite in order. I don’t see why we should be expected to work like Hades, pay taxes on our wages, and then have some of those taxes sent to help Russia. In a certain area in the land of Lenin and Co., the crop has failed. Well, the crop has sometimes failed in West Australia, but I don’t remember that the rest of the world rushed to the rescue with millions of money. The funny part of this Russian business is that a certain “Professor” Goode recently stumped the country stressing the prosperity that exists under the Soviet rule. At the same time a Miss Thorpe was here, collecting money for Russian sufferers. Which of these two are we to believe? Again you are on the right track when you point to the danger of sending money out of the country. Australia is saddled with such huge debts that every penny of real money in the Commonwealth is debt, and is owed twice or thrice over. Therefore every penny that is given with complacency and self-satisfaction to Russia is the proceeds of robbery, and is acquired by trading in the blood and bone and flesh of our children, for they are the ones who will have to foot the bill and pay the debts. Let Aussie pay its way, live within its means, export as much as it imports, and stop borrowing in order to contribute to charity—and then we may be truly able to get the part as a philanthropic people.

* * *

“Hanno”:-In the medical records of the A.I.F. there is only one case of a man having been discharged by a medical board for “fear,” open and undisguised, although several were sent for secondary causes induced by blue funk in action, such as neurasthenia or “nervous collapse.” The Billington question was one of the reinforcements, and the mere thought of going into action used to make him violently ill. Eventually it was decided to board him, and whoever was in charge of the proceedings, being a stickler for accuracy, had his complaint put down as “fear,” with the result that he appears under that heading in the official records. Strangely enough right up till his arrival in France there was no hint of the man’s affection, which did not develop until he was actually in the line. In any other army he would have stood a good chance of being shot, and it speaks volumes for the A.I.F. medical heads that they resisted the introduction of the death-penalty in the way they did, their objection being founded on just such cases as this one.—“Bulletin.”
R.S.D. AERATED WATER FACTORY
(Late A.I.F.)
MANUFACTURERS of HIGH-CLASS AERATED WATERS
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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

C. E. Buchan (Beverley)—Thanks for addresses. Don't agree that you are justified in meeting so irregularly.
M. Sargent (Pinjelli)—Thanks.
Jas. Pollard (Calingiri)—Thanks also.
P. H. Gannaway (Bornholm)—P.O. to hand. Expect you to do more than merely take the paper. Why not write a few lines for publication?

W. L. Shilling (Meekatharra)—Yes, there is ample room for the L.P. to grow, but we want copy, and trust to get some from you. Thanks for list and good wishes.

P.G.R. (Yarloop)—Thanks for contributions. We have made use of your thoughtful criticism. The Listening Post will be sent each month free of charge to all financial members of the R.S.L.

P.R. (Boyup Brook)—Thanks for good wishes. Expect regular reports in the future.

P.R. (Katanning)—Good wishes appreciated. Sorry your contribution useless. Does P.R. mean pretty rotten?
G. F. Hall (Torbay)—Congrats appreciated. Thanks for membership list.

G. V Cross (Kelmscott)—L.P. is published 20th of month, consequently your announcement N.G. Thanks for good wishes and promise of help. Let's have some personal para.

Eric V. Anderson (Wilga)—Although the L.P. is posted free of charge to all financial R.S.L.-ites, a contribution is always welcome, many thanks. Rely on us to keep pegging away to have that interest capitalised.

J. McCabe (North Fremantle)—Many thanks for highly gratifying congrats.

and good wishes from Nth. Fremantle comrades. Awaiting contributions from President Welshman.

F. S. Lucas (Badgebup)—Thanks for cheery letter and P.O. This journal is posted free to financial R.S.L.-ites, but your contribution is most welcome as it's going to be a bit of a struggle for a time to make income and expenditure meet. Thanks.

E. W. Aldum (Williams)—Thanks for list and promise for future assistance.

E. B. Smallpage (Claremont)—It does our hearts good to get letters like yours.

E. K. Greville (Collie)—Yes, the standard of the L.P. will be maintained alright, or we'll bust in the attempt. Thanks for good wishes and contributions.

Fred Knapp (Boyup)—Your report O.K. Thanks.


W.R. (Kalgoorlie)—Thanks. Your contribution very welcome.

C. Ward (Denmark)—Many thanks for your practical support in sending contributions. If every letter we opened had as much news as yours, we'd be doing famously.

W. J. Kingston (Denmark)—"In reply please quote No. 7." No. 7 hereby quoted. Thanks for good wishes and offer of help.

J. H. Keirle (Corrigin)—If brevity is the soul of wit, your letter should have made us bust with laughter. Thanks.

G. Ferguson (Mt. Lawley)—Good wishes from Mt. Lawley pals appreciated, as also is your personal touch. Thanks very much.

Jas. O. Brown (Trayning)—Your letter and list much appreciated. What about a paragraph?

E. J. Badham (Bunbury)—Thanks for list.

Frank Le Gras (Bencubbin)—Enquiry answered last month. Pars will be received up to 10th of month. Many thanks for good wishes.

W.M.—Only firms of repute are approved for advertisements in this journal.

"B.B."—The transfer of the work of building War Service Homes from the Commonwealth to the State is causing a deal of hardship to ex-officers of the War Service Homes Commission. Many of these men, all returned soldiers, are out of work. Before the change-over was mooted, it was considered that the positions were permanent, and many men married, others contemplated matrimony and undertook responsibilities which they would have been reluctant to take had they thought that their jobs were so insecure. The whole position is most unsatisfactory, and it reflects little credit on the Commonwealth authorities.

This paper is written and printed entirely by Returned Soldiers at their printing works, 70 King Street, Perth. Send your orders for printing to that address.

"Seede" writes verse on a highly controversial subject, but promises not to repeat the offence:

A kiss on the brow is chaste,
A kiss on the hand is fashion,
A kiss on the cheek is waste,
A kiss on the lips is—held by some eminent bacteriologists to be unsanitary.
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Country Clients specially catered for. (Goods carefully packed and put on rail free.)

*Note Address: CITY MARKETS, PERTH*

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**TOMMIES’ TROUBLES.**

Despite the digger’s grumbles and the lot of the ex-A.I.F.-ite isn’t too bad when compared to the plight of the ex-B.E.F.-ite. Things in the old country might be very much better. Lloyd George and his talented Cabinet of has-beens and never-wassers, has been very busy arguing the toss with Fritz, yapping about disarmament, and pulling faces in the hopes of frightening the Hindoos. As a result they have clean forgotten to find work for those men who, in the fateful war days, flung their jobs and their hats into the air and went forth to fight. Hundreds of thousands of these heroic ex-soldiers are walking the streets, looking for the work that isn’t there. Cabinet’s brilliant scheme for the solution of this serious unemployment problem has been to distribute small doles to the workless. The man who devised so ridiculous and superficial a “solution” should get his head read forthwith. If British statesmen can’t think of anything better for the relief of men who ask, not for charity, but for work, then statesmanship is indeed bankrupt in ideas.

Readers who possess the time, inclination, and patience to scan the daily papers will remember the descriptions of the armistice celebrations in London. Throughout the city, a two minutes’ silence was observed, in reverence to the memory of the glorious dead. There was also a long procession of people, who filed in respectful silence before the cenotaph.

Apparently there were other happenings, about which, however, the cables were eloquently silent. English papers to hand, however, disclose the fact that there was another side to the celebrations. There is a story told by the London “Evening News”:-

“The most impressive demonstration of unemployed yet seen in London marched to-day, 10,000 strong, from the Embankment to Hyde Park, via the Cenotaph. Several drum and fife bands accompanied them. Women and children were conveyed in horse-drawn wagons. Many of the marchers wore poppies, and a great number of the women carried flowers, which they later laid at the Cenotaph.

“An inscription on a wreath of one unemployed organisation said: To the victims of capitalism who gave their lives for rent, interest, and profit, from the survivors of the peace who are suffering worse than death for the same unholy Trinity.

“On another was written: ‘You died in vain; but never again; for rent, interest, and profit.’

“A police-inspector stripped off one of the inscriptions and threw it to the ground. The procession conducted itself most reverently as the Cenotaph was passed; not one man had his head covered. Many of the ex-soldiers saluted. One gaunt young man was wearing instead of his medals the pawn-ticket for them.”

Another evening paper states that a large proportion of these 10,000 “down-and-out heroes” wore on their left breasts the pawn tickets for the medals that they had risked their lives for, and suffered so much to win. The day after the above demonstration another procession of unemployed ex-soldiers filed past the Cenotaph, and laid on the steps thereof a wreath bearing the only-too-true inscription:

**TO THOSE WHO DIED, AND WILL NEVER BE FORGOTTEN.**

From those who lived, and are already forgotten.

The “Evening News” also has a paragraph re the Liverpool celebrations. When the Silence began in that city some hundreds of ex-service men greeted it with a torrent of catcalls, and then began to march the streets crying out:

“Anyone want to buy War Medals?

“We want food, not Silence.”

Truly they sought to make the world safe for democracy!

“A.R.J. wants to know if there’s any reason for keeping secret the names of our staff. There’s not the slightest reason. M. E. Zeffert acts as editor of the “Listening Post,” and E. Stanley Watt is honorary sub-editor.

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