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Official Organ of the R.S.L.
FEBRUARY 17, 1922

SOLDIERS’ INSTITUTE :: :: PERTH

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WHEN DEALING WITH OUR ADVERTISERS PLEASE SAY “I SAW YOUR ADVT. IN THE LISTENING POST.”
I must confess we had a terrible job to get our leave. When at last the O.C. was convinced that we were entitled to it he allowed us a week and we decided to go to Rome.

So, Bill and I packed our little kit bags with necessary gear, said good-by to our pilots (we were aerial observers), rode to the station and jumped into a first class carriage. As a matter of fact we were only entitled to travel second class, but as the Italian ticket collector could not read English we simply showed him our "movement order," which he made a pretence of examining, nodded his head wisely and passed on.

I shall never forget that train journey. It was the height of summer, and though we were khaki drill, we felt as if we were being slowly roasted. However, when night came it got decidedly cooler. The morning found us only 100 miles from Rome, which distance we covered in four hours. When still 20 miles away, I had my first glimpse of our destination. Stretched out before us was the Eternal City, built on seven hills, its domes and towers flashing in the summer sun. We arrived at the station about 12 a.m.

After interviewing the Railway Transport Officer and the Assistant Provost Marshal, we were free—free for seven whole days. "Let us forget all about the war," Bill said, and I heartily agreed. So we set out to find a respectable hotel, in the meantime being deluged with offers of postcard ornaments, etc. from street hawkers. Our "cabbby" recommended the Hotel Alexandria, so to the Hotel Alexandria we accordingly proceeded. The proprietor seemed very pleased to meet us; his face was wreathed in smiles, his hands rubbing each other in a "What can I do for you to-day" sort of style. He spoke excellent English, and we settled with him for the charge of 13 lira (6½d) per day (this included only two meals, there being no breakfast in Italy.)

On our first night we went to the "Teatro Eliseo," where we witnessed a very enjoyable musical comedy. 1 a.m. found us in bed discussing our first impressions of the city. "A jolly fine show," Bill said. "Some rare girls, too," he added enthusiastically, with which statement I heartily agreed.

The next morning we were awakened by the maid knocking at the door, endeavouring to tell us that our baths were ready. I succeeded in understanding her with the aid of a dictionary, so I dragged Bill out of bed—such a nice bed—soft and springy, with snowy white linens, such as we had not seen for over a year.

Eleven a.m. found us wandering around the Coliseum, guided by a most enthusiastic gentleman of Italian birth, but of English descent. He went to great pains to impress upon us the historical associations of the Coliseum, since the time it was built. By 1 o'clock Bill was yawning horribly, so I reminded Mr. — that lunch was at the hotel at 1 o'clock. "Goodness gracious me," he exclaimed, pulling out a huge watch, "I quite forgot all about lunch!"

In the afternoon our guide took us out to the famous Catacombs. We only explored one, which was quite enough. The damp and gloom of this ancient huge burial place did not agree with us at all, and I was glad when once more we stood under a cloudless blue sky, such as one witnesses only in Italy. A silvery airship was gliding above the city, the faint hum of its motors barely perceptible to the ear. The sight of this fairy-looking object, conjuring up as it did modern ideas, seemed in strange contrast with the ancient associations of the country.

An electric car whizzed by on the Via Appia, the old Roman road to Brindisi. 2,000 years ago, chariots of war whirled along that same road. The dome of St. Peter's loomed through the summer haze, as it has done for centuries past. One can see this huge landmark any point ten miles from Rome.

The evening found us at the Teatro Nazionale, where we witnessed Grand Operas, "La Bohème," and on a following evening, "La Traviata." I was much impressed with the superb music and singing. During succeeding days we visited St. Peter's and the Vatican. The size of the great structure left me speechless. Our guide was in his element, explaining that so many bishops, popes, cardinals, etc., had contributed towards the planning and laying out of the church, and that many thousands of workmen were employed for periods running into centuries.

He cares to climb up to the dome of St. Peter's, on a distance well rewarded by the excellent view.

At our feet lay the Eternal City. "I can quite understand," Bill said slowly, "that Rome was not built in a day." One could follow the slow muddy Tiber winding its way in and out among this beautiful panorama, until it was lost to view among the distant hills. The King's Palace could be easily distinguished because of its dazzling whiteness, clearly outlined against the sombre grey of the city.

After we had taken a few "snaps" we descended in the elevator, down, down, until we were 600 feet from the top of the dome and once more in the church. As Bill and I still had three days we devoted to driving round in cabs and lounging in cafes sipping coffee or ice-cream according to our tastes, and idly watching the beautiful Roman girls passing to and fro.

We were invited out to tea once or twice by English ladies resident in Rome, and needless to say, what with the typically English afternoon tea and cake and homely atmosphere, we enjoyed ourselves immensely. In the evenings we went out to the theatres as usual, our last visits being paid to the Teatro Nazionale and Teatro Constanza, at which place we witnessed a delightful musical comedy.

At last the inevitable day appeared when we had to go back. We settled our hotel bill, hired a cab, and drove to the station along the brilliantly lit thoroughfares thronged with gay theatre-goers. Twenty-four hours ago we were among that gay crowd and . . . well, our feelings were too deep for words. We found our train with some difficulty. Bill and I sat in our seats and exchanged few words, as may be imagined. We mechanically watched a gang of Austrian prisoners marching through the station, followed by a company of American blue-jackets.

The morning found us at Naples, where we changed trains. We thought we were right for Taranto, but after half an hour's journey from Naples we found that we had to change again, and caught the Taranto train as it was steaming out of the station.

Evening found us in Taranto and at night in Lecce, where we were obliged to stay the night as our train went no further. We slept in a dirty hotel near the station. Of course, we were swindled by the proprietress. It was no use trying to drive bargains at 1 a.m., so we had to accept her terms. Morning found us once more in the train and mid-day at the aerodrome, eight hours "adrift." Just as I had finished my lunch I was detailed off for the afternoon four-hour patrol, and soon memories of Rome faded away altogether as I examined my Lewis gun.

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FEBRUARY 17, 1929.

PHONE A4394

THE LISTENING POST.

PAGE THREE

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Geelong Woollen Mills, Ltd.

A Wonderful Digger Enterprise.

From Mr. E. J. Fairnie, Secretary of the Geelong R.S. & S. Woollen and Worsted Co-operative Manufacturing Coy., Ltd., we have received an invitation for the ceremony of laying the foundation stone of the mill. The ceremony will be performed on February 15th by the Prime Minister, and under the stone a casket will be placed containing one copy of the Returned Soldier newspaper of each State. A copy of ‘The Listening Post’ will be therefore placed in the casket.

The objects of this digger undertaking are most ambitious. The capital subscribed up to January 16th was £60,000. A further £30,000 will be loaned by the Federal Government for 10 years at 6 per cent. All the necessary machinery has been purchased in England, and it is now on the water. The building will be completed in June, and it is anticipated that the mill will be turning out material in August or September next.

As the name implies, the company is a co-operative one, and directors, shareholders and employees will all very naturally do their utmost to further the interests of the company.

The share capital is not yet fully subscribed, and returned soldiers requiring information on the matter should communicate with the secretary, or we shall be glad to forward any letters to the right quarter.

The Geelong woollen mills are a wonderful example of diggers’ enterprise, and we sincerely wish our Eastern comrades every success in their venture. It is unfortunate that a similar scheme mooted in W.A. has fallen through, due principally to the apathy of West Australian diggers, but, with the splendid example of the Geelong men before us, perhaps even now it is not too late to have a co-operative woollen mills in W.A.

THE LISTENING POST.

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.

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C. H. CURLEWIS, Manager

Private Bill Bullock was fishing in one of the roadside streams near Sutton Veny, England. He had secured a fair haul, when he was confronted by a bailiff. “You can’t be fishin’ ‘ere, Aussie. Them’s the Markis o’ Bath’s waters and the Markis’s fist,” affirmed the bailiff. Bill picked up a three-pounder from the bank, examined it carefully, and then handed it over with the query, “If that’s the Markis o’ Bath’s fish, where’s his brand?”—J. Knibb.
"Q.T.": I've asked the question before, but have never found an answer. If an officer is a gentleman, and a private a man, what is an N.C.O.?

"Smith's Weekly" states that Teddy Woodbine is somewhat "suspicious." The paper then proceeds to explain the Prince's respect for black cats. Obviously "superstitions" was the word intended, and as Smith's is always slinging off at printers' errors it should mind its own P.'s and Q.'s. People who live in the Crystal Palace shouldn't practice bomb-throwing!

On Monday, January 23rd, a squadron of motor cars conveyed the inmates and staff of the Fremantle Base to the Repat. wing of the Perth Public Hospital. Since the early days of the war, the Base has been the temporary home of thousands of war-shattered diggers, but the number of patients transferred to Perth the other day was 24. A very sad note in the removal was the death of Pte. Edward Arthur Foster, which occurred some hours after his arrival in Perth. It was well known that young Foster's case was hopeless, but his death cast a gloom over the rest of the little party.

Mrs. (Dr.) Scott-Skirving, of Sydney, follows a rule capable of extensive emulation. If there is a job going as chauffeur or gardener, or what not, under no circumstances will she give it to anyone but a digger. Similarly in regard to household necessities—she will only buy from digger-owned shops.

Pity there aren't a few Mrs. Scott-Skirvings in the West.

"Sarg": For sheer cheek, ignorance, and selfishness, a crowd of would-be sports at Corrigin take some beating. After being averse to the limelight during 1914-18, they now seek notoriety by opposing the building of an Anzac Memorial Hall in the district. Despite their pettifoggng opposition, the R.S.L. and Memorial Hall committee are quietly working in harmony in furtherance of their grand object, and a Memorial Hall should be an accomplished fact before very long.

"O.T.":—Excuse my being inquisitive, but enlighten me as to why the sittings of the War Service Homes Adjustment Board are being held in camera. The proceedings are in secret, and not a breath of what happens within the sacred portals are whispered outside. Why the star chamber cum secret society system? Have the heads got something awful to hide?

"Ahoy"—Evidently, Westralia isn't the only place with crony lunacy laws. In the enlightened Yewunited States, a committee of ex-service men has solemnly decided that certain mentally defective ex-soldiers are victims of "gross neglect, callous indifference, deliberate profiteering, and inadequate treatment." Charges like these are enough to make the responsible heads seek the exclusion of their own mental asylums.

"Jay"—Not generally known that the Industrial Conference between employers, employees, and consumers, was first suggested by Federal President Dyett. Billy Hughes evidently realised the soundness of the suggestion, for he lost no time in convoking the Conference. Shown is that a man need not be full of ideas to be successful so long as he can pick out and act on the ideas of other people. Billie Hughes possesses a sound judgment in deciding when a suggestion is worth while, and this is probably the secret of the little Welshman's success.

E. K. Greville: I had occasion to write a Perth firm this evening, and I mentioned that I had looked for, but couldn't find, their advert. in "The Listening Post." I pointed out that an ad. would bring them under the notice of all sub-branch secretaries and R.S.L.-ites. Now, if all sub-branch secretaries adopted this practice, I recognise it would soon have effect, and it will make the League's official organ a financially sound proposition. Needless to say, I intend to continue this stunt whenever I have occasion to write any firm that doesn't advertise in "The Listening Post." I suggest also that you start a page for country ads., and endeavour to get the principal traders on the goldfields and country towns to make use of same.

"Sarg": Corrigin is doing its bit in making ex-Imperial settlers feel at home. The sub-branch has been active of late in urging better conditions for "Imperials" settling on the land. Corrigin district seems to have attracted quite a number of newcomers, and they are all eager to knock down to work. We shall be very glad to help these men in every way possible. Corrigin Branch has also donated about £20 to local needy cases, in addition to helping to raise £150 towards a library and reading room memorial.

R. Woodhead, Croweteers' State Sec., wishes to invite Westralian diggers passing through or on holiday in the city of churches, to pop in to the Adelaide Returned Soldiers' Club. Situated in Austril Gardens, North Terrace, the club boasts of spacious lawns and shady trees, the environs being most picturesque. A hot lunch is provided for a modest bob, while for threepence more a first-class dinner can be obtained. In addition, there is to be found "the best billiard hall in the State," reading and writ-
ing rooms, writing materials, and two pianos. The use of all these is gladly placed at the disposal of visitors.

"Jay": The adult male section of the Moreton Bay immigrants taken to Queensland do not wish to settle on the land. They are town-bred, and state their determination to find work in the cities. This, when there are 1,312 registered unemployed (including 574 ex-soldiers) in Brisbane alone. If the Commonwealth Immigration Department can only send out town-birds who refuse to leave our overcrowded cities, and who compete with workless diggers, then it's high time that the whole mob of officials were awarded the royal order of the boot.

"W.R.S.": I notice that J. R. Butler has been on propaganda work down the South-West. I hope that the R.S.L. will depart somewhat from the views of every damfool Government of the last 20 years, and recognise that some of the State's citizens live in other places besides the South-West. I expect it is too much to hope to see Butler up this way-Lyndon, Carnarvon-(heartily as I am sure he would be welcomed), owing to the time and expense involved, but now that "The Listening Post" has been established, it's up to the State Executive to get in touch through your columns with the ex-soldiers among the Nor'-West "Outlanders." There are scores of returned men through the North and North-West who never hear of R.S.L. affairs, and who would readily become R.S.L.-ites and R.S.L. subscribers. Personally, they won't have much to gain, but once they are shown that by joining the League it will be helpful to old comrades and their dependants, they'll be the very first to dip their hands into their pockets. Of course, I'm speaking of inland men; the appalling apathy of returned men in comfortable permanent billets in the coast towns is disgraceful. Carnarvon and Onslow should both have flourishing branches, but if such branches are in existence we never hear of them.

R.A.K.: The boast of the Bencubine Branch (L.P., December) that they have two members 75 miles away, leads me to butt into the argument. When a meeting was convened in Marble Bar to decide on forming a sub-branch, a dozen digs dropped in to discuss pros and cons. 50 per cent. of them had driven over 75 miles to attend. The result of that meeting was the formation of Pilbara Sub-Branch, with H.Q. at Port Hedland. There are 60 members, and not more than 25 of them live inside a radius of 75 miles. I myself am 112 miles from the meeting place, while the registered address of one member is 213 miles from H.Q. Why, at our two annual balls over 50 per cent. of the ladies and gentlemen travelled from 50 to 120 miles to attend. Can any sub-branch put this record in the shade?

It's better to be born lucky than rich. An Eastern States journal tells the story of one E. N. Rowley, solicitor, of Sydney. He entered into a contract to purchase a certain property for £1,800, and before completing the purchase he sold the self-same property to the War Service Homes Commission for £3,100. The value placed on the property by the original vendor was £1,800. If he was right, it means that £1,290 of digger money has been squandered. The present valuation on the Bankstown Council's books assesses the property as being worth £2,900 to-day. If that is right, £900 of digger money has gone West for the purchase money will, of course, he paid by the diggers. When one hears of such instances as this, it's no wonder there is so little money left to proceed with war service homes.

"Camelot": I have known diggers who were literally peppered with scharnel pellets and who escaped the grim reaper, but I doubt if any "L.P." reader knows of a case where a man has beaten this record of ex-Private M—11th Bn., for gunshot wounds: 3 G.S.W. left leg, right leg amputated at thigh, 1 G.S.W. left shoulder (shoulder joint completely disorganised), 1 G.S.W. left arm, 1 G.S.W. left hand (disabled), 1 G.S.W. right hand (disabled). M—was married a few weeks ago, and his breezy cheerfulness is contagious.

"Y.": There's no doubt about it, the reason for the big drop in R.S.L. membership is because the average working digger can't plunk down 10s. in one lump, or even 5s., and he's too proud to say so. Now, he wouldn't miss a bob a month, and probably he would prefer to pay 12s. a year by instalments, the extra couple of bob being to cover the extra cost of collection. The Railway Workshoys men have struck the right note in this direction, and their example deserves emulation for the benefit of all diggers in receipt of weekly or fortnightly pay.

"G.W.W.": I certainly agree that the presentation of a certificate to sub-branch Presidents is a good move. But what about the Hon. Secs? The time and work devoted by Hon. Secs. is surely deserving of recognition. Think of the fact that he has to attend all meetings, write correspondence and minutes, listen to and rectify complaints, and generally do the skivvie's work. In fact, the Sec. has no sooner done the work arising from one meeting than he must pick up his books and trot along to the next one. The Hon. Sec. also has to be a walking encyclopedia on all R.S.L., Repat, and pension tangles. Surely a Secretary's Certificate is only a fair thing?

"J.O.": Generally speaking, I'm not in love with the methods adopted by certain districts to raise money for Fallen Soldiers' Memorials. It seems like sacrilege to run "carnivals" for so sacred a purpose. Took a trip to the Nedlands Carnival, which was run to raise the necessary funds to erect a clock tower in memory of Subiaco's dead soldiers. The shouting of the showmen, the grinding wheels, the flappers, male and female, juggling to the discordant strains of Yankee rag-time music, all jarring when I remembered that this sort of thing should be necessary in order to commemorate our glorious comrades. I'm no wowser, but I took the first tram back to town.

"Jay": One of the most peculiar cases in the history of the Repat. must be the experiences of Pte. Donald Miller, of N.S.W. On enquiry at the Pensions Department as to the reason why his pension had been stopped, he was informed that Donald Miller was dead! It appears that a man threw himself into Sydney Harbour, and the razor he left behind had been identified as belonging to Donald Miller. The body has never been recovered, and evidently the Repat. was satisfied that Miller was the suicide. When he tried to show that he was very much alive, he was locked upon as a preences. It took Miller four years to prove his identity and to get his pension resumed.

Send your orders for printing to the office of "The Listening Post," 70 King Street, Perth.

WHEN DEALING WITH OUR ADVERTISERS PLEASE SAY "I SAW YOUR ADVT. IN THE LISTENING POST."
TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Acting on the advice of our publishers, we have decided to issue this journal in future on the third Friday in each month. Will friends kindly note that, in order to ensure insertion in the current issue, MSS. must arrive not later than the second Friday in the month, so that the printer will have a week in which to turn out the journal. We intend to maintain the high standard of printing set in "THE LISTENING POST," and with that aim in view, our printers must be given good time to produce the journal at its usual standard of excellence. "THE LISTENING POST" is a credit to the digger firm responsible for printing it, and every member of the staff is determined that it shall continue so. Will readers therefore bear in mind that copy arriving after the second Friday must be held over?

* * *

A.I.F.—AM I FORGOTTEN?

An Eastern journal has preached a sermon in one line. The letters A.I.F., symbolic of gallantry, self-sacrifice, and valour, are given a new signification. The journal enquires if the letters signify: Am I Forgotten?

The question should be put to every ex-soldier outside the ranks of the R.S.L. It is for them to explain what they personally have done to prevent the deeds of the A.I.F. being overlooked by a fickle and short-remembered public.

During the fateful war days, speakers versed in the art of coining phrases that tickled the ears of hearers said that the deeds of the A.I.F. were "imperishable." Yet the issues of "Smith's Weekly" recount cases by the dozen of callous ill-treatment of Australian ex-soldiers. Men shattered in health have been denied a farthing pension. The principle of preference to the war-worn diggers has been trampled under foot. And "The Listening Post" has already recorded many cases wherein the sacrifices of ex-soldiers have been forgotten.

Collective effort is the key to keeping the diggers' just claims before the public. There are thousands of ex-A.I.F. men who shamelessly remain outside the ranks of the R.S.L. These men must be clearly shown that their criminal apathy can have but one result—the A.I.F. will, in time, be forgotten.

The men whose deeds are "imperishable" must join the ranks of those who battle to make them so. Only by the existence of a strong, influential, and united organisation of returned men will the letters A.I.F. retain their glorious and inspiring significance.

Let all battle to show that no justification exists for suggesting A.I.F. to mean: Am I Forgotten?

* * *

THE PENSIONS AMENDING BILL.

Self-respecting folk don’t try the confidence trick. Neither do self-respecting Governments, yet it is the confidence trick that the Hughes Administration is playing on returned soldiers.

Hughes is never tired of assuring dig-

ger voters that he is their friend. As a friend he has been invited to remove certain anomalies in the Pensions Act—anomalies that have caused much misery and hardship. Pressed by public opinion he has introduced a Pensions Amending Bill. The bill is a farce. All it does is to pass the responsibility on to the pensions authorities. It is an invitation to cease harassing the Government and press the pensions gang.

A Government that will descend to such thimble-rigging stunts as this is a poor old friend of ours. If this is the extent of Billie’s friendship and friendliness for diggers, then it's a case of confidence trick pure and simple.

* * *

CAPITALISE THAT INTEREST!

Sir J. Mitchell, of Westralia, was the only State Premier to present, at the Melbourne Conference, a practical and detailed scheme of Immigration Land Settlement. His proposals received the cordial approval of Mr. Hughes, and from the details of the scheme there is little doubt that those overseas kinsmen who settle in Westralia will be given every opportunity to make good.

Both State and Commonwealth will co-operate under the scheme. The part which the Federal authorities will play will be in the realm of finance. Upon them will fall the duty of raising the money necessary for the work. In addition, they will bear half the interest charges for the first five years.

This acceptance of liability on the part of the Commonwealth for half the interest charges for five years will be a real relief to the State during the unremunerative period, when the farms to be developed are in the making. An aggregate sum of six million pounds, spread over three years, is to be devoted for land settlement in W.A. Mr. Hughes has stipulated that farms must be made for £750—or, rather, brought up to the producing stage for this sum.

Both the Prime Minister and the State Premier agree that, for the first five years, the settlers will be unable to pay interest on the capital charges incurred in placing them upon the land. No interest will be demanded of any of them till their farms will have reached the stage of production. To this point the interest charges will be capitalised, and added to the principal sum.

Now to anyone studying these details, it comes as somewhat peculiar
that, although conceding that new settlers cannot possibly pay interest until the farm is actually producing, a similar admission has not been made in respect to digger agriculturists settled by the Repat. This paper is constantly receiving letters pointing out the impossibility of paying interest for at least five years, when the digger, by his energy and enthusiasm, will have arrived at the stage of production.

Both the Commonwealth and State Governments have practically admitted the justification for these complaints, for they have decided not to impose a similar condition on new settlers from the old country. Why, then, has not the concession been extended to diggers? Is it right or sensible that there should be one law for the British settler and one law for the digger agriculturist?

The anomaly is so obvious that it should not be necessary for us to urge the S.S.S. to action. The prosperity of these diggers battling on the land will reflect in the prosperity of the State and Commonwealth. Every chance should be given them to make good. At least they shouldn't be more harshly treated than new settlers. If the new settlers aren't expected to pay interest for five years, neither then should our own diggers. They've also got guernseys, and they should be playing, too!

**SOFT-SOAP.**

Here's a growl from "C3". In congratulating you on the publication of a digger paper, I must point out one grave fault which should be eliminated, namely, your liberal use of soft-soap. There's too much soft-soap in the R.S.L., and the League is suffering in consequence. If an official of the R.S.L. can't do the job of helping his cobbers without pats on the back, then he's forgotten the lessons learnt in the line. I know dozens of men doing splendid work in the R.S.L., and they don't want any limelight, nor do they seek reward. They are only too glad to do their bit for their cobbers, glad to think that a merciful Providence has spared them to return home, instead of sleepig the long sleep "over there." Congratulations, all the same.

Well, bluntly, we don't think the growl is justified. This paper decided from the jump against "conventional" journalism, and we've been straight out in saying exactly what we think about things. It's certainly news to hear that we've ladled out liberal chunks of soft-soap. We may have expressed appreciation, and we shall certainly continue to bestow praise where we deem it merited, but as for dishing out soft-soap—never.

The other day, the editorial sanctum was invaded by a gentleman in search of gore. He explained that he had been the subject of a par, and that he reckoned we were slinging off at him. When informed that the par was intended to be complimentary, his language was unprintable, even for "The Listening Post." Later on, over the cooling influence of a lemon squash, he admitted that the whole paper was written in a similar don't-care-a-damn-for-anyone strain.

We are now getting that gentleman's opinion of "C3's" charge of "soft-soap." We expect to gain the decision, with costs in our favour.

Last week we nearly saw a vacancy on the State Executive. Ben Davis was at the wheel of his motor-car when he collided with another car. Fortunately, a severe shaking was the only result. Ben is a straight speaker and a general good fellow, and all his friends will congratulate him on his narrow escape.
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WHEN DEALING WITH OUR ADVERTISERS PLEASE SAY "I SAW YOUR ADVT. IN THE LISTENING POST."
that memorials of all kinds should, as far as possible, combine utility with ornamentation. Subiaco’s intention to erect a clock tower (containing no doubt, an imported clock) in memory of fallen comrades, is very nice in its way, but avenues of honour, bearing an inscription post, are a darned sight more sensible. In Derby-road and Waverley-road, Subiaco, there are whole colonies of war service homes. Why these streets should be called “roads” is beyond me; but what I do know is that the inhabitants have to tramp through hundreds of yards of sand to and from their homes. Now, wouldn’t it have been a sensible idea to have built roads, as avenues of honour, in these two streets? The work could have been done with good Australian materials, and good Australian labour, and—but, anyway, what’s the use? None of the heads live in either Derby-road or Waverley-road, so a clock tower it will probably be!

“D.R.”: Victoria certainly appears to be doing its best to give preference to its diggers. The condition of preference is embodied in every contract let for the building of war service homes. Immediately a contract is signed, the State Secretary of the R.S.I. is notified of the name and address of the contractor, the situation of the job, and the estimated time it will take to complete. The R.S.I. Secretary then busies himself in ensuring that all parties to the contract give effect to the Government policy of preference to returned soldiers. I wonder if anything of the sort takes place in W.A.

Glorious Anzacs.

To the Australian citizen, justly proud of the deeds of valour that gave to Australia a History, no date in the calendar is more deserving of solemn commemoration than Anzac Day. With this thought in our mind, we have decided to publish an Anzac Issue during April, and so help to give significance to the great day on which Australia was marked on the map. The issue will contain Anzac features, and correspondents are invited to send special contributions for the Anzac Issue.

Advertise in “The Listening Post.”

Good results follow.
J. C. Clunas: Narrogin Sub-Branch held its annual meeting on 27th ulto. There was a good muster of members, and in his report the President (Mr. J. Causebrook) congratulated the Branch on the success of its efforts during the past year. The main points mentioned were:—(1) Entertainments: The loan of £55, secured to run a skating rink, has already been repaid. The sub-branch is also the happy owner of the forms and chairs, as well as a few pounds profit for the trouble. Skating is now taboo, and the branch, even willing to follow fashion’s decrees, has converted the Empire Hall into a dancing hall. Each Saturday, a popular dance is conducted. A stoush tournament didn’t take on. (2) Annual Reunion: A great social (if not financial) success, which will be repeated. (3) Memorial: Evidently the citizens’ committee and sub-branch aren’t playing/peaks over this matter, but it’s hoped that something will be done to honor our comrades who have made the supreme sacrifice. (4) Finance: The credit balance is £15 18s. 11d., which, taking all things into consideration, isn’t too bad. At the election of officers, J. Causebrook was elected unopposed to the Presidential chair, J. C. Clunas was made Vice-President, Jasper Stone carries on the good work as Secretary, and H. Primrose counts the cash as Treasurer. The Auditors will be M. H. Mowday and J. C. Clunas, Messrs. Williams and Johnson sit on the committee with the Executive. The Entertainment Committee is composed of the President, Vice, Secretary, Treasurer and Messrs. Lawson, Smythe, and Palmer, while the Publicity Department is in the hands of Messrs. Clunas, Williams, and the Secretary. We are hoping that ample notice will be given of the date of the State Secretary’s visit to Narrogin, so that a bumper meeting can be arranged. The newly-formed Diggers’ Concert Party will entertain on March 14th. All returned men handy to Narrogin should paste the date in their hats, and make it a point to be there.

F. T. Knapp: There was a small attendance at monthly meeting of Boyup Brook Branch, due no doubt to busy period of year for soldier settlers.

The proposal that the Sub-Branch donate a bed and equipment to be used at district nurses’ quarters and to afterwards be used as part of Memorial Hospital equipment, was held over for information from the Road Board.

Carried unanimously that arrangements be made for officers of Agricultural Department to give lectures at Boyup on sheep, wool, and fruit industries, as soon as opportunity offers.

Meeting approved of mounting of machine gun war trophy at Boyup Brook Hall by Road Board. (4 M.G.’s were allotted to district in all.)

Information was received from Railway Department that before they would run suggested Sunday excursion train to Bunbury, Sub-Branch would have to guarantee to pay £104 10s. On the strength of this, former idea lapses, but another proposal will be put forward shortly, as local residents promised substantial bookings if idea matured, and Railway ought to take a little risk in the matter.

Future meetings will be held on last Friday in each month.

The Anzac Day Sports Committee held a meeting to draw up a programme for sports, to be followed by a ball in the evening (proceeds in aid of Memorial Hospital Fund).

A whisper has reached this centre that a Bill is being drafted for Parliament’s approval to arrange for the capitalisation of interest for a period of five years on S.S. Scheme properties in reasonably deserving cases. This is what our League has battled for, and there is not the slightest doubt they may take credit for the movement in this direction. Are there any soldier settlers who still doubt that it is their interest and duty to join a body that is doing such excellent work on their behalf? If so, they should consult a phrenologist.

G.A.J.: The annual meeting of the Midland Branch was held on the 9th January, when the President (Mr. C. G. Priddle) presided. There was present a fair attendance of members. The Secretary’s annual report showed a decrease in membership for the year. The statement of receipts and expenditure showed a small credit balance. Before the ordinary business of the meeting was proceeded with, the President (Mr. C. G. Priddle) conveyed to Mr. J. E. Barrett (Treasurer) the deepest and sincerest sympathy of all members in the sudden bereavement of his highly respected brother, the late Mr. R. H. Barrett. The reports and statements were adopted, and thanks recorded to the various officers. The election of officers resulted:—President, C. W. Lane; Vice-Presidents, F. E. Doig and J. Morrison; Hon. Secretary, G. A. Jamieson; Hon. Treasurer, J. E. Barrett; General Committee, P. Thompson, P. Jamieson, B. Davies, W. Magrindle, C. G. Priddle; Social Committee, F. Thompson, Ben Davies, A. R. Davidson; Auditors, A. F. Cherry and P. F. Jamieson.

It was decided that the Executive of the Workshops Sub-Branch be asked to meet representatives from this Branch to discuss matters generally affecting both branches, particularly in regard to the matter of members’ subscriptions and transfers, as well as matters of importance to both parties. The Secretary was directed to write the different firms operating at the sale yards in Midland Junction, asking that a fair share of the work there be allotted to returned soldiers.

A hearty vote of thanks was recorded to the retiring President (Mr. C. G. Priddle) for his untiring services rendered to the Branch during the past two years as President.

Keden. K. Greville, Secretary Collie Sub-Branch: Somewhat disappointing was the attendance of members at the annual meeting on January 22nd. Indeed, the reports of both President and Secretary laid stress on the stagnation of the last few months. However, the tone of the meeting gave hopes of good yet to come, and it won’t be long before Collie Sub-Branch is able to sit up and take a little nourishment. One of the biggest factors that will result in a renewal of interest will be the establishment of a local Soldiers’ Institute. The new executive and committee intend pushing on with this creditable object. Another great need is an amelioration fund. The local Repat. Committee has disbanded, and it’s a big job to assist all returned soldier applicants who appeal to the sub-branch in their need. Something will have to be done in this direction, as our revenue obviously cannot stand the strain of this expenditure.

Members took strong exception to
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the action of the State Executive in
practically compelling sub-branches to
issue miniature badges to financial
members. The sub-branches' share of
the yearly sub. is consequently reduced
to 5s. It is hoped that the executive
will take a broad view of the matter,
and that they will charge sub-branches
no more than sixpence each badge.

Compared with previous years, the
roll of financial members at the end of
1921 was unsatisfactory. The credit
balance at the bank was £21 13s. 6d.—
another odious comparison with previ-
sous figures. However, a band of
stalwarts are still associating them-

sburg, under the work of the sub-branch,

and matters will be brighter before
long. Collie is going to be the strong-
est, numerically, financially, and social-

ly of any sub-branch outside the metro-

politan area. The Institute alone will
make the branch progress by leaps and

bonds.

George Pogson, ex-President, was
not a candidate for re-election. After
years of labour for the R.S.L. he has
decided on a rest from official duties.
However, there is little doubt that he
will yet do a lot of work in furthering
his pet object—the Institute. A. E.
Anderson, ex-senior Vice-President,
was likewise a non-starter. He has

served two useful years in the office,

and pressure of other work has made
him decide on a spell. The remaining
Vice-President, G. Birchall, has just

left the district to open business on
the Great Southern, consequently all
three senior officers are new blood.

The election of officers resulted in B.
S. Williams being voted to the Presi-
dential wool sack. D. Gray and T. G.
Shannon are Vice Presidents. S. Simp-

son is Treasurer, E. K. Greville is
Secretary, and D. J. Coleman and A.
E. Anderson have the job of auditing
the books. The Committee is compos-
ed of Alec Wilson, J. T. Hill, H. Bray,
D. J. Coleman, and C. Johnstone.

In the new President, we have a
man who has proved himself a ster-

ling and energetic worker on behalf of
the R.S.L., both on the goldfields and in
Collie. Much is expected of him dur-
ing the coming year. The new Vice-

Presidents are both old and tried mem-
bers of the sub-branch—in fact, if
memory serves me correctly, D. Gray
has already served a term as Presi-
dent's understudy. The Committee
members are all old and tried men
and the whole team should pull well
together for the good of the sub-
branch and the movement. The usual
hearty vote of thanks to returning
officers terminated a busy and interes-
ting meeting.

"G.A.J.": Midland Sub-Branch has
asked the Executive whether they are
content to allow those agents who
shamefully trafficked in gratuity bonds
to be re-licensed.

"Violeta": Here are a few words
about the Yarloop and district Fallen
Soldiers' Memorial. The Memorial
will be prominently situated on the
Government Reserve, close to the
railway, and, when completed, will be
one of the finest in W.A. The sculp-
turing is in the capable hands of
Signor Porcelli, who is taking great
interest in the work, and I believe he
expects it to be his masterpiece.

A miniature model of the Memorial
in plaster of paris can be obtained by
anyone desiring same for the home.

All being well, the unveiling will take
place on Anzac Day.

"C.E.B.": Beverley Sub-Branch will
shortly arrange a military gymkhana,
the proceeds of which will be equally
divided between the local hospital and
R.M.L. Men's Association. The Sec.
is getting into touch with the Bever-
ley and Dale Race Clubs with a view
to arranging a suitable date.

G. F. Hill: Torbay Sub-Branch had
a reunion on January 28th at Kroukup,
and all ex-soldiers were invited. Pre-
sident Buckeridge opened up the pro-
ceedings with a toast—in fact, toasts
were the chief offering of the evening.

"The Listening Post" was also toast-
ed. Songs, music, and recitations were
filled in the spaces between the toasts. When the time came for an election of
officers, one thirsty member moved that
the old officers should be re-
elected en bloc, but the motion was
negatived. P. W. Buckeridge was
given another term as President, R.
Morley is Vice-President, G. W. Brain-
bridge is Treasurer, P. Gannaway is
Auditor, and G. F. Hill Secretary. A
Social Committee of five was also
elected. The proceedings terminated
when the barrel gave out.
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Roy Inkpen: York sub-branch had an annual meeting on January 18th, when
President H. L. Evans presided over a fair attendance. Auditor R. P. Kenne
y reckoned the books and accounts to be O.K., and he announced that
the branch was in a healthy financial position. A social evening is being
arranged during February, and the function should be a marked success.
The musical items are going to be a special feature, and every returned
man in the district should hop along.
The management of the branch for the coming year will be undertaken by
H. L. Evans (President), A. E. Dovey (Vice-President), Roy Inkpen (Sec. and
Treasurer), Dr. H. W. Ward and E. H. Rice (Trustees), and S. Hardw
ick, E. H. Rice, G. H. Webb, Duncan Black, and Dr. H. W. Ward (Committee).
All diggers in York district are invited to associate themselves with the work of the branch, and they
will be heartily welcomed at the various functions.

Advertise in "The Listening Post" for good results.

THE L A T E S E R G T. M C R A E.

J. McCabe: While walking in his sleep in February, 1920, Sergt. D.
McRaee, M.M., fell over the balcony at Fremantle Artillery Barracks on to
the concrete steps 30 feet below. He broke both his wrists and badly fractured his spine. Under the care of
the doctor and good sisters at the Repat Hospital, he made steady progress, and eventually was able to
propel himself through the streets in an invalid chair. When he expressed
a desire to visit his folk in Scotland, I thought the necessary money would
be raised by subscription, and by a concert. It was aimed to raise £150,
and when this object was in sight, our unfortunate comrade was called over
the border, and died in hospital on 9/11/21. This sad occurrence ende
my efforts, and as the money had been raised for a certain purpose, the
donors were given the opportunity to have their money refunded. Those
who had contributed, by purchasing tickets for the concert and by other
means, were invited to meet and de
cide on the disposal of the money, which was in a trust account at the
Savings Bank.

At the meeting, Mr. Cowie was invited to the chair. The balance sheet showed that receipts from all sources were
£154 19s. 6d. The expenditure was £116 13s. 2d., leaving a nett balance of £38 7s. 4d. Withdrawn donations
amounted to £37 16s., leaving a sum of £10 11s. 4d. Those who preferred their donations to be refunded used
the money for other charitable objects.

After considerable discussion, it was decided to expend £50 on planting grass on the grave, on the erection of a
curbing and headstone, and on permanently caring for the grave. The remaining £30 will endow, or partially
endow, a bed at the Fremantle Hos
tival, with a request that a plate be placed at the head of the bed, bearing
McRae's name. It was thought
that this would be the means of assisting a worthy institution, as well as
keeping McRae's memory before the public, who, by contributing so liberally to the appeal, showed the respect
in which our dear comrade was held.
Unity is Strength.
A Straight Talk to Fremantleites To Stop Petty Obstructionist Tactics.
Full Together, Boys!

While the Base Hospital at Fremantle (latterly known as the Repatriation General Hospital) was a "going concern" the recreative wants of the patients were catered for in a recreation room adjacent to the main building, which, enjoying an excellent site, commanded an uninterrupted view of the Fremantle Oval.

It was built and equipped through generous contributions by public-spirited citizens, and groups of sympathetic members of the community.

The property and equipment was vested in certain trustees and managed by a committee of Fremantle business men.

We do not propose to eulogise the excellent work performed by these good people. Their disinterestedness is too well known and appreciated to require elaboration.

On the hospital being vacated, the Committee and Trustees met to consider their future action and ultimate disposal of the recreation room and its contents. Simultaneously the sub-branches of the R.S.L. did some thinking on similar lines, and subsequently proposed to the Trustees that the building and equipment be handed over to a combined body representative of all returned soldiers in the area between Claremont and Fremantle.

After some discussion the recreation room Trustees requested the movers of this proposition to submit the names of the personnel of such a body. This request was complied with, and the Trustees then intimated their willingness to hand over the control of the room with certain reservations.

Briefly, these reservations were:
(1) That the Trustees would hand over for a probationary period of six months.
(2) That they reserved the right to inspect the premises whenever they deemed fit.
(3) That the delegated trusteeship should be terminable at any time should, in the opinion of the former Trustees, the room not be conducted in a satisfactory manner.
(4) That complete unanimity between all branches in the prescribed area be reached.
(5) That each sub-branch would have a representative on the Committee of Management.

So far, complete unanimity has not been reached, and the returned soldiers in the Fremantle area are in imminent danger of losing—aye, sacrificing—the most munificent offer ever made to any such community of returned soldiers.

All sub-branches have expressed their eagerness and willingness to subscribe to the donors' conditions, with the exception of the Fremantle Branch, and returned soldiers in that district are now asking a vehement "WHY?"

The proposition was advanced a stage further on the evening of Wednesday, 8th February, 1922, when the proposed Committee met to discuss the acceptance or refusal of the present Trustees' offer.

With the exception of the Fremantle Sub-Branch, all were in favor of acceptance, and they requested that branch to nominate a member.

From the outset it was very clear that unless the Fremantle Sub-Branch was granted a dominating position, any hope of achieving the necessary "unanimity" was not to be entertained. Responsible representatives of the Fremantle Sub-Branch set out by informing the meeting that they would immediately leave the meeting. Repeated efforts were made to establish a spirit of compromise, and after every channel of conciliation had been explored the meeting was brought to a fruitless finish.

The chief and obstructing contention of the Fremantle Sub-Branch is that representation should be only granted to sub-branches, on the basis of representation laid down in Congress.

The purport of this article does not concern what has been laid down in Congress for the internal government of the League. Certain officials of the Fremantle Sub-Branch must early disabuse their minds of being successful in autocratically dictating conditions to donors. The donors lay down certain conditions governing the acceptance of what is tantamount to a generous gift, yet here we have a coterie virtually hurling the gift back with the pronouncement, "We want your gift—but we won't accept your terms—revise them to our liking and then come along and we shall accept all you have."

Was ever discourtesy carried to such a degree?

We know that the Trustees are men with big minds whose love for the returned soldiers has restrained them from withdrawing the offer, but what of the returned soldier himself?

It is well known that there are many returned soldiers in Fremantle who are not financial members of the League, and their reasons for drifting away from active membership are decidedly interesting.

However, as negotiations are still being carried on, it is not proposed to prejudice the achievement of unanimity by introducing these reasons here. This paper believes that every returned man should be an active financial member of the League, and will always work to that end, but we must remind the Fremantle Sub-Branch that the present Trustees are not concerned with the administration of the League, but the welfare of EVERY returned soldier in the area. Repeatedly they have made it clear that it is no concern of theirs whether a man is a financial member or otherwise, but they ARE concerned that every returned soldier should participate in what they have to give—the fruits of self-sacrifice and devotion as represented in a beautiful edifice excellently equipped.

If this campaign of obstruction, whether actuated by egotism, petty jealousies, lack of vision, or just sheer cussedness, deprives the community of a valuable and much needed asset, then the obstructionists must not complain of the result.

AN APOLOGY.

We regret, owing to limited space, a number of good contributions must be held over until next issue. These contributions are from P.G.R. ("Our Repat. System"), "Violets" ("Who Entered Damascus First"), "Reggio" ("The Decline of the R.S.L."). F. T. Knapp ("Avenue of Employment for Married Men"), "Paleface" ("Humorities"), J. Pollard ("The Jester"). Next month we shall try to get more space allotted to reading matter.

Send your orders for printing to the office of "The Listening Post," 70 King Street, Perth.

WHEN DEALING WITH OUR ADVERTISERS PLEASE SAY "I SAW YOUR ADVT. IN THE LISTENING POST."
H.Q. next Sat.
Arthur Lee, late Knight of the Red Jacket at the Trots, succeeds O'Meara as Clerk of the Course. A better man couldn't be found in the West. Although well into the fifties, Arthur served as a "loot" in the 10th L.H. and those under his command agree that no finer soldier ever threw his leg across a remount.

After his run at Helena Vale, his Nibs looks a good thing for the Bedford Handicap. St. Vincent may worry him at the business end, but 14 pounds is a good steadier for the pony to concedle this big bay. Lily Bank should also be well there, but I fancy this son of Lilyvale will have to be content with third money.

Some good sprinters will argue the point in the City Handicap. I fancy the order at the finish will be True Moon, Spanish Prince, and Some Class, with Thornmont at the head of the also ran brigade.

The Hopetoun Handicap, which comes next, is as good as over. If Hopaway doesn't hop away and win this, I'll walk to Norham with one boot off. Jolly Bubble may make a race of it, but I don't give the son of Jolly Beggars a chance. I like Hopaway and expect the big chap to do big things—even to being number 1 in the next Perth Cup.

Lustroso has been running most consistently lately, and he will probably open up favourite for the Aidful Handicap, but I think 8.11 over the mile and 3 furlongs will stop him. Downing Street should compensate his connections for his defeat at Helena Vale. This oldrier is in good trim, and the distance suits him. Red Banner should be a hard nut to crack, but my fancy is Gold Digger. Ennisworth, with 9.3, has a fair parcel of weight. I fancy this chap is a bit stale. Don't think the topweight, Jolly Cosy, is right yet.

The pick of the lower division is Tambaroora. The result may be:—1, Downing Street; 2, Gold Digger; and 3, Lustroso.

For the next, Prince Flippant looks good, and if anything beats the Flippant colt it will be Murchison. I pick them: Prince Flippant, Murchison, Moorak.

The nominations for the walter are big, but if Over-there, Mundaring, and Malt Dust are left in, I reckon they should finish in that order.

From the Horse's Mouth.
Eurythmic runs in the St. George's Stakes to-morrow, a w.f.a. race with penalties and allowances. The distance is a mile and a furlong, and the winner (or his owner) collects £750. If this great Eudoris-Bob Cherry horse catches this, he will come within a couple of hundred of Carbine's stake record.

Mr. O'Brien's latest importations, Scotch Thistle and Section, get a run at H.Q. to-morrow.
Char didn't run his best in the £500. Has Boiler gone off? His riding lately leads one to think that six is his distance.

Barnsworth put up a remarkable performance last Saturday week at Belmont. The gelding made the running to the turn, faded away, and then came again and won by a couple of lengths. Don't remember this horse performing in this way before. Miss Solo isn't the mare of a few months back.

Characea is a second Uralbella. He had every chance in the Second Class Plate last Saturday, but finished down the course.

Wonder why Dillon, the rider of Cottesloe Beach, wasn't called to give evidence in the Racilla-Varcolean affair.

Spanish Prince did the books a good turn a few weeks back. Wonder how the S.P. kings got on.
Ambuscade put it all over them in the Welter at head-quarters, and won on the bit. Can't make out how this horse started at twenties—a first-class horse in a welter to start at that price makes one think that Fred didn't know this mare was ready.

Old Faithful was a turn up for the books at Belmont last Saturday week. P. A. Connolly's apprentice, Hughes, rode the winner. This lad is improving fast, and will one day be at the head of the list.

Home Car's trainer, E. O. Sugars, has taken up Plain Princess after a long spell. He also has in training a five-year-old chestnut gelding named Hairdresser (Ayrville-Twisty Kate). This horse has won in the country districts. We wish him better luck in the future than he has had in the past. It is some time since a more consistent horse than Home Car has raced on our track.

Warlight failed miserably at Belmont, much to the disgust of the old gelding's numerous admirers. But at the Vale last Saturday he won in good style. Strange the moods these jumpers get—perhaps the price was stranger still.

Mr. Sam McKay, owner of Yanda and other horses, and a well-known pastoralist, who has been dangerously ill for some time past, is now, happily, on the improve.

The coroner's inquest on the cause of the accident at Canning Park, resulting in the death of jockey Wa'a', has been again adjourned to allow further evidence being called.

No Jumper's Flat next Saturday. Wonder which one will miss its turn? Johnny Duggan, you are dead unlucky. Percy Marks is a sport, Johnny, and did not enter the protest against Varcolean. This is a very serious matter, that can hardly be overlooked by the Committee. The public wants to know who lodged or instructed the protest to be lodged. There are ugly rumours in circulation that should be either confirmed or contradicted. Our sympathy to the owner and rider of Varcolean.

Easingwold is easily the champion w.f. age horse in the West. He was dead unlucky to run second to Early Dawn in the Goodwood £500. Had this horse run his own race, the position at the finish may have been reversed.

Lustroso, another of W. Marks' string, has been running most consistently of late. Norrie rode a good race on this Sunstar-Fairy Shore gelding last Saturday, but, nevertheless, I don't think he is what you could class a champion.

H. Edwards—handsome gelding, Malt Dust, broke his run of out last week. This Malt King-Mareotina gelding will turn again in the near future.

For some fifteen months Princess Smile has not been seen on the race track. On Saturday last the Prince Traquair-Hindustani filly was produced for the First Class Plate, and with 6.7 up made her opponents look like third-raters. She slipped over the six in a shade under 15, and could no doubt have improved on that time if wanted. She is small, but a very smart-looking filly. She showed she can stay by her performance in the Derby, when, after a lot of interfer-
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ence during the last half mile, she
finished like a machine, and was a
good second to Easingwold. She was
imported to this State by Mr. W. A.
Smiley, and is held on lease by Mr.
Jas. Jeffery, of Fremantle.

Mr. W. H. Brew has been appointed
stipendiary steward to the Kalgoorlie
Racing Club, in the place of Mr. H.
Raven. For some years past Mr.
Brew has been handicapper. He has
now relinquished that work, which will
in future be undertaken by Mr. R. C.
Bone, the Secretary of the Kalgoorlie
Racing Club.

Earl of Seafield and St. Vama were
both started at Williamstown last
week-end. Neither of them were pro-
minent.

Quarale was passed in at auction on
Monday at 200 guineas.

Salveo and Munjardy were placed
under the hammer, but neither reached
the reserve placed on them. Salveo
opened at 600 guineas, and remained
at that figure. Munjardy reached 190
guineas, which was 10 guineas below
the figure placed on him.

The Northam Hospital benefited to
the extent of £25 by Jolly Cosy run-
ning to Quintess Cross in the West
Australian Handicap at Northam.

Harry Baker, owner of Miss Solo,
High Wall, and Wattle Leaf, went
East last Saturday, on a health-
recruiting trip. Harry may bring back
a horse or two with him, although he
seems to pin his faith to locally-bred

horses.

Trainer Chas. Norton was also a
passenger to the Big Smoke. He will
attend the Autumn meeting, and no
doubt he and the Doctor will pick up
a horse or two.
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All matters requiring attention in the current issue of "The Listening Post" should arrive at our Office by the second Friday in the month. Will correspondents please note this new arrangement?

F. C. Whitlock and G. A. Langee (Nanga Brook)—have replied to your enquiry by letter. Trust you got full particulars from the S.S.S.

W. Cooper (Nyabing)—Many thanks for P.O. and good wishes. Hope to receive a few pars.

P. T. Knapp (Boyup Brook)—Thanks for list and good wishes. Your thoughtful contribution splendid. Thanks for work—it all helps.

J. McCabe (N. Fremantle)—Many thanks for report. You are deserving of the highest commendation for your efforts on behalf of a "dead comrade."

G. F. Hill (Young's Siding)—Good-oh! Many thanks.

Well-Wisher writes in the goodness of his heart to say that our sporting news is as out of date as "Adam would be in an aeroplane." Adam wouldn't be out of date in an aeroplane. We appreciate and welcome criticism, but not when the writer isn't game to send his name.

J. Pollard (Calingiri)—Your contributions very good—you have the aptitude. Shall always be glad to get short sketches like that one. Many thanks.

Ross A. Keesing (Marble Bar)—have replied by letter. Many thanks for highly interesting letter. What about another?

Arthur Sonsee (Kalgoorlie)—Thanks for subscription. It's very welcome. Glad you approve of "L.P." Let us know if you require information re land. Pity you are too late for soldiers' group settlement scheme.

R. B. Notage (Tammin)—Many thanks.

R. F. Smith (Yakabindie Station)—Address of this paper is 70 Kings Street. Many thanks for subscription and congratulations. What about a par or two? Prospectus will be forwarded shortly.

S. J. Barrow (Albany)—Thanks for list, and for offer to send reports printed in local paper, but would prefer original stuff. If you can find time to write a line or two, we would much appreciate.

W. Anderson (Northam)—Subscription acknowledged with thanks.

G. F. Charles (Balingup)—Thanks for list.

Roy Inkpen (York)—List and report to hand. Many thanks for kind wishes.

H. S. Humphrey (West Perth)—Thanks for list. Could only spare one copy of first issue.

G. F. Westbury (Baker's Hill)—Your good wishes and complimentary references appreciated. List safely received. What about a couple of pars?

P. G. Riegert (Yarloop)—"Mutum in parvo" is the password to the columns of the "L.P." consequently your MSS. has received hair cut and beard trim. While appreciating articles, must give other contributors a look in. Please condense and everything will be O.K. Many thanks all the same.

C. J. Cooke (Railway Workshops)—Have sent you what all "available spare copies." Shall be glad to supply in bulk if you will let us know number required. Many thanks for attention.

A. R. Nelson (Buntness)—Your par O.K. Hope to receive plenty of news from your members. Wishes much appreciated.

J. H. Keirle (Corrigin)—That's more like! Encore, and many thanks.

C. R. Kenny (Katanning)—Thanks for kind letter and list. So far we haven't had a single contribution from Katanning. What are you going to do about it?

B. Hickling (Mount Barker)—Thanks for letter and kind wishes. Shall send papers in bulk. Haven't received promised pars.

H. Welshman (North Fremantle)—Your pars just the thing. Let's whisper a secret—we aren't journalists either! Many thanks.

C. Williamson (Port Hedland)—Thanks for list and kind letter. Expect a couple of pars from "West boys."

F. Wilks (Victoria Park)—List, letter and wishes O.K. And now, how about some pars?

S. Johnston (Carnarvon)—Have replied to yours by letter. Your appreciation appreciated.

W. Rowland Stevenson (Carnarvon)—Many thanks for list and interesting letter. Looking forward to a yarn with you on your Perth trip.

C. J. Veitch (Coorangbong, N.S.W.)—Many thanks. Glad you like "old W.A." Our best respects to all N.S.W. boys.

R. J. C. Green (Wickepin)—Thanks for list. We expect some pars from your district.

Eden K. Greville (Collie)—Many thanks for report, list, and valuable practical assistance. Have expressed appreciation by mail.

Gordon Devereux (Armadale)—Glad to renew an old friendship made in France. Thanks for list and kind wishes. Drop in when in town.

J. Finker (Yarding)—Many thanks. Now for some pars!

J. Blake (Ravensthorpe)—Sub-acknowledged. Many thanks.

A. A. Jamieson (Midland)—Many thanks for list, report, and good wishes.

Chas. Harrald (Perth)—Thanks, but don't think your comments apply to the "L.P."

Jasper Stone (Narrogin)—Many thanks, and greetings to one-time platoon sergeant and friend. We'll try to make the life of the "L.P." as long as the "West Australian." List O.K.

F. J. Jones (North Perth)—It must be understood that your 10s. subscription to the R.S.L. includes yearly subscription to "The Listening Post."

E. W. Morris (W. Claremont)—Thanks for interesting suggestion. Hope it has desired effect.

J. F. Clunas (Narrogin)—Our very best thanks.

D. M. Benson (Mt. Lawley)—Our grateful thanks.

P. F. Sasse (Morawa)—Sub-received. Practical support like that of your sub-branch beats all the chin-wagging in creation. Thanks for kind wishes.

G. W. Winton (No. 2 Mill)—Thanks for list. Contributions much appreciated.

L. Gibbons (Guildford)—Good-oh.

A WARNING

To Workless Diggers.

E. K. Greville: A number of workless diggers are arriving in Collie in search of employment. Unfortunately, things aren't too good here at present, as several of the mines have discharged men, and odd jobs and casual work are quickly snapped up. Unless a man has a definite job to come to, I should advise him to stay away for the present. I have every confidence in Collie going ahead, but we are experiencing a slump such as most coal-mining towns get from time to time. Collie Branch has spent quite a big amount of money in assisting workless diggers, but our finances are not in a position to stand the strain. Until things brighten up, it is futile for returned men to rush to Collie centre.

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

"Violets": Please can any reader explain the difference between split peas, as sold in local stores, and the grain with which we fed our horses in Palestine? I'd like a description of plant life, etc.

"Whoop": On a recent trip to Perth, I was surprised that the old inflated prices for scones, etc., are still being extracted from the poor old public. Understood that costs of raw materials have been down for some time. Of course the boss cafe proprietors have forgotten to charge less. Will somebody please remind them?

"Violets": The State trading concerns should be squashed forthwith. By selling goods at a loss they (a) give the impression that theirs is the market price, (b) discourage the investment of capital in new industries, and (c) create a monopoly. The sooner the public rid itself of these concerns, the better for the prosperity of W.A. The public should recollect that £20 a ton is being paid on sugar over and above its fair price, simply because Queensland has the Australian monopoly therein.

"A.B.": Even the "Sunday Times," which boasts of its Westralian sentiment, has become infected with the germ of appealing for foreign charities. On 29/1/22, a half-page advert, shriekingly demanded that Westralians should send their thousands to Russia. A pan also backed up the advert. If our big news-sheets cannot realise the folly of draining bankrupt Australia of the cash needed locally, then it is no wonder that the Commonwealth is yearly bled of thousands of pounds. I think that these Editor chaps might, with advantage, read the articles on this subject in December's "Listening Post."

"Z.Z.": According to A. M. P. Montgomery, Returned Soldier Secretary of the Kiddies' Hospital, things financially are up to mud with that institution. Money is urgently needed, and a deficit of £1,000 is expected on February 29th. The pity is that pounds are being cabled to keep the kids of Europe, while pence are denied to save the kiddies of W.A. The "West Australian" has wheeled £1,000 pounds from credulous readers for the squalling kids of Central Europe. That paper has evidently convinced folk that it's fashionable to subscribe to foreign charities. Now, for the love of Mike, will some society lion make it fashionable to help the noble institutions of Westralia?

"I.D.": I see that, owing to lack of accommodation, 53 serious cases were recently turned away from Melbourne Hospital. More than one-third of the sufferers are expected to die. Well, we haven't got much to be sad about in W.A. The Children's Hospital may close up a couple of wards, because of a pain in its cash-box. This is what comes of not minding our own business, or, in other words, of sending thousands to help foreign appeals, some of which may be genuine. It also comes of saving money here and sending it elsewhere. Westralia is a funny old State. As a place to work and save money, well, it's not too bad; but as a place to spend what one has earned—well, it's impossible.

"Jay": The gold cup for the best kicker must be given to the camel. His long legs will reach round his chest, and well over his back. The durned thing can, and very often does, kick accurately when lying down. If it is in such a position that it cannot apply the kick, the camel will bite. Of the two evils, the kick is the lesser.

"Violets": I reckon that the new postal regulations are going to do a lot of harm to W.A., and to the Westralian Industries League. By increasing the postage on catalogues, etc., W.A.'s industries, health resorts, and possibilities won't get too much of an advertisement. Are the Eastern States afraid that the West is going ahead too quickly, or what? Anyway, this action puts more weight in the scales in favour of W.A. becoming a separate unit in the British Commonwealth of Nations.

South Africa must be a very nice place at present—to keep out of. The disastrous strike has caused a serious unemployment problem. Immigrants have never been exactly welcomed with brass bands and open arms; at present no newcomer is allowed to land unless he possesses a written guarantee of regular work. Seemingly, it's taking the Boers a long time to increase production and absorb her unemployed. Some months ago, a couple of thousand guineas was paid to an Australian for a prize ram, the object being to improve and increase South Africa's sheep-breeding. Now, I wonder what would happen if somebody offered to buy a prize ostrich cock. The slim Boer farmers would have a blue fit at the mere suggestion.

"Dig": A Yankee visitor to Perth has been pouring his impressions into the willing ear of a "Daily News" scriber. The tourist is impressed with "the confused pessimism of the Australian people towards all things Australian." There's a lot in the complaint. It's the devil's own job to get Australians to see virtue in goods produced locally. "Home" is the only place that can produce goods worth while, and "Home" (meaning England) is the only place worth living in. That's why so many people make their money in Ausse, and then trip off "Home" to spend it. The slogan, "Made in Australia," endorsed on an article should be the highest possible recommendation of its quality, and people without faith in Australia and its products shouldn't be let live here.

"Violets": The Parliamentary debate on the Kendenup appeal for a loan disclosed the poor type of politician paid and employed by the Westralian public. Kendenup is a wonderful example of group settlement success, but a scheme of such magnitude requires huge capital, which obviously is not available. Nevertheless the results achieved are marvellous, and as the success of Kendenup will contribute, to an extent, to the success of Westralia, the loan should have been granted. Obviously our politicians are too short-sighted, to realise the necessity to keep Kendenup going. The eyes of Australia are on the settlement, and its success is going to advance the West several decades. Our croaking, pessimistic Parliamentarians seem to decry everything Westralian, and if they haven't faith in the State that employs them, then they should get out of it. Pity we cannot induce a few big-minded, big-hearted men to rule the country, but such men evidently don't appear over-anxious to

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mix with our petty-minded opportunists in Parliament.

“Z.Z.”: I vote with the “eyes” to get the N.S.W. State Orchestra to visit W.A. Still, it’s a pity local music lovers haven’t supported their own symphony orchestra. This talented combination is reckoned by critics to be classy, yet the takings at some of the Sunday concerts couldn’t have kept a flea in evening frocks. In disgust, Conductor Betteridge is migrating East, Lionel Hart is touring the country with a concert party, and Arthur Rogers and other stalwarts who battled to establish the orchestra are musing on the fickleness of a public that will pay guineas to hear Eastern talent, and begrudges a bob to support a talented local orchestra. It is apparently the opinion of wealthy scatterbrained matrons and men that anything Westran can’t be any good. These folk will rush with their pounds to hear the other side’s musicians, although their knowledge of music is about as extensive as a binghi’s experience of table manners. Of course they’ll be awfully bored throughout the performance; still, it’s fashionable to go, so they’ll go. Which proves conclusively that the fashions don’t begin and end in ladies’ lingerie.

“Jay”: Had a yarn with Perth’s champion croaker the other day. “How’s biz?” I asked, well knowing what the answer would be. “Never mind,” I said, “things’ll soon brighten. We’ve had a good harvest, and big dividends are due this month. That’ll put money into circulation and brighten up business.” “Brighten up your grandma,” he replied. “Who ever heard of cookies doing good for biz? Cookies save every penny, and then buy an imported motor car. After a few good seasons they take a trip East, and perhaps sell out and stay there. A fat lot of their money they spend here. Now, a factory with a big wage bill does make for the circulation of money.” Seemed a lot in the argument, so I left before he convinced me that cookies were enemies of the State.

“The Count”: The high cost of living isn’t in it, when compared with the high cost of dying. Undertakers’ fees are simply outrageous these days. Then there’s the high cost of being sick. For looking at one’s tongue, feeling one’s pulse, and writing a couple of lines in a dead language, called a prescription, the average quack hits you up for 7s. 6d., or half a guinea. The price charged for medicines is also pure profiteering. 3s. 6d. to a quid is the price of the finest colored with a little herbs. I can sympathise with those folk who demand the socialisation of the medical profession. The quacks and their satellites have brought the agitation on themselves. I personally agree with the Japs’ method of paying the doctor. The quack is regularly paid during times of health, but the cash ceases when the patient becomes ill. Naturally, the quack does his best to make his customers well as soon as possible—which shows what a keen insight into human nature Nippon possesses.

“Violets”: Saw an article the other day wherein a chemist and druggist predicted that soon W.A. will extract from its own natural herbs all the drugs needed by the medical profession. Wonder if any druggist knows of a certain herb which is a certain cure for cholera? One local case of cholera was given up by the doctors, but was completely cured by the scalings of this herb. The cure took only two days, and the patient has been well ever since. Don’t know the technical name for the herb, but am prepared to send a sample to anyone interested.

“Z.Z.”: Perth is popularly supposed to be a progressive place, and visitors have often expressed surprise at the busy streets and heavy stream of traffic. Still, the town will never make much headway unless and until she gets rid of the obsolete and ridiculous level crossings across the railway line at Melbourne-road and Causebrook-road. At all hours of the day, vehicles of all descriptions are held up, awaiting the belated arrival of a train. It would be interesting if somebody could compute the time lost through a long wait at the gates. As a town traveller in a modest sulky, I know I’ve lost five hours’ valuable time during a single week. Recently I saw a collection of lorries, spring carts, motors, push bikes, hand-carts, and prams wait more or less patiently for fifteen minutes at Melbourne-road. When the gates were eventually opened, another train blocked the roadway about twenty yards further on, and a further quarter-hour’s wait became necessary. This sort of thing is often seen in Cape Town, where the nigs have a lot to do with running the system. In Cape Town, it’s funny—in Perth, where the same system is controlled by intelligent white men, it’s too tragic to be funny.

“G’hole”: I am usually partial to the odour of violets, but I don’t much like the smell of “Violets” article (L.P., January) advocating a black, brown, brindled, and piebald Australia. Don’t want to waste space by repeating the remarks of Billy Hughes, Jimmie Mitchell, and countless other far-seeing men, but I recommend “Violets” to study their views. There’s one point in favour of a white Australia that I haven’t seen mentioned. All parts of this old mud ball called the world which suffer from a preponderance of mixed races are cesspools of intrigue and war. Instance India, America, the Balkans, Africa, etc. Thank God that in glorious Australia we are one people, with one language, even one dialect, and one noble ideal. And the majority of Australian citizens are determined to maintain a white Australia for all time.

“Violets”: Here’s my sentiments on the subject of Education. In junior schools, only four subjects are necessary instead of over 20, as at present. Cramming the undeveloped mind with a multitude of subjects tends to kill concentration, muddles the mind, and causes the child to lose interest. I reckon that in the junior schools (ages 8-9 to 13-14 years) the subjects should be: (1) Reading, 1½ hours; (2) Writing, 1 hour; (3) Arithmetic, commercial to reasonable limits, 1 hour; and (4) Observation, which would include sketching, for the pencil is a great teacher of detail, ½ hours. During this period of elementary training, it should be the teacher’s duty to discover and encourage the pupil’s natural gifts, so that kiddies may later on adopt the profession or calling most suitable. For advanced education, the district senior schools should be established, and the age for leaving should be 16 years. After that age, a correspondence course should put the final touches. The teacher who holds a child up to the ridicule of its school-mates should be well and truly squashed. The words “dunce” and “blockhead” should be taboo. It’s no child’s fault if it doesn’t possess the ability to quickly absorb knowledge, and it’s nothing short of criminal to make a child feel its incompetence. Many so-called teachers talk right over the heads of their scholars, and it’s only natural if the pupils lose interest. The teachers
should always aim to keep the kiddies interested, and give them every credit and encouragement, so that the children may choose the profession or calling for which their inborn gifts befit them.

"The Count": Is there any valid and logical reason why Parliament should kick off at 3.30 in the p.m., thus compelling members to snooze during the evening, and frequently throughout the night, on Parliamentary benches, when they should be in their comfy little cots at home! I should imagine it would be more sensible to begin in the morning, when members' minds would be keen and capable of grappling with mighty matters of State. Politicians get enough pay without having to do other odd jobs, and theirs should be a full-time job. Then, again, it beats me why it should be the rule to legislate only on three days in the week out of the seven. No wonder important bills are shelved, or, worse still, rushed through practically without discussion. I may be simple and unsophisticated, but I'd like somebody in the secret to explain the reason (providing there is a reason) for these peculiar Parliamentary customs.

"Violets": My text is: "Buy Westralian goods, and so keep your own money in your own State." Lately, we've heard a lot in favour of the investment of outside capital in Westralia. No one will begrudge the investor drawing a fair dividend in proportion to the local labour he employs, but there are limits. For instance, an Eastern combine which opened a Perth picture show was hailed by the news-sheets as a State benefactor, because it invested money here. It employed about half a dozen hands, but thousands of pounds went to the East and to the land of the almighty dollar. If there's any value to W.A. in this kind of investment, it isn't apparent to the casual observer. Anyway, the obvious way to help W.A and provide employment for our citizens is to buy Westralian-made goods.

The Westralian Industries League is busy compiling a list of commodities manufactured in the State. That list should be pasted in everyone's hat, and it should be consulted every time a purchase is to be made. If the particular goods required are not on the list, well, next preference should go to Australian goods. The slogan that the Westralian Industries League should adopt is: "Preference to Westralian Products."

By keeping our money within the State, there is always a chance to get it back. Co-operation is said to be the panacea for industrial ills. Co-operation is also the solution for Westralian stagnancy. If every citizen co-operates to help those of their fellows who are producing local goods, there won't be the continual flow of money eastwards, and prosperity would be the order in the Golden West.

It was recently computed that Westralia has sent 11 million pounds to the East, over and above what the East has sent here!

Then there's too much money frittered away on holidays outside the State. Most people seem to live and scrape so that some fine day they may spend every farthing in the East. They then come back and start working again. Local news-sheets are much to blame, for folks love to see their names in the "sacciety notes," announcing that "Miss Upstart has left on a tour of the Eastern States." The continual drain isn't a fair thing to West Australia. Seriously, the people of this State will have to take a pull. If Westralia is to become prosperous—and, given a fair go, she will become prosperous—her citizens must believe in

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the State, work for the State, and make sacrifices for the State. Buying Westralian products is the most practical way of helping Westralia.

"Jay": Will Smith, General Sec. of the Australian Railway Union, has returned from attending the International at Moscow. Here are his conclusions: (1) Australia is the best country in the world for the worker. (2) The Russian Revolution had, except in spots, very poor results; and (3) Germany is working so hard and at such low wages, that it is going to put tens of thousands of workers in other countries out of a job before long. All of which points are worth chewing the end of one’s pen over.

"Violets": About "J.D.'s" par on economy (L.P., January), I hold that we should start at the top of the tree. If there's weeding to be done, let us first of all get rid of the trees, and then we can tackle the scrub. Say we start on our State Parliament. We have far too many members for a small population. I think if we cut down the number of members by half we would be amply represented.

"E.J.B.": Your article (L.P., January) on the subject of Tommies' Troubles certainly shows the seriousness of the unemployment problem in Britain. Here's a cable (9/2/22) giving a little more proof:—"Remarkable scenes occurred at a meeting of the Poplar Board of Poor Law Guardians. A deputation of unemployed threatened to lock the guardians in if their demands were not granted. A heated discussion ensued, and it lasted for several hours, the chairman pointing out that the guardians had not the power to levy a rate with the object of meeting the deputation's demands. At nine p.m. the deputation carried out its threat, and the guardians were still under lock and key at midnight. At two o'clock in the morning Mr. George Lansbury made an appeal that the incarcerated pressmen should be released, but the rioters refused. Mr. Lansbury (a member of the Poplar Council) then said that if a certain official were not released he could not sign the cheques to pay the relief claims. The strikers sneered at this, declaring that the imprisonment of the guardians would last until six a.m. At four a.m. Mr. Lansbury, calling the crowd cowards, said that the guardians would not stand any further impudence, and with his son Edgar he broke through the crowd, and rushed downstairs. He was followed by a howling gang, who played the hose on the fleeing guardians. The rest of the guardians soon followed. Two women guardians were imprisoned with their male colleagues."

"E.G.F.": My efforts to find a house on rental have been nullified by two stipulations on the part of the agent—(1) Children are objected to, and (2) I am expected to buy a houseful of rubbish, misnamed furniture, belonging to the outgoing tenant. Under the provisions of the N.S.W. Fair Rents Act, both these stipulations would be punishable offences. The W.A. Legislature should go and do likewise.

"Y.": I reckon your article against sending funds to relieve Russian sufferers (L.P., December) was a bit rough. A cable from America has changed my opinion, and I am forced to admit that the L.P. remarks were quite justified. The cable states that very little of the money collected for the victims of the Russian famine has been sent to Russia. The organisation controlling the funds is being directed by well-known Communists. Here is the cable in full:—"Under the pretext of collecting funds for the victims of the Russian famine, sympathisers from Russian Bolshevik circles in the United States are being gathered into a vast nation-wide organisation, to which Senators, Governors, Bishops and other prominent officials and persons have innocently lent their names as members. The advisory council of the Department of Justice is investigating the organisation, which calls itself the American Russian Famine Relief. It has been disclosed that it is connected closely with the Russian Red Cross Society, a semi-official Soviet Government organisation. Hundreds of thousands of dollars have been raised, but very little of the money has been sent to Russia. Some well-known Communists are directing the organisation, which is attacking the legitimate relief work of Mr. H. Hoover."

DIGGERS OF NORTH PERTH!

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WHEN DEALING WITH OUR ADVERTISERS PLEASE SAY 'I SAW YOUR ADVT. IN THE LISTENING POST.'
Bill Lynas is now in Perth, after satisfactorily selling his Nor-West asbestos mine. In the late fireworks Bill collected a D.S.O., M.C. (with two bars), and also three pips.

The call of the land has been heard by "Super V.C." Pat McCarthy, who, accompanied by his wife and bonnie kidde, is taking up a selection at Harvey. All friends will wish the genial Mac the best of luck.

"340": H. Welshman, D.C.M., did the hat-trick when, at the annual meeting at North Fremantle, he was re-elected unopposed as President. It's his third term. Jack McCabe was re-elected Secretary, G. Baker Vice-President, and J. Turnbull Treasurer.

"A.R.H.": A battle royal with a tribe of dingoes has lately been the unenviable and exciting experience of Mat. Osborne (ex 28th Batt.). Mat's place is down Buntine way, and one night a tribe of dingoes had a box on with his dogs. Mat jumped out of bed to lend a hand, and got knocked down in the rush. He's now hopping about on one leg, and reckons the battle was better than bull-fighting. All the boys wish Mat a speedy recovery.

Harold Jones, son of W. H. Jones, of the Perth Royal Hotel, has become engaged to Miss Mary McEachern, on which fact "Snowy" Jones is to be congratulated. His fiancee is the blonde little attendant well known to Theatre Royal patrons—hence the regal connection between Theatre Royal and Royal Hotel. "Snowy's" young brother gained his father's trophy for fastest time in the recent swim through Perth.

E.K.G.: George Pogson, who has just handed the presidential reins of Collie sub-branch to E. G. Williams, has been a prominent and hard-working member of the Coalopolis sub-branch almost since its inception. For two years George wrote minutes, correspondence, and complaints, and generally performed the secretarial duties with credit to himself and benefit to the branch. He has also been President for the past six months. Although now having a spill, it is hoped that George's aid will be available in the work of establishing a Soldiers' Institute at Collie.

"The Count": Arthur Rogers, who has just been elected Treasurer of Perth Sub-Branch, is a wise choice. Probably no returned soldier in the State is better known than the man at the Soldiers' Institute who removes ziffs, cuts hair, shampoos, face massages, and in fact performs all the delicate operations connected with the ancient and honourable calling of barber. Arthur often visits Perth Public Hospital, where he gratuitously removes the face fungus of those digger inmates whose infirmities preclude them from performing the operation themselves. The pity is that many diggers who frequent the Institute and who, while in hospital, were obliged by Arthur, haven't had the grace to say "Thank you."

J.D.: Subiaco Sub-Branch recently had a reshuffling of portfolios. F. G. Shand, retiring President, was given a framed certificate telling him that he had done useful work, and that he is generally a good fellow—sentiments in which everyone can join. Shand was also given the secretarial duties to look after, and it is generally held that he will do his duties well. As a member of the State executive, Shand holds a unique reputation, for he seldom speaks until he has something worth while to say. Subiaco's new President is Wallace Unmack, while J. Cornell and George Sutton get places as Presidential understudies.

Perth Sub-Branch should see a new lease of activity under the administration of the new executive. Capt. Longmore, as President, Arthur Rogers as Treasurer, and H. Macpherson as Secretary, should make a splendid team. We understand that Mr. Longmore shortly enters upon a new business venture, wherein the principle of preference to returned soldiers is to be strictly observed. Captain Longmore is regarded with respect, and all 44th boys, and diggers generally, will wish him every success.

"Z.Z.": Colonel Charlie Battye, who has tried to awaken Westralians to the need for woolen mills in the State, was a perfect martinet while O.C. at Blackboy Camp. Woe betide the luckless recruit who sported raiment not issued by the Q.M., and infantrymen who swanked in tailor-made riding breeches were singled out for special notice—and treatment. It didn't matter whether the culprit was officer, N.C.O., or private—the Colonel came down on him like a barrage of Jack Johnsons. A full camp parade was held each morning, and on one occasion, a certain one-pip artist proudly marched at the head of his reinforcement, attired in flash riding breeches and gaudily kiwed leggings. Seated on his horse by the band, the Colonel spotted the apparition. "Mr. Blank," he bawled, "are you an infantry officer?" "Yes, sir, certainly sir," was the response. "Then go to your quarters and take those bally leggings off." And the crestfallen sub had to retire amidst the audible sniggers of the whole parade.

"Jay": The East is enquiring what Australia has done to honour the name of Sir John Monash. Following upon the elaborate and spectacular welcome to Birdwood, Monash came home almost unnoticed. The remarkably cold reception accorded to Australia's greatest citizen soldier was painful, but it is doubtful if Sir John even noticed it. He repatriated himself, and, with characteristic concentration, has thrown himself into his job of control...
ling the gigantic electrical scheme at Morwell. There are thousands of people throughout Australia whose warmth of feeling towards this man, who expresses so vividly the spirit of the A.I.F., amounts to a personal desire to see him and take him by the hand. But Monash was never a seeker after the limelight, and he is content to leave the stage crowded with lesser men, many of whom did nothing more than wrap flags around themselves on public platforms. Truly, Sir John Monash is a man!

“Z.Z.”: D. M. Benson, who has pulled on the somewhat exacting job as Secretary of Mt. Lawley sub-branch, also holds the position as Digger’s representative on the War Service Homes Adjustment Board. The rest of the Board is composed of Messrs. Leslie and Clarke, Chairman and Commissioner’s representatives respectively. Benson is a pushful, conscientious chap, and although perhaps slow in decision, is quick in execution. If it’s possible to help Mt. Lawley to tread its old successful path, D. M. Benson should do the trick. He graduated to the Adjustment Board from the War Service Homes Commission, and it’s probable that he knows quite a lot of dinkum oil which should make him an invaluable Diggers’ rep. However, his work won’t be heard about for six months, for the proceedings of the board are conducted in camera, and the public must compose its collective soul in patience until the report is published.

“Z.Z.”: A few months ago, Perth “sarsivity” circles were taken down by a plausible gentleman who said he was an ex-A.I.F. major, with a long string of decorations, too big to cover his somewhat narrow chest. He was a nice boy—tall, handsome, with brown curly hair, a good tooth, and a wristlet watch. Most important of all, he affected an awkward. This latter fact was sufficient in itself to prove his bona-fides, and Perth “sarsivity” accordingly took him to its ample bosom. The supposed major became the rage at balls, at-homes, and limelights. However, a horrid, sticky-nosed newspaper got suspicious and, on enquiry, found that the gentleman was an out-and-out impostor, and he fled to the safe haven of Sydney. An Eastern paper now records a similar episode in the Harbour City. A much-decorated birdman, with a record of almost miraculous service, was raved over by the noblesse of Bellevue Hill. On the strength of it, he succeeded in marrying one of the youngest, fairest, wealthiest, and most aristocratic products of the Mayfair of New South. Now it transpires that he has never been in the R.A.F., that he has never been decorated or commissioned, and that he has never been in France. He has served the Empire as a bugler in a base camp. The ladies’ relations are now recovering, but they can’t decide what to do about it. Their deliberations are complicated by the fact that the lady remains faithful to her illusive warrior. Now, I wonder if the gentleman in the case was ever in Perth, whether he ever adopted the name of Major Williams, whether he was ever taken to the bosoms of Perth society, and whether he left the West somewhat hurriedly, following certain newspaper disclosures concerning him.

Carl Ferguson, ex-Secretary of the Mt. Lawley North Perth Sub-Branch, has handed in his report books, minutes books, and all the other unfortunate assortment of books that go to make a secretary’s paraphernalia, to D. M. Benson. Carl has been Sec. at Mt. Lawley for about twelve months, and he has put in some splendid work. In the big fireworks, he served as a signaller in the 43rd Battery. Since his discharge, he has always been connected with digger activities, having been continuously employed in the State executive office. Since the inception of the R.S.L. employment bureau C. G. Ferguson and W. M. Malcolm have given each other a hand in running, and making a success of, that department.

Here’s a hearty pat on the back for Fred Murphy, who has offered Jimmy Mitchell a Western Australian Industrial film for exhibition in London. When Fred was returning from the war, he managed to wangle a trip home via America, and the experience he gained in the land of the wooden nutmeg proved invaluable in his business of cinematography. The film to be packed in Moo Cow’s “not wanted on voyage” trunk, portrays the experimental manufacture in Perth of first-class paper from Westralian hardwoods. The film depicts the complete process, from the saving and pulping of the timber to its ultimate conversion into a roll of white paper. It is to be hoped that the paper-making industry will soon be introduced into Westralia, for there’s everything in favour of success. If London capital is obtained for the purpose, there’s no doubt that Fred Murphy will be to a very great extent responsible.

A good example of digger enterprise and tenacity is shown by the success of Sam Trigger, of the Returned Soldiers’ Boot Company, William-street. Sam started out with plenty of energy and determination, but the only thing in his pockets was the lining. Now he sports a mo-car. Good for him.

“G.W.”: Digger and Mrs. H. Eldridge, of No. 2 State Mill, Dwellingup, are delighted at the arrival of a little son, on which fact all friends tender congratulations.

In the matter of oratory, “Tommy” Walker, once of the New South Wales Assembly, and later of the Western Australian Assembly, is one of the most reverent Solons who ever graced the Senate. It was in the Western Parliament, and “Tommy” was speaking from the Government benches as Attorney-General. He was thundering along under a full head of steam when he struck an obstacle in W. J. George, a former Minister for Works. The recriminations which resulted were mutual and bitter. “Tommy” sought to blanket his enemy, with a quotation from the poets. “Oh! would some power the giftie gie us,” he roared, “to see ourselves as ither see us!”

The thrust was carried almost before it was delivered. “If such a power were given you,” said George, “it could only be followed by one result—your instant suicide.”

“Jay”: For originality of expression commend me to country folk. A drover was once hailed before the magistrate and asked why he hadn’t paid his income tax. “Well, it’s this way,” he explained. “You can’t pull your socks up if you ain’t got none on.”

“Z.Z.”: Whoop-whoop was on holiday in town, and having a good time getting terribly bored. He stopped in front of a big city emporium, where a “fair” was in progress. A suit of clothes caught his eye, and he slowly read the gaily-worded ticket: “Fair price, eight guineas.” Woop nodded his head approvingly. “By cripes,” he said, “it’s a fair price alright!”

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COMMUTATION OF PENSIONS.

A Reply to "L. P." Article.

"Camelo"—Your correspondent responsible last month for the article on the Commutations of Pensions didn't go to much trouble to verify his facts. The whole article is full of inaccuracies. The first paragraph is entirely wrong. Commutations of pensions have never been offered by the Pensions Department, but Section 32 of the Act provides that where a pension is not 30 per cent. of the total rate and permanent, the pensioner may apply for a lump sum in lieu thereof. It isn't merely a question of putting in an application and then being paid the sum agreed upon. As a matter of fact, by far the greater number of applications for commutation have been declined.

The Commission treats every case on its merits. If an applicant gives his reason to be that he wishes to start in business, he must submit a tangible proposition, which must be investigated and approved by the Department before the Commission will even consider the case.

Again, as in all matters of this nature, the personal factor must have some bearing on the decisions. For example, if it is known that a man has a weakness for drink, it would be only placing temptation in his way by putting at his command a goodly sum of money in hard cash. Obviously such an applicant would come a third.

The amount of $500, stated to have been offered, is absurd. The highest amount approved of in this State is £238, and the highest sum ever likely to be granted will not exceed £300.

The question of commutation cannot be compared with the gratuity bonds. When a man desires to have his pension commuted, he has generally some specific object in view, and when the money is received he sets out to accomplish his intention, if possible. With the gratuity bond, it was simply a case of getting a bond, and not for any specific object. I venture to state that even if the bonds had been made negotiable on the Stock Exchange, there would still have been that percentage of recipients who would have utilised other avenues to get cash, and the discount would have been higher than if sold on the open market.

The basis of calculation of the amount paid by way of lump sum is on similar lines to the Workers' Compensation Act.

The point, however, which must be borne in mind is that not on any account will consideration be given to the payment of a lump sum in lieu of a pension of more than 30 per cent. rate. The spectacle of seriously wounded men having to starve, because at some previous time they elected to take a lump sum in lieu of pension, and by some means, foolishly or otherwise, lost all, cannot be seriously considered.

To which our Correspondent makes reply—:

While "Camelo's" explanation clears the air, there are still a few gas clouds that could also be dispersed.

Whether the Department offers to pay the pensioner a lump sum to rid of him, or whether he has to apply for it, doesn't matter very much. It's merely a distinction without a difference.

"Camelo" says that if a man is known to drink, or is unworthy or unrelatable, he comes a third. It's news to me to hear that the Pensions Department has a C.I.D. sub-section—otherwise how do they find out these things? As a matter of fact, this is the very point stressed in my original article. The commutation may easily be made to a man who will fritter the cash away, and such a step must therefore cause hardship. One recent applicant has stated that he's taking a trip East, and when he gets back, he's waiting to see whether he's "comes a third" or not.

The commutation being only made to men drawing less than a 30 per cent. rate recalls a definite case. One man of my acquaintance is in bed, and out of every week with chest trouble. He's been advised to put in and get the lump sum, so he's thinking it over. I don't know what pension he draws, but if it's less than 30 per cent—well, there's something wrong somewhere. The man's an absolute wreck. It's possible that the man's disability may be partly traceable to pre-war causes, and that he's only drawing a small pension. If so, my opinion that it's dangerous to let man risk his pension still holds good.

As to "Camelo's" assertion that the man applying for commutation of pension has a specific object, while the man cashing his bond has not—well, that's wrong. Every digger who rushed to cash his bond had a specific object—even if it was only the praiseworthy object of backing the card at the trots. And I'm of opinion that many applicants for commutation have no nobler aim than had the majority of the men who cashed their bonds. Some diggers may be capable even of throwing dust in the eyes of Repat. officials!